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AND THE

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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THE WILD HORSE IN AMERICA.

WHEN Europeans first came to this country the horse was unknown to its inhabitants, and the Spanish accounts of the landing of the conquerors in Mexico tell of the wonder with which the natives viewed the strange animals, and saw the people riding on them. More recently we have heard from the mouths of Indians how marvelous appeared to their fathers the sight of a man seated on a horse.

In post-tertiary times horses—scarcely, if at all, different from those which we know to-day—existed in great numbers on this continent. America was an original home of the horse, but before the present race of Indians had appeared, it had become extinct, perhaps swept out of existence by the great ice sheet which covered the northern portions of North America, or by climatic changes connected with this ice sheet. It may be that to the men whose bones and stone tools have been found along the southern limit of that ice sheet, the horse was not an unfamiliar animal, and yet it is hardly to be supposed that it should have inhabited a country ranged over by the musk-ox, as were the regions just south of the ice sheet—West Virginia, and the valley of the Ohio River.

The horse developed and increased here, after his second coming—an immigrant from the old world. The stock first introduced cannot have been large, and of this stock the number which escaped from captivity, and became wild on the plains of the southwest must have been small. Yet in 250 years the increase was so great that horses had spread over the whole southwest, east nearly to the Mississippi, north to the Yellowstone River, and all through what is now California.

The tribes of the southwest early learned the uses to which the horse might be put. They rode him, and made him drag the travois; and the knowledge of him spread north and east; yet slowly, since, as we have said, we have talked with aged Indians in the northern country who have told us how, in the generation before their own, their people first saw horses. Moreover, there were some tribes so conservative that they declined to use the horse, realizing that, in a certain fashion, the possession of horses added to their responsibilities, since horses must be looked after and guarded; while the dogs, which from time immemorial had been their only domestic animal, were held to them by ties of personal affection, and could be trusted never to desert them.

In the days of the earlier explorers of the west, wild horses were extremely abundant. While most of these were descended from stock that had been wild for many generations, their numbers were constantly being added to by escaped and stray animals, so that it was not uncommon to see among the herds, mules and branded animals, and others that bore marks of saddle or harness. These herds of wild horses were interesting features of the landscape, though they were not very often captured in the north. Yet often they served a useful purpose to travelers since, when game was scarce, the horses on the prairie were killed for food; or, others, purchased from the Indians, eked out, with dogs obtained in like manner, the meagre subsistence of starving voyageurs.

It was not only in the west that the horse became wild and flourished in America. Though the vast grassy plains of the trans-Missouri region, which they shared with the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope, offered to the horse conditions of life far more favorable than were to be found in mountainous or forest-clad regions; nevertheless, at various points, all along our Atlantic coast, there have been herds of wild horses which have been captured, subdued and domesticated within the memory of men still living.

The Spaniard left in Florida a stock of horses which grew wild and increased, and which were long known there as marsh tack[illegible] further north, in the Carolinas, horses left by Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition gave rise to a breed of bank ponies, ranging along the sea-beach, and pasturing on the tough grasses that flourished there. Still further to the north, at Chincoteague Island, there was a stock of ponies named from the island, as wild as any mustangs, the gathering and penning of which was an annual festival not more than forty years ago. Finally, far to the northward were the Sable Island ponies, the progeny of a few horses which reached the shore from a wrecked vessel, and which increased there until their numbers had become considerable.

Ponies are only dwarfed horses, and we may imagine that all the wild stock above enumerated were the descendants of the smaller, lighter, and more wiry horse, which is sometimes spoken of as the Oriental horse, in contradistinction from the western horse, which includes the heavier draft horses of Flanders, and France, and Great Britain. Certain it is that the horses of southern North America, coming as they did from Spain, were largely of Arab stock, first brought to Spain by the Moors, and carefully bred and nurtured by the Spaniards after the Moors had been expelled.

The horse is a tough and hardy animal, and fears little the biting cold or deep snows. In the wind-swept valleys of the high mountains of the west he grows a coat of extreme length and warmth, and under the long shaggy hair which hangs six or eight inches down from his body, has been developed in these cold regions a close warm wool, which is an admirable protection against the winter. Fearless of any animals which America produced, we can conceive that, with one or two hundred more years of time, the horse might have so increased as, in numbers, almost to have equalled the buffalo; and it is uncertain which animal would have survived in a struggle for existence. But with the settling of the country came the destruction of all wild life, and the horse, familiar to all as a domestic animal, took his place in the commercial world—a place that the undomesticated buffalo could never fill.

Over the high and arid sage plains of the West the horse still wanders in great droves, to all appearances, as wild as he ever was, yet each of these animals bears on his body the mark of the hot iron, which is the badge of his servitude; and annually each is gathered up with his fellows, run down, and driven into the corral, where by his actions he acknowledges that man is the master.

ST. HUBERT IN AMERICA.

THE story runs that Hubert, a nobleman of the Court of Emperor Theodoric III., was passionately fond of hunting, to which pursuit all his time was given. But it came to pass that on a Good Friday, about the year 650, as Hubert, hunting the wild boar in the Ardennes, was making his way through the thickets to slake his thirst at a pool, suddenly he was confronted by a snow-white stag, which bore between its antlers a shining crucifix; and Hubert heard a voice calling on him to repent and lead a Christian life. Obeying the supernatural summons, he repaired for instruction to St. Lambert, under whose guidance he devoted himself to a devout life, and whom he succeeded in the bishopric of Liege. St. Hubert's miraculous vision has been a favorite theme of the artists; he became the patron saint of huntsmen, and the shrines erected in his honor are familiar objects in the hunting forests of France.

One of the most elaborate and interesting of the modern chapels of St. Hubert is found in America, and constitutes a feature of a private estate and game preserve not far distant from New York city. The structure is of stone, with a belfry fifty feet high; and painstaking efforts have been made to reproduce in it, with artistic and historic fidelity, a chapel of the period when St. Hubert lived. The dedication of the chapel, by Bishop Wigger, of New Jersey, upon which occasion it was formally put under the patronage of the saint, has been commemorated in a bronze tablet set in the face of the outer wall, in which St. Hubert is depicted in bas-relief, with tunic, sword and belt, boar club and shield on which appears the snow-white stag; and by his side is a St. Hubert hound, one of the ancient breed which Hubert himself has the credit of having introduced into the Ardennes to hunt the boar. For the costumes and accessories of this piece, as of all the other historical reproductions in the adornment of the chapel, the artists went to the museums and art collections of Europe, and years were spent in research and study, to insure accuracy of treatment. The costume and equipment of St. Hubert, the sword and sword belt, and shield, even the buttons of the cloak, all were modeled from objects dating from Hubert's time, preserved among the treasured antiquities of Antwerp and other museums; and the hunting horn is patterned after the one preserved in the cathedral at Liege, which is reputed to have been used by the saint. Beneath the panel is the inscription: *Sancte Huberte ora pro nobis.*

Within the edifice the furnishings and decorations have been made to conform as closely as possible to those of St. Hubert's day, even the pattern of the mosaic floor is from one of the period; there is a huge fireplace, after the style of the ancient church fireplaces; and on the walls are displayed deer antlers, heads of wolf and bear, and other trophies of the hunt. The stained-glass windows picture, together with the conventional sacred themes of ecclesiastical adornment, the conversion of St. Hubert, and a series of woodland scenes. Among the sculptural adornments are five full-length figures portraying St. Hubert and three other saints, who, like him, were converted while following the chase—St. Germanius, St. Eustache and St. Xeno; and a fifth St. Michael the Archangel, who drove the wild beasts out of Paradise. All these antiquarian and artistic features, the expensive marbles of the altar and the costly vestments combine to render this American chapel unique and notable among those which commemorate the noble sportsman of Aquitaine, who in the forest of the Ardennes was confronted by the white stag on a Good Friday twelve hundred years ago.

"A DISGRACE TO VIRGINIA."

IN our issue of Dec. 13 a correspondent directed attention to the wanton practices of gunners in Princess Anne county, Virginia, who make war on the rafts of blue peters simply for the sake of killing the fowl, which are worthless. The butchery was truly designated a disgrace to Virginia, as it would be a disgrace to any State which permitted it to go on. We are glad to know that the subject will be brought to the attention of the Virginia Legislature, now in session, and a determined effort will be made to put the blue peter killing and all kindred slaughter under the ban of the law. There is every reason why the necessary legislative action should be promptly and unhesitatingly taken.

There is absolutely no justification for the wanton destruction of any form of harmless or useless animal wild life. Public sentiment does not sanction it. It is perpetrated only by individuals of coarse natures or diseased minds. It is contrary to every manly instinct. It is brutal and brutalizing. There is in it nothing akin to sport. Shooting for sport—the shooting that decent men indulge in—is the shooting of something which is good for something after it has been secured. This legitimate shooting for sport is in its essence different from the killing of blue peters or other luckless objects of human wantonness. If there be men calling themselves sportsmen who find gusto in potting the blue peter, we may beg leave to tell them that they are unworthy of an honorable designation upon which they bring obloquy. The sooner Virginia finds a way to suppress their practices the better will it be, not only for the hapless fowl but for the credit of shooters.

IT is very essential that fish and game protective clubs in New York should be incorporated, since by law the game commissioners are restricted to dealing with incorporated clubs in the appointment of special game protectors; and the employment of such protectors is the most efficient method by which a club may secure the purpose of its existence. Certain clubs have hesitated to incorporate by reason of fear that incorporation would bring individual responsibility upon the members for any financial obligations incurred. In a note elsewhere Mr. John W. Whish, secretary of the commission, points out that such fear is groundless. The incorporation of game and fish protection clubs should be the rule and not the exception.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Lone Man's Thanksgiving.

AFTER I had ordered my turkey from the prim waiter I sat back and said to myself, "What have I to be thankful for? I am alone, far from any relative, and if not a wanderer, at least I have no place that I can call home." I then fell to thinking of the past, for, if we have nothing in the past to be thankful for we are indeed bereft. I thought of the one Thanksgiving that left nothing to be desired, and then of the summer and fall preceding it.

I could see the gay friends as they pelted a blushing but happy couple with rice and old shoes as they boarded a train bound for Bangor and the woods. That was before you had to hire a guide whether you wanted to or not. Well, in course of time, we arrived at our station, and the next day started up the old Penobscot with our fishing rods, rifles and the rest of our outfit packed in a light canoe. Our hearts were as light as the foams on the river, with never a care to bother us, it seemed, indeed, that life "was one grand, sweet song": and as we went up the river each day seemed to be more perfect than the one before. We caught what fish we wanted, and if it rained what cared we? We would throw back the front flaps of the tent and laugh at the weather. Hardly a day passed that we did not see deer; and now and then a moose would show his great, homely shape as we would round a bend in the river; and it did seem as though they knew that they were safe for two weeks more.

We, or rather I, had made Little Spring Brook our destination, and after we had been there a few days and had the camp made comfortable for a long stay, the game season was on, and we had venison added to our bill of fare, the first deer falling to her rifle. It was a clean kill, thus saving her the only disagreeable part of hunting, that of looking at a wounded deer's eye.

Many a pleasant hunt did we have over and around those hills; and on one of them, as we walked down an old wood road, we had an adventure that for an instant gave me the worst start I ever had, and showed that at least one woman had nerve. She was three or four steps in the lead, when with a growl that started my hair, a great bear plunged into the path not twenty feet ahead. Quick as a flash her rifle came to her shoulder and she fired, and hit him, too, as we found out later. As soon as the first start was over, we saw that the bear was fast in a trap, and the clog had caught in the thick brush so he could not move more than the length of the chain. He had dragged that great clog until he was worn to skin and bones. After we had put him out of his misery, we found the owner's name on the trap, and months afterward he got paid for a bear he never saw, and was told where he could find his trap.

And so my thoughts followed that outing to its close—how we drifted down the river after three weeks at Spring Brook, and then to our own little home, and how on that Thanksgiving we had sat down to a game dinner, the result of a short trip after birds; and when I asked her what she had to be thankful for she looked up from her plate with that look that we never see in but one woman's eyes, and said, "A good deal." I thought, "So have I," for I could not know that it was the only Thanksgiving that she would be spared to me, and that the next summer's trip was never to be enjoyed—I felt a touch on my shoulder, and "your dinner is getting cold, sir," brought me back, and with a sigh I said "A good deal." AL.

Recollections of the Rockies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An article in Dec. 6 FOREST AND STREAM, "One Way to Burst a Gun," reminded me of an experience of my own which was most unaccountable and seemingly incredible.

It was early in the fall of 1891 that a party of six of us started out for a little pleasure trip over the continental divide of the Rockies. We had with us three saddle horses and a team and wagon, and planned to drive as far as we could, then pack our outfit on the two work horses and go where our inclination led us, the principal object being to have some trout fishing in the Elk River, on the western slope of the divide, and incidently to traverse some unexplored country (unexplored so far as our knowledge went, at least). The first day we stopped about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at a favorite camp ground in a beautiful glade along the creek which bears the not very musical name of Damfino, which was surrounded for many miles on all sides by heavily timbered mountains in all their wild and rugged grandeur. We took a very scanty supply of grub with us, and depended chiefly upon fish and game for our diet.

As we had not yet reached the land of trout, they not being found on the eastern slope of the divide, we went out to try and get a deer to supply us until we should cross the divide. We all returned at dark without meat. I had two shots at deer when near camp, but it was getting so dark that I missed. After supper was over, I proceeded to clean my rifle by drawing a rag through the barrel with a strap which I carried with me for that purpose. I did just what many another unlucky fellow has done—got my rag too large, and by starting it in at the breech where it is larger. It started in all right, but got tight. Believing the strap to be stronger than it was, I kept on pulling to force it through, when the strap broke down in the barrel, leaving the rag sticking about an inch and a half from the breech end of the barrel. I next cut sticks about six inches long, and made them just the size to fit the barrel loosely, believing that by filling the barrel with them I could drive the rag back. By so doing, the sticks became wedged in, probably by the piece of strap in the barrel, and every effort made matters worse. I got to the point of desperation where I was willing to take equal chances of blowing the contents out with powder or bursting the gun; but the rag was too near the end of the barrel to admit a cartridge, it being a .40-82 Winchester.

I drew a bullet out of a shell, and by much perseverance and hard work, managed to cut a shell in two, so that it would go in. It would then hold about forty grains of powder. This I put in, then fixed the gun inside of a little log shed or cabin that had been built there by some trappers, which was closed on three sides, with a roof, the front being left open. Tying a string to the trigger, and getting outside of the cabin, I pulled the trigger, but the hammer snapped, and nothing more.

I cocked and tried it twice more, with the same result; then I took the gun out to investigate, and what was my surprise to find the barrel warm, and on examining it found the powder to be burnt and the rag moved forward about three inches. Then with the satisfaction of a fiend awaiting an opportunity for revenge, I put in a full cartridge, bullet and all, and said to my audience, "Now, I'll blow it out or burst the gun!" Fixing the gun again inside the cabin, I pulled the trigger with the string, and the hammer snapped down as before; and a repetition brought the same result. I took the gun out and the barrel was so hot I could scarcely hold it. The powder had exploded and driven the bullet, with all the packing in the barrel, about nine inches from the breech without the least audible sound, except the snap of the hammer. There was not the least recoil or jar of any kind to indicate that any force was at work inside; and considering that eighty-two grains of powder was burnt, it seemed altogether incredible, and had there not been five reliable witnesses on the spot, I would have been loth to have told it, for it does not look reasonable, but it occurred as related, as L. W. McNulty, of Saratoga, Wyo., and G. O. Elmes, of Pearl, Colo., can testify. The present address of the others of the party I do not know. This, then, might be called "one way that you can't burst a gun."

Our trip was continued the next day, and 3 o'clock in the afternoon found us as far as we could go with the wagon, and near the foot of the Continental Divide. Some of the party went out for a little evening hunt, but no one found anything, except a young doctor from the East, principally for whose benefit the trip was made. He found "camp" after being about the worst lost and worst scared fellow that I ever saw.

There was a very heavy rain during the evening, making everything very wet. He had been lost perhaps two hours, and luckily crossed the wagon tracks where we had driven in to where we camped (we had driven two or three miles from the road, where no wagon had ever been).

It was getting dark when we saw him coming on our trail, dashing through creeks and wet willows as if he had no regard for wet, and we thought something must be wrong. He came right on, with a rush, not slacking speed even when within hailing distance, and when he came among us at camp, some jokes were passed about his reckless manner of going through the wet; but it was soon seen it was no joking matter with him.

His face had not the color of blood in it, and he had such a wild vacant stare as to cause some alarm. As he came up to the fire and sat down on a log he said, "I'm lost, and lost bad!"

From the remark and the awful horror depicted on his face, he did not seem to realize that he was safe in camp, and all fun was suspended for the time. When he became more composed he tried to give us some account of where he had been.

He saw some deer, and in his efforts to get a shot, he lost all idea of direction, and did just as nearly all inexperieneed people do who get lost—started on a mad rush, without trying to form any idea of direction, simply trying to get away from where he was. Never did I realize the awful mental condition of a lost person until I saw him.

Dark found us all in camp except the Elder, an old Presbyterian minister, and a few shots from camp directed him in. The next morning we packed everything we couldn't get along without on the two work horses and started over the divide. Three of us had to walk, and I let the Elder ride my horse, while I took his rifle and took a circle to try for a deer, as our grub pile was running low. I had not gone 200 yards from the party until I saw and killed a deer. While the party halted one of the boys came over and helped to skin the hindquarters, when he took them and went on with the outfit, while I finished taking off the hide, cut off all the meat from the carcass I could get and followed the trail, not overtaking them until they had reached a good sized stream of water and were preparing to camp. We all believed we must be on the Elk River, but no one could find any fish, and after spending the night there we moved on south and traveled all day, and camped that evening on what we believed to be a tributary of the Snake River. When starting out on the trip, I only purposed being with them four days, having an engagement back at the ranch on the morning of the sixth day.

It being necessary for me to make the trip home in a day, I desired to learn just where we were located, that I might lose no time the next day. For that purpose I started about two hours before sundown for the top of a very high mountain peak, perhaps two miles from camp. I took no gun, as we did not need meat, and my trip was full of interest from start to return. I had only gone a short distance when I saw a deer, and I sat on a log watching it while it came quite close to me and went on by without knowing of my presence. A short time before reaching the top of the mountain I heard a racket, and looking up the side of the mountain, saw six fine bull elk coming down the mountain side, walking single file. They were 100 yards away, and a fine opportunity was afforded to watch them as they filed past; and I did not move until they were out of sight. They all had antlers of exactly the same size, as nearly as I could tell, fine, large, and the sight was worth a long trip to see. I reached the top of the mountain just as the sun was setting. The mountain was bare of all green timber for quite a distance down all sides, having been burnt over some years before, and as it rose far above all the surrounding country, a better point could not have been chosen from which to get the lay of the country.

Had some gifted "pencil pusher" been there just then, who had a talent for expanding on glorious sunsets and grand scenery, he might have had an inspiration such as only comes occasionally. In all directions the country could be seen for wonderful distances, and in some directions it could be seen for a hundred miles or more—nothing but mountains, mountains, look where you liked; all wild, uninhabited by man and silent. But a glance at the ground showed that it was not a deserted place. Scarcely a rod could be traversed in any direction without crossing deer and elk tracks.

The ground was loose and soft, and all footprints showed as plainly as if on snow, and there one could read nature's diary, written by its four-footed inhabitants, of all that had taken place on the old mountain during the past few weeks. It is a pleasure to take a gun and hunt and kill game, but somehow when one is not after blood, there is realized a kind of silent, undefinable gratification and lasting satisfaction in wandering around far from the haunts of man, without a gun, and watching the wild creatures as they live and move in their native element, when not aware of the presence of enemies.

When hunting game to kill it, all the senses are centered on the one object of seeing the game, while most of the surrounding grandeur is overlooked. So, too, when game is sighted; everything interesting about the animal is overlooked in the eagerness to get a successful shot, and there is no time nor opportunity while watching them to note the graceful movement, the ever-watchful eye and shifting ear to catch the slightest move or sound that might mean danger, and to think of the constant danger lurking on every side of them, which serves to sharpen their instinct of self-preservation.

As I went back to camp in the gathering darkness of the evening, I disturbed a number of deer, one of which made that queer snorting noise sometimes made by deer when startled by something, and they cannot determine what it is. This was the first time I had ever heard or known of anything of the kind. After giving the others of the party the directions of different points, as they could be observed from my outlook, so as to enable them to determine in what direction to continue their journey, I mounted my horse at an early hour the next morning, and took a direct course for home, straight over mountains and anything that might come in my way. All day long I rode through wild country without seeing any mark or evidence of man, and without any trail other than that made by elk and deer, at one time riding past two deer within 75 yards, which stood and looked at me as long as I was in sight, probably never before having seen such a combination of biped and quadruped. Night found me safely at home. The others of the party continued their journey several days, finding good trout fishing in the Elk River and seeing great quantities of game, having seen at one time over fifty elk in one band, all being within gunshot; but no one fired a shot, although some of them had never killed an elk and had a great desire to do so; but they could not use or take care of the meat, and were "men" enough to refrain from shooting. Excuse me, but I have become so animated in living over again as I have been writing, the pleasant days of the past, that I nearly forgot about the gun I started to tell about. If you go back where we left the wagon, you will find the gun hidden under a log near the wagon. It was sent to a gunsmith at Laramie, Wyo., and relieved of its congested condition, but was never of much account afterward. EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Major.

WHEN I was a small boy, in the spring of 1851, a man, who kept a grocery store in our neighborhood, had a Newfoundland pup about three months old that had taken the distemper.

This man, calling me into his store one day, handed me a dime and said, "Carry that pup to the canal or river and drown him; he is in my road here." The pup lay on the floor and every one coming in would tramp over him and start him howling.

I picked the pup up, then asked, "Can't I take him home and keep him, sir?'

"No, he has the distemper; you could not cure him; go and drown him."

I carried him down to an old doctor who kept a drug store, and asked him to look at the pup, telling him how I had got him and that I wanted to cure him.

"You can cure him," he told me, "if you choose to take the trouble to do it. I would not drown him. He is a full Newfoundland. Raise him and in a year you can get ten dollars for him."

The doctor gave me a box of salve and a big piece of brown castile soap and a package of sulphur, telling me that he would not charge me for these; he wanted to see the pup saved.

He told me to wash the pup's face in warm water and use plenty of this soap in it, then rub the salve in with my fingers, warning me not to touch my eyes with my hands when washing around the pup. Then he filled a small vial of some red colored stuff that stood on his shelf, I never knew what it was, and handing it to me said, "Give the pup half a pint of warm milk with a few drops of this and as much sulphur as will lie on a dime in it. He won't want to drink it, but make him. Don't let him have anything else, and he will."

I carried out the doctor's orders faithfully for ten days, and by that time the pup was nearly well, and I took him to the doctor again.

"He is all right, now," the doctor told me, "he will make you a fine dog. Keep him. Don't let that man you got him from have him again. A man who would drown a pup of that kind should not have one."

That man, when he saw that I had cured the pup,

wanted him badly and offered me a dollar, and on my refusing it, raised it to two dollars.

"No, sir," I told him "I want to raise him myself."

I called him Major, and always fed him myself. He began to grow now, and when two years old was one of the largest Newfoundlands that I have ever seen, and was a jet black; he did not have a white hair on him.

After he had got to be a few months old I kept him tied in the day time when I was not at home, but let him run at night. One Sunday morning, when he was only six months old, he came walking in to where I sat at my breakfast and dropped something on the floor beside my chair, then stood looking up at me. It was a new eight-blade pearl handle Congress knife, such as sold for $2 then; and this one had not a scratch on it. Some one had bought it the night before, then had lost it, and the pup no doubt knew exactly what it was. He saw me using my knife every day; so he had brought his find to me. I took Major and his knife up to the hardware store, where I usually got my powder and shot, just as soon as I had time the following Monday, and the dealer here gave me $1.50 in trade for the knife; then put it right into his showcase; it may have come out of that case last Saturday night. I invested half of this trade in the finest collar that was here, then gave it to Major, and took powder and shot for my half.

I was a newsboy at this time. The newsboy then was quite a different character from what he is now. I sold the first papers that were ever sold by a boy on the streets of Allegheny City. The editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch, Mr. Reese C. Fleson, had been on to New York the last spring and seeing the newsboys there, he came home and set three of us at it here. I had my own town to myself, the other two boys taking Pittsburg between them. One of those boys, before he died, owned one of the largest papers in Pittsburg himself, the Evening Leader.

I sold the morning papers and the eastern weeklies, and earned more than our laborers did; they got 80 cents a day then, while a carpenter got $1.25, and had to work 11 or 12 hours to get it, I only worked about 6 hours.

Each day, about noon, I would come home, then turn Major loose and from then until bedtime wherever I went Major did also. We put in most of our time in hunting. Major was not a hunting dog, but he was not gun shy. I would often kneel down and fire, resting my gun on his back; he would not move. I made wooden skewers for the butchers, and had a dozen of these butchers as my customers. When I was up at the market house selling my skewers Major would go along also; he was one of the few dogs that could go in there without having a steel or cleaver sent at him. Major would not touch their meat; a butcher would offer him a piece, but I would have to tell him to take it before he would touch it.

When Major was about thirty months old he and I were up in the market house one day, and one of my patrons wanted to buy him for a playmate for his children. "He is the dog you want," I told him. "He will let a baby crawl all over him and never even growl at it. I will sell him to you; there are but few other men though that could buy him. I know he will have a good home with you; he will cost you $20, though."

That was a big price for a dog, he thought. It was; $20 bought a good cow then.

"Well," I told him, "I would as soon keep the dog. I am not anxious to sell him."

He counted me out the $20, and I tied Major behind his stall; then going home handed my mother the money, and was given a raking down for selling Major.

"We have no use for $20 dogs," I told her. "A year's flour will suit us better; that $20 will buy it."

This man had a fine place just beyond the city limits. He had one pet, a black bear, that he had raised from a cub and kept chained at the slaughter house. I often paid the bear a visit, taking a stick of candy for him to hunt all through my pockets for, and he and Major were friends already. After the butcher had got Major I would often find them side by side fast asleep. The bear was two years old now, and a stranger would not have any business within his reach; but I had known him since he was a cub and still could handle him as I would a dog.

I started to raise another dog right off now, a mongrel that I got the day his eyes were open. His mother belonged to the bull family, his father may have been a registered dog, but I doubt it. I called this one Brandy, and used him to kill snakes. He could find and kill them as fast as I could count them. He finally got to be so bad tempered that no one but me could do anything with him. He stood in deadly fear of me, though; he was the only dog I ever owned that I had to whip; I gave him a whipping once a week. Finally he changed from snakes to sheep, and some farmer shot him.

After I had sold Major I paid him regular visits, stopping to see him at least once every two weeks. He would climb all over me in his yard, but never offered to follow me. His owner said that he would not take $50 for him now. A stranger could not enter his grounds after night; the dog paid no attention to them in the day time.

While the war was going on I did not see Major for four years, but in January, 1865, I came home and about the first thing I did was to hunt up Major. The man I had sold him to had been dead for several years, but his sons carried on the business here. The lady told me that Major was still here. "He is nearly blind now," she said, "and the boys wanted to kill him, but he will die here of old age if I don't die before him."

She was feeding him now as if he were a child.

He lay out in the sun fast asleep, and going to him I stooped down and called, "Major!" He raised up his head; then, after he had smelled me, began to lick my face and hands. He had not forgotten me.

He lived for two years after this, then died of extreme old age, and his mistress had him buried in the orchard.

I was not in that country again for twenty years, and when I next went back this family still lived here; but the place that had been a mile out in the country was now in the city, closely built up. The house had the orchard yet, though; and going to it I had no trouble in finding Major's grave. The daughter, who had been the baby when Major first came here, had flowers growing all over his grave.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, PA.

The Overdraft on Nature.

CONTIGUITY suggests comparison. One smiles at a department store advertisement in which a new edition of Xenophon's "Anabasis," among other books, is followed with a line of breechloaders. Yet the juxtaposition causes one to wonder what the leader of the Ten Thousand Greeks would say, were he now alive, to the alarming overdraft upon animal and bird life largely through these same weapons.

It is true that hunting nowhere finds a better apologist than that genial essayist and military expert. He declares in his "Essay on the Chase" that it is among the pleasures "productive of the greatest blessings," insists that it is a necessary part of a liberal education, an indispensable training for the soldier and a stimulus to patriotism, as well as contributing to health and happiness. "There are many benefits which the enthusiastic sportsman may expect to derive from its pursuit—in health which will thereby accrue to the physical frame, the quickness of the eye and ear, the defiance of old age, and the warlike training which it insures."

Even those who think that hunting is no business for women get no support from the author of the "Anabasis." "What," he queries, "has sex to do with it? It is not only men enamored of the chase, but among women there are those also to whom our lady Artemis has granted a like boon—Atalanta, Procris, and many a huntress fair." Indeed, the pupil of Socrates seems to have been as ardent a sportsman as he was expert as a soldier, as desirous of being in at the death as he was to bring his retreating army safely to the loud-sounding sea. He might have stood for the country doctor of sporting tastes in the old hunting song:

> 'To the poor he advice gave away,
> For the rich he prescribed and took pay;
> But to each one he said, 'You will surely be dead,
> If you don't go hunting to-day!"

There is no doubt, moreover, that in this fondness for the chase he had the support of public opinion in Greece, even though, when horses and hounds became badly mixed, his language may not always have been as chaste as that of the "Memorabilia." A little nation devoted to sports and games would share his belief in the healthfulness of hunting; and in any event an institution established by the aristocracy in a state ruled by aristocrats would die hard.

But the hunting which Xenophon praised was, in its disastrous effect upon animal life, a harmless sport compared with much of that practiced in this country. No doubt a military expert like the Greek leader sought game which tested his courage, and gave him the "wild joy of strife" whenever he could. But while an occasional wild boar may have rewarded his search, the hunting of which he discourses so pleasantly in his "Cynegeticus" was largely that of the hare, varied, perhaps, by a wolf or bear driven from the thicket-bordered hills by the baying of the hounds. Greece, so far as the larger quadrupeds were concerned, was an exhausted land; and expansion, which elsewhere has often furnished a remedy for such exhaustion, was there impossible.

It thus happens that we are deprived of the reflection of Xenophon upon the wasteful selfishness which had stripped his country of its larger game, with the improvement in weapons contributing thereto. If warnings there were of the inevitable limit of such selfishness, they must have been given long before Xenophon's time, and disregarded, just as they largely have been in this country within the last fifty years. It is discouraging to think that in another half century, despite our game laws, many of our larger wild animals will have passed so completely out of knowledge that some accomplished writer and sportsman may, like Xenophon, sing the praise of hunting the hare, as if larger game had never existed.

Unhappily, it is toward this condition that we are tending. If expansion as a remedy for exhaustion of soil and animal life was impossible in ancient Greece, it has not been so in the United States. The hunters and the fishermen have steadily moved outward toward the frontiers, leaving the center of the ring largely denuded of fish, animal and bird life. Warning of the final limit of this selfish and irrational policy has fallen upon unheeding ears, until some of the quadrupeds and birds once quite common on this continent, have disappeared as utterly as the great auk.

It is an old story; but in the later sixties an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company told the writer at a ford of the North Saskatchewan that, a few years before, he had camped on the same spot when the northbound buffalo herd was crossing the stream. The crossing began in the evening, and at 11 o'clock the following day he could see, though standing on a cart, no end to the herd in either direction! In an early year in the same decade the Hudson's Bay Company was reported to have purchased and stored in its line of posts along the Saskatchewan 32,000 bags of pemmican. As the flesh of two buffaloes is required for each bag, the output, with the requirements of the Indians and hunters, represented a slaughter of about 75,000 animals. In all that country to-day no vestige of the buffalo remains save its whitened bones amid the dark grasses of the prairie.

But the hunters were, of course, only following the old bent of the Caucasian in his treatment of wild animals. For when Columbus's sailors, searching for the imaginary province of Cipango, climbed to the top of an islet to scan the horizon for their missing ships, the first thing they did was to kill eight "sea wolves" they found there. Now these "sea wolves" were neither more nor less than the West Indian seal, common enough at that time throughout the Caribbean group, and off the Gulf and Florida coasts, but now virtually unknown along the mainland.

About a decade ago a report of the Smithsonian Institution, prepared by Mr. Frederick Lucas, called attention to the quadrupeds represented in the National Museum which had recently vanished or were menaced with destruction. Roused by its statements, other museums throughout the country instituted a search for the missing specimens, only to find themselves, in many cases, unable to secure them. Moreover, the discussion which followed threw a new light on the extent and rapidity of the process of extermination as it was then, and still is, going on.

To recall some of the statements of Mr. Lucas's report seems a good deal like repeating what everybody already knows. Yet it is only through publicity and repetition of those and kindred facts that there is any hope of checking and preventing the wasteful destruction so long in progress. Perhaps the most remarkable disappearance noted is that of the Arctic sea-cows, or rytinas, an animal from twenty to thirty feet long, with a girth of twenty feet. A sluggish beast, resembling the manatee, and feeding on seaweed and shore grasses, it was so much sought for food by sailors that in fourteen years after its discovery by Behring's men, in 1745, it had become entirely extinct. Much the same rapid disappearance was noted in the case of the great walrus, fairly common half a century ago along the coast of California. As they were rather ponderous creatures, their vanishing should have attracted some attention. But it did not, a search for them in 1884 disclosing the fact that they had passed away unnoticed, not a single specimen remaining.

It may be said, of course, that in point of rapidity of extermination, these are unusual instances. But readers of FOREST AND STREAM past middle age will recall many others in which, though the process of destruction has been less rapid, the result has practically been the same. This has notably been the case with some species of deer, and with a very considerable variety of other game now seldom seen in sections where it was once plentiful.

Turning to the birds, perhaps the greatest havoc has been wrought with the passenger pigeon, flocks of which used, fifty years ago, to fairly darken the sky; though the fact that a single American dealer is said to have sold two million bird skins in a year gives some idea of the destruction of bird life. In the Smithsonian report the statement is made that Audubon once counted in twenty-one minutes 163 flocks of passenger pigeons, and an estimate of the number passing over an area under observation places it at 1,115,136,000. Such a number seems incredible; yet a German naturalist asserts that he saw a piece of timberland nine miles long, in which every tree was occupied by nesting pigeons.

In some towns of the Northern Middle States, forty-five years ago, pigeons were exposed for sale by the wagon load. The writer remembers to have seen farmers thus bringing in birds netted by them about their nesting places a few miles away; and the wagons in which they were brought to market were piled to the top. In these same sections of country a passenger pigeon is now seldom seen, the great flocks which once passed twice every year having disappeared as if they had never been.

Of course not all the disappearances can be laid to the selfishness of the hunter. That of the California vulture, the largest bird on the northern continent, is due to its sharing the poison which farmers place in sheep carcasses to kill wolves and coyotes. The Pallas cormorant in the Behring Sea islands is said to have been destroyed in its chief haunts by an earthquake; and the total disappearance of the Labrador duck, whatever its cause, cannot be charged to the hunter.

But enough can be laid at his door to show that he has, and is, making a heavy overdraft on animal and bird life; that unless Time is allowed to aid Nature, the date is not far distant when the exhibits at the sportsmen's shows will be only those of extinct species. With the growing craze for furs, the skin hunters are killing everything with fur on it, the price making little difference. And though the Audubon societies seem for the time to have gotten the better of the bird skin sellers, only the utmost vigilance will prevent an evasion of the laws that will prove disastrous to the feathered tribes. If the skin and pot hunters can be eliminated from the problem, time may do much to restore the balance which they have destroyed, though in many ways the damage already done is irreparable.

H. M. ROBINSON.

A Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I would not willingly do injustice to anyone, please allow the following statement:

In my recent "Notes" I stated that my friend (Case I. of the Notes) shot and finished the moose that had been wounded by Case II., and that a guide held the torch for the killing shot. My friend informs me it was he who held the torch for Case II. to finish his own job, and that Case II. regretted the suffering of the moose as much as any one could. It was the fault of the guides that the quietus was not given sooner. I gladly make this correction, and wish I could as readily make one of another sort that is much needed. My friend tells me that on a certain Canadian river he and Case II. saw the bodies of six cow moose that had been shot in fly time by a certain man from New York, and their bodies left to decay in the water and pollute it without so much as a steak having been cut from one of them. The shooting was simply from the love of killing. Such wanton destruction of animal life should debar the perpetrator from ever thinking of himself as a sportsman until he repents and "brings forth fruit meet for repentance."

JUVENAL.

Natural History.

The Wild Horse.

EXCEPTING only the buffalo, no animal of the Western plains was more impressive to the early travelers than the introduced wild horse. By their numbers, their grace, and their beauty, they appealed strongly to the imagination of men who were familiar with horses, and whose life, indeed, for a large part of early Western exploration was inseparably bound up with the horse. So strong was this appeal to the imagination that a series of legends or folk tales grew up in different parts of the plains about certain horses which had been seen, and such tales, growing with age and gathering material from the imagination of successive narrators, finally developed into stories like that of the "White Steed of the Prairie," spoken of by Kendall and others, and used by Mayne Reid, in one of his tales, as a sort of animal hero, the ultimate capture of which brought the story's hero the favor of the girl he loved. There were other stories of a black stallion, and of a red stallion, each fleet beyond compare, and each of which had been pursued many, many times. One of the earliest tales of the white horse is given by Kendall in the following language:

"At sundown a drove of mustangs, or wild horses of the prairie, paid us a flying visit. They were first seen ascending a hill at the distance of half a mile, and as they were coming toward us were taken for Indians. When seen on a distant hill, standing with their raised heads toward a person, and forming a line, as is their custom, it is almost impossible to take them for anything but mounted men. Having satisfied their curiosity, they wheeled with almost the regularity of a cavalry company and galloped off, their long, thick manes waving in the air, and their tails nearly sweeping the ground. They are beautiful animals, always in excellent condition, and although smaller than our American horses, are still very compact, and will bear much fatigue.

"Many were the stories told that night in camp, by some of the older hunters, of a large white horse that had often been seen in the vicinity of the Cross Timbers and near Red River. That many of these stories, like a majority of those told by gossiping campaigners, were either apocryphal or marvelously garnished, I have little doubt; but that such a horse has been seen, and that he possesses wonderful speed and great powers of endurance, there is no reason to disbelieve. As the camp stories ran, he has never been known to gallop or trot, but paces faster than any horse that has been sent out after him can run; and so game and untiring is the 'White Steed of the Prairies,' for he is well known to trappers and hunters by that name, that he has tired down no less than three race nags, sent expressly to catch him, with Mexican rider well trained to the business of taking wild horses. The latter had nothing but a lasso or lariat with him—a long rope made either of hemp or horse hair, but generally the latter. One end of this rope is made fast to the pommel of the saddle, while the other is formed into a noose; the Mexican carries it coiled up in the right hand, and throws it with astonishing dexterity and precision, casting it directly over the head, feet, or even tail, of the animal he may be pursuing.

"The Mexican who was sent out to take the wild steed, although he mounted a fresh horse, as the one he was riding became tired, was never near enough the noble animal to throw a slip noose over his head, or even to drive him into a regular gallop. Some of the hunters go so far as to say that the white steed has been known to pace his mile in less than two minutes, and that he could keep up this rate of speed until he had tired down everything in pursuit. Large sums had been offered for his capture, and the attempt had been frequently made; but he still roamed his native prairies in freedom, solitary and alone. The fact of his being always found with no other horse in company was accounted for, by an old hunter, on the ground that he was too proud to be seen with those of his class, being an animal far superior in form and action to any of his brothers."

This horse, however, was said later to have been captured, but lived only a short time afterward.

Kendall seems to have had a great admiration for these wild horses, for he frequently refers to them, and always in terms of great enthusiasm. Once, when scouting far in advance of his expedition, he and his companions stopped to rest, and "we scarcely had time to establish ourselves comfortably before three or four mustangs were seen approaching at a rapid gallop. Ever and anon they would halt for a moment, throw up their heads as if to scan us more closely, and then, as though not satisfied with the scrutiny, would again approach at the same rapid pace. It may be that they could not see us while reclining under the shade trees, or mistook our animals for some of their own wild companions; be this as it may, they approached within a few hundred yards, wheeling and dashing about with all the joyousness of unrestrained freedom, and occasionally stopping to examine our encampment more closely. The leader was a bright bay, with long and glossy black tail and mane. With the most dashing and buoyant action, he would trot around our camp, and throw aloft his beautifully formed head, as if, after the manner of some ringleted school girl, to toss the truant hair from his eyes. Then he would lash his silken tail, shake his flowing mane in pride, and eye us with looks that plainly told his confidence in his powers of flight should danger or treachery be lurking in our vicinity. I had formed a strong attachment for my own powerful bay, for he was gentle as a house dog, and would run all day if necessity required it; yet I would instantly have 'swapped' even him for this wild horse of the prairies, with no other knowledge of his qualities than what I could discover at the distance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards.

"After gambolling about us for some little time, his bright eyes apparently gleaming with satisfaction, as if conscious that we were watching and admiring his showy points, he suddenly wheeled, and in a canter, placed himself at a more prudent distance. Then he turned again, to take another look, curved his beautiful neck, once more tossed his head, half timidly, half in sport, pawed the ground playfully, and again dashed off. Several times he turned to take still another look at our encampment, and even in the far distance we could distinguish his proud and expanded nostrils, his bright, flashing eyes, and the elastic movements of his symmetrical limbs as he playfully pranced and curvetted about. I watched him until he was but a speck upon the prairie, and then turned from gazing with regret he was not mine.

"The Indians and Mexicans have a way of capturing mustangs by running up on their fleetest and most untiring horses and noosing them with a lariat. The white hunters have also a method, which is often successful, of taking the wild horses. It is called creasing, and is done by shooting them with a rifle ball upon a particular cord or tendon in the neck, immediately under the mane. If the ball takes effect precisely in the right spot, the animal falls benumbed, and without the power to move for several minutes, when he is easily secured. Should it strike too low, the horse is still able to run off, but eventually dies. An attempt was made to crease the magnificent steed I have mentioned; but it was impossible to approach near enough to shoot with accuracy, and to endanger his life would have been a wanton act, which the most eager hunter among us would not have committed. When our provisions became scarce, several of these animals were shot for their flesh. It seems repugnant to the feelings to eat horse flesh; but the meat is tender and finely flavored, and a three-year-old mustang is really better food than either buffalo or common beef."

The term to "crease" a horse is one familiar enough to persons who traveled in the old-time West, and occurs in much of the literature of that day. It may be questioned whether the act was often practiced, but it was frequently talked about. It consisted in sending a ball through the nape of the neck, so close to the cervical vertebræ as to stun the animal. When it was properly done, the horse fell to the ground, and was tied before he recovered; but it took very good shooting to perform the operation. Years ago, a story used to be told of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), that in his young days he became greatly enamored of a black stallion that ranged on the Smoky Hill, and determined, after many vain attempts to run it down, to crease it. Watching the animal patiently for a considerable time, he learned that it usually watered at a particular place, and concealing himself there, endeavored to crease the animal when it came to water. The horse fell, and Cody hurried up and tied the animal's legs, but it did not recover, and a little investigation showed that he had broken the creature's neck.

Pike, during his journey through Texas, actually as a prisoner, but nominally as a guest of the Spaniards, saw many wild horses, and gave an account of the way in which they were captured there. Henry, at a little earlier date, speaking of the country of the Kutenais, then and now chiefly to the north of Flathead Lake, says of it, after enumerating the different animals to be found there, "Wild horses are also common, and frequently seen in large gangs. They are caught in winter, when the snow is deep, by running them down with relays of fresh horses, and driving them up the mountains, in the deepest snow, or into some narrow mountain pass. The noose is thrown about their necks; they are taken, exhausted, instantly mounted, and broken immediately to the saddle. Their respiration through the nostrils is much louder than would be imagined. When surprised they can be heard at a distance of four or five hundred yards. Some of them are exceedingly swift, well-proportioned, and handsome beasts; but they seldom attain the docility of our horses."

At the present day the Kutenai horses are wonderfully good, strong and well built, and are the best mountain horses in all the West.

During his journeyings across the plains, Pike had frequently seen and remarked on the wild horses, and in his description of the province of Texas—then, of course, a part of Mexico—he gives, as just stated, a more detailed account of them. In enumerating the animals of this province, he speaks of "buffalo, deer, elk, wild hogs, and wild horses, the latter of which are in such numbers as to afford supplies for all the savages who border on the province, the Spaniards, and vast droves for the other provinces. They are also sent into the United States, notwithstanding the trade is contraband. They go in such large gangs that it is requisite to keep an advanced guard of horsemen in order to frighten them away, for should they be suffered to come near the horses and mules which you drive with you, by their snorting, neighing, etc., they would alarm them, and frequently the domestic animals would join them and go off, notwithstanding all the exertions of the dragoons to prevent them. A gentleman told me he saw seven hundred beasts carried off at one time, not one of which was ever recovered. They also in the night frequently carry off the droves of travelers' horses, and even come within a few miles of St. Antonio, and take off the horses in that vicinity.

"The method pursued by the Spanish in taking them is as follows: They take a few fleet horses and proceed into the country where the wild horses are numerous. They then build a large strong inclosure, with a door which enters a smaller inclosure; from the entrance of the large pen they project wings out into the prairie a great distance, and then set up bushes, etc., to induce the horses, when pursued, to enter into these wings. After these preparations are made they keep a lookout for a small drove, for, if they unfortunately should start too large a one, they either burst open the pen or fill it up with dead bodies, and the others run over them and escape, in which case the party are obliged to leave the place, as the stench arising from the putrid carcasses would be insupportable; and in addition to this, the pen would not receive others. Should they, however, succeed in driving a few, say two or three hundred, they select the handsomest and youngest, noose them, take them into the small inclosure, and then turn out the remainder, after which, by starving, preventing them taking any repose, and continually keeping them in motion, they make them gentle by degrees, and finally break them to submit to the saddle and bridle. For this business I presume there is no nation in the world superior to the Spaniards of Texas."

It is well known, of course, that many of the Western, and especially the Southwestern, Indians, supplied themselves with horses largely by raiding into the Southwest and driving off the herds possessed by the Spaniards. Yet, over much of the Northern country, where horses were abundant, the Indians sometimes captured them in a fair chase. They were never able, however, to secure the best class of horses in this way, since the wild animals readily ran away from the Indian horses, each of which was handicapped by carrying a man. Moreover, at this period of time, and indeed up to about the year 1860, the plains Indians were, most of them, very inexpert in the use of the rope. Instead of throwing the lariat, as white men and Mexicans do, and indeed as the Indians themselves do at the present day, they used to stretch the noose of a rope on a large hoop made of willow twigs, to which the noose was attached at different points by strings, which were easily broken. So armed, a number of Indians would set out in pursuit of a herd of horses, and when a man overtook an animal, he passed the willow hoop over its head, and then pulling strongly on the rope, it freed it from the hoop, and the horse could be choked down.

Such chases were commonly undertaken in the spring of the year, when the horses were thin and poor, and the ground wet and muddy. As already said, the better class of animals were not captured; those taken were chiefly mares heavy in foal, or mares that had just dropped their foals, and were unable to run fast. However, such additions to the tribal property were not to be despised, since they were breeders from which useful colts could be raised.

Most Indian tribes have a distinct tradition of a time when they were without horses; and it is extremely common to hear an Indian tale of old times begin: "This happened long ago, before we had horses, when dogs were our only animals, and dragged the travois." Some tribes do not seem to understand where horses came from, and account for their presence in some supernatural way. Examples of this are seen in the names sometimes given to the horse, such as *Shúnka wakan*, Mysterious dog, or Medicine dog, which is one of the Sioux names for a horse; or, in the stories told, for example, by the Piegan Blackfeet of how the first horse appeared, coming up from beneath the surface of a lake. In this case, however, the name given to the horse had no relation to their mysterious origin, but they were called *Po-no-káh-mi-ta*—that is to say, elk dog, because they are large animals and shaped somewhat like an elk, and because they are used to carry packs, and to haul travois, as dogs were.

Attention has more than once been called to the change which the possession of the horse worked in the Indians. All the prairie tribes have traditions of a time long ago, when there was no war; when the tribes were at peace with their neighbors; or, if quarrels took place, and battles were fought, and men killed, this was only in angry dispute, and was an individual quarrel. "Their wars were probably not general, nor could they have been very bloody. When, however, horses came into the possession of the Indians, all this must have soon become changed. Hitherto, there had really been no incentive to war. From time to time expeditions may have gone out to kill enemies—for glory, or to take revenge for some injury—but war had not yet been made desirable by the hope of plunder, for none of their neighbors, any more than themselves, had property which was worth capturing and taking away. Primitive arms, dogs, clothing, and dried meat were common to all the tribes, and were their only possessions; and usually each tribe had an abundance of all these. It was not worth any man's while to make long journeys and to run into danger merely to increase his store of such property when his present possessions were more than sufficient to meet all his wants. Even if such things had seemed desirable plunder, the amount of it which could be carried away was limited, since—for a war party—the only means of transporting captured articles from place to place was on men's backs; nor could man, burdened with loads, either run or fight. But when horses became known, and the Indians began to realize what a change the possession of these animals was working in their mode of life, when they saw that, by enormously increasing the transporting power of each family, horses made far greater possessions practicable, that they insured the food supply, rendered the moving of the camp easier and more rapid, made possible long journeys with a minimum of effort, and that they had a value for trading, the Blackfoot mind received a new idea, the idea that it was desirable to accumulate property. The Blackfeet saw that since horses could be exchanged for everything that was worth having, no one had as many horses as he needed. A pretty wife, a handsome war pony, a strong bow, a finely ornamented woman's dress—any or all of these things a man might obtain if he had horses to trade for them. The gambler had 'hands,' and at the ring game could bet horses; the man who was devoted to his last married wife could give her a horse as an evidence of his affection."*

The Indians soon learned, also, that horses might be easily driven off, and that those who had taken horses from their enemies had a great advantage over the rightful owners who might pursue them; and it is quite certain that the introduction of the horse among Indians led almost at once to the practice of a warfare much more general than anything that had been known before.

Had the Indians of the plains not been supplied with horses from the herds sprung from the wild stock escaped in the South; had they not been expert horsemen, their wars with the white race during the latter half of the last century would never have been fought. Horses gave them the ability to move rapidly

* Blackfoot Lodge Tales.

from point to point; they possessed the knowledge of the country, which enabled them to scatter like a flock of birds, when too closely pursued, and they had for many years the buffalo, which furnished them an unfailing food supply. These things made it possible for them to resist the whites until the railroads, forerunners of civilization, pierced their old-time hunting grounds in many directions.

There have been from time to time in the FOREST AND STREAM, in years gone by, accounts of the wild horses of the hunting grounds of the West. We reprint two of them, one relating to Idaho, the other to Kansas and Colorado:

Death of the "Brown Stud."

South of Boise City, Idaho, there is a great tract of lava country bounded by the Snake River, which is only fit for pasturage. This vast expanse is seventy-five miles one way and from twenty to thirty the other way. No living streams or springs intervene, and in summer heat it is impossible even for stock to live in some parts of it. For ten or twelve years this desert has been the home of a number of wild horses, roving in bands of different sizes from five or six to twenty or thirty. Each band is led by a stallion, and he guards them like the most watchful sentinel. Snuffing the danger, away he gallops to some elevation, where in a moment he spies the intruder, and back he gallops to his band to lead them in an opposite direction. Many horses each year were lost, and only a short time elapses before the tame are all wild alike. This year these bands have been broken up and most of them captured in a great corral. This corral has wings spreading out to catch the animals as they were chased down by their untiring pursuers.

To the Dannskin brothers, of Boise City, belongs the credit of doing this. It involved great expense and took an iron will, endurance and good plans to accomplish. Among all these horses there was one noted for his surprising swiftness and nobleness of bearing. A hundred dollars had been offered for his capture, and when the different bands, numbering altogether 125, had been run down and captured, it was thought that by having twenty horses or more for relays stationed at points where the chase could be plainly seen, the noble animal would have to give up. Accordingly, on the 26th of May, a party started out from a dry camp twelve miles from any good water, to find and chase down the "brown stud,' as he was called. And no one ever supposed that his blood would redden the lariat's noose that night. He was sighted with his band near Dorsey Butte, and, after a most exciting run of about seventy miles in four hours and a half mostly over a lava country, rough and broken with fissures and naked masses, with high sage brush everywhere reaching to the knees, he was captured. Nine of the best saddle horses took him by relays, one of these, a celebrated horse called Portland, himself of great power and activity. This horse alone gave the stud a breathless chase of twenty miles on one circle. When tired, panting, but bright and noble to the last, the brown stud reached one of his old watering holes, pausing as if for some last farewell, he staggered and dropped struggling mightily against death. The terrible convulsions of the noble horse brought pity to the hearts of his captors. Everyone brought water in their hats to the horse and tried every remedy in vain. He had run his last race. Captured with him was a fine, fast, iron-gray gelding, which always ran with the stud and seemed his inseparable companion. As a usual thing, the stallion will not allow a gelding in the band. This was an exception. At night the iron gray was brought to camp, but he never rallied; toward night the look of death came over him, and in the morning he, too, was dead. The color of the stud was dark brown. He was six years old and weighed 1,000 pounds.

BOISE CITY, Idaho. JAMES M. HAMILTON.

Hunting The Wild Horses.

There is a strip of country between the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroads, having Cimarron and Grinnell, in Kansas, and River Bend and Pueblo, in Colorado, as its corners, that is sparsely settled. Broad, treeless prairies, small streams at long intervals, a few small rain-water lakes, filled by local rainstorms that flood one section and fill every hole so full that the water stands all winter, while a few miles away deeper hollows are bone dry. It is one of the last strongholds of the mustang in America. They range all over it in bands of from two to one hundred, generally from five to twenty-five in a band. They differ in color further west; in western Kansas they are mostly roan, on the Colorado line dark brown, and further on pinto or spotted black and white. There is one band of thirty-two head now on White Woman Creek, Kan., all roans, called the Dry Ridge Band, because they always strike straight west on a dry ridge when pursued; and another band of twenty-eight that are all black with white faces, called the Headlight Band, that range in the same vicinity. Tame stallions occasionally escape from emigrants or stock men and take a band of mares from the wild stallion and are not captured. In this manner the stock improves. It is a common thing to find tame branded ponies that formerly belonged to cattle men or Indians among them, and I have seen mules with scars on their shoulders from the collar that ran as fast and seemed as wild as their mustang companions. A band generally consists of one or two stallions, about ten mares and ten or twelve colts and yearlings. Of course, one of the stallions is "boss," and the other has to keep out of the way, but he stays around and will cut the bunch in two if he gets a chance, run them off and set up an establishment of his own. There are thousands of these mustangs, and catching them is a regular business during the summer.

It requires two or three men, two spans of good tough ponies broken to harness, well shod and fat; about six fast saddle horses, a light, strong, spring wagon, a twenty-gallon keg for water, lots of oats and a light camp outfit. Then find a bunch of horses that suits you and put the buggy after them with two men, the water keg, and a little feed in it. The band will run off and travel seventy-five miles the first day. Manage to keep in sight of them, follow all night if it is moonlight; by the next day at noon you will be back where the horses started from. Man No. 3 has made camp near water, and when he sees you coming is ready with the fresh team. Drive down to camp and slap in the fresh team, leave your most tired man to keep camp, and at them again another round of fifty to one hundred miles, and you come near camp again in about twenty-four hours with the mustangs badly tired. Change teams, put one man on horseback and make another round. It won't generally be more than twenty-five miles, for the horseman can turn the bunch a little. The next day with two saddle horses and no buggy, you can turn the band as you please, and everybody go to bed at night if it is dark, after that keep at them. In from seven days to twenty-one days you will tire them completely down, they are accustomed to the sight of the man on horseback and are not much afraid of him, and he can turn them where he pleases and get within one hundred yards of the wildest. If you have no corral you have to snare the best ones. Let the colts and the dead lame ones stop and round them up; they will be only too glad to stand, for you have been whipping them along for the last two days. The well ones will run off a little way, but when you get between them and the cripples they will try to get back, and you can shack round and round the cripples in a little trot, and the wild ones will make four miles to your one, and half a day will tire them down. Then lay ropes on the ground close to the cripples and drive the others over them. When they get used to them make nooses and catch them by the feet and hobble and side line them. To hobble is to tie both fore feet together, so that a horse can only hobble. To side line is to tie one fore and one hind foot together with about three feet space. The cripples need not be touched.

Now go home with your horses and you haven't secured much after all, for they are worn out and seldom recuperate. It is hard to break them gentle, and if they ever get away and find a band of mustangs you must have all your fun over again, if you want to catch them. There were about twenty outfits after mustangs last summer with varying success. Wild Horse Johnson, with his three sons, of Aubrey, Kansas, caught about 150 and got from $15 to $20 apiece for them.

Fat colts are shot and eaten by some people that follow them, and one of the wild horse hunters shipped six hindquarters of old stud meat to Kansas City for buffalo, and some people beside horse hunters' families know how wild horse meat tastes by this time.

I have lain and watched them play for hours when I was out antelope hunting. I had a band of eight run all around me at thirty yards three months ago, as W. P. Dixon, of Livermore, Pa., and I lay in a buffalo wallow watching them, but when they got our wind they ran clean out of sight in a bee line.

W. J. D.

CIMARRON, Kansas.

THE WILD HORSE OF CENTRAL ASIA.

That many horselike animals exist wild in parts of Asia to-day is well known. Most of these, however, are more nearly akin to the ass than to the horse.

One of the most recently discovered of these, found in the sand deserts of central Asia, is an animal named *Equus przewalskii*. It is regarded by eminent authority as the only wild species of horse which is closely related to our domesticated *Equus caballus*. For a long time this Przewalski's horse was known from a single specimen only, but more recently others have been obtained, and quite lately collectors sent out by Carl Hagenbeck, the well-known animal dealer, secured a considerable number, about 40, we believe. Of these, a pair have been purchased by the New York Zoological Society, and have just reached America. They are not yet on exhibition. Our illustration is from a photograph of two of the Hagenbeck herd.

It has been suggested that this horse, or its close relation, was the species first domesticated by man, but, however this may be, this horse is the nearest known living relative to the domestic horse.

A Winter Stroll.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 14.—To-day I took one of the electric lines running out of the city and rode to the terminus, which is in the quaint old village of Pawtuxet, named from the river that here empties into the salt water.

Crossing the bridge, I pause for a moment and take in the winter scene. Up river there is an unbroken sheet of ice covered deep in snow and coming almost to the cap log of the dam, leaving a narrow strip of black water to pour itself over and swirl and eddy among the rocks below. In the cove is a large fleet of yachts laid up for the winter, they are of all sizes, from the long, narrow steamer Llewellyn, down to the one-handler knockabout, all held fast in a sheet of snow-covered ice, regardless of size and of bigness of owners' purse.

The northwest wind is searching, and I move on, thinking of that pleasant morning in August when I stood on that spot and caught white and yellow perch, sunfish and small bluefish, or skipjacks, in an eddy beside one of the big rocks. Up over the hill we go and find the walking harder as the snow is traveled less, but take the middle of the road and walk in the path made by the horses.

After nearly a mile of this, I turn off the road and pass through the bar way and am in the old home field with a small hill to climb and no path; up I go, every step knee-deep, but the distance is short and the air clear and bracing. Reaching the crest, there is a fine view, the blue waters of the bay extending for miles with hardly more than a ripple on its surface.

There are no vessels in sight, not even a coal barge, once a despised craft but now almost worshipped in these days of coal famine.

Down the hill to the house is made almost on the run, but I notice the gray tufts of golden rod and asters standing just above the snow, still beautiful and holding food for the juncos and tree sparrows, of which there are a few here.

I wallow through a drift up to my middle and gain the house, and the trip is ended. I find them fairly snowed in, and I abandon my trip to the old Brown place to hunt for winter birds, and shovel snow instead, and am derided by a solitary crow as he flies by. After dark we have a lunch of warm mince pie and doughnuts, such as a mother only can make, and then my brother and I start back for town. We had a full moon to light the way, and the road being broken out more, we found the going much easier. Having good luck in catching a car, we were soon bowling along toward our families, and soon ended a pleasant afternoon.

On cold winter evenings it is good to look over our old note books, and while most of the entries are commonplace enough, there are some that are worth experiencing again. We were spending the summer season down by the salt water, and one Sunday morning, in early June, I took my two children, a boy of five and little girl of three, for a short walk along the beach road, when, just in front of us I saw a spotted sandpiper in apparent distress fluttering with outstretched wings and keeping a few feet in the lead of us. We stepped off to one side a short distance and waited. Soon the mother came back, and running along in the middle of the road, began to call, and we could see small animated lumps come from hiding and go to her.

Keeping my eye on one, we walked back to the road, and as the old bird saw us she trailed her wings and tail along the ground, trying to draw us away from her babies, at the same time uttering a note that caused them to run and hide. The one I was watching crawled under a spear or two of beach grass and clung close to the sand, which he resembled so much in color, that had I not kept my eye constantly upon it, it would have remained hidden. I picked it up and held it gently in my hands, while the old bird would rush up within a few feet and then trail away as though injured, all the while calling to her chickens, and the one in my hand softly answered.

He seemed to be perfectly contented, snuggling down and partly closing his eyes, as though the warmth of my hand felt good to him. After letting the children touch it with the tips of their fingers, we put it back in the sand, and walked away a short distance. The mother came at once, and using a rolling call like unto the note of the hylas in April, soon had her babies around her, and I took mine and walked over to the south shore to see the white-capped rollers come tumbling in.

S. S. B.

New Edition of Coues' Key.

Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. announce that the fifth revised edition of the Key to North American Birds, by Dr. Elliott Coues, will be ready in the spring of 1903. When Dr. Coues died in 1899 he left the manuscript wholly finished, but not in such shape that it could go to the printer. Publication has been delayed by the fact that the task of revision and preparation for the press required a great amount of extra labor. Some of the features of the work may be briefly summarized:

1. The detailed, careful description of species.

2. The accounts, much fuller than in former editions, of the breeding habits of birds—dates, nests, and particularly the detailed description of eggs, with measurements.

3. The full collation in the text of the nomenclature of species in the Key, with nomenclature and numeration of the American Ornithologists' Union Check List.

4. Full synonymes and bibliographical references in the case of nearly all species—a new feature.

5. The professional discussion of questions of classification and nomenclature.

6. The introductory descriptions of ordinal, family, and other groups, are much amplified over those in preceding editions of the Key, being of a broad scope, which make plain the comparative relationships of North American families, genera, and species of birds, with extralimital forms.

7. The explanation of the etymology of scientific names is retained.

The Doubting Didymus.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A man who manufactures stupid lies and palms them off on the public with intent to deceive, is a sort of nuisance; but there are such things as interesting liars. Mark Twain, for instance, whose munchausenisms are always filled with wit and fun.

I also feel like saying to your contributor, Frank Heywood, "You're another," for his preposterous lies are worked up in such a way that I cannot skip them; but if he expects to claim the prize in that line let him read the following extract from the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM on the Migration of Squirrels, and his ambition will be curbed. It is there recorded that myriads of squirrels came to the Mississippi River and hesitated, but said, "Leander swam the Hellespont, and we can swim this 'ere," and accoutred as they were, they plunged in. But some of them didn't swim this 'ere, for, before they got across they met with an obstruction.

The writer says he "has seen persons go along and pick them up by the tail, throwing them into sacks in any quantity desired, and has seen parties go out in boats to meet the swimming hordes, picking the squirrels up by the tails and throwing them into baskets and bags in the boat."

Now, as they were swimming, they must have been alive, and a live squirrel is about the liveliest thing alive, except a monkey, so picking them up by the tail must act like a powerful dose of ether, to kill them off so sudden!—which discovery scientists make a note of!

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Dec. 24.

Deacon Jones—"Don't you think it wrong for your husband to go fishing on the Sabbath?" Mrs. Brown—"Wrong? It's positively wicked the way he wastes his time and his money on tackle and bait, and hardly ever brings home more than one or two mean little fishes."—Boston Transcript.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Redheads Near New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject of redhead shooting may prove of some interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and to call attention to the sport of ducking for these magnificent birds in a location which lies at our very door, may also be of value to many of our city sportsmen, who may be ignorant of the existence, so near our city, of such choice birds, the pursuit of which makes it possible to follow without the long, tedious railroad travel that reaching southern gunning points involves.

For many years, off and on, I have followed this favorite sport, confining my operations mainly to the south side of eastern Long Island. My favorite spot has been for many years from Reeves Island on the east to Pattersquash on the west in Moriches Bay.

This whole territory has, however, of late years denied access to the amateur gunner, because the Smith estate, having been confirmed in their contention that they owned the bottom of the bay, have leased the grounds to private parties, to the exclusion of every one, and therefore it became necessary to seek other fields or give up the sport entirely.

East of Reeves Island, however, the East Bay continues on till we reach the bridge that spans it, and thus affords access to the beach; in this body of water, brackish and fed continually by the fresh-water streams, many in number, grows in great profusion the wild celery with which we associate Mr. Canvasback, Mr. Redhead, Mr. Widgeon, etc., etc. As a result of the luxuriant growth of this plant, redheads, mainly, are attracted in great numbers, and so ravenous is the appetite of these "gourmets" that when routed from one spot they fly a few hundred yards and settle down in the midst of a feast again.

Spending very pleasantly a few weeks during the past summer at East Moriches, enabled me to get acquainted with the conditions of ducking, and having incidentally taken in a little snipe shooting, I was not loath to try the redhead when favorable opportunity presented itself. I placed myself in the hands of O. B. Tuthill, who, I observe, is an advertiser in your paper, and have been with him on two trips.

The last week in October and the first week in December I visited East Moriches for the sport. My bag on either trip would not appeal to the impatient and covetous gunner, but to the philosophic lover of nature, armed with a powerful telescope with which he may sweep over the expanses of the bay, such a one may experience the satisfaction that comes only to the modest, patient gunner, who feels amply rewarded with a medium bag of ten or a dozen birds. Mind you, these ten or a dozen birds will be worth, commercially, four or five times the quantity of broadbills or other inferior birds. I'd rather have a half dozen of these redheads than two or three dozen of the common varieties; but—and this is the unvarnished fact—if you wanted the common kind, you wouldn't get them, for they are not there; the redheads are there in battalions, in brigades, in legions, thousands, literally feeding voraciously, the surface of the bay presenting an animated and inspiring spectacle when viewed through a powerful glass, as the ducks alternately dive and dine.

Mixed among them are the hundreds of hen bills, oftimes such a nuisance to the ducker, impelling him to rout them out of the way frequently through the course of the day, for they entice the redheads from the mute yet almost lifelike counterfeits, the wooden decoys.

On Monday, Dec. 1, I got just twelve of these choice birds, and further east, four gunners secured fifty.

The element of luck enters very largely into the conditions of a ducking trip. One may be doomed to disappointment, trip after trip, and another may have phenomenal success on a trip taken at a hazard. The redheads remain in the bay until it freezes over. "When the springtime comes" you may get your fill of broadbill shooting, and though I have not yet tried it in the spring, I doubt not that goose, redhead and an occasional canvasback will reward the persistent enthusiastic gunner.

VAN.

In a North Dakota Camp.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an article describing the hunters in North Dakota. Knowing who the men are, I think it deserves a place among the good things in FOREST AND STREAM.

H. E. WEST.

The party of Grand Forks hunters who for the past two weeks have been hunting deer in the vicinity of Ft. Buford returned home yesterday after the most successful and pleasant experience they have ever had in that line. The party consisted of A. F. Turner, Stephen Collins, W. F. Perry, William Budge, E. C. Cooper and O. Overby.

The hunting grounds were situated 20 miles from Buford on the east side of the Yellowstone, and between that river and the Little Missouri. The camp was completed when the main body of hunters arrived, and was complete in every respect. The services of two men were secured for the trip in addition to Cook LaTrace, and to the skill of the latter in dishing up swell grub, one of the chief pleasures of the trip is due.

The river is still open and the party crossed on the ferry. There had been a good snowfall, just prior to the arrival of the party, and the hunting was good from the very start. Not a day passed during the entire stay in camp but what deer were sighted and good shooting secured by at least some members of the party.

The same general plan was followed this year as last. Under the direction of Capt. Turner, each day's work was planned, and every move was made strictly according to Hoyle. To this concerted action the good results of the hunt are due in great measure. After the long tramp each day the hunters returned to camp in the evening with appetites that were whetted to a keen edge and the result of the efforts of LaTrace were assailed in a manner that would make a hotel keeper desire to close up shop and engage in some other business.

One pleasant feature of the hunt was that every member of the party shot a deer. Two days before camp was broken every one had bagged a deer but E. C. Cooper. The other members were anxious that he should drop at least one buck even if the buck had to be lassooed in advance and tied to a tree.

On the day mentioned, Overby and one of the camp attaches were heading for camp late in the afternoon, following close to the river. About a mile from camp their attention was attracted by a splashing in the river, and on investigating they saw a fine buck struggling in the river. It had slipped on the ice and broke through, and as the bank was steep was unable to get out. It had evidently been struggling for some time, as it was about "all in" when they discovered it. A happy thought struck Overby. Here he thought was Cooper's chance. He sent his companion to a house near by, instructing him to return with a hay rope. Meanwhile he watched the deer.

On the return of the man, the deer was caught, and securely tied to the rope, after which it was pulled from the river and tied to a tree near by.

With all speed the two men then hastened to camp, and all but Cooper were put on to the deal. They told him that a deer had been seen in a certain neck of the woods, and the entire party volunteered to engage in a drive, and it was planned that Cooper should station himself in a position that would insure him a shot. The plan was quickly executed, and Cooper was instructed to proceed to where the deer was tied. Overby by a circuitous route hastened to where the deer was and concealed himself under the river bank near the animal, and supplied himself with a few clubs to cast at the deer when Cooper approached.

When the crackle of brush announced the approach of Cooper, Overby shied a club or two at the crippled deer, and it jumped to its feet and let a snort out that could be heard a mile. At this juncture Cooper sighted the deer, and with eyes sticking out of his head as though he was being run through a wringer feet first, he drew a bead on the animal, which was facing the other way, and pulled the trigger.

Bravo! The buck fell with a sickening thud, and Cooper highly elated made a sprint for his fallen victim, closely watched by the balance of the party, all of whom were peering at him from behind trees at a distance. When Cooper reached the buck and found he was tied to a tree, he stood speechless. Then he peered about to see who was looking, and saw the entire party taking gapings at him. Budge was drawn up in a bunch convulsed with laughter. Overby's haw haws could have been heard a mile. Perry drew in his belt a notch to keep from bursting, Collins was roaring off in his corner and Turner was throwing a fit on the river bank.

Cooper retained himself wonderfully, though great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, as he realized that he was the victim of a plot. He studied for about 10 minutes before uttering a word, and then broke out with "Gentlemen, I'll buy."

The incident furnished amusement to last the rest of the trip, and Cooper has been explaining ever since his return that the party were all "agin him."

Steve Collins was dubbed Daniel Boone by Cartwright, the mail carrier, but the manner in which he earned the title is withheld from publication for the present at least.

The hunters devoured two deer in camp, and the 18 others will arrive by freight soon, and friends all over the city are very much interested in this part of the programme. Every member of the party avers that the trip was the best they ever enjoyed. Not a single accident marred the hunt, and all return in better health and better humor than when they left.

In Other Days.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 15.—The picture of the boy, dog and two grouse, or "partridges," as we called them in my boyhood days in Tompkins County, N. Y., brings up from memory's pages my first one, when a boy 10 years old, and I have never walked with the same pride since the day I carried him home. I was on my way to look at some mink traps (two flat stones set with a figure 4), but after I killed the grouse, the traps were forgotten, and I had to return home to show my game to my brothers and sisters.

The birds were quite plentiful when I lived at Sabula, Iowa, in 1876 and 1877, along the bluffs of the Mississippi River, and when I think of the pheasants, as they were termed there, I remember going to the bluff one morning with my dog and 16-gauge muzzleloading shotgun after squirrels. On loading the gun, at the foot of the bluff, I found I only had two loads of shot with me, and each of these killed a fine large fox-squirrel, and then the dog made the greatest fuss I had ever known him to make. On looking him up I found him at the foot of a dead tree by an abandoned stone quarry, and perched above him were six pheasants. What a situation to be in! I watched them for some minutes and then loaded the gun with small chips of stone from the quarry, and fired the first barrel without effect, and then with a more careful aim I fired at the same target, the lowest bird, with no other effect than to send the entire lot up over the bluff as fast as their wings could carry them.

When I went after them later in the fall, in November, I would always find them in a mingled thicket of hazel brush and wild raspberry and blackberry canes, but it made no difference from which direction I would approach the thicket, and start the dog in, they would always run to the opposite side of it before they would take wing.

After half a dozen failures to get a shot, I took a friend with me one day, and leaving the dog with him with instructions to start the grouse by sending the dog in from the east side when I signalled by a shout, I took my station over on a sloping bank of a gulch, up which their flight generally carried them about a half-mile from the thicket. Giving the signal he started the dog in and in a very few minutes I saw the first one start, and as it flew by me at a distance of about 30 yards, just over the tops of the young trees, it seemed to have entirely forgotten its hurry, and flew along at a moderate gait as if bound upon a pleasure excursion, until the borrowed 10-gauge breechloader spoke, and the bird went out of the flying business. One after another came in quick succession, to meet the same fate until five had fallen, and then from some cause that I never could reason out, either I or the gun got off, for the three that brought up the rear of the flight followed the same course and each one was saluted with two barrels, but I could see no effect of the shots except to wake up the bird fired at.

Gathering up the five dead ones, I started back toward the thicket and met my friend, who asked, "What have you been shooting at? There was not one single pheasant in that whole thicket." But when I told of the eight the dog had driven out and showed the five saved and mourned the loss of the three, he only grunted, "Some folks would like the whole earth with a fence around it, and a man that hain't satisfied with five pheasants out of eight shots had never ought to get another one as long as he lives."

We spent a good half day trying to relocate the other three, but could not, nor could we ever find another one in that thicket, and as I moved further west to the prairie section of the State in the spring I have never pointed a gun at a grouse since I missed the last one of the three, but I hope some time in the near future again to match my skill against their cunning "before I cross the range for good."

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Jersey Lightning Justice.

David R. Moffit, a constable of Basking Ridge, N. J., received a complaint some days ago that some persons were breaking the law by shooting and hunting on Sunday. He succeeded in finding the guilty person. Going to the quarry where the man was employed he was about to arrest him when the manager of the quarry asked him why he could not settle the matter over the telephone. The constabale called up Justice Bowers and briefly stated the case to the justice. When he had finished the justice said, "Fine 'im $20 and costs." The prisoner paid the fine to the State game warden and was released.

Game in Greater New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considerable interest in and wonder at the occurrence of game birds within the limits of Greater New York have of late been manifested in FOREST AND STREAM and in the New York dailies. Game birds and animals abandon with reluctance haunts that afford protection and food; and it is due to the fact that the greater city still contains many marshes and covers, that grant a fair degree of immunity to disturbance, that we have, at the present time, small numbers of nearly every indigenous bird and animal.

The remarks that follow refer chiefly to that portion of the Borough of the Bronx that before annexation consisted of the towns of Westchester, Pelham and part of Eastchester. The topography of this section is twofold. The shore line, along the East River and Long Island Sound, is interrupted by several tidal creeks and bays, with extensive salt meadows and marshes bordering upon them; while in the interior the surface of the country is sufficiently uneven to be described as upland. Much of this latter land has been built upon and is thickly populated, but there are many large estates and acreages intact and unimproved. The timber upon these properties is principally second growth and brush with many swamps of alder and willow; but many fair-sized tracts of the original timber remain, with the exception of a few acres on either side of Pelham Parkway that have been filled in, the salt meadows are quite as they have always been.

Of the game birds still inhabiting this neighborhood, aside from shore birds and wild fowl, quail are the most numerous. From personal observation, and from the information of competent observers, I should estimate the number of quail in the entire Borough of the Bronx at the commencement of the present open season at between 150 and 200. This is a very conservative computation. There were, to my personal knowledge, at least three bevies at Eastchester, another between Williamsbridge and Westchester, and a fifth on the extreme southern end of Throgg's Neck. I do not know how many birds located in Pelham Park this year; but there are always quail there in considerable numbers, and the same statement is true of Van Cortlandt Park and the adjacent country. These are not the original quail of lower Westchester county. While there have always been a few of the birds here, they are from year to year becoming more plenty. Furthermore, intelligent old sportsmen of these parts assure me the present birds are not so large as the former occupants. My own knowledge of the Bronx dates back but eight years. The present quail unquestionably entered the Bronx from a New Rochelle preserve by way of Pelham Park. I have noted their movements from year to year. They have spread very generally throughout the Annexed District, but never until this year have they come so far south as Throgg's Neck.

Woodcock not only stop over during migration, but a few likewise breed here. Owing to the clearing and filling in of many swampy areas, their covers have become somewhat contracted, but the birds have by no means been driven away. The locations frequented are near Williamsbridge, Eastchester, Van Cortlandt Park, a small cover on Throgg's Neck and a spot near Morris Park Race-track. I have shot woodcock at the commencement of the shooting season and after ice had formed; of course there is no way of computing, even approximately, how many woodcock drop in of a season. But there have always been enough to make it worth while hunting them.

Plover still visit here spring and fall. I have often seen them on the upland meadows. A large flight of these birds occurred at Eastchester two years ago.

Pheasants, like quail, have found their way out of a New Rochelle preserve and are spreading over a considerable area. They are mostly seen near New Rochelle, Mt. Vernon and Bronxville, but several have been potted near Pelham Park and Eastchester. There is some chance of their increasing, as in the case of the quail, if they are given any show.

I have never seen a ruffed grouse anywhere within this borough and I do not believe there have been any here in many years. The last bird seen nearby, so far as I can learn, was killed above New Rochelle—out of the Bronx—six years ago. If by any possibility there should be a stray bird or two here, it would likely be in the upper part of Van Cortlandt Park, or between that point and the Mount Vernon line. Old residents tell me they have not killed or seen grouse east of the Bronx River within thirty-five years. But at least a few of the birds certainly remained in or near Van Cortlandt Park much later than this. It would be interesting if some of the older readers of FOREST AND STREAM would contribute their experiences upon this point. Wild fowl are still plenty in Pelham Bay and in the many tidal creeks entering the salt meadows. Battery shooting is employed on Pelham Bay each winter and a good many ducks are killed. Line shooting is no longer practiced this side of Sand's Point and the ducks are too wild to permit of much success in shooting over stools from a blind, although a few are got in this way. The most common varieties are broadbills, black ducks, coots and old wives, with an occasional teal and sheldrake. Loons and grebes are also frequently killed in Pelham Bay. Geese are often seen, usually flying high, and are only rarely killed. One was secured on the meadows below Unionport two winters ago.

Of shore birds the most frequently met with are yellowleg snipe. They are here spring and fall in very considerable numbers and many are killed. I saw an unusually large flight on the meadows near Baychester three years ago. I had killed three or four birds of a flock, and was calling the remainder, as I slipped in new shells, when my whistle was answered from the edge of the meadows near the land. As the first birds did not decoy, I worked in the direction of the new call with my dogs close in. I had nearly reached the spot I knew the birds would be on, when a crow sailed lazily out of the woods and directly over the snipe, which got up in alarm and circled. There were hundreds of them. I squatted down and called and the birds came back toward me, the crow following. The snipe were anxious to continue their feeding and flew round and round the meadows, endeavoring to shake off the crow. The latter stuck to them, however, and I devoted my energies to killing the crow, knowing if I succeeded in this I could do business with the yellowlegs. I could not get within range, however, and the snipe, with the crow in pursuit, continued moving in gradually increasing circles until they had passed out over the bay and beyond my reach.

Next to the yellowlegs, Wilson snipe are most often seen. They are never numerous; they come later and stay but a very short time.

Sandpipers are here constantly.

The Virginia rail is commonly met with, while the sora is infrequently seen.

I killed a long-billed curlew on the meadows four or five years ago; the only instance of meeting with this bird.

Of the birds allied to game birds that are common may be mentioned the green and blue herons, mud hens and bitterns, all of which, with the possible exception of the blue heron, nest here. Of course meadow larks and crow and redwing blackbirds are here in flocks.

No doubt many other shore birds drop in and are away again before they are observed; but those enumerated above are so constantly present as to be regarded as regular inhabitants.

Of game and allied animals gray squirrels are the most abundant. They are very generally distributed, as many groves of oak, chestnut, hickory, butternut and walnut remain. These squirrels are by no means limited to Bronx and Pelham Parks.

Rabbits are scattered pretty much all over, wherever a small brush lot is found.

There are many raccoons at Clason Point, Westchester, Eastchester and elsewhere in the Bronx. 'Coon dogs are still kept by colored and white hunters. Only a day or two since I read in a local paper of the midnight disturbances caused by the 'coon hunters around Wakefield and of the mounted police having been directed to break up the practice.

The mink, muskrat and skunk are still represented by fair numbers in this metropolitan fauna, and a colony of woodchucks is located at Castle Hill.

Foxes are found near Eastchester and around the upper city line. One was killed before hounds at Eastchester two years ago.

J. W. D.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX, Dec. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been interested in the accounts printed from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM of game in New York at the present day, for I myself, within the past year or two, have seen, or have had reported to me by relatives, such occurrences as woodcock and wild geese, both within easy gun shot.

Such occurrences recall various observations of earlier date, which I ask your permission to record here, even though they be nothing more than my personal memories. Perhaps even that will not be urged against them, for an interesting feature of FOREST AND STREAM is that it has to do largely with the personal experiences of its contributors.

I am an old New Yorker, and my boyhood days—until I went away to school and college—were passed on upper New York Island not very far from the old homes of Audubon, the naturalist, and of that other eminent ornithologist, Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence, who was well-known to a large number of your readers. My first surreptitious shooting excursions were undertaken at the age of 10 or 12 years, and for a number of years thereafter were pretty constant during the open season.

At that time, the part of New York Island where I resided was not laid out in streets and avenues, as it is at present, but was divided by a few old country roads, one of which running about north and south had been the main artery of travel between New York and Albany, and the others—cross roads—were chiefly country lanes, leading to the different farms and places which were located along the shores of the two rivers which bound the island.

Even at that time there was little game to be found about my home; but there were memorials of the wild creatures that in earlier years had inhabited the country. Thus, each season there was a considerable flight of wild pigeons from north to south over the island, and I recall that when quite a big boy, we used to get up on top of the house to shoot at these birds as they passed over. I do not recall the killing of more than one or two of them by this means, but quite frequently we used to get a pigeon or two when they came to the wild cherry or the dogwood trees to feed on the ripened fruit. Much earlier than this—some time between 1850 and 1860—I recall very well going to the front door before breakfast one morning, and seeing a dogwood tree, which stood a few yards from the door, absolutely covered, as it seemed to me, with pigeons which were feeding on the berries. The birds almost at once took flight and rose in the air—an innumerable multitude, as they appeared to my childish eyes, though I cannot say whether there were 50 or 100. At all events this flock of pigeons has always impressed me as by far the largest that I ever saw close at hand.

It was in Harris' woods, north of 158th street, and between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues, that I killed in my very earliest shooting days a ground dove (*Columbigallina passerina*)—identified by John W. Audubon, the son of the naturalist. Of course the specimen was not preserved, though it is very unusual so far north as this, but was carried home by the proud small boy who captured it and served on the family table—flanked perhaps by a robin and a high-ho.

In those days the Hudson River in winter was often full of ice, on which crows and white-headed eagles seemed to find abundant food. It has never been clear to my mind what it was that they ate, but great numbers of the bird were seen there constantly. We knew that the eagles subsisted in part on fish, for I recall very well an occasion when three eagles flew over our place, two in hot pursuit of the leader, which held in its claws a fish freshly captured. The pursuers pestered the lucky fisherman so much that it alighted in one of the trees in the place, and in doing so dropped the fish, which we recovered. In those days it was quite common for eagles to alight in the great trees in the place.

There was then a cedar crowned hill on the east side of the Harlem River and lying between 154th and 147th streets, and in these cedars great numbers of crows used to roost, and each morning at daybreak to fly nearly due west to the North River, where they spent the day, returning at night. Some times, if the weather was foggy or the wind blew strong from the west, the crows flew very low, and some times I used to shoot at them from an upper window of the house. I knew nothing whatever about wing shooting, but on one occasion I succeeded in killing a crow, which, falling from a considerable height was buried in the soft snow which covered the ground to the depth of a foot or two. My pride and satisfaction at this shot were enormous, and I endeavored to stuff and mount the crow, but as this was my first attempt at such work I failed completely.

At that time a stretch of country, now largely occupied by tall flat houses and stores lying between 165th and 175th street, and between what are now known as Amsterdam avenue and the old Kingsbridge Road, was open pasture and swamp land; the swamp land being overgrown by great water oaks and gum trees and under them by a growth of smaller brush.

Here the little green heron bred in considerable numbers, and from this fact, we boys called it the Green Heron Woods. Undoubtedly a pair of two of woodcock bred here also, and a few migratory birds dropped in during the flight; but at that time woodcock were far beyond my power to shoot, and though I knew the bird by sight and sometimes started one, I never saw them until it was too late. Moreover, as I did not know how to shoot on the wing, and was convinced that I could not hit a flying bird, I always waited, watching the bird as it passed, in the hope that it would alight within range and give me a "sitting" shot.

During the migration, we used to see woodcock frequently and in all sorts of places. And indeed in recent years they have been seen often in the city parks and even in the people's back yards. Quail, however, were much less common even in those days. During our expeditions to "Bronson's"—now Van Cortlandt Park—after blackbirds, robins, meadow larks, highholds and such large game, we frequently started flocks of quail on or near the old Van Cortlandt place, in what is now Van Cortlandt Park. At little to the northeast of Van Cortlandt Lake, there were some wet places from which often English snipe used to get up, and fly away followed by the longing looks of the small boy hunters. Incidentally I may remark, that on the hill lying northeast of Van Cortlandt Lake there was for many years a fish hawk's nest in a tall chestnut, and in early spring I often watched the birds for hours while they gathered material to put the nest in order for the coming season. I recall also a flock of four or five black ducks of enormous size—as we believed—which lived among the water bushes in Van Cortlandt Lake, and when alarmed—as they always were long before we got within shot of them—they used to fly northeast, as we supposed to some pond or spring beyond the hill where the fish hawk had its nest. Very likely they went over to the Bronx River, or perhaps to the Sound.

Quail were occasionally seen on the island as far south as the old villages of Carmansville, or even Manhattanville, but I always suspected that these were birds which had escaped from the place of Mr. Shepherd F. Knapp, a great sportsman, who frequently had game birds of one kind or another in captivity.

One of our great shooting grounds was the old Dykman meadows, north of where the speedway now ends, and where Dykeman street crosses the island from the Harlem River down to what we used to call Tubby Hook—now Inwood. Here tiny sandpipers were often to be found in the marshy meadows, sometimes English snipe were started, and on rare occasions a few yellowlegs were seen and captured. To us these last seemed as important and desirable as the elk or moose to the modern big game hunter, while the occasional wild duck, that was patiently stalked and finally potted on the water by the eager boys, represented, let us say, the charging grizzly of to-day.

In those days there was no dearth of rabbits or squirrels. Rabbits were especially abundant in what we used to call the Blind Asylum Woods, lying a little west of north of the present Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at 165th street and Boulevard Lafayette; and gray squirrels have been increasing ever since, so that they are very abundant all over the island.

To go back to other wild life, not game; hawks and owls were common enough, the barred and long-eared owls being the two more familiar species. I have not seen either of these for years in New York City, but some pairs of little screech owls still breed at different points on the upper part of the island, and their plaintive cry may be heard on almost any evening from February until May.

These details of old times may have some interest for the younger generation, and it seems to me that it would be a useful thing if the older men among your readers would set down their boyhood memories of such matters. These details cannot fail to be interesting to residents of American cities which in these days are changing so rapidly. I understand that Mr. Haswell, still living in New York I believe, used to shoot snipe on the Lispenard Meadows, near where Canal street now is, and there are unquestionably many jolly old fellows, contemporaries of mine, who, if they would take the trouble, could give most interesting stories of the game aspect of what is now New York, 50 or 60 years ago.

Plovers' Eggs in England.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read a letter from Didymus in your issue of the 13th inst., regarding the destruction of plovers' eggs in England.

Any one who did not know would infer after reading his letter that the eggs were those of the small plovers, that are good eating; whereas, the eggs sold in the markets are those of the pewit, which is about the size of a small sea gull. Instead of being a fine game bird, very few are shot at, as they are not fit to eat, but the eggs are excellent, and when a boy I often hunted for their nests, which are difficult to find. In the winter pewits flock together in great numbers, and are comparatively tame to the other plovers.

K. A. T.

The National Park.

From the Superintendent's Annual Report.

Boundary Survey.

The boundaries of the Park on the north, west and south sides have been carefully surveyed and fairly well marked. There still remains unsurveyed about fifty miles of the boundary on the east side of the Park, extending from the monument established by Capt. Charles S. Bromwell, United States Engineers, on the boundary east of the Yellowstone Lake to the northern boundary of the Park. I have been informed that the necessary funds to pay for the survey and marking of this portion of the eastern boundary have been appropriated, and that the Commissioner of the General Land Office has been directed to complete this survey. It is believed that it is the intention of the General Land Office to finish this work early next summer. It is of the greatest importance that the boundaries of the Park should be thoroughly established and well marked, and it is therefore urgently recommended that this work may be done just as soon as possible.

It was my intention during the past summer to send out detachments for the purpose of cutting a wide swath along the entire boundary line of the Park wherever timber existed, and also for the purpose of setting up additional monuments where the country was open, and thus marking the boundary in such a way that it would be impossible for any one to cross it without being aware of the fact; but this I was unable to accomplish, owing to the frequent and unavoidable changes of troops stationed in the Park during the past season.

Game.

The large game in the Park continues to be one of its most interesting features to the tourist, and during the early part of the season large bands of elk and many deer and antelope were seen by them. Late in the summer, when the tourist travel becomes heavy and the flies and mosquitoes become troublesome, nearly all of the elk and deer move back into the high mountains, and are seldom seen by the tourists who travel through the Park by stage or wagon; they, however, can easily be found by any one who knows where to look for them, or who is sufficiently interested in the matter to take a horse and ride out into the mountains for the purpose of finding them.

Last winter was an exceedingly favorable one, and there should be a considerable increase in every species of large game throughout the Park; but this cannot be determined until after the snow falls, and the game is driven down from the high mountains to their winter feeding grounds.

Already a number of mountain sheep have been seen on Mount Everts, where a band of 56 wintered last year. There were several young ones among those seen, and I am greatly in hopes that there will be a considerable increase in the band. These rare and interesting animals could be seen any day during last winter feeding along the hillside and close to the road between Gardiner and Mammoth Hot Springs, and they were so tame that one could approach within thirty yards or nearer on foot without their being in the least disturbed.

The antelope are still protected by the laws of Montana, and are rapidly increasing. A number of bands of from fifty to one hundred could be seen at any time last winter on the northern slope of Mount Everts and in the vicinity of the town of Gardiner. The inhabitants of Gardiner have become much interested in the preservation of these beautiful little animals, and not only refrained from killing them themselves, but saw to it that no one else in their vicinity disturbed them. I believe that there were but two antelope killed on their range along the Yellowstone River last winter. This killing was done by two Italian miners from Horr, who were arrested by Scout McBride; but while he was bringing them in to the Springs during the night, his horse fell with him and the men escaped, but lost their guns and equipments, which remained in the hands of the scout.

The bear have certainly increased in numbers, and continue to be a great source of interest to the tourists, for they can be seen at any time during the season, feeding at the garbage piles at the various hotels and permanent camps.

They are perfectly harmless as long as they are let alone and kept in a perfectly wild state, but when they are fed and petted, as some of them have been in the past, they lose all fear of human beings, and are liable to do considerable damage to property and provisions at the various hotel and camp kitchens. They are also liable to frighten tourists by following them with the expectation of being fed. The black and brown bears are the ones that become the most friendly, and consequently give the most trouble. Three of these animals became such a nuisance during the past summer that it became necessary to have them killed.

It is a difficult matter to make some of the tourists realize that the bear in the Park are wild, and that it is a dangerous matter to trifle with them. The possibility of an accident or injury to some indiscreet individual was anticipated, and on Aug. 8, 1902, a circular was issued and posted at all of the hotels and permanent camps, absolutely prohibiting the interference with or molestation of bear or any other wild game in the Park, etc. It was also forbidden for any one to feed them except at the regular garbage piles. A violation of the instructions contained in this circular resulted in the serious injury of Mr. R. E. Southwick, a tourist from Hart, Mich. Since the accident to Mr. Southwick, barriers have been put up at all of the garbage piles, and signs indicating the danger of approaching too near the bear have been posted.

It is recommended that the gist of the circular relative to the bear be made a part of the regulations governing the Park, in order that any cases of violation of its provisions may be promptly brought before the United States Commissioner. A copy of the regulations, amended so as to cover this point, is appended hereto. In my opinion, a strict compliance with the requirements of this circular is all that is needed to render the bear in the Park perfectly harmless, and during the next season timely measures will be taken to see that they are complied with.

The beaver have also apparently increased, and fresh signs of their work and their dams and houses can be seen along any of the streams in the Park.

The scarcity of birds of all kinds has frequently been noted, and it has been suggested that the capercailzie and black cock, game birds of northern Europe, might be introduced in the Park. The capercailzie is said to be the largest of grouse species, and is found in large numbers in Norway and Sweden. Its home is in the pine forests, and when the deep snows come it can live on the pine leaves. The black cock is a fine game bird, and I believe it would also do well in many places in the Park. If these birds could be successfully raised here, they would spread into the neighboring country, and soon afford fine bird shooting where there is little or none at present.

There are some blue and ruffed grouse in the Park, but they are by no means numerous.

In order to afford perfect protection to game in the Park, it is absolutely necessary to have public sentiment of the people surrounding it on our side, and every possible effort has been made to secure their good will in this matter. The friendly spirit that has been shown by the large majority of these people has been very encouraging, and it is my opinion that they now realize the fact that the protection of game in the Park is a matter in which they are, or should be, quite as much, if not more, interested than any one else in the whole country. The recent formation of a game protective association in the Jackson Hole country, and the promise of this association to back up the game warden of Wyoming in his efforts to execute the game laws of that State, is an indication of what is being done along the southern border of the Park.

The following extract from the monthly report of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the Soda Butte Station will show to some extent the amount of game that can be seen in the Park during the winter:

Extract from monthly report of Soda Butte Station for month of December, 1901:

Dec.	From—	To—	Game seen.
2.	Station	Devil's Well	8 elk
2.	"	Fort Yellowstone	200 elk
3.	"	Slough Creek	1,000 elk
5.	"	Slough Creek Cabin	1,000 elk
6.	Slough Creek Cabin	Boundary line, on creek	100 elk
7.	" " "	Hellroaring Cabin	20,000 elk
8.	Hellroaring Cabin	Knowles Cabin and return	3,000 elk
9.	" "	Fort Yellowstone	800 elk
9.	Station	Fort Yellowstone	4,000 elk
10.	Fort Yellowstone	Hellroaring Cabin	600 elk
10.	" "	Station	3,000 elk
11.	Hellroaring Cabin	Station	8,000 elk
13.	Station	Cache Creek	400 elk
14.	"	Trout Lake	200 elk
16.	"	Fort Yellowstone	2,000 elk
17.	"	Cache Creek	1,000 elk
18.	"	Chalcedony Creek	
18.	Fort Yellowstone	Station	2,500 elk
19.	Station	Willow Creek Cabin	400 elk
20.	Willow Creek Cabin	East line of Park	18 elk
21.	" " "	Vicinity of cabin	8 elk
22.	" " "	Station	200 elk
23.	Station	Fort Yellowstone	2,000 elk
26.	"	Yancey's	500 elk
27.	Yancey's	Fort Yellowstone	14 deer
27.	Fort Yellowstone	Station	800 elk
28.	Station	Yancey's	1,500 elk
29.	Yancey's	Fort Yellowstone	
30.	Fort Yellowstone	Station	1,500 elk
31.	Station	Trout Lake	8 elk

This report covers only that section of the Park along the northern border, from the Mammoth Hot Springs to the eastern boundary. That portion of the Park where these elk were seen is the only good winter range that we have which is located within the limits of the Park, but reports from scouts and other stations made at the same time as the one referred to above showed that many other large bands of elk wintered in various parts of the Park.

The chief winter range for the elk that summer in the southern part of the Park is located in or about the Teton Forest Reserve. It is therefore to be hoped that some day both this reserve and the entire Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve may be either included within the limits of the Park, or that they may be designated as game preserves.

Buffalo.

Near the close of the last session of Congress I was called upon to submit an estimate of funds required to build a suitable inclosure, and to purchase from thirty to sixty buffalo, with a view to starting a new herd of these animals in the Park. The estimate submitted for this purpose amounted to $30,000. The appropriation which was made by Congress amounted to $15,000.

Mr. C. J. Jones (better known as "Buffalo Jones") arrived here on July 16, 1902, and in compliance with instructions from the honorable Secretary of the Interior, reported to me for duty in the Park as game warden. Shortly after his arrival here we proceeded on a trip through the Park, with a view to determining the best place on which to construct a corral or inclosure for the buffalo, and after carefully examining and considering all of the available places in the Park, we finally agreed upon the place which was originally suggested by myself to the honorable Secretary of the Interior as the most suitable point on which to locate the corral or inclosure.

It is situated about one mile from the Mammoth Hot Springs, and will afford considerable shelter and feed for the buffalo in the way of timber and grass during the winter. A fine stream of clear, cold water runs through it, and it is easy of access from this point at all times during the summer and winter. As soon as the location of the corral had been determined upon, steps were at once taken to proceed with the construction of the necessary wire fence. Proposals for the construction of the fence were solicited, but all bids received were so high that it was determined to purchase the material and set up the fence by day labor. Pending the construction of the fence, correspondence was had with all of the owners of pure-bred buffalo in the United States, with a view to ascertaining at what price per head they could be secured and delivered in sound condition in the corral to be constructed.

The necessary Page woven wire fencing was purchased, and the fence is now completed and ready to receive any buffalo that may be purchased. A contract has been entered into for the delivery in the corral of fifteen cows from the Allard herd, located on the Flathead Agency, in Montana, and three bulls from the Goodnight herd, in Texas.

In addition to the large corral that has been constructed near the Mammoth Hot Springs, a small corral has been constructed on Pelican Creek, with a view to capturing therein the few remaining in the Park. During the past winter we succeeded in locating twenty-two of these animals on the head of Pelican Creek, and there are probably a fey more that we were unable to find. This herd is exceedingly wild, and will probably never increase in size, and may possibly die out completely. It is thought that we can catch up some of the young animals of this herd during the ensuing winter, and bring them in to this point and turn them out in the inclosure with the other buffalo that are to be purchased.

It is my opinion that if we succeed in raising a new herd of buffalo under fence they will become very tame, and when the herd is sufficiently increased in numbers we can gradually turn them loose in the Park, and they will become so accustomed to seeing people about them that when turned loose they will not be frightened out of the country or driven into the high mountains by the appearance of the summer tourist.

It is considered desirable to introduce new blood in the new herd to be started in the Park, and it is with this view that part of this herd is purchased from the animals located on the Flathead Agency and part from the Goodnight herd in Texas.

This mixture of blood will further be increased by the capture of a few animals from the wild herd that we now have in the Park.

It is our intention to feed and handle the new herd of buffalo in the same manner that domestic cattle are handled in this country, and before turning them loose to brand them "U. S." in such a way that they can always be identified as United States property.

Since writing the above, fourteen buffalo cows have been received in fine condition and safely located in the inclosure built to receive them. Before turning them loose, they were branded "U. S." on the horn, in small letters, and on the left hip in large letters, such as are used in branding Government horses.

The cows came from the Allard herd, and were delivered under contract with Mr. Howard Eaton, of Medora, N. D.

Mr. C. J. Jones has gone to Texas for the purpose of selecting three buffalo bulls from the Goodnight herd, and they will probably be delivered in the Park some time before the end of October.

From Chipmunk to Moose.

I have just finished reading the score or more of interesting contributions in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, and pause to consider which of its many breezy articles has afforded me the greater amount of satisfaction, and as my mind reverts to the various epistles, each replete with much that is attractive, indeed I may say lovable, the thought occurs to me, "What have I done in the way of contributing to this fund of sportsmen's fireside good things?"

The reply may be briefly stated in a single word—nothing. Is this quite fair, I ask myself, for one who began with the single muzzleloader, taken for a debt by my father, at the fabulous price of two dollars, and presented me as a Christmas gift in 1865, and with which, commencing with the chipmunk, skillfully brought to bag from the corner of an old worm fence, I advanced step by step until one crisp October morning, having lain awake nearly all the previous night, in blissful anticipation of a test of skill with the wary gray squirrel, I succeeded in "out-cunninging him," and returned with him snugly stored in my coat pocket—barring the streaming tail, which carefully trailed like a yacht's pennant at full length outside, and why? Surely no boy need be asked that question, it is pride, pure unadulterated pride. In this case it was justifiable, too, for has not my older brother on previous occasions accomplished this mighty task? And now I need no longer look up to him as a mightier nimrod than myself, I feel myself on an equal footing with him, in all matters, and in future, when the dinner pail containing the school-day lunch for three is opened by him, and the three pieces of pie are carefully "sized up," and the largest is appropriated by him, I dare for the first time in my life protest against his taking a bite from the apex of mine, and insist henceforth on fair play. And does he accord it? He does, and wisely throwing off his feeling of superiority, accepts me as a full partner; and in future these wondrous hunting expeditions are conducted by mutual consent by the "full board."

And of the nearly twoscore succeeding years, their various successes and failures, much may be told, for I have had my full share of the various field sports the country affords—of quail and partridge shooting—of angling for the speckled trout, the black bass and pickerel. I have camped in the mighty forests of Maine, and of Canada, during the banner month of October for eleven years, and have my quota of moose, caribou and deer heads in their several ports of honor about my home. An interesting bit of history, of pursuit and conquest, accompanies each individual trophy, often affording me generous comfort in the retrospective, and might it not

afford the same to others, if given the readers of FOREST AND STREAM? I am sure they would, were I gifted as a Didymus, a Hopkins or a Hastings. By the bye, what has become of that very interesting writer, W. W. Hastings? I miss his witty effusions so much, and many the article from his gifted pen has found a permanent resting place within the almost sacred leaves of my scrap book.

UNKNOWN.

Old Man Bassford's First Gun.

WE have heard about many a one's first gun and first quarry brought to bag, but I think Mr. Bassford's first gun story differs a little from all others. As usual, it was back in Old Calais, up in Maine, and it all happened right after he was fired out of the village school. Why was he fired out? I'll tell you as nearly in his own way as possible.

"I was fifteen years old and was attending our village school, a studious and attentive boy, mark that. On the particular evening, it was a cold and frosty one in January, and I can just hear the old sheet-iron cordwood stove crack and tremble with heat as I look back. The day before my father, for some good deed I had done, presented me with a horn-handled jackknife. It was my first knife, and when I was not whittling with it I was holding tight on to it in my pocket. And what was more natural for me to take it out when the teacher was giving us our morning lesson? When and just how it was done I do not remember, but I do know that I saw that knife disappear into the yawning mouth of that roaring stove. I did not shed a tear, although my heart was broken, but I do know all the devils in me—and I had a score or two of them allotted to me—were aroused. When school was dismissed I went home concocting mischief. Hunting through the cupboard I found an empty mustard bottle, one of those old-fashioned dropsical kind. I appropriated it. I went down to the blacksmith shop and collected a few rusty nails and small bits of iron, and returning home I hunted up my father's powder horn, and making a fairly good mixture of scrap iron and powder I packed the bottle and corked it.

"I now hunted in the attic for a discarded rag doll of my sister's, and found it. Emptying the sawdust from the body I inserted the mustard bottle, and all being ready, I hid it in the barn, awaiting the opening of school the next day. And at the proper time I drew out the doll and began to jiggle it on my desk. Like a hawk striking a quail, the teacher pounced upon it, and like a flash it went into the stove, and then the fireworks instantly went off, and the lid of the tough old sheet-iron stove went through the plaster ceiling, accompanied with a roar like a bursting charge of shrapnel. The pupils lit out like bees. The air was full of smoke and spurts of flame began to arise from where the stray embers had fallen on desk and floor. The fire or bucket brigade was soon on hand, and further than a damaged ceiling and a ruined stove no great amount of damage was done. That's how I came to be fired from school. I have a dim recollection that my father had to pay the bill for a new stove and fixings, but I recollect clearly what went on in the wood shed.

"And then I was apprenticed out and put to work. My school days were over, and when the early spring came the ducks began to come in before the ice was fairly out of the rivers. I borrowed a neighbor's gun—he valued it at $12. Lord! how well I remember it—and Sunday morning at daybreak I sneaked out to the river. Well, to make a long story short, I was soon floundering in the deep, icy river. I held on to the gun, but I quickly realized that I must decide between my life and the loss of the gun, and I let go the gun. How I managed to scramble out upon the ice I cannot tell, but I turned up home with my clothes frozen like boards and shivering like a boy with the ague. And who should be standing in the front yard talking to my pa but the man who owned the gun—that had gone to the bottom of the river. Pa yelled at me, 'Where have you been?' and the man yelled at me, 'Where's my gun?' Gee whiz! but I can remember every crack and cranny in that old wood shed. They were impressed not only on my mind but on every bone in my body. And when I came out of the wood shed the man again asked for his gun. 'Don't say gun to me again as long as you live. When I can pay for it I will.' During the six years of apprenticeship my time was not my own, and I had no money. But the years rolled around and when my 21st birthday arrived I was free. My time was now my own. What I earned was now mine. The first twenty dollars I saved above my expenses I put in my pocket and walked up to the man's store. 'I want my bill for that gun I lost,' said I. 'You said it was worth $12. Now figure $12 with compound interest, tell me the amount and I'll pay it.' I knew the amount better than he did, because I had computed it year by year as the time went. And I paid him, I think, something like $20, and that was the story of my first gun and I have never forgotten it.

"Many years after I went back to Old Calais for a visit, a reasonably prosperous man in my profession. One of the old inhabitants invited me to go up and visit the old red schoolhouse, and I went. I could yet outline the repaired ceiling and some of the burnt holes in the thick pine floor I could yet notice. I was asked to make a speech to the children and I reluctantly consented. I started off by telling them how, as a boy, I had attended that very school and sat upon those very benches. I pointed to the very seat I sat in and asked the occupant of it he could not find E. P. B. cut on the bench—and he found it. I went on to tell them what a nice, good boy I was. At this one of the little girls in the front row put her hands over her mouth to keep her from exploding, but she he! heed! right out.

"'What's the matter, my little girl?' said I. 'Speak up, so all the scholars can hear you.' And what did she reply but that her grandma told her that morning that as a girl she had gone to school with Ed. Bassford and that 'he was the worst boy in the whole school.' And I cut short my speech then and there. There was no use of my quoting scripture to that school."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Disastrous Quail Season.

The close of the quail season this week—for in spite of the lack of legal protection on this bird, all Illinois sportsmen still regard the season as closing Dec. 20—ends a shooting term which has been actually disastrous, so far as sport with this bird has been concerned. Those shooters who were out early in the season could not find the birds and said that the trouble was that the vegetation was too high. Those who waited until later in the season were even worse off. They found but a scattered supply of birds and encountered the most villainous weather imaginable. For ten days we have been having nothing but rain, slop, sleet and slush; and if there should come a sudden freeze, the poor Bob Whites would have a serious time of it even thus early in the winter season. There has been no good sport at all in this part of the country this year, and unless prospects brighten, we shall feel a little discouraged in regard to the crop for next year. I do not discover that the usual number of quail shooters have been out, but it is certain that those who have been shooting have brought back but poor stories regarding the supply of this standard game bird of the Middle West. Without our quail we are entirely ruined, so far as shooting is concerned, in this part of the world. Duck shooting has come to be a matter of preserves. Prairie chicken shooting is practically at an end, and so is the snipe shooting, barring an occasional haphazard flight in the spring. In the last few years we have had good sport with the quail. Let us hope that things will wake up next year, for if they do not we shall be in a bad way.

Changed Habits of Quail.

I continue to hear stories from sportsmen which inclined me to believe that the mention earlier printed in these columns regarding the changed habits of the Bob White quail is matter based upon excellent foundation. I was talking to-day with Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, a gentleman who perhaps goes out as often after quail as any one of my acquaintance. He tells me that the quail "act different" from what they used to. He agrees with me that they fly further, scatter more widely, run further, rise more wildly, and secrete themselves more mysteriously than was ever the case before. Mr. Von Lengerke has noticed these changes in the habits of the Bob White quail within the last six or seven years of his shooting in this country. I never before fully realized that these birds were becoming more wary, less valuable as sporting birds indeed, until certain experiences of my own this fall. I am disposed to believe that Bob White is learning to take care of himself to the extent that he is losing just a shade of his original sporting quality.

The gentleman above referred to cited several instances of his own experience this fall. On one occasion he put up a bevy which split, a half dozen alighting apparently on an open, frozen field and about a dozen going into scrub oak. He had good dogs and went directly to the place where he saw the birds light in the open. He hunted for half an hour in the center of the field and then around the edges of the field, but could get absolutely no trace of these birds. Following the rest of the bevy in the scrub oak, he saw them get up wild ahead of the dogs one after the other, giving practically no shooting. Again on his last quail shoot he put up three bevies, which scattered in practically the same fashion. In the morning he killed eight birds out of nine shots. The weather was wet and freezing and in the afternoon the birds were simply impossible. He fired 18 shots and only killed three birds in the afternoon; and I may say that he is a very steady quail shot. Any quail shooter will realize that this means conditions under which the birds will not properly lie to the dog. He says that the birds would run every way, going up behind him, flying out of trees, in fact acting entirely different from what Bob White used to in the good old days. I am satisfied that this is to be the history of quail shooting in all this northern country. The species, harried too hard, is learning of mother Nature how to take care of itself.

Bear Dogs in Old Mexico.

I met my tall friend, Mr. Fred. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., in town to-day, and asked him to give me the true story of his bear and lion hunt in Mexico last year, when he had down John Goff, of Colorado, and his pack of dogs, to see what could be done in running the silver tips of the Sierra Madres. Mr. Stephenson says that they had some sport in Old Mexico, but believes they would have killed more bear without the dogs than with them. The trouble with the Goff pack was that it was made up in part of fighting dogs and in part of trailing dogs. The latter could outrun the former. It was no trouble at all to start a bear, or rather to get a bear trail. Then the running dogs would trail off and soon go out of hearing, jumping the bear perhaps entirely out of hearing. Mr. Stephenson once saw a good grizzly going up a mountain side with six dogs following behind it, not one of which had courage to go in and nip the bear. The fighting dogs did not seem to be able to keep the pace and would frequently come back to the hunters, leaving the rest of the pack still running and unable to bay up the game. This sort of thing might tire a lion, but would not stop a bear. The country was very rough and it was impossible to ride to the dogs with any kind of success. Mr. Stephenson was ready to say that bear hunting with dogs, or at least with this pack of dogs, was not a success in that part of the world. Yet he says that he hears Mr. Lyons of New Mexico very often kills grizzlies, cinnamons and silver tips by means of his own pack, which manage to stop a bear even in the roughest country.

Mr. Stephenson and his friend ex-Alderman William Kent, of this city, shot deer together in the north woods this fall, each killing his limit in Wisconsin and in Michigan. They were intending to have a hunt with the Bobo pack of bear dogs in Mississippi this winter, but I presume that the sudden and wholly unexpected news of Col. Bobo's death will, of course, end all plans to this effect.

The Fate of Our Game Birds.

This afternoon my friend Graham H. Harris and myself were prowling along South Wather street in search of feathers for our winter fly tying operations. We stopped at the commission house of George Sloane & Company and talked for a while with Mr. Sloane himself.

"Mr. Sloane," said I, "I would like to ask you as a man widely experienced in the game supply, what you think as to the future of our game birds? Do you think that our supply of game birds is going to hold out?"

"There will be game birds in this country as long as there are men," replied Mr. Sloane.

"How do you figure that out?" said I.

"Well, this way," was Mr. Sloane's reply. "They will be raised and protected by men on their own lands."

"But how about the poor man," said I.

"There is no place in this world for the poor man," said Mr. Sloane sententiously. "There will be no shooting in America for a poor man. We will have birds, but they will be preserved and protected birds. We will come to the same system that they have in England."

I expressed my discontent over this prospect. Mr. Sloane went on: "There is something in the trade in game birds on the street this fall," said he, "which is not generally known. I want to say to you that more than half of the game which we sold on South Water street this season came not from the American West, but from across the Atlantic, from England. We sell a great many grouse here which come from Liverpool, Eng., and are passed with the average man as prairie chickens. They are not quite so good a bird. Now we can sell these English birds—we get them at Liverpool, but I do not know where they are killed—for just about one-half what the American grouse will cost. We get some English partridges also, and a great many pheasants. Now, if you ask me what is to be the future of the American game birds, I simply tell you these facts. We will always have game, but we will not always have the old days of open shooting in America, where every man, even the poor man, could have sport for himself."

There is small comment to be added to the labove except that Mr. Sloane is a man of very wide experience in the selling of game. He is accepted to-day as practically the head of the game trade on South Water street.

A Bird-Eating Man.

The following is the latest Wishinninne story. About two years ago Messrs. C. S. Dennis, W. L. Wells and Eddie Pope, all of the Wishinninne Club, were hunting with Ed. Sidler near Wheatland, Ind., and in the course of their travels put up a bevy of quail near a country school house from which, at the time, the children were emerging with the merry laugh and shout usually accorded to school children in books of poesy. One of the dogs pointed and Mr. Dennis managed to knock down a wing tipped bird, which fell at a hedge not far from the schoolhouse. Running on ahead, he retrieved the bird, and, taking it up, proceeded to bite the neck to kill it, after approved sportsman fashion. Just as he had the neck of the bird in his mouth, Billy Wells, who was somewhat in the rear, called out: "Run! run! boys and girls," he said. "Stop that man! He eats up every one of our quails that he can get to!"

The children, somewhat startled, gazed for a moment at the bird-eating man, then turned and ran to the schoolhouse, where they confusedly expressed their horror and fear of a man who would eat live quail. The school teacher, witnessing Mr. Dennis standing near, with his long flowing beard decorated with quail feathers, was much assured of the truth of her pupils' attitude. By that time Mr. Dennis had put the quail in his pocket. It would be difficult, however, to persuade either pupils or teacher that he did not insert it into his stomach instead, feathers and all.

Selected Quail for Planting.

Mr. H. A. Noyes, of Hyde Park, Vt., writes under date of Dec. 10 in regard to this same question of changed habits in the Bob White quail. He wants some selected birds for a preserve in Vermont. I shall let him speak for himself as below:

"I was particularly interested in reading in FOREST AND STREAM the account of your recent quail hunt in Minnesota, my special interest being due to the fact that I have for some time desired to do in a small way some quail stocking in this part of northern Vermont, and would have put out the birds the past season could I have secured them. Of course the question has always been, will quail survive the winters of this section? Your account of the number of birds in Minnesota would lead one to believe that the right birds would. For the past few years quail have been put out near Lake Champlain, but as to whether they hold their own or survive the winters in any numbers reports are conflicting. In this part of the State, which is hilly and mountainous, with an abundance of cover, there might be a little more snow, but very much less danger from thaws and crusts. Snow "to stay" usually comes about Dec. 1, and continues for three to four months. I would greatly appreciate your advising me if it would be possible for me to secure a few of the Minnesota birds for stocking purposes, and if you can suggest anything in the way of winter protection or feeding."

I am very sure that Mr. Noyes will not be able to get any Minnesota quail for planting, desirable as that might be, from the Vermont standpoint. I do not know how the situation is in Ontario, Canada, which is closer to Vermont. They had a very severe winter there a while ago, and it nearly cleaned out their birds. I found the Ontario birds very large and hardy, and believe these would be as desirable as the Minnesota quail. It is difficult to obtain any quail for planting from Northern States, as the local supply is none too generous or secure at best. I doubt if the birds would do well in "mountainous country," with heavy snow for three months. They need a country with some farms, to furnish feed, liking wheat, buckwheat, sorghum or corn. As to providing shelter, there is little to be done. If the birds are to survive they will find

their own shelter, and a country which does not give them enough protection would hardly be suitable. Yet I saw some brush heaps, rude roofs piled up, and provided with corn, on the preserve of a Canada club (Ontario). E. HOUGH.

126 HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago.

The Adirondack Deer.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been watching the papers since the closed season in this State on deer, so as to compare notes with former years, in regard to the number killed and shipped. But so far have seen nothing authentic on the subject. I doubt not that many people would be interested in the inspection of such a record. Notice has again been given out by certain game protective associations as the sense of the members that the open season on deer be shortened by cutting off fifteen days of November. The argument set forth leading to such a conclusion (justice to all parties being considered) is hard to imagine. If the present law gives the hunters a privilege to slaughter more than the yearly increase, would it not be preferable to limit the number each hunter could lawfully kill to one deer rather than shorten the open season? Why keep a law that gives those living near the hunting grounds a monopoly of the sport? Should not those domiciled in the southern half of the State share equally with those in the northern half? What justice in enforcing a law that allows one party to ship only one carcass home with him at the end of his outing, while the other party (by private conveyance) is allowed two? If he hunts on the 15th or last day of the open season and kills one or two deer, which would be lawful, there is no way provided for shipment after that date. What can he do? Leave his game where it fell, give it away, or try and smuggle it through boxed-up as potatoes or some other commodity?

Why not cut off the month of September, a month in which but few sportsmen outside of the woods care to spend in still-hunting for deer, and add on to the open season the latter half of November, when the temperature would be cool enough for the preservation of game during shipment, and the economical use of it after arrival at its destination? This would also be highly appreciated by many of our sportsmen who make annual trips to the Maine or New Brunswick hunting grounds, who are now, by the Lacey Law, debarred from bringing game lawfully killed home with them. Cut off the month of September from the open season, not only on deer, but also on ruffed grouse, woodcock, black and gray squirrel. Limit the number of each to be killed. Stop the sale of all kinds of game, and you have killed the business of the market-hunter, and saved the lives of many deer slaughtered by jacking them in the night time and when brought in the next day, registered as having been bagged by still-hunting. In my judgment the cutting off of two weeks in November would not materially affect the professional gunner residing in the wilderness or living in close proximity thereto, while it would debar many others from engaging in the sport or enjoying any of the fruits thereof. OLD SHEKARRY.

Some Ways of the Pheasant.

CUMBERLAND, Vancouver Island, B. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 6 I notice an article on the pheasant, written by Mr. W. B. Savary.

As I have studied the habits of this bird considerably, a few lines from me might be of service to him as well as others, who may be introducing them. In my opinion the pheasant is the game bird par excellence, both in the field and on the table. They are fairly hardy and easily domesticated, that is, to a certain extent. If fed and encouraged they may constantly be seen in and about the barnyard, but when approached will run for the nearest cover. Of course, I am speaking of birds in their wild state. In some parts of England, where the climate is not conducive to the successful rearing of young birds, owing to heavy rains during the summer, the gamekeepers have orders to gather all the pheasant eggs they can find and these are set under good motherly fowls in the cover adjoining the keeper's lodge, and the foster mother looks after them in first-class style until such times as they feel that they can do for themselves, when they leave, returning only at intervals to see how she is getting on. As a further protection during the inclement winter weather, sheds are erected close to good covers, where the birds are known to congregate, and in these the keepers sprinkle grain two or three times a week.

On an estate in Devonshire, over which I have frequently shot, one of these sheds was not far from the keeper's lodge, and his fowls used to wander down, help themselves and mix sociably with the pheasants. One year, while shooting in that neighborhood, the dogs put up several black and white birds, showing that they had crossed with the keeper's fowls.

The pheasant is a bird, which, if it does not inherit, soon learns the first law of nature, i.e., self-preservation.

In the early part of the season, which opens Oct. 1, they will be found in coveys. The birds then (never having been disturbed) lie close to the dog, and when flushed, offer an easy mark to an average shot as they are generally found in the open fields. A covey when fired into, will usually scatter and drop in cover if there be any at hand. When hunting up these scattered birds, they begin to show their shrewdness. A well-trained cocker is the best dog for this work. He strikes a scent and his stub tail suffers from a severe attack of the shakes, you follow at a reasonable distance with gun at the ready. He trails it into a thicket of willows or hardhack and the bird goes out on the other side, always taking care to keep a goodly supply of twigs and branches between itself and you. As the season advances, the birds become more wary, the coveys split up, and by the beginning of November you will very seldom find a bird in the fields unless they are close to cover. By this time, too, they have learned what follows a dog, and will invariably run 50 or 60 yards when they hear one approaching, before they take wing; therefore, it is advisable at this time of year to keep close up to the dog.

Pheasants (as Mr. Savary remarks) do occasionally help themselves out of the garden, but what little damage they do is more than repaid by the countless number of bugs, worms and insects they destroy. They appear to like feeding round damp and swampy land, such as an alder bottom, and I have frequently found their legs covered with mud when shot in such places.

When fully feathered, they are by no means an easy bird to kill, and if only winged, it takes a swift dog and considerable time to bring them to bag, as they are wonderful sprinters. I have seen one fly 200 yards, though mortally wounded. I only know of two instances in which pheasants have treed, and to one of these I was an eye witness. It happened on the first day of the season last year, when a young hen took to a tree on being flushed the second time.

They were introduced here some nine years ago, and put out in the farming district at Courtenay, although the nesting season here is, as a rule, against them, being wet, they have multiplied so steadily that it is now possible to find them on every farm in the neighborhood. The shooting of these birds was allowed for the first time last year, and then for cock birds only. This is a good law and one which is enforced on a great many estates in England; it assists largely in keeping up the number of birds, too, as they are not monogamous. FRANK RAMSAY.

The Ring Neck Pheasant

As a Future Game Bird for Massachusetts.

ABOUT ten years ago I turned out the first English, or ring-necked pheasants, in Beverly, and the next year a few more, in all about twenty-five. Since then they have spread and increased, and I believe others have been introduced nearby.

Having had a good deal of opportunity to watch these birds, to observe their habits and to work them with the dog, I want to say the following, for I am convinced at the present time that as a future game bird for this State they cannot be relied upon in the least. It seems to me there are several reasons for this view. In the first place the pheasant is a bird of the open and easily hunted districts, and never, unless under cold weather, does he appear to take much interest in swamps and timber. This makes him an easy prey for even a very ordinary hunter. Of course, it is possible that under heavy shooting he may more or less change his habitat.

In the second place, he is a large bird and offers a tempting meal to anyone, and his habit of scratching up gardens and fields makes him very unpopular with the farmer, who, unless he happens to be a firm believer in the game laws, is more than liable to take a pot shot at him from behind a fence, as the bold intruder struts about among his crops. This pernicious habit of the pheasant will tend to become a perfect nuisance if the bird ever becomes very plentiful.

In the third place, he is not a thorough gentleman, and cannot ever rank with either quail, partridge or woodcock as a sporting proposition. The young birds often lie very close to afford excellent points for the dog, but these birds usually rise so slowly and in such easy cover that there is no satisfaction in knocking them down. After they are grown and educated, they seldom lie to the dog at all, and usually tend to run in open country. Many an old cock I have trailed for half a mile or more, either to find he has silently flipped away, or to catch a glimpse of him sailing over a distant ridge. I have seen them run in complete circles, like a hare or rabbit, and have often caught sight of them a hundred yards ahead of the dog doing a race-horse act between two patches of cover. This sort of hunting becomes very monotonous and is more than liable to make the dog unsteady.

Again, it is my personal belief that the very year the law goes off these birds they will be practically exterminated here. Their excellent table qualities will make them the prey of every market shooter, and many men will hunt them as long as they can kill one or two a day.

There are, of course, several arguments in the pheasant's favor. He is a fine, large, handsome bird, and most excellent eating, better, in many persons' opinion, than either quail or partridge. He is extremely hardy, and as far as I know never suffers from our winter climate. Apparently, he can eat anything, even the very coarsest of berries, nuts and seeds, including cranberries.

These birds are also very prolific, and the young are well able to take care of themselves, but they lack the essential qualities of a game bird for a thickly settled and over-shot country.

Now, the ruffed grouse has all the qualities which are essential for his maintenance here. Hardy, shy and non-migratory, we should look to him before either quail or woodcock, and most important of all he is by far the most difficult of any of our native birds to kill with gun and dog, and if snaring and selling were entirely done away with, he would, I think, not only hold his own, but increase.

What more can a man wish than to be able to start in a day's hunt from fifty to one hundred of these brown rockets. Even if the shy fellows do not always lay close to the dog, even if they are sure to be found in the toughest, roughest and thickest piece, a pair well killed will afford more real satisfaction and require ten times the skill than a dozen great lumbering pheasants shot in the same way.

I merely wanted in this letter to emphasize the fact that we should not rely on a foreign bird when we have a native one as good as the ruffed grouse, and that although the pheasant may increase to goodly proportions, and, with strict laws hold his own, he cannot at the present time be looked upon as the future game bird for Massachusetts. JOHN C. PHILLIPS.

Both Green.—Mrs. Howso: "Did the butcher send the lobsters?" Bridget: "He did, mum, but I sent thim back. They wuzn't ripe."—Town and Country.

Deer in Westchester County.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago a full grown buck weighing about 180 pounds with fair sized antlers was killed by an early train on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. track about a quarter of a mile above the Ossining station. The man who first found the carcass left it lying at the side of the southbound track where he found it, being afraid of the law governing deer, etc., waiting for the coroner I suppose. He told about his find and two upper dockers (local term) carried the carcass down to the village. It was badly broken up and but 20 pounds of good meat was secured.

There have been three deer seen in this vicinity lately, some have decided that they have escaped from Graaf's place at Oscawana, while others are of the opinion that the deer have "gotten wise" to the fact that we passed a law prohibiting for five years the shooting of deer in Westchester County, and are looking for a place of immunity. Faint hope for the deer, for between the railroad and a colony of Italians here who shoot everything from a humming bird up, the three deer have probably by this time been all accounted for. C. G. B.

Reloading Brass Shells.

AUBURN, Me., Dec. 14.—Under the heading of "Hints and Wrinkles," Bristol Hill's experience in reloading rifle shells reminds me of my own. As the old saying goes, "It is so different." His method of lubricating the bullets after the shells are loaded reminds me of my first attempt at reloading, for I did as he says he does, only to have about two out of three of the brass shells spoiled when fired; for without the grease properly put in the grease grooves in the bullet, when fired the lead takes the brass along with it and renders the shell useless for further use. There is also one other point which I fail to take in as to how he closes the brass shell on the bullet without inserting the same into the shell below the grease grooves in the proper manner. My first attempt without the grease properly applied was so disastrous to my shells I have never tried it since; but with the lubricant applied to the bullet before it is inserted I have no trouble whatever and have shells which I have reloaded many times and are good now. I am always looking for new wrinkles, but these of Bristol Hill have puzzled me some.

SEE E. SEE.

Massachusetts Game.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season just passed has proved a good one for partridge shooting with us. We have been able to start twice as many birds as usual—that is, for several years back. We think this is largely the result of the no sale clause in our game laws. The benefit of this feature is now admitted by almost every one; some that were against it three years ago now say it is a good thing. We do not believe it will be difficult to renew this feature of the laws, which will undoubtedly be done.

Quail have been fairly numerous, but I do not think so many birds were found as were expected from the early summer reports.

Woodcock did not seem so plentiful as a year ago, though my personal score was better this year on these birds.

The best bag that I was concerned in contained fourteen birds—woodcock and partridge, mostly woodcock. This was for two guns for a short day's shoot. We were fortunate enough to strike a flight that day and secured every woodcock that we started.

I send a photo of my old dog on woodcock, which serves to remind me of the good sport we had this particular day, though the picture was taken earlier in the season. C. A. TAFT.

Ohio's Poor Season.

MIAMISBURG, O.—The hunting season just closed has been a complete failure. Squirrels were found to be extremely scarce in localities where they were formerly quite numerous. Duck, quail and rabbit shooting was the poorest in my recollection.

Hoping to find conditions better further north I and my brother went to the Grand Reservoir in Mercer County. We found ducks by the thousands, but we also found the water so low that it was impossible to reach the good shooting ground. We spent the greater part of the day on the reservoir and only succeeded in bagging two. Another party from this place went to the Lewistown Reservoir and have reported the same results. I may say, however, with some satisfaction that song birds are increasing rapidly, while English sparrows are decreasing in proportion. CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

A Michigan View.

MT. CLEMENS, Mich., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The New York League talking of the abolition of the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse killed within the State, seems too foolish for sportsmen to talk about. Stop the sale of game by putting into effect the entire FOREST AND STREAM's platform. There may be a distinguishing mark to tell New York from Michigan woodcock and ruffed grouse that I do not know anything about. How would it do to have New York woodcock wear a green ribbon around their necks, Michigan ones a red one? J. P. W.

Thirty Ducks at a Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see reported in the morning paper that Orf Tuttle, a hunter, of Eastport, L. I., has made a new record for killing the largest number of ducks at one shot, having secured thirty at a single discharge. The ducks were closely huddled in an air-hole in the ice. What do they use down there for artillery, punt guns?

TEMPERANCE.

"Ah, I knew 'high-balls' would be my finish," sighed the wild goose as a rifle bullet struck him in mid-air and brought him to the real estate.—Judge.

The Antelope's Tenacity of Life.

IN the Nov. 22 number of the FOREST AND STREAM is an interesting article on the time the pronghorn antelope sheds its horn sheaths. My observations are that the antelope sheds its horn sheaths almost universally in November, except some of the younger members, which, in my experience, shed a little later, i.e., about the first week in December. Another interesting fact is the enormous amount of vitality a pronghorn possesses, much more than a deer, and equal to an elk or moose, though I admit the last three named are shot at a much closer range than the antelope, and this would make some difference in the striking power of a bullet.

The following incident will tell of the tenacious hold on life the antelope has:

When I was guiding Sir Arthur W—y in his hunting trips through Montana, with saddled horses and pack animals, we started for the Crazy Mountains to hunt silvertips. After we left Judith Gap for the Musselshill River, we came to a big coulee, near Hopley's Hole, and as the wind was sharp and cold, I proposed we should ride along the bottom of the draw as far as we could go, as we would be protected from the wind. On ascending the side I saw a small band of antelope feeding about a mile away. As they had evidently not seen us and there seemed no way for us to stalk them where they were, I told Sir Arthur to remain where he was and I would ride down the draw far below them, and then go at right angles until they saw or winded me, when they would run in his direction, and he could get his shot. My plan worked to a charm; they ran quite near him, when he dropped their leader, and this caused them to turn and try to run across me. I saw the smoke as he emptied the magazine of his rifle, and noticed through my field glass that one of the antelope was trailing behind. As they passed me I refrained from shooting, as we now had all the antelope meat we could use. As the hind pronghorn passed, I thought I could see a dark line trailing behind him, and in a few minutes I saw him collapse in a heap. As I rode toward him I saw something on the ground. They were his entrails, strung out their full length. One of the shots, I found on examination, had disemboweled him, and he had run over a half-mile dragging them, as subsequent examination showed, for I found bits of them now and then on the sage brush for the whole distance.

The antelope with his large, gentle eyes and graceful limbs, like the old landmarks, is passing away. Let us try and save them both. E. A. M.

Game of British Columbia.

CUMBERLAND, B. C., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The deer season closed on the 15th, and it seemed as if they turned out en masse for the benefit of the hunters on the last open day, as the number brought to town verified the reports that it was no trouble to get deer that day; the number killed was somewhat in the neighborhood of forty.

I have never tasted nicer venison nor seen deer in better condition than they have been this season. Several fine heads have been fetched in, and our local taxidermist, Mr. O. H. Fechner, is doing good work on them.

Ducks are here in large numbers, but unfortunately, the majority of them are not edible, owing to their disgusting habit of feeding on the decaying salmon lying along the banks of the rivers. I think if we had some wild rice sown around the marshes and swamps here we might possibly induce the mallards and other fish eaters to leave the putrid salmon alone, as I firmly believe they only resort to this diet for the want of something better.

The quail (Bob White), which were introduced here two years ago, are rapidly spreading, some have been seen twenty miles from where the Kansas birds were released. FRANK RAMSAY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The St. Maurice.

PROMINENT among the many Canadian sportsmen's associations is the St. Maurice Fish and Game Club, of Montreal, which numbers among its hundred and odd members many well known New Yorkers and a score or more of residents of other cities of the United States.

The club was organized about six years ago by Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, whose beautiful descriptions in prose and poetry of his observations in the Canadian wilds have tempted many travelers and sportsmen the world over to visit the scenes which inspired his literary labors. Through the efforts of Dr. Drummond the club secured a twenty-year grant, with fishing and shooting privileges of two hundred square miles of territory located in about the central part of the Province of Quebec, about the headwaters of the St. Maurice River.

This immense and almost primeval tract of forest, wooded mostly with pine, birch and spruce, and watered, besides the St. Maurice, by the upper and lower Bostonnais and Middle rivers, abounds in lakes, among them the Big and Little Wyagamack, the Bostonnais, St. Thomas, Allen, Travers, the Brunnelles and Little River lakes, all of which fairly teem with trout, muscallonge and other varieties of fish. The region furnishes excellent moose and caribou hunting; partridges are plentiful, and in the fall months the lakes and rivers swarm with ducks. The majority of the members of the club, however, are devoted fishermen, rather than hunters, and visit the region in the spring when extraordinary catches of fish are made.

Besides the comfortable clubhouse on the St. Maurice River, the club has built a fine log camp on the Little Wyagamack and a similar one on the northwest shore of the Big Wyagamack on the way to the Bostonnais lakes. Portages have been cut and cleared for many miles around the lakes in which fishing is best, and it is the club's intention to build additional camps as the requirements arise.

Mr. Edward A. Richard, one of the New York members, tells an interesting story of his recent visit to the club reservation. "Starting from Grandes Piles," said Mr. Richard, "and accompanied by Mr. C. F. Shallcross, also of New York, we paddled up the St. Maurice River, which we found almost as smooth as a mill pond, to the falls of Mattewan, where there are six miles of rapids, two miles of which are exceedingly rough and dangerous. We passed over this stretch without mishap, however, and reached Thebaud's, where we put up for the night. Thebaud's is a station for lumbermen bound to spend the winter in the great woods near La Toque, the first port in that region of the Hudson Bay Company.

"The horrors of that night I don't think we shall ever forget. The lumbermen made the hours hideous with quarreling, fighting and bawling out songs, and sleep was impossible. Having had scarcely any rest, we resumed our canoeing the next morning and twenty-six miles further up the river reached Rat River, a settlement owned by Adams, a genial Scotchman, known thereabout as the father of that region, who offered us the greatest hospitality.

"Leaving this spot, not without regret, we proceeded twenty-eight miles further up this beautiful and picturesque river when we came in sight of La Toque Mountain, and encountered the grand falls of the St. Maurice. These are a series of cascades or shooting rapids, passing through a deep cañon, and at the settlement of La Toque emptying into a large pool where muscallonge and whitefish are to be caught in astonishing numbers.

"In an hour's fishing I landed eleven muscallonge, the largest weighing twenty-two pounds. I felt somewhat elated over the catch of my largest fish until shown one weighing thirty-two pounds, which had been caught the day before our arrival by 'Old Man' McGregor, 86 years of age, and the oldest employee of the Hudson Bay Company. That night we slept in the comfortable cabin on the banks of the pool owned by the St. Maurice Club, and which marks the entrance to the club grounds.

"The next morning a pleasant walk of about three miles brought us to the Bostonnais River, where, embarking in our canoes, we paddled up the stream until we reached Bonton Pond, where we found fishing extraordinary. The pond is literally alive with large trout and muscallonge, the former of the brook variety, speckled and with square tail. As muscallonge are known to be a fierce enemy of trout, we thought it exceedingly odd that both should be found in the same pond, until the fact was accounted for by John Allen, the guardian of the St. Maurice Club, who explained that the trout came down the Bostonnais River over very rough falls into the pond, and that only the larger ones survived the journey, and these were able to hold their own with the muscallonge. The trout we caught were all of a large size, weighing from four to six pounds.

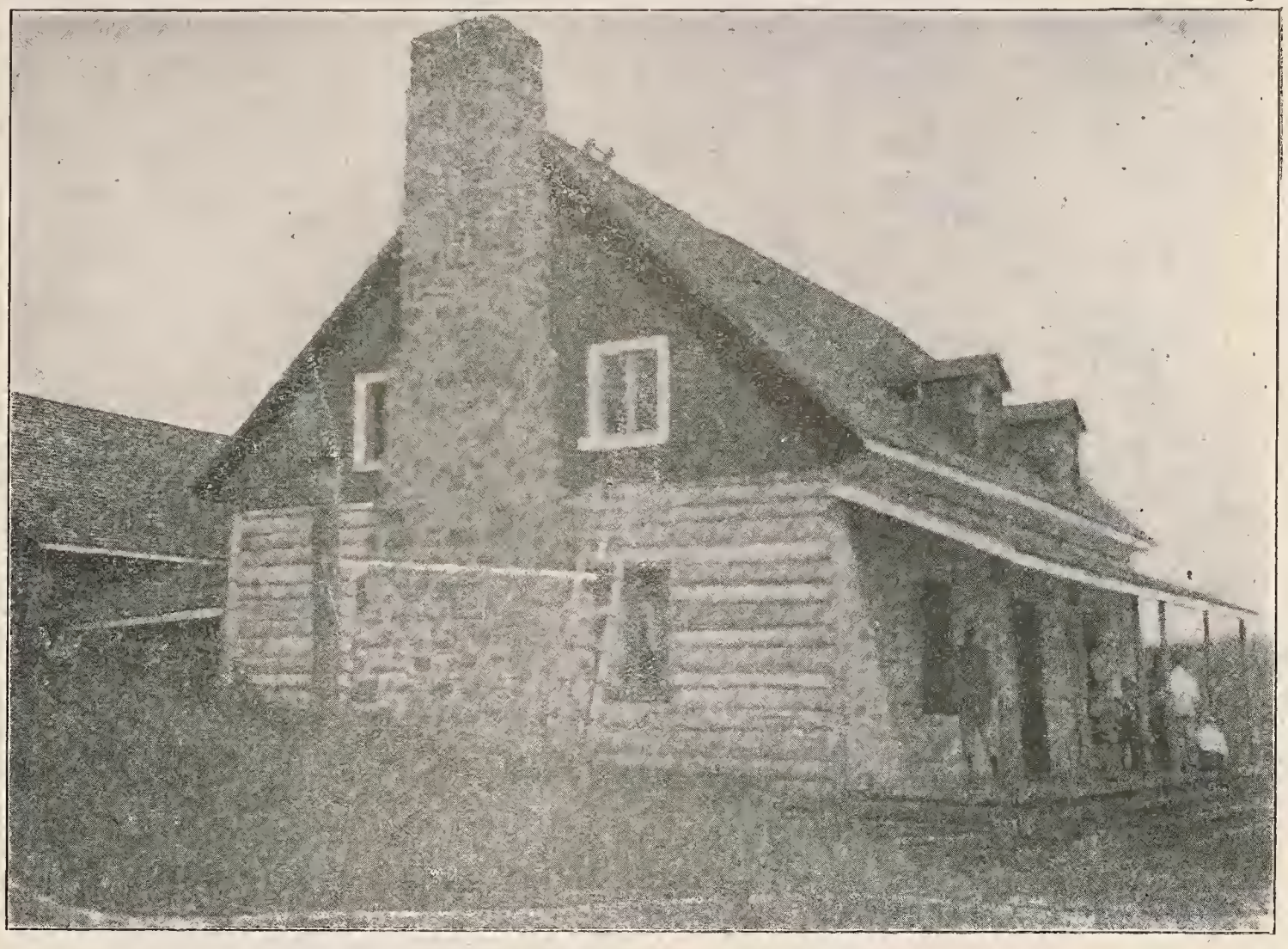
"We then fished up the Bostonnais, enjoying the best of sport until we came to the lower dam of the Wyagamack, where Allen met us with canoes, and in half an hour we were inside the cozy clubhouse located on Big Wyagamack Lake, which also abounds in trout. After resting three days, we proceeded to the falls of the upper Bostonnais, where we fished the pool with great success, trout rising at every cast, the largest one weighing four and a half pounds.

"While fishing the pool one of the guides called out, 'A moose, a moose!' We got to shore in a jiffy and above a dam about a hundred yards distant, was a fine three-year-old moose swimming across the river. As soon as he reached land our Mausers began to bark, and he was down with three shots. Tents were pitched and we passed the first night of our journey under canvas.

"With the help of Allen, who knows the country thoroughly, we were led to the Bostonnais Lakes where many tracks of moose and caribou were seen, and a fine specimen of the latter animal was shot. A few days later we started northward through the almost impenetrable woods until we again struck the St. Maurice River. Two days more of such journeying brought us to another post of the Hudson Bay Company, it being virtually on top of the Hudson Bay divide, and about one hundred and fifty miles from Jamestown at the foot of Hudson Bay.

"Game tracks getting scarce we struck off to the southeast, encountering numerous lakes and ponds on our way, the game tracks, however, increasing as we proceeded. Reaching Lake Travers, a small spike moose was shot, as fresh meat was much needed. We found no fish in the lake except chubs, which resemble little suckers. The next day, after arduous and fatiguing journey, we came to Middle River, which Pelang, the lumberman made famous by Dr. Drummond in his works, guided us to from a map on birch bark.

"We had deemed the fishing we had enjoyed hitherto most extraordinary, but the trout fishing in Middle River is simply beyond belief, and I hesitate to tell of it as my reputation for veracity may be called in question by many. As a matter of fact it was no uncommon thing to catch three trout on a leader at the same time. The trout caught by the members of our party averaged four pounds each, and one was caught which weighed nine pounds and a half! Before leaving New York a mutual friend had made a wager with my companion, Mr. Shallcross, that he would be unable to catch ten pounds of fish in twelve casts. In the language of horsemen, he won his wager in a canter, Mr. Shallcross landing nine and one-half pounds of trout in four casts, the rest being easy. And it is proper to say that Mr. Shalleross does not consider himself by any means an expert fisherman.



THE ST. MAURICE CLUB HOUSE.

"After enjoying this almost unparalleled fishing to the full, we again took up our journey, and six days later slept on Lake Travers. The next day we crossed the big swamp which adjoins that lake and reached Little Wyagamack, where we found a good comfortable camp had been prepared for us by our guides, Mon. Xavier and Fontain, and where we met Edward Mercier, son of old Mercier, known throughout that region as a great character who fought in the Egyptian campaign of '54, and whom Dr. Drummond has pictured so entertainingly in "The Habitant."

"If, by the way, there ever were a Gaston and Alphonse in real life, they were our guides, Xavier and Fontain. Although comrades for years in the wilderness they always observed the strictest formality addressing each other. It was always Monsieur Gaston and Monsieur Alphonse with them, and the sight of their continual bowing and touching of hats, accompanied by the asking of each other's pardon over the slightest matter or incident, kept the party ever in good humor. They were indeed a most extraordinary pair.

"Here again, we found the fishing as fine as one could fairly wish, and we simply reveled in the sport of shooting sawbills and blackduck, which were found in the lake in great numbers. So easy were they to get that shotguns were put aside for the nonce and only rifles used in shooting them. A few days later we made our way back, passing down the upper Bostonnais to the Big Wyagamack, reaching the St. Maurice clubhouse completely tuckered out, but with fit appetites to do justice to one of Mrs. Allen's famous suppers of trout and caribou meat.

"We had passed the weeks, from Sept. 12 to Oct. 15, in the woods and found the weather, as a whole, delightful, there having been but little rain and no snow whatever.

"I heard from Allen the other day, and he reports zero weather in Canada, and in addition tells of shooting at an unsusually large moose with fine bird shot. It seems that he regularly uses shot cartridges in his .44 rifle for killing partridges, and in coming upon a lake unexpectedly, ran into two large moose immediately ahead of him, and in the surprise forgot how his gun was loaded. To quote his own graphic language, 'I walked up to a lake and there stood two large moose, and I forgot that it was shot that was in the rifle, and I shot at that huge moose standing looking at me so close that the fine shot hit him and made him

jump into the woods. I can't forget it.' Personally I should hate to be haunted by such a recollection."

The officers of the St. Maurice Fish and Game Club are as follows: President, Dr. W. H. Drummond; First Vice-President, C. R. G. Johnson; Second Vice-President, Charles S. Haight; Secretary-Treasurer, S. H. Smyth. The directors are W. H. Parker, Dr. F. A. L. Lockhart, H. M. Brigham, Waldo K. Chase, Frank Presbrey and William Herrick.

My Record Bass.

THE sun was sinking into a labyrinth of elongated, milky clouds in the west, after bathing old earth all day in a hazy light and warmth that made it seem an effort for the sober looking frog to utter his monotonous croak and the tree toad his prolonged drone.

We stood beneath majestic pines, upon the great brown carpet of their needles, woven by Nature's master hand, the softness and beauty of which cannot be equalled even in the finest tapestry. At our feet lay that exquisite sheet of water, Lake Nagog; its placid surface stretching away a mile or more like a huge mirror, reflecting tree, rock and vine, accentuating in the reflection the grandeur which towered above.

It was due to the black bass that we stood at the edge of beautiful Nagog, drinking in the grandeur of the scene as the sun began to irradiate the silver-tinted clouds in the west, throwing a mellow glow upon the great overhanging gnarled oaks and towering pines along the rocky shore. Clear as crystal is the water of Nagog, clearer than any other lake water I have ever seen; a dime can be readily seen at a depth of ten feet on its clean gravel bottom.

There were three of us, bent on measuring cunning with the wily bass—my wife, myself and Smith. Each had a boat and each an attendant to ply the oars.

"Too calm for the fly," I remarked; so setting up my rod, a new nine foot ten ounce split bamboo I had just bought, I proceeded to carry my new "never-break" through the guides. This accomplished, a barrier was encountered. What lure should I use? After a short semi-scientific meditation, it was concluded that the most sensible and best adapted bait to the conditions was a small Skinner spoon with a No. 1 hook, and soon the flashing lure was dangling at the end of the line by a trace swivel.

We embarked, each taking a different course. I instructed my boatman to row slowly and cautiously along the northeasterly shore, which is very rocky, surmounted here and there by rustic camps nestling among the verdant trees that tower far above them. My objective point was about an eighth of a mile above, where the water makes into a narrow causeway, across which a wire fence is extended. Here abundant aquatic vegetation shows on the surface—it being conspicuously absent in nearly the entire rest of the lake. At the edge of the pads a huge rocky ledge, with overhanging profile, breaks the ripples of the lake, and jostles the mighty oaks that spread their massive arms above it and far out over the water.

Cautiously we glide over the placid water, well out from shore. Cast after cast is made right to the very brink, retrieving nearly to the boat, and yet no strike. Ahead I see the lair. It is instinct, telepathy, or what that sets the blood tingling at sight of the massive ledge and overhanging branches at the edge of the pads? I warn my boatman to go slowly and a trifle further awater; closer and closer we approach; I make a cast three feet from the rock and pads; then carefully measuring the distance, I make a cast à la Henshall; the bright, glistening spoon ruffles the first pad and starts outward. What's that! A swish—a splash—a gleam, and the instinctive turn of the wrist sets the hook in the gallant foe. "Back for deep water, man," in sharp tones, to the boatman. How the reel sings, as with a mighty rush he makes for his lair beneath the ledge. Now rod, your mettle; now line, your strength; for I give him the butt, and true as steel the weapons bear the mighty strain. He is headed the other way. With a swish the line cuts the water as he dashes away at an angle of forty-five degrees from the boat—a sudden turn, and he leaps from the water, the crystal liquid dripping and sparkling from his broad, gleaming, copper sides. In angry fright he seems to stand erect on his great tail, shaking his head, as a terrier when shaking a rat, in an effort to eject the stinging hook. The line is slackened, then drawn taut quickly, as he plunges back to his crystal abode. Then comes another wild dash of fully fifty feet, the multiplier singing in sweetest cadence.

Gradually I lead him back near the boat, and for the first time I observe my boatman as I tell him to prepare with net. There he sits with wide, open mouth that would do justice to the fish at the end of the line; eyes protruding, apparently as much interested as if he were watching Hercules striving to land a Greenland whale with the North Pole.

We have worked out to spacious water, and the gallant fish is fighting with Gen. Grant's stubbornness, and, metaphorically speaking, it seemed to me it would take all summer to fight it out on this line. Again he leaves the water, and again I slack the frail-looking silken line.

What a beauty and a monster, a race horse game to the core, fighting every inch of the home stretch to the wire.

Gradually the strain, long and steady, of the elastic bamboo is doing its work. I have him close to the net at last, but with a sudden dash he is away again, right under the boat. "Heavens! my rod is gone." Not so, however, for dexterously I pass it astern and give line, the battle continues on the other side. Again, I reel in, at least for the twentieth time. He leads obedient till near the boat, which, no doubt, awakes his declining spirits, and as if in a last despair, he makes a mighty plunge—down—down—in the very depths of the lake.

I lead him gently back; he is wellnigh all in; the bright, gleaming side of golden green and copper glistens at the very side of the boat. "The net," I almost whisper to the boatman. A sudden commotion behind me—he grasps the net, stumbles over and over, pitches heavily against me with the force of a bail of hay falling on an unwary passerby. I am pitched forward on the gunwale of the boat with my circumspect attendant piled upon me—a wild gasp and we are both floundering in the water. I hear a voice calling my name in the distance. I grows more distinct; I make it out at last; it's my wife's: "George! George! Get up! There goes the quarter of seven train."

"'Twas but a dream,
Contorting grandeur of the rose
That blooms in thought ere night's repose."

SINGLE HOOK.

Fish and Fishing.

Fiish and Fish Food.

ONE of my friends was fishing an inland Canadian lake for trout during the late summer season, and was told by an old resident of the locality an interesting story of the enormous quantities of these fish, and of their great size, which were taken there nearly half a century ago, when he was a boy. For very many seasons past it has been carefully preserved and only fished a very little by sportsmen. Yet neither in number nor in size does it contain anything like the fish which were taken out of it years ago, when it was unprotected, and wagon loads of trout taken from its waters were annually shipped to market. Like the teller of the story, my friend was rather surprised at the alleged falling off in the supply under the circumstances related. Later on, in the course of the conversation, however, something was said that started my friend a-thinking. The old-timer remarked that when the big catches of large trout were taken out of the lake for market, it was the custom of the market fishermen to cart the offal of neighboring slaughtering houses to the lake and throw it into the water in order to bring the fish to the place where it was desired to take them. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the entrails of the animals slaughtered were fed to the fish in considerable quantities, and there can be no doubt that herein is to be found the explanation of the size and number of the trout taken from this water in former times. When that particular food supply was interrupted—the lake not being particularly well furnished with natural food—the larger trout were driven to the necessity of feeding upon their smaller relatives, and as these decreased, there were fewer to reach maturity, and still less food for the few survivors to thrive and fatten upon.

Salmon for Hatcheries.

Complaints have been made from time to time that some of the salmon waters in Canada, which are leased to anglers, are injured by being excessively fished by the officers of the fishery department, in their efforts to obtain parent fish for stripping for the hatcheries. As many as five hundred salmon are often taken for the supply of eggs for a single hatchery. It is, therefore, with very much pleasure that I notice in the last report of the department of Fisheries at Ottawa that a system has been adopted in New Brunswick which should be followed in connection with all the salmon hatcheries of the country. The salmon hatcheries at Grand Falls, N. B., and Bedford, Nova Scotia, are supplied with eggs obtained from fish confined in a salt water pond located at Carleton, opposite the city of St. John. The fish are purchased from bona fide fishermen, and confined in this pond until ready for spawning operations in the autumn. The fish are caught by the actual fishermen, and if not purchased by the department, would be placed on the market; but owing to the present policy, they are a means of increasing their species, and by being returned to the water, afford a second source of revenue to the fishermen.

The Netting in Lake Champlain.

It is sincerely to be hoped that something may yet be done to put an end to the netting of the pike-perch on their spawning grounds in Lake Champlain. I know that Canada is largely responsible for the outrage, as already stated in this column, but it is melancholy to learn, from what a Burlington man told me to-day, that the destruction of fish is now even greater on the American than on the Canadian side. As the authorities in Vermont claim a readiness to prohibit the netting if Canada will do the same, another effort should certainly be made with the Canadian authorities. For this movement, the best possible opportunity that could offer will be afforded by the meeting, in the third week of January, in the city of Ottawa, where the Dominion's Department of Fisheries has its headquarters, of that important international body, the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, which has already taken the matter up conjointly with the Vermont Fish and Game League. Largely through the personal influence of Mr. John W. Titcomb, of the U. S. Fish Commission, who happened, last year, to be the president of both those bodies, the then Canadian Minister of Fisheries was induced to prohibit netting in Lake Champlain altogether; though political pressure, later on, compelled the withdrawal of the prohibition. The present Minister of Fisheries is a new man in the office, and the association may be able to have him present at its meeting in Ottawa, to be informed of the iniquity of the present condition of affairs. It appears to the officers of the association to be very important that the U. S. Fish Commission should interest itself in this matter, and they have consequently invited it to be represented at the approaching meeting. Mr. Titcomb has this matter at his fingers' ends, and if he cannot straighten it out with the Canadian authorities, if sent to Ottawa for the purpose, on such an occasion as that referred to, it may be taken for granted that nobody else can.

Fishing at Kootenay.

A friend sends me an interesting extract from a letter concerning the fly-fishing for rainbow trout in the Kootenay River, British Columbia. Though this water is less widely known and discussed than those western streams in which steelheads are taken, there seems to be no possible doubt that execellent sport awaits the angler who is fortunate enough to cast his flies over it. The rainbow hereabouts run up to about eight pounds each, are described as extremely gamy, have not yet been made shy by overfishing, and rise greedily to almost all the angler's ordinary flies, the coachman, hackles and March-brown being found exceptionally good. Life in the rapids seems to have given the fish strength and courage, and an angler with a light fly-rod has been known to have been kept for over half an hour killing a two-pound Kootenay trout. They are said to snatch at the fly with a dash and splash and whirl of gleaming sides that is often quite disconcerting to the novice, unused to their ways.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Advanced Ideas in Farming, Trapping and Woodcraft.—IV.

THE impetuous editor of the Zephyr met with an accident one evening while pursuing the hazardous occupation of Kansas journalism, which while not necessarily as fatal as accidents of that kind sometimes are, but which effectually interfered with his duties in the editorial chair, or, to be more exact and literal, on the editorial soap box. He was in the act of descending with some haste the ladder that was for such cases made and provided, leading from the second story window at the rear of the building in which the Zephyr was domiciled, to be used in case of sudden invasion by the libeled populace. It appears that an armed invasion by one of the said populace had occurred on the night aforesaid, precipitated by some personal allusion in one of the Zephyr's characteristic personal items—well meant, perhaps, but highly injudicious. The person who had in this way been injured in feelings and reputation, paid the editor a call, but his progress up the stairs was too tumultuous and his language somewhat too lurid to admit of any doubt as to the nature of the proposed interview. Somebody was to be dealt with. The editor had possibly experienced other conferences of similar nature and had made use of the always ready avenue of escape. On this occasion, however, the hasty retreat down the ladder was more precipitous, and the man of usually methodical movement, missed the second rung of the ladder and fell seventeen feet, landing with great precision in the cyclone cellar, without which appendage or annex no house or habited building in that State is complete. When you read of a residence or a boarding house having all the comforts of home, it has reference to the thoughtful provision of a cyclone cellar. He went through the cellar door without a stop, and lay on the floor a promiscuous heap of disabled editorial functions. This was probably all that saved his life, for the invading force was hunting for him everywhere else with blood in his eye and a doubled-barreled shotgun in his hands.

He was found the following morning, and considering the shake up received, his anatomy was in pretty fair condition. He was under the impression that there had been a cyclone, and let it go at that. He sent for me the first thing and plaintively laid the case before me as clearly as bandages, splints, poultices and plasters would admit of, and said he could see his finish right there if I did not consent to take hold of the Zephyr and write things for three weeks until he could get around. Think of a man with thirteen damaged specimens from a busted menagerie and circus on his hands, running a farm in his uncle's absence, with a reputation to sustain, assuming in cold blood a country newspaper, which was the organ of the greenbackers at one time in the State of Kansas. Well, as I said before, there's no accounting for tastes! I did it.

The first thing I printed was an appeal to all the subscribers in the county to act as associate editors and send in their copy. It was a howling success. The postmaster was obliged to get one of his nieces to help him, and the mail of the Zephyr increased from sixteen pieces a week, exclusive of exchanges and duns, to a soapbox full of letters the second week. Some were written on the blank portions of old envelopes, some on both sides of pieces of wrapping paper, some on pages from school copy books, some on grocery bills, very old and not receipted. One of these came very near accomplishing my ruin as managing editor. The intelligent compositor printed the bill entire as a communication, without looking at the other side, and I seemed in danger of another invasion.

However, there were some excellent treatises on agricultural matters, a good deal of poetry, an occasional obituary, personal reflections on the conduct and character of neighbors, in connection with church socials and the support of the ministry. Like this, for instance:

"It beats me how a certain young man Thet wears a red necktie and a light drab overcoat can hire a horse and buggy every Saturday and take a certain young lady with a big hat and a light blue sack out ridin' when he don't seem to be able to pay his subscription to the missionary circle. Mebby the chap can't get credit at both places to oncet, and mebby the girl don't know just where he is at." THOMPSON.

But one on the status of the crops by Melancthon Kraddock was the right stuff. Here it is:

Krop Noats.

Watter mellons wus a bountiful Krop, whitch wus to be Expected in veau of the large Amount of Watter planted last Spring in various Sexions. The Krop of agricult'ral impalments Appearantly want wuth getherin; I cum to this konclusion after seein' the number of implamence left into the feelds where they growed. This is all right fur the machine Agunts, but It shows that The Krop of lasey shifles farmers is about ez big ez yousual.

Rye was allers a pop'lar Krop. The propper kwantity to plant to oncet is about 3 fingers, with a leetle water, but thare ain't no fixed rool about when or How often it should be planted. Thats a Good deal a matter of Taste. If doo cair is taken in cultivatin' of it it yeelds a Brilliant rose-colored Blossom. Korn likewise pans out harnsum in this respeck. Onyuns is allways a Strong Krop for the farmer, and iz doin more probably to Break up the Kissin' habit than most enny other Krop.

The Krop of fools, Kranks and embezzlers has been hevy all over the country, and thrashin' ort to be kep' up lively right along, and even then I skacely think we can git tbroo before another krop will be ripe. It seems an orful pitty that there aint no furrin demand fur this Krop. Lord! how quick we could pay orf the nashonal dett if there wus any markit for half of this ere Krop.

Theres one Krop that haint been harvested yet, tho it seems to be gittin ripe tolerable fast. The fellers thets hen sowin' the seed

and a cultivatin' roun' the country peers to me hav' been too bizzy at that to think much about the wind up. Mebby thay aint so verry anxyus to reap the harvest, nuther; I shouldn't think they wood. I now refur to the doggoned Trusts and Combines. I'm mighty 'fraid that when folks kind er get impatient like and turn to fer a big harvest Dance it'll get to be so cussed hot fur them seed sewers thet they won't half enjoy it. Me and my wife looks four some orful lively goins on when people git too feelin' too tired of the monotiny. Yours for Reform,

MELANCTHON KRADDOCK.

Melancthon was congratulated on having his guessing machine in good running order, and invited to become a regular contributor.

Jim Skinner sent a fox story that must not be lost to the world; neither will it be.

Bill Herkimer also departed from the strictly agricultural sphere to tell what he knew about the best way to domesticate the gray squirrel and make him a useful member of society.

Then Perry Worden thought there was not enough attention paid to raising peanuts and guarding this delicate crop from early frosts.

Lincoln Johnson Hayes' boy, who was home from business college on a vacation, wrote an able treatise on football and the best way to avoid sudden death in connection with the game.

'Lige Bennaway said he "had wrote for papers before," and one of his stories being on the subject of fish, he sent in an excerpt from a back number of some paper, name not given. As a study from nature and Gidder's pond, it is valuable, and is given herewith entire:

"There's been a heap o' talk around these parts," said Squire Miller one night while the crowd was sitting around the front porch of the hotel, "about eddicated animules. Some o' you fellers hev told some pretty tall stories about eels what become as gentle as dogs, an' rats that to all intents an' purposes was cats, an' a lot o' stuff like that. Now, as yer all through, I jes want to tell you a true story about a fish, a common, every day old gar pike, what become the scourge o' Gidder's Pond.

"Yes, sir, that's jest what this old gar got ter be. A regular scourge. He became the best fisherman that ever went nosing around Gidder's Pond, and I want to say thet there's been a lot of right good fishermen around them parts. But this ole gar pike fish beat 'em all.

"You all remember old Ike Puterbaugh thet used to do a little farmin' and a little blacksmithin' and a little huntin' and a little fishin' over at Gidder's Pond? Well, the ole man was a' industrious 'nough feller, but I guess he deversified too much. He wuz never able to git much money ahead fer his fambly, and they lived most of the time jest about from hand to mouth, and sometimes they wuz purty near next to starving. Then thet summer hotel started down at Waynesville, and there wuz a great demand for fish ter feed the hungry boarders with. The proprietor of the hotel allowed thet he would buy all the fish thet wuz brought to him, and a lot of fellers commenced fishing over at Gidder's Pond to supply the hotel. This wuz ole man Puterbaugh's chance, and he went fishing more'n ever, but he wuz a poor sort of fisherman some way er other. Seemed to have best sort of poles and good lines, and the best kind of bait, too, an' patience enough ter put on er monument. But somehow er other he didn't have fisherman's luck, an' he didn't ketch any fish.

"Well, one day th' ole man ketched a little baby gar fish. O' course, every fisherman. jest natcherally hates gar fishes. They hain't no earthly good but ter eat bait up, and break lines an' everything, an' generally when a man catches a gar fish he don't throw it back in the water, but tosses it out on the shore an' lets it die. Ole man Puterbaugh he was a-goin' ter let the little gar fish perish the same way, but somehow when he took a good look at it he didn't have the heart.

"So he put it in a bucket and took it home an' put it in the horse trough, an' two or three times a day he ust ter go an' throw it some crumbs er some fish worms. The gar fish grew like the mischief, an' he got so he would wait fer the old man's comin' an' bob rite up out of the water as soon as the ole man would begin to whistle when comin' down the hill toward the tank. The gar would swim rite up to Puterbaugh, an' the ole man would pat him on the head an' talk to him, an' the gar would wag his tail jest like a dog.

"One spring a turrible freshet come on an' made a reg'lar lake all around the horse trough, which was down in a holler. The tank overflowed an' the gar fish he got out an' swam in the flood to the creek an' disappeared.

"When the gar pike hed made his escape the ole man wuz dreadful lonely, so he took to fishin' ag'in, with about the same kind o' luck.

"One day while he was sittin' down by the pond a-fishin' in a sore o' disconsolate way an' a-wonderin' why he didn't get a bite, he suddenly saw a big gar pike stick its long nose up out of the water an' kinder wink at him.

"'By jing,' ole man Puterbaugh said, 'if thet hain't my ole gar pike, I don't want er cent!'

"Sure enough, thets jest who it was. The fish swum right up to ole man Puterbaugh, an' the ole man rubbed his head and fed him a handful of worms. After the gar pike hed eat a lot o' worms he turned aroun' an' swum away, an' ole man Puterbaugh begin ter weep, an' he says ter himself, 'Even a' ole gar pike likes me fer jest what he can git out o' me. After he's done been fed he hain't got no further use for me until he's hungry again.'

"But just then the ole man see a lot of ripples on the water, an' the old man says, 'Gee whiz, here's a lot of black bass a-headin' this way!' Sure enough, pretty soon the ole man lookin' down saw the water wuz full o' bass. They wuz all swimmin' as hard as they could, an' seemed to be tryin' to get away from somethin'.

"'They're scart half to death,' says the ole man; 'somethin's a-chasin' 'em'. The bass all swum fust one way an' then another, as though tryin' to escape back to the middle of the lake, but try as hard as they could, they wuz made to keep right ahead, an' swum into a little creek, which got shaller awful quick.

"When they got in there ole man Puterbaugh jest jumped in behind 'em and pulled some brushwood in, so they couldn't git out, an' then he jest natcherally got inter the shaller part of the creek an' pulled black bass out by the tail fer ten minutes, an, by jing, if he didn't get twenty-five of 'em, every one of 'em weighin' over five pounds, and four of 'em weighin' ten or 'leven pounds apiece.

"When the ole man hed got through he looked back at the pond, and see the ole gar pike a-winkin' at him, an' he realized thet thet thar ole gar pike hed been a-roundin' up the black bass, an' hed driv' 'em on purpose into ther shaller creek, whar the ole man jest hed to pull 'em out by the tail.

"Inside o' two weeks thet gar pike hed jest natcherally rounded up every eatin' fish in Gidder's Pond, an' the ole man wuz makin' money hand over fist. Then th' ole man took the gar out an' went up to Red Bear Lake an' made a killin' up there, an' the ole man cleaned thet lake out, an' then he went to Injun Lake, and cleaned thet out; an' all this time he wur jest natcherally coinin' money, an' finally he hed enough tew pay off the morgidge on the house an' put a thousan' er so in the bank. He'd be fishin' with thet ole gar pike yet, but the gar pike got tew ambitious, er made a mistake er something.

"Ole Tom Lewis, the guide, wuz swimmin' in Injun Lake one day, an' the gar thought Tom wuz a new kind o' black bass er somethin', an' he jest went for him an' tried to drive him in shore, an' Tom out with his knife, him having his clothes an' his belt on' an' he jest natchally slew the ole gar pike. Ole man Puterbaugh wuz awful sorry, an' he brought the body of the deceased gar pike home an' planted it with honors in the peach orchard, an' erected a nice tombstone to his memory.

"Thet wuz certainly a most remarkable gar pike."

And so the merry time went on. It was the busiest three weeks in all my eventful career. But nothing startled me so much as a letter received one morning from my Florida uncle, announcing that he would be in my vicinity in the course of the week. The letter was quite forcible and explicit, and the language unmistakable, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on his part that he would straighten things out when he got home.

FRANK HEYWOOD.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Species of Muscallunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 19.—An angler of somewhat extended experience among northern waters writes as below in regard to the different species of the muscallunge:

"In the FOREST AND STREAM of May 21, 1898, under the heading of 'Pickerel, Pike and Mascalonge,' Mr. Fred Mather wrote as follows: 'I have seen this fish (the mascalonge) among the Indians about Crow Wing and Mille Lacs, Minn., in the '50s, but never saw one that would weigh over 10 pounds with them. These were black spotted.' In the same article he writes that 'the Wisconsin fish (mascalonge) are spotted.' Jordan and Evermann in their recent book, 'American Food and Game Fishes,' say regarding what they term the *Esox immaculatus*, 'This muskallunge is known only from Eagle Lake and other small lakes in Wisconsin and Minnesota. From the Great Lakes muskallunge it differs in having the body entirely unspotted.' Query, Are both varieties found in Wisconsin and Minnesota?

"I once saw a muskallunge from the Ohio River that was black spotted like those of the St. Lawrence River. This is not in accordance with the description given by Jordan and Evermann in their book named above (published in 1902), under head of Chautauqua Muskallunge, wherein they describe the muskallunge of the Ohio River. The same book quoting Genio Scott says, 'The pompano is not a game fish and never takes a hook except by mistake.' Now, I want to say that the pompano is decidedly a very game fish and does take a baited hook, as many anglers well know."

In the study of these species of fish, just as in the study of a great many other species of animals, I imagine we shall find that the scientists have not yet reached the end of the road, nor have they been able as yet to establish definite fences which shall separate one species from another nearly akin. In regard to the two varieties, spotted and unspotted muscallunge, I would say that they are both found in Wisconsin and are both recognized by the guides of that State. I remember to have heard one of the best oarsmen of Manitowish state that the unspotted muscallunge was found only in the region of the Shaky Lakes. I do not believe this statement to have been wholly correct, but there is at least rumor and belief of the existence in Wisconsin of the unspotted muscallunge.

I do not doubt that Mr. Mather was correct in his statement as to the Minnesota muscallunge, which is usually about the same in general characteristics as the Wisconsin muscallunge. My own experience does not show the spots of these muscallunge to be so round and detached as those I have seen on some specimens of the St. Lawrence muscallunge. The Wisconsin and Minnesota muscallunge are usually not so much distinctly spotted as marked with dark and irregular zig-zag blotches. In smaller Wisconsin muscallunge I have sometimes seen these dark markings to extend up and down across the fish, not parallel to the longitudinal axis. These zig-zag or rail fence dark markings showed upon a green background, lighter in color than that of the adult muscallunge. These specimens weighed three or four pounds, and I think marked the young form of the fish rather than the adult specimen.

Mr. Mather does not apparently state that 10 pounds is the extreme weight of the Minnesota muscallunge. Indeed Minnesota produces some of the heaviest specimens of that fish caught in the West. Forty-one and three-quarter pounds I have known reached and I think heavier weights have been captured in the State in the last two years. Of course the average weight of the fish taken in Minnesota and Wisconsin grows less from year to year.

In regard to Ohio River muscallunge which is reported black spotted, I must say that this description is precisely in accordance with the markings of the muscallunge taken in Taggart Creek, Kentucky, by a gentleman of Ironton, Ohio, the head of which fish was sent to the FOREST AND STREAM office. Even the backs of the gill covers showed distinct round spots, as round as the head of a lead pencil. The captors of this fish described it as marked with distinct round spots. This seems to be quite like the common markings or at least the occasional markings of the St. Lawrence muscallunge.

In regard to the accuracy of Messrs. Jordan and Evermann in their elaborate book on fishes, I presume it will be considered impertinent on my part to take issue with some of their statements, but the truth is that they are inaccurate not only in regard to muscallunge, but in regard to other fishes. I will not say that they are inaccurate in regard to their own observations, but they make some statements in general which assuredly are not universally correct. Their nomenclature of the muscallunge is entirely different from that given by other scientific writers up to date, which latter have given the scientific names in common use by the anglers of the country. I may be irreverent, but I can see no use in the multiplication of similar and indistinct species, and in the continual changes and additions to the nomenclature of our game animals. More than that, I claim the right as an American citizen, to differ with the scientists when their observations do not tally with my own. This is not to say that the unspotted muscallunge is not or cannot be found in the Ohio River. It is more specially to reiterate my previous statement that Nature does not set up any distinct fences between her creatures. I believe that our correspondent is just in his desire for further information.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

About Disheartened Sharks.

In your issue of Dec. 1 I note an article copied from the Mobile (Ala.) Register headed "Shark That Lost Its Heart Swam Away." To confirm this statement let me say that some three years ago, when five hours out of San Juan, Porto Rico, in the month of May, on the Red D Line steamer Caracas, while drifting and repairing a broken shaft, I induced the captain to have a fishing outfit fixed up to let me try and capture a shark. It was got ready and baited with a large piece of salt pork, and in a few minutes I had hooked a seven-foot shark. He did not fight very hard. He was escorted by a pilot fish on each side of him, and they accompanied him to the side of the ship, where he was hoisted on board, opened, and his heart taken out. He was then thrown overboard. The two pilot fish having remained in wait for him, the three swam away from the ship for some fifty feet, and then appeared to dive down into the water. The heart, when in the sun, pulsated plainly for fifty-five minutes.—E. G. Russell in New York Times.

Incorporation of New York Fish and Game Clubs.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the recent annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League at Syracuse, the question as to the desirability of incorporating fish and game protective associations or clubs was somewhat discussed. It became evident that the reason why so many of the clubs do not incorporate is a well defined fear, prevalent among the members, that by the act of incorporation they individually become liable for any debts which may be incurred.

The Forest, Fish and Game Commission, which is restricted by law to dealings with incorporated associations, in the hope of removing this impression, has secured from the Attorney General of the State an opinion in the matter. This opinion shows very clearly how erroneous the general impression relative to the results of incorporating a game protective association is. Attorney General Davies in his opinion, refers to Section 31 of Article 2 of the membership corporations law, which in substance states that five or more persons may incorporate by filing a certificate as provided. Section 11 of Article 1 of the law, so far as fish and game protective associations are concerned, provides that the directors of such associations only are jointly and severally liable for debts contracted while they are directors, and payable in a year or less from the date when contracted, if an action for collection is brought within a year after the debt was due.

The Attorney General in explanation cites the case of McCabe vs. Goodfellow, 133 N. Y., 89, 95, to the effect that "the individual liability of members for contracts made by the association, or its officers or committees, depends upon the application of the principle of the law of agency, and authority to create such liability will not be presumed or implied from the existence of a general power to attend to or transact the business or promote the object for which the association was formed, except where the debt contracted is necessary for its preservation."

It would seem desirable that this information should be possessed by every association organized in the State for the protection of fish and game.

JOHN D. WHISH,
Secretary.

The New York State League.

LYONS, N. Y., Dec. 23.—The objects and purposes of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League have been brought to the attention of every thoughtful sportsman in this State. The League is doing all in its power for better fish and game legislation, the enforcement of the laws, and the building up of a public sentiment favoring the preservation of our fish and game forests.

It is the medium through which all sportsmen should work, and is dependent upon the influence of every such individual in the State. To the extent that it can obtain such influence will it be successful in its efforts. A representation should be had from every county in New York.

All sportsmen throughout the State are particularly urged at this time to associate themselves with us. In localities where there is no organization, and it is not possible to effect such an organization, we hope the matter may be taken up by individuals, and that they will associate themselves with us as individual members.

Application blanks for clubs and associations will be forwarded by the secretary upon request. Individuals may connect themselves with the League upon the payment of $1, and such applications may be sent to the secretary, with full name and post-office address.

A full attendance upon the meetings of the League is desired; however, much good work can be done at home, working with members of Legislature and assisting in the enforcement of the laws. Outline of the present legislative work of the League will be furnished by Law Committee to members on request.

Immediate action and co-operation is needed. Cannot you see that your locality is represented, either by an organized effort or by the personal interest of leading sportsmen. Yours truly,

W. S. GAVITT,
Chairman Organization Committee.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 8.—The following story which is true in every detail, which can be vouched for, and in which I was one of the principals, will no doubt interest some of your readers. I went out battery shooting on Tuesday, Dec. 2, on Guide Le Roy Still's handsomely fitted up sloop, the Ulrica. We rigged out the stool about mid-day on what is known as The Porgie Bar, and had a fairly successful shoot. About 4 P. M. we prepared to start for home. They placed me on board the sloop while Tim and his assistant in a skiff hauled up those 150 wooden ducks. I had around my neck a heavy silk handkerchief fastened with an ordinary shaped scarf-pin. In adjusting it I dropped the pin overboard in about five feet of water. There was no one else on board, and by the time Tim and his assistant came on board some half-hour afterward, the incident of the pin had escaped me and I never mentioned my loss to anyone.

The following Thursday evening I was sitting in the hotel bar when in walked Tim just off the bay full of excitement and to tell me the way to find diamonds while duck hunting. I told him I had often read of people finding pearls in oysters, but diamonds in ducks, never. Judge of my surprise when he took from his vest pocket carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper and with the blood still on it, the very pin I had dropped overboard two days previously. I exclaimed: "Why, Tim, that's my pin." I would never have convinced him it was had I not produced one of the missing points of the star which had been broken off a short time before. He then proceeded to tell me how he came by it. That day he had

taken out his cousin, Mr. G. Still, of New York, and rigged out his battery near the same place we had shot two days before. Mr. Still had a very good day (got twenty-five broadbills), and they were returning home, which is about four miles from the dock, when Mr. Still suggested to Will, the assistant on board, that he pick him a couple of those broadbills ready to prepare for the table. Will picked up the first duck he came to out of that bunch of twenty-five, when something pricked him on the hand and he proceeded to investigate the cause, when there, protruding from the side of the duck's beak, was the point of a pin. He pulled it out with some difficulty, and there was the pin I had lost two days before firmly wedged in that duck's throat. A stranger coincidence it would be hard to imagine than that one duck should be shot out of the vast flocks in the bay by a party on the same boat I was on, and that Will should get that same duck to pick it, and that Tim should bring the pin direct to its original owner to show without having the slightest idea to whom it belonged. The supposition is the duck had seen it shining on the bottom, and dived and got it, and the pointed ends of the star got stuck in its throat. If any of your readers have ever met with a like experience I would be pleased to hear of it in your columns. Tim Still has that pin still, and no amount of argument or money will persuade him to part with it.

HENRY STOKES.

Hints and Wrinkles.

Readers are invited to send for publication under this head hints and wrinkles drawn from practical experience, and pertaining to shooting, fishing, camping and outdoor life.

Triangular Awnings.

THERE was a time when wall tents or wedge tents were more generally used by campers than any other variety, but now the single pole tent is preferred, as it may be just as roomy, yet less in bulk and weight and easier to pitch than the other kinds. Most of these single pole tents have awnings attached, but some of the awnings are small and other tents have none. It is not always convenient to pitch camp under shade trees, and even if so, it is nice to have outside shelter near the fire or over the table. The simplest awning for this purpose is a triangular one made of thin muslin waterproofed. It may be any size, but fifteen feet is about the limit for each side if it is to be expected to stand in a heavy wind. The seams all along the edges should be heavy and strong, with the corners strongly reinforced. Three-quarter-inch rings should be sewed in all the corners, and midway between corners brass grommets should be set. The other seams need not be especially strong. Such an awning, made of muslin, may be folded as small as a Sunday newspaper, yet, when set, provides a large shelter from sun or rain.

It may be set over the front of a wall tent in several positions, but is best for a single pole tent, in which use one corner is hooked over the spike in the top of the pole, the second is fastened down on one side with a tent peg, and the third is caught over the end of a pole seven feet high and held there by a guy rope, the other end of which is staked where needed to keep the awning taut. In the morning it will be needed on one side of the tent, and on the other after noon, but this merely necessitates changing the stake and two pegs. The slope of the awning, when set thus, is so great that no rain will penetrate it if it is first treated with a light coat of paraffin and turpentine, as mentioned in a previous wrinkle.

Hickory and Metal Tent Pegs.

It is not unusual to see novices, whose tents are small affairs, carry enough pegs with them to stake out a good-sized circus tent. And the size of the things—why, each peg would furnish material enough for an Indian's evening camp-fire. In fact, the trade furnishes one size of peg, evidently, and as these are more than a foot long and very clumsy, suitable for 18x24 tents, the novices and some old-timers, too, seem to think nothing else will hold down their 7x7 shelters.

The fact is, that a very small and slender peg will hold well in anything but loose sand, hence it is a waste of energy to lug a cord of wood about with you. Metal pins with turned-over tops are now used by some campers, and others employ common ten-inch steel loop-top meat skewers that they buy at the hardware shops. These skewers are made as long as 18 inches, if I am not mistaken, and they are of good steel and will last several seasons.

For 7x7 tents, pegs 12 inches in length and three-quarters of an inch in diameter are sufficient if they are made of sound second growth hickory. Being long, they may be driven at an angle sufficient to prevent the guy ropes slipping over their tops. Good hickory is not so easily obtained in some parts of the country as in others, but tack hammer handles may be obtained at any hardware shop that will answer the purpose admirably. I have seen these finished with a notch a half-inch deep on one side and the point sharpened slightly. One of these will outlast the trade tent peg and is less than a third as bulky.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

The Kennel.

New York Bench Show.

JUDGES for the Westminster Kennel Club's twenty-seventh annual dog show, to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, Feb. 11, 12, 13 and 14, are as follows:

Miss A. H. Whitney, Lancaster, Mass.—St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, New York.—French bulldogs.

F. Freeman Lloyd, New York.—Bloodhounds, mastiffs, deerhounds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds (except packs), retrievers, Dalmatians, old English sheep dogs, whippets, chow chows, Welsh terriers, Skye terriers, black and tan terriers, schipperkes, all toys and miscellaneous classes.

C. H. Mantler, New York.—Great Danes.

Wm. Tallman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—American foxhounds and all setters.

G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Pointers, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Griffons, bassethounds and dachshunds.

Geo. Douglas, Woodstock, Ont.—Sporting spaniels.
Wm. C. Hunter, Fayetteville, Pa.—Collies.
Chas. D. Bernheimer, New York.—Poodles.
E. K. Austin, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Bulldogs.
W. S. Gartner, New York.—Bull terriers.
John L. Arden, New York.—Airedale terriers.
P. J. Brickley, Boston, Mass.—Boston terriers.
A. J. Purinton, Palmer, Mass.—Beagles.
O. W. Donner, Rye, N. Y.—Irish terriers.
W. P. Fraser, Toronto, Ont.—Scottish terriers.
The judge of fox terriers will be announced later.

JAS. MORTIMER.
Superintendent.

Great Dane Club of America.

AT the regular quarterly meeting of the Great Dane Club of America, held in New York City, Dec. 16, 1902, there were present: Messrs. J. Blackburn Miller, G. Muss Arnolt, James Mortimer, G. F. Eggert, Frank Rappolt, J. O. Dutton, Wm. Smith, R. T. Harrison and C. H. Mantler. Mr. J. Blackburn Miller in the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting and the report of the treasurer was read and approved.

Upon motion duly seconded, it was resolved to nominate Mr. C. H. Mantler as judge of Great Danes at the Westminster Kennel Club show, to be held Feb. 10-13, 1903.

It was further decided to offer at the show, the following special prizes: President's Challenge Cup, the Grand Challenge Cup, the Dunollie Cup, the Great Dane Club Grand Challenge Trophy, three silver cups, and in addition club silver medals to all first prize winners in the regular classes, including winners' classes.

Motion made and seconded, to write to the New England Kennel Club to submit the name of the judge of Great Danes before the club will take action to offer special prizes at their coming beneh show.

In reference to the communication received from Mr. G. H. Walker, Ashbourne, it was decided to write to Mr. S. Loog regarding the registration of the dog which Mr. Walker purchased from him.

It was decided to hold the annual meeting on the second day of the Westminster Kennel Club Show, at the Ashland House, at 8.30 P. M.

C. H. MANTLER,
Secretary.

Yachting.

Hoosier.

Hoosier was designed by Mr. Isaac B. Mills, of Boston, and built by John Bishop, of Gloucester, Mass., for Col. W. R. Nelson, of Kansas City, Mo. The boat was built solely for cruising, and one of the owner's requirements when ordering the boat was that she should be able to cross the Atlantic with her topmasts on end. The overhangs are short, the freeboard high and the rig small. A liberal bulwark adds security to those on deck.

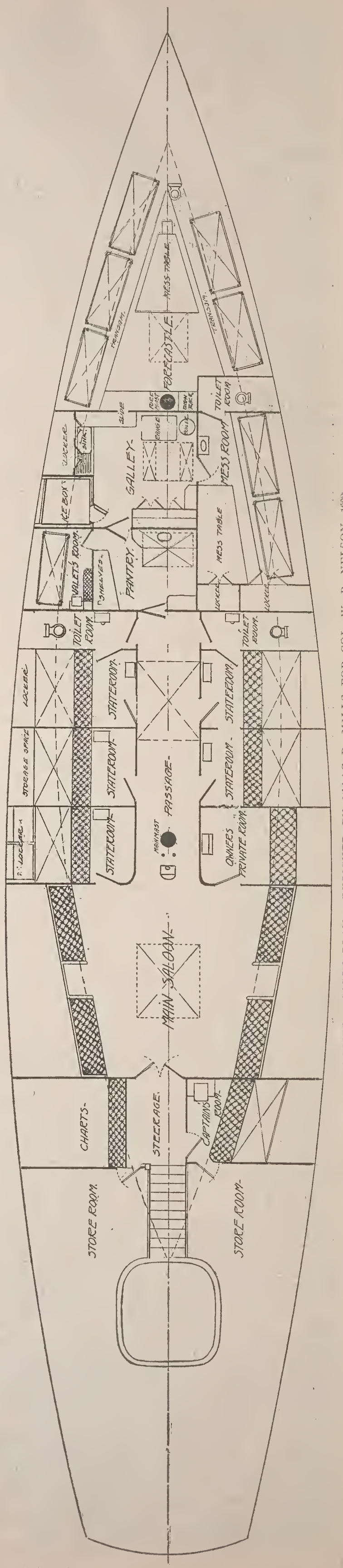
There is a good deal of room below, and the accommodations were laid out to meet the requirements of the owner. The companionway leads to a steerage, which is used as a chart room. On the starboard side, opening from the chart room, is the captain's cabin. Forward of the chart room is the main saloon, which is 15ft. long and runs the full width of the boat, wide sofas extend along either side, and behind these are lockers for china, silver and linen. A skylight 6ft. by 5ft. gives ample light and ventilation. From the main saloon, running forward, is a passage 5ft. wide. On each side of the passage are three staterooms, making six in all, with a toilet room on each side at the forward end.

The passage opens into the pantry, on the port side of which is the valet's room. The galley is reached by a door from the pantry. The galley is large, being 9ft. long and 8ft. wide. On the starboard side of the galley is the officers' mess room, and just forward of this is a toilet room for the officers. A bulkhead separates the forecastle from the galley. In the forecastle there are berths for ten men.

The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	125ft.	
L. W. L.	104ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	8ft.	6in.
Aft	12ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	25ft.	
Draft—		
Extreme	12ft.	6in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	11ft.	
Least	5ft.	6in.
Taffrail	7ft.	

Hoosier is commanded by Captain Ozier.

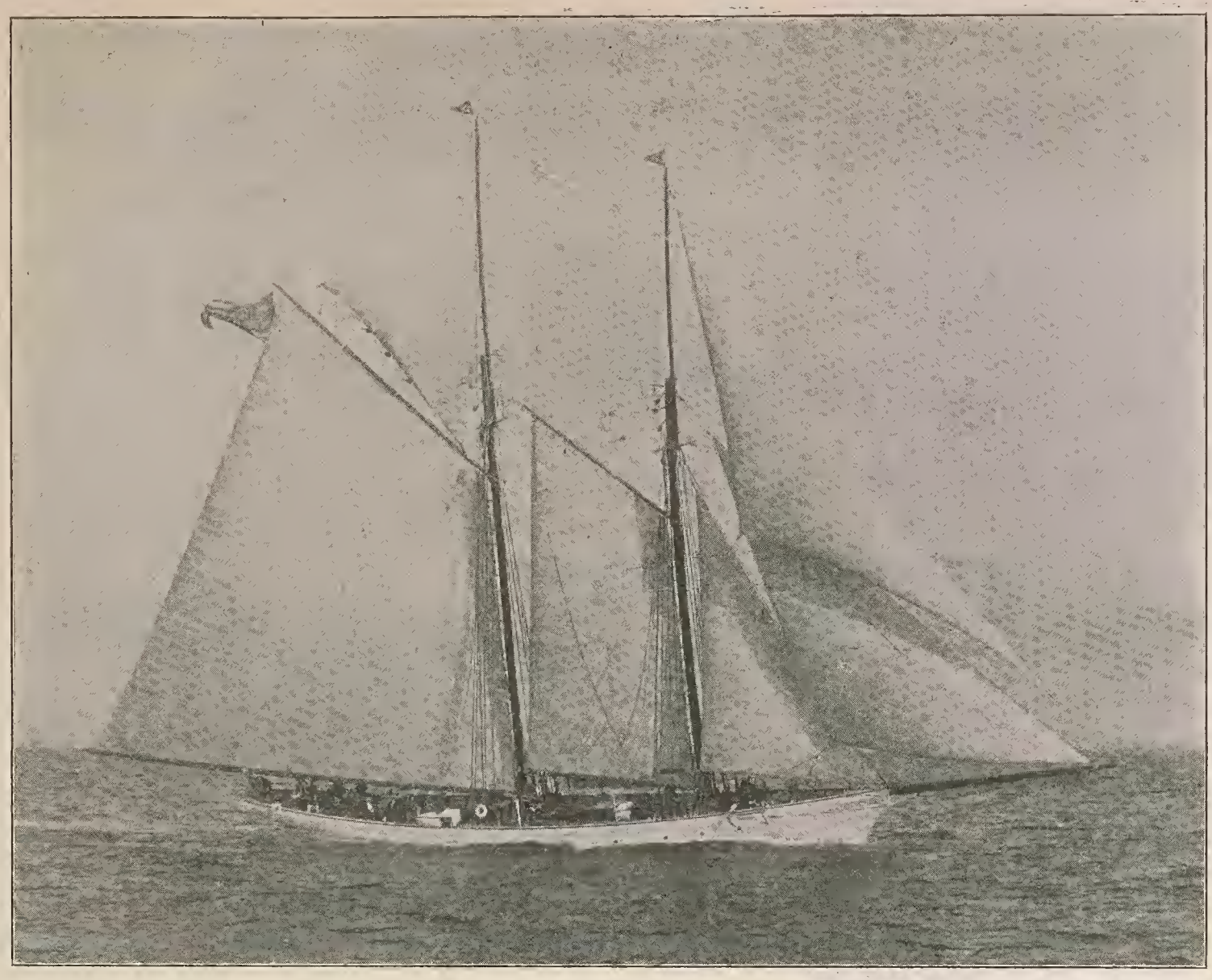


HOOSIER—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY ISAAC B. MILLS FOR COL. W. R. NELSON, 1902.

The next regular monthly meeting of the Yacht Masters' and Engineers' Association will be held at Vett's Hall, Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, on Thursday, Jan. 8, 1903. The meeting will be called at 1:30 P. M., and at 3 P. M. Mr. Reuben Riley will lecture on Valves and Valve Motions.

* * *

Mr. Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Ky., has chartered the schooner Attaquin for a cruise in Southern waters.



HOOSIER.
Designed by Isaac B. Mills for Col. W. R. Nelson, 1902. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 28.—Another order for a 22-footer has been heard from. This boat will be designed by Fred Lawley and built by the Lawley Company, but Mr. Lawley will not say who the owner is to be. From all that has been heard, however, it looks as though the yacht will fly the pennant of Vice Commodore H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C. Her keel has been turned out, and she will be set up in the east shop this week. The decks of the Clark 60ft. schooner and the Adriance 34ft. yawl are being finished up. About all of the cabin work has been put in the 50ft. ketch for Mr. J. H. Cromwell. The boiler and engine are being made ready for the new steam yacht for Mr. C. A. Fletcher. Her joiner work has been turned out and is all ready to go in her. At present the workmen are busy on her decks. The frames for the Emery steam yacht are being bent.

Crowninshield has been at work on a number of designs. Two of his orders are for yachts to comply with the new rating rule of the New York Y. C., and two of them are to be built for the tonnage rule on orders from Stockholm, Sweden. In his designs, under the new rules, he has gone to great length on the waterline. One of his Stockholm orders is a 12-tonner for Avel Winstrom. The tonnage rule there being arrived at by figuring length and sail area; Crowninshield has figured his displacement as low as possible. He has put the weight well down, and, at the same time, has given much initial stability to the form of his boat. This boat will be about 52ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. 2in. draft. She will carry 1,800 sq. ft. of sail.

The other Stockholm boat will be a 5-tonner for A. Plym. This boat will be 43ft. over all, 24ft. 6in. waterline, 9ft. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. She will carry about 961 sq. ft. of sail. The same argument is carried out as in the design of the larger boat, except the effort to shorten the waterline has been carried to a greater proportionate degree.

A 55ft. waterline, shoal-draft auxiliary schooner is being designed for Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Ky. The new boat will be about 83ft. over all, 55ft. waterline, 20ft. beam and 3ft. draft. She will be supplied with a 25 horsepower kerosene engine. Mr. Jones has a place in Florida, and he is desirous of having power so that he may get up the narrow, crooked river channels in a head wind. At present Mr. Jones has under charter the schooner Attaquin, owned by Durbin Horne. She was also designed by Crowninshield. The Attaquin has been fitted out for a Southern cruise.

Another design is a 30-rater for O. B. Weber, of New York. The lines for this boat had been drawn, but the work had to be done over again on account of the changes in the New York Y. C. rules. She will be 44ft. over all, 29ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. She will carry about 1,100 sq. ft. of sail. Her builders will be Tuthill & Higby, of Greenport, L. I.

A 43-rater has been designed for Trenor L. Park, which is now being built by Lawley. She will be about 72ft. over all, 41ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. beam and 8ft. 8in. draft. She will carry about 3,500 sq. ft. of sail. This boat will be of composite build. Her framing amidships will be of a composition known as naval bronze, and the rest will be steel. She will have single mahogany planking.

The lines of a small fisherman have been turned out for H. Hughes, of Seattle. She is intended for ocean work, and will be used in the halibut fisheries. She will be 71ft. over all, 50ft. waterline, 17ft. beam and 9ft. 4in. draft. She will be of about 30 tons displacement, and will carry 2,600 sq. ft. of sail.

There is now building at Lawley's, from lines by this designer, a keel cruising sloop for W. B. Rogers, to be used on Lake Champlain. She will be 59ft. 6in. over all, 36ft. 6in. waterline, 13ft. beam and 7ft. 10in. draft. She will have considerably longer keel than most modern boats.

A 50ft. waterline schooner has been designed for Capt. L. D. Baker. She will be a centerboard boat and her construction will be very heavy. She will be 77ft. 8in. over all, 50ft. waterline, 17ft. beam and 5ft. 8in. draft. She will carry about 2,800 sq. ft. of sail and her ballast will be all inside.

T. A. McKinnon has ordered from Crowninshield a 21ft. keel raceabout, which is now being built by Graves, of Marblehead. This is the first order for a new raceabout to be used in Massachusetts Bay waters that has been heard from. She will be 33ft. 6in. over all, 21ft. waterline, 7ft. 7in. extreme beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will have a sternpost rudder and will not be a scow. The raceabout being built by Smith, of Quincy Point, for Joshua Crane, Jr., will also be a keel boat. She is 36ft. 5in. over all, 20ft. 8in. waterline, 7ft. 9in. extreme beam and 6ft. 6½in. draft. She will also have a sternpost rudder.

Burgess and Packard have received another order for a 22-footer. Mr. Burgess would not state for whom she is to be built, but it is believed that she will be for Mr. Edward McWilliams, of Dwight, Ill., who summers at Marblehead, and is a member of the Corinthian Y. C. The three orders for 22-footers received by Burgess and Packard and the one received by Fred Lawley, are the only ones that are believed to have been actuall placed. Mr. Burgess reports that the first Seawanhaka challenger is all planked at Manchester and that the second one will be started in a few weeks. One of the four orders received by this firm for 25-footers is from Commodore J. E. Doherty, of the Columbia Y. C., who owns Early Dawn, in the same class. Hollis Burgess has sold to W. Starling Burgess the old cutter Edith, designed by J. Beavor Webb, and built by Lawler, of East Boston, in 1880. The yacht has been the property of W. B. Stearns. Some alterations will be made on her, and Mr. Burgess will live on board during the summer months.

Mr. E. T. Bigelow, of Medford, has ordered from the Marblehead Yacht Yard a 25ft. launch, which will be fitted with a 15 horsepower engine. She will be designed by W. B. Stearns. At this yard the work on the 41ft yawl for Mr. J. P. Elton is going ahead, and it is expected that the boat will be in frame this week. A new stern has been put on the 40-footer Gorilla, and alterations have been made on the cabin of the naphtha launch Enola.

E. A. Boardman has received an order to turn out the lines for a one-design class for the Royal Nova Scotia Y. C., of Halifax. It is expected that a number of these boats will be built. He has also received orders for two 14-footers, one a keel, and the other centerboard. Two 18-footers of his design have been laid down at White's yard, Manchester.

A new one-design class is to be built for members of the Lynn Y. C. from lines by Charles D. Mower. They will be 23ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 7ft. beam and 7in. draft. They will carry about 400 sq. ft. of sail. In general form they will resemble the champion 15-footer Vitesse, which Mr. Mower designed and built in 1897. It is expected that six will be built by Bezanson, of Beverly. One will be for Mr. Mower and will be raced by Thomas Fleming Day at Cottage City.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

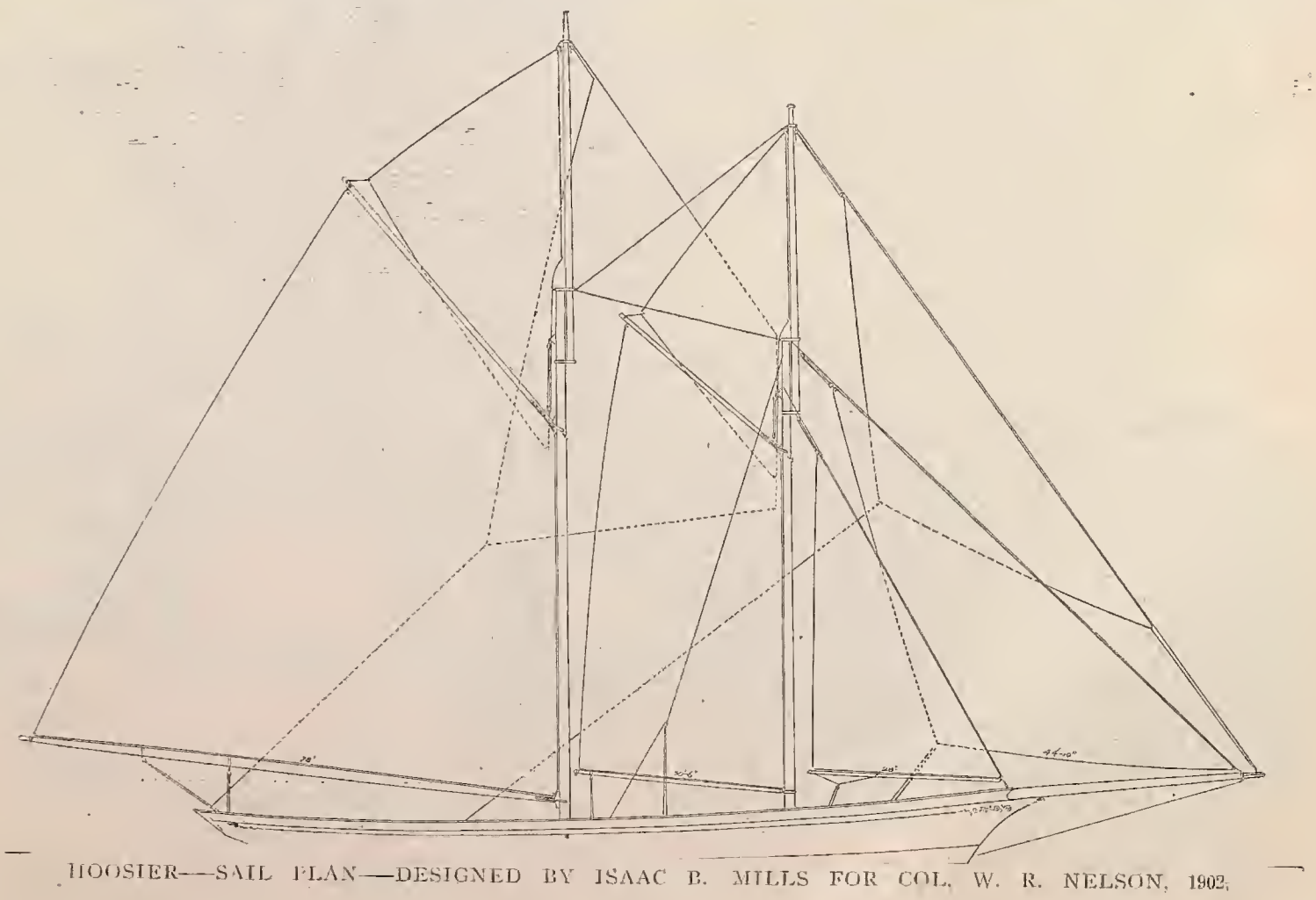
Rosamond.

THE photograph of the 40ft. waterline auxiliary yawl Rosamond was taken as she was entering Kenosha Harbor on Oct. 22, 1902. Rosamond was designed by her owner, Mr. William J. Starr, of Eau Claire, Wis., an amateur designer of considerable ability. The boat has proven herself a fine cruiser, able, fast, safe and comfortable. With power she does better than seven miles an hour under reasonably favorable conditions. Her very satisfactory performances under all conditions of wind and weather on Lake Michigan during the past three seasons, have made many yawl converts.

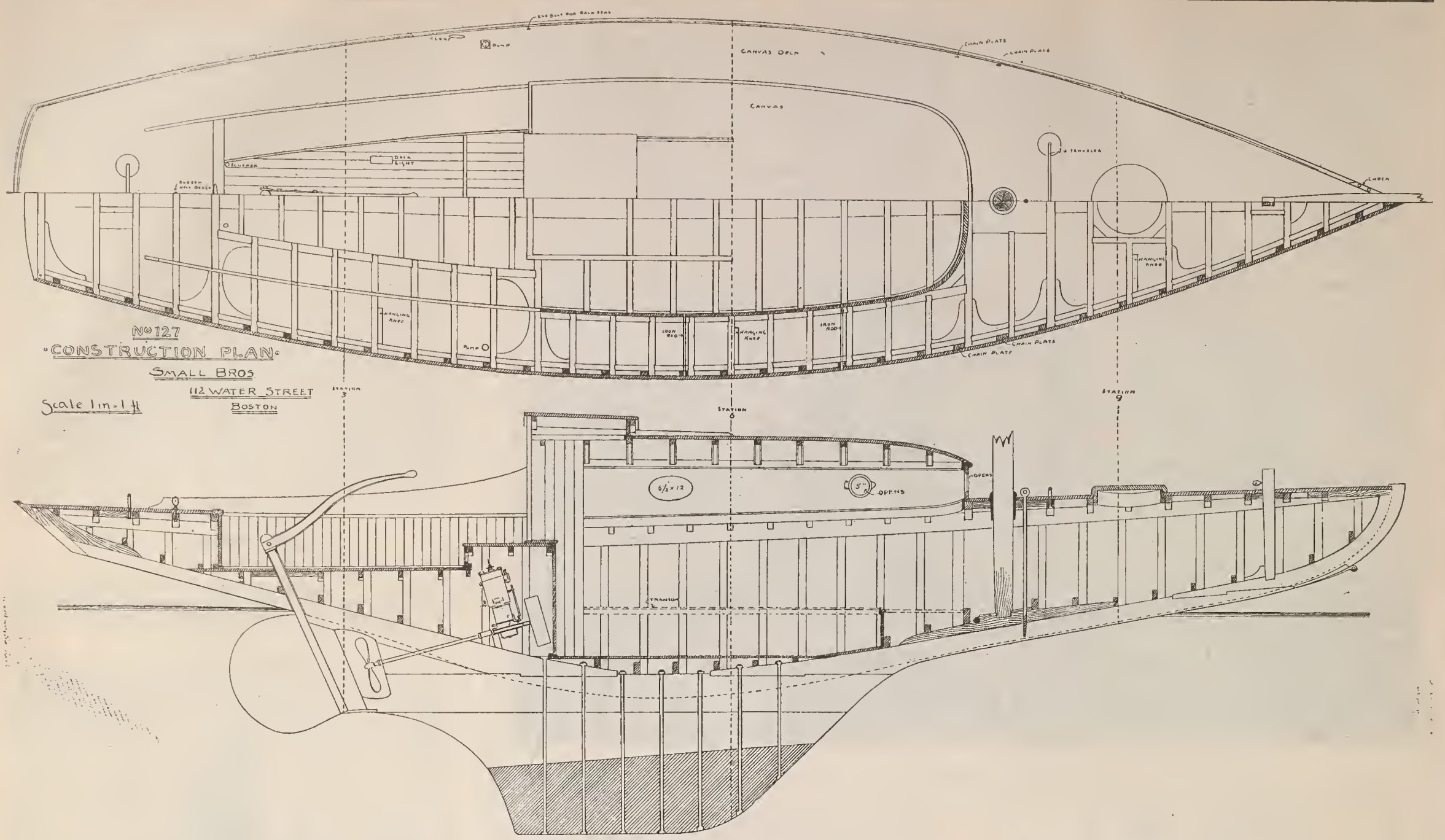
ROSAMOND.
Owned by Wm. J. Starr, Eau Claire, Wis.

A complete description of Rosamond, together with her plans, appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of April 14 and 21, 1900.

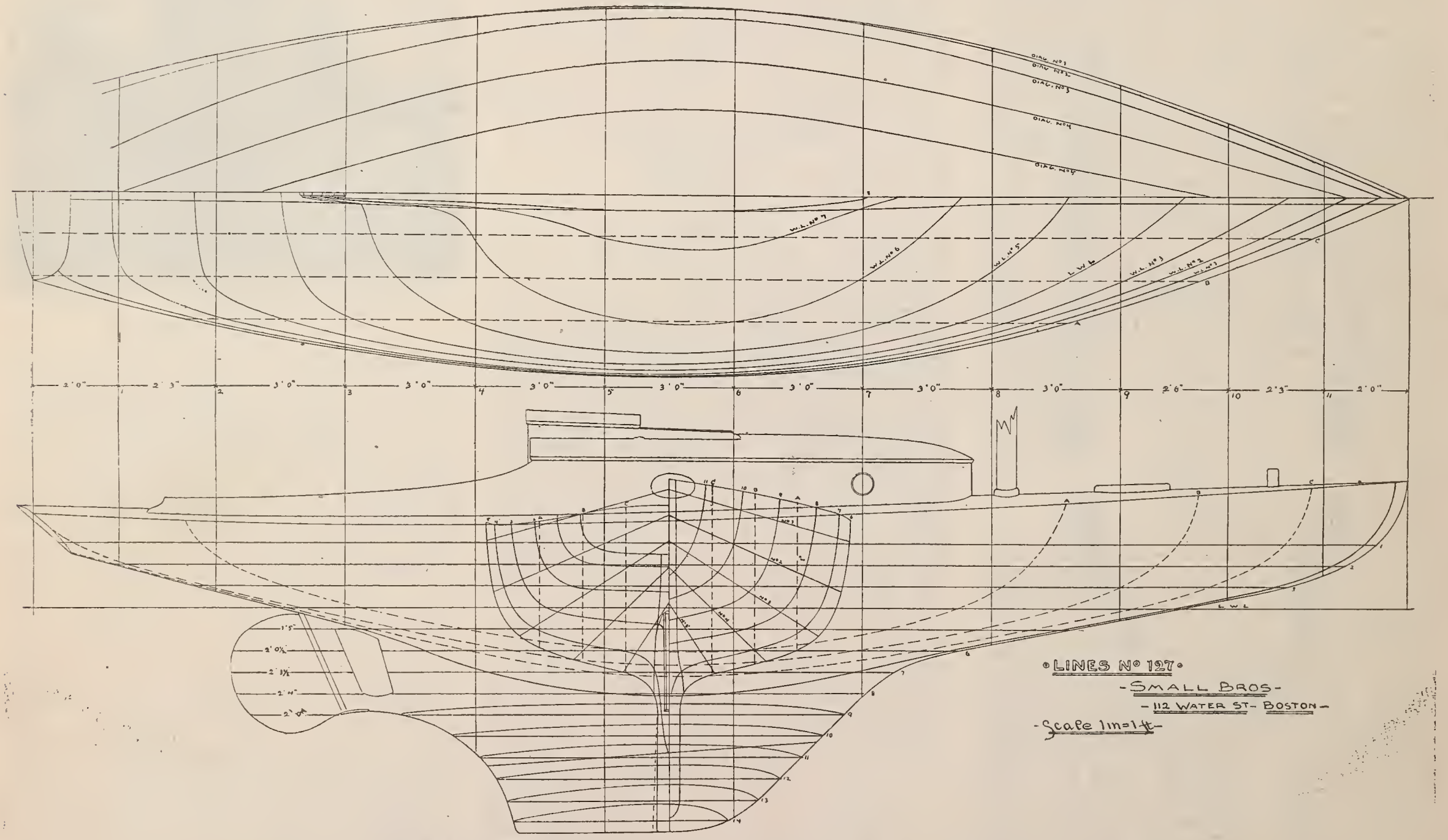
The steam yacht Hanoli has been sold by Mr. Frank M. Smith to a member of the New York Y. C.



HOOSIER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY ISAAC B. MILLS FOR COL. W. R. NELSON, 1902.



21-FOOT AUXILIARY YAWL—CONSTRUCTION PLANS—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR E. A. CHADWICK, 1902.



21-FOOT AUXILIARY KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR E. A. CHADWICK, 1902.

21-Foot Auxiliary Knockabout.

THE accompanying plans of a 21ft. auxiliary knockabout were made by Small Brothers, of Boston. The boat was designed for Mr. E. A. Chadwick, of Lynn, Mass., who will use her for afternoon sailing and short cruises. While the design shows no unusual features, the boat should be an able, comfortable little craft, with a fair amount of speed, and can easily be handled by one man. A three-horsepower motor is placed under the cockpit, where it is out of the way and yet easy of access. The cabin house is 10ft. long, and there is 5ft. headroom under the carlins. The cockpit is 7ft. long and is watertight.

The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	32ft. 3 in.
L. W. L.	21ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	5ft. 3 in.
Aft	6ft.
Breadth—	
At deck	8ft. 6 in.
L. W. L.	7ft. 11 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	5ft. 3 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 1 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft.
Least	1ft. 11 in.
Aft	2ft. 4½in.
Ballast outside	3,000 lbs.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	435 sq. ft.
Jib	92 sq. ft.
Total	527 sq. ft.

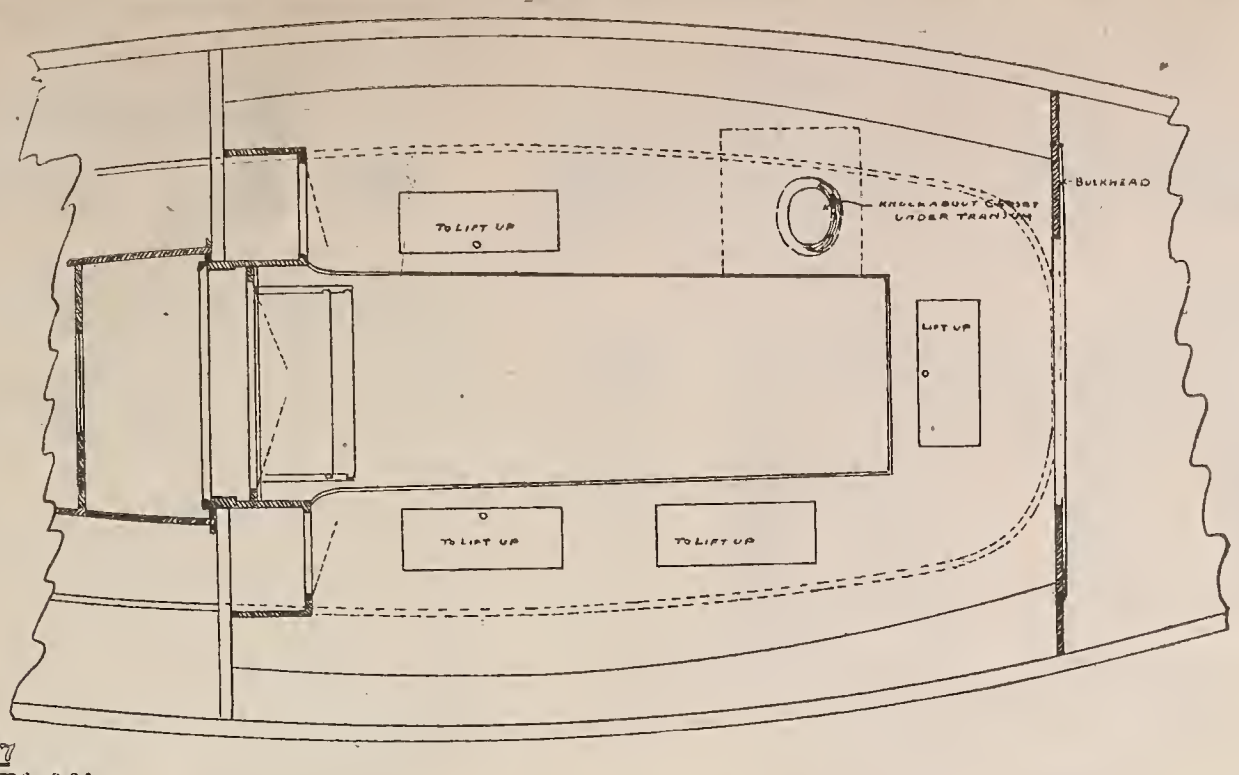
Rating Rules.

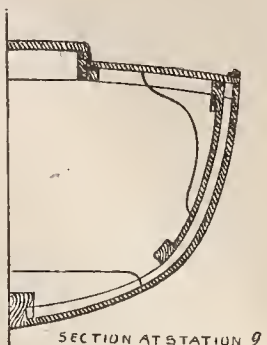
Editor Forest and Stream:

The many racing rules of to-day are so complex and so often changed that many gentlemen hesitate to build and no wonder. Taxing girth at bow and stern discourages freeboard, and to find the beam at a point one-eighth aft and forward of bow and stern is rather a complicated job to the average yachtsman, and people say, "Hang the racing rules."

All rules mean by length AT waterline, the distance from A to B along the line A C B (see figure). Now my plan is to get the length OF waterline, which

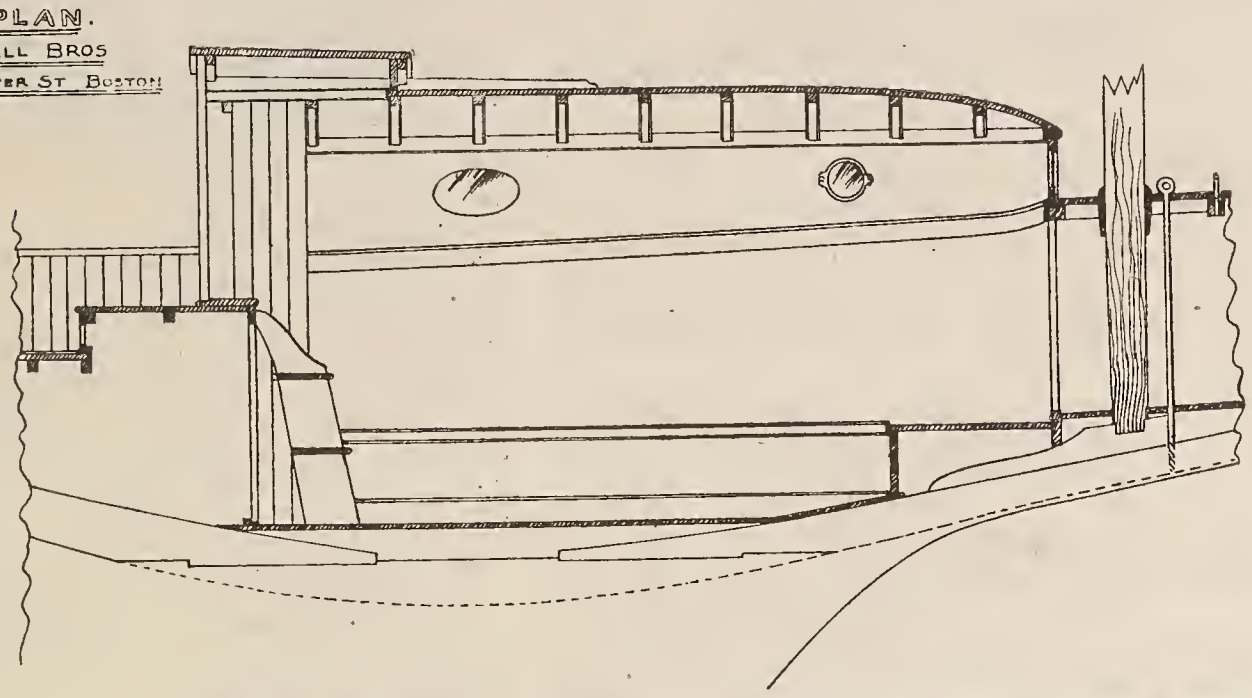
really is A D E B, and we will call it for convenience curved waterline and express by the letters C. W. L. This line is longer in scow racers than in boats with V sections; therefore, tax it, and so as not to discourage beam, subtract one-half greatest beam at waterline. This gives us C. W. L.—½, greatest beam at W. L.

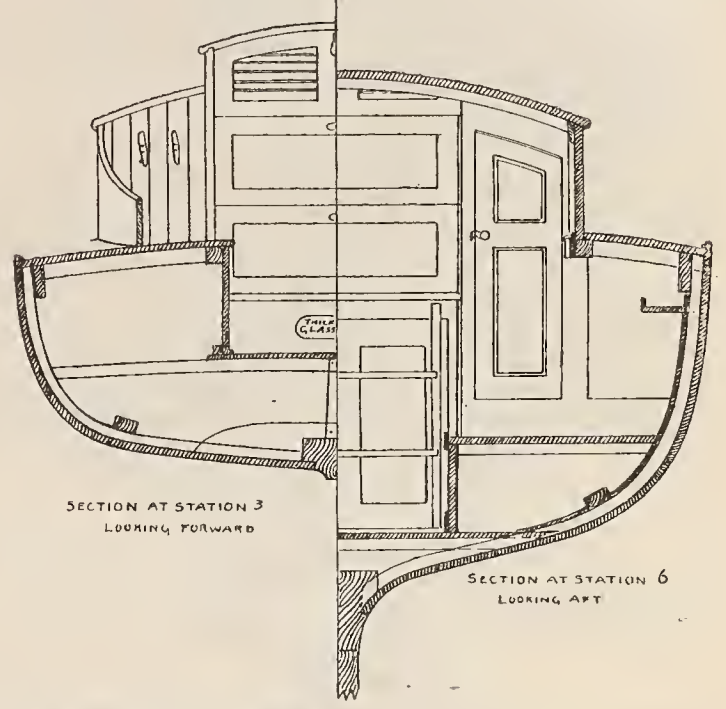




Nº127
SECTIONAL PLAN
SMALL BROS.
112 WATER ST BOSTON
Scale 1in=1ft.

Nº127
CABIN PLAN.
SMALL BROS
112 WATER ST BOSTON
Scale 1in=1ft.





21-FOOT AUXILIARY YAWL—CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR E. A. CHADWICK, 1902.

=W. L. Now for sail area-tax we'll use the Seawanhaka rule of W. L. + V sail area divided by 2 = R. L. This gives us C. W. L. — ½ beam at W. L. + V S. A. divided by 2 = R. L.

By using the Seawanhaka rule with mine it makes it advisable to build a powerful boat and discourages the builder from building a long over-hanger, or a boat too sharp to obtain seaworthy qualities, which my rule used alone would do. E. F. CHAMBERS.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The 45ft. waterline sloop that is building at Wm. P. Kirk's yard, Toms River, N. J., for Major J. Fred Ackerman, from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, will be named Selnada. The plans of Selnada appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Nov. 29, 1902.

The Morrisania Y. C. has elected the following officers to serve for the year of 1903:

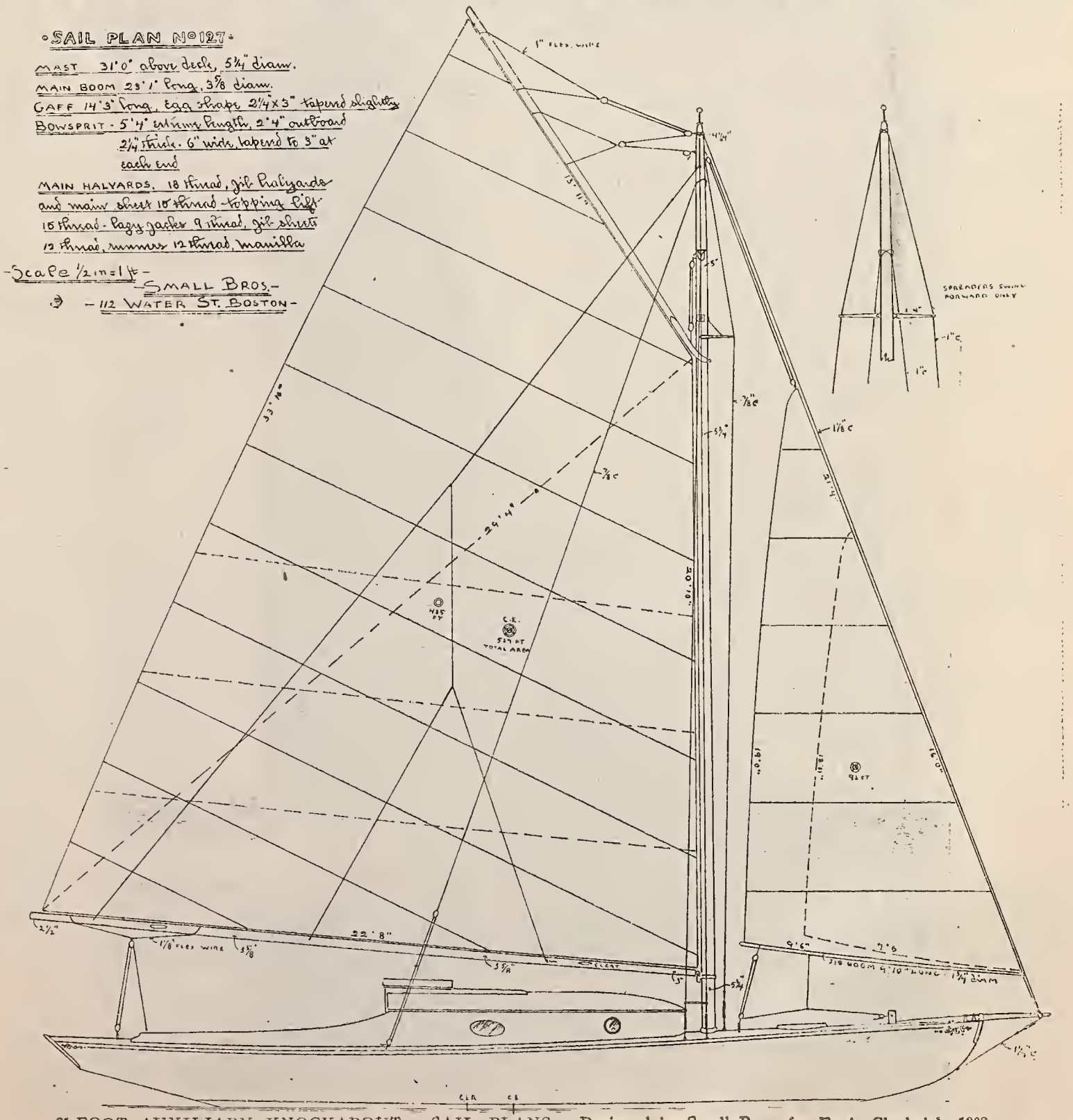
Commodore, George J. Selz; Vice Commodore, Ernest F. Bartro; Rear Commodore, John Schroder; Treasurer, Wm. E. Ritchie; Financial Secretary, Fred. Starke; Recording Secretary, Arthur W. Haire; Measurer, Frank Schroder; Sergeant-at-Arms, Benj. Rehm. Board of Directors, J. H. Curtiss, two years; P. G. Schumacher, two years. House Committee, Samuel Rosenfeld, Chas. Loock, J. Kohm, A. White, F. Kaiser, George Schroeder, H. E. Elkema, H. J. Bartro, C. Hendricks. Regatta Committee, E. Delevante, C. F. Huebert, A. A. Crosbie, J. Custance, F. Foth. Membership Committee, Fred. Daum, Fred. Foch, L. Jackson. Auditing Committee, Adam Gumbrecht, H. J. Bartro, Geo. J. Oakes. Press Committee, J. Schappert, C. Loock, R. Johnson. Nominating Committee, V. E. Bauer, C. Hendricks, William Dent.

Sir Christopher Furness has chartered his new turbine steam yacht Emerald, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mr. George J. Gould. Captain Donald Tod will go to England in the early spring and bring the yacht back to America. The following account of Emerald is from the London Field:

"The new yacht which has been built to designs by Mr. F. J. Stephen, is a vessel of very handsome appearance, no extent of accommodation having been sacrificed to obtain speed. The intention of the designer is to obtain a speed of 16 knots with an entire absence of vibration and an exceptionally low coal consumption. Dimensions: Length over all, 236ft.; breadth, 28ft. 8in.; moulded depth, 18ft. 6in. She has been constructed under Lloyd's special survey to Class 100 A 1, and has a fine cutwater stem, with a beautifully carved figure head; a long stern and a range of teak-panelled deckhouses extending amidships for about 118ft. A promenade deck from side to side of the vessel is carried the whole length of the deckhouses, and on it will be placed the boats—one of which is a high-speed launch—and a large teak deckhouse for deck lounges and navigating room.

"The erections on the upper deck include staircases, deck lounge, cloak room, dining saloon, smoking room, drawing room, drying room, pantry and gulley casings for boiler and turbine machinery and an open deck shelter at the extreme after end. A half topgallant mast, about 31ft. in height, is fitted with a steam windlass and chain and anchor gear. Below, in the 'tween decks, there are seven officers' rooms, sixteen berths for the crew and also bath rooms and lavatories. The bulwarks fore and aft are of steel, with teak top rail and inside paneling of teak. Two cellular double bottoms have been fitted, one forward and one under the turbines, for purposes of draft when the vessel is cruising light, or for a supply of fresh water for the boilers. The dining-room occupies the forward portion of the group of public rooms in the range of deckhouses, while the drawing room and smoking room are at the after end. From the entrance to the dining-room one stair communicates with the owner's suite of four staterooms, and another with the lounge and promenade deck above.

"The accommodation for guests comprises six bed rooms. The style of designs in the entrances and public rooms is a free treatment of the English and French renaissance. In the dining saloon the panelings are of time-mellowed elm, with bone inlaid figures in the panels. The drawing room is of eighteenth century work, the paneling of dado and door being of fine-toned satinwood, and the walls of Tynecastle canvas.



21-FOOT AUXILIARY KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLANS—Designed by Small Bros. for E. A. Chadwick, 1902.

A Practical Application of the New York Y. C's New Rule.

WE publish herewith a table which was made up for a comparison of results of the old New York Y. C. measurement rule and the new one recently adopted.

The table shows the practical application of the new rule, and as the race was sailed in a true, steady and strong breeze, it affords an excellent test. All the boats sailed in one class for the Rear Commodore's Cup, the schooners being rated at eighty-five per cent. of their measurement. The time allowances under the new rule are figured with the sixty per cent. increased to eighty per cent., as provided for in the amended rules:

THE REAR-COMMODORE'S CUP.
Glen Cove, Sept. 11, 1902—30 Miles.

	Elapsed.	Old Measurement			New Measurement		
	Time.	Racing Measurement.	Time Allowance.	Corrected Time.	Racing Measurement.	Time Allowance.	Corrected Time.
Rainbow	4 17 51	76.79	Allows	4 17 51	90.7	.....	4 17 51
Yankee	4 14 17	76.78	.....	4 14 17	90.7	.....	4 14 17
Elmina	4 40 45	62.02	0 13 55	4 26 50	65.5	0 28 36	4 12 09
Muriel	4 40 59	61.98	0 13 55	4 27 04	65.5	0 28 36	4 12 23
Neola	4 31 50	60.74	0 15 22	4 16 28	73.0	0 17 31	4 14 19
Isolde	4 56 20	60.55	0 15 29	4 40 51	61.0	0 33 21	4 22 59
Eelin	4 53 27	60.49	0 15 36	4 37 51	61.0	0 33 21	4 20 06
Weetamoe	4 30 03	60.04	0 16 11	4 13 52	73.0	0 17 31	4 12 32
Altair	5 07 11	51.58	0 27 06	4 40 05	62.5	0 31 00	4 36 11
Humma	4 58 14	51.47	0 27 15	4 30 59	62.5	0 31 00	4 27 14
Effort	5 03 51	42.91	0 11 39	4 22 12	50.0	0 52 27	4 11 24

The smoking room wall paneling is of teak framing, with soft, green-stained wainscot panels, the frieze being of tinted carved wood on a field of soft bluish-green. All the staterooms, passages and bathroom are designed in the same character as the public rooms, the paneled walls painted an ivory tint, with the furniture in hardwoods to harmonize. Electric lighting and bells are fitted throughout.

"The vessel has three sets of turbine engines, three shafts, and five manganese bronze propellers—one propeller on the center shaft and two each on the side shafts. All these have been supplied and fitted on board by the Parsons' Marine Steam Turbine Company, Limited, Wallsend-on-Tyne. The hull has been specially strengthened to prevent any vibration in the structure, owing to the great speed at which the shafts will revolve. In the engine room, beside, the three turbines, with their condensers and the duplicate electric lighting machinery, there are a large number of auxiliary engines of all kinds. The main boiler, which is of very large diameter, is fitted with Howden's feed draft. The yacht is being fitted out in the most complete manner, and when rigged with her two long masts and thin spars she will have a fine appearance. The ceremony of naming the Emerald was performed by Miss Furness."

Agatha.

Agatha was designed and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard in 1900. She is 60ft. over all, 39ft. 9in. waterline, 13ft. breadth and 8ft. 8in. draft. Agatha is now owned by Mr. C. W. Sherburne, of the Hull, Massachusetts, Y. C.

AGATHA.
Designed and built by the Marblehead Yacht Yard, 1900. Photo by Willard B. Jackson, Marblehead.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Philadelphia Y. C. will hold a meeting at its clubhouse, Tinicum, Delaware County, Pa., on Wednesday, Jan. 14, 1903, for the purpose of nominating flag officers and trustees for the ensuing year.

The annual meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. will be held on Tuesday, Jan. 13, at the city clubhouse, 12 West Forty-fourth street, at 8:30 P. M. The following gentlemen have been nominated to serve during the coming year:

Commodore, Arthur Curtiss James, auxiliary brigantine Aloha; Vice Commodore, William J. Matheson, steamer Laverock; Rear Commodore, Frank S. Hastings, yawl Peggy; Secretary, Francis G. Stewart; Treasurer, Frederic P. Moore; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, N. Bowditch Potter, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. George R. Van De Water, D. D.; Trustees, Colgate Hoyt, Franklin A. Plummer and Henry H. Landon; Race Committee, Johnston de Forest, Charles W. Wetmore, Clinton H. Crane, Daniel Bacon and John R. Maxwell, Jr.; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and St. John Smith; Law Committee, Henry de Forest, William A. W. Stewart and William G. Low, Jr.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Nation of Marksmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the days of Agincourt and Cressy those victories were the fruit of the marksmanship of the English bowmen. The archer with his long yew bow and cloth yard shaft made the English army what it was—invincible.

The French had good reason when singing their litany in church to include in same, "From the arrows of the English may the good Lord deliver us."

History is repeating itself once more, and the battles of the future upon land will be won by the men behind the rifles. Close formation and point blank volleys are things of the past. Smokeless powder and long distance rifles become of no immediate practical value in the hands of the inexperienced soldier.

The English grew into the use of the long bow as did our Minute Men and Green Mountain Boys grow into the use of the rifle, but under differing surroundings. The English boy was at an early age through the stimulus of prizes, encouraged to shoot with the bow at a mark erected on the village green. Days of merry-making always included the sport of archery upon the programme, and even was the practice at archery made compulsory by law.

Our forefathers virtually plowed with one hand and held a rifle with the other. The seal of Minnesota shows a husbandman at the plow, his rifle and powder-horn upon a nearby stump and skulking redskin in the distance. It was force of circumstances that made marksmen of our forefathers, defense against the Indians and wild beasts, and the necessity of supplying the larder from the forests. During our Civil War, soldier for soldier, we had no such marksmen in the ranks as in the Revolutionary Wark. Times had changed, men were recruited from the city and the workshop, and not as of yore, from the frontier, where stood a rifle ready for instant use behind each door.

The late Boer war was an illustration of pitting men unused to a rifle against those who understood the arm and were as familiar with it as a schoolboy with his jackknife.

Now, as a general rule, a few days' hard drilling will turn an awkward squad into some semblance to a military company in carriage and step, but it means months of incessant labor to make marksmen of those unfamiliar with the rifle.

Compulsory practice with the rifle has been successfully carried out in Switzerland, but it would not apply to the United States. The love of the rifle must be brought about in some other way.

Now, as a suggestion. Make a reward sufficiently inviting and there are those who will strive for it. Let us suppose that a yearly distribution of, say, $100,000, were made in prizes; $50,000 to the marksmen of the year; $25,000 to the second best; $15,000 to the third, and $1,000 to the next ten in rank. Whether the amount of $100,000 per year was made up out of the United States Treasury or came from other sources, makes no difference. The question is, what would the effect be upon the country after ten consecutive years of such prize offering?

I think every village in the country would have its rifle range, and few of the youths who could give the time to practice but would become applicants and contestants for the prize.

The primary contests would be shot at the home villages or cities. The winners would in turn contest among themselves within a certain district, and the successful one in each district be delegated to the final contest, to be held at some central point. Here, under conditions that could admit of no charge of partiality, would the final contest be held. Targets at fixed and unknown distances, moving objects, etc., would call into practice the very highest skill of the marksmen. The prizes would certainly be more tempting than a marksman's badge or a silver cup. In these days of $1,000,000 salaries and "melon-cutting" dividends in Wall street, perhaps a $50,000 prize might not tempt some of our gilded youth to forego the golf stick and the tennis racquet for the rifle. Yet, when you come to think of it, there are those who, with perhaps a little truck farming to help out, might worry along peacefully with a prize of $50,000 in cold cash to their credit in the bank. So the grand prize of $50,000 with the great majority of young men might be considered a tempting prize, enough so to warrant an investment in a rifle and ammunition and the giving over of a part of Saturday to the weekly practice.

There is many a "hundred thousand" that goes to make up the quota of a "billion-dollar Congress" that is spent for purposes far less meritorious than prizes for rifle proficiency among the youth of the country.

What would be the effect of a plan of this kind being carried out after say, ten or fifteen years? That's the question. We hear of Peace Congresses, International Arbitration, Total disarmament, etc., etc., but we see no diminution of the standing armies and navies of the world. Improvements in war materials go on. We no sooner improve the unpenetrability of armor than some new shell is perfected with superior penetrating powers: and so the race goes on. Guns that carried 12 miles now carry 21. Not content with fighting above the water, the sea warfare of the future seems destined to be fought out beneath the waves. Rifles of greater penetration and carrying power are being successfully put forward. All this would seem to prove that for some years to come the theory will be held that the one best equipped on a war footing in time of peace will be virtually guaranteed from neighborly interference. And if all this be so, this country must keep abreast with the times. Her ships must be second to none, and while our standing army need be kept to a minimum, yet like the Spartans, every man in the Republic should

be a brick, he should become expert in the use of a rifle, and if the time ever came when his country needed him, he could step into the ranks a soldier requiring but a minimum of preliminary drilling to bring to a plane of soldierly prefection.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 15.—The somewhat wintry weather did not deter enthusiastic riflemen from visiting the range yesterday. Scores in some of the annual events are so close as to keep the competitors very anxious. Dec. 28 will be the closing shoot of the year. Scores of to-day:

Golden Gate Club: L. C. Hinkel 93; P. A. Becker 91, 87, 83; J. R. Trego 81; F. E. Mason 80; J. W. Thompson 79, 79; F. Krueckel 16.

Pistol handicap: F. C. Washburn 92, 92, 89; J. Kullman 86; M. Blasse 81.

Pistol, gold medal: J. Kullman 86.

Handicap match: C. Henderson 226, 225, 222, 219, 212.

Glindermann trophy: C. Henderson 223.

Gold medal: J. F. Bridges 206, 201; W. Ehrenpfort 195, 169, 166, 161.

Gold and silver bars: G. Tammeyer 222, 217, 214, 208, 212; M. Blasse 222, 213, 209, 205, 205.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. E. Mason, 225, 221; second champion class, C. Bremer, 224, 223; First class, J. D. Heise, 217; second class, W. Goetze, 209; Third class, J. Beuttler, 193; best first shot, F. Brandt, 25; best last shot, E. H. Goetze, 25.

Competition shoot: E. H. Goetze 74, J. D. Heizer 71, N. Ahren 71, J. Utschig, Sr. 71, F. E. Mason 70, O. Bremer 69.

Trophy shoot: F. E. Mason 227, A. Pape 227, O. Bremer 225, J. E. Heinzer 217, A. Gehret 213, H. Huber 212.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein's monthly medal shoot: Champion highest score, A. Pape, 437; champion medal, not filled; first class, not filled; second class, L. Heino, 407; third class, not filled; fourth class, Ed Doell, 347; best first shot, A. Pape, 25; best last shot, J. Gefken, 24.

ROEEL.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

THE Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular bi-monthly shoot ot-day at Harbor View. H. Kroeckel, of Stockton, beat the club record one point in the .22cal. rifle match, making 15. He will receive a Columbia gold button for the feat. He leads in this match, with 173 for the ten best scores of the year, with H. G. Hoffman, 176, and C. M. Daiss, 180, close seconds. The other scores follow:

Columbia target, offhand shooting, 200yds., rifle: F. O. Young, 44, 51, 52, 56; G. Mannel, three-shot match, 17, 21.

Military and repeating rifle, Creedmoor count: H. Hinkel, 49, 47, 46, 46, 45; A. H. Pape, 49, 47, 47, 46, 45, 45; W. R. Berry, 45, 45, 44, 42, 42.

Fifty-yard range, pistol: E. Hovey, 37; F. Knostman, 43, 65; G. M. Barley, 46, 50; A. J. Brannagan, 49; H. Baker, 59, 63, 66, 68; R. Schneider, 64, 64, 64, 71, 73, 77, 77; J. R. Trego, 70, 78; G. Mannel, 74.

Revolver: A. J. Brannagan, 44, 56; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 46, 64, 68, 72, 73, 74, 82; F. O. Young, 51, 58.

Rifle, .22 and 25cal.: H. Kroeckel, 15; club record, 17, 18, 21; W. G. Hoffman, 17, 17, 18, 20, 21; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 18, 27, 30, 34, 35; F. O. Young, 19, 20, 24, 27; Dr. J. F. Twist, 20; H. Strecker, 21, 28, 32, 39; Mrs. C. F. Waltham, 31, 39; E. A. Allen, 38.

The above was Dec. 7, 1902, shoot. This ends my ten-year term as secretary, as I have resigned, from over-work.

F. O. YOUNG.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Dec. 21, the following scores were made under a tricky wind, from 3 to 6 o'clock. Gindele was champion of the day with the score of 90. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target:

Gindele	90 88 86 83 80	Lux	82 75 75 72 71
Payne	89 88 86 85 83	Freitag	79 74 70 67 66
Roberts	88 87 86 84 84	Jonscher	77 74 69 67 67
Hofer	86 78 77 77 74	Trounstine	76 74 70 68 67
Nestler	85 85 79 78 77	Drube	75 73 72 69 66
Odell	85 84 84 82 81	Hoffman	72 72 70 70 67
Bruns	82 77 76 74 73	Topf	70 62 60 57 54

Honor target: Gindele 26, Payne 23, Roberts 24, Hofer 25, Nestler 20, Odell 26, Bruns 21, Lux 25, Freitag 21, Jonscher 17, Trounstine 23, Drube 26, Hoffman 15, Topf 14.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 29.—In the non-members' contest at 50ft. on ¼in. 25-ring target, Frank Tompkins is ahead with a score of 237, Jas. Schmidt second with 229, Fred Tompkins third with 223.

C. G. Blandford made a good string at 75ft., shooting with arm extended—233, 236, 242, 243.

A limited re-entry match has been instituted for members on the 75ft. range; prize, a cup. Best 10-shot score to win; re-entries limited to five. Winner of last members' prize handicapped by having 1 point deducted from every score. E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Inter-county shoot and tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. Max Condit, Capt.

Jan. 1.—Paterson, N. J.—Open live-bird shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club.

Jan. 1.—Rutherford, N. J.—New Year's Day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New Year's Day target tournament.

Jan. 1.—East Rutherford, N. J.—Match at 50 live birds, $100 a side between C. Fleishman and John Heflich, at Hackensack River Bridge.

Jan. 1.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club; live birds and targets. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Wissinoming, Pa.—New Year's Day target tournament of the Florists' Gun Club; open to all.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—New Year's Day shoot of the South Side Gun Club.

Jan. 8.—Newark, N. J.—Match between J. W. Hoffman, New Germantown, Pa., and C. Steffens, New York, 100 live birds each, $100 a side, on Smith Brothers' grounds.

Jan. 13-15.—El Paso, Texas.—Grand midwinter carnival shooting tournament, under auspices of the El Paso Gun Club. W. H. Shelton, Sec'y.

Jan. 13-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Hamilton Gun Club's thirteenth annual grand Canadian live-bird handicap tournament.

Jan. 26-30.—Brenham, Texas.—Second annual Sunny South Handicap; live birds and targets.

Jan. 15.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Eastern three-man team live-bird championship, $7.50 per team, birds extra. For information address Gus Greiff, 318 Broadway, New York.

Feb. 9-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.

May —.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. T. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

June —.—Schenectady, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. F. Dreihs, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The programme of the grand thirteenth annual tournament and Grand Canadian Handicap, to be held by the Hamilton Gun Club, Jan. 13 to 16, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. John Hunter, 335 Cannon street east, Hamilton, Canada. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys in both the live-bird and target events. Handicaps in live-bird events, from 26 to 33yds. The afternoon of Jan. 12 will be devoted to practice. Targets, 2 cents. The management has given a bond to the customs, guaranteeing to American shooters the free entry of their guns on shipment to Thomas Upton, Hamilton, Can. Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, will assist in the management, and will serve on the handicap committee with Messrs. C. J. Mitchell, Brandford; E. N. McCarney, Buffalo; T. A. Duff, Toronto, and Dr. Overholt, Hamilton. The sliding handicap will be used in target events, 16 to 22yds. The management announces that the sum of $1,200 in prizes is guaranteed.

Mr. J. H. Outwater announces that there will be an all-day live-bird shoot at his Riverside grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., commencing at 10 o'clock sharp. There are three events on the programme: The Erie Gun Club Handicap, 7 birds, $5; the New York German Handicap, 10 birds, $7; the Hell Gate Handicap, 15 birds, $10. At 1 o'clock, Mr. W. B. Widmann, of Yardville, N. J., will endeavor to score 21 out of 25, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, for a stake of $50. Jersey City, Hoboken and Paterson trolley cars pass the grounds.

Mr. Harry M. Brigham, of Brooklyn, who for many months has been shooting in expert form, distinguished himself most pleasingly in the December shoots of the Crescent Athletic Club by winning the December cup, his three best scores from scratch being 47, 49 and 47, a trifle over 95 per cent., which he scored.

Mr. F. B. Cunningham, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament, will be held April 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1903. Three days at targets and one day at live birds."

Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers street, New York, informs us that at The Gun Club, and Hurlingham Club, England, Ballistite won more than twice as much as all other smokeless powders combined, the total amount being £19,548.10.

The tournament to be held under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 10 to 14, will be under the management of Mr. John Parker, assisted by Messrs. J. L. Head and A. D. Caldwell.

In the report of the Christmas Day shoot of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club the secretary, Mr. S. G. Miller, mentions that the club will begin actively for 1903 on Patriot's Day, April 19.

Messrs. W. Sanders, H. Pape and F. Ehlen have arranged to shoot a match, 25 birds, and $25 per man, Jan. 8, at Guttenburg, N. J.

The Mountainside Gun Club, of West Orange, N. J., will hold a shoot on New Year's Day.

BERNARD WATERS.

Regularity Between Barrels.

IN a previous article it was pointed out that one of the chief openings for improvement in the modern shotgun lies in the boring of the barrels. This is not because, strictly speaking, there are any new principles to be discovered or applied, but because the barrel of the average gun is, more often than not, the worst part about it. Judging by what has been written on the subject, and by the records that have been made in the past, it seems almost beyond comprehension that the specification of the all-round good barrel was not laid down long ago.

It is often regarded as a fluke if a gun shoots well, and it is a fluke in many instances; but overwhelming evidence could be adduced to show that barrel boring is a more exact science than is generally believed, and that bad shooting is mostly traceable to obvious mechanical defects. There are really two schools in barrel boring; the one seems to imply that the whole subject is a mystery, and that certain things produce certain results either for reasons unknown or on stated grounds, the quasi-scientific character of which is based on imaginary laws that are at variance with known facts. The other school appears to recognize that a connection really does exist between accurate workmanship in the boring of the barrels and regular and effective patterns. We hold with the last-mentioned view of the case, and we do so in the knowledge that the firms whose barrels give the best results employ the highest quality of labor in the preparation of the barrels. It might aid the further consideration of the subject if we were to explain what we consider to be desirable qualities in a barrel or pair of barrels. In the first place, there must be the greatest possible strength for the available weight of metal. This is a question primarily of design, and afterward of workmanship. Design shows where the metal ought to be; workmanship puts it there. Handiness of balance is involved in the foregoing, the barrels being made as light forward as is possible, not a quarter of an ounce being left that is not considered essential to comply with the standard of strength laid down.

The remaining qualities of the barrels are mainly involved in the shooting. They must be of a nature that will enable any well-loaded cartridge to give standard velocity and penetration. That is to say, the shot must not only leave the gun at a good speed, but the pellets must pass out of the muzzle in a condition to cover a sporting distance without undue depreciation of velocity. We thus place strength and safety first and velocity second, and we emphasize the fact in order to show that we put pattern third. We know that it is the most difficult to attain; but we say that it is a waste of time to attempt to many any serious deductions as to pattern unless it is first clear that the velocity is correct. It is not sufficient to know that a given lot of cartridges have a good velocity in some one else's gun; there must be a certainty that the cartridges give a good velocity in the gun which is to be tested for pattern. The conditions that enable a good cartridge to give a good velocity are a chamber true to the size of the cartridge, a well-shaped cone, and a barrel true to gauge. Generally speaking, there is a good velocity with a close-fitting chamber, and with a barrel small to gauge that holds the wads tightly, while the velocities are low when these things are on the large size. The question is not one of preventing the powder gases from getting past the wads, but of seeing that the full amount of gas is produced by the proper combustion of the powder, and this is only to be secured when the explosive is effectively confined during its period of action.

What, therefore, the well-instructed shooter wants is the amount of regularity and closeness of pattern that is consistent with good velocity. It might be, and often is, argued that the shooter does not always want a lot of velocity, particularly when recoil has to be studied in relation with light guns. The reply to this is that a certain value of velocity is essential, and that the reduction of recoil below that limit should be effected by altering the charge of shot rather than its velocity. Many well-informed writers have studied the relation of pattern to game shooting so closely that there is no need here to traverse the old ground. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the choke is less popular than ever among sportsmen—we except those of the order who like shooting sitting rabbits at 60 yards—and that best guns are almost universally bored to deliver 140 pellets out of the standard charge on the usual 30-inch circle at 40 yards. This, or any other, average pattern value can be obtained by regulating the amount of choke, so that quality of boring must be understood as applying mainly to repeating that pattern shot by shot with a minimum of variation, and by producing as regular a spread as is practicable.

Where experts seem to be at variance is as to the means of attaining the desired result. Gunmakers are not even agreed as to what is the standard diameter of a 12-bore barrel. The proof rules tell us that twelve spherical lead balls of a certain specific gravity weigh one pound when their diameter is .729 of an inch. This is the nominal 12-bore size, and seems simple enough at first sight, but as the inquiry proceeds, further complications arise. One eminent gunmaker, and a leader of opinion in such matters, is credited with making his barrels nearer to .740 of an inch than .735 of an inch. Others observe the absolute .729 of an inch, while a further proportion get as near as .729 of an inch as the proof rules allow, while qualifying the barrels for marking as of 12-bore. The remainder of the barrels are bored so as to be anything from .710 of an inch to .750 of an inch, as chance may decree. The result is anarchy of an extreme kind; but even then not so marked as the diversity which characterizes the different systems of boring—that is, the manner in which diameters vary from one part of the barrel to another, in accordance either with imaginary views of some supposed connection between experimental results obtained at the plate and the boring that may have seemed to be responsible for the idiosyncracies occurring.

We have made our readers familiar with our meaning when we speak of the freak-loading of cartridges, and we hope eventually to be equally emphatic in connection with freak methods of gun-boring. It is visibly more difficult to gain the knowledge necessary to arrive at a sound judgment where guns are concerned. Their cost places a limit at once on the number of varieties that can be tried, and it must further be recognized that there is so much of the human element in gun-boring, and exact standards are so difficult to maintain, and so many variations of result occur when there seems to be nothing to explain them, that he would be a bold man who would advance by more than single paces over so difficult a journey. However, progress can never be made without taking some risks, and we must, therefore, be content to limit those risks as far as possible, trusting meanwhile to arrive at something useful. Those who have studied mathematics can show how many thousand barrels would need to be tested in order to try every combination of varied boring that might be suggested. Taking a more practical view, we think it will simplify the task of working out a standard boring if the obvious and simple is first of all examined. If a barrel of standard chamber and suitable cone be bored a true cylinder right away to the choke, and prove to give good results, then the need for inquiring into fifty alternative methods of greater complication disappears. Our present frame of mind is a strong conviction, based on a variety of experiments, that the average gun would be a better average performer if it were bored truly to some accepted standard specification than if it were adjusted and regulated so as to reach a high standard of perfection with some particular cartridge the like of which it might never encounter again. When once a barrel starts to humor a barrel, relieve it a little here, ease off a trifle somewhere else, smooth off the cone, square up the choke, there is no knowing where it will lead him, though there is a fair probability that the last state of that barrel will be worse than the first. By all means, let every gun be tested at the plate, but only make those consequential changes that are designed to remove obvious defects, or are otherwise of a kind that experience shows can be no detriment.—Field (London).

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 27.—The December cup was captured by Mr. Harry M. Brigham, at the last December shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. Shooting from scratch, his best three scores were 47, 49, and 47 out of 50.

One trophy event at 15 targets, was won by H. B. Vanderveer. The other, at 25 targets, resulted in three ties.

The first shoot-off was a tie. In the second Frank Stephenson and Thomas W. Stake were still in the race. On the toss of a coin, Stake won. The scores:

Shoot for December cup, 50 targets: H. M. Brigham (0) 47, L. C. Hopkins (12) 47, F. B. Stephenson (2) 45, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (4) 45, W. W. Marshall (12) 43.

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, handicap: H. B. Vanderveer (2) 15, Dr. O'Brien (2) 14, Edward Banks (0) 13, D. C. Bennett (2) 13, W. J. McConville (3) 13, Dr. Pool (2) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, F. D. Mead (4) 12, W. W. Marshall (3) 11, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (1) 11, L. C. Hopkins (3) 9.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (1) 25, L. C. Hopkins (6) 25, T. W. Stake (5) 25, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 24, W. W. Marshall (6) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 24, R. E. Wigham (5) 24, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 22, Dr. O'Brien (5) 21, Grant Notman (4) 21, Edward Banks (0) 20, C. H. Chapman (8) 19, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 16.

Shoot-off, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (1) 24, L. C. Hopkins (6) 24, T. W. Stake (5) 24.

Shoot-off, 25 targets, handicap: F. B. Stephenson (1) 25, T. W. Stake (5) 25, L. C. Hopkins (6) 24.

Highland Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., Dec. 27.—There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Highland Gun Club to-day. The club championship event, 15 contestants, Dalton and Cantrell tied on 22 out of 25.

Club prize event, 25 targets: Dalton 22, Cantrell 22, Laurent 20, Harper 18, Green 18, Schaeffer 18, Dr. Cotting 18, Hinkson 18, Doc Wentz 17, Meehan 16, Denham 15, Brewster 15, Wayne 13, Mitchell 11, Davis 10, Wolf 9.

In the cup shoot Dr. Wentz and P. Laurent tied on 18 out of 25, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets they tied on 6. It was then too dark for further competition, and the tie was not shot off. The scores:

Club cup event, 25 targets: Laurent 18, Dr. Wentz 18, Green 17, Dr. Cotting 16, Meehan 16, Cantrell 16, Dalton 15, Denham 15, Hinkson 12, Wayne 12, Mitchell 11. Shoot-off: Laurent 6, Wentz 6.

The open sweepstake events were at 10 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles. The scores:

First event: Laurent 9, Dalton 8, Dr. Wentz 8, Harper 7, Dr. Cotting 6, Mitchell 4.

Second event: Laurent 10, Dr. Cotting 10, Dalton 9, Dr. Wentz 8, Hinkson 8, Wayne 7.

Third event: Laurent 9, Dr. Cotting 9, Dalton 8, Dr. Wentz 8, Hinkson 8, Wayne 7, E. Wentz 7.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 20.—In connection with to-day's contest Mr. A. W. du Bray gave a handsome prize to be shot for under the same handicaps at 100 targets. Parker made high score with 89, but not being a member was not entitled to the prize. R. Trimble was high, with 86, from 22yds.

The first 50 are counted in the regular cash prize contest. Quite a number of changes took place, eight out of the nine high men bettering their scores. Standing of the nine high men now is: R. Trimble 455, Ahlers 439, Gambell 420, Randall 420, E. Trimble 418, Coleman 417, Van Ness 409, Medico 408, Osterfeld 405, Block 404.

The scores of the twenty-sixth contest cash prize:

	1st 50.	2d 50.	T'l.		1st 50.	2d 50.	T'l.
Coleman, 18	45	39	84	Maynard, 18	39	31	75
R Trimble, 22	44	42	86	J B, 18	38	36	74
Van Ness, 18	43	42	85	Falk, 16	38	33	71
Medico, 18	43	32	75	Kirby, 17	36	40	76
Randall, 20	42	37	79	Roanoke, 16	36	37	73
Gambell, 19	42	41	83	Ackley, 16	32	23	55
Ahlers, 19	42	41	83	Dreihs, 17	32	40	72
E Trimble, 17	41	42	83	Corry, 17	31	35	66
Block, 17	41	42	83	Herman, 17	23	29	52
Parker, 17	41	48	89	Bauer, 16	22	28	50

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—A few members showed up for practice today. Foley tried his new Remington, and was very much pleased with it. The clay birds were thrown about 55yds., and as they have been frozen up for some time, they were hard to break. The birds used in the next two strings of 10 were brought in by the fire and thawed out before they were shot at. The results were better. After the third event, Foley tried 10 more birds and scored 9 of them dead. When shooting the 25-bird event we noticed many dusted birds. On retrieving them they were found to be shot full of holes.

A team of seven men from this club goes to Poughkeepsie on New Year's Day to try and bring back the inter-county cup:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10
W Coleman	15	8	6	C Blandford	17	8	8
A Bedell	14	..	..	J Foley	14	6	8

C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at East Rutherford.

East Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 15.—On Heflich's grounds there was a live-bird shoot to-day which was pleasant and good in every particular. The birds were excellent, but were blinded by the snow, and for that reason were not so prompt in flight. Mr. Heflich exercised his best endeavor to make the event agreeable, and succeeded admirably.

W Widman	2021112101— 8	22222—5	11112—5
Snipe	1211122120— 9	.....	21200—3
Heshe	11*21112*1— 8	.....	.....
Fleishman	2221220022— 8	22202—4	02020—2
Heflich	1222222222—10	22202—4	22022—4
Hawkyard	2222211120— 9	00222—3	11201—4
Interman	1211102112— 9	.....	.....
L Barlbary	2121121111—10	.....	.....
C von Lengerke	21*1212222— 9	.....	.....
J Ryan	1111111121—10	01202—3	.....
Dr Brooks	1112212111—10	.....	.....
L Hanenstine	0022122011— 7	.....	.....
J Hanns	2210102220— 7	.....	.....
Pop Heflich	01101101*1— 6	.....	.....
G Giffert	.....	.....	00012—2

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 25.—This was a handicap merchandise shoot, but the following are the actual scores made. The shoot, taken all together, was a great success, considering the disagreeable day, and every one expressed himself as highly pleased. There will be another merchandise shoot on New Year's Day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	25	15	15	15	25	Targets:	15	25	15	15	15	25
Greiff	7	16	4	5	9	16	Meyer	..	12	9	11	..	19
Eickhoff	7	15	11	10	5	13	Bittner	..	..	11	5	7	10
Morrison	11	17	10	11	13	20	Moore	..	..	8	1	4	5
Dudley	12	17	11	10	8	20	Kerme	..	..	7	..	7	19
Thees	..	10	9	6	7	8	Allison	..	..	..	..	..	16
Merrill	8	13	9	8	8	15	Richter	..	..	..	..	..	22
Vosselman	..	7	3	5	4	7	Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	..	5 ..

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Keystone Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 25.—The following scores were made at the holiday shoot of the Keystone Gun Club to-day by the club members and their friends.

Event 1 was at 10 birds, $5 entrance. Nos. 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, $3 entrance.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Hassinger	1112220122— 9	02111—4	12221—5	1201121012—8
Dr Roof	1211001121— 8	11*22—4	1*122—4	*210111110—7
John Weiler	2210120121— 8	21*12—4	11221—5	.....
Erhard	2011001212— 7	11021—4	11111—5	2122110101—8
Leuthauser	2111111211—10	01111—4	.....	.....
Perment	2111111211—10	01111—4	.....	.....
M Weiler	1120010220— 6	22122—5	22121—5	.....
Fischer	1121211020— 8	.....	.....	.....
Dr Jans	2011021122— 8	.....	.....	.....
G Priffen	2022222202— 8	22020—3	.....	.....
Schilling	2200201111— 7	11222—5	12112—5	.....
Cuckoo	0122020202— 6	.....	.....	.....
Koegel	2212022121— 9	12120—4	.....	.....
Geoffrey	2002211122— 8	01211—4	11120—4	.....
Horton	2121102012— 8	21102—4	.....	.....
Clinckard	.....	.....	.....	1110112102—8

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Dec. 27.—Event No. 1 was a turkey shoot at 25 targets, 25 cents entrance, at the Christmas Day shoot of the Mountainside Gun Club. Mr. H. Wethling was high with 22. There was a good attendance, and the scores were good, considering that the day was devoted to a heavy snowstorm by the weather clerk.

The turkey event resulted as follows:

J McDonough	1110111111100011111001111—19
A Baldwin	1101101111101111110001010—17
Ziegler	1111010011110101111001011—17
F Wright	1011101011001100010010011—13
G Ziegler	0111111111110111010011011—19
R Baldwin	0101101100000011111111001—14
W Germain	1100111101110001111010111—17
H Wethling	1111111111111111101011011—22
Ray Baldwin	0101001000010010011111001—11

No. 2, for recoil pad:

J McDonough	1100010101111011110000111—15
A Baldwin	0110111011110001111110111—18
C Ziegler	1001111001111111110110111—19
G Ziegler	1111001100101111111000110—16
R Baldwin	1001001011010010001111011—13
W Germain	1111010001111001111010101—16
H Wethling	1111110100010111010010101—15
Ray Baldwin	1011000011001111001111010—14

Ten-bird sweeps:

J McDonough	1010001110— 5	1110110011— 7
A Baldwin	0101111011— 7	1101111111— 9
Ralph Baldwin	1011110011— 7	1101100110— 6
G Ziegler	1110101010— 6	1001100111— 6
C Ziegler	1111010111— 8	1100111110— 7
H Wethling	0101111100— 6	0110111111— 8

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenburg, N. J., Dec. 20.—The December shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held on Intermann's grounds, Guttenburg, to-day. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, in the club event, won Class A, L. Wohleib won Class B. Schortemeier and Greiff tied on 10 straight, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Schortemeier won in the sixth round. The scores:

F Ehlen, 28	0220021121— 7	C Thyssen, 28	1111122010— 8
H Pape, 28	2111011222— 9	J Luhrman, 25	0221222020— 7
Job Lott, 30	1221221211—10	W Rinckhoff, 28	11200*1121— 7
C Meyer, 30	2112122212—10	G Greiff, 28	1222122212—10
J Interman, 28	2121*01122— 8	C Steffens, 30	2112212211—10
F Kastens, 28	01*1110220— 6	A Wohleib, 25	1210221110— 8
J Kroeger, 28	0221100121— 7		

Challenge medal, 15-bird handicap:

C Meyer, 30	201212102001110—10
H Pape, 28	111*10221202122—12

Team race:

H Pape	22202—4	Ehlen	22101—4
Steffens	12222—5	C Meyer	12211—5
Interman	012*2—3	Kroeger	11101—4
Thyssen	02200—2	Kastens	01011—3
Rinckhoff	11*11—4—18	Wohleib	10221—4—20

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Dec. 22.—The Bound Brook Gun Club held a target shoot on Dec. 22. Three members took part in the prize cup event. The scores follow:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Dr Parde	0	37	37	Brampton	8	26	34
Dr Bache	1	36	37				

Mr. Neaf Apgar was present, and made a run of 50 straight, 25 from the 20yd. mark. MEMBER.

Munson—Reed.

Lake Denmark, N. J., Dec. 23.—A match was shot here to-day between Mr. Reed, of Middlesex Driving Park, and Mr. Munson, of Dover, at 25 live birds, $50 purse, loser to pay for birds. The lost birds were all dead out. The rise was 30yds. The scores follow:

Reed	2222222222222222*2*22*222—22
Munson	22*2222*2222222222222222—23

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Dec. 25.—The 25-target event was free to all members, at the shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club, held to-day. There were five prizes. The ties were shot off miss-and-out, and the winners were: First, Peter Rasmus; second, Dr. Chas. Brooks; third, M. Rasmus; fourth, T. Gempp; fifth, J. Rasmus. The next shoot will be held on Jan. 1. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		8
Targets:	25	25	10	10	10	10	10	H	25
T Gempp	12	17	7	3	4	6	6	3	18
H Krug	14	19	8	10	8	5	8	..	14
W Johnson	..	..	5	3	..	..	2	5	12
M Rasmus	..	..	2	4	..	..	6	5	17
Dr C Brooks	..	..	7	..	..	..	7	3	19
P Rasmus	..	..	6	4	9	5	6	8	24
J Vohs	..	..	8	7	6	5	4	8	24
J Rasmus	..	..	2	2	..	..	3	10	16
W Brightly	..	..	5	6	5	..	2	5	9
Joe de Pauw	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	16	18
W Rasmus	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 20.—That the Inter-county shoot and tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, to be held on New Year's Day, will be well attended and consequently a success, there seems to be no doubt, Capt. Condit having heard from the several clubs along the river, each assuring him of their support. The trade, too, is rapidly falling in line, and will favor us by sending their representatives here, several having already assured us of their support, and we have good cause for believing that other prominent manufacturers will send their representatives to this shoot.

Owing to the unfavorable weather conditions for several weeks past, not much has been done toward getting our men in shape for the team shoot in defense of the cup that we were so fortunate in winning at Ossining on Thanksgiving Day. To-day, however, eight men faced the traps, and a strong north wind, which seemed to delight in raising the birds to a lofty height, in six events, with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	10	25	15	25	15	10	at.	Broke.
Adriance	4	..	6	13	..	..	50	23
Traver	9	19	12	..	10	8	75	58
Wettereau	5	..	6	18	..	..	50	29
Briggs	5	2	..	13	..	..	40	20
Spencer	4	..	5	18	9	5	75	41
Winans	8	..	8	17	..	..	50	33
C A Clay	..	17	..	..	13	8	50	38
Condit	..	23	..	..	10	..	40	33

Briggs dropped out of event No. 2 after shooting five rounds.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Christmas Day was not such a day as shooters like, the weather being decided unfavorable for good scores. Notwithstanding that there was a snowstorm in progress, and that no regular shoot had been scheduled, five men could not resist the temptation to face the traps. They shot 100 rounds each, in four 25-bird events as follows:

Buckley	17 19 22 19—77	Winans	15 18 16 16—65
Perkins	12 15 13 14—54	Du Bois	15 18 21 20—74
Condit	21 20 16 21—78		

To-day (Saturday), at the regular weekly practice shoot of this club, fine weather and a close proximinity to the inter-county shoot and tournament to be held by this club on New Year's Day, had the effect of bringing out eleven men. Six events were shot off, with results as shown by following scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	25	10	15	10	15	10	at.	Broke.
Adriance	15	6	12	..	..	..	50	33
Wettereau	18	9	13	..	..	..	50	40
Perkins	19	7	10	7	11	..	75	54
Condit	20	8	15	..	..	..	50	43
Claymark	11	7	12	10	9	..	75	49
Du Bois	16	6	11	7	12	9	85	61
Briggs	18	7	10	..	..	..	50	35
Spencer	13	6	9	4	..	..	60	32
Corlies	13	3	2	..	..	..	50	18
Winans	23	6	10	..	14	7	75	60
Traver	20	7	13	8	14	..	75	62

SNANIWEH.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Dec. 20.—Twelve contestants participated in a practice shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club to-day. The weather was pleasant and favorable for trapshooting. A number of team shoots was the competition of main interest.

First race, 15 targets per man, resulted as follows:

Warnick 14, H. E. Greene 14, Adams 12, M. P. Rice 7, A. A. Green 10, Wallburg, 14; total 71.

Levengston 14, Hull 12, Borden 11, Lovejoy 12, Valentine 14, Arnold 10; total 73.

Second race, same conditions:

Wallburg 12, H. E. Greene 13, Hull 12, Adams 13, Lovejoy 13, M. P. Rice 10; total 73.

Valentine 13, Warnick 14, Levengston 14, A. A. Green 13, Arnold 11, E. W. Rice 8; total 73.

Shoot-off: This race being a tie, the match was decided by a 10-bird race, as the approaching darkness would not allow a longer race:

Valentine 7, Warnick 10, Levengston 8, A. A. Green 9, Arnold 5, E. W. Rice 8; total 47.

Wallburg 6, H. E. Greene 10, Hull 6, Adams 8, Lovejoy 4, M. P. Rice 7; total 41.

Mr. Levengston was obliged to leave before the tie was shot off. Mr. Warnick was allowed to shoot for both himself and Mr. Levengston.

During the afternoon Mr. M. P. Rice and Mr. Lovejoy shot a challenge match for position on the second team of the club. Mr. Rice was defeated by a score of 25 to 31 in a 50-target match.

There will be no shooting on Christmas Day, but the last shoot of 1902 will take place on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27. Members are earnestly requested to come in the early afternoon, as darkness prevents shooting after 4:20.

There will be shooting on New Year's Day from 9:30 A. M. until 3 P. M., on the grounds, and it is expected there will be a large turnout.

The total scores made during the afternoon are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	25	25	25	15	15	15	Av.
Warnick	22	25	24	14	..	..	.944
H E Greene	19	22	23	14	..	..	.866
Levengston	18	22	..	13	14	..	.837
A A Green	20	22	..	10	..	..	.800
Valentine	15	20	..	12	14	..	.762
Hull	16	20	18	..	..	..	.726
Borden	14	18	..	13	13	11	.726
Adams	14	21	..	11	12	..	.725
E W Rice	16	..	..	12	..	..	.700
Wallburg	13	18	..	9	14	..	.675
Arnold	16	15	..	9	10	..	.641
Lovejoy	12	17	..	8	11	12	.631
M P Rice	13	17	..	11	8	7	.590

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 27.—We have not been dead, only sleeping; woke up and had a very nice little shoot Christmas Day. The weather was anything but fine, but cold and snow could not dampen the ardor of a few of the faithful, and some very fine scores were made. Our general utility man, Will Kirkwood, who cannot go to a shoot and enjoy himself unless he does all the work, and Miss Jennie Kirkwood, of Boston, braved the cold and snow, and said they had a good time, and all hope they did. Messrs. Spofford, Follansbee, Lockwood and Hatch were over from Amesbury, and Messrs. Brown and Bateman made their first visit, and we hope to see more of them. The number of shooters who participated was not large, but what may have been lacking in numbers was fully made up in enthusiasm and good fellowship. We have probably laid away our plaything until about April 19 (Patriot's Day), when we hope to start out for an unusually successful season at the traps. The summary follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	Av.
William	9	9	8	7	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.785
Lockwood	9	8	7	8	6	8	9	9	7	7	6	5	8	..	..	..	.746
Spofford	8	7	10	9	7	10	8	8	9	4	7	7	..	..	..	..	.783
Hatch	5	9	7	7	9	7	8	8	9	7	9	9	7	..	..	..	.776
Miller	7	9	6	9	8	7	8	7	8	4	5	5	3	8	9	12	.676
Childs	8	5	8	8	6	7	7	8	7	7	9	8	7	10	10	..	.766
Cole	5	8	5	5	6	9	7	3	7	7	5	5	6	6	4	..	.520
Bateman	1	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.233
Brown	10	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.850
Tozier	6	8	7	9	8	7	8	9	10	10	10	9	7	7	..	..	.821
Follansbee	..	10	8	8	9	8	8	8	4	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	.770
George	..	..	8	8	9	9	8	9	10	10	8	8	10	9	9	..	.884
Lloyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	10	..	..	.636
Griggs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	19	.760
Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	.450

The conditions were alternately regular and unknown angles.

S. G. MILLER, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 26.—Owing to the cold and snow, only a few shooters participated in the target events of the South End Gun Club, on its grounds on Boyer's Island, yesterday. The averages made were decidedly not up to the standard, the dark background interfering very much in that respect. Walters made the highest individual average of the day, with 103 targets out of 130. The scores:

Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Walters	5	10	7	10	7	9	8	9	9	7	5	8	9
Yost	8	8	5	8	7	8	7	7	5	8	5	7	7
Eshelman	8	8	8	7	3	8	8	7	7	6	6	8	9
Schultze	8	6	7	8	5	7	8	7	6	5	5	8	8
Jones	7	7	7	8	6	7	7	6	5	7	7	5	6
Gerhart	6	7	8	10	5	6	5	7	7	5	9	6	5
Farrer	6	5	6	9	7	3	7	4	8	6	4	5	8
Miles	6	7	7	5	6	6	5	8	5	7	7	7	6
Gicker	7	7	8	7	7	7	7	7	4	8	..	..	..
Matthias	7	8	9	5	10	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	5	3	6	8	9	8	8	6	8	..	..	..	..

Oakbrook, Pa., Dec. 24.—On the grounds of the Oakbrook Gun Club to-day Richard D. Bechtel, John B. Kurtz and Peck Brendel took part in a shoot at pigeons. The first match, at 7 birds, for $25, resulted as follows: Bechtel 7, Kurtz 6, Brendel 2.

Second match, at 3 birds, for a purse of $7.50, resulted as follows: Bechtel 2, Kurtz 3, Brendel 1.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 20.—The Court of Common Pleas of Berks County to-day, on motion of J. Bennett Nolan, granted a charter to the Schuylkill Rod and Gun Club, of Millmont. The trustees for the first year are Oscar Croh, Jacob Weitzenkorn and Howard Harvey.

Dec. 27.—A live-bird shooting match was held at Tulpehocken and Greenwich streets, to-day, under the auspices of Albert and George Krick. The scores:

U Rittenhouse	1100101111—7
J Dearolf	1111010101—7
M Katzenmoyer	0111111111—9
H Ball	1011011010—6

Robesonia, Pa., Dec. 20.—The live-bird shooting match held here to-day under the auspices of the Robesonia Rod and Gun Club was a grand success, and attracted sportsmen from Reading, Strouchsburg, Wernersville, Richard, and Womelsdorf. The scores follow:

First event, 7 birds, $3 entrance: G. McClennon 2, F. Reed 3, W. Spatz 6, H. Caldren 4, G. Zeller 5.

Second event, 7 birds, $3 entrance: G. McClennan 1, F. Reed 1, W. Spatz 5, H. Coldren 6, G. Zeller 4.

Lorane, Pa., Dec. 25.—The target shoot of the Lorane Rod and Gun Club held on William K. Lutz's shooting grounds to-day was well attended, shooters being in attendance from Reading, Baumstown, Birdsboro, Gibraltar and Monocacy. The scores follow:

Event No. 1, 10 targets:

J Quinter	0111111111— 9	Smith	0011101110— 6
F Dearolf	0110100000— 3	G Killion	0010111111— 7
Rittenhouse	1110000011— 5	Lutz	1010100111— 6

Event No. 2, 15 targets:

G Killion	0101001111111010— 9	J Eberhart	1000111111110100— 9
Rittenhouse	0000010000000001— 2	Smith	1010101000011000— 6
Brown	1101110101111011—11	Katzenmoyer	0101010110100— 6
A Hass	0110000110100001— 6	A Killion	0010001101111101— 8
F Dearolf	1010100010000010— 5	Witherhold	1100000111000000— 5
H Brown	0110100101011000— 7		

Event No. 3, 15 targets:

F Dearolf	1011110111100011—11	G Killion	0000100000010100— 3
Smith	0000000100010000— 2	Kohl	1010000000000000— 2
Rittenhouse	0101110001111011— 9	Killion	1000001101011000— 6
Clauser	0010010010011000— 5	J Brown	0101111111111111—13
H Brown	1001100010110100— 7	G Huber	0000110101000000— 4
A Killion	0011100110101110— 9	Smith	1111111100101000—10
C Dearolf	1010100011101100— 8		

Special match between Heber Brown, of Gibraltar, and W. K. Lutz, of Lorane, 25 targets, $5 a side, resulted in a victory for Lutz, who scored 19 to his opponent's 4. Brown was shooting a strange gun, as he broke his gun in practice on Dec. 24, and was compelled to use a borrowed gun, which he blames for his defeat. The scores:

H Brown	0000010000100000010000100— 4
W K Lutz	0111110111110111111100110—19

DUSTER.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New England Lady down South Discovers a Practical Use for the Passion Flower.

THE Passion Flower that is prized so highly in the North as an ornamental flower, is a common field vine down South that overruns the farmers' corn patches and gives him trouble to keep it weeded out. In the South it comes to full maturity and has on it a fruit the size and shape of a hen's egg. The skin is rather tough. The inside of skin or rind is covered with a jelly-like substance somewhat similar to the pomegranate, but is a creamy whiteness, and has a very peculiarly fragrant perfume, unlike any other fruit or flower.

Mrs. Geo. R. Morgan, a very thrifty New England woman, who went South with her husband to Pinebluff, N. C., the winter health resort located on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, last winter to build up a home in the South, has discovered that the fruit of this peculiar flower (the Southerners call it Maypop) makes the finest kind of jelly, possessing a flavor not equaled by jelly made from other fruit. Mrs. Morgan has put up several hundred packages of this jelly, and the demand for it is so great that she is selling it for twenty-five cents a tumbler.

There are many things down South that the enterprising Northerners, who are settling there find they can put into practical use.

This is the season when salmon anglers must make their preparations for the fishing, which will begin next June, and it is now that the Labrador Company, of Montreal, advertise their rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, a list of which is found elsewhere. Some of these rivers are short, and others long, and they are variously expected to yield from 300 down to 25 salmon. After the salmon season is over, grilse and sea trout are abundant in these streams, and furnish good sport.

Every angler needs a minnow bucket for carrying live bait. The Hall's telescopic buckets have three compartments, for minnows, frogs and for ice, which keeps the living bait fresh and in good condition. The Hall Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, O., tells us that these buckets may be seen at all tackle dealers, but if by chance a dealer does not have them, one may write to the manufacturers for a description.

"Miss Simplicity" is the attractive name of the motor manufactured by the St. Joseph Motor Co., of St. Joseph, Mich. Certainly there can be no more desirable quality in an efficient piece of machinery than simplicity; and this motor is sold under a guarantee that there is nothing of higher grade on the market, either for material, workmanship or equipment.

Mr. H. M. Brigham, a scratch contestant of the Crescent Athletic Club won the club's December cup with three best scores, 47, 49 and 47 out of 50, a total of 143 out of 150, at Bay Ridge, L. I. Another member, Mr. F. B. Stephenson, on Dec. 27 broke 95 out of 100. Each used Peters High Gun shells and Infallible powder.

In the match at 25 live birds per man, for a $50 purse, between Messrs. Reed and Munson, at Lake Denmark, N. J., Dec. 23, Mr. Munson won. Score 23 to 22. Munson used U. M. C. Arrow; Reed used U. M. C. Trap shells.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby arrived in New York last week in time to enjoy the holiday season with his family and friends in the East. He was looking as fine as a two-year-old racing colt, a testimonial to the healthfulness of the great West.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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w and evil are the days of all the forest likely e, while Man, both barbarian and civilized, ents them with fires, fatal at once to seed- , and at length to the aged also.

Dr. Asa Gray.

A WINTER DAY.

ER the soft gray fringe of slender twigs, which the swamp, the red ball of the sun is slowly ris- to begin his journey over the low arc which he rs during the short winter day. The air is very but still, and looking toward the sun, one can see ads of tiny floating particles of frozen moisture, h glitter like snowflakes in the bright rays, yet only the thinnest haze in the atmosphere. Each and grass blade and weed stalk and fence rail is ened by crystals of frozen moisture—jewels more iant than any that ever came from the mine— se sparkling changes every instant, as the sun hes them at a different angle.

is wonderfully still. There is no sound of bird east; nothing but the sharp squeaking of the crisp w under foot, or its occasional breaking as the dog s back to meet us and then starts on again. But enly there comes faintly on the quiet air the mellow ic of distant hounds, which quickly dies away.

s the day goes on, the temperature will rise; per- s the snow will begin to melt, little birds will come from the sheltered places where they have been dling for warmth, and will hurry across the white ds or alight in a close flock in some tree, perhaps ely to rest in the sun, perhaps to seek for food at ends of the twigs or among the crevices in the k of the larger branches.

s we make a long round on foot, we may read in snow the story of some of the happenings of the ht. Up among the rocky and brush-grown hills fol- ing a stone wall that runs through a grove of cedars, een the track of a fox made last night. When he sed along he was no longer looking for food, had started away from his hunting grounds, back some safe place where he might rest during the , lying at ease in the sun, sheltered from the wind, l waiting until appetite should move him to start on another search for food.

Before his footsteps have been followed far, it is in that this will be a busy day for him. He has pped, looked around, and has then changed his y trot to a long gallop, and a little further on are nd the tracks of two hounds, which will keep him ng for the day. It was their musical clamor that heard faintly as we first started out this morning.

Turning back, and coming down the hill, we pass on other side of the swamp behind the barn, and here ong the tall weed stems that project high above snow, are many traces of the winter birds, that are ways here but are so seldom seen in the bitter ather. The light snow is trampled in all directions tiny tracks, and is strewn with the torn fragments seed vessels of the weeds. Passing through the rner of the swamp, we come suddenly on the old g, forgotten for the last few moments, standing ozen on the track of a ruffed grouse, which shows ainly in the snow. A moment later, far ahead, but ainly heard and distinctly seen through the naked ee stems, the great bird rises from the ground, and ales off toward another piece of woods. The sea- n is closed and we are without a gun, yet, as our rection is that which he has taken, we follow him. issing under the naked branches of the great oak d crossing the road, the woods are entered, and here erywhere are signs that the gray squirrels have been at work unearthing the nuts providently buried at a more clement season. Their tracks—or, perhaps, it is the track of only one—lead in many directions, and every few yards the snow has been scraped away and a little hole dug, from which no doubt a nut of chest- nut, or hickory, or beech, has been taken. Further along in another swamp, now hard and frozen, over which one may walk with comfort, are the tracks of Brother Rabbit, who has wandered here and there with devious footsteps, apparently without aim, but no doubt with a very clear notion in his head of what he wished to do. The dog is kept in and the tracks followed, un- til suddenly the rabbit is seen to have taken the alarm at something, and with six-foot jumps has made his way toward some distant cover, whither we shall not follow him.

Toward evening, another round is taken; by the pond, where rosy-cheeked children are skating merrily, up through the hollow into black cedar gorges, where the light is dim and now and then a snowclad sapling stands like a ghost, lurking in the sombre winter twilight.

Across the already darkening sky in a scattered flock the crows are faring homeward to some inland roost from their feeding grounds along the shore, silent so far as we can tell, for they are far away. Nearer at hand a sharp-shinned hawk is hunting through the tops of the woods, flying swiftly but aimlessly. Soon he, too, must abandon his quest.

Passing out of the wood and into the road, we come upon a great birch tree standing by the wall, on whose catkins white-throated sparrows and blue snowbirds and tree sparrows have been feeding, scattering their fragments over the snow beneath the tree. The sun is just dropping below the horizon, and here in the shadow of the woods has been long out of sight, and now the birds in little groups on softly fluttering wings, are making short journeys along the hedgerow, seek- ing some thick clump of bushes or the close-set foliage of some cedar in which to pass the night.

Clambering to the top of a high rocky knoll, we look off toward the west and see the absolutely un- clouded sky, which the sun has just deserted, red be- low, and then yellow, and then green, changing to blue and then almost to black as the eastern horizon is reached. The first stars are just looking down from the windows of the heavens. Every feature of the landscape toward the west stands sharply outlined against the brilliant sky. We recognize each hill and valley and undulation, and even each individual tree and its relation to surrounding objects.

The air is as cold and clear and dry and still as when the day began. The tramp over hill and valley, through field and wood, has made the blood flow joyously through the veins.

WE print in another column an appeal made by the New York League for the cooperation of sportsmen throughout the State to secure the adoption of the amendments approved at the late meeting of the League in Syracuse. The method adopted to gain the atten- tion of the Legislature is to work through the local members of the League to interest the support of the Senators and Assemblymen from the several counties. It is very important that such work should be done now; that each member of the Legislature may be ad- vised of the wishes of his own constituents, and thus may be prepared to act intelligently when the amend- ments shall be brought up for consideration. It is reasonable that the changes proposed by the League should have favorable action by the Legislature. The League is a representative body; in spirit, and in fact it represents in a broad way the sentiment of the State. There will always be differences of opinion on the game laws. No one law ever devised will suit every- body. But when the League has given its approval of a law, that may justly be accepted as an expression of the will of the majority, and the enactment of that law by the Legislature may well follow.

The famous New York cold storage game case, which is a suit by the People to recover something over a million dollars in penalities for the possession of game in the close season, was to have come before the Court of Appeals at the present term; but on Mon- day of this week a postponement was asked for because of the illness of counsel. The constitutionality of the law imposing a penalty for the possession of game out of season is one of the points at issue; and the magni- tude of the interests involved is such as should insure carrying the case to the highest courts, where the question may be finally settled for all time.

The report which Mr. E. Hofer sends us on the game conditions in the Yellowstone National Park makes most interesting reading. Elk, buffalo, deer, mountain sheep and antelope are present on every hand and in increasing numbers. Even the buffalo, which have been so long re- garded as a species of doubtful perpetuity, under the new conditions promise to survive for a long time to come. Thus the National Park is fulfilling that one of its purposes, which is to furnish refuge and security for the American big game, which without such a harbor must perish. The wild creatures are not only quick to learn that the Park is a place of safety for them, but under the immunity there given them they soon come to lose in a measure their fear of man, and the most grati- fying feature of the Park game supply of to-day is the friendliness which holds between brute and human. The present conditions in the Park are due in large measure to the interest, ability and tact with which the preserve is administered by Capt. Pitcher, the acting superinten- dent. It is a pleasing subject to which we shall recur.

The ancient story of St. Hubert's miraculous vision of a stag wearing between its antlers a shining crucifix, referred to in these columns last week, has brought out from a highly esteemed Boston correspondent a bit of higher criticism which makes this point:

> One hates to say anything destructive of old traditions, but your paper of to-morrow has an article on St. Hubert, in which it says that on Good Friday, A.D. 650 that worthy man saw a white stag with a cross between his antlers. Supposably, Good Friday in A.D. 650 was about the same time of year as now: Is there a man living who has seen a deer with antlers in April?

This recalls the story of the artist who had painted angels without the conventional wings, and when a critic exclaimed, "Who ever saw an angel without wings?" retorted, "Who ever saw one with wings?" We are free to say that a person who will disbelieve the St. Hubert legend because of the April antlers has no poetry in his soul. The tale of St. Hubert's apparition, like that of the fierce wolf of Gubbio, converted by St. Francis, demands for its acceptance a state of mind; and when one has that, the condition of April antlers or no antlers will not mar his appreciation of the legend.

The carrying of firearms into the game country in close time should be prohibited. To forbid the shooting of game, while at the same time permitting the presence of game shooting implements, is an unreasonable condition. Whatever may be the subterfuge by which the bearer of arms seeks to justify his having a gun, the real reason is that he has provided himself with the weapon in order that he may shoot game. Whether in a woodcock cover in summer or the Maine woods in summer, this is the true reason for having firearms along. There are laws already in some States which provide that the having in possession firearms in the fields in close time shall be *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law. Is there any sufficient reason why such a rule should not be of universal application?

The Chicago game dealer who expects one of these days to receive consignments from private game pre- serves stocked with pheasants is probably very near to the truth of what is to come in the future of American game conditions. The preserve system will be commonly adopted. When the FOREST AND STREAM first proposed the absolute prohibition of the sale of game, objection was made by some of our English correspondents that such a rule would shut out from the market a supply of food from the game preserves. The sufficient answer to this at the time was that there were no game preserves in this country which could supply game to the markets. That was nearly ten years ago, and the conditions have not yet changed.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Elk Hunt in the Tumbled Lands

BY THE PARSON.

ANYONE looking on the map for the Tumbled Lands would fail to find where they are located, as the name died with the breaking up of the first hunter's camp ever pitched there. They are in Custer County, Nebraska, and the picture here drawn is as they were seen many years after the events described took place, on a cold gloomy evening, requiring a fire to bring anything like a pleasant memory out of the past. But as the blaze freshens and roars merrily up the chimney and its genial warmth spreads we begin to see things that are colored by the comfortable feeling we enjoy. The shadows of the grate bars turn to the shadows of tall cedars, and the walls of the room turn to the cut bank walls of a deep canyon. The fire is of red cedar logs piled high and keep up a merry popping and snapping. It is built in a little pocket made by a washout in one of the walls of the canyon, and is surrounded and overhung by green cedar boughs and trees.

Game had become scarce in the vicinity of the main camp with so many coming and going. A week before a settler had come from below after a load of meat and we had advised him to go far back into the Tumbled Lands whither most of the game had retreated. The Tumbled Lands were the high hills where all the creeks and canyons running into the middle Loup River headed. We called it Tumbled Lands because all the hills looked as if they had tumbled into their present position and would tumble some more on the slightest provocation. There was no water in the Tumbled Lands, and so we helped the settler cut ice from the river and load his wagon with the cakes that his temporary camp might be supplied with water.

When he got discouraged and went home he had told us there was one cake of ice left. On the strength of this Will and I had decided on a camp trip to the Tumbled Lands. We had carried the cake of ice a mile or two further into rougher hills and deeper canyons and pitched our camp in the most secluded and sheltered spot we could find. Our quest was elk and the hills were full of them, and as we sat in the warm glow of the fire with our backs against a log we felt deeply complacent within ourselves, for we had read and talked of hunting adventures long years before we had ever dreamed of anything like this.

By daybreak we were climbing the walls, thrilled by the vigor of health and bright anticipations. From the top of the wall we looked on a tumbled and jumbled mass indeed. Cut bank canyons showed all about zigzagging this way and that, and intersecting each other. Here and there the evergreen top of a cedar showed a few feet or a few inches above the tops of the walls. Here and there cedars clung up and down the face of the walls wherever they could gain a foothold. Some of these trees grew to be two or three feet in diameter before the wash of time loosened them and sent them down. Along these walls where no grass grew they were safe from destruction by prairie fire. Most of the canyons had abrupt endings, or beginnings rather, dropping away fifty to a hundred feet from the first break in the rod above. Around these abrupt beginnings usually grew a cluster of cedars clinging to any inequality in the walls, while at the bottow would be a great mass of dead and fallen timber that had been dislodged from the walls from time to time. The bottoms of the canyons were usually wide and smooth, and here and there plum thickets would start and get quite a growth before deadened by the fire. Solitary elms, too, were a feature, having escaped until they gained such strength as to defy the heat made by the burning of thin and scattered bunch grass. Some of these elms were giants in girth and spread of branch. Over such a country we were to hunt for the next two days, that being the time we calculated our ice and provisions would last. We were at high tension when we started out, for everywhere were signs of elk and deer. When we reached the top of the main divide we separated, Will following it in one direction and I going in the opposite. From the top of this main divide we could look down on to a lower country on either hand and get a far better idea of the tumbled condition of things. Rows of canyons and gullies headed on either side of it, and we could look down into all sorts of pockets and chasms. Slowly I worked on, carefully scanning each hillside ravine, stopping often to more closely examine suspicious looking objects.

Twice I saw moving objects in the distance which I knew to be elk or deer, but too far away for my purpose. Once a black-tail buck broke cover only a few hundred yards away and crossed the divide in front of me, but I did not want to take chances of alarming possible other game on an uncertain shot. At last I smelled elk. The wind came from the direction of a canyon which headed just below and I climbed down into it to examine. There were fresh elk signs all about, but I saw nothing of the elk and went back to the crest of the main divide. There I selected a good point for observation and sat down and kept a close watch all about for something to move. Soon my eye fell upon what at first seemed a cluster of dead scrub bushes with the bark off the smaller branches, leaving them white-tipped. Under closer inspection some of them took on the shape of elk horns. The body of an elk gets quite white in winter and very closely resembles dead buffalo grass in color. My attention once fixed, however, they all came out plain, and there lay six bull elk on a little knoll in open view.

They were closely bunched and each carried a splendid pair of antlers, making a very fair imitation of a thicket of dead scrub. I laid out my course from where I sat, marking each ravine or divide I should follow by tree or cut bank, and finally the mouth of a ravine up which I should go to a certain peculiarly marked knoll that was just opposite the elk. From the top of this knoll I would be in easy range. I could walk up behind it and creeping to the crest be in perfect position. Just below me was the head of a small canyon into which I must drop without being seen. I was in plain sight, but trusting to distance for a screen I worked my way down feet first and was soon concealed in the shadow of the canyon.

In the bottom I again smelled elk and was alarmed lest a bunch be started and they in turn start the objective bulls. Elk smell like sheep, and the bed ground of a bunch of them smells like an old sheep yard for hours after they are gone. I have smelled elk several time in a day's hunt without seeing a single animal, and that, too, in a country where I should be sure to see them at some point in their flight if any had been started.

Once in the canyon the stalk was easy, as all I had to do was to carefully note the land marks and turn in at the right side draw. Climbing the knoll I had marked and creeping to the top, I looked over, keeping as much of a screen of grass between my face and the game as possible. And, indeed, there was something to see. The six patriarchs lay in close bunch 200 feet away. They were all old and each head held aloft a splendid set of horns. They did not seem heavy bodied animals, for the immense horns they carried made the animals seem small in the shadow beneath.

Few people realize, I think, how small an animal an elk is compared to the size of his head gear. When an elk is running, standing or lying down, with the head held naturally, the main beam of the horn cants back at an angle of about 45 degrees. Take a six-year-old bull with an ordinary growth of horns and drop a line from the point of the main beam and it will very nearly reach the middle of the spine. Bend the head back until the beams of the horn lie parallel with the spine and the point of the main beam will touch the point of the hip. Imagine a rather wizened old bull with an abnormal growth of horns and you have an idea of the nearest of the six. Back this up with five other heads about equally well crowned; six points to the beam (the natural number) or 72 points in all, and all polished and gleaming white, and you see what I saw as I lay there shivering with excitement. Beneath this tangle of horns lay the elk.

First was the smaller bull with the larger horns lying broadside to, and partly obstructing the view to the others. Head, neck and withers dark with dark line running down the spine and partly down the sides; lower side and flank, dusty white. Such was the target I had to aim at. The rest of the bunch of same contour, but of much darker shade. The old fellow semed to be looking straight at me as I shoved the needle gun cautiously forward to take aim, yet he made not the slightest move. My nerves were in considerable of a tremor, yet as I lay with my arms on the ground I could hold the gun as in a vise. Locating the position of the heart I drew as fine a bead as was possible with a gun so coarsely sighted and pulled the heavy trigger steadily. At the report the elk bounded to their feet and stood facing me. I had aimed too low and only broken the bull's leg at the bottom of the brisket. The heart lies but little above the brisket and the shot was not so very wild. I grabbed for a cartridge, and in trying to force it into the gun fumbled it. I had ample time to load and shoot again, but before I discovered that I was trying to force my jack knife into the gun the elk wheeled and were off, the one with the broken leg leading the band on three legs.

There was a deep canyon lying in such shape as to force the elk to curve to the left, as the game trails seldom cross the deeper canyons, but usually parallel them, sometimes on the divides and sometimes along the walls or in the bottom. I could see about where the elk would come out in rounding the head of the canyon and took a straight course for the place at a lively run.

Elk, if not too closely pursued, will stop to look back from the top of every rise for the first mile or two after being alarmed. These short halts allowed me to gain, and when they rounded the head of the canyon and stopped to look back, I was ready, and put in another shot. The gray bull flinched, but still kept with the band on up the divide at a full canter. I now commenced shooting as fast as I could load, and finally a bullet that went over struck in the game trail ahead and threw up a great puff of dry dirt. This turned them, and again I thought I might cut them off by running down a side divide and waiting for them to cross a certain hill. I was now a trifle short of wind, though, after my long run, and the elk stopped on the top of the hill, when I was still some five or six hundred yards away. Desperate at the prospect of seeing that head fade out in the distance, I stretched on the grass for a last random shot. I aimed upward at what seemed to be the proper slant for the distance (it might have been twenty or it might have been forty feet) as near as I could hold in line over the wounded elk's shoulder, and launched my guess. When a rifle begins to get foul the hard cakes that collect in the barrel scratches the bullet and makes it rough, which in turn increases the hiss of it into its flight. My gun was foul enough, so that I could hear the bullet hiss during its entire flight. A bullet fired from a clean rifle makes very little noise as it passes through space. There was a long but not over anxious wait; I did not expect anything from the shot, as the bullet hissed across the intervening space, and then a sudden commotion among the elk.

The gray bull's feet flew into the air, and he seemed to land square on his back and then roll over on one side, after which he never made a move. The rest started down the ridge, and soon settled into a long sweeping trot, and as long as I could see them they were still going. When elk settle into a trot, it is useless to follow them. As long as the Pawnee Indian could keep a bunch of elk in a canter they had hopes, but let them get settled into a trot, and hope faded, as the average pony could do nothing with them.

At first I could find only one bullet hole in the elk, but on taking out the heart, I found it shot square through the center. Falling to work to dress the game, I was surprised by Will before I had finished. He had heard the shooting, and turned that way. We dressed out the elk, and there being no tree handy, we piled it up where it fell. It was still early in the afternoon, and as our mission was accomplished, we decided on returning to the main camp. We took only such of the meat as we could conveniently carry, burning powder round the balance and hanging a jacket on it as a protection against wolves. Before we got to camp we met a party of cowboys with a wagon. They belonged to a ranch a hundred miles to the southwest of us. They were out hunting and looking up new ranges for cattle. It was a hard matter to get a wagon over that country, and we directed them to a rib divide they could follow and have a smooth trail to the main spine beyond which they could follow another rib down to the valley of the next stream. Going up, once on a rib divide, one is sure of a smooth road to the main spine. Going down, it is different, as one is likely to follow a short rib into a split canyon and have to turn back. There was no water they could possibly reach in that direction that night, and we gave them directions for finding the balance of our cake of ice.

Well! They found and used it, camping there for the night, as we learned later. They also found our elk, which they took, meat, hide and head, not even refusing the jacket. This we learned after it was altogether too late to do any good.

Among the few acquaintances I had in that country I became quite famous as a hunter, and my feat of shooting an elk through the heart at a quarter of a mile was often told. Not that I ever tried to make it appear other than what it was, but because man needs only a slender thread on which to hang the most wonderful tales. I suppose, though, that my reputation was as well founded as that of a great many more celebrated hunters. The desire to tell of wonderful things, and impossibility of disproving them, accounts for nine-tenths of the wonderful deeds of history.

On the Old National Pike.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My hunting grounds, when a boy, had extended over parts of Allegheny, Butler, and Armstrong counties, with once in a while a side trip up to Brownsville on the Monongahela River, whenever I could get the captain of a coal towboat to carry me.

On one of my trips up here I met a party of men and boys who were going out to the mountains of Summerset County to hunt turkey; and two of the boat captain's boys going with them, their father got me taken also to keep his boys from being hurt, he said, though I was only a boy myself. We had put in two weeks here then and I was anxious to see that country again. I left this part of the country, though, in 1861, going out with the Volunteers, and from them I went to the Regulars, and for the next twenty-five years I did all my hunting in the West, with a side trip of fourteen months to the South Pacific. Here we hunted whales; I would have said fished for them, only I don't want any professor to rise to a point of order and tell me that a whale is not a fish; I have been told that they are not fish many moons ago, and since then have found out that I had been correctly informed.

Most of my trips when a boy were made on foot; I could make them on a wheel now, and do at times, but we had no wheels then that were not on wagons, and I would use the wagon when I could persuade some farmer to let me ride with him after I had carefully deposited "that thar gun" in a safe place on the bottom of the wagon, or I might tell him that the gun was not loaded, then spring my ramrod to show him that I was not lying about it.

I had an old farmer tell me once that "he would about as soon meet the devil as meet a boy with a shotgun; he was always either shooting himself or someone else."

In the summer of 1885 I was turned out of the army, not exactly branded with an I. C., "inspected, condemned," as the horses and mules are, but was let go for the same reason that they are got rid of; we were both too old. Had I been able to hang on about three years longer I might have been retired on half pay; they do that with us now if we can get the thirty years in, but at that time only an officer could get retired. They only condemned "the men."

After getting home I made several trips out through the country with a borrowed gun, as soon as it had got late enough in the season to use one and not get landed in jail for using it. I knew by this time, of course, that I could not shoot rabbits, quail, or pigeons, there were none of them here to shoot now, though when a boy I had shot lots of wild pigeons here, but now I could not shoot anything but crows or snakes all the year round and keep out of the game warden's clutches, if he caught me.

After making a trip up through Butler County, I next planned one out through Summerset County, meaning to extend it across the next county, Bedford, if the snow did not stop me.

I would need a gun of my own now; these men I had been borrowing from might want theirs themselves; I had sold my guns when leaving the army; I had a .45-90 Marlin and a 12-gauge Parker, but the state of my finances now would not allow me to get many Parkers, not new ones, at least, so I had to look around for a second-hand one. There was a Hebrew gentleman, not a Jew—there is a distinction and a difference between the two—who had a store in Pittsburg, a kind of an auction establishment. He dealt in jewelry, musical instruments and guns; all second-hand ones. He had about one specimen of every gun made. Going into his place I took down a Fox gun, I had carried one of them for years and knew them; then, after I had seen that the gun was all right, both inside and out, I asked "How much?" "Let us say $5 for it," he told me.

I got the $5 out before he had time to say anything else; then getting my shells from him I left, taking a train now for Connellsville, Fayette County, and from there took the railroad cross ties south to Uniontown, it is only a few miles away.

I had not been here for nearly thirty years now, and everything here was strange to me. After stopping one night I struck out on foot next morning on my way to Summerset.

The National road leads out from Uniontown and climbing the mountains here, starts for Cumberland, Maryland. This road was built by the general government away back in the '30s, and runs from Baltimore to Parkersburg, on the Ohio River. In its time, before the era of railroads, it was about the only means of travel by land between the East and West.

About every fifteen miles along the whole length of it, there had been fine taverns built, the ruins of them still stood here; many of them, if let alone, may be still here fifty years from now, they are built of stone.

When I first knew this road as a boy, these taverns were still in use; now I could not find one that was being occupied, and I went as far as Cumberland.

There are a number of small towns on this road now, some of them had been hamlets then; others had not been here at all; the soft coal mines had built these towns; this is the country out of which the Connellsville coke comes.

There was one thing along here that I had need to keep away from, "moonshine" stills. This is the moonshine country where old Bill Pritts and his friends made their whiskey and shot the U. S. marshals between times; and a stranger wandering around here with a gun might get hurt. The "revenues" come in here every once in so often, and these fellows had a habit of shooting first, then asking what a man's business might be, afterward. He might be a revenue collector. I kept close to the "Pike," the national road, the first day; and at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon a young man driving a horse and buggy, a farmer's son, passed me, then stopped and asked me to ride, and I climbed in; I was wearing a pin, the corps mark of our division of Volunteers; it is known all over the State—the blue Maltese cross. This young man noticed it, and telling me that his father wore it, asked me to go home with him, and I did so.

He lived off the main road, about thirty miles from Uniontown, and we got there just before dark.

The old gentleman made me welcome, then brought out his whiskey right away. When you are offered whiskey in this part of the country don't begin to look at the bottle, you might be looking for revenue stamps, you might find them on the barrel that this whiskey came out of, the chances are that you would not, though, and if you happen to be a stranger, don't ask if this is moonshine. Drink it and let it go at that.

With this old gentleman I would not be in any danger if I did ask, but I was not hunting up any revenue. There are men in Pittsburg who get paid for doing that; if they get shot, then it is their funeral, or will be when they are buried.

Geyer was this old farmer's name. He had a fine farm of about 180 acres, about all of the farming land here; the rest seemed to be mostly mountains. His place ran back between two of these mountains for over a mile, a creek that headed in there somewhere passed his dooryard. I had left home on Monday, and this was Tuesday; day after to-morrow would be Thanksgiving. I had forgotten all about it; but at the supper table to-night the old lady wanted to know what she would get for Thanksgiving? Her son had brought in a load of groceries that he had been sent clear to Uniontown for, these were for Thanksgiving; but she needed a turkey.

"Then kill one," the old man told her.

No; she would not; she had none now that were fit to kill. She was not going to kill her hens; she would need them next spring.

The old gentleman explained to me that he had sent all his young turkeys to Pittsburg.

"Then cook chickens," he told her. "I would as soon have them." Then to me, "You must stay here until after Thanksgiving." I said I would.

"How would a few wild turkeys do?" I asked the old lady.

One would do if she had it.

"There should be some in here, I think, are there not?"

"There used to be plenty, but they have all been killed off," the old gentleman told me. "They and the deer are scarce now, the dogs have run off the deer."

"I think both are coming back, though," young Charley Geyer says, "Gibson's boys told me—they live down in that small house you passed just below there—they told me that they had seen quite a flock of turkeys up on the mountains several times this summer."

"Did they ever have a roost near here?" I asked.

"Yes; their old roost was up on the creek near the head of it; I have got them there, but not for several years now."

"Well, if I were not so tired I would go up and see, but I'll hunt them to-morrow, it won't be worth while to hunt them there then, though."

"No," he told me, "I'll show you where to go. I wish I could go, too, but we have too much work here now, and I have lost two dogs on that trip to Uniontown, besides."

Next morning, after a good breakfast of hot biscuits, buckwheat cakes and sausage cakes (not sausages, but the meat made into cakes, then friend; I have never seen them anywhere else but at these farmhouses) I got ready to hunt turkeys.

Charley Geyer told me to take a trail that began just across the creek from the house, then to follow it a mile or more; it ran along the base of the mountain; then if I saw no signs of turkey, to climb the mountain on this side and skirt it half way around, but not to go too far around, I might get lost. Men have been lost up there.

"Well, I won't be lost, not this week. I am not a city man; I have had to find my way out of far worse places than you have here. The Rocky Mountains are a good place to get lost in. I have been in them."

Getting across the creek, I followed the path, a dim trail, a mile or more, not seeing any signs of turkeys yet. There was tall timber here, most of it hard wood, with very little underbrush.

At last I stopped under a big chestnut tree and began to scrape the leaves aside to see if the squirrels had left any nuts. They had, and while I was hunting them up I happened to look ahead of me on the trail and saw a doe coming down it as though the dogs were after her.

She saw me now and stopped, then looked back the way she had come, as if in doubt as to whether to come on, or go back or go somewhere else.

I stepped back from the trail, then said, "Come on, now, I won't hurt you." She trotted right up in front of me, then stopping again, stood here staring at me; she was not more than a year old and probably had never seen a man this close to her before.

"Go on out of this," I told her; "I don't want you, but some one else may; get out, now," and making a jump at her, she started off, and in half a minute was out of sight.

"It won't take her many minutes to get to that creek now, and when she does those dogs, if any are after her, may as well go home," I thought.

She had been gone about five minutes when the dogs came in sight. There were two of them, and they were in no hurry; they were not the kind of dogs that do anything in a hurry.

I ran to where I had left my gun, and picking it up, said, "I'll stop you fellows, anyhow"; then I stood in the trail with the gun held across it, and the dogs coming up now, stopped and stood looking at me. One of these dogs, the smaller one, was part pointer, but not enough of a pointer to be registered, but the sooner part of this one would spoil him for anything in the shape of a bird; he might do to point a beef steak. The other dog, a big black one, seemed to be a pure sooner, I don't think there was any cross about him.

"Go and lie down, there," I told them. The little one lay down without asking any questions; but the black one wanted to go on, but seemed to be in fear of the gun.

I have never yet met a dog that would offer to hurt me after I had spoken to him; so grabbing this one by the neck I dragged him over to where the other dog lay, and shoving him down here I asked, "How many times need I tell you to do a thing. Lie there, now, will you?" He lay down and began to whine, and I sat at his head to keep him here. In about five minutes the men came in sight; there were two of them, both carrying shotguns. One of them was a man of about my age, a farmer, I thought; the other was hardly more than a boy yet, about 20, probably; he looked like a city boy; he was, too, out of my own city, as I afterward found out.

They came up to where I and the dogs lay here, and the boy looked at us, then began to grin. I thought he knew that I had put up a job on them.

"Your dogs, sir, missed the deer by about a mile, and were ready to quit when they got here. I called them off."

"How far ahead was the deer?" the young man asked.

"Oh, a mile or two. She passed here ten minutes ahead of your dogs."

"It was a buck, was it not?"

"No, a yearling doe."

"I sent those dogs after a buck, sir."

"You may have sent them after a bear, but if you did it was a doe by the time it got here. I have been hunting deer since long before you were born, sir, and I probably know a doe now when I see her. That one was a doe."

"Why did you not shoot her? We are not hogs. I would not claim her."

"Nor would I, if I had shot her. You would be justified in claiming half; but I am not shooting deer with a shotgun nor a doe with any gun."

"We all hunt them with shotguns here," the old gentleman says.

"Yes, sir, many do. I have heard of them being hunted with an ax. Then they were run into a snow bank and clubbed to death. It all depends on how you look at it whether we use a shotgun or not."

"Well, we can't use a rifle here."

"I can. I don't see anything here to prevent me or you from using a rifle."

"You could not use it where we started that deer. There is too much brush there."

"Then I would let them get into the open and give them a chance. They hardly have half a chance now with our rifles if we know how to use them. We are not now hunting them with old muzzleloaders. You and I have done it, I have no doubt."

"Yes, sir, I am older than the first breechloader."

"We both are. Well, the deer have no better defense now that they had then. Let us not use a gatling gun on them."

"Those dogs of yours are valuable animals, ain't they, uncle?" the young man said.

"Well, they are not worth over one hundred dollars each; but they did not cost me that; in fact they cost me nothing; I raised them."

"They were not built to run deer. They probably can run a tramp off all right, sir. Don't convict these dogs before hearing their defense. I appear for the dogs. We won't ask any delay, we are ready for trial now."

The young fellow looked at me, and asks, "Are you a lawyer, sir?"

"No, sir, but I had been thinking all along that you were one."

"I am trying to be one," he said; "I am a law student."

"Well," the old gentleman said, getting up, "We may as well go home, which way are you going, sir?"

"I came up here from Mr. Geyer's after turkeys, but I don't see any signs of them."

"They are here then. I saw them only a month ago; but I have better ones at home that don't need hunting."

"Suppose you go on in there, uncle, and let this gentleman and me hunt them up. If we find them it will save the ones you have at home."

"Go ahead then," his uncle told him. "I don't want to climb that mountain to-day. Bring a turkey home, though, if you find any."

The dogs still lay here.

"Don't leave the dogs here, uncle, I don't want them to get lost if they are not so valuable."

"Oh, never mind the dogs. They won't get lost. See that you don't; it would not be the first time you did, you know. I had to hunt that mountain a whole day for him a few years ago," he said to me.

The young man and I started out, and I asked him whose office he was reading law in. We started another argument and proceeded to retry the case of the City of Allegheny versus The Pittsburg and Western Railroad.

This case had been tried, appealed, reversed and remanded, then tried again in our State courts. We gave it another hearing to-day and came near forgetting all about the turkeys.

It was a suit to determine the railroad company's title to Smoky Island, which was not an island at all, but a strip of river bottom land in Allegheny City.

I had been born within gunshot of it and we used the island as a play ground, hunting Indians among the trees there with bows and arrows—the negro boys did for Indians in this case; and hunting "greenies," green frogs, with clubs.

I appeared for Allegheny City now and not the dogs, while the young lawyer defended the railroad, and we told each other all about the rights of eminent domain, riparian rights, and rights of possession, and were still busy trying the case and had got up to near the top of the mountain and well around to the right side of it, when happening to look ahead of me I remembered what had brought us here. The turkeys were here, plenty of them. Just ahead of us and a little below us was an open place nearly clear of trees and in the middle of it about fifteen turkeys were scattered around feeding.

There was a fringe of bushes and blackberry vines between the turkeys and us here, and we dropped down out of sight.

The young lawyer proposed that he should go down and around this place out of sight of the turkeys, then get above them and send them down to me; I, in the meantime, to get in through the bushes, then do the rest. The turkeys were too far off now for us to reach them from these bushes and we could not get in closer on them here.

He started, while I crawled in through the bushes, then lay here. I could see him as he went dodging behind the trees on his way up and at last the turkeys saw him and came right toward me.

I let them come to within thirty yards; had I my old Fox gun sixty yards would have been close enough, but I did not know this gun; I had never fired it.

They were in among some dead weeds now, and I sent them the contents of both barrels, then jumped up to load. The turkeys ran back, then began to fly and the young man gave them both of his barrels and got two, the rest dropping down just ahead of him to run again. A turkey does not want to fly any longer than he has to, he can't fly far anyhow.

The young man was going to follow them, but I called to him to let them go, we had enough now. I did not know yet how many I had, the weeds hid them, but I must have at least two, and going over to them I found I had three, two small ones and a big one. He brought his two down now and I told him to take as many as he wanted, I would take the rest.

He would like the big one, he said.

"You have it; take it and one more at least. I only want two."

I would have to take all four or else leave them. He had four miles to go; he would have to return the way we came, while I could get to Geyer's in about two miles and a half.

"Well, these four will make a load for a pack mule; but I am not shooting turkeys to feed 'coons. I'll take them."

I tied them together in pairs, got the heaviest pair across my gun, then got the gun on my shoulder and taking the other pair in my hand we started, the young man leaving me now after telling me where I could find him in the city.

I kept on straight down the mountain, he having told me that at the foot of it here I would find an old stone quarry and lime kiln, and a road ran from it past Geyer's but I might have some trouble in finding the road, it had not been used for years now.

"It will be used to-day though," I said. "I have followed too many Indian trails not to be able to find a wagon road."

The turkeys really weighed about sixty pounds in all, but they felt as if they weighed half a ton, and I had to stop and rest every quarter of a mile, but got to the quarry at two o'clock, and from here the roadhouse was plain enough, and a mile and a half over it took me to Geyer's.

I left my turkeys outside, then went in the kitchen.

Mr. Geyer wanted to know if I had found anything.

"Only a few turkeys, sir. I met a doe but did not want to shoot her; I let her go."

"I guess she came here. A doe came in here from across the creek and ran in among my cows in the pasture; Charley's dog went after her but Charley called him off, then she left."

"That was right, she had all the dogs she wanted before I met her, I called them off."

The old lady examined the turkeys and then said that two of them would be all she could use; she would send the others to a widow below here who had a house full of boys to eat them. Then she called in her son, who was at work in the barn, and sent the turkeys off with him. Next she spread me a good dinner on her kitchen table; it was long after dinner now, but she had been keeping mine for me, she said.

Mrs. Geyer's daughter and her husband came in here late this evening from Meyersdale to spend Thanksgiving with the old folks. They had driven across here in a buggy. It snowed to-night, the first of this season, but it was only a "rabbit snow;" the next one, and it looked as if it were coming soon too, would be more than a rabbit snow, so I would not hunt on foot clear to Bedford Springs this time.

The two young men here, Charley Geyer and his brother-in-law, wanted to hunt rabbits to-day. So did I, but they had only one gun between them, and I gave them mine. They were out until nearly dinner time but got a big bunch of rabbits.

The snow was still on the ground the next morning, and it looked as if more were coming. The young son-

in-law of Geyer's was going back home this morning, but he left his rifle here at her father's and asked me to go with him, and I went. I could cut across the country from Meyersdale to Cumberland, then go home by railroad.

I stayed two nights and a day in Meyersdale, then the second morning started for Cumberland on foot. I might have gone by railroad but I wanted to see the country.

I only got about half way to Cumberland the first day. I was in no hurry. I stayed that night with a German farmer who had Kansas on the brain; he wanted to sell out here and go there. I told him all I knew about Kansas, and when ready to leave next morning he refused to take any money from me—none of these farmers out there would—and gave me a pint bottle of "Schnaps," that is what he called it; it was moonshine though, "to keep the cold out." It kept it out and I had half of it left when I got to Cumberland.

I was walking down a street in Cumberland looking for a second-class hotel where I would not feel like a fish out of water in a canvas shooting coat, when a man across the street called out, Column, halt! Then calling me by name, said, "Come over here and report, sir." Going over, I looked at him, then holding out my hand, said, "I am glad to see you, captain, or is it only Jim, now?"

"Only Jim," he told me; "I dropped the captain as soon as I had got home. I found more captains there than would patch a mile. The half of them could not tell you the difference between a platoon and a column of fours. They have never been nearer the front than Harrisburg."

This man had been one of us boys who had hunted Indians in Smoky Island back in 1845. I had lost him after this and next found him in the regular cavalry during the "late unpleasantness." There he got a captain's commission in the United States Colored Volunteers. These commissions were going a-begging then; non-com. in the cavalry could get one if he wanted it. Some of us did not want it; we ranked a major of colored infantry now, or thought we did.

I would have taken one in colored cavalry; but we had no colored cavalry then. When we did get our two colored cavalry regiments later on, I asked for a second lieutenant's commission and was told I would get it; but it probably got lost in the mail; I never got it.

When Jim's regiment was mustered out at the close of the war, he was a major. Then he was given a company in a new white regiment. In a year or two they began to reduce the army again, it was too large, though we have had as large a one since; but we were dangerous then, we might march on Washington some day, and "elect" a president of our own if the one we had did not suit us; so the army was reduced to 25,000 again and Jim was out of a job again; he was offered a company in the new colored infantry that was then formed, the 24th and 25th, but he would not take it, so he was given a year's extra pay and let go. I had not seen him since.

He was a baggage master on a B. & O. train between here and Pittsburg now. I took supper with him, then got into his baggage car and in the morning was at home again. I had done considerable traveling in the last ten days and had only paid one fare, the one to Connellsville.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

An Embarrassment of Literary Riches.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Christmas number is simply a poem in prose, except Alma's contribution, which is certainly a poem indeed. I can unreservedly praise the Christmas number from cover to cover because I am not in it myself. I am afraid had the editor forgotten himself and inserted anything of mine it would have appeared much as a man does who attends a banquet at the Metropolitan Club in a business suit—out of place. Let us run through the number.

As to the editorials. I think I once saw at the head of my writing copybook in school in fine Spencerian script, "What is perfect cannot be improved." So, Mr. Editor, will you let YOUR work go at that, and allow me to pass along on my way?

If there ever should be erected a Temple of Fame for wild life photographs, then high up in a niche I want to see the bust of Jordan alongside that of Wallihan's. He certainly has put the atmosphere into the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, so true and realistic that no flight of the imagination is necessary to hear the put, put, of the wary turkeys. I never stalked a turkey, but I'll wager that the man who has, will exclaim, upon looking at Jordan's photographs, "How the devil did he do it?" When Mr. Jordan ever prints a full-size copy, 8 by 10, or whatever it may be, of "The Evening Meal" and wants to dispose of it, there is a customer waiting for it right here. See the glint in the eyes of those foxy old birds! Why does he regret that his color values and actual tones are lost? I say not. They are all there, gun barrel, metallic lustre and all. The gloaming of those piney woods in the "Unsuspicious" picture is something superb.

And I, too, with Von W., have ere this, many times lighted my pipe and dreamt of the shadowy brook that went rippling toward the sea, and have I heard the "woodcock's whistle" from the springside covert; and heard the "grouse burst forth with thundering wings." And when the rod and gun are safely stowed away, certainly there are pleasures of memory as you sit by the glowing grate fire, watch the frost-encased storm-windows, and hear the wind whistle around the corner of the house with a twang that means nothing more or less than twenty to thirty below. And you wonder what the partridge and quail are doing such a night as this. Surely the Lord must temper the wind to the shorn lambs.

"The Wolf at the Door" was wisely selected, and Tim Mulcahy with his Irish bulls makes me think of the Irishman who requested in his will that he be not put into the frozen ground during the winter because he would freeze to death.

Mrs. Churchill is always good, and that comes from writing of those things whereof one knows. If those who wield the pen would but follow the rule of truthful writing we might not have so many books "marked down to 39 cents after the holidays" staring us in the face on the bargain book counters. An observant eye and a fluent pen make a great and most pleasing combination, and one appreciates that when reading of Samoa and vicinity in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Robinson impresses one as having spent day after day behind the yelping huskies, skurrying over the unbroken snow-clad prairies. Simply another case of a man knowing his subject first and writing afterward, instead of doing the other very common thing.

If Coahoma does not, like the pitcher that goes for the last time to the well in a sound state, come to grief with those rattlers, I will be surprised. I may be prejudiced against rattlers, because I at one time came near cutting off the rattles of a live snake in the open (I was like the boy with the "unloaded" gun—I thought he was dead), and at another, in crossing over a snake fence all but stepped into the coils of a six-foot *Crotalus horridus*. So if I am nervous about Coahoma when I read of his stroking the necks of his rattlers—comatose or otherwise—I have cause.

And here's Alma! What can a man do but just shut his eyes and walk the stubble with him. There is really nothing else to do. You are simply carried right along. In our country, where storm sash and weather strips and storm doors go on with the first blasts of November, and do not come off until the yellow dandelion blossoms thrust their blooms from among the brown grass of last year, it means an airtight house—and under such existing conditions I plead that furnaces taking in the cold, sharp, clear, microbe-free air, warming it up and distributing it through the house, flooding the whole house with warmed oxygen, as it were, is the proper thing for a dwelling, as compared with hot water or steam radiators. But a furnace means care and attention; but then that is true of other good things beside furnaces. On cold mornings when the notes of the distant locomotive bells hum on the cold, still air like so many tuning forks, you turn out and "see to the furnace."

Once up, say at 6:30, you remain up. And when the tribe comes down to breakfast the 70-degree mark is already reached on the mercury tube.

But there's an interregnum, an hiatus, as it were, between 6:30 and breakfast, and as a matter of fact I am at this moment filling up that hiatus with pen and paper. I once remember reading of a professor who wrote a book, putting in ten to fifteen minutes at it every morning at the breakfast table while awaiting the completion of his wife's toilet and her presence at the family board. And so do I propose to do; in fact, am now doing. It will be a book that will have some reference to quail and their wild life. It will be dedicated to my little boy, and illustrated by the son of the father who is leading his class of 600 in the art school in New York.

And all this brings me back to Alma. If that book be ever finished and duly illustrated, its opening page shall be duly inscribed with that part of Alma's poem that begins "Since wild life ends in tragedy," and that ends with the life of the quail "By sudden burst of fiery hail."

I do not know that Alma need feel proud over such a proposition, but then there are times when the spirit must be considered in conjunction with the act, and this is one of them.

And I go along from article to article and page to page, finding nothing but readable stuff of the first order.

I think the sentiment shown in that old French widow preserving her husband's fowling piece and seeing that for forty-seven years it was, spring and fall, taken from its case and cleaned, as he no doubt would have cleaned it had he lived, was simply exquisite. She loved, for his sake, after death the things he loved during his life, and his fine, hand-made flintlock, silver-mounted, shotgun was, next to his good wife, the one thing very likely he most prized in this life. Am I right, good readers?

And Capt. Bobo is no more!—gone to the happy hunting grounds. I met him once in Mr. Hough's office in Chicago. At first sight he struck you as no different from the other ten thousand lean and lank Southerners this minute whittling shingles and squirting tobacco juice from the front porch of ten thousand general stores. His clothes did not "make him"; they were good, yet weather stained. The brown slouch hat he twirled on his knee had no doubt "done him good service for years," and if I mistake not, he wore an outing flannel shirt. The quotation from Shakespeare that "The apparel oft proclaims the man," I remember once seeing in a tailor shop, which might be balanced by the saying that "Fine feathers make fine birds"; but all this was set at naught in Bobo's case, for when you looked into his face you saw the man and forgot all about the clothes. He impressed me as a man of iron will and determination, one of those kind of men who, when following a wounded deer, will carry out the programme until one of them dies in his tracks. His clear eye and sinewy hand, both as steady as the earth itself, boded no good to the deer or bear upon which he drew a bead. He, I thought, would make a good and firm friend, but a bad enemy. It is easy for me to imagine the wave of his hand to those who tendered him a half dollar for the meal taken at his board. He has gone to join Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davy Crockett and the scores of other mighty hunters who have crossed the silent river. Peace to his ashes!

And now we come to the "Old Angler." Truly may the shadow of his pen never grow less, and may his inkwell, like the brooks he has fished, be supplied by an everlasting supply of limpid and free-running fluid.

Some day the FOREST AND STREAM may, and no doubt will, publish a book made up of the writings of the "Old Angler" like unto Mather's "Men I Have Fished With." I want right here to subscribe my name for the first copy of this book that comes from the press. That's my way of expressing myself as to the writings of that gentleman—Mr. Venning, I think his name is. I think his remarks about the *Salmo fontinalis* and *Salvelinus* would rank in smoothness and polish with the very best that ever came from the pen of Addison, and they say he was a master of the art of expression. As free as the winds and as smooth as the flowing spring do the words come from "Old Angler's" pen. But will his friends, the alphabetically burdened scientists, fond of differentiation, heed, and turn their microscopes to other purposes and leave the *Salmo fontinalis* alone? I doubt it. But, like the Raven in Ingoldsby, roundly cursed by the Bishop who

> "Cursed him with bell
> And cursed him with book;"
> * * * * * * *
> Nobody heard such a terrible curse.
> "But what gave rise
> To no little surprise,
> Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

So when the scientists have solved the *Salmo-Salvelinus* problem to their hearts' content, then will the *Salmo fontinalis* still be hatched, and still will he fight for his life and haunt the pools and swim the riffles and for and after all that may be said, writ and done, be not "one penny the worse."

How easy to imagine old Father Izaak resting on the banks of a heavenly trout stream under the shade of a spreading hemlock over in the Great Divide, where, if things are well regulated, they have such things as trout streams and other things, and laughing at the alphabeticals!

May you live for many a year to come, "Old Angler," and may your pen continue to delight and enthral the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM is the wish of

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Bears on Old Baldy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noticing by the enclosed clipping that Mr. Terrell, of the Austin Land Office, has invited President Roosevelt to a bear hunt in the Davis mountains of Texas, I am reminded of my own experience with bears in these same Davis mountains in October and November of 1884. The clipping sets forth conditions as they existed at that day—probably they have changed but little since. It might be a good place not only for President Roosevelt, but also for some more lowly and humble nimrod of the FOREST AND STREAM family who has an appetite that can be assuaged only by bear steaks cooked over a campfire amid mountain scenery. At the time of which I write I had not acquired the excellent habit of keeping a note book, so must now give my experience from unaided memory—we all know what a treacherous ally that can be. My story, consisting as it does of rather trifling and unimportant details, will not trench upon the credulity of my readers, however.

During the autumn above cited I was engaged on a military expedition in making a map of western Texas. Major W. E. Livermore, of the Engineer Corps, was in charge of the expedition, assisted by three lieutenants, of whom I was one, and some twenty or thirty enlisted men and civil employes of one kind and another, such as teamsters, packers, blacksmiths and expert topographers, and six Seminole negro-Indian scouts. The latter were the descendants of the negro slaves of the Seminole Indians. These negro slaves had lived with the Seminoles so long that they had in a great measure acquired their arts and were expert scouts, hunters and trailers; by some redistribution of Indian affairs they had years ago been separated from their former masters and located at Fort Clark, Texas, as enlisted scouts of the U. S. Army, and as such had, before my time, rendered service more or less valuable under McKenzie, Bullis and similar pathfinders in expelling the Comanches and other marauding tribes from western Texas. Though there were no longer any Indian troubles in this part of the West, these simple negroes were regarded as a kind of ward of the Government, and still continued in service—useful on an expedition like Livermore's, but otherwise of little value. Our system of operations consisted in separating into two or three parties, and, having established these several parties on the most commanding elevations, surveying the entire horizon with instruments, sketching the intermediate detail and then occupying some new station at a distance of ten or fifteen miles. One can readily understand that as our observations were conducted from the tops of the highest mountains in a virtual wilderness, we could not properly be complained of as "coffee cooling"—to use the military parlance of the day—for a snug billet. We liked it, though; the scenery and mountain air was grand; our muscles soon accustomed themselves to an almost constant climb, and we no longer noticed it, indeed some of the men laughingly used to say 'twas easier to climb than to walk on a level; and as far as vigor and physical hardness were concerned we would have been fit companions for Bonneville or Lewis and Clark.

On one of these occasions Major Livermore located me with a small party on the top of a peak he called "Old Baldy," named, as he said, after a general officer called Baldy Smith. 'Twas the highest point in the Davis range—something like 8,000 feet, if I remember correctly. The extreme top of this mountain consists of a single bare rock, about the size of an ordinary dwelling house when you were fairly on it, but in the distance appearing little more than a dull point. We had a good climb getting there. Major L. had along a 22-inch Troughton and Simons theodolite that he employed for his most accurate work. When packed in its double case this instrument could be carried readily by four men over ordinary ground. Major L. now determined to use this one at the summit of Baldy, and he got it there, but only after an enormous effort. I had two six-mule wagons with me, and for quite a distance up the side there was an old trail where evidently logs had been dragged down the mountain side in times past. We concluded to take the instrument in the wagon up to the end of this trail, if possible. I put the entire twelve mules on one wagon, loaded it with nothing but this instrument and took it as far as wheels could go up the trail, and I'm sure had the makers of that instrument been along they would have held their breath for its safety over a part of the

way. In quite an experience with teams, I have never seen a wagon climb a hill like that one elsewhere. When mule flesh could do no more, the men took it, and little by little finally placed it on the summit—about a week's work, as I now recall it. I have now gotten to the bears. This mountain seemed to be fairly alive with them. Until I reached its foot I had never seen bruin in his wild state. While the men were unloading the wagon preparatory to making the ascent with the big instrument, I wandered a short distance away in search of a spring of water, as the day was warm and all were thirsty. At this part of the mountain the country was fairly well timbered, and one could see but a short distance ahead. I walked quietly along observing the ground for some evidence of a small seep spring, until I saw immediately before me a large black bear. I stopped short in my tracks and gazed in wonder and admiration at my first bear. I had come upon him partially from the rear, so he had not seen me; the soft carpet of moss and damp leaves had prevented his hearing me; though not above 25 yards distant, I presume he was not aware of my presence. After satisfying my curiosity and enjoying this unusual spectacle, I slipped quietly back to the wagons for a carbine and belt and hastened back to my previous position as carefully as possible, but my game was gone. The wagons were not far away, and I suppose he had heard the noise incident to the transfer of the load, and concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. My duties from then on kept me closely with the instrument, and I saw no more bears on this mountain, but the men who were at liberty to roam about saw them, or, at least, reported having seen them daily. One day Major L. himself saw five pass within sight of the men's camp, about half way down the mountain, and scarce a day went by but some one told about seeing one.

After I had gotten the instrument established on the top of the rocky summit and my own tent and that of two assistants just below this rock, I was delayed for quite a number of days by a long, cold rain storm, which made it exceedingly disagreeable. We had but few supplies with us at the summit, having expected to rely upon the daily visits of a small detachment with a pack mule or two to keep us supplied with what we needed as well as informed of what went on below. When the storm came on these detachments stayed snugly in their camp and abandoned us to our fate. The principal duty had been to pack water up for our use; and, realizing now that we needed none during the storm, and that it was dangerous for them to attempt the ascent for fear of getting lost in the mist, they had stayed faithfully away. Texas itself may ordinarily be a hot country, but the tops of its mountains are very much like the tops of all other mountains, especially in a storm. Our tents blew down in spite of all we could do; we ate up all our food; were wet through constantly; we could scarcely keep a fire going, and we were generally uncomfortable. We ordinarily had made such short stays on the mountain tops that it had never occurred to us to provide ourselves for eight or ten days, and we were fairly caught napping. At last it cleared away, the sun shone again, and what seemed surprising to us, though, of course, a mere natural phenomenon, as we were on the most elevated point in the vicinity, it cleared away first right where we were on the rocky summit. The sun shone nice and bright there, while all around and below us was a sea of black clouds, and so continued to be, as I recall it, for an hour or so. Gradually, however, one peak after another worked its way up through the clouds and mist till at last the whole scene burst into view below us—a welcome and joyous sight. Our packers shortly after reappeared with supplies, and we hastened to complete our work in the clear, bright air that followed. One of our assistants was handy with stone cutters' tools, and on the highest point of the rock he cut a U. S., with the date of our visit in letters sufficiently deep to last out the current geological epoch. The eagles may occasionally cast a glance at those inscriptions, but I much doubt if they have been beheld by human eyes since our departure.

Getting down the mountain was a much simpler and shorter operation than getting up. As soon as we reached the wagon I took off all but the two wheel mules, securely fastened each of the four wheels, so that none could turn, placed the big instrument in the wagon, and started the team without a driver down the trail. The wheelers being old hands at it, settled back on their haunches and slid, steadying the wagon as well as they could. The speed obtained bore some approximation to that of a toboggan. The dust and sparks rolled out from underneath the wheels as the wagon bounded along and tore through rock and earth, but finally all brought up safely at the foot of the trail, and with light hearts we proceeded on our way.

We had made but a few miles when right before us a big black bear crossed the road. All else was immediately dropped and our energies devoted to bear hunting. We took after bruin at once, most of us on foot; every one who had a weapon fired at him as rapidly as he could reload, and we followed helter skelter upon his course. He gained on us rapidly. About the time we would reach the top of one ascent we would see him about disappearing over the top of the next one, and he was soon lost to view. I had no rifle with me, but wore at my belt a revolver mainly for the purpose of making or answering signals under Major L.'s code. I had continued to fire at the bear with this pistol as opportunity offered until I had entirely emptied it—probably without great harm to bruin, as I don't suppose he was nearer than about a hundred yards to me at any time, and he soon greatly increased that distance. I followed on, though, for some little distance to see what would be the outcome of the chase. The party had gotten pretty well scattered by this time, but I observed a big negro named Black jogging along quite near me, and I concluded to have a little amusement at his expense. Black had no weapon whatever, having just jumped from his team to join in the chase as a spectator, pure and simple. I suddenly turned to him and said: "Black, what should we do if we should come up with the bear now?" He replied, "Why, de lieutenant (referring to me) would shoot him with his six shooter." I said, "I couldn't; my pistol is empty now and my ammunition is in my saddle pocket down at the trail." This put bear hunting in a new aspect to Black. He stopped, turned round, and, though I've no doubt by that time the bear was at least a half mile away, he made about as good speed in rallying on the wagons as he had in his forward pursuit of the bear. I followed slowly after him, enjoying his masterly retreat, and supposing that I had seen the last of the bear. It seems, however, that the two Seminoles, as we called them, knew a little more about bear hunting than the rest of us, and while we had foolishly taken after the bear on foot, they had put their ponies to their best speed and had managed to gain a point in advance of the bear, and had there ambushed him. Shortly after my return to the wagons one of these men came back and informed me that they had killed the bear and wanted me to let him take a wagon by a roundabout way and bring in his carcass. The Seminoles claimed the hide, but distributed the flesh. The hide was a fine one, and had five bullet holes in it, so I suppose some of our numerous and hasty shots must have taken effect.

On reaching camp that night we prepared to gratify again our curiosity by tasting bear's meat. I told the cook to broil me a steak with great care, which he scrupulously attended to. It looked fine and gave out a savory odor, but oh how tough! He must have been an old sinner. The cook next tried boiling it, and incidentally produced some excellent broth, but, as I now recall it, he never by any artifice succeeded in getting the flesh cooked so it could be eaten. Later on, in a conversation with a resident of that part of the world, I was told that the apparent abundance of bears in the mountains was due to the fact that at that season they are all astir in search of some suitable place for hibernation, and that at other times but few were seen.

WM. F. FLYNN.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo.

The newspaper dispatch to which reference is made is as follows:

AUSTIN, Tex., Dec. 27.—Honorable J. J. Terrell, Commissioner of the General Land Office of Texas, has forwarded to President Roosevelt an urgent invitation to visit Texas next fall and join him in a genuine bear hunt in the Davis Mountains in the extreme western part of the State.

This personal invitation on the part of Mr. Terrell is to be supplemented by a visit to the President by Governor-elect Lanham and members of the Texas congressional delegation, all of whom will set forth in the most alluring language the splendid hunting that exists in the region where it is proposed the President and his party shall visit.

It is believed that the President will accept the invitation when the matter is laid before him. The hunting ground is within forty miles of Toyah, Tex., the nearest railroad point, and a more desirable place for an enjoyable outing is not to be found in the whole country. Mr. Terrell has just returned from a hunting trip in these mountains. Although he spent but a few days there, he killed six bears. Four of these were black bears, and the other two were of the "silver tip" species. He says that had he arrived there two weeks earlier and before the cold weather set in in the mountains, he could have killed a score or more bears.

"It is the most wonderful bear range there is in this country to-day; at least, I know of no other locality that equals it. An old guide at Toyan told me that there are fully 5,000 bears in the Davis Mountains, and I am prepared to believe it," continued Mr. Terrell. "The mountains are easily accessible and the trip is not at all fatiguing. One evening while standing at my camp I chanced to look across a deep gorge and there I saw seven bears, all in a row, climbing up a mountain trail. They were big black fellows, and had evidently been down in the valley feeding. It was a sight that would arouse the enthusiasm of any sportsman. They were some distance off, and I did not chance a shot at them, preferring to follow them up next day. This I did and I had no difficulty in killing two bears.

"The mountain sides are covered with a small bush, upon which a most delicious black berry grows in a profusion of clusters. I do not know the name of these berries, but they have a good taste, and the bears are fond of feeding on them. They ripen the latter part of October, and from then on until the middle of November the bears come into the mountains by the hundreds and feed upon the ripe berries. The undergrowth and bushes where the berries grow are so tramped down by the bears that the feeding grounds had the appearance of a herd of cattle having stampeded there.

"If President Roosevelt will go to the Davis Mountains next fall I will guarantee that he will see and have an opportunity of killing more bears than there are to be found in the whole State of Mississippi. There is not a residence within forty miles of the hunting ground, and no guard will have to be posted around his camp to keep a curious crowd from intruding. In addition to the bears, there are plenty of deer and antelope, and, all in all, it is a veritable sportsman's paradise."

Shasta Mountain 'Coons.

ORDINARILY a coon hunt implies a great deal of exertion and aggravation. Boys sometimes find it fun, or think they do, which same indulgence of the imagination has a great deal to do, I believe, with field sports generally. That there is "nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so" is a piece of philosophy not to be hastily endorsed, but it is an axiom embodying truth enough to encourage much speculation.

There are people who will preach you long sermons upon the cruelty of shooting, the disgrace of gambling, the depravity of intemperance, the viciousness of a thousand and one things to which, to the credit of human consistency it may be said they are not themselves addicted, always. Many heavy editorials have been launched in newspapers that reach hundreds of thousands of readers, about the iniquity of things that they are constantly receiving pay for promoting. The great difficulty with human philosophy seems to be that most virtuous things are purely theoretical. There is not enough pleasure or money in being virtuous to make it a fascinating occupation; but it is a great theme for discussion.

Another difficulty that obstructs the progress of humanity is in the inconstancy of our instincts and natural inclinations. As boys we may go fishing Sundays, steal watermelons, fight, or play marbles for keeps, while later in life we may desire to preach the gospel. Then, too, the gospel we preach to begin with will be undergoing continual and constant change (perhaps improvement) until we are too old to learn. There are supposed to be certain fundamental principles in all religion, but they seem susceptible to revision, differing interpretation, and interpolation. Perhaps there is nothing absolute but Truth and the North Star, the one sometimes seeming as inaccessible as the other.

Probably it is easier to discern truth in a natural wilderness than in artificial regions. It may be just to assume that hunters and fishers like out-of-the-way nooks for this reason—and others. But other things besides truth abound in and sometimes come out of the woods. I could, without much pain, compile some tales truthful in the main, but which nevertheless might be read somewhat cautiously.

I believe raccoons abound throughout North America. Webster says they are a carnivorous mammal about the size of a common dog. That there are two species in the United States, *Procyon lotor,* found east of the Mississippi River, and *P. hermandezzi,* or black-footed raccoon, of Texas and California. Webster's definition is not brought entirely up to date. Firstly, because the mammal is not generally known as raccoon; secondly, because "the size of a common dog" is indefinite; thirdly, because a river is not likely to divide the species, and finally because he does not mention the third species, which is not a mammal rodent, but a biped and allied to the human race, obtaining upon both sides of the Mississippi.

It occurs to me at this juncture that the coon has not received the recognition he deserves, particularly from sportsmen. In view of the wide scope of opinion as to what constitutes a true sportsman, I believe the coon should be brought into the discussion as an element or factor, for reasons following, to wit: Sportsmen are born, like poets; not made, like pajamas. A sportsman in youth should have the natural symptoms of his kind. The American youth who has not been addicted to coon hunting, or who has not had the ungovernable desire, only being prevented by insurmountable impediment, will rarely develop sufficiently to rank as thoroughbred. The boys in this great country who have hunted coons, or wanted to very much, lack the real afflatus that inspired Esau and Nimrod and Izaak. Boys that have no notion of coons or coon-hunting will likely hold bags patiently for midnight snipe, but that virtue is not necessarily an attribute to sportsmanship. Those boys who go through seven miles of woods and brambles of a cold night following coon dogs are, without mistake, the real thing. The baying of a coon dog on a dark, cold night will oust a sportsboy from his bed with more precision than anything known, if it is in him.

Whether the American Indians gave much time to coon-hunting or not is not a matter of history. It is well to assume that if they had coon dogs they did. About 20 years ago I went after a coon with a California Indian. I furnished most of the ambition and had most of the fun, but Dick did the best he could to keep up. But he finally fell down. We were at a ranch and wayside hotel, in a good region for coons. There were four dogs of assorted sizes and styles at the place, and about ten o'clock one dark, cold and drizzly night the dogs flushed something down the creek and after running a short distance treed. No one about the place was likely to be interested but Dick, a rather corpulent Indian, about 25 years of age. I found him preparing for bed, but without much persuasion he agreed to go with me and see what the dogs had. We got the big muzzle-loading shotgun, put in about "four-finger" loads in each barrel and, with a big tin barn lantern, set out.

A mile from the house we found the dogs making a great fuss under a dense live-oak, thick hung with wild grape vines and plenty of briars. The tree was a large one, and the foliage and vines so thick upon it we could see nothing. We couldn't shine the eyes of anything. Whether I suggested it, or whether Dick volunteered to climb the tree, I have forgotten, but up the tree went he. He was a big fat Indian and it was slow work for him in the tangle of vines, taking the lantern with him. I stayed below with the gun, inspiring him with praise and encouragement. After much grunting and breaking of branches and vines Dick said: "I see him! Do you see him? He's a coon, a big feller!"

I looked but could see nothing but the lantern and Dick's fat, red face, about 30 feet from the ground. I said, "I can't see him."

Dick climbed up a little higher, held the lantern over his head, and then I could see the coon about six feet above him, looking ready to run down the tree.

"I see him," said I. "He is a big one!"

"Shoot 'um," said Dick. "Shoot pretty high, you see me, I'm here, shoot pretty high!"

I could see the coon, but, as he held the lantern above his head, Dick was invisible. I was in doubt about shooting. The gun might scatter.

"Better shoot 'um," shouted Dick, "he's coming down now!"

Four dogs were making enough noise for forty. They bayed, howled, tried to climb the tree, and snarled at each other as they became entangled in the vines. Dick was cussing in mixed lingo as a branch partly broke under him. I was getting excited myself.

"He's comin'," cried Dick again. "Shoot 'um! Shoot pretty hi—"

I had decided to shoot, and Dick's voice was drowned in the roar. It seemed like the blaze from the old gun reached up into the tree, and what, in our calm moments, we call the recoil of the gun, all came my way. There was an instant's pause, a dark silence—and then other things came. There was a bang from the tin lantern, and then more things came out of the darkness overhead than I ever brought down at one shot before or since. As near as I could judge everything loose in that tree dropped down without hesitation. Although there was a jingle of tin and glass, the snarl of a coon and the crashing of branches, the main commotion seemed to be caused by the unpremeditated descent of Dick.

Anxious as the dogs were for something to come down the tree, they were completely bewildered when it did

come. There were yelps, snarls, and activity of all kinds in that pile of briars and vines at the foot of the tree. The night was very dark, but the tree stood on a sand-bar. The sand was comparatively light, and presently some dogs scrambled out. After a little delay a large dark mass rolled out on the sand. This dark mass, I inferred almost immediately, was Dick, yet he had more to say and said it with more energy than is usual to those of his race. I regretted it, but it seems it is natural for even an Indian to cuss with almost civilized eloquence when sufficiently encouraged. After a time we got a light and found that after all the excitement and noise nothing of consequence had been accomplished. Dick was scratched a little about the face, either by the coon or by the briars. The coon had escaped to the water in the bewilderment of the dogs. The dogs were uninjured, but much rattled by the ferocious descent of the fat Indian at an unexpected time. As near as could be ascertained, at the explosion of the gun the coon had jumped into Dick, the light went out, Dick thought he was shot all to pieces, and he let go.

The foregoing is a true tale and I have enjoyed telling it before. But somehow I never could get the funny things all in. The best parts of funny stories never get into print. Since that time I have engaged in other coon hunts, but of late years have not made them a specialty. I commenced this writing to tell of coons I bagged only three nights ago, but it was not a real coon hunt, though I got all I could carry.

My shack, which I had perhaps better allude to as a mansion now, as it has a woman in it, is on the bank of Mountain stream. At this season the stream is a roaring torrent, icy cold. From the verandah (that I am in the habit of calling a porch) night before last I heard, even above the roar of the stream, the clatter of coons. They were evidently fighting, but they are not of the species that do it with razors. I called Shep, my dog, who is always ready for business, and he came promptly. I went a few steps toward the creek and told Shep to fetch 'em.

He seemed to know what was wanted, for he went directly in the proper tangle of vines and alders, immediately treed something, and began barking excitedly. Believing it to be a coon or coons I went into the house, got my .22 rifle and a lantern and went to investigate.

Shep was barking up a clump of alders that overhung a deep pool in the rocky bed of the stream. There was a surrounding jungle of vines, briars and shrubbery, and although not two hundred feet from the house it was a difficult place to reach by night. After scrambling through the little jungle to the trees I tried for some time to throw the light of the lantern so that I could see whatever might be overhead. The night was very dark but there were some stars visible. Several times I mistook stars shining through the trees for the glint of animal eyes, but it was half an hour before I caught the flash of the real thing. Suddenly about half way up one of the trees there was the gleam from two luminous spots, but for some time they would appear but for an instant. By shaking and snapping the bushes I finally fixed the shining eyes upon the light hung behind me. The same light sent its rays along the barrel of the little rifle which gave its spiteful snap and sent the shot between the glaring eyes. Then there was a brief struggle up the tree and coon number one dropped with a splash into the pool in the dark under the bank. A second splash told that Shep was in after him. In a few moments the snorting of the dog and sound of his movements in the vines on the bank below informed me that our coon was laid out. Thinking it probable there was another, I resumed operations with the lantern. After some time again I caught the glint of eyes, but to get the light in the right position to catch the sights of the gun and the eyes at the same time was a long and tedious task. The animal was unusually shy about looking at the light and would do so but an instant at a time. Out of patience I began shooting by guess, without the light, and fired a half dozen shots to no purpose. Then, trying the lantern again, I shortly caught the gleam of eyes at the right instant, and coon number two dropped into some bushes from which Shep secured him before he could flounder into the water.

I now had a good bag of coons, as both were big, fat specimens, but I considered that there might be more, and if they were coming into my dooryard after trouble or chickens I would give them plenty of the former. I turned the light down, looked up through the tree tops to the sky, and soon saw a dark bunch that might or might not be coon, still higher up the tree. I had about given it up to be a bunch of vines or branches, when with the lantern I again caught the unmistakable gleam of fiery eyes. Number three was more wary than the others about looking at the light and it was a long time before I got a shot, bringing him with a splash into the stream. Shep plunged in after, but the coon apparently sank in the swift water and was swept down stream. Shep hunted faithfully, shivered with his ice cold plunges, but we did not find number three until morning. Yesterday the three coons were skinned and hung up arow. They are fat as pigs and ought to be good meat. I know of no recipe for cooking coons. Do sportsmen eat 'em?

The pelts are apparently in their prime, and when tanned will make very handsome fur. The natural history I glean from this experience with coons is, that they are not very shrewd animals when up a tree. Under the circumstances and in the situation they were, two at least might easily have jumped down and made their escape. By daylight I would have been ashamed to shoot such silly creatures. As it was it took me over two hours to get them, but I might have done it in ten minutes with a shotgun, and some one to hold the light. There may have been more of them in the trees, but I had enough coons for the time. Shep, and Thomas, the cat, shall have coon meat to their utmost capacity.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., December.

"I marvell, therefore, so much the more at them who are of opinion that fishes and beasts in the water have no sence. Why, the very cramp-fish torpedo knowes her own force and power, and, being herselfe not benummed, is able to astonish others."

"Wonderfull in my conceit is the wit and subtletie of some fishes."—Pliny.

Natural History.

The American Rabbit.

BY R. B. BUCKHAM.

THE American rabbit, *Lepus sylvaticus,* has always been a favorite with the sportsman. Even in early times, when the woods were well stocked with game of all kinds, hunters and woodsmen preferred a rabbit stew, now and then, to anything else, and time and again the deer and the bear has gone undisturbed while bunny was hotly pursued. The rabbit always was abundant, and is to this day. Every swamp and wooded marsh, sufficiently retired from the vicinity of man to afford any promise of freedom from molestation, has at least one family of these animals living in it, though their presence is often quite unsuspected.

On almost any occasion it is a comparatively easy undertaking to find the whereabouts of a rabbit. Though he is constantly hunted by all sorts of animals, of both earth and sky, he yet sets them all at defiance and his tribe continues to multiply. It is always safe to count on fair success at rabbit hunting.

There are three principal reasons why this timid and defenseless animal should be so constantly on the increase. First of all, he is very prolific, rearing such families as would put most of the wood folk to shame, though they boast such superiority over him in valor and fighting qualities.

And again, food is always abundant with him. He can make a very fair dinner off from almost anything in the way of a plant or tender shoot coming in his way, and so the woods is one vast storehouse for him, filled to overflowing with innumerable good things. But in addition to this, say what you may, he has no mean or ordinary skill at evading his pursuers, and leaving them safely in the lurch.

Two traits which the rabbit displays serve the hunter as means of locating his probable whereabouts at once. One familiar with these can detect with a mere glance of the eye over the woods, where is the proper place to look for him, as unerringly as though the secret was written out in characters so large that they could be seen for miles away.

One of these is his domestic habits. He is a home boy, a stay at home, and usually spends the day within the circumference of a circle which a great oak could compass with its shadow from the rising to the setting of the sun. He does not waste much of his time in roaming aimlessly about, though he could run through two counties, without feeling any unpleasant after effects, if he so desired.

The other is his mode of selecting a feeding ground. He always prefers the vicinity of the lowlands, since they afford more succulent verdure, which with its shelter and abundance of moisture, longer defies the attacks of the late autumn frosts. Always look for him about the swamps and the low grounds. You will rarely find him elsewhere.

Strange as it may seem, though so fond of home, he is content with almost anything in the way of a resting place. He displays no exacting and fastidious tastes in the selection of the location of his form. A thick clump of ferns, or a pile of brush, or hollow log satisfies him completely, and in such an exposed situation as this he will live winter and summer, unmindful alike of cold and rain and snow.

Though the rabbit generally is known as a burrowing animal, the American species does not resort to this method of supplying himself with a shelter. The writer has never been able to detect him engaged in such a purpose. But he will on occasions adopt the abandoned burrow of some other animal as a home, provided that it serves his purposes well.

The annals of science record that a European rabbit's burrow played a large part in determining the antiquity of man's existence upon the earth. A French peasant while attempting to dig out one of these animals, suddenly came upon the now famous Aurignac cave, in which were found human skeletons, together with the bones of several extinct species of mammals. Doubtless the cave had long been the home of some carnivorous beast, however, which having been abandoned, bunny had appropriated, and so made himself a place in history.

The farmer is always glad to see the hunter after the rabbit, for in the dead of winter, when food becomes scarce, he will girdle young trees in such a manner as to kill them in large numbers. Indeed, it is one infallible method of determining whether a certain locality is the habitat of these animals, to look closely for any signs of girdling on the small wood and underbrush about.

When bunny has once located his home, the next thing is to render it as secure as possible. This he does by searching out all the densest bramble patches and brier bushes about, and cutting himself a way through them, blazing it with his nibbled twigs. Now when his dreaded enemies, the fox or the dog, press him hard, he turns to these pre-arranged havens of refuge, and running through them, leaves his pursuer in the lurch, he being unable to follow. Thus he gains a long lead on his foe, and possibly even succeeds in eluding him altogether.

There is no other animal in all the woods that has so many pursuers after him as does the rabbit. He is so harmless and defenseless that all the cowards in the woods are after him, day and night. Yet he is as placid and contented in spite of them, as can be, not seeming to take the situation in the least seriously, and strange to say usually getting the better of the whole tribe of them, and growing fat and lazy at it.

That terrible, treacherous fellow, the fox, that skulks so noiselessly through the woods, like a yellow ghost; the lynx, with its great green eyes and cushioned, silent paws; the prowling dog and house cat; even the skunk and the weasel, every one are looking for the chance, constantly, of getting the better of poor bunny. Then, too, there is that horrible bugaboo of the night season, the owl, which with his quick wing and sharp talons would swoop down and bear him away in a moment, if the opportunity once fairly presented itself. But the cottontail knows them all well, of old, and is familiar with all their ruses, with the result that they usually go hungry if they devote themselves constantly to him.

The rabbit knows how to take good care of himself. He can keep out of sight as cunningly as any of the wood dwellers. He can steal abroad and feed without stinting himself in the least, and yet keep his movements from being observed as skillfully as any animal that lives. He is an expert at it. It is his only safeguard, and he knows it. To keep out of sight of the enemy is the best means of defeating him, is the code of the tactics to which he resorts.

But now and again, in spite of himself, he falls a prey to the skilled woodcraft and quick aim of the sportsman. The well trained hounds soon learn some of his weaknesses, and among other things that he cannot stand the apprehension of lying long in his lair while their clarion note rings through the woods. He must necessarily jump up and run for safety.

Thus the dogs soon tease him into the chase, and once his trail is come upon fresh and warm, they are able to follow him, no matter whither he may choose to run. Nevertheless, the hunter who wends his way homeward with one or more of them in his gamebag, may congratulate himself that he has outwitted as crafty and sly and cunning a fellow as runs in the woods.

Game in the National Park.

GARDINER, Mont., Dec. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. C. J. Jones ("Buffalo Jones") has lately killed at Livingston, Mont., five buffalo steers. These were from the Goodnight herd in Texas. The meat was sold in the markets in Livingstone. The heads are to be mounted and sold. A few other bull buffalo, ugly ones, from the Allard herd, purchased by Howard Eaton, have been killed, and their heads mounted by Frank Tolhurst, of Livingstone. Every one of these buffalo can be accounted for.

One buffalo cow was killed at Livingstone this spring. This cow was one of the carload Mr. Howard Eaton sold to the Government for the Yellowstone Park, where they were to be delivered in good condition inside the inclosure. The cow was hurt in loading, and was not received by Mr. Jones. It was taken back to Livingstone and killed. All the loss fell on Mr. Eaton because he received pay for only those delivered inside the inclosure. Mr. Eaton, when he first purchased the herd of buffalo (he now handles and is selling), killed several stags or steers and a few ugly bulls, and will continue to kill off any that are too dangerous to handle. Young bulls are being exchanged with Mr. Goodnight and others who have buffalo. The buffalo purchased for the Park from Mr. Eaton were cows. The bulls are from the Goodnight herd in Texas. All are looking well.

Lately I have been paying more attention to the animals I see from the streets of Gardiner, Montana, and along the roads between here and Golden Gate.

On Christmas day, evening, a few moments before the sundown gun was fired, I saw ten mule deer walking and feeding toward the gun. The gun was just around a point of Capitol Hill from me. Major and Mrs. Pitcher and I walked up to the Hot Springs and returned about five or ten minutes after it was fired. The gun is just across the road from the guard house, and constantly in sight. Those deer were close—some less than 20 yards—when the gun was fired, and were even less than that distance from the gun when we returned. It don't seem possible that they should lose all fear of the report of guns (cannon) and rifles. Truly the gun is fired but twice a day, morning and evening. Last spring, while the troops were at target practice, deer were often seen. Once a band of mule deer came walking and feeding across the line of fire, and in such a way that the men had to stop firing and drive the deer away. At the same time a band of elk came to the brow of the hill under which the firing was done and stood there looking down on the men, and finally lay down. The deer are feeding all among the buildings at the Fort, and the hotels and dwelling houses. Some of the people living at the Mammoth Hot Springs and around the buildings at the post have small grass plots. These the deer frequent every evening, and paw for the grass through the snow. One officer came out of his quarters, and just as he shut the door saw a deer within three feet of the house, feeding. The jar of the door startled it a bit, but it did not go far. It is nothing for people at the post to see from ten to twenty deer every evening, and so tame, one can scarcely believe they were ever wild. Some very fine photographs have been taken of them. Major Pitcher has scattered some hay for them, but they don't seem to care for it, now and then taking a little. When the snow gets deep they will be given alfalfa, something they are fond of.

On Dec. 27 I went out as far as the Silver Gate. Along the road I saw eighteen very fine bucks and seven does, and at about dusk five more does walked out from between the "K. O." office and guard house.

While looking at the deer Major Pitcher and I with glasses saw over 200 elk on Mt. Everts, and quite a number down part way to Gardiner River.

Saturday, while coming down to Gardiner, I saw one band of thirteen and one of thirty-two mountain sheep. One of the rams with the larger band was extra fine. I also saw six whitetail deer and a lot of antelope. Speaking of antelope, there is never a time during a clear day when they cannot be seen from the Front street of Gardiner.

About two weeks ago the camp of road-builders at Lower Falls saw a band of elk crossing the Yellowstone above the mouth of Lower and Antelope creeks, coming off Mt. Washburn country and going up on to the west point of Specimen Ridge. They did not stop to count them, but the elk were timed, and it took two and a quarter hours for the band to cross. They were constantly moving. I have seen elk crossing at this point many times, and would venture to say there were not less than 1,500 that crossed during the two and a quarter hours the road crew saw them. This is a regular crossing, and the only good one for many miles. The trails leading to the ford are more like wagon roads than trails.

A goodly number of coyotes have been poisoned, trapped, and shot, and one mountain lion shot, which I mentioned. The latter are very plenty in certain parts of the Park, and though efforts are made to kill them, so far very few have been killed. They are particularly destructive and partial to mountain sheep, of course killing elk and others of the deer kind. Some special effort will have to be made to kill or capture them.

I have said so much about the quantities of game animals to be seen about here that it's only repeating the same story. Still, some one may take advantage of the opportunities and come out here in winter, and see for themselves.

I believe Mr. Hough has been the only Easterner who has seen the game here in winter. If there is any one who wants to see game by the thousand, they can do so now with comparative ease.

The road to Soda Butte is open, and a team can be driven through, or they can go on the regular mail. If they are wanting a little "roughing it" they can get it, and a "touch of high life" by making a snowshoe trip.

There are a few comfortable, cheap hotels open at Gardiner. The Cottage Hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs, and Uncle John Yancey, twenty miles from the Mammoth Hot Springs, in the midst of the game country, will see that one has enough to eat and plenty blankets over him. I have heard many say when they have seen small bands of elk, that "they were worth a trip from New York to see." Now they can see thousands, notwithsanding Mr. Fullerton, of Red Lodge, has killed most all the elk off—on paper—and is starving the rest—on paper. Still, I suppose it is very hard to get away from a comfortable fire and make a railroad trip of more than a thousand miles and a snowshoe or sleigh trip of twenty-five or fifty miles. If the party would be satisfied with the sight of say 1,000 elk, 500 entelope, 75 mountain sheep, 100 mule deer, 6 whitetail deer, and some small things, they can get them or see them all within a half circle of ten miles from Fort Yellowstone—most all the animals less than five miles from the Cottage Hotel. I am sure the manager of the hotel would have to keep the shades down at dinner time so that the Eastern guests would not leave the table to watch the deer in front of the hotel; otherwise the food would get cold.

Something like this happened early last spring. While a party of railroad people were at the Cottage Hotel at dinner, some one raised the shades and said, "Look at the deer." The dinner got cold. Still there was no kicking.

I would like to see the President, and the Secretary of the Interior out here for a few days. Then they would know we were not telling "fairy tales" about the game in the Yellowstone National Park. E. HOFER.

Reddy.

IMAGINE a small squirrel with a very red back, large, shining eyes, ears just visible, a very scant tail, and you have a picture of Reddy.

In the early part of last summer my father came from the woods with Reddy in his pocket. He was a very scared squirrel, but did not offer to bite. I wished to keep him, but thought it impossible, as we had two cats, and the dog that had discovered him. I decided I could keep these animals away from him, so I took a box with wire netting over one side, put in one corner some cotton for a nest, and in another some bread crumbs, a dish of milk and last of all, Reddy, who seemed pleased with his new home.

Later in the summer we moved into a cottage in the woods, and of course Reddy moved too. On pleasant days I put him on a bench outside the door where other squirrels came and talked to him and tried to obtain his food through the netting. After a great amount of chattering, Reddy would drive the intruders away. At night I kept him in the house, and each morning while he was still asleep I took the cotton off his back, then he would come out of his nest, wash his face cat-fashion, and eat his breakfast.

One day the wild squirrels bothered him more than usual, and I think this made him cross, for when I took him out of his box, as I had many times before, I was suddenly aware of a bite in one of my fingers, and—Reddy was gone.

For several days I saw nothing of him, when one morning I heard a familiar chatter, and sure enough there was Reddy on a nearby tree. It was impossible to mistake him, for he was so nearly earless. After several attempts, I succeeded in shutting him in his box, which I placed on the bench.

This taste of freedom made Reddy uneasy, so one day I let him go. Many times after this I watched him come in the cottage and sit on the shelves and talk to me. In a few minutes he would carefully make his way to the table from which he would carry crumbs, and sometimes a cookie, to a safe place, and then would come back for more.

Each morning while the family was eating breakfast I placed a dish of milk on a shelf for him, and he would come in and drink it, by dipping his forefeet in the milk and licking them clean. After finding that he was free from danger, he became very tame and mischievous, and we were obliged to put things in a closet which he could not reach, or he would hide them in a place known only to himself.

Since we moved from the cottage, Reddy has made it his home, and in an old basket under the shelf he has made himself a nest from leaves and grasses. I am afraid he has grown very selfish and proud, for I saw him early in the winter running around the cottage, and from a safe perch he looked down and scolded me for trespassing in his world.

MABELLE ANNIS COOK.

A Good Day for 'Em.—"What luck did you have fishing yesterday, Pennybunker?" asked an Austin gentleman of a well-known impecunious character who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Corbin Game Park.

SINCE the death of Mr. Austin Corbin in June, 1896, practically nothing has found its way into print in regard to his pet project and estate in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, known to the public and sportsmen generally the world over, as Blue Mountain Forest Park, the largest private game preserve in the United States.

It was Mr. Corbin's intention that this immense tract of land in the wilds of northern New Hampshire around the township where he was born should remain intact and always be used for the purpose for which it was established. To this end stock in the property was divided among the various members of his family and ownership vested in the "Blue Mountain Forest Association," incorporated under the general laws of New Hampshire.

A little over two years later, however, in September, 1898, those interested in the estate found it rather burdensome to keep and maintain, and partly to help pay the expenses of the vast estate, and partly to get assistance in its management from practical sportsmen and to attract influential persons to the place and its immediate neighborhood, there sprang into existence the Blue Mountain Forest Game Club, the members of which were granted certain fishing and shooting privileges.

Membership in the club was limited to thirty persons, and from its inception it has been generally regarded as the most exclusive and close organization of its kind in this country, scarcely anything as to the doings of its members on the estate, or anything in relation to the general welfare and condition of the property, having since been made public. As this article deals at some length with both these subjects, a brief introductory sketch is given of the park in its greatly improved condition of to-day.

The park proper embraces twenty-five thousand acres, and includes Croydon and Grantham mountains, with their foot-hills and valleys on either side. It takes in part of the towns of Croydon, Grantham, Plainfield and Cornish, and comprises farms and uncultivated lands purchased from two hundred and seventy-five different individuals, covering over sixty farms and sets of farm buildings.

The contour of the park is nearly oval, extending with the range of mountains northeast and southwest, measuring from end to end about ten miles and five miles across its greatest width. Croydon Mountain lies to the south and Grantham to the north, while between, almost in the center of the range, is a deep gorge of wild and picturesque beauty, through which passes the "Notch Road," connecting the eastern and western sections of Croydon township.

Croydon Mountain is the highest elevation in Sullivan County, being nearly 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. It commands one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects in the State. To the northeast rise the majestic peaks of the Presidential range, with Mount Washington at the head, while to the east in seeming solitary grandeur, like some grim sentinel, stands Kearsarge on guard, and beyond the far-off lands of Maine. To the southeast the dark and rugged brow of Sunapee watches its own shadow in the crystal lake at its feet.

On the south are the Washington and Unity hills, while the western horizon is bounded by a clear and well defined view of the Green Mountain range of Vermont. Nearer to the east and south are the lesser hills of Croydon and the peaceful picturesque valley of the Sugar River, with its fertile farms dotting the landscape, and the prosperous village of Newport eight miles away.

The land within the park touching the Sugar River Valley is rich and productive; higher up the mountain sides it alters to pasturage and forest, overtopped in turn with lofty piles of granite crowning the whole as if to place the seal of nature on some of her grandest work.

The boundary lines of the park follow, as nearly as was found practicable, the established highways of the towns that skirt it, but wherever deviation was necessary, connecting roads have been built and are maintained by the estate at its own expense. The public highways running through what is now the park were abandoned by the respective towns and are now kept in good condition, as well as broken out for passage during the winter, entirely at the expense of the estate. The towns have thus been relieved of a charge for work on the mountain roads that was no small item of expenditure, especially in winter.

Although now under private ownership and subject to taxation with other property of the park, these roads are, for all practical purposes, still public highways, as no one is refused permission to travel over them, the only condition being the procuring of a pass—which can be obtained at a number of convenient places—and registering of name at point of entrance to the park. There are six public or pass gates, each in charge of a keeper, who lives at hand in a comfortable lodge, whose additional duties are to patrol daily the section of boundary line in his district, see the fence is kept in repair and report the habit of animals coming under his observation.

The driveway of the roads encircling the park is about thirty miles in length, along which has been erected, to enclose the park, an eight and a half foot, and in some places nine foot, barbed and meshed wire fence. The fence proper is twenty-five miles in extent, built at an expense of one thousand dollars a mile. At each fence post was planted a white pine or willow tree, and the planting is being continued from year to year with the intention of building a complete hedge of trees around the park. At intervals of four miles along the driveway, granite watering-troughs have been placed supplied with cool, clear water from the mountain springs, adding materially to the comfort of man and horse during a drive around the park, which is doubly interesting from the beautiful scenery constantly unfolding to the eye, and the glimpses of wild animals confined within the fence.

There are very nearly fifty miles of well-kept drives through the park, to which the best ideas of road-making are being applied under the direction of the superintendent of the park, and a large corps of assistants. About thirty miles of roadway have been reconstructed with gravel bed and proper drainage, and a drive over them is an enjoyable privilege that any one may have, as the park is open to the public from May to November. One can never drive through without getting sight of some of the animals, the bolder ones coming to the stone walls along the road to peer with interest at the passer-by, while the more timid gaze curiously from afar.

Duly organized and incorporated, the Blue Mountain Forest Game Club, numbering thirty members, secured among other concessions from the Corbin estate the privilege of shooting per member each season two deer, one elk and one boar, the shooting of any number of smaller game and certain rights in the lakes and ponds on the preserve. Since then these privileges have been curtailed or extended each season, varying with the increase or decrease each year of the various species of game. This season one elk, three deer and two boar are allowed each member, and during the last two seasons lots are drawn among the members for the privilege of shooting six moose.

Among the rules and regulations adopted by the club are the following: Boar may be shot from September 1 to March 15. Elk, deer, and moose, from Sept. 15 to Jan. 15. Gray squirrels and raccoons from Sept. 15 to Jan. 1. Hares from Sept. 15 to April 1. Woodcock and ruffed grouse from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15. The open season for trout is from April 1 to Aug. 1; for bass from June 15 to April 30.

Central station is the business headquarters, at which are the boarding houses for the employes, barns for the work animals, fenced inclosures for the detention of newly arrived animals that their characteristics may be studied, winter quarters for the buffalo, dog kennels, stables and yards for fine breeds of cattle, and such other buildings and inclosures as are required.

For the purpose of shooting the park is divided into four sections: North and south of the Notch Road, and east and west of Croydon Mountain, and these sections in the busy season are again sub-divided in two. Any member going into the park to shoot must notify Central station into which section he intends going, having previously ascertained that no other member has secured it, and he must confine himself to that section, which will be reserved for him for one day. When necessary the different sections are drawn for by lot each day. A section may be sub-divided by mutual agreement between members, in which case Central station must be notified of the exact location of each shooting party. This rule is regarded as of strictest importance, and all members acquaint themselves, as nearly as possible, with the location of shooting parties in the forests, so that the danger from the use of long-range rifles in a place of limited area is minimized. How closely this rule is adhered to may be gathered from the fact that there has not been a single shooting accident on the preserve in the almost fifteen years that it has been in existence.

A further rule is that all wounded animals must be followed up and, if possible, killed, by members who wound them or by their guides; if the animal escapes, and is, in the judgment of the member, mortally wounded, it is counted against his score.

The comfortable club house which was built out of the funds paid in as initiation fees by the members, is open all the year, and from Sept. 15 to Jan. 15 board and service is provided for members at the nominal sum of two dollars a day. At other times members make their own arrangement with the superintendent of the association. A member may bring ladies to the club house for luncheon or dinner in passing through the park, but ladies may not remain over night at the Central station under any circumstances. A member may, however, establish himself at any camp with his family.

The officers and active members of the Blue Mountain Forest Game Club comprise: Messrs. L. Q. Jones, President; Henry S. Redmond, Vice-President; William A. Russell, Secretary and Treasurer; Frederick H. Allen, Franklin S. Billings, Samuel P. Blagden, Jr., Arthur J. Brooks, William Astor Chanler, Winston Churchill, James M. Green, William A. Hall, Frank A. Kennedy, Philip Lydig, I. W. Morton, James S. McCallum, Lyman Nichols, A. S. Nichols, Myron M. Parker, Redfield Proctor, Henry S. Redmond, William H. Remick, W. F. Richards, Charles L. F. Robinson, William A. Russell, Charles D. Sias, Marion Story, George N. Talbot, Lloyd Warren and W. Seward Webb.

Members of the Blue Mountain Association entitled to the privileges of the club are William E. Chandler, A. N. Parlin and William Dunton, as directors of the association, and the following, as stockholders and the members of their family: Mrs. Corbin, Mrs. Edgell, G. S. Edgell, Corbin Edgell, S. M. Edgell, G. H. Edgell, A. C. Champollion and A. Corbin.

Young Mr. Austin Corbin, who has succeeded his father as head of the estate, gives the following interesting and entertaining account of the shooting and fishing now enjoyed on the great preserve and of the habits and condition of the various game and animals as they exist in their, so to speak, semi-domestic state:

"As to the buffaloes," said Mr. Corbin, "we began with a herd of seventeen, which now numbers one hundred and thirty-five head. At first we had considerable trouble with the calves, many of whom died; this, we found later, being due to the fact that the hay fed to the mothers was too tender in quality, poor milk being the result. Now, however, we have a regular natural increase each year, and all are in perfect health. The twenty-seven calves this year have all survived. In fact, they thrive and are treated like ordinary domestic cattle, being turned out to graze on the

mountains all summer and driven into yards in the winter season. Fifteen of the buffaloes we sold to various zoological parks. A herd of twenty-five, however, that we sent to Van Cortlandt Park all died of a disease, something akin to tuberculosis, I am told, caused by drinking stagnant water.

"As a whole, the buffaloes are a well behaved lot, but occasionally a bull will get terribly vicious, and is consequently shot. An instance of this kind occurred not so long ago, when two of our men and a team of horses in their care narrowly escaped serious injury, if not death, by being tackled by one of these infuriated bulls. The men were engaged at the time in stocking one of the lakes with trout when they were charged by a mad buffalo and compelled to spring out into the water and swim for it to save their lives. The excited animal, thus baffled, turned on the horses standing nearby and would surely have killed them had they not succeeded in breaking their hitching strap and bolting wildly away. I arrived on the scene just at this moment and was chased by the old fellow for fully a half mile through the woods, it being a game of hide and seek about the stumps and trees that I did not at all relish at the time. Finally we lassoed him, however, and he was finally shipped out West.

"Another exciting episode not so long ago was a terrific fight between one of the old bull buffaloes and a great bull elk whose temper had evidently gotten soured. The animals lunged away at one another in the most vicious manner for quite awhile, the struggle ending in the elk being badly licked and scampering away for dear life.

"The biggest bull in the lot and the king of the herd is called Grover Cleveland. A season ago he killed his mate in a desperate battle and was then set upon in turn by an ugly Galloway bull. Cleveland, weakened by his hard tussle with his mate, was rather easily routed by the Galloway and put to flight. After resting in the woods out of sight for a couple of days, however, he sought out the Galloway and would surely have killed him had not the keepers interfered.

"A herd of about fifty polled Angus cattle was the result of the importation of one bull and twelve cows from Aberdeen, Scotland, secured from the late Duke of Marlborough about eight years ago. It was intended to cross these animals with the buffalo, but no practical result was achieved. The bull buffaloes all took a fancy to the domestic cows, who were unable to bear their calves owing to their large size, and all the mothers and calves died in this way. We then gave up the experiment and sold all of our Scotch cattle. I understand that 'Buffalo Jones,' as he is known out West, has successfully raised quite a large herd of crossed stock, and that the hide of these animals is highly prized for its fineness of texture. Our buffalo herd has for the last few years been increasing steadily at the rate of about twenty-five annually, and each year we are compelled to build new yards in order to accommodate their increasing numbers.

"The moose on the estate have increased but slowly on account, it is thought, of the terribly severe winters. In the beginning twenty were turned loose in the preserve, and it is now estimated by the keepers that there are about seventy-five of these animals at large. They live high up on the mountain sides, and are seldom seen, Senator Proctor having succeeded in killing the only one shot on the place.

"Starting with only one hundred and thirty elk at first, they increased rapidly until in 1897 it was estimated that they had increased to a thousand in number. The severity of the winter of that year, however, killed off about nine-tenths of them by starvation, only about one hundred surviving. The snow was piled up everywhere several feet in depth and the elk, unable to reach the grass and shrubs beneath it, ate all the bark off the saplings as far us as they could reach, as well as the tender twigs and branches. They perished of hunger before anyone about the place was aware of it, and they were later on found dead almost everywhere, as many as twenty or thirty bodies being found in one spot.

"In order to obviate such a happening again, however—a calamity which was due also to the fact that there were too many animals on the preserve—men go about the woods every winter, and here and there chop down numbers of trees so that the elk will be enabled more easily to get at the tender twigs and bark and not be dependent on what they could otherwise get.

"During that winter about threee hundred deer died from the cold and starvation, the number not being greater because these animals are native to the climate. Of the elk raised on the place about fifty have been sold to zoological gardens, and there are now estimated to be about three hundred at large.

The deer have increased wonderfully, and starting with one hundred it is now estimated that their number has increased to about two thousand. In fact, they are increasing so fast that action will have to be taken this season and the keepers told to shoot a good portion of them off for market. As many have been given to the State of New Hampshire as it cares to take, and about two hundred and fifty of them have been sold. About sixty bucks were shot by the club members last season, and the same number of does were sold to zoos, the total of one hundred and twenty not equaling the natural increase for that year. They are nearly all of the whitetail variety, with but few blacktails among them.

"Thirty antelope were brought to the park and a small herd of reindeer, but all died, the former by reason of severe and changing climate, and the latter because of the lack of suitable food, there being in the forest but little moss, which is an essential article of their diet.

"In 1889 fifteen wild boar imported from the Black Forest in Germany were turned loose in the preserve. These animals have bred well and it is now estimated that there are about five hundred of these fierce animals on the range.

"Hunting the wild boar is generally considered the most exciting sport the Blue Mountain forest affords. They are at all times difficult to get sight of, and are off to their haunts and dens at the slightest unusual noise or sight of dogs and men. They are surprisingly fleet of foot, and if given a fair start in an open field can maintain a pace almost equal to the fastest horse or hound for from fifteen to twenty minutes. When brought to bay they are savage and dangerous to encounter, as they charge directly at a horse, often cutting its shanks to the bone with their keen tusks, and if the turn is not quickly made, the result may be disastrous, not only to the horse, but to the rider as well. The season for hunting the wild boar begins in September and ends in December, if the intention is to eat the animal when slain, as the flesh is not good for food after that time. Before the club was started the boars were hunted with dogs, the men following on horseback. Half a dozen Austrian boarhounds were killed hunting them in this way; but now dogs are no longer used in the chase, only still-hunting being permitted.

"As an instance of their ferocity a young male boar was placed in a small inclosure, and a young Great Dane was let in to practice on it. The boar was fast killing the dog, when the keeper entering, fired at the boar, but missed his aim and killed the dog. The enraged animal then rushed at the keeper, who fired six bullets into him before he lay *hors de combat.* They are left to care for themselves the year around, except that in the winter time corn is distributed from time to time from bins scattered over the mountainsides.

"As a matter of fact, the country is entirely too rough to hunt them with horses and dogs, and the still-hunting indulged in now is much preferred to the other method. These animals are certainly about the toughest and gamest creatures one would care to deal with. As an example of this, I shot one last summer, breaking his forelegs, and although so badly wounded, I tracked him for three miles by the great streak of blood he left behind him before coming up with him. Although he had lost almost every drop of blood from his body, he still had the strength and courage to charge us when we unexpectedly came upon him, my companion narrowly escaping serious injury from his spear-like tusks.

"When President Roosevelt was on his New England trip last summer, he visited the park as the guest of Senator Proctor, and spent a day in hunting over the preserve. He was accompanied while hunting by several newspaper men and secret service agents, and the pace he set them was certainly a killing one. The President apparently did not know what was the meaning of fatigue, for he walked up the entire side of a mountain and down on the other side without once stopping for a rest. When he did finally come to a halt he was apparently as fresh in body as when he had started out, while all his companions were almost dead with weariness.

"The President finally came across a large boar in an apple orchard feeding on the fallen fruit, and killed him with a single shot. He appeared as elated as a schoolboy over his achievement, and fairly danced about with joy. Mr. Roosevelt is certainly a mighty good hunter, and a very merry one.

"There are a great many squirrels in the park, and chestnut trees have been planted to encourage them to remain. The wild boar is also fond of these nuts, and it is said that a liberal chestnut diet, accompanied by acorns and beech nuts, is what gives the flesh of the wild boar its superior excellence over that of the domesticated pig.

"Formerly we had a commodious and well arranged kennel, occupied by dogs of many breeds, including English foxhounds, trained for deer and elk; French boarhounds, Great Danes, a pack of bloodhounds, trained for wild boar, and fox, rabbit and bird dogs of numerous breeds.

"These, with few exceptions, have now all been sold, given away or dispersed in other ways. The pack of foxhounds was sold to Mr. P. F. Collier, and many of the boarhounds died of diseases contracted at the various dog shows in which they were exhibited. As I stated before, only still-hunting is now permitted on the estate, and there is little or no use now for sporting dogs of any kind.

"Since the foxes are not now trapped, or hunted with dogs, they have increased rapidly, and played havoc with the wild turkeys, ruffed grouse and woodcock which formerly were so plentiful. The club members, however, prefer to shoot foxes rather than birds, as they declare there is more sport in it. The estate is located too far north for the propagation of quail, and most of those turned out died from the rigorous western climate.

"It is estimated that there are now about five hundred foxes in the park. Formerly frequent excursions were made through the park for the sole purpose of establishing by force of arms a more fitting percentage of foxes to game birds, and on such occasions the local sportsmen were frequently afforded opportunities for the enjoyment of a 'fox hunt.' Lynx are seen now and then in the park, and occasionally there is seen a puma or mountain lion.

"The beaver, which were introduced in one of the streams, have all departed, leaving the ruins of their dam behind them. Beaver are rather shy of the presence of men, and it is thought that the near proximity of men working in the fields scared them away. At all events, they dug their way out under the fence, and are now enjoying life in a stream in a neighboring township, where they are protected by the authorities.

"There are several ponds within the park well stocked with bass, which have multiplied wonderfully, and about fifty miles of trout brooks, the latter running out at different points along the boundary, affording those who may not be privileged to fish inside the confines admirable opportunities to catch the speckled beauties, as they venture forth from their asylum home."

The lease of the fishing and shooting privileges on the property by the Blue Mountain Forest Game Club, which was taken for five years, expires next September. Mr. Corbin and the members of his family do not know as yet whether the lease will be renewed or not.

The Maine License Plan.

NASHUA, Dec. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a regular reader of FOREST AND STREAM, may I be permitted to advance an idea in connection with the proposed Maine legislation requiring non-resident sportsmen to pay a license fee to hunt in that State.

Those of us who sometimes hunt there are naturally interested in preserving the supply of game, and if more money is necessary to enforce their laws, it should be raised—even if a license fee does help to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. But if the advocates of a license are honest in their contentions, let them go further, and, figuratively speaking, have a general house cleaning while the subject is fresh. Let them, first of all, appoint a board of fish and game commissioners who will enforce the Maine laws as they find them, and not with mental reservations and winking at their violations—which I sincerely believe is at the root of the wholesale slaughter that is carried on in Maine, both in and out of season, not only by visiting sportsmen, but by residents—and largely by residents. It is a well-known fact that venison is served in close season on the tables of a large share of the Maine sporting camps—sometimes as early as June.

This is done, so I have been informed by guides and camp keepers, by the tacit consent of the commissioners who can put a stop to this whenever they see fit, and without levying a contribution on men like myself, who try to respect their laws and who leave among them some $100 on each trip to the woods in payment for transportation, guide and board.

Second—Let these commissioners enforce their laws by allowing each hunter to take out only the deer and moose actually killed by him, personally, without assistance, in shooting, by the guide he employs. Personally, I do not believe that more than two-thirds of the deer brought out of the State of Maine are actually killed by the persons claiming them at Bangor. Some guides I have talked with say that the sportsmen do not shoot 25 per cent. of the deer claimed by them, the balance being killed by guides in their employ.

That this is done by tacit consent of the commissioners I have no doubt—my evidence being the general "understanding" of guides and camp keepers, and conversation on the subject with commissioners themselves. The transaction is "winked at," and the merry slaughter goes on—when an honest effort to restrict it and to compel (if necessary) all sportsmen to take oath that the game claimed by them was killed by them and not by some one else, would put a stop to a large part of it. Though it would sadly reduce the boasted "record" of Maine game killed each season, used to advertise the State—and railroads—it would also lead successful sportsmen to be congratulated, or envied, instead of being objects of suspicion, as is now often the case.

Inefficiency, or personal construction of law, on the part of officers who are supposed to enforce laws, and not make them, will breed lawlessness on the part of people, whether in Maine or any other State.

Let this much vaunted board of commissioners enforce the laws of Maine as they find them on the statute books, impartially, and without attempt to interpret them as they may think the environment requires. Then, if more money is necessary let them pass the hat to all sportsmen, both resident and non-resident, and I believe they will more cheerfully contribute than they will under existing conditions. Meanwhile, why tax visiting sportsmen only for lack in enforcement of the laws, by residents of Maine? As a resident of New Hampshire, I perhaps ought not to "kick," as we can offer deer and trout in quantities sufficient to satisfy any reasonable sportsmen. We exact no license fee from any one, and I hope never will. Canada is too near, and license fee here would drive many (like the writer) out into Canada—just as it will from Maine, if this license law is passed.

W. H. B.

License as a Remedy.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., Jan. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to indorse the views of L. A. J. as expressed in FOREST AND STREAM, page 512. His strictures on the high license idea, and the legitimate object of the license system are clean cut and to the point. The reason why lumbermen and local hunters are allowed to violate the law with impunity is not only clearly pointed out, but the remedy is also suggested. That the laws are constantly violated in the way he describes is a fact that cannot be disproved. During my recent hunt in the Adirondacks the wagons which conveyed our party and camp equipage were overhauled by a zealous game warden in search of concealed deer hounds long before we had reached our hunting grounds, and our camp was visited by this warden and others, three times during our short hunt.

One would naturally infer from this that these wardens were enforcing the law. We were visiting sportsmen who did not employ local guides. How was it in the case of local hunters and guides and the sportsmen whom they were guiding? We heard dogs running deer nearly every day we were in camp. It happened that one of the hounds was missing after it had run its race, and the owner called at our camp in search of it, saying it was a valuable animal, had already earned him $40 this season, and that he disliked to lose it. I suggested that quite likely the warden who had overhauled our wagons had shot the hound, as he was known to be in that locality, and it being his duty to kill hounds found at large in deer forests. "Oh, no," said this guide, "he would not shoot that dog, for he knows that it belongs to me. Why," said he, "that dog has lain on that warden's feet in my camp, etc."

This was the zealous warden who overhauls the wagons of visiting sportsmen in search of hidden dogs, long before they reach the deer forests. The reason why this warden was too good a warden in the one case and no warden whatever in the other, was made plain to me by the fact that he lived near our hunting grounds and was acquainted with the local guides and hunters. If there is any other reason it is suggested by the following short dialogue which occurred between this same warden and a noted local hunter in Aiden Lair Lodge. The warden asked the hunter if he had killed his quota

of deer. Said the hunter in reply, "Yes, I began killing them in June, and I'm going to kill about a half ton more of them for my winter's supply of meat, and d—— you, don't you get between me and any deer I want to kill, for I shoot a Savage rifle that'll put a bullet right through a man and kill a deer beyond him."

I do not wish to impugn the courage of our wardens, but I cannot help believing that threats like this have something to do in subjecting sportsmen, who have no desire or intention to violate the law, to the indignity and annoyance of search and close surveillance, while notorious violators of the law are let severely alone.

L. A. J.'s suggestions are so complete that it is unnecessary for me to add anything, further than to point to the obvious fact that the plan he proposes for Maine would work equally well in New York.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

Puget Sound Ducking.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The genuine hide-bound, give and take duck hunter is truly a bird of stormy weather. The roar of the wind, the angry tossing of the waves and the creaking of the house have only one significance for him—the ducks will be moving.

Pressing business and that alone will keep him from donning his old togs, grabbing his gun and hastening away to the flats and marshes. If he is a millionaire he may take his dog along, but out in this country it is getting to be too much of a luxury. Dog transportation is a problem that will soon some up for discussion among those who rely upon the electric roads to carry them to and from the hunting grounds. I am told that it costs more to take a dog to any point in the White River valley than it costs for the transportation of the hunter. Perhaps the company has adopted a wise course so far as the convenience of the general public is concerned because a crowd of hunters with an army of dogs is truly a formidable array.

Every dog in the bunch is the greatest dog that ever retrieved a duck. The dogs seem to know this, and all being the "greatest" there is bound to be a disagreement about the place of honor. Up in Alaska, when two dog teams meet they fight for the fun of it; when a mob of Puget Sound hunting dogs meet they tell one another many things that would not look well in print. Sometimes they get beyond the strict rules of etiquette and argue in a manner that suggests flying fur, fricasseed ears and bloody noses. This doesn't worry the hunters because they have worried so much over the ducks that didn't come that they are beyond reach. As a rule it takes about a minute to stop a political argument between old water-dogs and about thirty seconds to start another.

Some hunters are pleased to have general attention attracted to the dogs because less is said about the game bags. If there is a lucky man in the bunch you will have no trouble finding him. He always carries his ducks right out in sight, and when he rests at the depot or on the dock he throws his bag down with an air that tells you, "That is the way I do it. Wasn't a very good day, but I managed to knock out a few doubles." If anyone suggested that it was a good day for pot shooting, every other hunter in the crowd would immediately ask for the meaning of the word. Going to the blinds and coming home everybody shoots on the wing. It is just as easy to kill them that way, so long as the other man didn't see the shooting, and it sounds so much prettier.

The matter of fact man who says in a laconic voice that he got only one little green-winged teal and potted him at that, throws a cloud over the entire party. To be in fashion he should say that he got only one shot; the bird came in like a bullet from the left quarter; he never did like swinging to the right, but it was up to him for quick action and he got down to business. If he is given to the snap-shooting system he should say that he threw the gun to his shoulder and locating the bird just filled the air so full of shot that there was no escape for the quarry. The man who swings on his bird should say that he centered the little fellow, and then moving the barrel ahead according to his idea of the speed and distance pulled the trigger, and had the inexplicable sensation of seeing the wings droop, the head fall back, and then he put in another barrel just to make sure.

Duck hunting, when you get right down to business, is like fishing in some respects. If things are coming all right the average shot will give the birds a fair chance for their lives, but if feathers are scarce a pot shot is not to be overlooked. Everything counts on the string and the best hunter is the one that brings in the game. Just so with the fisherman; he will use the fly if it works, but when the pinch comes he is not above using a fresh string of salmon eggs.

Wing-shooting is to the nimrod what fly-casting is to the angler. One equally adept at both games finds it a difficult matter to choose between them, but one who has more skill in one branch than the other cannot see where there is anything approaching an equality in the two sports. Judging by the amount of ammunition sold I should say that Seattle took more interest in wing-shooting than fly-casting, but there is no denying the statement that Seattle is fast becoming a home of sportsmen. Some of them obey the game laws fairly well, but in the matter of duck shooting the sport has been so uncertain during the past few years that the tendency has been to kill beyond the legal limit when the opportunity afforded itself.

A large majority of the hunters in Seattle, and I think the same statement applies to all the cities along the shores of Puget Sound, do not get more than one or two long duck hunts during the year. During the remainder of the time they are held so close to business that they can get out into the marshes only once in a while. Most of them go out Sunday. When there is no opportunity of selecting a day the chances are that the weather will be just opposite to what it should be for good shooting. Take for instance the first three Sundays in December of the year just passed—not a breath of air was stirring; hardly a wing showed above the horizon after the first flurry at dawn until the shadows of night had settled. The country fairly swarmed with hunters, but they stood in their blinds all day long with hardly a chance for the indescribable thrill felt when the whistle of wings comes to the ears.

I have seen as high as twenty guns on one Inter-urban car on a Sunday evening, yet there were not enough ducks to make one good bag. Human nature is human nature, and when a man has hunted week in and week out with nothing but bad luck he will come pretty near taking everything in sight when he strikes a good flight. Exasperation often makes a game hog out of a man who is ordinarily reasonable and law abiding.

Optimistic sportsmen of the Puget Sound country try to make themselves believe that the duck shooting is as good to-day as it was ten or twelve years ago. They point to large bags, which are made quite frequently on the Nesqually and Swinomish flats, Squak Slough and at different points along the White River valley between Seattle and Tacoma, as evidence to sustain their views.

They say that thousands of ducks may be seen on a calm, sunny day, floating idly and playing in the salt water off the shore from any of the big marshes along the shores of the Sound; that the fall and spring migrations bring immense flocks of mallards, teal, redheads, bluebills, widgeon, butterballs, goldeneye and sprigtails; that the air is often alive with honking geese and that once in a while the beautiful long-necked swan may be seen winging its way north or south. These statements are undoubtedly true, but I know from my own experience that I cannot get the same quality of shooting to-day that I could ten years ago without going farther or taking more time from business. In the last few years that I had the right to shoot on McKinley's pond, which is located eight or nine miles south of Seattle, I did not kill a handful of ducks; A. E. Greenus, who watched weather conditions closer, did well once in a while. Ten years ago one could take a Madison street car, ride out to Lake Washington, take a boat, row around into Union Bay and in the course of a day get several good shots. I picked out one of the best duck-weather days this year, and despite wind and waves got into Union Bay without a mishap. Did I get any sport? Not a bit; I saw one little flock, but they did not come near enough for me to tell what they were. One year ago I put in several days at the head of Hood Canal with L. F. Murdock and Frank Drolet. We worked hard, but the sum total of our efforts was fourteen. Three or four years previous Murdock, C. J. Coatsworth, of Buffalo, N. Y., Frank Reed of Buffalo, a Mr. Barnes and myself spent a few days at Clifton on Hood Canal, and, despite the fact that tide, moon and weather were against us, bagged seventy-six.

The situation on Puget Sound is fast reducing itself down to the point where there is no other way to get good shooting than to preserve land. Already the best places along the Sound have been leased and now it is useless for a hunter to visit the White River valley or Squak Slough unless he belongs to some club. Where the preserves are managed properly the shooting is limited with the result that good sport is had frequently. Without the preserves the ducks would continue their flight to the Columbia River, where they are better fed than they have been in this part of the country up to a recent date. Those who object to the preserve system might as well get into the band wagon because it is here to stay. The sportsmen spend thousands of dollars every year; their benefit comes in the form of recreation and health; the farmer, the merchant and the transportation companies get their benefit in cash, which they in turn pass on to other sources. Each duck killed during a season figures up a pretty penny, but such sport is not figured on that basis.

PORTUS BAXTER.

With Gun and Dog in Georgia.

I THINK that the prevailing impression among northern sportsmen is that they cannot get good shooting at Thomasville, owing to the fact that of late years large tracts of land and plantations have been so bought up and shooting privileges so leased that there is no place left for the "dropper in." While this impression is in a degree true, there is still a big lot of land outdoors there where birds are plentiful and the shooting good. Thomasville is a small city, situated in the center of a very sparsely settled country; in other words there is no other town or city near it, and even if they should go on selling plantations for the next ten years, there will still be some on the market. Of course, one must drive out some distance, and this very drive adds greatly to the pleasure of the outing. A one-legged man can shoot here. You just keep on driving, and when the dogs find the birds you drive up to them, get out and shoot, and then drive on. So the day is spent.

I can imagine no more delightful journey than to drive to Monticello and Tallahassee and return, hunting all the way there and back again. The trip takes two days. However, this is general or superficial; the details for a journey of this kind or for shorter trips can be arranged for by the Piney Woods, the Mitchell House or the Masury hotels. The Piney Woods stables, of which Mr. M. R. Elder is the proprietor, is thoroughly equipped with good horses and platform spring wagons expressly for this work, and each driver is a pathfinder of no small merit.

It was my good fortune to have with me that ebony veteran, Jesse Daniels, for many years the woodland pilot of Drs. Metcalf and Thompson, and many others who will recall their days afield with him with reverence. Jesse has four good dogs that so love the sound of his gentle voice that the whip is left at home. (He breaks his dogs alone.) In one short day we found a good many bevies of quail, and I came in at night thoroughly refreshed and with sufficient birds to show—well, to show that occasionally an accident did happen. Jesse carried a gun, his dogs work better that way.

Dogs afield have always appealed to me, but always with a greater intensity should the day supply an "incident." The incident may be in the seasoning of the gravy, the touch of perfection, or the undoing, the lengthening of a pretty sunset, or the upsetting of the milk pitcher, and this day among many others is on the sunny page.

Velox was backing Maud in high sedge, both drawn out until it seemed as though they needed another pair of legs to support them in the middle. Jesse directed me to step in and flush, which I did. Between two pines a pair of birds fell to my right barrel; at almost the same instant two more fell to the left of the little pine, while the rest of the big covey passed on beyond the woods. We retrieved our birds, and I remarked: "You only shot one barrel, Jesse," to which he replied, "Dat's all you shot, Mr. Batten, en it did seem as though we shot the heart out of dat covey, sure."

I shall ever bless the fact that confusion restrained me from using my second barrel, when a higher instinct curbed my friend. We did not follow those birds.

I owe much to the courtesy extended to me by Mr. W. A. Torry, the manager for Harvey and Wood, notwithstanding the fact that he is working overtime to get the Mitchell House open Jan. 1, and The Piney Woods Jan. 15. He was of infinite service in having me meet Robert Thomas, Jr., and Hon. H. W. Hopkins, both sportsmen that I wish all sportsmen could know. In the meantime I was comfortably located at the Masury.

Great interest is felt in Thomasville in the coming of the Eastern Field Trials, to be held Feb. 1. Judge Hopkins tells me there are seventy entries in the Derby alone. The trials should be very successful from the standpoint of comfort, as well as from a bird point of view, as never before in the history of field trials has it been possible for the members to have at their disposal such fine hotel accommodations as they will enjoy in Thomasville this year. Then, too, I am under the impression that all grounds are open for this event.

The Georgia Field Trials' Association, organized Nov. 25, 1902, for the improvement of the pointer and setter by actual field competition, and for the betterment and enforcement of the game laws, is, of course, in its infancy, but bids fair to become a factor in the dog and game world, with such men at its foundation as their roster will show: President, Hon. H. W. Hopkins; First Vice-President, Dr. T. R. Garlington; Second Vice-President, F. I. Stone; Secretary and Treasurer, P. M. Essig. Governors: C. D. Jordan, H. N. McIntosh, Dr. Floyd W. McRae, J. E. Miller, S. Grantland, W. H. Davis, W. S. Elkin, Jr.

This organization proposes some changes in the game laws of Georgia, and it wouldn't be surprising if retaliatory measures were to be adopted, although this does not suit Georgia's idea of old-fashioned hospitality a bit. But when a Georgian has to pay $25 to shoot a bird in Minnesota, he thinks the Minnesotian should pay something for bagging a bunch of birds in Georgia.

I was fortunate in being able to present Judge Hopkins with a copy of "Game Laws in Brief" at this particular time; from it he hopes to learn how the clever man can take advantage of the wise ones, and still maintain his dignity as a legislator.

I should be lacking in my duty to FOREST AND STREAM and to its readers, if I did not say my only regrets in leaving Thomasville are that I can't stay longer. Its pretty homes, parks and rivers, club grounds and fine hotels; its balmy climate and Southern hospitality are all equally delightful.

On the journey here it was my good fortune to be attached to the same train that pulled a chartered sleeper containing twelve members of the Chelsea Club of Georgia, who are now doing their annual two-weeks' shooting on their club grounds. The party consisted of Messrs. Nathaniel P. Smith, Jas. B. Baker, W. H. McCord, W. W. Greene, O. M. Eidlitz, W. C. Post, B. E. J. Eils, F. K. Gaston and King Smith, of New York; Percival Roberts, Jr., and R. A. Hatfield, of Philadelphia, and V. J. Hedden, of Newark.

These club members seem to have solved the problem of comfort and success by carrying with them all the comforts of home. The culinary department and dogs had gone on a week ahead, so that housekeeping affairs were in order and their numerous "skyscrapers" were down to real edge and birds well exercised on their arrival. Our train reached Savannah eight hours late, but the side shipment of supplies for the Chelsea Club removes the responsibility of delay from them.

Mr. Nathaniel P. Smith furnished me with many interesting details of the famous old plantation and mansion now owned by these members; and I regret not being able to visit it on this trip, so that I might tell of the changes time has made in the fortunes of one of these historical spots. This club is limited to twenty members. They own six thousand acres, and lease the shooting privilege of eighteen thousand more. On their annual outing they appoint a paymaster who settles all accounts (except those contracted playing "ping pong" and "old maid"), and renders to each member his account on the return to New York, thus they "dutch" it and buy their own cigars and soda water—surely an admirable scheme. "Gun and Dog" advice was not needed on that car, and as in the affairs of the world a good thing was quickly recognized. I mentioned the fact that a "well worn" sportsman in Delaware would sell his Cincinnati's Pride dog. In fifteen minutes it was telegraphed for; and Mr. Gaston was not sure whether they had twenty-eight or thirty-two dogs down there. Mr. Baker claimed that the sire was so good a one that the dam didn't make much difference. "When and where to shoot" is likewise so well known to these Blooming Grove Park Association members that their charter carries with it the privilege of making their own laws regarding "when to shoot," and their vast preserve gives them the "where." Among these veterans of outdoor life a missionary of shooting ethics would find dry picking.

T. E. BATTEN.

We doubt if any repartee ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of Lord Dufferin, when he was Viceroy of India. "Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" said Dufferin, one day, to his "shikarry," or sporting servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindu, "the young Sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."

A Roman journal says that two ships, which were of the nature of floating palaces, and which have been submerged in the lake of Nemi ever since the time of the old Romans, are to be brought to the surface by artificially draining the lake.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Ducking El Dorado.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—There seems to be a new ducking El Dorado at Moses Lake, some twenty-one miles southeast of Ephrata, which latter is about fifty miles east of Wenatchee, Wash., the latter being the point where the Great Northern Railroad crosses the Columbia River. Moses Lake is twenty-two miles in length and a mile wide in its widest place, but for the most part very much narrower. It is fed, according to the story of a Seattle, Wash., paper, by Crab Creek, a strange stream which is not particular whether it runs over ground or under ground. The Indians call this a bewitched water, and will have nothing to do with either stream or lake. Not so two sportsmen of Seattle who visited this region a few weeks ago. Messrs. D. H. and Virgil Hall, who brought back after their little hunt a splendid mixed bag of birds, which included three swans, four geese and about one hundred mallard ducks, not to mention a few mixed varieties of big ducks. The lake itself is a great breeding ground, and although the ducks forsake it after the breeding season they return and spend their winter there. There is one settler, Charles Lewis, a big stockman, whose homestead is on this lake, and he is the only inhabitant within very many miles. It may be supposed that in this remote region where the birds are almost wholly undisturbed two Seattle shooters had royal sport. They seem not to have abused their privileges, and expect to return for another visit to their lonesome ranchman. They describe a small island in one arm of the lake on which the ducks and geese are said to nest in thousands during the summer season. This would indeed seem to be a ducking El Dorado worth remembering, and for that matter, worth preserving.

The Wisconsin Duck Law.

The state of the duck law in Wisconsin is not at this time one wholly satisfactory, and if the threatened changes in other phases of the Wisconsin game laws shall be made, that commonwealth will be in a position to show its neighbors a set of game laws as inefficient as they were formerly good.

The protective sentiment in Wisconsin seems to go by waves, and the game laws do not seem to show any settled sentiment as to the general desirability of the protection of wild game. This State, it may be remembered, for a long time supported the famous dog in the manger law, by whose terms it pledged itself to stop spring shooting as soon as Illinois did. This principle of legislation has always seemed to be about as puerile as any that could be devised.

In spite of waves of lawlessness and waves of penitence, however, Wisconsin did for a long time lead the sentiment of the Mississippi Valley in the matter of good duck laws. It stopped spring shooting, at least upon the marsh ducks which breed in some numbers in Wisconsin marshes; and although this half way measure was of course inherently weak, it showed the Wisconsin heart was in the right place. Moreover, the old law, which restricted shooters to the natural cover of the rushes, and forbade open water blinds, was one of the best measures which could have been devised by that State to induce the migrating birds to tarry for a time upon her marshes. I remember that when I first began to visit Wisconsin ducking grounds, the burlap blind, put out in the open water on the feeding beds of the ducks, was a common device and used with success by all of the market-hunters and by greedy sportsmen who are just as bad as the market-hunters. After a time the numbers of these blinds, more especially in Fox Lake and adjoining waters, rendered it almost impossible for a wild duck to get a place where it could alight in safety or feed in quiet. The deep water diving ducks, redheads, bluebills, ringbills, and sometimes canvas backs could not even get out into the middle of the lake in twenty feet of water without running against one of these blinds. The result was that the birds were hammered and pounded out until they finally settled the question by rising pretty much en masse and getting out to another part of the world.

Then came the revulsion in sentiment which abolished these open water blinds and confined the shooter's concealment to the rushes or a blind built somewhere within the indefinite line of "natural cover." These old open water blinds were usually made of burlaps. The hunter would take some poles 15 or 20 feet in length and sink them in a parallelogram out in the open water. Around three sides of these projecting stake tops he would stretch a strip of coffee sacking or burlap. The blind was left open at one end, and the shooter pushed his boat in and lay riding in perfect concealment and with a very decent wind break. By tying his boat to one of the stout poles he could manage to ride a very heavy sea, and of course in heavy weather and a good big flock of decoys he was very apt to get good shooting. This was all very well while it lasted.

The Illinois law, like the Wisconsin law forbidding shooting from a blind beyond the edge of natural cover, was subject of much argument and construction and misconstruction. At last the objectors in Wisconsin overruled those who had stood out for some protection for the birds, and recently the Wisconsin open water blind law was killed in effect by the introduction of a clause which renders it lawful to shoot on any of the open waters of the State between sunrise and sunset from a paddling or rowing boat, propelled with an oar or oars from the side or sides of such boat.

This change of the old law has already produced the results which might have been expected. The sportsmen of the State declare that the new law has destroyed hunting on the lakes where formerly there was great sport. The present law permits the chasing of the birds by boats, and the ducks are pressed so closely that they never find rest; hence they simply leave feeding grounds which otherwise they would use. There is a large element of decent and tolerant sportsmanship in the city of Milwaukee which protests at this law. It is to be hoped that this element may prove leaven sufficient to affect popular sentiment at the State Legislature, where still more radical changes are threatened.

As to the details regarding the change in the law, the following letter from Henry Overbeck, Jr., State game warden of Wisconsin, should remove any doubt and settle any discussion which exists even to-day:

MADISON, Wis., Dec. 20.—*E. Hough:* In reply to your telegram and letter regarding the shooting of ducks in open water, would say that as the law now reads in Sec. 65 on page 42, open water duck shooting is allowed. The section reads, "Provided, that it shall not be unlawful to hunt, kill or pursue any acquatic fowl on the open waters of this State between sunrise and sunset of the same day with a paddle boat or row boat propelled with an oar or oars from the side or sides of such boat." I enclose the whole of the section referred to. Trusting that this will furnish you the necessary information you desired, and that it reached you in time. Truly yours,

HENRY OVERBECK, JR.

The section referred to by Mr. Overbeck follows in full:

65. Prohibited Methods of Hunting Aquatic Birds.—Section 12, Cbapter 258, 1901.—Section 4563b of the statutes of 1898, is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Section 4563b: Any person who shall use, in the pursuit of any wild duck, goose, brant or other aquatic bird, upon the waters of this State, any sneak boat, or boat propelled by an oar or oars operated from the stern of such boat, or any sail boat, or boat propelled by steam,, naphtha, electric or other engine or machinery, or any battery, sink box or similar device, or who shall kill or attempt to kill or to pursue, while occupying or using any boat, box or other device outside or beyond the natural covering of reeds, grass or other vegetation growing above the water, any wild goose, duck, brant or other aquatic bird, or who shall construct or use for the purpose of hunting, outside of such natural covering or upon the ice, any fixed or artificial blind or ambush, shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, nor more tban fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not more than thirty days or by both such fine and imprisonment; Provided, that it shall not be unlawful to hunt, kill or pursue any aquatic fowl on the open waters of this State between sunrise and sunset of the same day with a paddle boat or row boat propelled with an oar or oars from the side or sides of such boat; Provided, however, that in the waters of Lake Koshkonong in the counties of Dane, Jefferson, Rock, and in the water of Fox Lake in Dodge county, no float, paddle boat, scull boat or sneak boat, shall be used in the pursuit of any aquatic fowl beyond the point where the hunter may by law set his decoys.

It will thus be observed that the sneak boat hunting on canvasbacks on Lake Koshkonong will continue to be unlawful. This sculling or sneak boat hunting as practiced on that lake was in the early times developed into an art most destructive to the canvasback. It was an interesting art, showing well the skill and perseverance of the hunter in outwitting his game, but its result proved fair to be the destruction of all sport on the deep water ducks. It is comforting to know that at least this form of open water shooting continues to be illegal.

There is still another phase of the Wisconsin ducking law which ought to be called to the attention of those who think that all restrictions are off in regard to duck hunting in Wisconsin. From a lay inspection of the law as bearing upon public nuisances, it would seem to be evident that duck shooting in the open water for more than 200 feet from cover will continue to be illegal. The clause bearing upon public nuisances reads as below:

11. Public Nuisances, What Are.—Section 1498o, W. S., 1898.—The following are declared to be public nuisances:

1. Any net of any kind prohibited by law while set, placed or found in any waters where such net is prohibited by law from being used.

2. All seines or other devices, traps or contrivances set or found in any waters in a manner prohibited by any law relating to such waters, and any and all boats found in use in the taking of fish in violation of any of the provisions of these statutes.

3. All set lines, ropes or cables with more than one line attached thereto, either directly or indirectly. Set lines are construed to mean any line not held by the person using the same, whether having one or more hooks. This sub-division applies to inland waters only.

4. Any nets spread upon or under the surface of any of the waters of the State which shall or migbt entrap or ensnare any wild fowl of any kind.

5. Any trap, snares, spring gun, set guns or other device or contrivance which might entrap, ensnare or kill any animals, birds or water fowl protected by law.

6. Section 8, Chapter 312, 1899: Any boats, lamps or lights when used in the unlawful taking or attempting to take fish or game.

7. Any pivot or swivel gun or other firearm, not habitually held at arm's length, and discharged from the shoulder, while the same sball be in unlawful use.

8. Any screen set in the public waters of the State to prevent the free passage of fish, or set in any stream which shall have been stocked by the Commissioners of Fisberies.

9. Any boat, floating raft, box or blind set in open water or outside a natural growth of grasses or rushes sufficiently high to conceal the boat, raft or blind, or an artificial blind set in open water for the unlawful pursuit, hunting or shooting of any wild duck, goose or brant.

10. Section 9, Chapter 312, 1899: Sub-division 10, Section 1498o, Wisconsin statutes of 1898, is hereby amended to read as follows: Sub-division 10, Section 1498o: All decoys set in any of the waters of the State, during the close season for the hunting of any variety of water-fowl as prescribed by law; and any decoys set in the water more than two hundred feet from the cover, which said cover shall be construed to mean the weeds, rushes or other vegetation in which the hunter may locate, or any place in which the hunter shall wholly or partially conceal himself.

11. The unlawful use of any of the articles mentioned in this section, contrary to the provisions of law, shall forfeit the same to the State, and upon their being found under any of the conditions which shall render them public nuisances as specified herein they may be immediately destroyed.

Thus the duck hunter in Wisconsin may chase ducks in the open water, but may not shoot over decoys set more than 200 feet from cover. Sometimes it takes a certain amount of study to figure out the real meaning of a game law by the time the legislators are done with it, and even then there is nothing established until after the courts have finished their work. By that time we are usually ready for another change in our game laws. It is not beyond hope that Wisconsin will see some of the error of her way and refuse to do some of the things which she threatens to do with her game laws at this session of the Legislature.

Ducks in the South.

That veteran Western duck shooter, Abe Kleinman, of this city, told me to-day that he was rather hopeful that he might be able to get South for a little duck shooting this winter. "I am afraid to take my gun out of the case," said he, "for fear I might get it dirty. It has been there for a long, long time."

Abe thinks that a good duck country might be found along the new rice grounds of Louisiana and Texas rather farther to the east than the points which hitherto have been commonly accepted as the best ones for shooting along the Gulf Coast. I have not heard much from High Island or Galveston for some time, and do not know what the outlook is in that part of the world, but there ought to be some shooting left in those regions.

Abe tells me that our old friend Billy Griggs is not shooting for the market this winter, but is running a fishing station somewhere down in Georgia. Happy Billy, to get down in the South in the winter time and escape these Northern winters. For we are having winter here in Chicago for keeps just now, a cold wave with somewhat blizzardly accompaniments having taken the place of the snow and slush.

Hounds and Quail.

Every once in a while some authority on dogs bobs up with the statement that somewhere in the remote past a good strong hound strain was introduced into that breed. There may be color for that statement. At least I am willing to say that the fox hound or coon dog of commerce will, upon occasion, take naturally to quail. The other day, when I was down shooting with Warren Powel, the latter gentleman undertook to put his two coon dogs into the same wagon with a string of quail. He heard a loud yell from the driver, and arrived in time to see the last of quite a bunch of quail disappearing down the throat of one of the coon dogs. "He just took 'em off the string like he was eating peanuts," said the driver, excitedly. I never saw anything like it! I have no doubt that if rescue had not arrived, we should have seen nothing of our bunch of birds excepting the string and a few heads. Mr. Powel said he was sure this dog was swallowing quail without even getting his throat tickled by the wing feathers.

Slaughter of Deer in the Northwest.

Major M. G. Baldwin, of Kalispel, Mont., recently returned from the West Fisher district, and says that large bands of Indians have been hunting in that district ever since the opening of winter, and that they have killed at least 2,000 deer, not to mention other game. One miner reported seeing at an Indian camp sixty deer brought in as result of two days' hunt. These Indians are Flatheads and Kootenais. Their manner of hunting is to go in a large body on horseback with large numbers of dogs and to deploy at the base of a mountain on which they intend to hunt. They then advance up hill, dogs and horsemen beating out all the cover. The deer run toward the top and are shot down in large numbers in this kind of a circle hunt. The Flatheads, returning to their reservation, brought back an immense quantity of hides and had hundreds of horses loaded down with deer meat. They had lived nearly four months on deer meat beside what they brought back. In that part of the mountains there had been two mild winters, and the deer wandered high up, but this fall the snow drove them down and the Indians had no trouble in slaughtering deer in great numbers.

Tennessee Man Gets Moose.

Dr. Chas. E. Wait, of the University of Tennessee, is another American who went to New Brunswick this fall and enjoyed a successful moose hunt. Dr. Wait got a moose with 58-inch spread, with 25 points and a web of 11 inches. Experienced big-game hunters report this to have been the finest head seen for a long time, it being very perfect and symmetrical. Dr. Waite used a Winchester .45-70-500, smokeless powder, metal patched, and killed his moose with one shot. He says that he has with the same rifle and load killed four moose and two caribou, and needed only one shot in any case. It is not believed that very many moose heads have ever been seen within the confines of the State of Tennessee, and it surely must be a source of pride for Dr. Wait to know that he has brought home so grand a specimen.

But Not the Biggest.

The Wait head must have been something of a moose head; but what shall we say to the moose killed this season on the Northwest Miramichi by Mr. Sterling Trevors, one of the employes at Burchill's lumber camp? This head is reported to have had a spread of 72 inches, which is getting directly into the Alaskan class. Mr. Trevors is stated to have been offered $200 for the head, but did not think that was enough. This head is reported by the Chatham World, but I cannot say whether or not the measurements are accurate. They are so extraordinarily large that it seems there might have been a mistake. The New Brunswick heads are the grandest ones to be had near the Eastern Coast, but 60, 61 or 62 inches has been pretty near their limit.

Indians Not so Bad.

By the way, speaking of our Indians out in Montana and their deer killing, how about the sportsmen of Maine and vicinity? It is said that 8,000 or 10,000 non-resident hunters shot in Maine this year. Some say that 7,500 deer have been shipped. Some say that 20,000 deer were killed. Others say 15,000; yet others say 5,000 deer, and perhaps 200 moose. Pile all this game up in a pile, and it might set a fellow thinking. The pile of dead and wounded human beings would also give one occasion for thought, since we read of nine deaths and twenty-one serious wounds in the deer hunting field, one of the dead being a registered guide. We do pretty well in our deer season out here in Wisconsin and Michigan, and kill nearly as many men out here as they do in Maine. I do not believe, however, that we kill quite so many deer, and if these Maine figures are reported accurately, I doubt if we send as many hunters into the woods as go into the wilderness of Maine.

Life and Adventures of a Tin Cup.

The other morning when I went down to my office I found on my desk a tin cup. It was not a very distinguished looking vessel, being old, a bit dirty and very much blackened by the smoke of many camp

fires. On the handle it had the letters U. S., and about the rim there was a bit of wire still entwined. The cost of this cup was, as I personally know, only about six cents in the first place, but as it stood I would not have taken a few hundred dollars for it. In short, this was the same tin cup which, more than a year ago, I lost in the snow in the middle of New Brunswick.

Originally this cup started on its travels when Billy Hofer and I discovered the Yellowstone Park in the winter of '94. Capt. George S. Anderson, now a colonel in the Army, stationed in the Philippines, was then superintendent of the Park. He made me a present of this cup, which was then fresh from the sutler's store. I tied it to my belt with a piece of coffee sacking, and at the belt it remained through every winter trip, and a good many summer trips which I have made since that time long ago, the old cup getting gradually blacker and blacker. It was along when McChesney and I discovered the Two Medicine country of the Blackfeet. It was along with me, as we have discovered, when I went with Adam Moore on my first moose hunt out from Nictor Lake, in New Brunswick. At last, when finally the rotting coffee sack string parted, I lost my tin cup high up in the big hills, six miles from camp, just where none of us could tell. With it went my luck, as I told in our story of the New Brunswick trip with Adam Moore and Henry Braithwaite. Last spring, as I have already mentioned in these columns, Adam, stumbling around in the woods, where all our snowshoe paths had long since disappeared in the spring, blundered on this old tin cup of mine! Adam thought to sequester this as a souvenir, and indeed I hated to rob him of it, but could not find it in my heart to part with my old mascot. This fall Mr. Geo. Henneberry, of Chicago, was out with Adam, and Adam gave him the tin cup to bring back to me. Mr. Henneberry, after several calls, finally left the cup on my desk. I do not know what further adventures this ancient vessel may yet encounter, but I think I must leave it to Adam Moore in my will.

Moose and Grizzly.

Speaking of New Brunswick reminds me of my oft-time repeated assertion that if you stand in the middle of Chicago, you will presently see pass by every living soul you ever met in any corner of the world. I was sitting at my desk the other evening when in stepped Mr. Fred Irland, of Washington, who, so far as I know, has not been West for some time. Mr. Irland's many hunts with Henry Braithwaite in New Brunswick have often been chronicled in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM and in the monthly magazines. He is an old and experienced moose hunter as any that go into that province, and retains that fondness for the New Brunswick wilderness which seems to be carried away by everyone who ever visits that country. Mr. Irland was in Chicago but for a few brief moments. He says, however, that in the spring, about April, in all likelihood, he will start West from Washington for a grizzly hunt in Siskiyou County, California, where he has a friend who thinks he will get a grizzly well worth while. As Mr. Irland will have a couple of months off, the chances are that he will meet his grizzly and take him into camp. If he does, I am sure we will have a very interesting story about these California bears. Old hunters of the eastern side of the Sierras always said that the grizzly bear was never found east of California. Scientists divide the bears into all sorts of species, and even the hunters themselves now do likewise. Formerly they were of only two species, the grizzly and the black. The hunters were more liberal in the past and had all sorts, the silver tip, bald face, roach back, etc., although the most widely experienced of them always agreed that the California bears were bigger than those of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Irland thinks that in Siskiyou County he may perhaps be fortunate enough to meet with one of the bears which sometimes kill cattle among the ranches out there. It takes a good-sized grizzly to kill a steer. My own new grizzly country, which I am holding in reserve for myself until times get easier, is another one where the grizzlies sometimes kill cattle. Now, if only I could visit my country at the time Mr. Irland goes to Siskiyou, what notes we might have for comparison along about the first of June! At any rate, good luck to a good fellow.

Changes in Western Game Laws.

Reference has already been made in regard to the proposed monkeying with the Wisconsin game laws. No one can tell what will happen up in that part of the world in these days. One of the planks of a late gubernatorial campaign—happily an unsuccessful one—was a flat-footed opposition to all game laws, and the declaration that a wide open policy in regard to shooting was the only one which ought to be tolerated in the State. There is a proposition to change the deer law of Wisconsin, to add 10 days to the shooting instead of cutting 10 days off. The great loss of life in the deer hunting field moves one legislator to forecast a bill limiting the charge in rifles, "so that the rifle will not shoot over 200 yards." This is a very wise measure indeed, as will be readily seen by all sportsmen! I am glad to add, however, that there will be an attempt made in Wisconsin to pass another bill limiting the bag of game birds to 25 per day. There has been a great deal of talk over the outrageous slaughter of ducks carried on along the Illinois River by the Powers boys and their friends, and one result of this may be the gradual growth of the limited bag idea. These outrages bring their own remedy with them in the course of time. If Illinois would put a limited bag clause in her laws, straighten out the quail and woodcock season, and insert a Stop the Sale of Game clause, she would have a pretty good law; at least a better one than she would enforce.

From Michigan also come reports of troublous times in the Legislature. One writer says: "There are all sorts of foolish notions being advanced. The fact is, the politicians do not take enough interest in this matter to give it the correct attention it deserves." The trouble with the politicians is that not all of them are sportsmen and not all of them are men of real breadth and grasp of affairs. They are supposed to represent the people, but they sometimes do so by means of views based on a very narrow personal horizon.

Down to Rabbit Hu ting.

As for sport in this part of the country, we are pretty near down to rabbit hunting now. Indeed, it is an easy guess that molly cottontail will become more respected in this State as the years roll by. The latest thing in rabbit hunting is a possible expedition of the Wishininnie Club, some time within the next ten days, for a big rabbit hunt, probably in the neighborhood of Custer Park, in this State. It is said that a few beagles can be obtained, and local guides say that as many rabbits could be killed as the visitors cared for.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Good Work of the California Game Commission.

WHILE the case of Corriea, the San Francisco commission merchant, who, as told in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 20, circularized the market-hunters of the State, offering them weighty inducements to violate the game laws, is dragging out its slow length in the police court, the California Game and Fish Commission is making it decidedly sultry for his dupes. Mr. T. E. Craighill, of Paso Robles, received one of the Corriea circulars and yearned with a yearning that surpasses words to gather in the $2 a dozen and expenses which the worthy commission merchant was offering for illicit quail. Mr. Craighill garnered twenty dozen, and is out of pocket on the transaction the quail, expenses of packing and shipping them, the costs of his trial and $50 fine. He stated that he preferred to be tried by jury, as he expected to receive "substantial justice" from their hands. He got it. Mr. McPherson, of San Luis Obispo, also received a circular and thought that a little Christmas money would not come amiss. His shipment was thirty dozen, and the deputy caught him just as he was about to move with his entire family to Los Angeles. He pleaded guilty and was let off with a minimum fine of $25. The decision in the Corriea case is looked for now any day.

A Trial by Long Distance 'Phone.

Mr. Frederick Rabb is the superintendent of the Ralston Mine, which is situated in Placer County about 30 miles from anywhere. The nearest hamlet is Michigan Gulch. Mr. Rabb killed a deer the other day and shipped it to a friend in this city as a Christmas present. Chief Deputy Vogelsang appropriated the present, and wrote to Mr. Rabb, giving him an option of appearing before the nearest justice and pleading guilty, or having a deputy sent up to the mine to arrest him. Rabb thought it over and telegraphed to Vogelsang that it would be very inconvenient for him to leave the mine just at present, and inquiring if the business could not be done over the long distance telephone. The Fish and Game Commission were willing to accommodate him. The justice of the peace at Auburn was connected with Mr. Rabb and read the complaint to him over the wire. "How do you plead?" inquired the justice. "Guilty," replied the mining superintendent. "Very good," aswered the justice; "the court accepts your plea and finds you guilty and fines you $25 and the costs of this trial, including telephone service, $6.45." Mr. Rabb remarked that the next time he wanted to send a Christmas present to a friend, he would send him a nugget, as he thought it would come cheaper in the long run.

Meat Hunters Bagged.

Despite the game laws, for many years it has been the custom for the owners of mines, lumber camps and other industries in the unsettled portions of this State to contract with professional hunters to supply their crews of men with venison during the winter. In many of the camps this is the only fresh meat consumed during this season, and the slaughter of deer to supply this demand is simply appalling. Neither age nor sex is respected, and every wild thing on four legs represents just so many cents a pound, usually twelve, to the illicit meat contractor. To this occupation he adds that of hide-hunting, as there is a ready market for green deer skins since the law went into effect prohibiting their sale.

Owing to the remote field of operation of these gentry, it has in the past been extremely difficult to obtain evidence against them; but the California Fish and Game Commission this year is better organized than ever before in the history of the State, and it has its trusted deputies practically everywhere. Mr. W. R. Walsh, the deputy at Red Bluff, in the Shasta Mountains, succeeded last week in effecting the arrest of eight of these meat hunters. Mr. Welsh surprised the gang of doe hunters red-handed, in their camp in one of the most remote canyons of the Tehama wilderness, the second day after they had got to work. They promptly admitted killing two deer, and, in fact, a denial was out of the question, as the carcasses were in the camp when the deputy arrived. Several of the men concerned have hitherto borne good reputations. Their names are J. D. Cameron, Guy Cameron, Ed Cameron, Peter Cameron, Walter Gosney, John Schultz, Albert Sykes and J. D. Barber, all residents of Red Bluff. As usual in such cases, they have all pleaded not guilty and demanded a jury trial, which will commence on the 6th of January. In speaking of the occurence Chief Deputy Vogelsang, under whose personal direction Deputy Welsh was acting, said: "I have determined to stamp out this meat-hunting business, and I am glad to see that the citizens of Red Bluff are sufficiently aroused to the necessity of protecting the game to hold a mass meeting denouncing the violations of the law which have taken place in Shasta and neighboring counties." After securing his men Deputy Welsh penetrated further into the mountains and discovered a well-built camp containing ten fresh deer hides, five deer heads and a portion of a carcass, likewise a new .30-30 Winchester rifle, a set of spurs, roll of blankets, etc. The occupant had fled.

MARIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.

New York League Amendments.

THE NEW YORK STATE FISH, GAME AND FOREST LEAGUE, Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 30.—At the annual meeting of The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, the following amendments to existing laws were proposed. Every sportsman and thinking man appreciates the need of more stringent laws and better enforcement to prevent the absolute extinction of the game of the State. Each one of the amendments proposed by the State Association is designed to better protect the remnant of our game and make it possible to secure the enforcement of all existing laws.

The interests involved demand of every sportsman that he give his most earnest efforts to advancing these several measures. Will you take it upon yourself to see that your representatives are fully acquainted with the conditions as they exist, and that an important element of the community demands their favorable action?

The sportsmen of the State can control conditions if they will make their aggressive force felt. Will you do your part? Ask your friends to see members of the Legislature at once and urge them to further these amendments.

C. H. MOWRY,
F. C. EDDY,
W. S. GAVITT,
R. P. GRANT,
Legislative and Law Committee.

1. Prohibiting the sale of grouse and woodcock that are killed within this State.
2. Closing the season for killing gray and black squirrels same time as grouse and woodcock, viz: November 30.
3. Closing the season for killing quail same as grouse and woodcock, viz., November 30.
4. Special Game Protectors appointed by the State Forest Fish and Game Commission, shall have the same power of search as the regular protectors, if in the employ of Boards of Supervisors or incorporated associations for the protection of fish and game.
5. Closing the season for killing grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene at same time as the other counties, viz., November 30.
6. Prohibiting the spearing of fish in Seneca Lake.
7. Prohibiting the sale of web-footed wild fowl after March 1 in every year until the open season.
8. Web-footed wild fowl not to be killed earlier than September 16 or after December 31, but not to provide an open season where none exists, or to extend an open season in any locality where it is less than above.
9. Prohibiting the sale of venison in the Adirondack Reservation, viz., that territory within the "Blue line."
10. Strike out the exception to right of search in New York and Kings counties by protector without warrant.

Some Observations.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe that my esteemed antagonist Coahoma is still in court with his contention "That the procurement of something useful is an essential element of true sport." My sympathy goes out to him in his hopeless struggle, for persistent and heroic effort like his deserves success. Unfortunately for him, the court having jurisdiction in the matter is the noble fraternity of sportsmen, and this court has rendered its decision adversely to him, and is constantly reaffirming its decision; witness the many forms of diversion which offer no opportunity for the "procurement" of anything which is "useful" which are recognized and pursued as sport by the members of this fraternity.

I regret that my worthy opponent has got himself into hot water, and trust he will not hold me responsible for the predicament in which he finds himself, but will realize that it is the result of his efforts to controvert the logic of facts.

I will review briefly the evidence presented in his latest appeal.

He objects to a suggestion of mine as irrelevant on the ground that the owner of pork would not refuse to sell it at 25 cents per pound, which is the sum B said he would not accept for his quail.

I think the court will overrule this objection on the grounds. 1st. The current market quotations on pork and quail fixes the price of a quail at about the price of three pounds of pork. 2d. There is no evidence in the case to show that B regarded the quail he killed as more "useful" than other quail which he could buy in the open market, therefore, it may be assumed that, other things equal, he would sell his quail just as quickly as he would his pork at regular market quotations.

3d. The suggestion objected to did not refer to selling either quail or pork, but to wasting or throwing away these articles of food, and was offered to show that the killing and possession of game divorces it from the realm of sport and places it on a level with other articles of commerce, therefore the suggestion must be relevant to the issue.

Coahoma is evidently unjust to the Swan lake sportsmen when he attributes mercenary motives to them, and is clearly wrong in his deduction from the Swan lake "circumstance." As well might he say there is no sport in shooting clay pigeons which cannot be had in possession after breaking as to say there is no sport in shooting ducks which cannot be had in possession after killing.

The Swan lake sportsmen are no doubt sportsmen in fact as well as in name, and prove the fact by refraining from sport which occasions a waste of game.

I am pleased to assure Coahoma that he need have no fear of more "hot water," so far as I am concerned, because of his observations on the different modes of fox hunting. I can fully indorse all he says in regard to this kind of sport. But what pleases me most is his reference to fox hunting as sport. Fox hunting! from which little or nothing is "procured" that is "useful," and which exacts the expenditure of so much that is useful. Coahoma, accept my congratulations and my hand. I am proud of the progress you are making and predict that you will soon be numbered with the great majority of sportsmen who pursue sport solely for sport's sake.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., Jan. 1.

A Deserved Recognition.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Governor Crane and his council, at their last meeting for 1902, voted to increase the salary of the Chairman of the Fish and Game Commission by the addition of seven hundred dollars. This will be received by all our sportsmen with much rejoicing in view of the earnestness with which the Captain has carried on the work of his department and the cordial manner with which he receives all who have occasion to transact business at the office of the Commission at the State House.

The opening of such an office was one of the first benefits secured by him within a few days of his induction to the position of Chairman of the Board. This action of the council on the recommendation of Governor Crane shows him to be a thorough believer in the work of that department and shows also that his advisers hold similar views.

The advent of Captain Collins to the position he holds marks the beginning of what may be called a new era in the care of fish and game in Massachusetts.

The Captain, from the first, has shown himself a believer in such recreation as the woods and streams afford and has manifested a desire to assist in carrying out the plans of organizations formed for the purpose of fostering legitimate sport with rod or gun. But notwithstanding the advance made in the last three years the department is not without its enemies. In a recent issue of a Boston daily appeared an editorial savagely attacking the Commission for what it termed the "arbitrary manner" in which the laws are being enforced.

By the knowing ones the article is considered as highly complimentary. Every sportsman will say "*enforcement* is what we want" and that without fear or favor.

So we say congratulations are in order not only for the Chairman personally, but for the course represented by his department.

Returning Sportsmen.

President James R. Reed, of the State Association, returned from New Brunswick a few days ago and several of his friends tell me he made their hearts glad by a Christmas present of most toothsome caribou meat.

Since his return he has given the boys of the Young Men's Christian Association a talk on "Angling," which interested them greatly.

Hon. George W. Wiggin has just returned from his second autumn trip—this time from New Brunswick.

I met another well-known nimrod, Mr. Ward Nicholas Boylston, who is planning to remain in Boston for a few weeks.

The Legislature will convene on Wednesday, Jan. 7. All are interested in the make-up of the Fish and Game Committee, and it is generally expected that the Senate Chairman will be Senator Bagley, of Boston; the House Chairman, probably, Mr. Moody Kimball, of Newburyport.

CENTRAL.

Lubricating After Loading.

I NOTE in your issue of Jan. 3 a correspondent's unfavorable experience with bullets lubricated after being seated in the shell. He found that they took a part of the shell along with them when fired. That happened with me just twice in hundreds—perhaps thousands—of shots. The shells in these cases were very old and much used, and it did not occur to me to attribute the breakage to the style of lubrication. Of course this method requires that the bullet be only slightly seated in the shell, so that nearly the whole bearing surface is lubricated. The particular bullet which I have used in this way is the 86-grain .25-caliber. My loader, the old Maynard tool, seats them with one band, one groove, and part or all of the second band in the shell. The hold thus given, unless the shell is too much worn, is firm enough for all practical purposes, while it has never pulled the neck off the shell except in the two cases mentioned, and I doubt whether the break in those cases resulted from the lack of lubricant in one groove. Your correspondent's wording might refer either to shells actually broken, as in these two instances, or to a loss of brass from the inside; either injury being due to excessive friction between the lead and the brass, caused by the lack of lubricant. Reloading, long enough repeated, will be sure to wear away some brass from the mouth of the shell, but I have found it a long while before the wear is appreciable with such reloading as I have described.

BRISTOL HILL.

Measurements of Big Game.

THE Boone and Crockett Club has recently sent out to its members the following self-explanatory circular:

"At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Boone and Crocket Club, Casper Whitney, Archibald Rogers and James H. Kidder were appointed a committee on measurements.

"The object of the committee is to agree upon and establish a uniform standard of measurements for all the large game of America—and as soon as that is determined upon, to gather data of record heads.

"In deciding upon a standard and proper method of measurement, it is the aim of the committee to get the advice and help of members who have had experience with the several different kinds of wild game.

"Will you kindly give this matter your special consideration, and advise the committee of your views in establishing a standard of measurement upon the species of large game with which you have had the greatest experience?

"The committee would also be extremely pleased to receive suggestions from you upon the subject at large."

The subject is one which interests all big-game hunters, and one on which most men who use the rifle have ideas of their own. It would be interesting to hear from our readers on the points mentioned.

An English lady who visited America many years ago used to tell the following story: On the voyage she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retired to her cabin, and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy: "How is your head now?" "Wes-and-by-nor', ma'am," was the answer.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

THE flight was on, but we could do nothing with them, as it was a mild, clear morning and the ducks pursued the even tenor of their way just out of gunshot, paying no attention to the 150 wooden counterfeits we had carefully, even scientifically, arranged for their (and our own) benefit. After we had watched the aerial parade for some time a snort of disgust was heard coming from the sneakbox occupied by N., followed by the exclamation: "Gee, boys, this don't suit me a little bit! These birds will never stool a day like this. They've all got their compasses adjusted and courses set. My motto is: 'If they won't come to me, go after them.' I want some action!" And with that he put in a couple of shells about a foot long and then said: "Now let another bunch come along within 100 yards and you'll see me hurl some of this goose food at 'em!"

Presently a large flock came along the well-surveyed course, and as they were nearly opposite us N.'s heavy artillery spoke twice. Open order, double quick, seemed to be the command for all the feathered company except two; one fell with a resounding splash into the water and the other started in exactly the opposite direction, climbing higher and higher until lost to sight.

"I rather think I joggled that one's compass if I didn't do anything else," remarked N.

"He's hit in the head, probably in the eye," said the old bayman as he pushed out to get the dead bird.

"They go up pretty high when they are shot that way, don't they?" queried N.

"Sometimes a little higher than others," replied the veteran. "I remember once—been 20 year ago, I reckon—I was shootin' from Sloop Sedge one mornin' 'bout like this and along come two widgeon. Wasn't in gunshot hardly, but I throwed it at 'em just to show there wasn't any hard feelin'. Well, one of 'em took the sky route just as you seen that feller do. How high did he go? Well, of course that's something we can't measure, but it was 13 minutes past 7 when I shot him, and at exactly 9 minutes past 12 he fell dead in the blind.

"Will I have a drink? Now that you speak of it, guess I will dampen my tonsils a leetle."

OCEAN.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part V.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page* 515.)

Sometimes, but not often, pleasure can be combined with official duty. Once in the course of this duty the writer had to visit and report upon the salmon fishing in the Tobique River, the largest affluent of the St. John, which debouches a short distance above the pretty village of Andover. At that time the settlers on its banks were few and far apart. Then the plaster quarry had not been developed and the only industries on the river were lumbering and farming, which every settler pursued in a desultory fashion. Salmon were plentiful in the river all summer and formed a large item in the subsistence of the settlers, furnishing them fresh and smoked fish in summer and salt fish in winter. There was no net fishing on the whole river; none were caught except for home consumption, and the implement of capture was the spear. The settlers had neither money to buy nets nor time to set and tend them if they had. In a single night's successful spearing they could take enough for a fortnight's consumption. When spawning time approached and the fish began to gather in the Serpentine and Mamozekel, a fair night's spearing gave them their winter supply of salt salmon. Continual complaints besieged the Department at Ottawa and earnest requests were made for the appointment of fish wardens to guard the river and prevent spearing. The Indian village at the mouth got its principal food supply from the Tobique. Indians, in those days, were allowed to spear salmon for their own use and it was notorious that, under cover of this permission, large numbers of speared salmon were sold to the farmers for many miles up and down the St. John River. The Tobique and its branches are the principal spawning grounds for the salmon that ascend the Saint John. As the valuable fisheries in the harbor and all along the river, between St. John and Woodstock, depended largely on the fish bred in Tobique, the loudest and most persistent complaints, of course, came from the harbor and river fishermen. The members of Parliament for St. John and the river counties could not afford to turn a deaf ear to the complaints and requests of their constituents, so the department was forced into compliance with their demand that fishery officers should be placed along the whole course of the Tobique to protect the salmon. Then an unforeseen difficulty arose. Not a man residing on the river or near its mouth would accept the office, or act as warden. No man from the St. John would undertake the duties for less than a dollar a day and his provisions. Three men were hired and placed on the river at this rate of pay and they soon became the jeer of every settler on it. They were worse than useless; for while they made the fishery laws a laughing-stock, they encouraged contempt for all other laws. These wardens were camped miles apart, with orders to join and assist each other in cases of necessity. A single man in a canoe is helpless against two men in another canoe. So little did the spearers, red or white, care for the wardens, that they would not even extinguish their torches; they simply poled away a few miles, spearing as they went, and recommenced their pursuit of family supplies. To follow them was only labor wasted and the warden, like a practical man, went back to his camp and slept the sound sleep of conscious rectitude; he had sworn "to do his duty to the best of his ability," and he had kept his oath. This farce was continued for two seasons, when the writer succeeded in convincing the Minister that he might as well throw money into the river as pay it to useless wardens. At this stage of affairs, in the month of August, I was ordered to investigate and report fully. Are not these true reports in the treasure-house of the Department even unto this day!

There was a choice of three routes, by any one of which the river could be reached. One was to proceed by steamboat to the mouth of Tobique and ascend the river by canoe. Another was to take train to Bathurst on the I. C. R., ascend the Nepissiguit, cross the short portage of only three miles into Nictor Lake, the principal source of the Tobique, and proceed downward. The third was to leave the train at Matapedia Station, on the Restigouche, ascend the Upsalquitch, a large affluent of that river, take its north branch for twelve miles, cross a very difficult portage of about nine miles and strike the Tobique some distance below its source in Lake Nictor. This last route was little known; no hunters, except Capt. Dashwood and his companion having ventured its hardships, especially as good hunting and fishing could always be found nearer home with much less labor and expense. It was as cheap to send a canoe with Sachem Gabe and Joe Sebattis from Fredericton to Campbellton by rail, as to take Indians from Mission Point to the mouth of Tobique; so I decided to take the least known route. Sending Gabe plain orders, I had no more trouble, for in two days he was in St. John, and the next morning we were in Campbellton, where Gabe laid in his supplies and by ten o'clock we were fairly on our way for the mouth of Upsalquitch. Stopping to fish the pool near its entrance, a fine salmon of 25 pounds gave us all we wanted for several days. The current of this river is much less swift than that of Restigouche, and the water much more shallow, but still it is a fine stream with good arable land, and has now some thriving settlers. At that time, after leaving its entrance, for a few miles nothing broke the silence of the wilderness except our own voices, the rustling foliage and murmurs of the flowing stream. Salmon were plentiful in the pools, and it was hard to resist the temptation of throwing a fly over them. Unlike their brethren in the main river, they rise much more freely, but do not attain anything like their size. The weather was fine and our half-tent of light cotton canvas was all the shelter required. There is a charm in the virgin forest known only to those whose thoughts and feelings are attuned to the surroundings. Some fresh view is disclosed by every turn of the stream; sometimes we would come on a moose, with body half submerged to escape the torturing flies; sometimes a couple of deer was discovered drinking, and often a bear was seen shambling along the banks. The great drawbacks of life in the woods in July and August are the persistent attacks of mosquitoes, midges and black flies. These pests are the angler's penance, which he must make up his mind to undergo along with his pleasures. The midge and mosquito are sufficiently annoying; but the small black fly is perfectly maddening to those unfortunate enough to possess a very sensitive epidermis. Pertinaciously they persist in their atrocious attacks and find their way into ears, eyes and nostrils and through every unguarded aperture in the clothing. Their bite generally brings blood and always leaves an intolerable itching which scratching serves only to increase. After a time, however, the process of inoculation is completed and their bites cease to be painful, but never cease to be annoying. The initiatory process, however, is far from agreeable, and for some persons quite destroys the pleasures of forest life. But for your true sportsman there is a charm in its freedom and surroundings that more than compensate for these and all other *désagrémens.*

We were several days ascending to the portage, which, though only eight or nine miles, was the worst piece of forest tramping the writer has ever done. But after hours of weary labor, in which each had to share, the river was reached and our troubles over. A hasty examination of the Serpentine disclosed but few salmon, and as there were no spearers, red or white, to be seen, we hastened to the head of the settlements. The clearing highest on the river at that time, belonged to a Capt. Bullen, formerly an officer of the Thirty-fourth Regiment, who, attracted by the splendid hunting and fishing the country afforded, had purchased a tract of land on the Tobique and intended making a farm and a fortune by engaging in the lumber business. He spent his first summer in building a plain, comfortable house and then sailed to England from St. John, and the following spring returned with his wife and two children. Then followed the almost inevitable experience of English gentlemen who have settled in the wilderness. Without an income from "home," the great majority of them would starve. Capt. Bullen and his wife had been five years on his farm and his family had increased by the birth of two girls. Had it not been for the attachment and devotion of her Irish foster sister, who accompanied her, Mrs. Bullen must have sunk under her trials. The captain was a true sportsman; to kill a gravid salmon was a crime surpassed only by killing a mother moose or caribou. He had frequently appealed to the Member for the County to do something to prevent the destruction of salmon that had reached the spawning grounds after having escaped the maze of nets in the harbor and along the whole course of the St. John and the red and white spearers of the Tobique. He had also written to the Department for the same purpose, and I was directed to see and consult with Capt. Bullen on my official trip. On presenting my card, I was welcomed with expressions of satisfaction that at last something would be done. He sent for his neighbor, a very intelligent and prosperous farmer and lumberer, who shared his views as to the protection of gravid fish and game, but who had a much better knowledge and ap-

preciation of the difficulties, moral and physical, that beset the question. The captain was opposed to spearing, whether by white men or Indians. Macdougall, his neighbor, set forth the plea for both Indians and settlers, in stating his own case. Ten years before he and his wife, two children and all their earthly wealth were loaded into a scow, and he and his wife's brother, with a span of horses, started to tow to the upper waters. After incredible hardships they reached a pleasant flat where three brooks emptied into the river. Here he built his first cabin, and had it not been for the salmon and trout and game the river furnished, he never could have made good his footing. As for the Indians, he said, no Government could be justified in preventing them from taking salmon for their own sustenance in a river their tribe owned before the foot of a white man trod the soil of the Province, and the spear was the only implement their fathers had used or taught them to use. As to the settlers who had faced all sorts of difficulties in making the wilderness habitable, it was rather too much to ask them to abstain from taking the salmon at their doors—which they and their families needed—for the sole benefit of fishermen in the harbor and along the river St. John, who had no need of the fish for their own subsistence. As Mr. Macdougall very forcibly put it, addressing the writer, "would you deprive your wife and children of necessary food in order that the city fishermen may grow rich?" As for the spear, the settlers could see no difference what the implement was so long as the fish was killed. Capt. Bullen could not deny the force of the settler's plea; his own experience had taught him its peculiar logic; but he still urged that after the gravid fish had reached their spawning grounds they should not be disturbed. In this Mr. Macdougall agreed, and the Department was petitioned to place a warden to guard the spawning grounds after September. This was done, and no doubt some good was effected; but until the river is more thickly settled and public opinion in the neighborhood radically changed, both red and white men will continue to angle for salmon in the Tobique with what old Mr. Bateman facetiously called his "hickory hackle."

The following year Mrs. Bullen's health began to fail, and the captain, heartily tired of his experience in the wilds of New Brunswick, returned with his family to England. The writer bade him farewell as he boarded a ship bound for Liverpool, and that was the last he ever heard of Capt. Bullen, who, little fitted as he was for farming or lumbering, was a true sportsman. But life has other duties beside sporting, and not always can sport and duty be combined. Should these lines chance to meet his eye, perhaps he will be interested to know that spearing salmon in the Tobique has continued ever since he left the river, and in all probability will continue for years to come.

On descending the river we stopped at Rocky Brook, and lower down, at Three Rivers, small affluents of the Tobique. At these places and at several other pools the Old Angler took a number of fine salmon, which rose freely to the fly. To the angler who can stand in a canoe, cast a fair line and handle his fish properly, the salmon of the Tobique will give fine sport, for, though seldom exceeding 15 pounds, they are active, lively fish and leap freely in their fight for liberty. We stopped at the mouth of the river, overhauled the canoe, newly pitched the seams, replenished stores at Andover, and next morning proceeded down river. The only incident on this trip, apart from visiting overseers and wardens, was a drive from Eel River to Canterbury, and thence to Skiff Lake, in which are found the same fresh-water salmon as were then so plentiful in the Schoodic lakes. No doubt in times of high freshets, they found their way from the Upper Schoodic waters into this and Palfrey lake, the only waters in the Province in which the Ouananiche is found. Skiff Lake, studded with its many islands, is the most beautiful sheet of water the writer has seen in his numerous tramps through the wilds of New Brunswick. It has since become a noted resort for anglers, among whom Joseph Jefferson, the great actor, was once a yearly visitor. Subsequently, the more exciting salmon fishing of the Southwest Miramichi allured him from this charming place. Whether, since the death, in 1899, of Sandy Wood, his old companion and the writer's most intimate friend, the veteran angler still visits Camp Jefferson at Clear Water, on the Southwest, the Octogenarian cannot say, as he is now "out of the swim" in the secluded inland town of Sussex. A nice trout stream, running through the farm, affords him all the fishing he is now able to do, and serves to remind him of past pleasures and the days of auld lang syne.

V.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Birth of Salmon Hatching on the Pacific Coast.

IT is now over thirty years since the United States Fish Commission made its first effort at collecting salmon eggs on the Pacific Coast, and although such extensive results have followed, it was at the time a very doubtful experiment. Indeed, it was like sailing out into an unknown sea without chart or compass, for thirty years ago not only were the spawning grounds of the salmon very difficult of access, but what was worse, no one could be found who could tell where the spawning grounds were.

It was Mr. W. W. Montague, the masterful engineer, who overcame the prodigious difficulties of building a railroad over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, who furnished the first information in regard to the whereabouts of the spawning salmon, and all he could tell about it was that once when he was surveying in the McCloud River Cañon he saw ripe spawn dropping from salmon that the Indians were spearing there. Now the McCloud River was in a nest of mountains fifty miles from Red Bluff, the nearest railroad point at that time, and Red Bluff was 250 miles from San Francisco. Acting, however, on this slight but most fortunate clew furnished by Mr. Montague, Mr. Livingston Stone, then Deputy Commissioner for the Pacific Coast, and Mr. John G. Woodbury, his assistant, who were both at San Francisco, started immediately for the McCloud River, and within forty-eight hours of getting the much-needed pointer from Mr. Montague, they saw with their own eyes the very things that he had seen and described to them. There were the Indians spearing, there were the salmon and there were the ripe eggs dropping from the fish.

Appearances plainly indicated that the spawning season was far advanced, and that no time was to be lost. At an enormous expense, two loads of lumber were rushed to the McCloud River Cañon. Three days later a rough pine cabin had been built, and a week later hatching troughs had been put in place out in the open air and a mountain stream was running merrily through them. Salmon were now procured from the Indian spearers, and their eggs fertilized and placed in the troughs, and everything looked encouraging; but one hot afternoon, *horribile dictu*, every egg was discovered to be white and dead, and the thermometer registering 84 degrees Fahrenheit in the hatching water. The spawning season was indeed now nearly spent, and it seemed as if only a hope of the most forlorn kind was left, but fortunately a few more spawning salmon were secured, the troughs were filled up again, the eggs were eyed, and on Oct. 23, 1872, the first California salmon eggs ever matured artificially, and the first ever sent across the continent were shipped to Dr. Slack's trout hatchery in New Jersey, where they were hatched, and the fish subsequently planted in tributaries of the Atlantic.

These were the humble beginnings of the hatching of Pacific salmon, which has now, through the agency of the various hatcheries of the U. S. Fish Commission, of State hatcheries, and of private parties, assumed proportions of such magnitude on the shores of the Pacific.

SALMO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Carp, Muscallunge and the Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—Carp seining under the supervision of the State Fish Commission went on all last season in the waters adjoining Fox Lake, Grass Lake, etc., of upper Illinois. It is not generally known what tremendous quantities of fish are taken in this way. I am advised by one observer who has a cottage at Fox Lake that he saw in one corral seven and one half tons of carp. Among these fish were several which would have weighed 30 to 40 pounds. These fish are shipped to the Chicago market, most of them being sold in the Ghetto district.

Once in a while in this carp seining the fishermen take fine wall-eyed pike, muscallunge and other fine fishes. Do you think that they always throw them back in? If you do you are very much mistaken. I can produce chapter and verse regarding one 46-pound muscallunge thus taken which was shipped to Henry Kleine at Chicago, who, it is stated, had other fish, such as wall-eyed pike, etc., sent him. Over these fish, and one or two other matters, there arose a very pretty little lawsuit, which implicated the warden detailed to supervise the netting. The latter was cleared of any kind of complicity with law-breaking. I am disposed to think some time that there might be a very pretty little story found in connection with this muscallunge, these carp seiners, the deputy warden and other persons. In short, I have an informant who has given me his sacred word of honor that he will give me all the facts one of these bright days, in which case we shall see what we shall see. The seining is not going on now, but will no doubt be undertaken again under the same auspices next summer. I hear that the carp bring 2 or 3 cents a pound. It is understood that the game fish are not disgraced by having a market price put upon them. Great as a popular institution is his honor, the German carp.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea Trout and Brook Trout.

I have the following letter from Mr. W. B. Mershon, Saginaw, Mich., one of our best known Western anglers and owner of a good fishing on the Cascapedia. Mr. Mershon's remarks may be premised by the statement that he is a careful and accurate observer of the habits of game animals of all sorts. He writes:

"I have seen quite a lot in FOREST AND STREAM lately on the subject of sea trout. I see my friend Hallock believes they are different from brook trout. I do not like to dispute a man whose knowledge on a subject of this kind is superior to mine, but my observations on the Cascapedia River extending through a good many years lead me to believe that there is no difference between brook and sea trout. This year, the river, when the ice broke up, was full of large trout. They apparently were going to the sea and must have remained in the river later than usual, or through the winter, and when the ice broke up and the freshet was on, they worked down to the mouth, where there is no question of there being an immense amount of food. It seemed to me that the water is so cold in the Cascapedia and so little food in it anyhow that the fish have to go to the mouth of the river to subsist. When they came in from the sea, which they usually do about the 20th of June (though this year no trout came in at all, strange to say, until very late), they are bright and silvery. The black spots are more pronounced than the red ones, but the markings of the brook trout are there just the same. The longer they are in the fresh water the darker they become, and finally lose their silvery cast and take on the hues that make the brook trout so attractive.

"Why they did not return at the usual time this year, I cannot say, but it was unusual to find enormous quantities of large trout in the lower 12 or 15 miles of the river in the spring time and also unusual not to meet them coming up-stream in this same water in midsummer.

"Now if they followed the salmon to live on their eggs, why is it that this same lower part of the stream, I mean that strip covering 10 or 12 miles from the mouth up, also contains large quantities of these trout usually during the summer and fall?

"My guides tell me that the little creeks or bayous putting into the Cascapedia are full of these trout spawning in the late fall and even in the winter time. In the old days they used to catch very large ones through the ice in these same little inlets and bayous. I have been there late in August and found the fishing most excellent, getting trout that would weigh from 3 to 6 pounds. One evening after the middle of August I took 10 trout that weighed 33½ pounds. Every one of these were dark, highly colored fish. I caught them in a favorite deep pool of mine about 7 or 8 miles above the mouth of the river. All of the little eddies or shallows are full of highly colored little fellows from 6 to 8 inches long in the spring and summer."

The Sea Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me, through your columns, to thank Mr. Charles Hallock for his too flattering allusions to the Old Angler in your issue of Dec. 20, and also for the courteous manner in which he attacks my positions on the sea trout question, as set forth by the Octogenarian.

Mr. H. says he has "the key to the problem, which should reconcile all variances"; but instead of turning the key himself, he hands it over to two of his friends, who each gives it a yank, in his efforts to turn it as Mr. H. wishes. One of these, Mr. Gregory, the Octogenarian met years ago in Ottawa, and has ever since regretted that he could not meet him often and enjoy that *bon camaraderie* for which he has a distinguished and deserved reputation. Mr. G.'s working at the key has brought forth both facts and opinions; but the latter are very slightly supported by the former. The facts stated by Mr. G. corroborate those set forth by me at some length in your issue of Dec. 20. Not one of my statements is questioned, while all of them receive support from Mr. G. as long as he deals with facts. He is aware that many rivers become well stocked with sea trout, which go a long distance up stream; are a nuisance in salmon pools and after a time disappear. In these facts we are agreed. On this slight foundation of *fact* Mr. G. bases the following erroneous *opinions:* That sea trout are gregarious and migratory shore fish, which come and go periodically to and from the sea; that they subsist on littoral food, and are looked for only at stated periods of the year. While Mr. G. does not formulate it in express terms, he leaves us no room to doubt that his opinion is they spawn in salt water. This is all that Mr. G.'s yanking at the key discloses as an offset to the array of facts—not opinions—set forth by the Old Angler in your issue of Dec. 20.

Mr. Hallock then puts forward his "clincher" from the pen of Mr. John Manuel, of Ottawa, owner of the River Godbout, which he has fished annually for twenty-five years. As this gentleman is a Brother of the Angle, I tender him my compliments and beg his patience while I examine the working of the key in his hands. Let me, then, separate his facts from his opinions and see how far his testimony adds weight to Mr. Hallock's contention. His facts are, that sea trout go up the Godbout in large numbers; that he has seen them netted in large numbers at the mouth of this river; that large schools of trout go up this river in July and August; that most of these remain there all winter and come down when the river breaks up in May, as was stated in my presentation of the facts. His *opinions* are: That they go up river in July and August to feed on salmon eggs, that are not deposited until October and November; and, finally, he thinks with Mr. H. that sea trout are littoral or shore fish, which, he leads us to infer, spawn in salt water. Mr. Manuel's deposition certainly is a "clincher"; but on my side of the argument!

After his two friends had shown their skill in twisting the key, Mr. H. thinks that all the irrefragable facts stated in your issue of Dec. 20 can easily be reconciled with his sea trout theory if I will only "allow that the sea trout ascend rivers to eat spawn and not to deposit it," as we all know the *fontinalis* do. I think I see the twinkle in Mr. H.'s blue eyes, as he wrote this sentence. But even with this admission, all the other facts I have stated, if they are not confuted, are fatal to his sea trout cult. Mr. H. will hardly risk his reputation as a Naturalist by endorsing his friend's opinion that this variety of the *Salmo* family spawns in salt water; nor will he, I think, contend that a slight difference in the texture and color of the gills of *fontinalis* when in fresh water, is sufficient to make it a separate variety from its brethren who cannot reach salt water!

The Old Angler opines that Mr. H. will have to work his key himself or else get the assistance of more careful observers than his amiable friends, whose hastily formed opinions are poorly supported by partially observed facts.

VENNING.

The Accord Fox Club's Hunt.

Crippled and scarred in the battle of years,
Over the mountains he nobly steers;
The dogs on his track send an answering bay
Down through the valley as if they would say:
"He's coming; be ready; don't miss him to-day."
Only a cracker left in the box,
Four of us hungry awaiting the fox.

A stir in the bushes, a rustle of leaves,
The old fox has passed us; each one of us grieves,
For the dogs look their thoughts as they pause on their way,
And their thoughts put to words mean, "Who is to pay?
"We drove him, you missed him." They are off and away.
Only a cracker left in the box,
Four of us hungry awaiting the fox.

Again to the mountains, the dogs on his trail,
Through the brush of the forest he enters the vale;
As he leaps o'er the brown sedge, four echoes recall
The camp-fire's story, where nobody falls;
You ask me the moral, "Go home," that is all.
Only a cracker left in the box,
Four of us hungry awaiting the fox.

ACCORD, Mass. WILBUR LINCOLN.

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

THE hosts of friends of Dr. H. Clay Glover will deeply regret his withdrawal as veterinarian of the New York dog show. He recently sent to the Bench Show Committee of the Westminster Kennel Club the following: "I beg to herewith tender my resignation as veterinarian to the Westminster Kennel Club, which position I have occupied for about twenty years. The duties have become quite arduous to me, and I believe the interests of the club would be best served by the appointment of a younger man. To my successor I shall be most happy to give, by advice, the benefit of my long experience." Let us hope that the successor will be as eminently able, conscientious and popular as Dr. Glover is and ever has been.

The premium list of the Westminster Kennel Club's 27th annual bench show, Feb. 11-14, is now ready for distribution and may be obtained of the superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, Room 70, Townsend Building, 1123 Broadway, New York. Entries close on Jan. 26.

Yachting.

30-Foot Waterline Auxiliary Yawl.

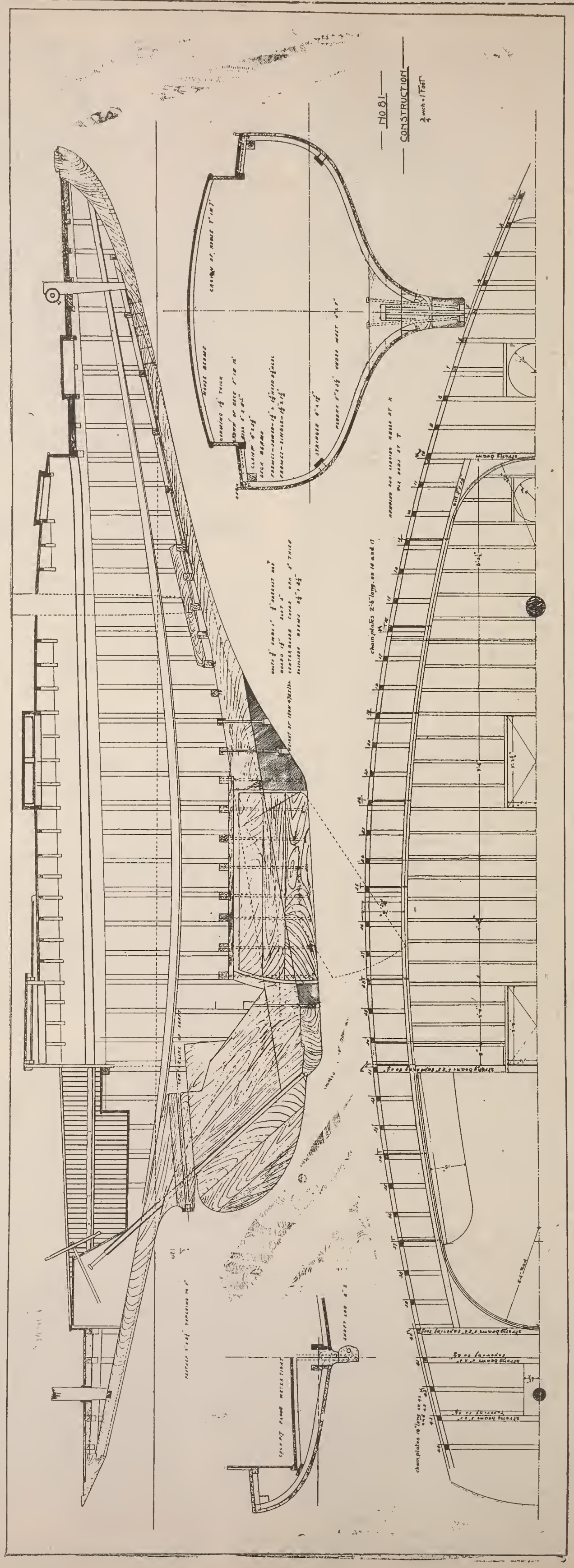
THE design of the 30ft. waterline auxiliary yawl which we reproduce this week, was made by Mr. W. Starling Burgess for Mr. J. B. Wilson, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The boat is intended primarily for cruising, but her design embodies many of the modern ideas, and she should be fast and comfortable. The propeller is placed above the rudder and a little to one side. This plan is unique, and is new so far as we know, the usual method being to cut out a place in the deadwood just inside the stern post for the propeller. The boat's draft is moderate, being just over 5ft. with the centerboard up, and in consequence she will have access to most of the harbors along the coast. The centerboard houses under the cabin floor. The cabin house is 21ft. long, and the mainmast comes down through the forward end. At the after end of the cabin house a heavy beam runs athwartships. The motor is placed under the forward end of the cockpit, and is reached by moving the companion stairs. The cockpit is 9ft. long.

The companionway is on the port side, and its leads to a steerage, on the port side of which is a berth. A sliding door on the partition to starboard opens into a stateroom 7ft. long. Here is a wide berth, and at the after end is a bureau and a clothes locker. Forward is the main cabin, which is 7ft long and runs the full width of the boat. On either side are wide transoms. At the after end is the sideboard, and forward there is a locker on each side. From the main saloon forward there is a passage on the port side, which leads to the galley. On the port side of the passage there is a large ice box, and on the starboard side is a toilet room 2ft. 9in. wide. The galley is roomy and well fitted, and there is full headroom under beams. A hatch over the galley gives plenty of light and ventilation. There are two pipe berths in the forecastle for the men.

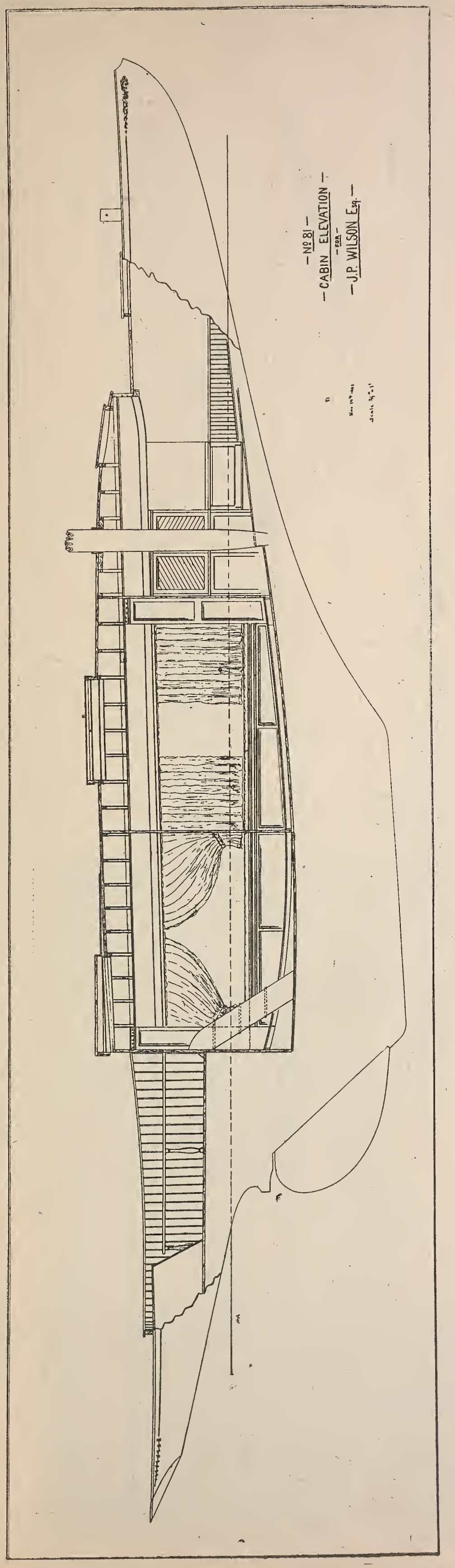
The dimensions follow:

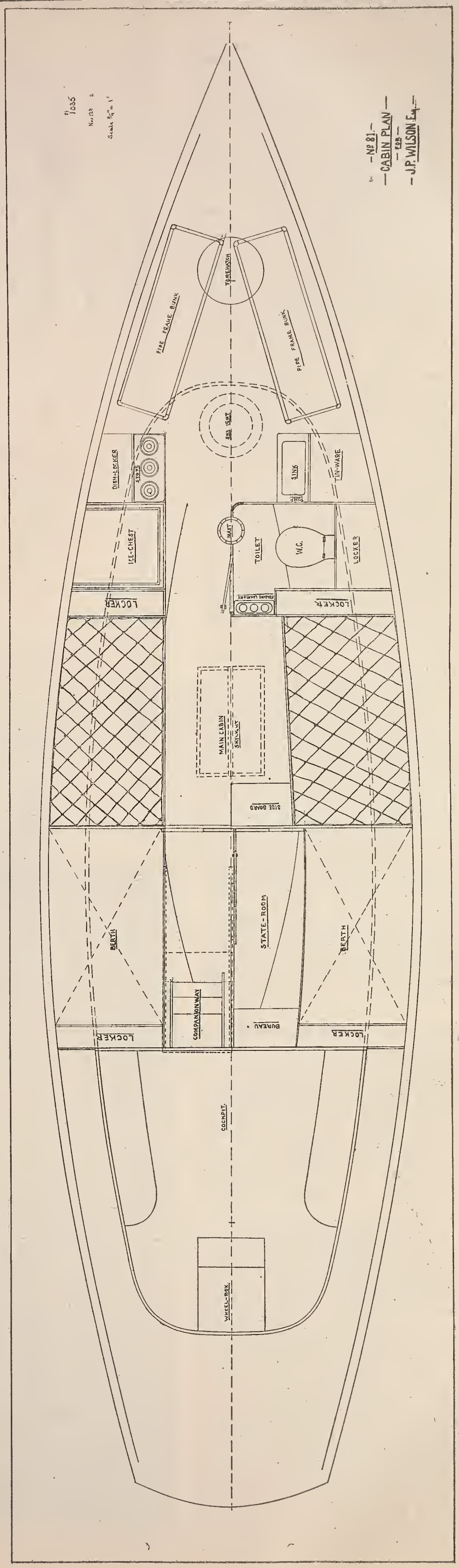
Length—	
Over all	46ft. 9 in.
L. W. L.	30ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	7ft. 8 in.
Aft	9ft. 1 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	12ft. 4 in.
L. W. L.	11ft. 9 in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	3ft. 10½in.
Extreme	5ft. 4½in.
Board down	8ft. 9 in.
Ballast outside—	
Iron keel	4,785 lbs.
Freeboard—	
Bow	3ft. 4¾in.
Stern	2ft. 5 in.
Least	2ft. 3 in.



Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—It has been decided by the Manchester Y. C. to make the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup open to all American clubs. It is said that the policy will be somewhat different from any that has yet been adopted. A meeting of the Executive Committee is to be held Tuesday afternoon, at which it is expected that all arrangements will be made. The principal thing, however, is the fact that other American clubs will be allowed to compete. This will undoubtedly lend a greater interest in the quest for the cup than would have been evinced had there been only the two boats competing, which have been ordered from Burgess and Packard by the Higginson-Boardman syndicate. One of these boats is now well along toward completion, and the other will be started in a short while. In view of the fact that the races will be made open, it is likely that there will be at least one more candidate for challenger built by North Shore yachtsmen. There is talk of several more, but it is not thought that there will be any great flock of them owned by yachtsmen in the vicinity of Boston. It is known that several western yachtsmen have been desirous of competing in the trials, and it is thought that at least two or three boats will come from the Lakes. It is considered likely that the trials will be held very early in order that the yacht which is selected will have an opportunity of be-





30-FOOT WATERLINE AUXILIARY YAWL—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS FOR J. P. WILSON, 1902.

ing thoroughly tried out in the waters in which she is to compete for the cup.

Five new 25-footers are now in process of construction. This will make a fair class if they will all race together throughout the season, and it must be said that the prospect for racing in this class looks better than it has since the close of last season. Four of these boats are from designs by Starling Burgess, and the fifth has been designed and is being built by Walter Kelley. They will all be of extreme over all length and will have considerable beam. The boat for Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., is said to have truss bracing which comes up through the floor of the standing room. It does seem too bad that it should be necessary to put such bracing in a yacht that has been built for an alleged restricted class, but such features may be the means of bringing about good results in changes in rules that have been thought necessary. Com. Doherty, who has ordered one of these boats from Burgess, seems to be considerably in doubt as to whether these extreme features are going to be good for the class. In his own boat he has asked for considerably more headroom than is required under the rules, and is also going to get along without any of the braces, which have been heretofore seen in Quincy cup boats and in abnormal 18-footers of the unrestricted class. It is the claim of some that the new boats will pound themselves to pieces as soon as they have been put to a test in a seaway, while there are others who believe that they will come through a rough chance all right, the angle of heel giving them sufficiently sharp entrance to prevent pounding. Just what will happen to them can only be found out when they are put to the test, and that time will not be long in coming now.

Starling Burgess is to have the cutter Edith altered into an auxiliary. She will be given a short mast and a kind of jury rig, which is thought best suited to the purposes for which Mr. Burgess wants her. She will have a Murray and Tregurtha 4-cylinder engine of good power, which, with her lean underbody will be considered sufficient to drive her at a fair rate of speed. Mr. Burgess will use her for cruising and will live on board throughout the summer.

At the annual meeting of the Chelsea Y. C., held last Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected: Commodore, Thomas Harrington; Vice Commodore, W. F. Birch; Treasurer, William Thirkell; Financial Secretary, E. J. Bailey; Recording Secretary, George Barrie; Measurer, F. E. Walters; Board of Directors, R. W. Wagner, J. F. Cooper, W. S. Young, C. G. Lenfest and F. W. Jaynes. The annual dinner of the club will be held at the Quincy House, Boston, Feb. 21.

The annual meeting of the South Boston Y. C. will be held at the clubhouse, Columbia Road, Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, at which the officers for the year will be elected. The report of the secretary shows the membership to be 384, and he also reports that a substantial sum of money has been paid over to the treasurer during the past year. It is announced that the 35th anniversary ball of the club will be held in Paul Revere Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 4.

The work of bending the frames for the Emery steam yacht is still going on at Lawley's, and the decks are being finished up on the Fletcher steam yacht. The east shop is now pretty well filled with boats, and there are others to be started there as soon as the ones under construction are finished. It is noticeable that in this shop, as in the shops of other builders, the majority of yachts being built are for cruising classes, or are out-and-out cruisers, without regard to class.

Power dories and launches have been brought into great favor among the yachtsmen, and there is scarcely a yard where there are not some of these boats being built. Nearly all of the owners of yachts of 25ft. and over are to have power tenders, while many others are ordering them for skimming around in the harbors.

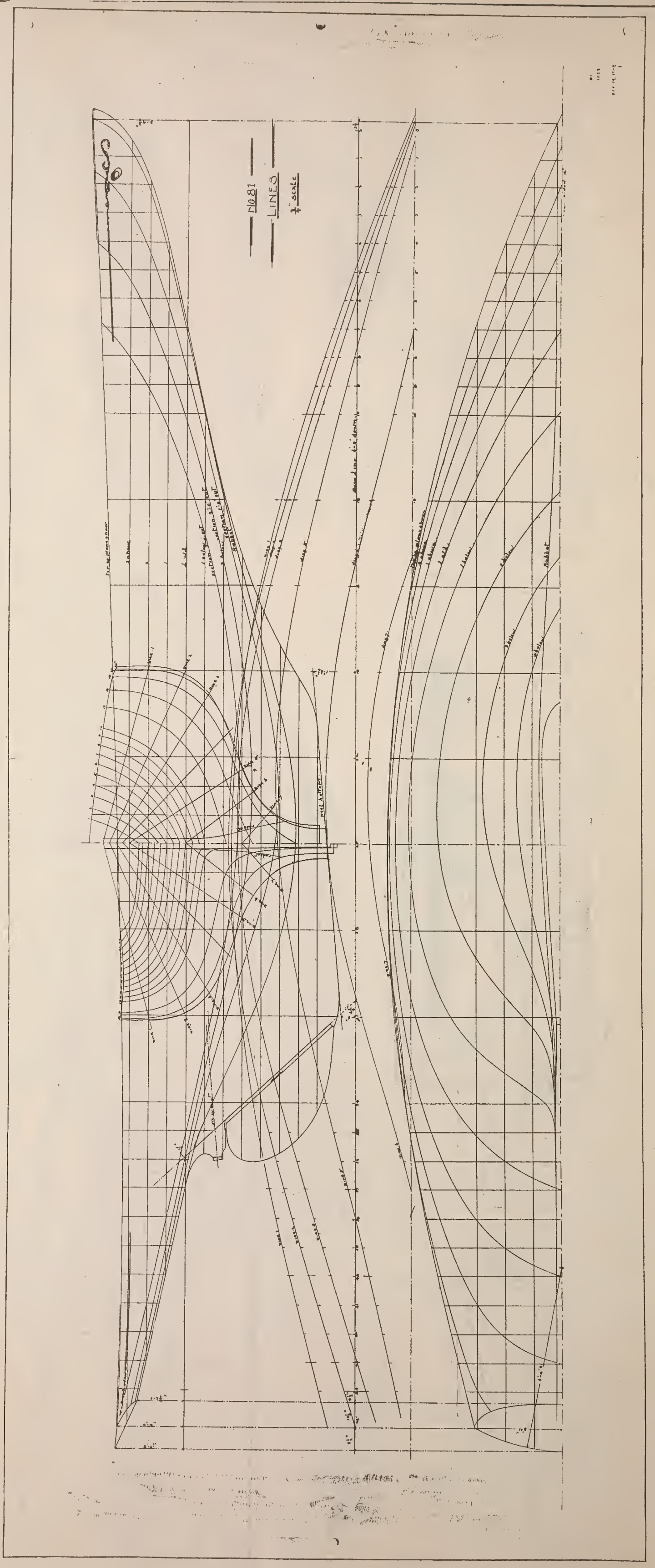
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Ice Yachting on North Shrewsbury.

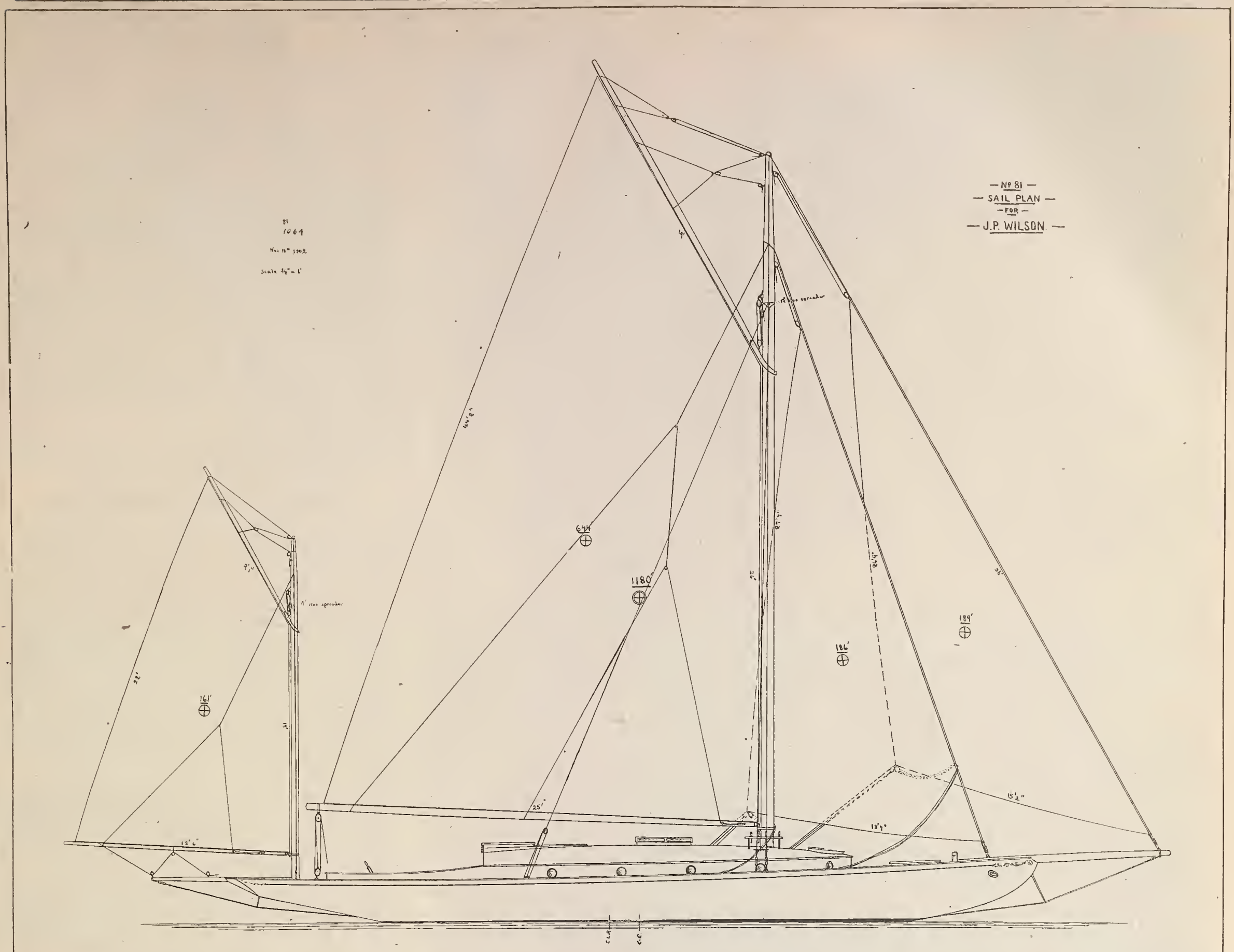
Editor Forest and Stream:

The ice yachtsmen of the North Shrewsbury River have been for some time making preparations for the winter. Several new ice yachts are about completed, and several others have been rebuilt, or radically altered. The type of boat most in favor at Red Bank, which is the headquarters of the North Shrewsbury Ice Y. C., is the lateen, of just under 350 sq. ft. of sail area, and 15 to 16 feet track, locally known as third class. The fourth class lateens carrying up to 250 sq. ft. of sail are also in great favor on account of ease of handling combined with a high degree of speed, considering the size.

There are two distinct types or classes of lateen ice yachts, and concerning the respective merits of each class the experts are at odds. The distinguishing feature is the method of hanging the sail. In one case it is pivoted at the tack of the sail or point of the boom to the end of the bowsprit. In this method of rigging the yard is drawn up closely to the crotch of the sheer poles, and acts as an inclined mast, while the boom is free to move or to lift, in case of easing the sheet. The advantages are simplicity of rigging, no after stays or spreader being required, and greater speed off the wind, the sail acting like a large jib. In the other class the boom is encircled by a band at from one-third to one-quarter of the length of boom from its forward end, which band is connected by a turntable to the keel at a point varying from 2 to 4 ft. forward of the runner plank. While this type of ice yacht may have a shorter keel than the former, it requires afterstays to the sheer poles, as well as fore and after spreaders. But the sail may be trimmed flatter, and the yard swings with the boom, further out, or less than the boom, depending upon how far inboard the boom is caught. The weight of opinion is that the first-mentioned class is better off the wind, and the latter is better on the wind. The latter class without doubt sticks to the ice the better.



30-FOOT WATERLINE AUXILIARY YAWL—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS FOR J. P. WILSON, 1902.



30-FOOT WATERLINE AUXILIARY YAWL—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS FOR J. P. WILSON, 1902.

INDRA—Owned by Henry F. Noyes. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The South Shrewsbury Ice Y. C., at Branchport also appears to favor the third class, but pins its faith to the jib and mainsail rig. The members of this club own several flyers of the third class, and there are new yachts now building or completed.

Good racing is looked for in each club, and there is a prospect of the best two ice yachts of Red Bank and Branchport coming together. On last year's form the favorites should be the Wizard of the North Shrewsbury, and the Mildred, of the South Shrewsbury River, the new boats being unknown quantities.

T. H. GRANT.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 29.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, will be held at the Union League Club, Broad and Sansom streets, on Monday, Jan. 12, at six o'clock.

The officers and standing committees of the club will submit their reports for the past year, and an election for the officers and standing committees of the club for the current year will be held.

The trustees have announced the following nominations for the various positions to be filled: For Trustees to serve for three years, Frank H. Rosengarten, Dr. Richard H. Harte. For Commodore, Alexander Van Rensselaer, steam yacht May; for Vice Commodore, Robert J. W. Koons, schooner Crusader; for Rear Commodore, E. Walter Clark, Jr., sloop Cherokee; for Secretary, Addison F. Bancroft; for Treasurer, George E. Kirkpatrick; for Measurer, J. Murray Watts; for Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, John A. Inglis; for Committee on Admissions, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rensselaer, G. Herbert Millett, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Pratt.

The Annual Subscription Club Dinner will be given at the Union League Club, at 7:30 o'clock, upon the adjournment of the annual meeting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The schooner yacht Coronet has been chartered by Mr. Louis Bossert through the agency of Messrs. Macconnell Brothers, to Mr. Samuel B. Stevens, of Rome, N. Y. Coronet is now fitting out at South Brooklyn, and when the work is completed she will proceed to Charleston, where Mr. Stevens will join her, and then a West Indian cruise will be taken.

Maria, the steam yacht owned by Vice Commodore Frederick G. Bourne, will be renamed. In the future she will be known as Delaware. The yacht is being

CHANTICLEER——Owned by Geo. W. Weld. Photo by James Burton, New York.

overhauled at Hoboken. A chart house will be built on top of the forward deck house and a flying bridge will be added. New pole masts will take the place of the old masts and topmasts, and the jib boom will be replaced by a short bowsprit. Below decks the arrangements of the cabins will be slightly changed, and all will be refitted and refurnished.

The Metropolitan Boat and Launch Co., Astoria, L. I., will build eight boats for the Red Bank Y. C.'s one design class.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane have gotten out plans of a fireboat for the City of New York. She will be 110ft. waterline, 25ft. breadth and 9ft. draft. There will be two Scotch boilers and engines of 750 horse-power. The pumps are of 300 horse-power. The vessel will be built of steel. The contract for the building has not yet been awarded.

Six men have signified their intention of building boats in the New York Y. C.'s one design class. Messrs. August Belmont, C. Oliver Iselin, J. B. M. Grosvernor and Paul Dana are among the number.

The work of putting the schooner Muriel, owned by Mr. Charles Smithers, in shape for her southern cruise, is practically completed. The refitting was done by the Greenport Basin and Construction Co., Greenport, L. I. More substantial fittings have been put in the cabins in order to make her as comfortable as possible below. New and heavier hatches have been fitted in place of the old ones, and the rig has been reduced materially. Captain John Barr will be in charge and her owner expects to make Bermuda, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Venezuela.

The schooner Indra was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley and built in 1900 by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. Indra is built of wood and is 71ft. 6in. over all, 45ft. 9in. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 10ft. draft. She is now owned by Mr. Henry F. Noyes, New York City.

Chanticleer.

Chanticleer was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co., Morris Heights, N. Y., in 1902, for Mr. George W. Weld, Boston, Mass. She is 118ft. over all, 79ft. waterline, 22ft. breadth and 12ft. 6in. draft. Chanticleer is built of steel.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Yesterday was the last shooting day of the year, and there was a fine turnout of marksmen at Shell Mound.

The Golden Gate club closed the season with a banquet in the evening. The most notable shooting of the year was that of J. E. Gorman, who made 924 on the Standard target in 100 shots with revolver at 50yds.

F. E. Mason won the first prize, $60, in the Germania club contest, champion class. J. D. Heise won the first prize, $40, offered to all except champions.

Scores of the day for the Schuetzen Verein:

Herman Huber 123, F. Brandt 161, Louis Bendel 303, J. C. Waller 309, Henry Meyer 317, John Utschig 388, F. P. Schuster 424, D. B. Faktor 452, John de Wit 453, J. Lankenau 488, August Pape 567, R. Stettin 657, D. Salfield 735, A. Bertelsen 806, Edward Goetze 812, William J. Goetze 815, August Goetze 839, William Ehrenfort 854, George H. Bahrs 904, Otto Lemcke 997.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Jan. 4 the following scores were made. Roberts was champion for the day with 91. The conditions were: 200yds., offhand, Standard target. Wind 4 to 7 o'clock:

Roberts	91 86 84 82 80	Hoffman	80 80 80 79 75
Odell	89 89 85 83 81	Trounstine	77 76 69 68 66
Gindele	89 88 88 87 85	Freitag	77 75 73 66 63
Payne	87 85 85 84 83	Drube	74 71 67 67 ..
Lux	82 79 76 75 75	Topf	62 61 61 61 61
Jonscher	81 79 77 76 71		

Honor target: Roberts 25, Odell 22, Gindele 29, Payne 26, Lux 21, Jonscher 26, Hoffman 21, Trounstine 21, Freitag 15, Drube 18, Topf 18.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 5.—The following 5-shot scores were made on the 50ft. range, possible 125: H. S. Orchard 120, 120, 115, 121, 117, 116, 114, 114; C. H. Sidman 118.; F. Tompkins 121, 117, Geo. Terwiliger 108, 100, 113; R. Ballard 118, 114, 115, 115; H. Guernsey 113, 114; Ezra Ledorc 114; F. Schmidt 114; Willie Wheeler 110; G. Tompkins 122, 121.

Ten-shot scores at 75ft., possible 250: C. H. Sidman 221; C. G. Blandford 238, 238; H. Orchard 226, 221, 213; Dr. E. B. Sherwood 230.

In the non-members' re-entry match, H. S. Orchard is first with 241; Frank Tompkins second with 240. E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 8.—Newark, N. J.—Match between J. W. Hoffman, New Germantown, Pa., and C. Steffens, New York, 100 live birds each, $100 a side, on Smith Brothers' grounds.

Jan. 10.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club shoot.

Jan. 11.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's shoot.

Jan. 13-15.—El Paso, Texas.—Grand midwinter carnival shooting tournament, under auspices of the El Paso Gun Club. W. H. Shelton, Sec'y.

Jan. 13-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Hamilton Gun Club's thirteenth annual grand Canadian live-bird handicap tournament.

Jan. 15.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Eastern three-man team live-bird championship, $7.50 per team, birds extra. For information address Gus Greiff, 318 Broadway, New York.

Jan. 26-30.—Brenham, Texas.—Second annual Sunny South Handicap; live birds and targets.

Feb. 9-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club. Percy S. Benedict, See'y.

May —.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. T. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association programme for the tournament to be held under its auspices, Feb. 10 to 14, Detroit, Mich., is specially attractive to trapshooters. Some of the main events are as follows: Sportsmen's handicap live-bird championship trophy; International live-bird trophy; Sportsmen's handicap target championship trophy; Sportsmen's expert target championship trophy—all to become the property of the winner, except the International trophy. There also is the Sportsmen's Grand Handicap, 25 live birds, $35 entrance, birds included; handicaps 26 to 32yds.; International live-bird event, 15 birds, $15 entrance; Sportsmen's grand handicap target championship event, 100 targets, which is split up into 20-target events; and the Sportsmen's expert target championship event, 50 targets, split into two 25-target events. It may not be amiss to mention that a handicap is not a championship, nor can the term be properly used in that connection. High guns will govern in live-bird events; Rose system in target competition. Target handicaps, 16 to 21yds.; live-bird handicaps, 26 to 32yds. Average money each day, and grand average trophy. Added money, $500. All entries for Grand Sportsmen's Handicap at live birds must be made on application blanks, a copy of which will be found in each programme, for which address the secretary, Seneca Lewis, P. O. Box 5, Detroit, Mich.

Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and J. Hildreth are visitors in New York at present. The former has recovered with astonishing quickness from the surgical operation for the removal of tumors from his shoulder, which he underwent in Cincinnati, O., a few weeks ago. There was more than one tumor, and some rather deep cutting was necessary to remove them. With true gameness, he refused to be considered an invalid, and was up and about soon after the operation.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, sent us the following communication under date of Jan. 3: "Please announce in the trap department of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Warm Springs, Ga., June 16-19, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club, and for one at Viroqua, Wis., July 30-Aug. 1, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club."

At the shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, held on Jan. 1, the Intercounty cup match was of special interest. As a result, the cup meandered back to Ossining. There were seven men on a side, 25 targets per man, and Ossining scored 154 to 133. It seems as if Poughkeepsie will not rest calmly under present conditions, hence will send an expedition to Ossining to recapture the cup.

Three of the Messrs. Mallory brothers and Mr. Stewart, of Parkersburg, W. Va., arrived in New York on last Sunday, and will be visitors in that town for some days. On Wednesday of this week they will be the guests of several distinguished shooters, members of the Crescent Athletic Club, at the country house, at Bay Ridge, and some trapshooting will be a part of the entertainment.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association, held in New York last week, Mr. Edward Banks resigned as secretary of the Association, and Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was unanimously elected secretary. Mr. Shaner is now both manager and secretary, and his ability to fill both positions efficiently is beyond question.

The first win on the January cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday, was scored by Dr. J. J. Keyes, who made a total of 48 out of 50. He was closely pressed for first honors by several of the other ten contestants, four of whom scored 47.

Mr. Percy S. Benedict, secretary of the City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, desires that, at the tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters and Game Protective Association, Feb. 20 and 21, held under City Park Gun Club's auspices, the club add $500.

At Reading, Pa., Jan. 1, two regular army officers, Capt. Wesley Richards Parker, of Spokane, Wash., and Lieut. D. Frank Keller, of Reading, shot a match at 25 live birds, 28yds. rise, for a large purse. The scores were: Parker 19, Keller 17.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, will be a visitor in Kansas City, Mo., this week, with a purpose to make the preliminary arrangements for one of the two Grand American Handicaps at targets.

The Winchester Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., announce a Decoration Day tournament May 30. Conditions, Rose system, average prizes, sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. Dr. D. A. Hitchcock is the secretary-treasurer.

Mr. John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Ind., arrived in New York on Monday of this week. He tarried there but a few hours, he being en route Southward, where he anticipates much pleasure in hunting the beautiful quail bird.

In the contest for the live-bird championship of Cumberland county, Pa., held at the shoot of the Carlisle (Pa.) Gun Club shoot, Jan. 1, Mr. Charles E. Humer was victor, by a score of 20 out of 25 live birds.

The Corner Rod and Gun Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., announce a three-days' tournament to be held on May 27, 28 and 29. There will be competition on live birds and bluerocks, and there will be $100 added.

The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, Brooklyn, L. I., will be held on Jan. 11. Shooting will commence at 1 o'clock. Mr. Albert A. Schoverling is the secretary.

The next shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., will be held at Jackson Park, Jan. 10, commencing at 12 o'clock.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 3.—The inter-county shoot and tournament of the Pokeepsie Gun Club, held on New Year's Day, was well attended, and financially, a big success to the club. Isaac Tallman carried off first average money with a percentage of 95. Max Condit came in for second, with Fred Tompkins third, making 90 and 88⅓ per cent. respectively, $10 being divided between them, $5 to first, $3 to second and $2 to third.

In the 100-bird event, open to the world, there were not as many entries as were expected, but eight men facing the trap in this event. DuBois, Traver and Winans, shooting for birds only, left $40 in the pot to be divided in two moneys, 30 and 10. First money went to Sim Glover, who succeeded in breaking 98, Tallman capturing second with 95.

Mr. Neaf Apgar, and Thos. W. Morfey were the only trade representatives present. Mr. Morfey was late in reaching the grounds, therefore did not compete in the 100-bird event.

In the intercounty cup match, Ossining vs. Pokeepsie, the seven men "from down the river" won a glorious victory, making a remarkable score, and defeating the home team by 21 points. It will be noticed, by looking the scores over, that unfortunately for Poughkeepsie, several of our men fell far below their previous average. Had our men all been able to hold up in this event, Ossining would not have given us the drubbing that they did. Ossining made a big score; that we cannot deny. But was it not natural for them to shoot better when they saw the hard luck that we were running in? As it is, it is up to us to "ramble" to Ossining again. We have some material that, with the right kind of coaching, can be developed into winning form. When we "ramble" to Ossining again, we are going after that cup so vigorously that we think we can foresee the result.

At this shoot 3,215 targets were trapped, out of which 2,793 were broken.

June, a substitute for a long name, did some very clever work, and had he shot through the whole programme, would have given them "a run for their money."

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	100	15	15	at.	Broke.
Condit	12	13	93	11	15	160	144
Du Bois	11	8	84	14	12	160	129
I Tallman	14	14	95	14	15	160	152
Winans	13	12	95	14	10	160	124
Hall	11	12	..	10	14	60	47
I Hicks	14	13	..	12	11	60	50
Tompkins	14	13	85	15	14	160	141
Foster	11	11	..	11	12	60	45
Bedell	14	12	..	11	14	60	51
*Traver	14	13	40	13	13	110	93
Coleman	13	14	..	13	14	60	54
Spencer	12	11	..	14	12	60	49
Rogers	10	9	..	..	11	45	30
Wicker	12	10	..	..	8	45	30
Cramer	12	9	..	..	8	40	29
Blandford	13	14	..	13	13	60	53
Ball	13	14	..	12	13	60	52
Kromer	13	11	..	..	11	45	35
Fisher	8	10	..	..	..	30	18
Hooker	11	12	..	..	11	45	34
Foley	..	..	..	10	8	30	18
June	..	..	..	15	15	30	30
Glover	..	..	98	14	15	130	127
Buckley	..	..	..	14	..	15	14
Apgar	..	..	89	15	15	130	119
Adriance	..	..	..	..	11	15	11
E Hicks	..	..	..	..	14	15	14
Claymark	..	..	36	..	..	50	36

* Claymark takes Traver's place at end of 50 rounds, in event No. 3.

Event No. 4, intercounty cup match for seven-man teams, at 25 targets:

Ossining—Hall 24, Fisher 20, Kromer 24, Blandford 21, Bedell 21, Coleman 21, Ball 23; total 154.

Poughkeepsie—Buckley 20, Du Bois 22, Condit 23, I. Tallman 21, Traver 18, Spencer 9, Sleight 20; total 133.

Extra programme:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Condit	14	15	15	13	60	57
Glover	14	14	15	..	45	43
*Apgar	15	15	13	15	60	58
Morfey	11	13	13	11	60	48
Foley	7	..	..	..	15	7
Winans	14	..	..	..	15	14
Briggs	13	12	..	..	30	25
I Tallman	14	14	15	12	60	55
Hall	14	..	..	..	15	14
Traver	13	12	12	13	60	50
A Tallman	9	..	11	..	30	20
Rohr	10	..	..	..	15	10
June	15	15	15	..	45	45
Wettereau	12	13	7	8	60	40
Colt	9	10	7	..	45	26
Blandford	13	..	..	..	15	13
Kromer	14	..	..	..	15	14
Coleman	12	..	..	..	15	12
Bedell	12	..	..	..	15	12
Buckley	13	..	..	..	15	13
Wicker	8	..	12	..	30	20
Rogers	14	..	11	..	30	25
Spencer	10	..	..	..	15	10
Adriance	..	..	14	13	30	27
I Hicks	..	..	14	..	15	14
Hover	..	..	5	..	15	5

* In the last event, Mr. Apgar, being in the last squad, fired 25 rounds, breaking straight.

At to-day's practice shoot three men showed up, and shot four 25-bird strings, as follows:

Traver ..... 20 19 22 22—83 Claymark ..... 18 17 19 19—73
Adriance ..... 19 20 22 23—84

SNANIWEH.

Florists Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 2.—The Florists' Gun Club held a very successful open target tourney on their grounds, at Wissinoming, yesterday. The programme was arranged for an all-day shoot, to commence about 10:30 A. M., and while there were a few of the faithful on hand at the appointed hour, the greater number of contestants did not arrive on the grounds until 1:30 P. M., making a crush at the last hours of daylight, so that it was impossible to finish the programme.

The sweepstake programme was shot through, and the 100-target merchandise event was practically finished, although the last two squads would have to finish in such poor light that the management decided to allow them 20 targets in their last string. The five-man team match had to be cut out altogether.

This made the merchandise event the principal feature of the tourney, and the system of handicapping made it a very interesting contest. The handicaps were added to the score, and were based upon the scores made in the second and third strings, allowing 75 per cent. of the lost targets for the handicap. The conditions remaining secret until the last gun was fired, the result proved very satisfactory, as the scores show. The tourney was under the direction of J. K. Starr, assisted by George Anderson, V. V. Dorp and Dr. Goebel.

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10
George	8	7	7	10	8	12	6	8
R King	7	5	9	3	5	11	9	7
Coffin	7	6	12	7	..	..	..	..
Tillinghast	6	6	9	6	6	11	9	6
Sheeler	8	7	11	8	2	10	6	8
Van Loon	8	7	12	7	8	11	7	8
Barr	7	6	7	6	5	12	8	..
Anderson	8	7	15	8	8	10	7	9
McMaster	8	8	10	7	8	8	8	8
Franklin	7	8	8	8	8	10	8	..
De Trey	9	9	13	7	9	8	..	9
Kates	0	0	1	1	0	..	..	..
Downs	3	7	13	7	10	9	7	..
Myers	9	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
A C King	6	6	..	5	..	..	4	..
J W Haywood	7	6	..	7	..	..	8	..
Beyer	5	2	..	3	..	..	..	..
Coleman	7	8	10	..	10	..	..	7
Thomas	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	9	9	7	7	8	..
Leek	..	3	12	8	6	13	9	7
Johnson	..	5	..	8	6	..	8	..
Arman	..	..	12	..	7	5	..	4
Parsons	..	..	11	..	7	..	5	..
Hinkson	..	..	8	..	5	..	..	..
Cotting	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	6	12	10	8
Davison	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..
Mrs Park	..	..	..	..	8	9	4	7
W K Park	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	8
Kendall	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8
M Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
J B Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6
Reid	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Huttenlock	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8
Huber	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5
Pechin	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
G O Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6
Mardin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Willie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Pepper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Emerson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0

Merchandise event, 100 targets:

String No.	1	2	3	4	H.	T'l.	String No.	1	2	3	4	H.	T'l.
George	14	18	15	17	24—	88	Reid	20	12	12	16	38—	98
R King	20	20	18	20	18—	96	Huttenlock	15	12	21	20	24—	92
Tillinghast	22	18	24	21	12—	97	M Bell	20	18	17	18	22—	96
Sheeler	21	19	17	21	20—	98	League	16	11	18	20	30—	95
Anderson	21	11	22	18	12—	94	C Hause	15	14	16	20	30—	95
McMaster	19	17	23	24	14—	97	Westcott	15	15	20	20	22—	97
De Trey	18	17	18	19	22—	94	Massey	20	19	15	20	24—	98
Leek	22	18	16	15	24—	95	Johnson	21	17	23	20	15—	96
Cotting	13	10	10	20	36—	96	Van Loon	19	18	21	20	16—	94
Parsons	18	13	18	22	26—	97	G O Bell	18	15	17	20	26—	96
Coleman	18	17	18	21	22—	96	A C King	16	8	11	20	42—	97
Hinkson	20	16	18	20	24—	98	Reichard	21	8	18	20	36—	103
Heites	12	10	9	14	42—	87	Ban	15	19	9	20	34—	97
Lawrence	24	20	22	23	12—	101	Weiss	8	2	..	..	..	
Lane	13	9	19	16	33—	90	Cartledge	17	..	17	..	..	
Griffith	19	6	18	15	38—	96	Huber	20	5	..	..	..	

Dickey Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb.—The New Year's Day shoot of the Dickey Gun Club was held on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club. The day was very pleasant. The events were well supported. The birds were of the gamest sort, there being not a single "sitter" out of nearly 400 that were trapped.

George Toozer, of Omaha, who is comparatively a new man at the traps, started the afternoon by killing 5 birds straight in practice. Then in his match race with Will Sherwood, 25 live birds, he killed every one. Next he made another perfect score on 10 birds, making 40 live birds straight; but the number was not the prettiest part of his work. His every shot was well timed, and he centered his birds in a way which many said had not been equalled here. The scores in the match race between Toozer and Sherwood gave the former the victory by 25 to 21, as follows:

G Toozer, 30.....1222212212221212221211122—25
W Sherwood, 30.....2011222*2212201211*12121—21

Eighteen entries responded to the call for the 10 live-bird event. Four men—Toozer, Morrill, Wagner, and Fogg—killed straight. Rogers, Gallagher and Johannes made 9 each. These seven divided the money. The scores were:

Fogg, 33.....2222222222—10
Voorhies, 29.....2120111102— 8
Downs, 30.....*221*22221— 8
Cole, 28.....0222000222— 6
Morrill, 29.....2111222212—10
Kinnear, 27.....2220202222— 8
Toozer, 30.....1112112212—10
Brooks, 26.....01212012*0— 6
Diamond, 26.....2100016020— 4
Driesbach, 27.....1212012212— 7
Nicholson, 27.....2122221200— 8
Kaller, 27.....2100*2101*— 5
Sherwood, 29.....10220*1122— 7
Rogers, 28.....1222211012— 9
Wagner, 30.....2221111212—10
Gallagher, 30.....2222212201— 9
Johannes, 30.....2101112112— 9
Parker, 30.....1121121001— 8

There were two target events. The first was at 15 targets and had sixteen entries. Downs took first money, and Fogg, Toozer and Nicholson were second. The scores:

Kinnear .....110101101110111—11
Downs .....111111111111111—15
Fogg .....111111111011111—14
Toozer .....111111011111111—14
Sherwood .....111111110011111—13
Driesbach .....111011001101111—11
Morrill .....101111101111000—10
Voorhies .....111101010101111—11
Brooks .....111111101111101—13
Cole .....000110001110111— 8
Nicholson .....111111111111110—14
Kaller .....110011011101100— 9
Diamond .....110101011100101— 9
Koller .....110110111011110—11
Bush .....101100111111100—10
Rogers .....000110101111111—10

In the 10-target event Morrill was first alone, while Downs and Sherwood came second with 9 each. The scores:

Downs .....1111110111— 9
Fogg .....1100110111— 7
Toozer .....1101111110— 8
Sherwood .....1111111101— 9
Driesbach .....1111111010— 8
Morrill .....1111111111—10
Nicholson .....0001111011— 6
Koller .....0111101111— 8
Bush .....1101111100— 7
Rogers .....1110101111— 8
Stull .....1110111101— 8
Morse .....0011111111— 8
Izard .....0110110000— 4
C R Morse.....1101110100— 6

Trap at St. Louis, Mo.

AN all-day programme at targets and live birds was presented Jan. 1, at Dupont Park, St. Louis. About twenty-five enthusiasts participated, and the contests, especially at live birds, were very spirited. Shooting interest is looking up decidedly here, and manager Mermod looks forward to a busy season. The scores:

Sweepstake, 15 birds:

Bauman 22022101220w
Selzer .....1122221212222*11—14
Scudder .....*10002221201212—10
Brooks .....2222011222222020—12
Chambers .....222*11220220122—12
Spicer .....22220201*010222—10
McMillan .....22*022020102012— 9
Riehl .....2222222222222220—14
O'Neil .....2022112211221112—14
O'Trigger .....21220121222102—12
H Spencer.....0211221220212222—13
Cumberland .....2122101211122212—14
Blake .....2201111112220012—13

Miss-and-out, 8 birds: Selzer 8, Riehl 8, Spencer 8, Bauman 5, O'Neil 5, Plager 4, McMillan 4, Spicer 4, Chambers 3, O'Trigger 3, Cummings 3, Titson 2, Cumberland 2, Scudder 1, Brooke 1.

Extra, miss-and-out, twenty-one entries, called on account of darkness at ninth round, with Riehl, Blake, Chambers, O'Trigger and O'Neil still at the score.

Targets:	10	*	25	15
Events:	1	2	3	4
Spencer	7	1	21	12
Brooke	9	4	20	10
Spicer	4	1	14	8
Cumberland	10	0	16	13
Riehl	9	3	21	12
O'Neil	9	2	21	11
McMillan	4	2	17	10

Targets:	10	*	25	15
Events:	1	2	3	4
Cummings	7	2	..	9
O'Trigger	7	0	23	14
Plager	7	0	..	12
Titson	3	1	..	11
Selzer	7	0	20	11
Chambers	..	2	14	11

No. 2 was a miss-and-out.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—The shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club, held to-day on Watson's grounds, Burnside Crossing, had scores as follows:

Barto .....1010110101110111111100110—19
1001111101111111110111111—21—38
Bush .....0011111101111011111111111—21
0111011111111111101111001—20—41
Willard .....0011111011101111111111111—21
1111101111011111111011111—22—43

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4	Sweeps:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	10	20	Targets:	25	15	10	20
Willard	24	13	10	14	Simpson	10	..	..	..
Bush	17	10	..	..	Barto	..	10	9	12
Small	14	..	..	..					

No. 4 was at 10 pairs.

JOHN WATSON.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The Catchpole Gun Club had fair weather for its shoot to-day. The targets were thrown hard and fast. The scores made were as follows:

Wadsworth shot at 100, broke 90; Fowler shot at 100, broke 58; Sage shot at 60, broke 28.

SEC'Y.

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ON LONG ISLAND.

John Wright's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 25.—The Christmas Day target shoot held here to-day by Mr. John Wright, was not so well attended as expected, owing to the wintry storm. A heavy snow fall, from early morning till midday, was a deterrent to those who had a thought of comfort. The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	25	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	25	10
Rider	7	8	12	6	11	17	9	Orth, Jr.	3	5	..	7	8	9	5
Wright	6	6	8	4	10	16	6	H Dennis	2	5	..	3	3	7	2
Newton	6	7	..	7	13	14	8								

No. 4 was at 5 pairs:

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Jan. 1.—A good attendance was a special feature of John Wright's shoot, held at Interstate Park to-day. It was a busy day in the way of competition, and a large number of targets were thrown. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	20	15	15	15	20	10
Hopkins	20	23	..	21	..	20	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearn	17	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ewing	18	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houghton	12	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Carmen	18	14	17	22	19	16	20	15	10	..	..	..	..
A Smith	11	..	20	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Van Allen	23	24	..	25	18	21	24	..	..	..	..	..	..
Golder	10	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Sutton	12	..	..	13	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Hatfield	14	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rider	..	11	..	22	14	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nash	..	19	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Langdon	..	18	17	16	21	19	18	14	9	8	..	11	6
Gildersleeve	..	18	18	19	22	19	16	16	15	..	12	11	..
Staples	..	..	..	23	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Peckner	..	..	..	9	..	11	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Caunitz	..	..	..	20	..	18	18	17	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	14	..	16	19	19	5	9	3	6	5
Welles, 19	..	..	..	16	..	13	15	21	13	10	14	11	9
Dudley, 20	..	..	..	17	..	25	20	20	18	14	14	14	13
Skelly, 20	..	..	..	18	..	23	19	18	20	15	15	14	13
Van Allen	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Piercy, 19	..	..	..	16	..	24	23	21	17	13	14	14	15
Goetter, 17	..	..	..	18	..	18	19	22	15	13	10	12	12
Nash, 17	..	..	..	19	..	18	14	22	16	12	14	13	14
Seaman	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cate, 19	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	15	16	13	15	13	14

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 3.—The weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Targets:	25	15	*	10	*	*	25	25	15
Hopkins	21	14	9	7	5	8	19	21	12
Sharp	18	10	9	6	5	5	20	19	9
Newton	16	10	..	4	..	..	17	..	..
Smith	10	12	9	3	4	5	17	13	10
Wright	10	7	5	1	5	6	14	15	..

*5 pairs.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 3.—There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The first contest for the January cup was an event of special interest. The first win on it was scored by Dr. J. J. Keyes, who made a total of 48 out of a possible 50. The scores:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.	Total.
Dr Keyes	1	25	25	1	22	23	48
D C Bennett	5	17	22	5	22	25	47
F B Stephenson	1	24	25	1	21	22	47
L C Hopkins	5	20	25	5	17	22	47
F T Bedford, Jr.	3	19	22	3	22	25	47
W W Marshall	6	17	23	6	16	22	45
G Notman	4	19	23	4	18	22	45
H B Vanderveer	3	19	22	3	19	22	44
Dr Pool	3	19	22	3	18	21	43
A W Palmer	4	18	22	4	17	21	43
H M Brigham	0	20	20	0	21	21	41
G G Stephenson, Jr.	2	20	22	2	14	16	38

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: W. Marshall (6) 25, Brigham (0) 24, Bennett (5) 23, Hopkins (5) 23, F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, Notman (4) 21, A. W. Palmer (4) 20, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (2) 19, Vanderveer (3) 19, Bedford (3) 19.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Bennett (3) 15, Brigham (0) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 14, Hopkins (3) 14, A. W. Palmer (2) 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: A. W. Palmer (2) 15, C. H. Chapman (4) 14, Bedford (1) 13, Brigham (0) 11, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (1) 11.

Trophy, 15 targets: F. T. Bedford (1) 15, Brigham (0) 14, A. W. Palmer (2) 14, L. M. Palmer (1) 14, Vanderveer (2) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, Notman (2) 14, Hopkins (3) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, Dr. Keyes (1) 13, Bennett (3) 12, Chapman (4) 11.

Match, 10 pairs, scratch: G. G. Stephenson 15, Brigham 11, Bedford 11, F. B. Stephenson 11, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 9, Notman 9.

Of the four special trophies placed in competition the first was won by W. W. Marshall, the second by David C. Bennett, the third by A. W. Palmer, and the fourth by F. T. Bedford, Jr.

Felix—Ridge.

PHILADELPHIA.—On Jan. 1 the Point Breeze Gun Club held an active shoot, the main event of which was a match at 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, for a purse of $50 a side, between Howard Ridge and Anthony Felix, two local wing shots. Felix won the match by 47 to Ridge's 45. Ridge scored but 21 out of his first 25, but shot a strong race, killing 24 out of his last 25. It is likely that the men will meet in a return match on the Keystone grounds at 100 birds for $100 a side.

In the open sweepstake event, unfinished from Christmas Day, there were thirteen entries left for the bridle and blanket, and the competition proved close and interesting. Several of the men entered had others shoot for them, one man shooting three different scores. In the first round of 10 birds, Felix, Baun, Mink, Miller, C. Young, and Fisher killed 9, and in the shoot-off of ties at miss-and-out, Harry Fisher, of the Clearview Gun Club, won the blanket by a score of 10 straight.

Oliver and Morris tied with 8 kills for the bridle, the tie being decided by tossing a coin. Morris won. Several practice events were shot off after the main events. The scores:

Match shoot, 50 live birds, 30yds. rise, $50 a side:

H Ridge .....22222022202222202222202222222222222222222220222—45
A Felix.....00222222221222212222222222222222222222222220222222—47

Maryland Gun Club.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., Jan. 2.—The scores of the New Year's Day shoot of the Maryland Gun Club are appended. Mr. Hartner's shooting was remarkable. He broke some targets fully 70yds. away.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Evins	7	7	6	8	9	7	Catiz	8	9	9	9	8	9
Lynch	7	7	..	9	7	8	Hartner	10	9	10	9	10	10
C Bond	8	6	7	8	..	8	Hoover	..	..	4	..	..	..
Steever	6	8	7	7	8	8	Detz	..	..	..	..	7	..

A match, to be shot at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., was arranged between Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., famous as one of the most expert shots of New York, and Mr. R. Smith, of Manchester, England. Mr. Smith is one-armed, and shoots fairly well. He was anxious to secure a few pigeon matches in this land of new civilization. A gentleman of a philanthropic turn of mind put him in communication with Mr. Van Allen. The match was arranged to be for $100 a side, at 25 or 50 birds, 28yds. rise, and Mr. Van Allen allowed his opponent one extra bird in 25, or two in 50, to shoot at. Mr. Smith, it was said, had had quite a successful experience with the bluerock pigeon in his own country; therefore, the American bird was presumed to be an easy mark. Mr. Smith had a preliminary match with Mr. J. H. Outwater, for the price of the birds, with the result that he desired to call off his match with Mr. Van Allen. The latter very obligingly acceded, but they shot the match without any purse on Saturday last, Mr. Van Allen allowing his opponent two birds extra to shoot at in 25. Van Allen killed 21 out of 25, Mr. Smith killed 19 out of 27.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Dec. 27.—The Bound Brook Gun Club held a target and turkey shoot at their grounds to-day. The weather was clear and cold. Neaf Apgar led the day by breaking 25 straight. Messrs. Glover, Wells and Butler were present from New York.

Mr. Anderson, of the home club, won two turkeys and a fine revolver. Mr. Glover also carried away a fine turkey.

The attendance was not as large as was expected, but the shooting was greatly enjoyed by those present. Mr. Glover also gave an exhibition shoot of putting a charge of shot through a barrel at 150yds., paced, of course.

The next club shoot will be held Jan. 10, 1903. Visitors are welcome.

Turkey shoot, 15 targets, handicap: Apgar, 21yds., 12; Glover, 21yds., 13; Anderson, 18yds., 8; Pardoe, 16yds., 9; Dr. Pardoe, 16yds., 11; Schenck, 16yds., 8; Tilton, 16yds., 4; Henry, 16yds., 3.

Turkey shoot, 10 targets, handicap: Apgar, 21yds., 8; Schenck, 16yds., 5; Pardoe, 16yds., 8; Dr. Pardoe, 16yds., 8; A. K. Smith, 6; Anderson, 7.

Shoot-off of tie: Apgar 6, Pardoe 9, Dr. Pardoe 5.

Event at 25 targets: Apgar 25, Wells 20, Butler 20, W. Pardoe 19, Glover 20.

Twenty-five targets: Apgar 24, Wells 20, Butler 18, W. Pardoe 20, Glover 23.

Twenty-five targets: Apgar 21, Wells 21, Butler 19, Dr. Pardoe 17, Glover 24.

Twenty-five targets: Apgar 21, Wells 21, Butler 20, Dr. Pardoe 21, Glover 22.

J. B. PARDOE.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 1.—The following events were shot at the New Year's Day shoot of the Carlstadt Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	10	15
E B Smith	19	17	16	4	10
C von Lengerke	15	17	19	7	15
H Krug	15	21	14	8	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	10	15
Dr Brooks	16	19	15	..	12
J Rasmus	10	..	..	6	7
J Vohs	14	15	14	5	9

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 1.—The New Year's Day shoot of the North River Gun Club was a merchandise competition, handicap, but the appended scores were the ones actually made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Eickhoff	9	9	10	10	9	13
Richter	10	11	7	9	9	13
Vosselman	5	7	4	5	7	3
Keim	7	6	6	9	11	10
Morrison	9	9	11	10	12	12
Key	3	7	9	5	10	13
Monahan	10	12	11	7	10	12
Merrill	9	8	5	5	9	7
F Truax	7	10	10	11	12	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Guilbert	5	6	3	7	9	..
Jacobs	..	2	..	..	2	10
Greiff	..	7	6	9	8	12
Thecs	..	1	3	10	10	10
Radle	..	6	..	..	7	11
Allison	..	9	6	11	13	15
Sidway	..	..	..	..	..	6 ..
C Truax	..	..	..	..	..	9 11

Dec. 27.—Sweepstake events engaged the interest of the members at the shoot of the North River Gun Club, held to-day. The scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	20	20	20	20
Morrison	8	10	15	18	19
Allison	9	12	13	14	11
Greiff	5	10	13	11	14

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	20	20	20	20
Eickhoff	..	..	..	10	10 13
Vosselman	..	..	..	11	8 ..

JAS. R. MERRILL.

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Jan. 1.—Appended are the scores of our very successful shoot of even date, for silver trophy, put up by gun club of this place. Fairview is on the Northern Branch of the Erie Railroad, eight and a half miles (twenty minutes) from New York city. Club shoots second Saturday of each month. The grounds overlook the station at Fairview:

H F Bruik	1111111111111111111111111—25
Dods	1111110111111011111111111—23
Hurley	1001111111111111111111111—23
C H Sedore	1010111001101011110111011—17
Lambrix	1111101111001111110111110—20
Townsend	1110111001111111001111101—19
Con Sedore	1011011111011011011111110—19
H G Brink	1111001001101011010110111—16
Williamson	1010110100111001010100110—13

Weather clear and bright. Wind light, northwest, across the score. Trophy, a handsome silver loving cup, to become the property of the member winning it three times. To be shot for four times a year.

ROBT. J. HOPKINS, Sec'y.

Riverside Shooting Association.

Carlstadt, N. J.—The star attraction was the match between Messrs. Outwater and Smith, a 20-bird race for the price of the birds. This was of special interest, as there was a match on between Mr. S. M. Van Allen, the Jamaica crack, and Mr. Smith, who is recently from England, the conditions of which were 25 or 50 birds, 28yds. rise, Van Allen conceding his opponent one extra bird to shoot at for each 25; that is to say, if the match was at 50 birds, Mr. Smith would have 52 to shoot at. This match was later declared off by Mr. Smith.

Following are the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Von Lengerke, 28	2012222021— 8	2010212112— 8
Smith, 28	0010121212— 7	1221121111—10
Dr Brooks, 28	2121121111—10	.....

Match, Smith and Outwater:

Smith, 28	1212012020100021100O—11
Outwater, 28	1222120121*11*1110221—16

Afternoon sweejs, same as Nos. 1 and 2:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Hespe, 28	1201212011— 8	1110211101—8	111210—5
Fiest, 28	1011111011— 8	1110001111—7	.....
Smith, 28	2212012001— 7	1102101211—8	1210 —3
Outwater, 31	1211002022— 7	1210202222—8	1110 —3
D Bodie, 28	01101002*2— 5	.....	.....
Sanders, 28	01101002*2— 5	.....	.....
Kelley, 28	.....	0111111120—8	111211—6

No. 3 was a miss-and-out.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J.—A large crowd of enthusiastic sportsmen participated in the shoot held by the Mountainside Gun Club on New Year's Day. The weather conditions were ideal, and most of the events were closely contested.

In the first event, Mr. George Ziegler won a large turkey with a score of 13 out of a possible 15. Other scores in the same event were: W. Hollum 12, A. W. Baldwin 11, C. J. Ziegler 10, J. McDonough 9, G. Falkner 8, J. Gantz 7, P. Staunton, F. Wright and H. O'Hagan each broke 5.

In the second event, first prize, a silver match-safe, was won by A. W. Baldwin with a score of 11 out of a possible 15. J. McDonough took second prize, a sterling scarf retainer, with a score of 10. Next in order were G. F. Ziegler 9, W. Germain 9, G. W. Falkner 8, P. Staunton 7, H. O'Hagan 6.

A number of sweepstakes followed, of which the following is a partial list:

Fifteen-bird sweep: G. F. Ziegler 13, C. J. Ziegler 13, W. Rollinson 13, A. W. Baldwin 9, C. W. Falkner 8.

Five-bird sweep: G. W. Falkner 4, A. W. Baldwin 4, G. F. Ziegler 4, J. McDonough 4, C. J. Ziegler 3. The tie between Falkner, Baldwin, G. F. Ziegler and McDonough was shot off and resulted in the division of the pot between A. W. Baldwin and G. W. Falkner.

Five-bird sweep: G. Falkner 4, A. W. Baldwin 4, J. McDonough 3, J. Gantz 3, C. J. Ziegler 3.

A trophy for the championship of the club for 1903 will be put up at the next shoot. This is a silver loving cup, which is now being designed by a prominent New York jeweller.

Trap at Newark.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 3.—At Smith Brothers' grounds to-day, a match for the price of the birds, was shot between Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and R. H. Smith, of Manchester, England. This match was first arranged for a stake, but, as Mr. Smith wished to withdraw the money feature, Mr. Van Allen very generously acceded. Mr. Van Allen allowed his opponent two extra birds to shoot at in 25. The scores were Van Allen 21 out of 25; Smith 19 out of 27.

Sweepstakes at 10 birds, $5 entrance, were shot as follows:

Birds:	10	10	Birds:	10	10
Steffens	7	10	Van Allen	8	10
Koegel	8	10	Smith	8	6

The ties in the second event were shot off miss-and-out, as follows: Steffens 10, Koegel 6, Van Allen 11. The birds were a good lot.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 2.—The all-day shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, on its grounds, near Little Falls, on New Year's Day, was witnessed by one of the largest crowds that ever came out to attend a shoot in this city before. Both the platform and the club house were filled. Those who witnessed the shoot were well paid for their visit, as the events were well filled, and some fine scores were made. A number of visiting shooters from out of town were on hand to take their chances, and were received with open hand, and were well taken care of. Koegel seemed to have gotten a little the best of the handicapper, as they were all shooting from the 28yd. mark, and he appeared about two or three yards better than the rest of the boys.

Only three events were shot, but these were well filled, and took up considerable time. They would hardly have been finished but for the work of Capt. Lenone and Mr. T. C. Wright, who kept the shooters on the jump from start to finish, so that very little time was lost.

The first event, at 7 birds, $3, had nine entries. Christy and Hoffman seemed to hold out the best. Hassinger and Koegle dropped their last bird.

The second event, at 15 birds, had ten entries, and Capt. Lenone called for $5 entrance. Koegle proved the best man, with Geo. Hopper a close second, with 14. Several were close up. Mr. Bruyere broke his gun the first of the week, and would not stay away. He brought out a pump, but could do very little with it. He tried several others, and then quit. Mr. Sidway was apparently enjoying himself, shooting for birds only. Friend Hoffman came out with Frank Butler, and seemed to be getting some of the real enjoyment out of his favorite pipe and trapshooting combined with the ideal weather we had for our shoot. I don't think there ever was a finer day for shooting than we had for New Years. Before this event was finished every car dropped its load at our entrance. The passengers included a number of the shooters from the city and surrounding country, all eager to enter the next event, which was all ready scheduled as a 10-bird, $5 affair. Our own boys decided to stay out, and let those who had come to visit us have a chance to get in, and the event started with fifteen entries. It proved very interesting for the visitors. Capt. Lenone gave the younger shooters an idea of shooting, gun below the elbow, using his second barrel but twice on 25 birds, and scoring 21 on good birds. A large majority of the birds were of the first order; a few sitters, but good on the wing; a very few incomers.

At the time for starting the 10-bird event, it was seen that there was just about enough birds on hand to finish it with the fifteen entries, and I would not receive any more. The event was finished about 4 o'clock. G. A. Hopper got in for a little exercise after looking after the comfort of the visitors all day, and cleaned up 10 straight. Capt. Lenone took general charge outside, with the assistance of T. C. Wright, and the writer looked after the entries and took charge of the money, as he just came out of a sick bed after a week. Everything went off nicely. We shot off nearly 500 birds, including practice birds before 7-bird event:

	No. 1, $3 entrance.	No. 2, $5 entrance.
Christy, 28	2222121—7	022212200112121—12
Sidway, 28	1000220—3	122011021062122—11
Hoffman, 28	1112112—7	112212110222020—12
C Matson, 28	1222200—5	02212020*212212—11
Hassinger, 28	1221210—6	111011001110112—11
Butler, 28	020122*—4	002002111201202— 9
Koegel, 28	222121*—6	122211112211222—15
Bruyere, 28	2201*2*—5	1*0100220*01001— 6
G W Hopper, 28	2000220—3	2221202222222222—14
Lenone, 28	.....	111111001001111—11

No. 3, $5 entrance:

Lenone, 28	1211111111—10	Roberts, 26	2222101111— 9
Hoffman, 28	0221220212— 8	Klotz, 28	0222111122— 9
Hassinger, 28	1121222122—10	Van Houten, 28	2202112221— 9
C Matson	2220*1*102— 6	C Kussmaul, 26	0102021021— 6
G W Hopper, 28	2222220220— 8	A Kussmaul, 26	102010020— 5
Butler, 28	2020011120— 6	Christy, 28	1222220201— 8
Koegle, 28	1211221222—10	G A Hopper, 28	1112222222—10
Sidway, 28	2010222101— 7		

DUTCHER.

Ames Gun Club.

AMES, Ia., Dec. 30.—The amateur shooting tournament given by the Ames Gun Club was well attended, seventeen shooters taking part in to-day's programme. Dr. C. M. Proctor managed the shoot. Mr. L. C. Whitney had charge of the office.

The shooting was from one set of three traps, Sergeant system; targets thrown about 50yds.

The programme had sixteen events, and all but event 11, at 25 targets, were open to all amateurs. This event was for the Story county championship, and open only to residents of this county. The purses were divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. The club gave $1 for each entry that shot through the open programme, for high averages, divided 40, 35 and 25 per cent.

The weather was clear and cold. The shooting commenced at 10 o'clock, and the programme was finished by 4:30.

Dr. C. M. Proctor, holder of the county medal, broke 24 in the medal shoot, and won without a tie. John Frees, of Stratford, won first average with 93 per cent. Budd was second with 90. Adams and Proctor third with 87.5.

About 3,300 targets were thrown. The traps worked nicely, and but little delay occurred in the shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot at.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	10	15	15	10	20		
Frees	7	15	15	9	13	14	10	15	13	9	9	14	14	9	20	186	.93
Budd	9	13	13	9	11	13	10	13	14	10	9	15	14	8	19	180	.90
Adams	10	13	15	9	12	13	8	14	12	10	9	15	9	9	17	175	.875
Proctor	10	12	13	9	13	12	9	13	14	10	9	13	13	9	16	175	.875
Ford	10	15	14	7	14	13	7	12	11	7	7	13	15	10	17	172	.86
F A Johnson	9	13	14	10	12	13	8	14	12	8	6	12	12	10	17	170	.85
Wallace	8	15	13	8	13	10	9	13	14	8	9	13	11	8	18	170	.85
L A Johnson	6	13	10	9	12	13	6	13	15	8	9	14	9	9	19	165	.825
Hoom	10	11	14	9	11	12	10	12	10	9	8	13	10	6	19	164	.82
Peterson	8	12	14	9	12	12	6	13	9	5	7	13	13	9	17	159	.795
Neft	9	14	13	9	10	14	9	13	10	6	9	11	12	6	11	156	.78
Densell	7	7	10	6	12	10	6	11	13	2	2	12	12	7	16	133	.665
McNeil	6	13	8	6	7	5	3	8	..	6	6	11	8	7	15	...	....
Wood	6	14	12	..	..	..	8	7	..	9	2	8	5	3	..	...	....
Cundiff	10	12	12	8	9	10	7	..	..	7	7	..	..	8	..	...	....
Gray	6	11	10	8	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Carlson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	8	13	13	7	14	...	....
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	10	10	8	..	...	....
Cassidy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	..	...	....
Scroggie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	13	5	13	...	....
Wing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	9	17	...	....
O C Smith.	3	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Wicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	....
Alford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	...	....
Harriman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	...	....
Carr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	...	....

Story county championship, 25 targets:

Proctor	1111011111111111111111111—24
McNeil	1111110011111111101110101—20
Smith	1111110011111111101101111—20
Abrahams	1101110110110011011011111—18
Arrowsmith	1101110110110011011011111—18
Talbott	1101011111111011001010111—17
Cassidy	1101010101110100111011111—17
Baumgardner	0011101000101111010001111—14
Alfred	1110000011000010100011100—10

HAWKEYE.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 27.—The Troisdorf medal handicap event at 50 targets resulted as follows: R. Trimble, 22yds., 43; Van Ness, 19yds., 42; Ahlers, 21yds., 39; Jay Bee, 17yds., 38; Falk, 17yds., 36; Maynard, 18yds., 36; Herman, 17yds., 35; Joe H., 17yds., 35; Corry, 17yds., 34; E. Trimble, 18yds., 33; Coleman, 21yds., 31; Medico, 19yds., 28.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Dec. 27.—The weather was bright and clear. There were eleven members present. About 1,150 targets were thrown. Mr. Ferguson's challenge to Capt. Wallburg for the latter's position on the second team was accepted, and the result was a spirited race. The Captain successfully held his place by a score of 48 to 46 out of a possible 50 targets. Mr. Wallburg made 34 straight. Mr. Levingston promptly challenged the winner. The tables were turned, as Levingston broke 46 to Wallburg's 42 out of a possible 50 targets.

The conditions of the first team shoot were 25 targets per man, five men on a side, which resulted as follows, the Messrs. Levingston and Warnick choosing sides:

First team race, 25 targets:

Levingston 22, Wallburg 21, Adams 14, Levingston, Jr., 21, Arnold 16; total 94.

Warnick 24, Valentine 20, Ferguson 21, Lovejoy 16, Miller 21; total 102.

Second team race, conditions same as first race:

Levington 24, Wallburg 21, Adams 19, Levingston, Jr., 25, Arnold 22; total 111.

Warnick 23, Valentine 23, Ferguson 19, Lovejoy 17, Miller 15; total 97.

The third team race was a 15-target affair, three men on a side, chosen by Messrs. Wallburg and Valentine:

Wallburg 12, Adams 12, Lovejoy 13; total 37.

Valentine 11, Arnold 13, Rice 10; total 34.

The total scores made during the shoot Saturday are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	15	15	10			
Warnick	24	24	24	23	..	..	..	100	95	.950
Levingston	22	21	22	24	..	..	9	110	98	.890
Wallburg	24	24	21	21	21	..	..	115	102	.887
Ferguson	22	23	21	19	..	..	9	110	95	.863
Valentine	18	22	20	23	11	14	9	140	117	.835
Levingston, Jr.	17	21	25	..	..	..	9	85	72	.823
Arnold	16	16	22	..	13	14	..	105	81	.771
Miller	20	21	15	..	..	..	..	75	56	.746
E W Rice	17	19	..	..	10	13	7	90	66	.733
Adams	17	14	19	..	12	..	..	90	63	.700
Lovejoy	15	16	17	..	13	11	6	115	78	.678

On New Year's Day there will be shooting from 9:30 A. M. until 3 P. M., individual matches for team position, double-target shooting, and teams of three and four men on a side, will be the features. There will also be the regular shoot on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 3, as usual.

Jan. 2.—The following scores were made at the New Year's Day shoot of the Schenectady Gun Club. The day and the sport were glorious. Everything was in combination to delight the heart of the most enthusiastic or the most lukewarm.

Mr. Ferguson challenged Mr. Wallburg for his position on the team, and Wallburg won, 40 to 36.

Mr. Levingston defeated Mr. Lovejoy for team position, 46 to 27.

During the day there were several team matches, double shooting and miss-and-out contests that made things lively.

Two teams of four members each had an interesting race of 25 targets each, as follows:

Levingston 24, Hodges 18, Ferguson 18, Arnold 16; total 76.

Wallburg 18, Valentine 22, Hall 19, A. Green 19; total 78.

Team race, 15 targets:

Levingston 13, Valentine 14, Hodges 11, Ferguson 8; total 46.

Wallburg 13, A. Green 13, Borden 10, Arnold 12; total 48.

Other scores during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	50	50	50	50	25	15
Levingston	41	46	45	..	17	..
Wallburg	43	39	42	42	..	..
Valentine	44	37	28	..	..	11
Borden	41	41	..	..	..	..
A Green	35	36	43	40	..	..
Arnold	35	41	..	..	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	50	50	50	50	25	15
Hodges	39	36	..	..	..	10
Ferguson	37	39	36	..	..	..
Hull	36	37	..	..	..	..
Adams	34	..	..	..	..	17 ..
Murday	..	..	..	..	..	16 12
Lovejoy	27	..	..	..	..	14 ..

The usual shoot will be held on Saturday afternoon. The annual meeting of the club will be held at the rooms of Vice-President Everett Smith, No. 251 State street, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The annual reports will be ready and the election of officers will take place.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The annual meeting held Dec. 20 was well attended, and the prizes for 1902 were awarded as follows:

For the ten best scores in the club event of 25 targets, first prize, Class A gold medal, to T. M. Brodie, scoring 218 out of the 250. Second prize, a sterling silver cup, Robt. Shiell, 213. Third prize, six months' dues succeeding year, Thos. Reid, 189.

The same prizes in Class B: First, H. J. Guthard, 211; second, D. A. Hitchcock, 209.

Same in Class G: First, J. A. Ford, 194; second, A. D. McAdam, 144; third, O. E. Barthel, 84.

The Fletcher special hammerless, beginners' prize, was also won by Mr. Ford, but no one landed the straight score silver cup.

The report of the Secretary-Treasurer showed the club to be in a sound financial condition, with prizes all paid and no outstanding bills, and the equipment in first-class shape.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thos. Reid; Vice-President, T. M. Brodie; Secretary-Treasurer, D. A. Hitchcock; Captain, H. J. Guthard; Lieutenant-Captain, O. E. Barthel.

The programme for 1903 includes, beside the club event, a special 25 target event for a valuable trophy on a sliding handicap basis of 16, 18 and 20yds., with the annual tournament Decoration Day.

The first shoot will be held Jan. 10, and every two weeks thereafter to Dec. 12.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tar and Turpentine Woods of the South.

AND WHAT THE YANKEE IS DOING DOWN IN DIXIE.

A GREAT many of the wide-awake New Englanders have found that the sandhills of North Carolina that are covered with the long-leafed pines from which turpentine and tar are made, is the finest land in the United States for the growing of early grapes, peaches and plums, and a variety of early vegetables, and especially sweet potatoes, which can be grown and placed upon the Northern market two or three weeks earlier than those grown in New Jersey, and on this account, and on account of the health-giving qualities of the air and water of that section, several towns are being built up by people from the North and West, the larger majority being from the New England States. The two most prominent settlements are at Pinebluff and Southern Pines, Moore county, N. C. Mr. John T. Patrick, of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, who has induced many people to go South, and whose home is at Pinebluff, can give information to those wanting to know what has been accomplished by the Yankees in the South.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn, sends us the following: "The shooters who are ranked first under the respective classifications in Sporting Life's "Trap Shooting Review for 1902" all indorse Winchester factory loaded shells. This is the third consecutive year that substantially all the principal shooting honors have been won by shooters shooting Winchester factory loaded shells. This speaks a volume for the reliability and uniformity of this famous brand of shotgun ammunition."

Mr. E. J. McMahon, the able manager of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway's Advertising Department, has sent out to the friends of his company a Christmas greeting, felicitous in text and apropos in illustration. The Twentieth Century Limited, rushing through the night, forms a heading, while a spray of holly, green of leaf and red of berry, hold place in the foreground. The greeting is "Wishing you a New Year filled with much joy and gladness, peace and plenty."

The Graphine Gun Wad Co., of Muncie, Ind., have placed a stock of their wads with J. H. Lau & Co., 75 Chambers street, New York; with Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago, Ill., and the Canada trade is supplied through Archie MacFarlane, 125 Crescent street, Montreal.

Spratts Patent (America), Ltd., Newark, N. J., have issued a calendar for 1903, which is illustrated with rare skill, and which will be sent to those who apply for it.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

FOR some weeks interviews credited to one James Fullerton, "of Montana," making charges of mismanagement of affairs in the Yellowstone Park, have been going the rounds of the papers. These charges, so far as printed, are entirely vague and without particulars. At the same time they may, perhaps, make some impression on people unfamiliar with the Park and its history, and should therefore receive attention. Fullerton is reported to have written a letter to the President, repeating to him the charges so liberally scattered about in the newspapers.

As it happens, Fullerton, a long time before he got into the newspapers, visited the office of FOREST AND STREAM and made verbally the charges that have since been printed. He talked with us freely and at length. We have been familiar with the Yellowstone Park for between twenty-five and thirty years, have kept close watch on the reservation, have crossed it many times in all directions, and up to within a few years perhaps knew it as thoroughly as almost anyone. Fullerton's statements about mismanagement on the part of army officers stationed in the Park and as to abuses existing there were general; questions were asked him, and when an effort was made to bring him down to specific statements of fact in detail, it was found that he had no facts to give—that he was talking of matters of which he knew nothing. He talked like a man without any knowledge whatever of the reservation, but who had picked up a lot of the old gossip that continues to float about in the neighborhood of the Park, or like one who had been primed with a lot of old stories by some one whose feelings were hostile to the Park or to those who are administering it.

The FOREST AND STREAM has been deeply interested in the Park and in its preservation since the year 1880 or thereabouts. It is anxious to have the reservation well administered, and it wishes to know if anything is going wrong there. And while the utmost surprise was felt that any criticism should be made of officers of such high standing and such eminent abilities as Major John Pitcher and Capt. H. M. Chittenden, nevertheless a patient effort was made to learn from Fullerton just what he knew. At the close of an interview lasting some time the conclusion was forced upon us that Fullerton knew nothing, that he was repeating a lot of traditionary gossip, much of it many years old, and was telling about things that are reported to have happened between the years 1880 and 1890.

Among the foolish statements made by Fullerton was one that 800 elk had been killed for their teeth, at one time and in one place, in the Park. Such a statement carries its own contradiction to anyone who knows anything of the habits of elk or of the possibilities of killing them.

The whole matter is one of absolutely no importance, the charges being made by a person who is entirely unworthy of credit or attention. Yet, since these charges have had a more or less wide currency it seems best flatly to deny their truth and to declare the irresponsibility of the person who made them. Major John Pitcher and Capt. Chittenden are, as is well known, men of the highest standing and need no backing from anyone. Each of them can stand on his own record. At the same time it is fitting that public witness should be borne to the admirable work that each has done in his own line in the Yellowstone Park. Major Pitcher has succeeded in changing the sentiment of the inhabitants of Montana and Wyoming near the Park from one of destructive hostility to the Park to one of pride in it. They now wish to protect it and to support the authorities there. In the engineering work Capt. Chittenden has done the utmost possible with the means at his command. If engineering mistakes have been made in the past—prior to his appointment in charge of the Park roads—it has not been due to any fault on the part of the engineering officers in charge there, but to the parsimony of Congress, which has refused to provide funds to build proper roads, making it necessary to construct makeshifts.

A VIRGINIA NON-EXPORT LAW.

AMONG the game protective bills in the Virginia Legislature is a measure to prohibit the exportation of game, except that the non-resident sportsman may carry with him a reasonable amount, to be accompanied by him in transport. The anti-export law as here outlined would be most admirable, and in adopting the system Virginia would be following the examples of numerous other States, in all of which the limitation of the export privilege to the owner of the game has been of very great benefit. To cut off the marketing of game, as experience has proved wherever the plan has been tried, is the most effective expedient of game protection. Stop the sale of game, prevent its shipment to market, and on the instant the problem of protection is so simplified that the solution is easy. The killing for market consumption is a factor so considerable that to suppress it is to accomplish nine-tenths of the work of protection. This is not theory; it is a simple statement of what has been demonstrated in the actual experience of more than one State. If Virginia shall adopt the plan, and make necessary provision for enforcing the law, the same beneficent results will follow there.

We learn that an effort has been made to have wildfowl exempted from the application of the non-export law. To do this would be to commit a great mistake. Virginia wildfowl demand protection quite as much as any of the other species and should be given full benefit of the anti-export law. The ducks are in a peculiar degree the prey of the market-hunter. The destructive devices of big-gun and night-light are employed by the gunners who slaughter fowl for export to the game dealer. The enforcement of the non-exportation law as applied to wildfowl would go very far to suppress the use of big-guns and the night-shooting which are among the chief abuses with which the authorities have to cope; it would accomplish this end because when the marketing is done away with the chief incentive to these modes of slaughter is removed.

We trust that Virginia may adopt the proposed non-export game law, and that its provisions may be extended to wildfowl.

A movement is on foot to improve the guide service in the Laurentian district north of Quebec. The guides there are Indians, half breeds and French Canadians, and they are not educated up to a standard of proficiency that compares with that of Maine guides. A few who do considerable hunting and trapping in the winter months are good hunters and fairly familiar with the handling of a canoe, but the majority are simply carriers without knowledge of the country or a canoe, and sadly lacking in what may be termed "guide duties."

There are some fifteen clubs in this district, the rights being leased to them by the government. The Triton Club, leasing some seven hundred square miles, about one hundred miles north of Quebec, has appointed a committee whose duties are to raise the standard of men who serve as guides in that district. It is the scheme to have committees appointed by each club and to have these committees work together under a general plan.

Success will be slow in coming even under the best of conditions, but the movement is a good one and should receive the hearty support of all the clubs of that district. Every club member should take a personal interest in this step forward.

Communications from any club members, bearing suggestions or criticisms will be thankfully received by Andrew G. Weeks, Jr., No. 8 Congress street, Boston, acting for the committee of the Triton Club.

THE statistics of the deer shipped from the Adirondacks last year appear to show an increase in the supply there. The shipments of carcasses and saddles in 1900 were 1,109; in 1901, 1,165, and in 1902, 1,477. This means, if the figures are correct, that the conditions which now rule in the North Woods are favorable for the continuance of the deer supply, and the tabulation prepared by Secretary Whish demonstrates what has recently been shown on Long Island, in Vermont and Massachusetts, that if the deer is given the necessary immunity the stock will replenish itself generously. Under right conditions we may breed our wild deer like our domestic sheep, and there is no good reason why the permanent and abundant supply of one should not be as well assured as of the other. It is safe to say that after the experience of New York, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut in the protection of deer, and the repeated demonstration of the increase following protection, in all these States we shall have the species in perpetuity.

AMONG the changes proposed for Michigan is an amendment which will give the non-resident sportsman the privilege of taking home a deer. Michigan is now among the States which exact a good round license fee from the shooter who crosses the line, yet churlishly deny him the satisfaction of carrying his game back with him. The plan now proposed is much more reasonable, and is nothing more than just. That it is not in conflict with good protection is sufficiently demonstrated by its operation in many States which permit the export of game in limited amount when accompanied by the owner.

IN his message to the New York Legislature, Governor Odell shows a want of clear understanding of the abuse of special game and fish laws. In one sentence he deprecates the enactment of special laws and in another recommends that county supervisors, under direction of the commission, shall be given authority to make special laws at will. He says:

> Amendments to the game laws, special amendments to the charters of villages and cities, should be discouraged, and relief afforded through general enactments whenever and wherever practicable. The Legislature could well afford, under the direction of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, to accord to the boards of supervisors the right to regulate, under a general statute, the game laws for their own particular localities.

The authority Governor Odell would confer upon supervisors is something they once had and used so well that they got the game and fish laws of the State into inextricable confusion. Local legislation became such a nuisance that in 1886 the State spent some thousands of dollars to pay for a codification of the statutes, and took away the authority of the supervisors. Since then the laws have been made at Albany, and the changed order has been satisfactory in its operation. To restore the old system of special legislation by the supervisors would mean to bring back the old confusion and insure a condition which the Governor himself justly deprecates.

IN his message to the Maine Legislature, Governor Hill recommends the adoption of a non-resident license tax. Public opinion in the State has been in large degree influenced by the misleading figures put out by Commissioner Carleton, and is said to indorse the scheme of taxing the visiting sportsmen. Among many of the guides the feeling prevails that their patrons would be quite willing to pay a license fee, which would be a small item in comparison with the total outlay which an excursion to Maine already involves. The probabilities are that the Legislature will adopt the measure. Meanwhile the wholesale consumption of venison in lumber camps will go on; and we may not look for any change in the qualities of a commission which reserves to itself the option of punishing game law violators or not punishing them, as the authorities may elect. One thing that would go far to advance the cause of protection in Maine to-day would be the existence of a game commission in whose absolute impartiality and official straightforwardness guides and the public and the visiting sportsmen could have implicit confidence.

THE Department of Agriculture Biological Survey, which is engaged in extensive study to determine the food habits of birds, has been devoting some attention to game birds "to ascertain the true economic position of the different members of this group in order to determine to what extent their preservation is demanded by reasons other than those founded upon their value as food or the desire to kill them for sport." Dr. Judd has been pursuing the investigation, and it is announced that a bulletin will shortly be issued detailing the results of his studies of the grouse and the woodcock. Other bulletins to follow will treat of the food of waterfowl and shore birds.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Two Years' Outing Across Siberia.

(*Continued from Vol. LIX., page* 413)

Boating on Cibirian Rivers.

THE great north-flowing rivers of Russian Asia—as the Irtish, Tom, Enecei (erroneously spelt "Yenecei," or three or four other variations), Ob, Angará, Amur, etc.—offer the greatest contrasts and varieties for shooting and fishing parties. Native-made rigs are purchasable at both towns and most villages; there is nothing nice about them, but they are serviceable and not high-priced.

Do not expect, however, even in the best of the dirty big villages of Cibiria called towns, you can procure imported western boating conveniences. Take them along with you! Thus, you could not procure a folding boat anywhere in the country, because one has never been seen there. And if you gave an order to a local importer to get one, it would take from six months to a year before you received it. And a pretty bill of charges there would be to pay—"surprises" for you—in customs, dues, and the elastic "extras."

The Russians are very strong, when "on the make," in their use of invoice heads printed on long strips of paper. Their bills are purposely made out on the elongated strips—which you will never forget—to accommodate the "extras."

Not alone did I never perceive a folding canvas boat anywhere, nor a steel boat, nor a rubber boat, but even a boat made of bark is apparently unknown to the Cibiriaks. They are great ones for rafts, and make them pay at both ends. Thus, a trader upstream will build an immense cut-timber raft, procure all the transient passengers he can (making them pay in advance), build a rough log house on the raft for their convenience, and float downstream for a thousand versti or so; then, at a town or townlet where timber is scarce and high-priced, he will break up and sell the raft. He will return upstream again either by a chance paddle steamer, bearing with him local products, or get back by roundabout caravan route.

Sometimes the raft will be devoted exclusively to trading, and fitted up with small bazars, having some pretense even to ornamentation. It is curious to note how, conformably to law, they sell everything by weight. Kaviar and kerosene, wools and whiskies, soaps and samovars (even those heavy, lead-lined teaurns, which are one of the minor glories of the land of Tolstoi), all are sold by the one unique system of weight—i.e., the funt, or pound. This is the concentrated essence of simpleness in selling—simpler than the decimal or metric system—simple as the single-tax theory.

If babies were merchantable in Cibiria, the native might sell his baby by the pound. Fortunately, however, family ties are strong among the slafs.

Cibirian Village Sports.

Most of the villages run up a simple combination of planks and poles, and call it a gimnazia. This is usually to one side of the one wide, straggling street. It is much used in summer time, and all the year round is handy as a hitching post for cattle, or while shoeing horses. In appearance, the gimnazia uprights and cross-piece look at first sight for all the world like execution scaffolds we see depicted in illustrations of the shuffling off of offenders; and this view of their reason of being was seized on once by an English rush tourist, who, not having known enough of Russian to ask and learn the truth, exclaimed, "Ah! these rascally Russians! So this is the way they civilize Cibiria, by erecting execution scaffolds in every village! And of course those executed are the unhappy political exiles!" Or words to that effect, the purveyor of the information being a Russian who had heard it from another, and that "other" from somebody else; so I give the version for what it is worth.

Apart from the gimnazia, the poor mujik has no other mentionable diversion than to get drunk. But even that he does better than the average westerner, in that he never gets into an ill-humor in consequence.

One Sunday noon, in a trans-Baikal village, I saw two boys diverting themselves "playing plowing" in the thick dust of the deserted street. One was guiding a miniature plow made from a couple of staves filched from a kaviar barrel; the other boy played horse. Poor little bare-footed chaps! They enjoyed the fun in their own way. Thus were they getting their hand in, in play, what was to prove their hard lot in life—plowing. Who ever heard of hand-plowing being easy work?

Yet the Cibiriak is not unhappy. He is far better off than the Russ in agricultural products for home consumption—plenty of meat, milk, eggs, vegetables, etc., though of fruits and sugared confections he knows very little. For my own part, I would find life miserable without sugar, and in some parts of eastern Cibiria, where sugar could not be obtained, was for days in a discontented state of mind. On arrival at a bazar, however, the first thing I would buy would be sugar (50 kopeks a pound), and, presto! after getting through a few lumps, one's disposition would get sweeter! Fact!

The good effects of sugar or things sweet, I have often noted. Once with a party of engineers on the circum-Baikal, after being out all day in the drizzling forests, wet to the skin, we reached the village of Kyltyk in the dark, still raining a coldest of rains, and the whole company in a bad temper, especially after the flounder in the deep mire of the pitch black street. Just beyond the church, camp was pitched for the night, and the soldier-cooks prepared the soup. The chief of this party was the military engineer Schultz, a Russian sure, though with a Teutonic name. After the dinner—partaken in silence almost, for everything had seemed to go wrong that day—coffee was brought in, but no sugar! The chef had ordered it days before from Ipkytck, but it had not arrived. The feelings of us all were like those of the man who has vainly spent his last match over that pipe he had so contemplated enjoying. Who can appreciate black coffee without sugar?

Suddenly I thought of the ounce of saccharin crystals in my baggage coat. Though a most unsatisfactory substitute for sugar, because it lacks the body or syrup of the real thing, it proved a little godsend to that company—all of whom had heard of, but never tried, the concentrated sweetener. A ripple of laughter at the novelty, the "ice" (of a wretched day) was broken, and over the sweetened coffee and cigarettes and little glasses of cognac, an evening of bantering laughter and merriment was spent till turning-in time.

How Engineers Combine Work and Sport in Cibiria.

For the information of those who have never been engaged on nor assisted in railway location work, I would say that the members of a party take care to have a full quota of creature comforts in their supplies, making the government—that is to say, the people—pay for it; or, if a private enterprise, making the shareholders do so! I call to mind some of their lists of supplies—which is not headed "bill of fare," but simply worded "available"—and is for the information chiefly of the chef (cook) and chief. Here are some of the items: Ham and eggs, beefsteak and onions, liver and bacon, ham and tongue, ham and chicken, roast mutton, roast turkey, etc. Desserts: Strawberries and cream, wine and walnuts, milk and honey, peach and honey, etc. Liquors: Brandy and soda, cognac simple, champagne dry, port, burgundy, etc. And so might be quoted scores of other good things.

For actual sport, the engineers carry along guns, fishing tackle, traps, etc., and take advantage of the numerous saints' days to suspend work altogether, and scour the region for both business and sport. They

REPRESENTATIVE SLAF TYPES.

have learned at Petersburg the value of fur-bearing animals, and are after skins that will bring money, not mere pot-shot killing. Their guns are both British and American, and each country's arms have a good reputation.

If anything, to a stranger in Cibiria, village life is better than town life. The peasants are better people. They are truer, simpler, more genuine. Somebody once said the most honorable classes in the world are the poorer classes. The mujik is quite hospitable, and will share equally with you.

The Russian Bana.

Then he always has his baña (bath). The most ignorant slaf will run up a vapor bath house in his backyard—which is always a pretty large one—and get a piping hot steam bath once a week, preferably on Saturdays. It is quite simple to make one of these bath houses—some planks thrown together, banked up and over with earth to secure a certain amount of nonconductivity, in other words, to keep the heat in and the cold out, and a pile of stones heaped up over the rude fireplace in the middle of the hut. An iron caldron of water is atop of this stone pile, and water is taken from it for washing purposes. When vapor is required, a little water is dashed over the hot stones, and soon the baña is filled with almost apoplectic-producing steam.

When suffering from rheumatism, the practice is to rush from the inferno-like bath house, roll over on the snow naked, then dart into the seething hot house again. Is it any wonder that such a shock to the system—equivalent to the work of a powerful faradic battery—gives such a fright to rheumatism as to cause it to loose its grip?

But the foregoing only refers to the democratic baña of the mujik or peasant. Of the bigger variety—well, they are too well acclimatized in our own cities to need any description here.

Cibirian Town Architecture.

Architecturally regarded, Irkutck is the chief town in Cibiria. It has over 50,000 population, is in the heart of Cibiria, on the swift current Angará, and has a cathedral that is an optical illusion—being of a light color, sandstone, it looks in the near distance a gigantic edifice, almost sufficient to stagger the imagination. But on close approach it seems to suddenly dwindle to proper proportions. At a half mile distance I never saw in my life, during a quadrupled tour of the world, such a look-big effect. If happening, as I expect, to pass through Ipkytck again in the not distant future, I will stop over expressly to see again this architectural illusion, if for nothing else.

The governor-general's palace is the usual imposing white edifice; and I saw at Ipkytck (like Goldsmith at Paris) the exteriors of many other fine houses. There is a million-rubli theater, completed a couple of years back. It was only half up when I inspected the interior in the fall of 1896. It follows closely the Garnier opera houses at Geneva and Paris. As to churches, Ipkytck has more per capita than Brooklyn. You will find them—big buildings all—on well nigh every street. Unfortunately this religious ostentation has about as much moral effect on the slaf as the religion of the seven-prayers-a-day musselman has on Turkish officials or the manager of a syndicate of harems—the oriental "harem trust."

What a Cibirian Town is Like.

Continuing to cite Ipkytck as a representative Cibirian town—for I know more of it than of any other Asiatic town, except a few south of the Himalaya range. A couple of months spent here, naturally took me all over the place. My stay was prolonged from two weeks to two months involuntarily, as I had to wait for baggage from the Pacific. Now, as to the houses, they are almost always of wood, with spacious yards to each. There are few conveniences. Those of means have bell batteries, burglar pocket-torpedo alarms, and force-water supply from roof cisterns.

The sidewalks are of wood. They have to be watched by the police, as the natives seem to consider they have a right to them at nights for fuel. The streets are all poorly made, all dusty in dry weather, and all muddy—better write miry—in wet. The only time they are clean is when under the prolonged snow-ice of winter. But you should see their state during the fortnight's thaw! It is poorest economy, but it is just like a Russian, to build a million-rubli opera house, and yet cause an annual loss of a million in injury to health and commerce by foul, miry streets.

The society of Ipkytck consists of two species—those who have been convicted and those who ought to have been.

Blessing the House—A Queer Cibirian Custom.

On the completion of a house—even a two-roomed *dom*, the local priest offers up a blessing. A small established fee is charged for this, but the equivalents of many more fees go in the drinking bout that ensues, in which the priest becomes hopelessly and helplessly involved. Being a temperance man, I was never affected when invited to assist at one of these imbibing functions, and was referred to as a Christian. The Russians do not call themselves Christians, but npaboclabni (pronounced prabo-clabni), meaning literally "verily illustrious," or in other words, "verity credulous" or "verity believers." Literally, the vernacular is almost untranslatable.

A Brief Insight into the Cibirian Professional Man's Life.

He is called, for instance, civil engineer. Thus to call himself he must have a diploma. Would it be believed, that in paternally-run Russiadom, any man who passes an exam. in theory, can dub himself engineer so-and-so, although his practical qualifications are nil. Influence, favoritism, tips, or purposely to "lose" at table or cards a few hundred pybli to the list of persons who have to be bribed, are the bases of "promotion" in the slaf country. Merit has no "pull" whatever. I was informed of one noteworthy instance at Peterburg. One civil engineer, who was opposed to bribery, attempted to secure a leading position without tipping a kopek. His merit was undeniable; he was passed—that is to say, accepted—when there loomed up what the French call a *maitre-chanteur* (literally, master-blackmailer). This individual was named Kepbetc. He had the final word. He found he could not extract any tip, nor promise of one; so he reported, "for private reasons, cannot recommend." Could anything be more damaging or insinuating to a man's character? You see, no charge is made against the successful candidate; and the board thus reported to, gets the opinion that something very serious has been discovered against the applicant. The latter has no remedy at law, for his traducer made a private and privileged communication, and even if called upon by the board to explain, would only say, "Well, the reasons, as stated, are private." This loathsome stab in the back implied insinuation is not actionable per se, and the complainant who tested it in court would lose his case (legally, but not morally) before any law-tribunal on earth.

It subsequently transpired that this Kepbetc, or Kepbetz, was implicated in extensive frauds in the construction of the trans-Cibirian and recently finished trans-Manchurian railroads, disappeared, and is now "wanted," with many others, by the Russian police.

The foregoing is a good illustration of incidents in every standard Cibirian professional's life, and is one of the rotten features of Russian official transactions.

Poor Wages in Cibiria.

A Cibirian architect is poorly paid, to give another illustration. The average earnings will be 100 rubli monthly—little over $50. The purchasing power, indeed, is less than our $50. At that, he will put in twelve hours' work per diem. He has few creature comforts. He is usually married, therefore respectable, and manages to save a little money where he could not in the non-marital state.

Curios in Church Architecture in Cibiria.

The principal edifices in Cibiria are the churches; and of all church architecture on God's footstool, I have come to the conclusion that Russian church architecture is the ugliest. It is an eyesore to any landscape. It is a slavish imitation of the Byzantin, yet without any of the chastity or striking originality of design of the old Turkish or Saracenic motifs, or the grace or elegance of other eastern architectural styles, like the Moorish, Egyptian or Indian. The Russians seem to have at some time in the ages past, hit upon the most unfortunate and ugliest of Byzantin styles, and made "con-

fusion worse confounded" by clapping on or merging into it a mongrel or nondescript native idea; whence the eyesore Muscovite church "standards" of to-day.

Your writer speaks entirely from personal observations, because having covered the whole of Cibiria and Russia—not in a globe-trot of a few weeks, but on, as hitherto mentioned, a protracted tour of inspection lasting two years.

Military Buildings.

Next in size after the grotesque churches, are the soldiers' barracks. They are all huge packing-box edifices, built square, with such a profusion of windows arranged exactly opposite each other on all four sides, that in the distance, when you see the sun setting behind one of these brick wildernesses, four or five stories high, the structure looks like an abandoned ruin, of which only the walls remain.

The barracks accommodate two to three thousand troops. At Vladivoctok, on the Pacific, you see a dozen of these painfully barren brick edifices, and they are enough to give anybody a dolorous first impression of the country. You see the same thing at the chief towns overland all the way to Peterburg. I have been through these barracks, and the interiors are worse still—soiled whitewashed walls, benches around all sides on which the inmates sit and sleep, long greasy tables at which they have their repasts, and downstairs, in the yards, are sanitary conditions which pigs even would not tolerate. When the inspector makes his "see-him-coming" round once a month, things are cleared up a bit, then allowed to relapse for another month into the unspeakable.

Official Residences.

The governors' residences are the next biggest specimens of building in Cibiria. Some of them are fine, built with double walls—leave a Russian and his wife and plenty of peculated funds alone for that! The edifices are either sandstone or freestone, sometimes brick, painted white. In some towns, where the governor has no chance to steal much, he has to be content with a wood residence—comfortable withal. These timber buildings are not a particle like our American farmhouses. Our thin wood walls would not do at all for keeping out the rigors of the Cibirian cold, beginning with 20 below zero, centigrade, the middle of September, reaching 52 below in January (equal to 58 degrees Fahr.), and winding up with an icy blizzard the middle of April, while the chunk ice on the rivers will not permit of navigation for a month later. So in this part of Russian Asia the house walls are often the actual tree-trunks roughly planed down on two sides with hatchets, and mortised into each other at the corners. The interstices are filled up with vermin-breeding vegetable fiber refuse (a kind of jute debris), which have given so unsavory a reputation for insects to Cibirian houses.

I was through divers of the governors' palaces. None are above three stories in height, many are only two, and some wood executive mansions are entirely confined to the ground floor. There is always one grand zala, or salon, for receptions, annual dances, etc.; a waiting room, where you await the pleasure of "his highness the nabob," and are supposed to arise and remain standing when "his almightiness" makes his appearance and rapidly runs through his list of callers. The governor being usually a soldier, disposes of his visitors with refreshing military celerity. Pity our American law courts are not handled by soldiers!

Cibirian Educational Institutions.

Fourth, architecturally considered, on the list of buildings in Cibiria are the schools, seminaries and the few technical institutes and museums. These are never more than a couple of stories in height. They are mostly of wood (tree lengths) and plaster, and all have double windows, to exclude the cold and prevent condensation of moisture on the glass. This last precaution is usually a failure, as the joints are not air-tight, and consequently air circulates between the outer and inner windows.

Through Cibirian Prisons.

Fifth and next in importance in size of buildings, are the hospitals and prisons. My visits thereto, especially the latter, have already been described in FOREST AND STREAM, and more extensively in the medical press, particularly the (Manhattan) Medical News.

Since it always interests readers, I may repeat that George Kennan's exposures in the Century over a dozen years ago, did a lot of good. All that he wrote, as before pointed out, was true; in fact, not true enough; but the conditions he described exist no longer. Of course the Russ will not admit the change is due to Kennan; but it is significant that Kennan's exposé sprung a sense of shame into the guilty ones.

Cibirian Domestic Architecture.

Now we come to the domi or houses in common of the Cibirian inhabitants. Rarely are two stories encountered in the townlets; but in the towns, they are common enough, and even in places like Ipkytck, Iakytck, Omck, Kpacnoiapck, you will see some of three flights. They are always of wood. Fireplaces or stoves, as we know them, are unknown. One big stove and oven combined serves to heat a four-roomed house. By being placed in the middle of the house, exactly in the center of the dividing room-walls, the chambers are equally heated simultaneously. I must admit the heating and ventilation of Cibirian houses in winter is efficient, with all its crudeness. The home of the poorest Cibirian mujik is better off in this respect than that of the fellah of Egypt in the cool (often too cool) season, or of the atorante of the Chilean Andes, or the miserable drafty hut of the walla south of the Himalayas. The Asiatic slaf is often better housed than many European peasant families.

My own range of architectural observations and travels has extended from America to Argentina, Albion to Australia, Canada to China, Hispania to Helvetia, India to Italia, France and Germany to Mexico, and Korea, and from Japan to the whole of northern Asia; but in no speck on this mundane sphere is there less of interest to the builder and architect than in that huge part of the globe known as northern Asia. North America has its glory in its modern buildings, and the prehistoric monuments of the Indians.

The Trans-Cibirian Railroad.

A paragraph on this railway, for the edification of western travelers across Cibiria. I have already most fully described it, technically and generally, illustrated with scores of views, in journals like Railway and Locomotive Engineering, Manhattan; Railway Age, Chicago; Railway Magazine, London, and have had to sum up against it in every case. It is throughout a second-grade road, and will not for another quarter-century even begin to compare with a first-class American railway. The "quick time" we occasionally read of as being done on it—"Moekba to Port Arthur in fifteen days"—are only isolated instances of speeding, engine and one car. If you were to do the journey, say, next summer, it would take you from twenty-two to twenty-six days to get through.

Two Streaks of Rust 5,000 Miles Long.

In the engineering press I have already expressed my views of the fate of the trans-Cibirian after a couple of decades. It will but serve as an impulse to the construction of more southerly trans-Asiatic railroad systems, free from the wintry obstructions and rigors of the Cibirian climate. This competition would mean commercial ruin to the Russian road, and we should ere long see its 5,000 miles of track rusting under very limited local requirements and military transport.

As it is, the trans-Cibirian is operated at a heavy loss. True, it has all the traffic it can manage, but as this traffic is mostly governmental, it does not yield a penny of profit. Two-thirds of the passengers are officials—of course, traveling on free passes. In short, I do not believe the road will in any year for the next twenty years, show a margin of profit over operating expenses—a pretty white elephant indeed. But then it must not be forgotten, the trans-Cibirian was built for military reasons. Its commercial possibilities were entirely subsidiary.

Careful Packing Necessary.

Goods traversing Cibiria could not get a rougher handling in any other part of the globe. The tarantas is the native vehicle of transport for passengers (apart from the railroad), and the telega for goods. Neither have springs, so the shaking up can be imagined on the torture roads. Both these conveyances are four-wheeled, and used only during summer. In winter, it is the sani, or sledge. So that, outside of the railroad, sporting goods sent to Cibiria will have to be strongly packed, and yet easy of inspection in a strongly suspicious country, where even a sheet of model patterns is submitted to the frontier censor before it is allowed to pass. It is for this reason that forwarding agents on the Russian frontier have a lucrative calling, seeing after repacking and forwarding of goods that have been dissected by the frontier customs. For this, they charge the Cibirian merchant an agreed-on rate.

L. LODIAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Game Dinner I Did Not Eat.

MEMORY is proverbially fickle, but there is perhaps no matter about which it so often suffers total eclipse as that of the dinners we have eaten. Failure to recall the kind of food of which we partook at a given feast, the people we met, and the character of the talk constitutes one of the surprises of life. It is the more unpleasant because it involves a measure of thanklessness of which we would not willingly be guilty. We want to remember dinners, if only out of gratitude to the friendly hosts under whose hospitable mahogany we have thrust our legs.

But endeavor to recall them leads only to a vague and indefinite consciousness of this or that dinner. What there was to eat, what we saw, whom we met, what we heard have disappeared as if they had never been. If any detail remains, it is likely to be the talk; which would indicate that it is what we hear, not what we taste and see, that abides longest with us.

It is a curious fact this failure of memory to preserve the details of occurrences which at the time were deemed of much importance. For unless digestion and that feeling of comradery common to all men were wholly lacking, we had when eating these dinners a very definite impression of their goodness or badness.

No doubt, however, the very frequency of dinners tends to obliterate details from memory. To the ordinary diner-out dinners come in such rapid succession that the details of one runs into another, and so quickly become confused and lost. The man who dines diversifiedly—at a private party on one evening, at his club the next, and again at a quasi-official function—does so too often to retain any lasting impression of a particular feast. If he dined only on Christmas Day, the dinner might become immortal.

Then, too, there is a certain monotony about dinners. In the very nature of things, the food itself cannot greatly vary. There is the same general foundation upon which its superstructure is reared. The difference is chiefly in the degree of comfort and content which one experiences, in the brightness or dullness of the talk, and the character of the decorations. And these depend on the composition of the company and the taste of the host. Neither the things eaten nor the quality of the cooking do much to reinforce the memory of any particular feast.

Of course there are exceptions to this general rule—cases where the food is the chief attraction, when what is eaten longest endures in recollection. Again, there are instances when failure to partake of certain dishes, when the mouth, so to speak, was set for special viands and disappointment ensued, cling most tenaciously to memory.

I recall a "poudre" day on that lake in the far north from which the continent abandons its northeasterly trend and slopes squarely away toward the Frozen Sea. Now, a "poudre" day in the open is not a thing to be pleasantly remembered. For it means a day on which the spirits in your thermometer sink down toward the bulb and stay there; when the cutting wind so fills the air with frozen snow crystals that all landmarks are lost, and the range of vision is limited to your leading dog; and when the struggle against cold becomes a fierce fight for existence.

The morning had been pleasant enough. When we left our night camp in the pines and descended upon the ice, the white expanse rolled away clear and distinct before us. The two dog trains held steadily toward the north, the drivers, with blanket capotes pulled close, having little to do.

It was not till the first traverse had been covered and we emerged from the lee of the projecting point upon which we had taken breakfast to enter the broader expanse of the lake, that the wind began to rise. At first it was a mere breeze, a thing that only twists the smoke above the lodge poles. Then miniature coils of snow began to circle over the smooth surface, followed by drifts of larger proportions, until all landmarks were lost in the swirl of the tempest. The cold with such a wind was intense. To sit in the sledge was to freeze; to run against the bitter blast was well-nigh impossible.

Still we struggled on, the dogs with low-bent heads, the half-breed drivers muffled to their ears. Nothing was visible a dozen yards ahead of the sledges, and our shouts to each other were lost in the roar of the storm. After a time the dogs began to give way and to face about in the harness. The men kept on from the mere impulse of progressiveness and the knowledge that safety lay in rapid motion. But it was two o'clock in the afternoon before we made the projecting headland which marked the end of the traverse and climbed up the bank among the pine trees.

Now, a pine-clump is not an inviting habitation with the snow two feet deep and the temperature at thirty below. But, coming out of the wrack and drift of the tempest, it was a veritable haven of rest. It was the more welcome because in the midst of it was piled high a circle of snow, within which the ground had been scraped bare, and a good fire of logs burned brightly. Dog gear hung in the branches of the scrub; two sledges were close at hand, and, standing about the fire, were a Scotch "company's" officer and his two Indian drivers. Never was greeting more hearty. Even the dogs bayed a welcome, only prevented from becoming warmer by the shouts of the men.

As every camping party in the woods is communistic in its tendencies, the snow circle was quickly enlarged and piled higher to form a break against the wind. Harness, extra moccasins, etc., were hung in the trees to keep them out of the way of the dogs. Then more wood was cut, the kettle filled with snow and set to boil, and provisions unpacked from the sledges. There was not much of the latter left, but what there was was the best of its kind—moose nose, briskets and tongues, berry pemmican, with steaks of the wood buffalo traded the day before from a Chipewyan hunter, and plenty of tea.

The Scotsman's pots were already boiling merrily. A few frozen whitefish were thawing before the fire, to be transferred, a little later, to the skillet. Most welcome sight of all were the Scotch bannocks, the sweet cakes and sugar which the trader had brought from the fort at the forks of the river. Indeed, no vagary of the appetite is more singular than the yearning one develops for bread and sugar after a continuous diet of pemmican, moose meat, grease and tea. With a bakery on every corner, the devotion of the small boy to sweet-cakes and crullers is a matter to smile at. But eliminate flour and sugar from the bill of fare on a fortnight's sledge journey, and the taste of them is a gratification one would not lightly forego.

Of course the dogs were hungry, too. Capitaine had eaten his boots, and Mistatim, that thief of the world, had been caught gnawing at the lashings of a freight sledge. But it was early yet to feed them. So they had been driven off, and seeing no sign of dried moose meat cutting, they had rolled themselves up into separate balls on the lee of the tree trunks or sat on the top of the snow circle watching us, like an audience in an amphitheatre. Not a movement escaped them, and when the pots had done boiling, and the fragrance of frying fish reached their nostrils, excitement and desire to share the feast showed in every shining eye and quivering muscle.

Beyond doubt it was a dinner that the most blase diner-out might have longed to eat. Moose nose, trembling and opaque as a vegetable conserve; delicious tongues, juicy buffalo steaks, fat whitefish hot from the pan, pemmican and Saskotoom berries; hard, crisp bannocks, round sweet cakes and tea with sugar in it, all spread out on a canvas sledge cover. As Mr. Squeers would have remarked: "Here's richness!"

True, save the fish, it all came on the board in one course. But refinement of cookery and multiplication of courses are only a mockery and delusion to men who have tramped fifteen miles in a blinding snowstorm since breakfast. Moreover, it fulfilled Thackeray's idea of a dinner, in that its chief object was to feed the guests. Flowers, he insisted, had no place in an atmosphere composed of the fumes of ham and gravy and soup. "Have the central ornaments as handsome as you like, but be hanged to the roses, I say."

Now, the central ornament in this case was the pot of moose nose, and the side decorations the six hungry men squatted about the cloth. They were very, very hungry. And the way they set to promised to reproduce the feasts of, say, a century ago, when dinner parties began at three in the afternoon and ran their course through the whole evening.

I recall that we had just finished the fish when an exclamation of the half-breed drivers called our attention to the dogs. It must be confessed that the spectacle presented was not a cheering one. For the hungry brutes, excited by the savory odors of the meal, and yet denied food, had fallen foul of each other, and in an instant were engaged in a general melee. There was no divisions into parties, one against the other. Every dog did battle on his own account, indifferent whether he attacked the head of the foe nearest him or the tail of the one in front. The entire snow barricade and the regions about it was transformed into a battlefield. The round balls at the roots of the trees uncoiled themselves, and, leaping into the fray, bit and tore the first adversary

they found. Dogs fought singly, in couples, in quartettes. Then the whole mass seemed to roll itself into one huge ball, from which projected innumerable tails and multitudinous legs. Huskie, Yukon and yellow mongrel were tangled in an inextricable knot.

Inevitably the excitement communicated itself to the men. Into the struggling, yelping throng they pushed with whip and club. But for a time blows seemed to have no effect, other than to intensify the strife. For every dog struck, thinking himself bitten by an antagonist, only fought the harder. But the lashing and the shot-like imprecation began in time to tell. Little by little the fighting pack separated until the last half-dozen dogs released their holds and with a wild scurry dashed across the camp.

Alas, with that dash our game dinner disappeared. For every dog in his wild leap from the snow wall struck the center of our improvised table as unerringly as if shot from a rifle.

It was all over in a twinkling. The tremendous impact of the flying pack left nothing of the feast. Pots and pans rolled away overturned, like toy balloons in a gale. Moose nose and brisket mingled with tongue and pemmican in the half melted snow and mud about the campfire. A half-burned log whose projecting end had been struck by the leaping dogs, turned somersault and lay across the tablecloth, its further end resting in the pan of Scotch bannocks. And Mistatim, true to his thievish instinct, was bringing up the rear of the flying column with his mouth full of sweet cakes!

The night came softly down. The gray owl sounded his lonely cry, the pine tops stirred in the wind and the aurora streamed down like a great tent dyed in all the colors of the rainbow. The dogs, full-fed with dried moose meat, curled into balls about the tree trunks. The men on their beds of pine brush pulled the blankets closer and tried to sleep. But never from the waking brain went the consciousness of something lost, the longing for a game dinner they did not eat. MARTYN.

The Call of the Wilderness.

COLD FOOT, on the Koyukuk, is a far cry from New York city, but I have just had news of a man who stepped from one antithesis into the other. From the lofty mountain at the head waters of the Koyukuk, the polar ocean is visible, and if there is a colder or more inaccessible region anywhere, it can only be in the constantly lessening portion of the Arctic waste that has never yet been trodden by the foot of civilized man.

Shortly after my return from Alaska in 1898, a stranger introduced by a mutual friend, called on me in a New York flat, and asked about the new mining country. He was the manufacturer of an artistic specialty, well along toward middle life, with a wife and family, and a successful business. He was unfamiliar with the rudiments of camp life and had never been in a cold country.

His questions ranged from moccasins, muckluks and metasse through all the details of outfit and supplies, to maps and routes and the latest mining strikes, and though he made no explanation, and in view of his age and the settled certainty of his life, the idea seemed preposterous. I was forced to believe that he contemplated a prospecting trip into one of the hardest and most dangerous countries men have ever penetrated in search of gold.

I will call his name Brown, as possibly he might object to having the history of his tenderfoot days recalled.

I told Brown that the Klondike was a sucked orange, and that as far as the average man was concerned, the gold might as well be in the sub-treasury in Wall street, and I did what I could to dissuade him. He persisted, however, in getting at all I knew of the mining country, and among other things I told him of the coarse gold strike on the Koyukuk.

After that the conversation centered on the Koyukuk, though I knew next to nothing of the country, and that only by hearsay. Two facts seemed to satisfy him—gold had been found there and the country was difficult of access, and, therefore, not overrun by prospectors.

A year later I met the mutual friend to whom I was indebted for Brown's visit. In the course of the conversation, he remarked, "By the way, Mrs. Brown has had recent news from Mr. Brown. I suppose you know that he went to Alaska?"

I told her that I had not known, but that such being the fact, I felt sure I could name the part of Alaska to which he had gone, and upon mentioning the Koyukuk, she said I was right. When Brown went away he had cautioned his wife to tell no one of his destination, and she had kept the secret till it became impossible—for nearly a year.

He had turned his business over to a brother, and had for the time being cut away all connection with his old life.

A year later I heard that Brown was home again on a visit, but I could get no definite information as to his success. He went back to the Koyukuk, and for two years more I heard nothing of him. Finally, last fall, I learned that after four years within the Arctic circle, Brown was coming home again, this time as owner of one of the best of the placer claims in the whole mining country.

Mr. Brown is no longer a tenderfoot. A Seattle paper, before me, quotes him as a "pioneer of the Koyukuk," who "joined in the 1898 stampede and located on Myrtle Creek, the oldest as well as one of the richest creeks in the camp." The paper treats his conclusions as to the richness of the district with deference, and quotes him at length as to the probable output of gold, Dry, Vermont and other producers. not failing to mention the "distressing scarcity of water during the past summer" as a factor in lessening the output.

I am glad that Brown has been successful. He is a Scotchman and his racial persistence has got him what he went after. The thing that interests me most in him, however, is the motive which impelled him to give up at the eleventh hour the comfortable things of life for the uncomfortable. It was, I think, a reaction from and a rebuke to the refinements of our modern way of crowding the most people into the least space and teaching them to get along like babies reared in a barrel and fed through the bung hole by artificial means, substituting oxygen for ozone and electricity for sunlight, that made him choose the cold and blackness of the northern night. Crowded cities have some advantages, but for those in whom the old adventurous spirit still lives, the wilderness never had greater charms than it has to-day. J. B. BURNHAM.

One Kind of a Moose Hunt.

EARLY last summer something told me that I ought to have a nice moose head to add to my collection of hunting trophies, and with the hope of being able to secure this, I left New York by way of the New York Central Railroad at 7:30 P. M. on Sept. 29 last.

The following morning at 9 o'clock I arrived at Montreal, and after looking to the transfer of my baggage, and seeing to its passage through the hands of the custom house officers—which caused me not the least bit of trouble—I then spent a couple of hours looking around the city, leaving there at 12 o'clock over the Inter-Colonial Railroad for New Castle, Northumberland county, New Brunswick. Along toward evening we passed by on the opposite side of the river from that old and interesting city, Quebec. From our train we had a very good view of Dufferin Terrace and Montmorency Falls. I had spent some little time there just sixteen years previous, and this old city, surrounded with its walls, sitting on a high bluff, looked just as it did on my former visit.

From Quebec the ride to New Castle was not particularly interesting, as the road lay mostly through timber land. After an early breakfast on the train the next morning, our train pulled in to New Castle at 7:25, and I was met there by the man sent by Mr. John Robinson, Jr., game overseer of Northumberland county, with whom I had previously corresponded, and who had made all the arrangements for my hunt. He drove me down into the town proper, which lay alongside the Miramichi River, and there I found Mr. Robinson waiting for me. (I want to take this opportunity to commend both Mr. Robinson, as well as my guide. The former for the very careful manner in which he attended to my arrangements, as to securing guide, license, provisions, etc.; and to the latter for his untiring efforts toward making my hunt a successful one.)

Soon after the arrival of my guide, Mr. Carl Bersing put in an appearance, and as all our camp baggage and provisions had already been arranged for and sent out ahead by Mr. Robinson, we loaded my personal camp baggage on a two-horse spring-wagon and departed on our forty-mile drive to the first camp. A couple of hours out we picked up our cook, and at noon stopped at Ways, twenty miles out, the last house among the settlements, for lunch, and immediately after leaving there we entered the timber land. Worse roads than we encountered during the remainder of the forty-mile drive I have seldom found.

Just before dark we stopped at a little run called Stonybrook, where we "boiled" (the Provincial term to indicate building a fire, making tea and getting a lunch). Leaving there, we journeyed on to our main camp called Sevogle Cabin, where we arrived at 10:50 P. M., or a little more than forty-eight hours after leaving New York.

We found the camp, a log cabin, with wood floor and birch bark roof, to be both warm and dry, with a stove in one end and bunks in the other end. The cabin had just, two days before, been vacated by Mr. George Dominick, Jr., of New York city, who had spent a couple of delightful weeks there, during which time he had secured a nice moose; but while absent from camp one day a bear came in and ran away with the scalp of the moose. They never again saw either the scalp or the bear. On my arrival at New Castle, I had received a short note from him telling me of this, and saying, "If you see this old bear give him one for me, too." When I read this note I had little expectation of seeing this or any other bear; but subsequent events turned out differently, and this only goes to show what a degree of uncertainty attends hunting.

Early the next morning, we packed up some provisions, our sleeping bags and a small canvas lean-to and took the trail to Peabody's Lake, a distance of about four miles, there to go into camp and try our first luck at moose hunting. We walked (as I might say, we always did, there being no horses or trails for horses in that section) all the way through close timber. When about half way out a young bull moose came out on the trail a short distance ahead of us, but on hearing us quickly ran out of sight. He had but small horns, and we made no attempt to secure him. It was a very interesting sight to me, however, as it was the first moose I had ever seen outside of captivity, and I was greatly surprised at the appearance it presented.

In color the body was a dark brown and black, while the legs shaded off a little lighter. The ears seemed very long, and he traveled and looked to me not unlike a mule; in fact, he looked so different from what I had expected that it took me a few minutes to realize that it was not a domestic animal.

On our arrival near the lake we stopped to make camp, but first walked to the lake to take a look for moose. I found it quite a pretty body of water, very shallow along the edges, about three-quarters of a mile long and one-half mile in width, and surrounded on all sides with heavy undergrowth and timber, right down to its edges. We saw nothing, so we returned to the camping place, and the boys proceeded to make camp, put up the tents, and get lunch.

They built what they called an "A lean-to," by putting up two posts about five feet apart, with a small pole across the top, and stretching canvas from this pole at an angle of 45 degrees back to the ground, about eight feet, thus leaving an opening in front, directly in front of which a camp-fire was then built; and in this open tent, or lean-to, we slept comfortably.

Toward evening we went back to the lake, hauled out the boat, which we found hidden in the bushes, and rowed across, where we stationed ourselves behind an old treetop, and Carl then proceeded to give the moose call with his birch bark horn. This horn was made of birch bark rolled up and fastened with a string, making an opening about three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the mouth and four inches in diameter at the big end and about twelve inches long. After calling for some time, and getting no answer, we rowed out into the lake and caught a fine string of trout for our supper, after which we again returned to the shore and called until evening, but without success, returning to camp just as darkness was setting in.

Carl soon had a fire going, and in the absence of a frying-pan, he cut a "skiver," stripped some trout on it with a piece of bacon between each, and sticking one end of the "skiver" in the ground and the other end in front of the hot coals, he soon had the trout broiling nicely.

The following morning we were up at daybreak, and again at the lake, calling. After about an hour's time a big cow moose came out to the lake on the opposite side and stood in a listening attitude for some little time. Then she started to walk along the edge of the lake in water about eight inches deep, and continued on around until a little more than one hundred yards from where we were stationed, and there she turned and walked off into the timber. We heard her walking and thrashing around in the timber near us for more than an hour. We saw nothing more, and late that evening we returned to our main camp at Sevogle Cabin.

The next morning we packed up and started for Clearwater Camp, twelve miles distant, Carl, Will the cook, and Fred the packer, all carrying packs on their backs. After a tramp of five hours, at all times through dense timber and underbrush, and over mostly a flat and at times very swampy country, we arrived at our destination, and after eating a lunch, Carl and I went to the lake, and we again tried calling, but without success.

Our camp at Clearwater I found to be a cabin constructed somewhat similar to that of Sevogle, but not quite so large.

The next morning Carl suggested that we take a walk up along the brook a few miles and see what signs we could find up that way. After walking a mile through dense underbrush and timber, we sat down on a log and listened for something, but heard nothing, and again continued on about another mile. We were moving quietly along the trail, when we heard a slight noise to our right, close by the trail; and on looking first saw a slight movement of a bush and then what appeared first to me to be a big log or stump, but which on second examination I found to be a big black bear. He lay partly crouching by a log, and just 21 feet from where I stood. I fired two shots quickly, both striking him in the back of the neck—the first one for myself and the second for Mr. Dominick—and he dropped. After making sure that he was dead, we went to him and found a very nice specimen, measuring 4 feet 10 inches across his forearms and breast, and 6 feet 9 inches long from the tip of his nose to the end of his hindfeet when lying on his back, without being stretched. His hindfeet measured 7 inches long, and we supposed him to weight about 400 pounds.

I am free to confess that my first sight of him gave me somewhat of a start, and for a moment we thought we would surely be in for a scrap. After Carl removed the hide and head, we then returned to the camp, where we arrived about 4 o'clock, first having cached the skin and head just outside of the cabin.

Immediately upon entering the cabin, we lamented about there being no game in the country, etc., and about our luck in not securing anything, and I told Will the cook that I had fired a bullet into a tree to see how it would mushroom, and showed him the bullet I had gotten out of the bear's skull. After commenting a little on it I told Carl he had better bring a piece of the tree in and show it to Will; and a few moments afterward Carl stepped into the doorway with the bear skin and head, with its mouth open, and said to Will, "There is the tree." He was lying down on one of the bunks at the time, with his back to the door, and turning his head, looked over his shoulder to see the section of the tree. On seeing the bear's head and open mouth he gave one jump and landed in the middle of the floor, regardless of his lame leg, and exclaimed, "For the Lord's sake! if I had known these animals were roaming around these woods I never would have stayed in camp alone without a gun."

It furnished a topic for conversation for the remainder of the day, and a couple of hours afterward I heard him say to Carl out in the woodyard, "I might have known you fellows were lying, for I knew you had no ax with which to chop a tree down."

During that night it commenced to rain, and was still raining the next morning when we got up, and in fact continued to rain the whole day long. Notwithstanding that, however, we left camp about 1 o'clock and still-hunted until dark, returning to our camp wet through.

The next day we spent a couple of hours in both the morning and evening at the lake, calling, and still-hunted the balance of the day, but without success. The following day we decided we would take the trail for Bald Mountain, fifteen miles distant.

We traveled all the way through an unbroken forest, following a blazed trail most of the way.

Along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when just about a mile from South Fork Brook, where we intended going into camp for the night, we saw a bull moose close by the trail, and although he stood for a few moments in plain sight of Carl, yet he was in such a position that I was unable to see him until he started to run away. He ran some distance parallel with the trail and then came out on it, but I did not fire at him. I afterward thought, and still think that I should have done so, but my reason for hesitating was that I thought I might only wound him, and felt that unless I could stop him I would prefer losing the chance rather than that he should go off wounded.

When we went into camp I felt as though I would

ave liked to have been any place in the world but here, and I have an idea that Carl wished any other ellow in the country had been there instead of me; ut gradually our spirits arose, and we turned our inds to expectancy of the next day, and subsequent vents proved it to be a big day.

We were up at daybreak, and after a breakfast of iscuit, butter and coffee, we again hit the trail for Bald Mountain, still some four miles distant. Up to this ime we had been in camp ten days, and with the exception of some trout, some grouse and one meal of poiled ham, we had not a bite of meat.

We had left our main camp with a very light provision supply, feeling certain that it was time for our uck to again change and bring us some fresh eat.

On our arrival at the foot of Bald Mountain we sat own on a ridge overlooking the first open country I ad seen since coming into the forest. We soon saw young bull caribou pass along the side of the moun- in some eight hundred yards distant; but he was too r away to try to get him, and was traveling pretty st, so we concluded to let him go.

After watching him until he disappeared, we again aded up our packs and passed down the side of this nall ridge, across the divide and up the side of the ountain. We got to the top, which was not over 000 yards from where we had first stopped, and from ere we could see a big lot of country, most of it open nd mountainous. While there, we discovered a cow oose some two miles distant, passing along the edge f some timber.

After a stop of perhaps ten minutes we took up our acks and started down the side of the mountain to our rposed camping place, which was not more than 1,000 rds from where we then were. When perhaps one- ird of the way down, I stopped and said to Carl, "See ere, I believe that is a deer." He said, "I can't see ything." But drawing him to one side, he saw it, d said, "No, I believe it's a young caribou. Take our glass and look." I took my glass, and at once saw at it was a young deer. Carl said, "Take him, quick, r meat," and I fired. The deer jumped and disap- ared behind a couple of small pines, and I thought I d missed him. We ran down, and perhaps when out one-half the distance to where the deer had opped, I saw another standing slightly to one side. I ed at it, and it dropped, and I said, "Well, we have at st gotten some fresh meat."

We walked down to where the deer lay, and laying wn our packs prepared to take a snap shot of it. hen just in the act of doing so, I looked up and saw cow caribou coming up the hill right towards us. I id to Carl, "Look there!" He took his horn and ve a couple of caribou calls, and I ran down with my dak, and suceeded in getting a couple of snap shots her as she ran by. I then ran back to where the er lay, and was just in the act of pressing the button hen Carl said, "Look there!" I looked and saw a ll caribou coming toward us. I threw down the dak and grabbed my gun. He continued to come on ntil without about 125 yards of us, and then stopped. fired a couple of shots at him, but they did not seem hit him. One shot, Carl told me, went between his re and hind legs, and kicked up the dirt behind him, d he then started to run, circling around us.

As soon as he started, Carl said, "Let him go; he s only a small head." So I dropped my gun and took the kodak, and as he circled around us, I got a uple of snap shot pictures of him.

When he had gotten up on a level with us and in the en, I got a better view of his head, and saw, that hile small, it was very finely proportioned; so I ran ck and again grabbed up my gun and fired twice, and dropped. Just after he fell Carl called to me, There's your other deer!" I turned, and sure enough erc lay the two deer and the one caribou, all three in row, the two furthest not more than 150 yards apart. seems I had hit the first deer, not knowing it, and he d run behind the trees before dropping, so that I did t see him after first shooting.

This all took place in less time than it takes to write as I do not suppose there was an interval of more an five minutes between the first and last shot.

It certainly did make things lively for a while. I, wever, regretted killing both the deer, as I should t have shot the last one had I known I had gotten the st, as the meat from one of them was as much as could use. Again, had I known we would get the ribou so soon, I would not have shot either of the er.

We found the caribou head to be a very choice one, ough small, but the meat was unfit for eating; so after , we made good use of the deer. We took them to mp, and the remainder of our trip we enjoyed as fine eat as one could wish. What a difference a few hours' nc had made. The night before we had no meat in mp, both of us wore a disgusted look, and we were st about ready to turn back and go home. This night had two kinds of meat, three nice skins for rugs, e small but beautiful caribou head with nineteen ints, and one fine buck deer head, all as souvenirs of e of the most exciting day's hunts one could imine. During the afternoon two other hunters with o guides passing through that section went by our mp, and they were the only persons we saw on our p while in the forest.

The next day we returned to Clearwater Camp, get- g some more grouse on the way in. We also saw ore caribou, and were able to secure snap shots of me of them before they ran away.

We saw a big cow and calf moose, and succeeded in llowing them some little distance. When we came up thin 40 yards of them we found them looking our y. We could see the nose of the cow turned up as e sniffed the air, trying to get our wind, with ears awn forward and standing in a close, watchful and xious attitude. As I looked, I could not help but ink what a magnificent picture it would have made; t the underbrush was too dense for us to attempt a ture. The calf stood just behind her, and looked most as big. They soon became startled, however, d ran away, the cow leading, and as they passed an opening some 80 yards to our left, we got another good view of them.

One sees lots of interesting sights when traveling through a good game country, and while always anxious to secure some nice specimens as trophies of a hunt, yet these sights are not the least interesting part of the trip.

The weather thus far had been very cloudy and heavy, and the high winds doubtless interfered with successful moose calling. Then again, there had been no snow, making still-hunting very uncertain.

I understand that the snow gets very deep all through that section during the middle of the winter, sometimes as much as three to four feet deep on the level.

After a few more days of still-hunting, Carl and I moved our temporary camp up Clearwater Brook to what he called Christmas Pond, some four miles away. We went into camp about a mile from the pond, and spent considerable time calling moose at that place; and it was there, I might add, that the greater portion of this was written.

I remember one evening of sitting on a log behind some bushes with my sweater and heavy coat on and a blanket wrapped around me. Carl stood near by, every few moments giving the challenge call of the bull moose. I had heard this call so often that I sure did wish some old bull would answer, so that I could hear the original. We watched till almost dark, and then trudged back to our little camp, made a fire and cooked supper, sat around the camp-fire until about half-past eight, and then crawled into our sleeping bags, only to get out again the next morning, and try it again. Oftentimes, when on these hunting trips, when cold and tired, I wonder what ever possesses a fellow to leave civilization, families and all his home comforts to tramp out into the wilderness, and live the life of a savage as a matter of choice for a period of two to four weeks at a time. But, unfortunately, after the return from a successful hunt a fellow forgets the days when he tramped through mud and water, and was wet and cold from early morning until late at night, and came in disappointed; he forgets the nights he lay and rolled from side to side inside his narrow sleeping bag, almost frozen and longing for morning to come; he forgets getting up on a cold and frosty morning, sometimes without a tent and sometimes in snow; he forgets the time he sat down to burned meals cooked over a camp-fire, everything seasoned with ashes, and all thoroughly flavored with camp smoke; and he only keeps in mind the day of success when he returned to the camp with some nice trophies, with his mind still filled with the excitement of the chase, and with visions of the fine ornaments he has for his den, and of the stories he will have to relate to his hunting friends during the long winter evenings that follow.

While he doubtless returns every year with the determination that he will now rest on his laurels and lay aside for some long future year all his camping and hunting outfit, yet the next spring usually finds him looking around for some place to go for his next fall's hunt.

And now you have the story of my moose hunt without the moose. I was absent from home about three weeks, and secured in all one caribou, two deer and one bear, to say nothing of having plenty of trout fishing and grouse shooting.

Perhaps I may be permitted to return to that section next year, and if I do, maybe I can give you a moose story with a moose.

J. M. MURDOCK.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa.

Natural History.

Buffalo Domestication.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in the report of the superintendent of the Yellowstone Park as given in the current number of the FOREST AND STREAM, particularly that part of it relating to the buffalo. The facts that he gives about the black bear only served to amuse me.

Those fellows are easily made pets of; and when the job is finished there is probably only one other animal that we are likely to make a pet of that will turn out to be a greater nuisance than the bear, and that is a pig. Either of them, when he is made a pet of, can always be found just where he is not wanted, and can be depended on to be found back there just as often as he is clubbed out of it.

The Park superintendent seems to think that after he has raised these buffalo in captivity, they may be turned out to be made pets of. The cows might be, but I should not care to be found in close neighborhood to a three-year-old bull unless I were mounted. He may be all right one minute and all wrong the next, and when he is offended—and it don't take him a year to get offended at some trifle, either—then the further you can keep away from him the safer you are.

If those Park buffalo are not kept under fence and watched the time will come, and it won't be one hundred years in coming, either, when there won't be any of them left; for, as long as a man can be found who is willing to pay several hundred dollars for one of their heads, just so long will some one be found who is willing to risk being shot to get that head.

When the FOREST AND STREAM gave its account of those private buffalo herds some months ago, I missed Charley Goodnight's herd among them, and thought that probably he had abandoned it years ago, for his was one of the first to be got together and he did not begin it any too soon; but on writing to a friend of mine, who has the W. H. S. Ranch in Hemphill County, Texas, he told me that the herd was still there. The buffalo were getting to be very scarce when Goodnight formed his herd. The year 1879 saw the last of them in that country, the Texas Panhandle, at least. The last buffalo I have ever seen, except in a park, was shot by a Comanche chief and myself in November, 1879, at what is called the Adobe Walls, at the head of the Canadian River.

Years before Goodnight began to get his herd together, he probably meant to cross the buffalo with domestic cattle. When he formed that herd, I had been thinking of trying to get some cattlemen to do just what he did; for all of us who gave the matter a thought could see that the buffalo would be gone in a very few years. A herd could easily have been formed then just as he no doubt formed his; the calves could be got then without any trouble. When our cavalry would be scouting in the buffalo country early in the spring, we would often surprise a bunch of cows and their calves grazing; the cows would run off, leaving the calves, which were too young yet to be able to keep up with them. Then the calves would often follow our horses all the afternoon, and when we camped they would remain with us and hang around our horses all night; the horses were used to buffalo and would not try to hurt them.

We could handle these calves; they were only a few weeks old and had no fear of us.

I often spent an hour working with them. I would first offer one of them salt, and after it had licked up the last grain it would next try to swallow my hand. They would eat bread out of my hand, and follow me for more of it, and they no doubt could soon be taught to eat corn. We did not have any corn with us or I should have tried them with it, also.

When we would be leaving in the morning, a man would have to be left back there to keep the little calves from following us.

I found by watching them that the older ones at least would eat grass. There is no doubt that these calves if put under fence, would have got along all right.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Capturing Alaskan White Sheep.

A Narrative of the Expedition Sent to Alaska by the New York Zoological Society. By J. Alden Loring, Field Agent to the Zoological Society.

SINCE the eminent naturalist, Mr. E. W. Nelson, in 1884, discovered and described the Alaskan white, or Dall's mountain sheep (*Ovis dalli*) they have been eagerly sought by the museums and sportsmen of the world, but owing to the great expense and difficulty of penetrating the country they inhabit, it is only within the last few years that naturalists have been able to secure groups for mounting. The distribution of the white sheep as far as known, extends over most of the mountain region of Alaska and extreme northwest British America. The mountains along the Knik River where I found them, rise abruptly from the river bottoms and are heavily timbered with birch, balsam, poplar, spruce and hemlock. This gives way to a thick growth of alder which terminates at timber-line. Between here and the rocks occurs a steep grassy slope of about two thousand feet, while the tops of the mountains are a mass of rocky crags. These slopes and crags are the home of the sheep.

Once in the heart of the sheep country, the collector faces danger and hardship before he succeeds in packing the speimens on his back, from the rugged mountain peaks down to the coast. To collect their skins for mounting was thought difficult enough, and the idea of capturing them alive for zoological parks had probably never been seriously considered until the spring of 1901, when the New York Zoological Society sent an expedition to Alaska, one of its objects being to attempt to capture lambs of the species under consideration.

Securing the adult animals with a lasso, while not impossible, was impracticable, for aside from the hazard of the undertaking, the chances of their surviving both the rough mode of capture, and the excitement of being transported from above timber-line to tidewater, were small. For this and other reasons, it was thought best that the expedition should attempt to capture the lambs only.

It was known that the "bighorn" of the Rocky Mountains, a species allied to the white sheep, was extremely difficult to rear in captivity, but owing to the latter species living in a moist climate, somewhat similar to that of the east, it was hoped that if they could be successfully transported to New York, their prospects of surviving would be more favorable than in the case of the Rocky Mountain animal.

Upon nearing my destination, the encouragement I received was far from satisfactory. While a few persons "thought it likely" the expedition would be successful, the majority were of the opinion that owing to the almost inaccessible places which the white sheep inhabit, and the strength and agility of the young when born, it would be impossible to capture the lambs. Others maintained that it was too late, as the lambing season was already at its height.

On April 24 the Alaska Commercial Company's steamship "Bertha," on which I was a passenger, poked her nose into the mud opposite the Indian village of Tyonook, near the head of Cook Inlet, and my outfit was soon unloaded upon the beach. Through the kindness of Mr. Thomas W. Hanmore, the "company's" agent, who, with his assistant, Mr. Finch, were the only white persons living there, I was comfortably quartered in a large log cabin.

I soon made the acquaintance of Mr. H. H. Hicks, who had just come out from the mountains where he had spent the winter. He had been in Alaska, prospecting, trapping and trading with the Indians for several years. He knew the country thoroughly, and could speak the natives' language fluently, so I engaged him to accompany me on the trip, and here I wish to say that I found his advice and good judgment invaluable. After several hours of conference with him regarding the locality we should visit, during which the advantages and disadvantages of many places were considered, we decided that the Knik Mountains, at the head of Knik Arm, an extension of Cook Inlet, were the most advantageous. By boat up the Knik River we could penetrate the mountains and would not

be obliged to transport the captured animals any great distance by land.

Snow to the depth of three feet covered the flat on which the town was situated, and in the timber on the high bluff back of Tyonook it was much deeper. As four years had elapsed since I had done any hard walking, or mountain climbing, I occupied the three days which were necessary to repair the boat that was to convey us to Knik, in taking long shoeshoe trips through the timber.

On the morning of May 2, in company with Mr. Hicks, McQuin, the owner of the sloop, and an Indian "deck hand," we left Tyonook for Knik village, some 75 miles northeast, where we hoped to secure our Indian help and prepare for the trip proper. It is useless for a small craft to attempt to navigate Cook Inlet unless the strong tides are in its favor, so we started with the first of the flood. Not a breath of air was stirring, so the oars were used most of the day, but late in the afternoon the wind rose and whipped the calm water into a choppy sea. On nearing the gap in the mountains at the mouth of Turn-again Arm, it blew almost a gale, and as though our helmsman did not have enough hindrances, floating ice was encountered, the bowsprit broke and we were compelled to furl the jib, which made it difficult to dodge the chunks. The storm tossed our little craft about in a most uncomfortable and alarming manner, and she frequently bumped against cakes of ice; a forerunner of what might be expected should we come in contact with larger pieces. Slowly we worked along under reefed sails, and at last ran in under the lee of Fire Island, and as the tide was turning, anchored for the night.

At the head of Cook Inlet, and in the adjoining arms are mud flats, miles in extent. At low tide these flats are exposed, and during the winter as the tide ebbs and flows, ice forms and increases with each tide, until it reaches the thickness of the highest winter tide, from eight to ten feet. In the spring these fields of ice break loose in great masses, and float back and forth with the tides, a severe menace to navigation, especially to small craft. So long as the floe is in motion a boat can float in its midst, but should the ice become stranded the entire pack jams and the unfortunate craft that is so caught is crushed like an egg.

A watch was kept during the night to fend off stray pieces of ice which might drag the anchor and set us adrift. When the tide turned in our favor it was too dark to proceed, and we lost two hours' time, consequently were unable to make Knik village on that tide. We spent the ebb tide on a mud flat and as soon as the water had gained sufficient depth to float the boat we crossed to the opposite of the arm, where large quantities of ice compelled us to take in the sail and float with the pack.

When within sight of Knik we saw that the ice on the flat in front of the village had not broken loose, but extended westward in a long arm; a wide channel of water to the south, and an extremely narrow one close to the north bank—the side we wished to take. At the

THE TWO LAMBS WERE CAPTURED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN BEHIND THE CROSS.

mouth of the channel the floe was so compact that for a time it seemed as though we would be unable to force a way, and would be carried up the other side of the inlet. While the men used their oars, I jumped upon the ice and crowded the boat into the passage, and we floated up a channel between walls of ice.

On nearing the village we were met by Mr. Tool and Mr. Palmer, agents for the Alaska Commercial and North American companies, respectively. Knowing that the channel opposite Knik was blocked, they had walked down the beach to warn us not to approach nearer, as there was danger of being caught in the jam at high tide. Acting on their advice we hauled in behind a chunk of stranded ice, and with the help of the natives, quickly unloaded the boat. When the tide turned, McQuin and his Indian "deck hand" started back. We watched them until they left the narrow channel and were lost to view in the ice pack.

Mr. Tool kindly placed his cabin at our disposal and assisted us in many other ways while we remained. Fortunately, I had brought my outfit from Seattle and was not dependent on the traders for supplies, for we found that neither of them had a pound of food of any sort for sale, and the Indians were sadly in need of provisions, although there was an abundance of game, but they were too lazy to hunt.

From here we had an excellent view of the range some sixty miles away; it was a mass of snow, and the Indians prophesied that we would have to use snowshoes, and said also that the ice in the Knik River had not broken up.

From Mr. Palmer I rented a large flat-bottom river boat, properly called a "bateau." The majority of natives had gone up the Matanuska River to a "potlatch" given by their kinsmen and we had difficulty in securing the three good men needed. At last Mr. Hicks made arrangements with two young men, known to the traders as Billy and Andrew, to accompany us. The conditions were that they should receive a dollar a day, and five dollars each for every animal captured. They were to remain as long as their services were required, and if they deserted the amount

"OLD BILLY" ON THE GRASSY SLOPE.

due them would be forfeited. The third Indian we hoped to secure had gone on a hunting trip, and learning that he was camped near the mouth of the Knik River we thought he could be found on our way to the mountains. The day before departing, Andrew coolly informed us that he had decided not to go, fearing he would not be paid. There was no other Indian capable of taking his place, so Mr. Hicks told him as he had accepted provisions on credit for his mother he must keep his agreement. On May 6 we bade good-bye to Knik; its apology for civilization, and left for the mountains.

From the start we encountered ice, but got away with the beginning of the flood tide, so managed to keep out of its way the first day. Near the head of the arm we saw smoke from Indian camps, and thinking that Jim's camp might be one of them, landed and prepared for night.

No sooner was a fire built than it was surrounded by a crowd of Indians. Upon learning of my object, they guyed my men unmercifully and said the plan was impossible. They gave me to understand that the young sheep as soon as born could climb with almost the agility and ease of their parents, and could easily escape both white men or Indians. While I had no doubt that we could capture the lambs, I did fear that they might not live.

Jim, who was with the party, had just returned from Hope City, and said that he had been told that a white man was coming from far away to catch sheep to "put in a box," as interpreted by Mr. Hicks. Jim was hired and left with us the following morning.

The ice was running so thick that the oars could scarcely be used and our small boat was in danger of annihilation many times during the day. Had it been nipped in the ice, we probably could have reached shore by jumping from cake to cake, but its loss would have meant certain failure to the expedition, for it would have been impossible to secure more supplies and return to the mountains in time for the lambing season. To say that I was relieved as the tide grew weaker and weaker, and we finally met the current of fresh water at the mouth of Knik River, and went into camp at midnight, well out of reach of the treacherous ice and tide, does not express it. To our joy we found that the ice had left the Knik River and that the valley was free from snow.

Here Jim left his family camped in a cabin they usually occupied only during the trapping season. The following morning after his squaw and daughters had made for him several pairs of rough moccasins, we continued our journey under new conditions. The river was swift and shallow and we were obliged to tow or "line" the boat; one person remaining in the stern to guide it, while the others walked along the bank or in the edge of the water carrying the towline. Several times it was necessary to lighten the boat and reload it again after passing over shoals. Quick-sand was a source of trouble as well as amusement, for one could not help laughing at his companions as they suddenly dropped the line and frantically splashed through the water to more solid ground. Jim ran no risk when at the head of the tow line, but carried an oar which he used to test spots that appeared suspicious, and to assist him when he did get into trouble. As none of the Indians were able to get boots off the traders at Knik, they were wet to the hips in ice cold water most of the time.

We made a permanent camp at the outlet of a small stream running into the river about thirty miles from its mouth. This was to be our base or supply camp, and by clearing away the brush and cutting down a few trees we had an excellent view of the mountains some two miles distant. From the time of our arrival, sheep were in sight constantly; three to the west and three almost opposite camp, while a solitary old ram led a hermit's life on a mountain a little to the eastward. We derived considerable pleasure watching "old Billy," as we named him, descend to his feeding grounds from the lofty retreats where he passed the night. His hunger appeased, he spent the day sunning himself on prominent peaks, or loafing about the grassy slopes until night, and then returned to the crags. One afternoon while I was away Mr. Hicks secured several fine photographs of the old fellow, who appeared little alarmed at seeing him. If the Indians or wolves have not killed "old Billy," he probably haunts that locality yet.

At this time of the year, the ewe sheep gather by themselves and keep close to the crags for protection. They become very watchful as the lambing season approaches, and at the proper time a female will separate from her companions and seek the rocks, where the lamb is born. It remains with its mother until strong enough to join the band. It was my intention to locate several bunches of ewes and watch them closely until the lambs appeared, then to attempt their capture. We intended not to approach nearer than was absolutely necessary to distinguish rams from ewes, which with the field glasses could be done from a distance of two miles.

We remained at this camp long enough to determine that all the sheep seen were rams. During this time Mr. Hicks and one of the Indians took a two days' trip to the westward and crossed the range, but saw no ewes.

It was about then that our Indians became troublesome. My mission was somewhat of a novelty to them. Undoubtedly they had expected to shoot everything they saw, and on learning that it would not be allowed they complained and became sullen. I called them together and explained that I had traveled a long distance to catch sheep, and could not permit firing, as that would frighten the animals and ruin our prospects, but they could not see it in that light. Jim said he was hungry for meat, and that he had never before worked for a white man who would not allow him to kill game. They had shown an inclination to disregard my orders, and once refused to leave camp because I prohibited the carrying of fire arms. I accused them of acting like children or old persons, an allusion that undoubtedly cut deep, for they dislike such comparisons. The climax was reached one evening when I saw a ripple some distance up stream, and believing it to be a muskrat, gave Andrew permission to shoot it with the twenty-two rifle, which would make little noise. After pushing the boat from shore, he discovered that the animal was an otter. Jim rushed into the tent for his large caliber rifle, which if discharged would alarm the game for miles. In answer to my command not to fire, he replied that the otter was worth four dollars and he proposed to kill it. Snatching my rifle, I threw it to my shoulder and shouted "Big gun scare sheep, no shoot, Jim!" Whether it was the tone of my voice, or the click of the lever as the cartridge slipped into the chamber,

BRINGING A LAMB DOWN FROM THE CRAGS.

that caused him to turn, I know not, but when he saw the muzzle of my "Savage" pointed at his head, he dropped his gun in the mud and replied, "All right, me no shoot," then jumped into the bateau and the two went in pursuit of the otter with the small gun only. While this incident did not prevent Jim from grumbling continually, he never again refused to obey orders.

Our two pairs of field glasses did not lie idle, for while some of the party were in camp scanning the mountains, others made excursions in the hope of locating more sheep, or finding a locality more favorable for our work. Having discovered that the sheep within sight were rams, we left the base camp on May 16, and with ten days' provisions went up the stream as far as possible, drew the boat upon the bank, and shouldering our packs of about fifty pounds each, continued on foot. At noon, after crossing a "muskeg" or peat bog, we stopped for lunch and while making tea a band of five sheep was seen high on the rocks almost opposite.

It is remarkable how far Indians can see game. Many times they discovered sheep with the naked eye that could scarcely be detected with the glasses. Yet, when one remembers that they never use their eyes in artificial light, and that from infancy hunting has been their only education, it is not so surprising.

Our next camp was pitched on the bank of a stream about 15 miles east of the one just left.

Jim had become very disagreeable of late. I noticed that he had considerable to say to the other In-

dians whenever Mr. Hicks left camp, and knew from his speech and manner that he was complaining. While I had no fear that he would do us bodily harm, there was danger of his influencing the other Indians to desert us, or, worse yet, persuade them to return to the base camp, steal provisions and then take to the mountains to hunt bear. Under these circumstances I deemed it advisable to pay him off and allow him to return home. This I did, after warning him to go direct to Knik, and saying that if I found his tracks about our base camp, or heard him shoot, I would burn his cabin and kill him when next we met; a bluff that worked.

During our stay here, Mr. Hicks and Billy patrolled the river bottom east of camp for a distance of about five miles, and with the glasses they could see sheep fully three miles further. They located eight ewes the first day, and watched them until May 2, when the band divided, leaving but five sheep for them to look after. It fell to myself and Andrew to watch the sheep seen west of camp, so in all we had fully fifteen miles of the best sheep country under close observation. Every morning we patrolled the valley a mile and a half from the mountains, occasionally stopping to look for sheep, and at a point five miles from camp, we made tea, ate luncheon, and put in the remainder of the afternoon watching the four ewes previously discovered. While lying in the shade for hours watching sheep may seem monotonous, nevertheless we found it very interesting work. Usually we had little difficulty in locating them soon after arriving at our station, but on several occasions, after watching nearly all day without success, we were about to return to camp when a ewe would appear from behind a point of rocks, then another, and another, until they all stood before us mere specks to the naked eyes. Again storm clouds obscured the mountains, hiding them from view, and when next seen they were perched thousands of feet above, on rocks so jagged that it seemed impossible for any creature other than a bird or squirrel to secure a firm footing.

For several days, two old rams had occupied a position some distance west of the ewes, but one afternoon they appeared to tire of their feeding grounds and sought new pasturage. Leisurely they made their way toward us, crossing snow-drifts, climbing over rocks, and pausing every few hundred yards to look about or munch a mouthful of grass. They did not make the astonishing leaps so often credited to mountain sheep, but, on the other hand, seemed reluctant to cross dangerous places. Carefully sliding over the face of a cliff, they clung as though deliberating, then gathering themselves sprang to the ground, and a few seconds later, assisted by the momentum, rushed up the opposite incline.

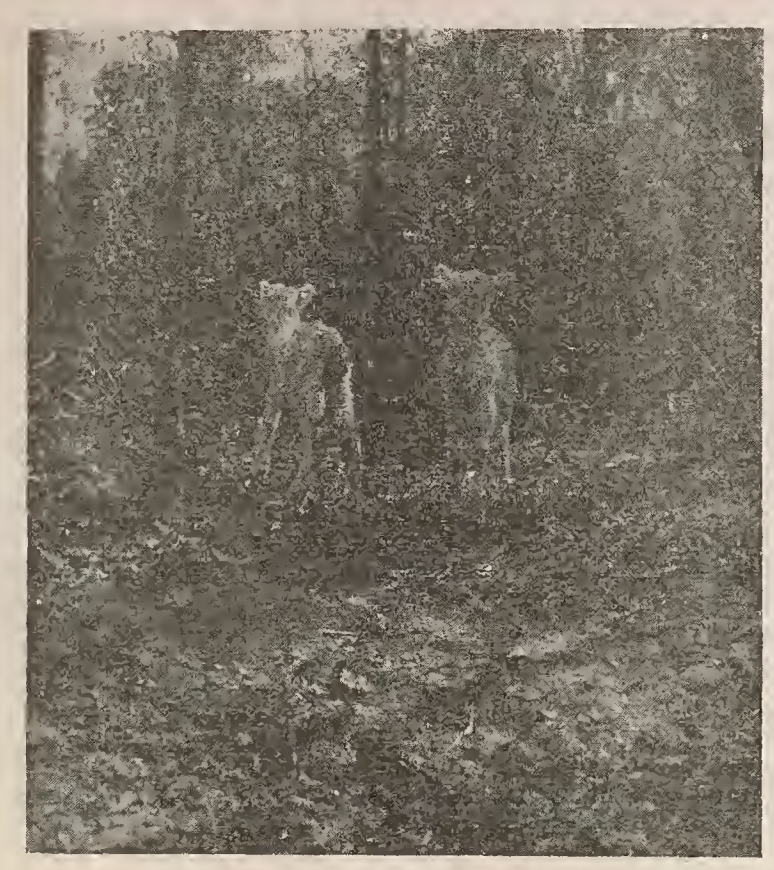
Every night Mr. Hicks reported on the movements of the sheep under his care, and one evening said that judging from the actions of one of the ewes, which did not mingle much with her associates, but lay about at the edge of the rocks, he thought a lamb would soon be born.

We had been watching the ewes a week, when one morning as we were about to leave camp, three sheep were seen skirting along the base of the rocks from the direction of the band Andrew and I had been watching. We correctly surmised that these were the ones, for after spending the day at our accustomed stations, we returned without having seen them. It was evident from their actions that they were not alarmed, but were simply changing their feeding grounds. The following morning, in company with Andrew, I started up the mountain to locate our wandering sheep, which, owing to the character of the mountains, could not be seen from the valley. From the top of a knob above timber-line we had a grand view of the surrounding country, but it was not until late in the afternoon that the sheep were located far to the eastward. They were in an almost inaccessible mass of crags and there was little chance of reaching them should a lamb then be born.

Shortly after returning to camp, Mr. Hicks and the Indian came in carrying a beautiful little lamb. Mr. Hicks stood it on the ground in front of him, and I took its photograph at once. It had become attached to him through being carried in his arms since noon.

For some time after Mr. Hicks and Billy took their station that morning, they were unable to locate the sheep, but finally saw a ewe walk from behind a ledge, closely followed by a lamb, and later the four other sheep made their appearance. As usual, they were in a mass of crags about half a mile above timber-line. After mapping a route, the two men began the hazardous ascent, and were crawling along the edge of a precipice, when Billy lost his nerve and trembled, so a halt was called for him to recover. In spite of Mr. Hicks' advice to keep his eyes above, it was so far to the bottom of the cliff, the Indian could not resist looking down. On nearing the lamb, they parted, Billy followed up the canyon to the right, while Mr. Hicks made a detour to the left and finally crept between the lamb and the ewes, which were separated by a few feet. The lamb was on a ledge of rocks hidden from the view of the old sheep, so Mr. Hicks allowed them to see him and they bounded up the crags and had soon crossed the divide unknown to the little one. Both men then advanced from opposite sides. At the sight of them, the lamb, which was lying down, sprang to its feet and scampered back and forth, but did not attempt to jump over the ledge. Finding both passages blocked, it seemed dazed, but as they closed in, ran into Billy's arms and was our captive. In descending the mountain, one of the men would climb over the difficult or dangerous spots, and take the lamb from his companion, who then followed. Strange as it may seem, the lamb struggled but little and did not bleat until after it had arrived in camp.

It had not been with us more than half an hour before it was attacked by the expected and dreaded disease, diarrhœa. I was well provided with medicines to cope with such troubles, and administered some at once. The lamb was inclosed in a pen made of poplar tree trunks, and took its capture quietly so long as someone was near it, but when left alone it became restless and ran back and forth, bleating and bumping its head against the uneven rails. Our first attempts at feeding it were somewhat awkward and amusing. It was perfectly willing to accept the condensed milk from the nursing bottle, in fact it was too anxious. If the milk did not flow quite to its liking it dropped to its knees, bunted at the person feeding it, switched its tail from side to side, and bleated and danced about so lively on its hind feet that it required a person to steady its hind quarters until after it had finished eating. The first night it worried and ran about so much that we



IN THEIR WIRE CAGE.

finally doubled its feet under it naturally and placing it in a piece of cheese cloth, brought the sides over its back and pinned them, then laid it on the blankets close to my head, where I could talk to and care for it. It finally went to sleep, but with every blast of wind awoke with a start, and after sniffing at my face a few times its little eyes slowly closed, and with each beat of its heart its head sank closer and closer until it rested on my cheek. I could not stir without arousing it, and lay in one position until forced to move, securing little sleep that night. As I sit writing, and occasionally glance at the enlarged photograph of the little fellow lying in one corner of the inclosure. I fancy I see him walking all over me, utterly regardless of my face or feelings. When it snoozed off I quietly stole away for a brief rest, but often had no more than straddled the rails when it was upon its feet bleating and running frantically about, and I was obliged to return to comfort it. It weighed eight and a half

MR. HICKS AND THE FIRST LAMB CAPTURED.

pounds, was ten and a half inches high at the shoulders, and two days after its capture had four front teeth.

It lived but a few days, for in spite of zealous care and treatment it rapidly grew weaker, and on May 27 it died lying on my blankets where it had slept every night, nor had it been out of my sight fifteen minutes, save when I was asleep.

After the lamb arrived I was unable to leave camp, but Mr. Hicks and the Indians kept close watch of the sheep we had relocated. It was of little benefit, however, for a continuous storm enveloped the mountains in clouds, giving us only an occasional view of them when the mist lifted, and at last the sheep were lost altogether.

Packing up we returned to the base camp and remained there until satisfied there were no ewes within the area of observation, we then pulled stakes and started down the river to a mountain which a month before was so covered with snow that we passed it by. An early camp was made to allow the men to unload the boat and pack the outfit around a shoal that a loaded boat could not pass over. During the afternoon two ewes and a lamb were seen high on a mountain on the south side of the river. It was then too late in the day to start in pursuit, so we spent the time planning a route and watched them until dark.

The following morning the sheep could not be found until about 9 o'clock. Not feeling well, I thought that my presence would be a hindrance to the party rather than an aid, so remained in camp while Mr. Hicks and the Indians started off.

When within a few hundred yards of the ewe and lamb, Mr. Hicks sent the Indians around to the left—the right side being guarded by a perpendicular wall—while he attempted to get above them. The Indians in a spirit of rivalry laid caution aside and rushing ahead, mounted a boulder in full view of the quarry. Of course the vigilant mother saw them instantly and made for the top of the divide, closely followed by her offspring. The lamb scampered over the rocks with remarkable agility for an animal so young, but was unable to keep pace with its mother. At one time, however, there was hope of its capture, for while crossing a deep drift it became fast in the snow, but finally floundered out and disappeared over the mountain.

Black bears were common. During the time we were in the mountains, fifteen were seen. They were usually found far above timber-line feeding on roots and the berries that had been preserved by the early snows of the previous year. One evening an old bear and two cubs were seen back of camp. The Indians were anxious to take after them, but as sheep were in sight I feared the firing would alarm them. They finally worked into a canyon where one shot could not be heard any great distance. Two of the Indians each took a gunny sack to put the cubs in, and Billy carried my .22 rifle, which Mr. Hicks had told him was all right, if he "shot the bear in the head." The idea of an Indian attempting to kill so large an animal with a ".22 short" was amusing. I think that Jim understood that it was not quite the kind of arm for that purpose, for he did not seem particularly anxious to join in the hunt. I had my "Savage" rifle, so there was no danger of the bear injuring us should it become infuriated. Unfortunately our fun was spoiled, for the bear either heard or scented danger and escaped.

June first found us in a new camp on the bank of the river at the base of a high mountain somewhat isolated from the main range. The following morning we shouldered light packs, and after a hard climb reached timber-line and followed a steep grassy slope between it and the rocks, until we reached a position directly opposite our camp on the other side of the mountain. We camped, and after eating luncheon crossed a small stream and valley to a ridge where an excellent view of the sheep country was had. A band of five sheep came into sight over a rise of ground, and twelve more soon followed, but there was not a lamb among them. This fact established, the glasses were turned upon the rough mass of crags directly in front of us, which had been scrutinized once before, but without success. From the animated manner of the Indians, I was certain that something unusual had attracted their attention. After a few seconds Billy handed the glasses to me and pointing to the rocks said, "Little sheep, one!" Sure enough, there was a lamb and its mother carefully picking their way down the mountain. Camp lay directly in our route and we were about to start, when the ewe suddenly ran to the top of the mountain; the lamb attempting to follow. After describing a wide circle she returned and the two lay down in almost the spot where first seen. Evidently she had been giving the little one a practice run.

The slope for a few hundred yards below the rocks was extremely steep; so steep in fact, that I found it necessary to crawl on all fours. The Indians kept well ahead of me until we reached the crags, when I put on moccasins and was then able to keep up with them. From fear of detection, we were unable to select the most favorable places, but after crawling along ledges and scrambling over peaks managed to reach a position well above our game. In the meantime, the ewe and lamb were lost sight of, and the Indians in their eagerness to secure the honor of finding the game ran great risk of scaring it, and finally became so reckless that I ordered them back and kept them with me while Mr. Hicks cautiously crept to a high bluff and scrutinized the country. He soon returned and informed us that hidden by the rocks not more than three hundred yards above was another ewe, but he was not certain that she had a lamb. Protected by a high point, we worked carefully along; many times it seemed as though we could advance no further, but a narrow pass, or niche in the rocks where a footing could be secured was always found, and we managed to sneak within one hundred yards of the ewe and found a lamb lying by her side.

The mother seemed reluctant to leave the little one, but when finally she walked around a point out of its sight we allowed her to see us and she hurried off and was soon lost to view. In attempting to get above the little one we lost sight of it. While I held the Indians back, Mr. Hicks climbed a cliff and signaled its position to me. I then sent one of the Indians to the opposite side; stationed the other one below it, and then Mr. Hicks came down from his perch and the lamb was surrounded. Everything in readiness, we moved forward carefully, but such caution was unnecessary, for when we came upon the little fellow quietly lying at the base of a cliff, he looked inquiringly at us with his big innocent eyes, and scarcely attempted to escape. It was a tiny creature only a few hours old. I could not help thinking of all I had been told about the activity of young lambs, which though a few minutes before had caused my heart to throb with excitement and anxiety.

The lamb and ewe seen first had heard or suspected danger and had taken over the range. As two persons could easily carry the captured lamb, I sent both of the Indians after the escaped one, although their chance of success was small.

As Mr. Hicks and I were about to start for camp an eagle swooped down and with wings bowed, made straight at him, and for a second it appeared as though the big bird would snatch the lamb from him, but when about ten feet away it sheered off and disappeared as quickly as it came. Had it appeared an hour sooner it surely would have cheated us of our prize.

Cutting about a foot from a cotton flour bag, we doubled the lamb's feet under it and placed it in the

sack, then pinned the sides over its back, allowing its head to protrude from a rip in the cloth, and thus it rested naturally. We took turns carrying it suspended around our neck.

Taking the lamb from the rocks to the grassy slope below was rather hazardous, but by assisting each other it was accomplished. We were hardly to camp when, on looking to the eastward, we saw Billy about a mile off, tearing down the mountain-side at break-neck speed. The glasses showed that he had another lamb in his arms, but from the reckless way he was traveling there was doubt if either of them would reach timber-line alive. Arriving at camp, we found Andrew lying in the shade waiting our return; the wretch had left Billy to do the work alone.

Billy had climbed to the top of the mountain after leaving us and saw the ewe and lamb making their way along the summit. At long range he shot the old sheep, and after a lively chase cornered the lamb in a crevice and captured it. It was a beautiful animal, by far the oldest and healthiest of the three captured. It was so overcome by heat and excitement that for some time it took no interest in its surroundings, and when placed upon the ground scarcely moved. Regardless of noise it soon fell asleep and slept for two hours. Both lambs were perfectly contented; they frequently sniffed at each other and seemed much interested in what was being done about camp, watching us as innocently as their name implies.

I tested the milk from the ewe Billy had killed, and found it rich as cream, and as Nestle's prepared food seemed more suitable than condensed milk, I decided to feed it to the lambs. Mosquitoes being thick, even at this high altitude—for we were camped at timberline—a mosquito-proof covering was made, and we placed our captives under it. I slept beside the inclosure, and was up several times during the night to attend to them.

It was decided that myself and Andrew should take the lambs down to the river camp, while Mr. Hicks and Billy remained. The younger lamb gained strength during the night and looked quite promising, but we had greater hope of the other one, it appeared so strong and robust. Arranging another carrying sack, we put the lambs into them and started for the valley. They behaved perfectly en route, but about noon the puny one showed symptoms of diarrhœa. On reaching camp, a movable wire cage was made, and during the day the lambs were kept in it, but at night I took them into the tent, and as soon as they were asleep removed the cage and carefully covered them with mosquito netting. On awakening one would raise its head, look about, and finding its companion beside it, and everything quiet, doze off again. At feeding time they climbed all over me, and while one was being fed the other chewed my ear, or nosed about my face, as shown in the illustration.

Two days later Mr. Hicks and the Indian returned. They had seen a lamb, but after a long hot chase it escaped. Mr. Hicks was satisfied that the sheep had been driven away, and as the lambing season would be over before we could reach another sheep country, we decided to return to Knik village.

About this time the smaller lamb became hopelessly sick, but the other one maintained its health so wonderfully that we felt confident it would live. On the afternoon of June 5 a partition was made in one end of the boat in which to keep the lambs during the trip back, and we prepared for an early morning start. At 8 o'clock that night the healthier lamb became suddenly and violently sick, and by midnight was past recovery. In the morning both lambs died, and an hour later we left for Knik, disheartened, but convinced that everything possible had been done to make our undertaking a success.

Since the expedition fully demonstrated that it is not impossible to capture lambs of the Alaskan white sheep, it would seem that the most advisable course to pursue would be to transport milch goats to a base camp near the locality where the lambs are likely to be found, and as soon after their capture as practicable, hurry them to the domesticated goats. In this way it is quite probable that a few lambs could be brought out of the country alive.

[The illustrations are from photographs by J. Alden Loring, here used by courtesy of the New York Zoological Society.]

Down the Potomac.

MIAMISBURG, O.—One of the most delightful, as well as interesting, river excursions that I have taken, was a moonlight ride on the Potomac from Washington to Norfolk. For several years I had planned such a voyage, but for various reasons the trip was always deferred. While visiting Washington, the long wished for opportunity arrived and I immediately availed myself to it. Taking passage on the Newport News at six o'clock in the evening I arrived at Norfolk early the next morning. Although the night was very cold I enjoyed myself very much. The moon, shining from a cloudless sky, transformed the river into a veritable river of silver and also made objects on either bank appear almost as plainly as in daylight.

To the sportsman, the angler and the student of history, this river will prove interesting. During the trip I saw hundreds of ducks and was told that they were becoming more numerous each year. As to historical connections I know of no river that surpasses the Potomac, for on its banks the "father of the country" was born and now lies buried; on its banks the site for the nation's capital was chosen over one hundred years ago, and in the great and bitter struggle of '61 it proved a great line of defense for the National troops. After leaving the river you enter the Chesapeake, that noted resort for duck shooters, and after passing the beautiful summer resort of Point Comfort, enter Hampton Roads, the scene of the world's greatest naval encounter, and then pass into the harbor of Norfolk.

What an ideal region this section must be for the lover of outdoor life. The river furnishes excellent fishing, the bay abounds with water fowl, and the Dismal Swamp nearby furnishes a splendid field for big-game hunters.

CLARENCE VANDIVEER.

The Coyote as a Strategist.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had the pleasure recently to enjoy reading a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM, and I was interested in nearly all its contents. I wish to introduce to your readers some facts about the coyote. It has been the subject of some finely pictured and apparently well deserved reproach. It occupies in common esteem the place of a plunderer and a sneak thief. Its vices, its hunger, and its running qualities no one seems to question. The hand of every man is against the coyote. The laws of many States put a price on its head or ears. And yet the coyote increases and multiplies. The coyote is never fat, yet it lives on the fat of the land when it can be got, and if any predatory animal can, the coyote can. The traditional wisdom of the serpent is foolishness, when compared with that of the coyote. I claim that the coyote is a strategist which throws all other animals far behind it for cunning in pursuit of its prey. I have known it to cut out a sheep or a lamb from a band of a thousand sheep and kill it, when the sheepherder was within sight, and at a distance of two hundred yards from him, and yelling at the top of his voice.

But the best specimen of the cunning of the coyote is illustrated by the way in which it captures young pigs from their mother. In this kind of a chase two coyotes combine their efforts. One of the two attracts the attention of the sow, bites at it, and fights it and leads it away from the young pigs. The other coyote then snatches up the pig and away it goes with its little porker. This instance is well authenticated, and has happened more than once in districts where hog raising is common. Can any of your readers furnish a better instance of cunning or strategy on the part of any wild animal? Should it not be conceded that the coyote is a close observer, and even a pretty close reasoner? Is it not entitled to some respect for its cunning as a hunter? I, at least, give it some credit.

A. MEACHEM.

WASHINGTON.

Prehistoric Relics Wanted.

ANDOVER, Mass., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., has recently established a Department of Archæology. My object in writing you is to encourage the preservation of stone, bone and clay prehistoric art forms. In your section of the country are frequently found various "Indian relics." These have a direct bearing on the history—or rather pre-history—of America, and as such should be preserved in fireproof buildings for the study and edification of present and future generations.

I am persuaded that there may be persons who have found some remains of the ancient Indian tribes, "Mound builders," etc., and that, possibly, they would be willing to send them to us. We shall be glad to pay express charges on any and all boxes of specimens sent to us, to mention the gifts in our report and to give the donors due credit in our exhibition cases.

All these axes, pipes, spear heads, clay vessels and "strange stones," should be carefully preserved somewhere, where they may be of service to the public and to science. Archæology—technically followed—is a new science in the United States and it is more important than the average reader imagines, for these "stone relics" have a direct bearing on the antiquity of man.

I shall be glad to correspond with persons who have "relics" in their possession.

WARREN K. MOOREHEAD, Curator.

The Reindeer's Antlers.

Sir: According to all tradition, Santa Claus drives a pair of reindeer. European artists generally picture him with reindeer. American artists generally picture him with wapiti or with nondescript members of the deer family. This would indicate a fundamental lack of artistic sense in our artists. Reindeer are common in all of the northern parts of America, from Maine to Oregon, and their antlers are, next to those of the red deer, the most common head trophies on our walls. Consequently, there would seem to be no good excuse for the failure of our artists to give us reproductions of the beautiful curves, palmations, and brow antlers that are so distinctive of the genus Tarandus, and that are so well known to every big-game hunter. On looking over a number of American magazines and papers to-day, I fail to find Santa Claus with reindeer excepting in one instance, while all of the European artists took the trouble to be correct in their choice of antlers. I noticed at the grocery also that a brand of preserved goods was labeled "Reindeer Brand," and the label carried the picture of the head of a wapiti. This carelessness amounts almost to an offence, and must make a disagreeable impression upon thousands who possess even ordinary fondness for accuracy in matters artistic. Will some artist explain?—Robert T. Morris in N. Y. Evening Post.

The Linnean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, January 27, at 8 o'clock. C. William Beebe, "Some Notes on the Psychology of Birds;" L. B. Bishop, "Some Apparently Undescribed Eggs of North American Birds," with presentation of specimens.

A German correspondent in the Canton Tessin writes that the Swiss police do not dare to enforce the law against shooting birds, because their own lives would thereby become endangered at the hands of Italian hunters who are little better than brigands. The song birds are openly sold in the markets in bunches of twelve to fifteen for thirty cents a bunch.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In Wisconsin Deer Woods.

WHEN George Hedrick, Chas. Bender and the writer stepped off the train at the little station of Sayner, Wisconsin, at 1:30 P. M., on Saturday, Nov. 8, 1902, we found nothing as we had left it five years ago. Where the big buck tore his way through the brush, crossed the railroad and landed in Plumb Lake, which he swam in his escape from the hounds and rifle balls of Mr. Saltsic and his friends, we found a desolate waste in the south, some small empty buildings, a meadown of a couple of acres, then more down timber and desolation down to the edge of beautiful Plumb Lake. When camped on Plumb Creek five years ago John Bishop and I had a bushel of sport after rabbits among the tall "shintangle" in the heavy pine woods on the east side of the creek, near the railroad. It was a pretty good test of marksmanship we thought to get these fellows with our Winchester rifles, as they dodged through this natural cover. But the cover is a thing of the past, and in its place is a small farm. Plumb Lake is there, but the forest, especially the pine, is about all gone. The change was so marked that when I got back to the station from looking over the old camp site, I told George and Charley that we would better camp where we were until we found a location to suit us. I made a trip to the lake a half mile away for a pail of water, and the boys opened our stove and grub boxes, set the stove up east of the station buildings, got wood and were ready to boil the kettle by the time I got back. After a good warming up within and without, we fell to speculating on our next step, and finally decided that about the only place for us was out on Big St. Germain Lake, or somewhere in that direction. The summer hotel and the lumber camps seemed to be filling up with hunters, and our desire was to get away from the maddening throng. But as yet we had no idea of what we might run into. Mr. Sayner came to the station for a wagon load of baled hay, and we had a talk with him, and an understanding that he would haul us out when we finally decided where we wished to go and was ready. He unlocked the larger building, tumbled several bundles of hay inside, and we also tumbled. We got the key, adjusted the bales of hay into foundations for two beds, carried our trunks inside, got out our bedding, made a fire in the stove, and were comfortable for the night. We would have been content to continue to bunk right there, but there were difficulties to be encountered. The mass of down timber, brush, briers and old stubs on both sides of the railroad was sufficient cover for deer, and they frequently crossed the railroad, but there was no water, and we had no right to the use of the station house, except as passengers.

After a good night's rest and breakfast, Charley and I started to explore the country some four miles south on the north of Big St. Germain Lake. There is a pretty good wagon road from Sayner to this lake, and on around the east end of it, fetching up, I am advised, at Eagle River on the N. W. R. W., 30 miles from Sayner. We found more or less deer sign all the way for about 3 miles, and when we reached Lost Creek crossed it on a dam, then followed the road along a sandy ridge to within a fourth of a mile of Big St. Germain. We agreed that we had no desire for a better camping site than the one we dropped on to, where there is a drinking hole at the edge of Lost Creek 50 yards from the road. The wagon road was cut up with deer tracks, and we concluded that by squatting down there in the dusk of that Sabbath evening, remaining quiet and attending to business, we could get our legal quota of deer very near camp. So we hurried back and waited for Mr. Sayner, whom we met going to meet a man from Eagle River. Mr. S. promised to be home by noon, but he was disappointed in not meeting his man, who was to come half-way with some heavy harness. When he arrived home cold and hungry, he had to change his harness from his small team to his heavy horses, grease his wagon, and hitch up, so that it was near 2 P. M. when he drove up to the station for us. We loaded our five pieces of baggage, and a bale of hay for our bed. Hedrick got on to balance the load, and Bender and I hoofed it. That made about 12 miles walking for Bender and me, but we got there, and had our tent up, boxes and trunks inside and beds made before dark. We had sold both of our last camp outfits, and this one belonged to a friend. The tent had never been used in cold weather and had no hole for a stove pipe, so we got supper and breakfast on the stove set up outside the tent. We enjoyed this first night, although the air in the tent was a little raw, for we were tired and had an abundance of bedding. Our tent faced the creek, which here runs in a southeasterly direction, and was about 30 feet distant.

This Lost Creek was so named because it does not seem to know where it is going. It would be difficult to picture an imaginary creek whose turnings and windings were more absurd. Its source and mouth are Lost Lake and Big St. Germain Lake respectively. They are not over one and a half miles apart, but this erratic stream, albeit it has a swift current, must flow 6 to 8 miles, mostly through marsh land and bordered with tamarack and other swamp brush, and does not go far out of its general course, either. These swamps furnish excellent hiding for deer, rabbits and grouse.

Monday morning Nov. 10, was the first day of the open season, and found us up and doing. The air was chilly, and we spent the morning near camp. When I came in George and Charley had the stove up in the tent, on a sand platform, held in place by a frame of small logs. They had also driven four stakes into the ground across the end of the tent from the stove, sawed them off on a level, and nailed on to them for a table a door we had picked up at the station.

Our tent was 12x16, with 3-foot wall, 8-ounce army duck. We were now able to prepare our meals and eat them inside the tent. We had everything we brought with us inside the tent except the stove box and water bucket, and the tent itself. George had brought along about three yards of oil cloth to cover our table, and it was my habit after washing the dishes to put them on one end of the table and turn the cloth over them, thus doing away with the stove box as a cupboard.

After lunch we scattered out, each one his own guide. I went east about a mile, which took me through the old burned and brush-grown chopping that extended east, north and west from our camp a mile or more, and struck into the green woods. There was deer sign here and there, and at one place two bucks had that morning been engaged in a sanguinary struggle. Bushes were broken off or mashed down, old logs torn to pieces, dead limbs broken into bits, and at a point where one evidently gave up the fight and ran, there was hair and blood. I swung around to the left and came back to camp past the east side of a marsh that lay northeast from our camp. This marsh has no doubt been a lake. Lost Creek plays hide and seek in it, while high ridges border its boggy shores and patches of evergreens give color to its otherwise gloomy appearance. Neither of us saw any deer that day, and Tuesday, the 11th, we tried it again.

George and Charley acted on the theory that if a half dozen or more deer crossed the wagon road every night one or more would certainly cross or attempt to cross in the day time before long, and they could afford to watch this open chopping for such a prospect.

I went further up the left or southeast side of Lost Creek this trip, getting pretty well up to Lost Creek. All I saw was a rabbit, and I took him home, for we were hungry for wild meat. Soon after I turned campwards, rain began to fall. I gave up hunting and tried to dodge the wet bushes and weeds, and when in sight of the old chopping that led to camp I hooted for Charley, who had come down between me and the marsh. He answered me, and then followed the crack of his gun four times. When I got to where he was standing, on the point of a ridge east of the marsh, he told me our shouting had scared three deer out of the evergreens down in the swamp, and he shot at them as they ran toward the edge nearest our camp. George had gone to camp and did not see them. After dinner George and Charley went out again, but I stayed in camp. Some time in the night the rain ceased. Our tent leaked some until it got well soaked, and then we were not bothered any more.

The morning of the 12th we all went north up the road. George turned off and up the ridge running around the marsh on the southwest. Charley stopped further up, while I went across the dam and explored some hills and hollows southwest of it. When I returned I saw both Charley and George between the road and marsh, and was advised by the latter that while he was on the south side of the marsh, a doe swam the creek down in the center of the marsh headed west, followed soon after by a large buck. They were too far away to reach with his rifle, and he had headed them off, and had them treed in a large clump of tamarack in the edge of the marsh.

I left the boys on watch while I went back to the road, then up north of the cover, but found on investigation that both deer had passed the cover, reached the ridge and run north along the side half way up. They kept the tamarack trees between George and themselves and escaped unseen. I believe George's .45-70 would have reached them when they came up out of the water and stopped to shake themselves. I know if I had been in his stead there would have been some thunder and lightning. But George thought he could slip around and get nearer, with the result as above.

Going on to camp, I met a gentleman from southeast of the lake in a spring wagon. He wanted to know if we intended to let the deer eat us up. He said while coming along a half mile east from our camp he saw three deer loping over a ridge. I went on up there, and while standing watching saw a deer make a couple of jumps, but it was a long way off, and I saw no more of it. Then rain began to fall, and I went home. Rain fell all the afternoon and most of the night.

The morning of the 13th broke damp and cloudy. George stationed himself west of the swamp, while Charley went east to a point southeast of the swamp and about a fourth of a mile from George, and the same distance from camp. I went east along the wagon road to where the road forks near a trapper's cabin, and took the left branch, which runs to the south side of Lost Lake and on east. I tramped on into the green woods about a mile from camp. After freezing out on a stand midway between the lake and woods, then turned and was retracing my steps when I heard Charley's gun about half way to camp. I ran forward to a log near the top of a ridge where the road crossed, jumped on it, turned half round and was ready, as a doe and her two grown fawns came dashing by about 50 yards distant. I shouted to them and they all stopped just as I got my gun to my face.

Now what followed could be omitted in this narrative on the presumption that I am on trial and under no obligation to convict myself, but I have an excuse. For two years I had been chained to business, and in that time had been led to doubt my eyesight, therefore was wearing glasses. I had not tried shooting with the glasses on sufficiently to test them at different distances, and though I aimed at that doe's heart, when my gun cracked she whirled one-fourth way round and dashed off behind a large stump, near which she had stopped, the fawns with heads and tails up leaping away over stumps, logs and brush, followed by two bullets from my rifle. I was simply amazed. I could hit a pine squirrel's head the same distance, and I knew I had a bead on that doe all right. In fact, I should have killed her in her tracks, and got at least one of the fawns. However, it should be remembered that the earth's surface in these northern woods is uneven, almost beyond belief. When a deer flees from immediate danger, he seeks the best shelter possible, and as he goes over a large log the hunter would do well to catch him in the air, for ten to one when he lights it will be in a hollow and he will be out of sight, and once out of sight, might as well be also out of mind.

But I hit that doe. There was hair on the ground where she stood, and I took up the trail on the bare ground among logs, stumps and brush. Where the trail went into the green woods a quarter of a mile north it took to the hazel brush and dodged and twisted about, always on the jump. But the jumps were very short, 4 to 8 feet, and the foot prints were wide apart. The trail led me through the roughest, hilliest ground within reach for more than a mile straight, during which there had been immeasurable twistings, doublings and turnings and finally lost itself in a walk among other deer tracks, leaving me to plod homeward nursing my disappointment, and sorry both for our camp that was without meat, and for the poor deer that I felt confident I had mortally wounded. Charley said there was also hair on the ground where the doe stood when he shot at her at long range. After dinner we all went back to where I left the trail, but could do nothing with it. Going back to camp Charley killed a pine squirrel and I a rabbit.

There was a good deer crossing just below our camp and another near the mouth of the creek. We had now been in camp nearly four days, and had not been on the west side of the creek, so after returning to camp I took my ax, went down the creek about 100 yards and felled a small tree across it. The tree was about 10 inches at the base, but it did not reach to the west shore and sank beneath the surface, except for some 20 feet of the butt part. My tramps after the deer and the chopping, which I was unaccustomed to of late, tired me, and I went to camp and sat by the fire. George had not come in yet, but when he did come he stopped only long enough to lay off his hunting traps, then picked up the ax. I told him about the foot log, and he said he would go and finish it, which he did and then fell to cutting stove wood.. Presently I heard him say, "Why, here's a cat," and there followed him into the tent the most forlorn piece of feline I ever saw. Charley explained that she belonged at the trapper's cabin, and it was evident that she had at some time belonged, temporarily at least, to a trapper, for she was minus one forefoot and the other one had also been caught, and was cut partly through the flesh, leaving her with only her hind legs and a part of one fore one to go through life on. She was very hungry, and after getting a bite to eat and taking a survey of the camp, hobbled to a warm side of the stove and squatted on the ground. I dubbed her Misery, and she must have had some insight into my thoughts, for it was not many hours before, on hearing the word misery spoken to her, she would look up and answer with a plaintive little me-ow. We all pitied her, for her master had deserted her for the more comfortable quarters of Sayner Hotel, though, as we learned later, Mr. Brown was a human being in a general way, and came out the four miles periodically to feed his cat and look over his possessions. He had also left a cat hole in the padlocked door of his one room log cabin that Misery might not be homeless.

At this point my notes say, "Grub low; no venison; no mail; no license."

Being fully convinced, as I have heretofore stated, that the object of so high a non-resident license was for the purpose of keeping out of the State men who have no money to throw at birds, I thought that on this trip we would try buying supplies from the people who furnished us the sport. So a box that contained our tent held also a scant assortment of provisions, among which the bread, meat, potatoes and beans were not more than half a full supply. We had forgotten crackers entirely. As to our licenses, we had made out our applications here before starting, and the following day sent them with U. S. Express money orders enclosed, to the State game and fish warden at Madison, Wis., from the office of the general passenger agent of the C. M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago. We had not felt like waiting for our licenses before proceeding to hunt, knowing that we had done our part. However, we would have felt more at our ease had these licenses been in our possession, for there was no knowing when a deputy game warden might call on us.

Friday, the 14th, opened with rain and continued all day, mixed part of the time with sleet. George and Charley went up the wagon road for a couple of hours in the morning, but gave it up and came in. I stewed the rabbit and squirrel for dinner, and we spent the remainder of this, our fourth day, in camp.

Some time in the night the rain ceased, and on Saturday morning we started out filled with hope that we would have no more rain for a few days at least, and wishing for snow in its stead. A short distance from camp Charley saw a doe turn and dodge back into a tamarack thicket. George and I went east along the road. He went on to green woods, then came back part way. I stepped on a small elevation where the road crossed a ridge, near where I had shot at the doe and two fawns, and while standing there, saw over my right shoulder a deer on the jump, down toward the lake. I put in three shots at it zig-zagging through the brush, stubs, stumps and logs, but it seemed so far away that I had little hopes of hitting it, and was not surprised that it escaped, apparently unharmed.

George and Charley hunted in the afternoon, while I went up to Sayner postoffice. I got a couple of letters, and inquired of Mrs. Sayner for mail for George Hedrick and Charles Bender, but our licenses did not show up.

I was tired after that eight-mile walk. I could not get any smoked meat nor bread at Sayner, so we had to content ourselves with fried mush and bean soup with some remnants of the fast disappearing shoulder we had brought from home, using sparingly at the same time of our few remaining loaves and what potatoes were left from a measure full I had carried up from my barn to the store to be packed with our outfit. Our coffee, tea, butter, lard, salt, pepper and condensed milk only held out. So when Sunday, the 16th, dawned, and found us without meat, and short on bread and potatoes, we shut our eyes to the old Bible injunctions and sallied forth the same as other days. The ease seemed to us much like our predicament of the Sabbath before, i.e., we were justified in dragging the ox out of the ditch.

Well, the result of it was that I crossed the creek on our foot log, went west over a hill that was burned over, then skirted a marsh with a small lake in the center and dotted on the west side with clumps of low evergreens. While on the hill south of the lake or pool, I saw a fresh track going toward the pool. The day was cloudy and damp, and withal chilly, so that I was wearing gloves. My glasses were covered with moisture and I took them off to wipe them, but chanced to let them fall. Just as I stooped to pick them up, two deer broke cover among the swamp evergreens, going off to the northwest. I had to straighten up, adjust my glasses, and get my gun in position, and by the time I had done this the deer had run 50 yards at least. I fired a couple of shots at them as they showed themselves between the bushes, and then had my attention called to a third one that was going off to the north. I turned on him and no doubt he heard the whistle of bullets, but he was in the edge of a thicket when I last saw him, and I hope none of the bullets did more injury than to give him a good scare.

Monday morning we turned out early, feeling that camp meat was a necessity. Charley said he would take a morning hunt, then an early dinner and walk out to Sayner, and take the 1 P. M. train to Star Lake to see the town and get some meat and bread. George agreed to start later, get the mail that might come in at 1 P. M. and be at the station to help Charley to camp with his supplies when he returned at 4:16 P. M. I went up the road to the dam, crossed the creek, and then circled west by south and was standing on an upturned pine tree about 8 feet off the ground and a mile and a half from camp when a doe ran over the brow of the ridge in front of me. She saw me and stopped behind a bunch of sprouts. Presently she stepped clear of them and I whistled. She stopped. I said to myself as I was drawing a careful bead on her just back of the shoulders, "No failure this time. Camp meat sure," but when the gun cracked she went like a streak for a thicket of pine a few jumps ahead, and escaped with a flying shot as she disappeared. I got down off the tree trunk, tried to find the trail, then returned to the position from which I had shot, located the spot she stood on, then stepped off 170 paces to her hoof marks. There was no sign of a hit and I went straight to camp, unloaded my gun and laid it up. Bender had been in, eaten and gone to Sayner. George and I sat down to bean soup. After our repast was over, I did the dishes, and George took my .22 Marlin repeater and started to keep his appointment with Charley. I sat smoking and thinking it over. A pine squirrel was chattering in the brush a few steps from the tent door. Were my shooting days over, or was it the gun? I got up, and washed my gun out thoroughly. looked through it, seing only certain small specks of rust that I had noticed before, then filled up the magazine and strolled down the road toward the lake. I took quite a turn but came back without seeing any game.

Charley was at the road, though, acting in a suspicious manner, when I came up, and I soon discovered what he was trying to partially conceal, the trail of a deer carcass that had been dumped off a wagon and dragged down to camp. Charley was feeling pretty good, and I confess I felt better, for we now had camp meat. Charley had carried his gun, and as he neared a deer crossing in the thick woods about half way out to the railroad, he saw an eight-point buck coming across in front of him. The buck was walking with his nose to the ground and just after he stepped across the wagon road Charley cut loose and the buck dropped. A teamster coming out brought Charley and his buck to camp, and the trip to Star Lake was given over until the next day.

I told Charley about my bad work and he agreed with me that if it was not my gun it was my glasses that were responsible. Now I had given up the idea of being able to see both the mark and the notch in the hind-sight of my gun at the same time with the naked eye sufficiently clear, and had adopted the glasses as a necessity. With these glasses I could see the sights distinctly, also the mark stood out more clearly defined. I had been bothered a lot with the moisture on my glasses, and the water that filled my eyes, caused by the cold winds to which I was unaccustomed, and after thinking the matter over, and plunking a couple of balls from the gun I had been doubting into a stump at about the proper distance and spot, I walked back into the tent and voted it a draw.

George came back from Sayner with two pine squirrels, two loaves of bread, and a peck of potatoes. We had something to eat now and all felt in better spirits. But we were a little nervous because our licenses had not arrived. George had asked for mail for Charlie and me, just as I had done for him and Charley.

The next morning Charley made a short hunt, then took an early lunch of deer brains, and again started for Star Lake. George persuaded me to take his Winchester, while he would take his double barreled shotgun, into the left barrel of which he had slipped a rifled barrel that shot a .45-70 cartridge. The other barrel he could shoot either bird or buckshot from, as he chose. He went west across the creek and while standing on a stump in a cotton-wood thicket got a shot at what he declares was the largest buck he ever saw. At his first shot the buck almost fell, then whirled half round and ran, George giving him a parting shot as he went out of sight. I was about half a mile north of him, and hastened up, only to find George looking in vain for sign that the deer had been properly hit. But he soon realized that the buck was gone, and I felt truly sorry that I had taken his gun. He had only a short time before our leaving home got a new rear sight placed on the left barrel of the shotgun and had not tested it fully. It was this new sight that bothered him. It was made too thin and threw a shadow, causing him to overshoot. But it was done and I knew how to sympathize with him.

After dinner George went west again, but he took his Winchester. I went up the road to meet Charley, and met him about two-fifths of the way out, in the woods where it was so dark we could with difficulty tell a hill from a hole. Charley had our licenses. They had been at the Sayner post-office for a week. The envelope was addressed to Charles Bender and was not given to either Hedrick nor myself, though we called for Bender's mail. We supposed it was a precautionary measure.

Charley had rustled for bread up at Star Lake, but succeeded only in getting four loaves. They explained that there were so many hunters calling for bread that they were cleaned out. What Charley succeeded in finding was at a private house, and was all they had, the lady remarking that she could bake warm bread for supper. (Respectfully submitted to the consideration of Mr. Carleton, Game Commissioner, Maine, U. S. A.)

Charley was pretty tired and had contracted a headache which staid with him, and kept him in camp the following forenoon. He had left a letter for one of two men from Minocqua, who were occupying a shack on the road near where he killed his buck the day before, and brought a letter to George that belonged to the other party, so George started on this Wednesday morning to exchange the letter, intending to then swing to the west and south, then east to camp. I agreed to go out west to where he had lost the buck and stand guard until he came. He directed me to a blind or lookout that he had arranged the afternoon before and we set out. I found his crow's nest without any difficulty, but was afraid of the twigs that intervened between me and the runways, so left it and took a position further out on the northwest corner of the flat elevation I was on, which here dropped off both to the west and north, with an extensive swamp on the west and the one out of which I had driven the three deer, lying northeast, and leaving a neck of dry land between. This neck formed the southern terminus of a patch of pine that had been cut last year, the brown tops of which lay where they fell.

Deer that were driven from southwest or north were nearly certain to pass between these two swamps, as trails indicated which I had investigated the day previous. So I took a stand on an old root and faced to the north in the hope that George or some other hunter would drive a deer my way. But mark you, I left my glasses in my pocket. There was a raw, brisk wind from the southwest and in ten minutes I was chilly. That would not do. A shivering man cannot shoot, so I set my gun down, took my tomahawk from my belt, hurried and cut two evergreens and stood them among the roots south of me. I knew a deer might show up at any moment, and kept my gun in front of me as I reached up to twine a couple of limbs together to keep the trees from falling down. I was facing to the south with my hands among the branches when like a streak a doe dashed across in front followed by a buck. As my hands dropped to my gun standing in front of me and brought it to my face the buck came opposite, saw the movement and stopped. The doe had passed on. When my gun spoke that time it told a different story, for the buck, a handsome 8-point, turned, ran a few jumps, stopped a couple of seconds and fell over. I dressed him, went to the foot of the hill, washed my hands and returned to my stand. These two deer had come from the southwest, so I faced to the north, knowing that George would show up from that direction, and might bring something before him. I don't think I had waited more than 15 minutes when off to the northwest along a runway that skirted the big swamp on the west, came two larger deer, a doe and a buck, at break-neck speed. It was a game of hide and seek, and instead of coming on around the swamp and near me, the doe led off eastward through the tree tops. I shouted to them without attracting their attention, so opened fire on the buck, he being in more open ground. Just after my second shot the doe disappeared behind a large root that was the beginning of sufficient cover to hide her from further view. At least I was so busy with the buck that I didn't see her again. But the buck's curiosity got the better of him, and he stopped short within a few steps of the old root. Again my old .38-40 spoke and the buck walked about 10 feet and fell. He was a 10-point. I dressed him, then went back to my stand and waited for George. He came presently, walked right on to the last buck, looked at the number on the license coupon, then looked up on the hill for me, for he knew my number. But when I walked him up to the other one he was no less surprised than pleased, and he volunteered to remain on guard while I went for Charley. It took us till late noon to get them to the creek across from camp.

This was the first time I ever helped to drag deer on the bare ground and I think it will be the last time. In my haste I forgot to take either nails or enough rope from camp. A supply of either would have enabled us to make a litter. One man at each end of a litter properly constructed, will carry a deer carcass faster and easier than it can be handled in any other manner I know of.

After dinner George and I set to work and constructed a raft from some partially rain-soaked poles that lay back of our tent with an upper deck of dry pine. We had some doubt about this raft floating, but when completed George got a push pole, and together we worked the raft into the water by using round sticks of firewood as rollers. Then I got a couple of trunk ropes, crossed the creek on the foot log and watched George battling with the current. Those soggy poles sank below the surface and grounded some 10 feet from shore, so I pitched George one end of the rope and he tied it to the stern of the raft, and with my pulling from shore and his pushing with his pole we got the raft near enough to dry land to load a deer on to it. Then George coiled the rope on the raft with a green cudgel tied fast to one end, so that if the current was too strong for him, he could throw one end of the rope to me on shore; and poled his raft quartering up stream. I was at the landing place by the time he was in mid-stream, and as the struggle with the current looked like an uneven one in favor of the stream, persuaded George to shy the club at me. He acknowledged after landing that it was doubtful if he could have made it without my help. Then we made another trip for the larger buck, and this time the raft came very near spilling both the deer and George in mid-stream. We got them over, however, without wetting the meat and hung them up. We were just about tuckered out, and my right knee made a nervous kick, that called for a rest. Charley was out looking for his other deer, but didn't find it.

Thursday, the twentieth, broke foggy. George and Charley went west but returned at noon empty handed. I did the kitchen work, got wood in, took some notes and rested. Misery had as usual found a fold in the bed cover and crawled in. During all my bad luck I had kept a weather eye on that piece of a cat, and George's old umbrella. It was my first experience in a hunting camp with either an umbrella or a cat, much less a cat like that, and while I did not want to think that misfortune could be brought or sent into camp through any such mediums, I had occasionally made some suggestions to George for the purpose of finding out what he thought about it. But George didn't seem to have an opinion about it, and I let it go at that.

Now, it was different. I called to Misery, and heard a plaintive "me-ow," then as the fog lifted I was tempted to go out though I had my legal number of deer. But I had traded one of them to George for one he was to kill, and then I was entitled to a lot of birds, so got my gun and went east as far as Brown's Cabin, then came back west along the shore of the lake to the mouth of the creek, cut a pole and tried to catch some of the "20 pounds of fish, or two such fish," as the Wisconsin law puts it, that I was entitled to bring home. But I got no strike and was not disappointed either. There were fresh deer tracks in the sand, and it struck me like a brick to think that no matter what opportunity might come to me I could not legally kill another deer in Wisconsin for a whole year, though only one-half the open season had passed, and we had only one-half our legal quota of deer. While coming back to camp through the thicket I heard something whistle in a patch of green timber half way between the mouth of the creek and camp. Charley was west of the timber and heard the whistling too. We both thought it a hunter whistling to a companion. Whatever made the noise moved about and finally quit sounding its peculiar note. The sound was clear, distinct, and in every particular like that of a human being whistling, but it must have been an animal. It was neither human nor bird or we would have seen it. The note would start about G on the treble clef, fall a couple of degrees then slur upward. Then again it would end with the falling inflection, but within about the same compass, and with the same clear, flute-like tone. I would like to know what it was that did the whistling. Just before reaching camp a flock of mallards went overhead, but I did not get one. This was a very foggy day.

By Friday, the twenty-first, the wind was so chilly that I froze in with three pair socks, two pairs drawers, four shirts, one vest, one coat, hat and gloves on. I put on another vest and coat and tried it again, but got chilled and came to camp. Then along about 10 o'clock the clouds broke up, and the sun peeped through. Charley and George were out, and I had to look after the deer hearts that were boiling. I had relieved myself of the extra clothing except the third shirt and other things to correspond and was ready to tackle something. We just couldn't be still up here. George even kicked in his sleep, though he declared he never dreamed. George had brought up one large pole, and four small white birch poles, then gone hunting, so I went out, picked up his double bitted ax and fell on to those pretty white poles. Now, I don't like an ax that cuts both a comin' and a-goin', but the poles tempted me and it wasn't long until they were piled up inside the tent.

I was a little afraid George would be disappointed, but when he came in he simply laid off his hunting traps and coat, got his cross-cut saw and cut up the large pole, carried it in, then set to frying mush for dinner. After dinner I walked out to Sayner post-office. The afternoon was pleasant but with evening came wind, and it howled and shook our tent all night. From this on to our breaking camp on the 29th the programme, though varied, was in no sense sensational. The deer had all left except a doe and two fawns and they covered so large a territory that we failed to connect with them. I got a couple of running shots in an effort to help George out, but failed to score.

Thanksgiving was a blue, cold, windy day. Charley said we would start for home the next day. That settled it, and Friday morning I went out to Sayner for a team, walked back to camp by 11 A. M., packed up and was ready for the wagon at 1.30 P. M. We took train at 4.16 P. M., got to Chicago 7.20 A. M. Saturday instead of 7; missed connection with train for Ft. Wayne and arrived home Sunday morning instead of 2.17 P. M. Saturday. We brought our deer home, and for that privilege alone, we vote this the most pleasant, albeit the most expensive one of our hunting trips.

We had no snow, all our trailing being done on barren ground or on leaves, consequently we may have killed (by mortally wounding) more than our legal number of deer. A department warden did call on us but found everything straight. The same day he found two hounds at another camp, and as the hunters denied ownership he shot a black one and took a white one prisoner.

G. W. Cunningham.

Portland, Ind.

Taking Aim.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In investigating some matters wherein sight plays an important part, I am led to think that possibly information as to how marksmen succeed in hitting the mark, may help me to some light. We know that the boy throwing a stone, or "slinging" one, can attain a very fair degree of accuracy without taking aim. Also that an archer does not, and cannot, take aim. The same in the case of revolver shooting from the pocket, or gun shooting from the hip, or in hitting balls thrown in the air, the marksman being blindfolded (in this case, the ball is first thrown up several times with the shooter's eyes open, and the word "up" being given at time of throwing). Now in most of these performances, the object is still and a sense of direction plays the principal part (at least, as I understand the performances). But how is it in *quick* shooting at moving game, where anything like deliberate sighting would seem impossible? Does the marksman actually bring the sights of his gun to bear on the object, as in shooting with time? Or does he just shoot by a sort of unconsciousness? The point interesting me is: Is there the same unconscious "feeling it" in the case of shooting at a moving object that there is at a fixed one? The application is whether there is an ability to detect motion, distinct from actually seeing objects. Any information on the above matters will be a great favor to

W. Wade.

Oakmont, Pa., Jan. 7.

Stray Items from Maine.

The regular hunting season being over, our sportsmen are turning their attention to the unprotected rabbit or fishing through the ice. There is also a little fox hunting going on, but owing to the scarcity of reynard's numbers, as a consequence of the deadly work of the trappers, there are now but few followers of this sport, which a decade ago was in great favor here. Some very good catches of pickerel have been made, a fellow-townsman who has been teaching school in the town of Naples, nearby, informing me that an old hunter and trapper of that town recently showed him a big catch of these fish, including two specimens that weighed just 5 pounds each. Many are looking ahead to the open time on trout, for there are several ponds which can be depended upon to yield quite a number of the speckled beauties annually to those persistent anglers who are willing to do a great deal of fishing in proportion to the number of their catch.

Squirrels were plentify in season, and many good bags were made. Woodcock were in fair numbers; grouse very scarce. Why not stop the shooting of grouse entirely in New England for at least five years?

Deer gave us better sport than ever before. True, not many were killed, but there were enough lurking about at all times, so that by simply stepping across the river (Ossipee) into Oxford county one was pretty sure of finding sufficient "sign" to keep him in a delightful state of expectancy, if nothing more. Six deer were killed near here by residents of this town; two by G. W. Adams, one each by Erskine Watson and Arthur Colcord, two by Winfred Ayer. The last-named had phenomenal luck with them. He began rising at light, and hunting in the early morning before going to his work. About the third morning, just after crossing the bridge into Oxford county, he saw a fine doe coming towards him, but the sound of an approaching team frightened it away. Following after it, upon coming to an old orchard he jumped a big buck. This he brought down the first shot, but as he rushed up to it to cut its throat, carelessly dropping his rifle, the big fellow sprang to his feet and made into the woods. Greatly crestfallen, Win was following the trail by the occasional blood spots when he started a doe, which he promptly downed to stay. All this happening in less than an hour after leaving his home. A few days later Win came upon a big buck in a dense growth of small stuff. He began pumping away at him as he ran, until, with the sixth shot, he was chagrined to find that his magazine was empty. He had seen the buck waver at the last shot, but he was without cartridges and he struck out for the village to procure some. There he induced another sportsman, E. L. Watson, to return with him. They had separated but a few minutes when Mr. Watson shot a doe, and the sound of the shot alarming the wounded buck it ran right on to Win, who finished it.

Two more of our hunters, Daniel Chaplin and Jesse Irish, visited the country above Moosehead, each getting his two deer. W. H. Hatch, a former resident of this place, but now living in Fryeburg, who also visited the North woods, sent two deer and a bear here to a licensed dealer, the deer being killed by his wife, who accompanied him into the wilderness. Next fall the law comes off in our own county (York), and we are all making great reckoning on the increased opportunities this should open up to us. How we fare I may tell you in some future number.

Templar.

Cornish, Me.

The Bears of Old Baldy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Captain Flynn's account of "The Bears on Old Baldy" in the current number recalls to me the time that I climbed Baldy in August, 1875.

Our troop of cavalry was in camp then at the foot of Old Baldy for several days, and I concluded to see what was on top of the mountain, and starting one day at noon I followed that old trail over which Captain Flynn afterwards took his wagon, and when up near the head of the trail I was met by one of those bears; they were then there and may be still there yet.

This one had been up the mountain, and he saw me before I saw him, and as he did not need all this country it seemed he started off to leave me what part of it I needed.

I cut loose on him at about 300 yards with a Springfield carbine. I might as well have had a Flobert rifle, though, for all the harm I could do him with this gun. I had a good Marlin rifle at the fort, but the Captain I was serving under now would not let me use it. "That would not be according to the regulations, sir." These regulations can cover a great many subjects if you only know enough, or sometimes not enough, about them. I managed to get a number of shots at the bear while he kept up his retreat, some of them at least hit him, and at last he stopped, some 600 yards away. I was in hope that he had made up his mind now to come and tell me that he did not intend to give me all of western Texas and part of New Mexico as my share of the country; then if that was what he meant to do, I could do my explaining with a Colts pistol when he had got far enough back here. I had two Colts here, one of them was outside of the regulations, also; it was my own; but this captain let me carry it with the understanding that I must myself pay for the cartridges I shot out of it, if I did not use it injudiciously. Those I paid for, though, never bankrupted me, not as long as I could go to the First Regiment's room and help myself to them; the Captain did not know that, though.

The bear had only stopped to examine where I had hit him last; at least that is what he seemed to be doing, and while he was doing it I hit him again; that was the last time I hit him, too; he slid down behind a small ridge he had been on top of and when I had got to it he was no longer in sight, and I let him go now.

He and I had wasted so much time that it was too late to climb to the top of that mountain to-day, so I gave it up. I had started too late at it, anyhow, I saw now. I would know better next time.

The second day after this I tried it again, taking only my pistols and a canteen of water. I had seen no water when up here the first day, but to-day I found a spring close to where I had met the bear. I saw no bears and did not hunt for any and after a hard climb got to the

top long after 12 o'clock noon; then proceeded to take in all the country as far as the eye could see, and it can see a long distance here, too.

Had I been the master of my own time I should have camped there below the top until next morning, then have got up here again in time to see the sun rise; it would have been worth coming this far to see it, but I had to hasten down and get back to camp.

I knew those Seminole negro scouts that Captain Flynn had with him, and I liked them. When General Makenzie had them about Fort Clark I did a good deal of scouting in their company. That was in 1873. Makenzie thought a good deal of them, and he knew a scout when he saw one.

General R. S. Makenzie, "the big chief with the crooked finger," of the Indians, was probably the best liked officer with some of us, and the most hated among others of any officer I have ever served under. I never had any fault to find with him, though; he was always a good friend of mine when I needed one; I often wished we had more officers like him.

His father was Commodore Makenzie, who hung the then Secretary of the Navy's son to his ship's yardarm for mutiny in the ante-bellum days. The general has been dead for about fourteen years now. Peace to his ashes.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

BOSTON, Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wheels of legislation were started with a rush on Friday, Jan. 9, when Speaker Myers, of the House, and President Jones, of the Senate announced their committees. Such promptness has been unheard of in the Massachusetts Legislature. Committees have not usually been announced until several days after the inauguration of the Governor.

The Committee on Fisheries and Game is composed of Senators Henry R. Skinner, of Watertown; A. D. Bagley, of Boston, and David G. Pratt, of Middleboro, and House members Moody Kimball, Wm. B. Phinney, Dwight F. Lane, J. J. Mellen, M. J. Mahoney, Wm. A. Fahey and Messrs. Walker and Hinckley. The four last-named are new to that committee. Senator Pratt was one of the most zealous workers last winter against the bill to allow the menhaden seiners to operate in Buzzards Bay. Your readers will remember that, under the leadership of the late Attorney-General Hosea M. Knowlton, the Fisheries Company made a very determined effort for the passage of that bill, and that the attempt failed by reason of the unanimous action of the towns on the bay, and of the hook-and-line fishermen generally, against the measure. From seventy-five to one hundred men appeared every day for nearly a week at all the hearings, so intense was the opposition.

While the committee gave a majority report in favor of the bill, it was permitted to be killed later on, and never went to the Governor.

Whether any attempt to regain lost ground will be made by industrial fishermen the coming winter remains to be seen. But the tendency in Massachusetts of late is to restrict the use of seines in bays where the residents of the shore are opposed to them.

It is claimed that good fishing is one of the greatest inducements to attract city people, and residents of shore towns derive a good deal of pecuniary advantage from such visitors.

The Poultry Show at the Mechanics' Building will open on Tuesday, the 13th inst., and bids fair to eclipse all previous displays of the kind in Boston. Sportsmen will find, among other attractions, several well-stocked aquariums, pigeons of all varieties, rabbits and pheasants, etc.

W. F. Beal, of Nahant, will exhibit cages of wild water fowl. E. S. Conness, of Mattapan, ring-necked and golden pheasants, and many well-known names of gentlemen from various parts of the country appear on the list of patrons and exhibitors.

The Brunswick Fur Club invitations have been sent out from Barre to hunting men to participate in the fourteenth annual hunt of the club, to be held the coming week.

The N. E. Kennel Club is making great preparation for the 1903 show, which, it is believed, will eclipse all previous ones. The show of sporting dogs is expected to be the finest ever seen in New England. Mr. Thos. W. Lawson, who has fine kennels at Dreamwold, has offered $300, to be given in prizes.

Governor Hill, in his message to the Legislature, has recommended a hunters' license. He says: "In twenty-five States of the Union, and in the Dominion of Canada, licenses must be secured before non-residents may hunt certain game, or hunt at all." The State Sportsmen's Association, at its meeting this week, voted to recommend the plan, ex-Commissioner Oak being the only one who raised his voice against it. From this distance, it looks like a "foregone conclusion" that a license law of some kind will be enacted. The idea of being obliged to resort to this plan for raising a revenue after what Governor Hill had to say concerning the condition of the finances of the State and the general condition of its various inductries, seems a little like nonsense. However, I will admit there are other reasons. The State authorities—Commissioners—should know how many deer and moose are killed each year, as nearly as possible, and by whom they are killed. Col. E. C. Farrington, secretary of the State Association, says, "There is no close time except on the statute books. Protection in Maine," he says, "is a farce. The safe breeding places of our game are a thing of the past." He speaks of the constant extension of lumbering operations, and says camps are liberally supplied with game. He says "game laws are nullified and set at defiance by a large class of men." No doubt winter killing for lumbermen's camps should be wholly prevented. The men, whether residents of the State or non-residents, who seek recreation in the forests will pay more money for the privilege than can be derived from game in any other way, and those who secure a deer or a moose will be willing to pay a reasonable sum for every one they can kill. But it should be remembered that not all who hunt are able to get game. Why not charge a small fee for the privilege of hunting and a larger sum for each deer or moose obtained? This, of course, on the assumption that some license plan is to be adopted. Massachusetts sportsmen are waiting patiently to see what plan will be adopted by the assembled wisdom of the State sitting at Augusta.

CENTRAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Muscallunge and Duck.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 2.—Occasionally we hear stories about ducks being devoured by large fish, pike or muscallunge. Usually these stories have to do with young ducks and it is more than a fair guess to believe that very often a mud turtle is the cause of the disappearance of the duckling concerned. There are, however, incontestable instances of full grown ducks being devoured by large pike or muscallunge. A few years ago I printed in these columns the account of a giant pike which was found dead on the beach of Lake Minnetonka, which had evidently met its death in the attempt to swallow a wild duck, the wing of which protruded through the gills and caused its death. In yet another instance a Chicago angler, A. S. Trude, has found in the stomach of a muscallunge the partly digested carcass of a full grown wild duck. All these stories are interesting, but the following, told me by one of the witnesses, Mr. James Keely, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, surpasses any duck or fish story yet recorded.

The incident described occurred last October on one of the lakes near Manitowish, Wis. Mr. Keely was one of the late guests at the resort in question, and although he and his guide got a good many muscallunge, they found the weather a bit rough. It was at the season of the year when the ducks begin to drop in around the wild rice lakes of Wisconsin, and it was no unusual thing to see ducks in the course of a day's fishing. Therefore, no great interest was aroused when the two fishermen saw a good sized wild duck in the water a hundred yards or so ahead of them. At length, however, the attention of the fishermen was attracted by the movements of the duck, which seemed to be attempting to rise from the water, but was unable to do so.

"I'll make him fly," said the guide. Picking up his rifle, a .30-30, he fired a shot which landed a few inches from the duck. The shot cut up the water in a good sized swirl, but yet the duck did not rise.

"That's funny," said the guide, and picking up his oars, he pulled up within a few yards of the duck. He now picked up the rifle and standing up in the boat was about to fire again at the bird. "Why, a fish has got hold of it," said he. And the next instant he fired at the head of what he and Mr. Keely both took to have been a 30-pound muscallunge. The shot blew off the fore part of the head and one of the jaws of the fish, which, however, sank and was not secured. The duck was killed by the shock of the shot. When picked up it was found that its legs had been badly bitten by the fish, as well as the lower part of the body. The muscallunge had evidently seized the bird by the legs and was worrying at it. The duck was a full grown specimen of the dusky duck or black mallard, which, as all sportsmen know, is the very largest of our inland ducks. The bird had its wings spread out on the water and was apparently struggling against the efforts of the fish to pull it under. The wing expanse of a full grown mallard would, of course, offer considerable resistance, although one would suppose that a very large muscallunge must have been able to overcome this resistance. Mr. Keely ate the duck and only regrets that the muscallunge sank, this latter part of the story being almost its only unsatisfying feature, though as to the truth of the incident there can be no doubt at all. I have heard of muscallunge striking at the copper tip of an oar, of their striking a tin cup from the hand of a man as he dipped it over the side of a boat, and all sorts of other strange things. Perhaps this old fellow took the red feet of the duck to be some new kind of spoon hook.

Game in Manitoba.

Mr. W. F. Ellis, of Manitou, Manitoba, paid this office a visit this week. Mr. Ellis is a very well known breeder of English setters and is a sportsman of very many years' standing. Largely connected with business affairs in his province, he has none the less always found time to keep up his interest in field sports, both in shooting and in big game hunting.

Mr. Ellis says that the prairie chicken crop still holds good in the vicinity of Manitou, so that it is worth while to breed good dogs and plenty of them for the sake of that sport. He says also that the big-game hunting east of him, in the Rainy Lake country, is excellent, and states that one would have no difficulty at all in getting his legal limit of two moose. He says that nearly all of those who went in last fall with the deliberate intention of getting moose did so without any trouble. The non-resident license is $25, the same as charged by the State of Minnesota; but the Manitoba season being so much longer, really offers one a much better chance for getting his moose than Minnesota with its open season of but a few days. Mr. Ellis cheerfully offered all kinds of inducements in the matter of getting a moose if I cared to go up in his country next fall. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that fortune may some time give me the opportunity of investigating the moose question either in Minnesota or Manitoba, or both. We hear so many stories about the shooting up there that I am disposed to think there must be some fire where there is so much smoke.

The matter of guides seems not to be so well worked out in Manitoba as in New Brunswick, and I hardly think the moose are as good specimens as those of New Brunswick. As to the nature of the hunting, I can learn very little, except that it is done in the swamps. Calling does not seem very generally practiced, and Mr. Ellis said that the "first snow" is the best time to go moose hunting, from which I infer that they still-hunt in that country. He speaks with absolute confidence of the certainty of getting moose if a man is a hunter.

Mr. Ellis also tells me that the elk are not quite all gone in Manitoba country not far from Rainy Lake. There are still a few elk left in Minnesota, perhaps 40 or 50 in all, and the Manitoba range is similar in general respects to that of Minnesota. Mr. Ellis last year got word of four elk not far from the place where he was stopping, and a hurried drive brought him and a friend in sight of the game. They opened a running fire and Mr. Ellis was lucky enough to stop one bull elk with his double express rifle. He says the head is a beautiful one and is much admired. He heard of one or two other elk being killed in that part of the country, one head that sold for $50.

Mr. Ellis adds another bit of information which indeed has been made public in the columns of the daily press for some time. That is to say, he mentions the tremendous influx into the Canadian Northwest of American citizens of the better type, hardy farmers who are purchasing in great numbers the cheap lands of Canada. Without doubt the American West is gone. The next West is to be in Canada, partly in Ontario, partly in Manitoba and Alberta. The Saskatchewan valley is receiving a great deal of this new population. Edmondton, in the opinion of Mr. Ellis, is to be the next great city of the Northwest. It is with great regret that an American sees this exodus into Canada of this splendid class of American citizens. Our loss, however, is Canada's gain; and after all, Canada and the United States grow closer together every year; so that whether our settlers be Yankees or Canadians, they are practically brothers after all.

Wild Pigeon Stories.

With permission I print a little wild pigeon story told by Mayor Harrison of this city at a late luncheon of the Wishininnee Club. The old Harrison homestead in this city was established by Carter H. Harrison, Sr., formerly mayor of this city, who made his home at Ashland avenue and Jackson boulevard, in the west division of this city. Here Carter H. Harrison, Jr., lived during his youth. He speaks of the fact that there were a few large cottonwoods which grew near the edge of the grounds, and states that one day he saw a couple of wild pigeons light in one of these cottonwoods. This was about the year 1872, at which time the big fire in Chicago had done its work, although the city was by no means a wilderness, but, on the contrary, thickly built up far beyond the situation of the Harrison residence. A boy of the neighborhood, known very well to the Harrison family—by name Gib. Harris, now in business on West Madison street, in this city—was standing near the carriage house door at the time these pigeons alighted in the cottonwood trees. He had with him, boy-like, a sling-shot, and taking hurried aim at one of the birds at a distance of many yards, perhaps 50 or 60 yards, he fired his sling-shot and killed one of the birds, which act Mayor Harrison remembers with perfect distinctness. Gib. Harris was some years ago winner of the championship in the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament at Watson's Park, Burnside. His proclivities as a shot began early in life, it seems. Mayor Harrison remembers also seeing this same young man come in with a back load of upland plover which he had killed near the west edge of Chicago as it then existed. The date of 1872 is at least quite within the memory of a great many of us, and it seems not a little strange that in those days wild pigeons not only passed here but actually alighted within the limits of the greatest city of the West.

Others present at the little luncheon above mentioned went on to tell wild pigeon stories. Mr. W. L. Wells stated that when he used to live as a boy at Monwouth, Ill., he saw upon more than one occasion a flight of wild pigeons which lasted throughout the daylight hours of an entire day. He said the flight reached from one edge of the horizon to the other. The birds flew in a long string, "a column about as wide as this room," said Mr. Wells; and at a height above the ground which left it possible to kill them with an ordinary shotgun. Naturally the people were out in force to take advantage of this flight. At the report of a gun, which nearly always killed a bird out of the solid column, the line of the pigeons would bow up, and, passing on, resume about the original level, only to bend up again at the next gun discharge further along on the line of flight. Mr. Wells stated that he had known boys to arm themselves with long cane fish poles and with these to knock down numbers of birds from the low-flying line of the pigeons as they crossed a hedge.

Others present at the little symposium above mentioned added their personal observations to the sum total; there was hardly a man who had not seen the wild pigeon in greater or less numbers. There was general interest expressed in that never answered question, What became of the wild pigeons? The almost instantaneous disappearance of these birds is paralleled only by the disappearance of the northern herd of buffalo in the year 1883. People talk about the mysterious agencies which must have destroyed the pigeons. The agency was the same in the case of the wild pigeon and the wild buffalo. And now we mourn these facts in our history.

Large Pompano.

Our little pigeon symposium took place on the occasion of a Wishininnee banquet given at the club meeting house by Mayor Harrison. Judge R. N. Ogden, of New Orleans, a near relative of Mayor Harrison, had sent the latter a splendid pompano, whose weight, by the way, was exactly 26 pounds, about five times that which the average man supposes is the top weight ever attained by this fish. This splendid pompano was prepared for the Wishininnees and they held one of their impromptu sportsmen's meetings then and there. It is to be said that this fish in delicacy of flavor seemed to rival the quality of the same species in lighter weights. The average man who eats pompano sees a fish of one pound to perhaps three or four pounds weight. Appreciative of the courtesy, the Wishininnees sent a round robin of enthusiastic thanks to their old time friend, Judge Ogden.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

The Wishininnees have been very industrious for the last ten days in town. On last Saturday night they were the guests of Mr. Montgomery, publisher of the Chicago Tribune, who, after dinner, took them through the plant and new building of that able journal. A number of the

Wishininnees were present, among these Col. Bill Haskell, sometime known as "Old Bill" Haskell. In the linotype composing room of the Tribune "Old Bill" managed for a time to stray away, and Mr. Montgomery as a joke hurriedly wrote a little Lost and Found advertisement and handed it to one of the linotype men to set up. It read: "Lost—Old Bill Haskell. If found, notify at once Main 447." The latter number is the city hall, where Col. Haskell is employed as high chief inspector of paints, varnish and paraffine. The composing room in some way got word to the city room, and the city room set up a touching notice in regard to Mr. Haskell's unexpected and mysterious disappearance, and it all went forward as part of the grist of the big monster, a great daily paper. Meantime the exploring party passed on down into the press room, and presently the morning run of the giant presses began. Mayor Harrison took from the press the first copy of the paper printed that morning. As it happened, it was the advertising section, and on the first page thereof, in a prominent position, read the notice, "Lost—Old Bill Haskell." At that moment Old Bill was in a corner of the press room practicing the Wishininnee war whoop. When shown the notice in the newspaper he was somewhat surprised, and disclaimed having been lost or misplaced. Since that time inquiries from different parts of the country have come in asking how the disappearance of Old Bill Haskell actually came about. This is how it happened.

Turkeys in Arkansas.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey, of this city, dropped in the other day and gave me further particulars regarding his recent hunt in Arkansas with some friends of Cairo, Ill. The party went to Monette, Ark., thence inland by wagon about 26 miles, landing in a country which must have been a very fine one for mixed game. The party killed several deer, as reported, got three big wildcats, had a couple of bear chases and lots of other fun with the trailing dogs, could have killed any desired quantity of ducks and geese, and did kill five turkeys. Of the latter, four fell to Mr. McGaffey's gun, and as the manner in which they were secured seemed to be a little unusual, I give the facts. On one morning when one of the local guides was out calling turkeys for the benefit of another member of the party, Mr. McGaffey and his hunting companion heard an answer to the guide's call, and hurrying up ran into what proved to be the line of the approaching birds. Presently they found themselves directly in the middle of a flock of these great birds, which rose almost at hand. Promptly Mr. McGaffey made a double, and they went to camp that morning feeling mighty well content, although they had rather cut off the line of flight of their friend and his guide. On the following morning Mr. McGaffey was out once more in the big woods and saw flying above the timber a large flock, 20 or 30 of these great birds. He says that they always started straight up and topped the timber before they started on their horizontal flight. These birds were so high they were quite out of range, but as he watched them he saw them presently drop and knew that they were alighting. Running as hurriedly as possible to the spot where he saw them drop, he was lucky enough to walk almost directly over one of them, which he killed promptly as it arose, using No. 000 shot in the second barrel. The first barrel of No. 6, fired into the bird at a distance of about 30 yards or so, did not seem to jar it in the least. A day or so after this lucky incident he walked up still another turkey and killed it also, thus getting four birds to his four opportunities, certainly a very good performance and under rather unusual circumstances. He says that if he had a bird dog when he marked the big flock scatter and alight, he could surely have killed a number of them, as they were lying as close as quails in the heavy briars which matted the undergrowth. Mr. McGaffey thinks this was about the best hunt of his life and hopes to return to that favored region at some later time.

Skunks.

Our old time friend, Mr. W. J. Dixon, formerly of Cimarron, Kansas, now writes from Dodge City, that State, and asks would I please tell him where he can sell a large variorum edition of skunk hides which he has got together this fall. I don't see why all fur buyers do not regularly advertise in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I have, however, given Mr. Dixon the addresses of one or two parties who will probably take his skunk skins off his hands and set them forward in the process of their later reincarnation as Alaska sable. I wish Mr. Dixon would tell us his method of trapping these odoriferous birds, and how he handles them to prevent the usual odor. It would seem that the old valley of the Arkansas, always prolific in skunks, has not yet lost its reputation as a producer.

Winter in the West.

At this date the big western blizzard prevailing over Montana, the Dakotas, Iowa and Minnesota has reached Chicago. The storm brings a cold wave and a little snow, although not so much as has fallen at points west of here. Thus far the weather cannot be said to have been very destructive to our quail, for although there has been a little rain and subsequent freezing, it is not thought that the food has been sealed away from the birds under an icy cover, as sometimes happens. This cold weather with dry snow is not so dangerous as wet and freezing weather. We have none too many quail in this part of the country this fall, and it is to be hoped that the elements will be kind to the surviving breeding stock; for if there should be a severe winter, we would face pretty nearly a quail famine next fall.

Proposed Changes in Michigan Game Law.

In a letter at hand dated Jan. 3, Mr. C. E. Brewster, chief deputy game and fish warden of Michigan, outlines the policy of friends of protection in that State as it will be pursued in the Michigan Legislature this coming season. The bill, it will be seen, has received the indorsement of the united sentiment of the sportsmen of Grand Rapids, a town which is full of thinking and conservative sportsmen. Mr. Brewster writes in the following terms:

"The new general game bill indorsed by the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of this city has just been completed by me and turned over to Senator D. E. Burns, of this city, who will introduce it and watch it through. There are some radical changes contemplated, and every one of them, with a single exception, are along the line of practical protection, and an advance step.

"One of the changes contemplated allows one deer to be transported out of this State by a non-resident killing same in a lawful manner and at a lawful time, and provides for the shipment to be made under the direction and control of the game and fish warden department. Under the present law non-residents are allowed to come here and hunt for deer upon the payment of $25 for a non-resident license, residents paying 75 cents. But they had no right to take out of the State any part of a deer.

"We now permit spring shooting of wild water fowl. The new bill eliminates it entirely.

"The present law allows the killing of three deer; the new bill reduces the number to two.

"The present law allows a person to kill an unlimited number of birds (game) during the open season; the new bill restricts the killing by any person to twenty-five birds (game birds collectively) in any one day, or to have to exceed 100 in possession at any time.

"The present law makes unlawful the sale of any protected game at any time. The new bill permits the sale of male deer from Nov. 15 to 30. This, in my judgment, is a step backward, and looks bad coming from a sportsmen's association. (Note.—Many of the more prominent members of the club repudiate the sentiment, and declare for 'No sale of any protected game or game fishes.')

"The new bill makes a uniform season for upland birds, water fowl and game generally, from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15. The old law allowed the killing of water fowl from Oct. 1 to Nov. 30, inclusive. Squirrels from Oct. 15 to Nov. 30, and upland birds from Oct. 20 to Nov. 30.

"The deer season remains as formerly, Nov. 8 to Nov. 30, both inclusive."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Protection of Birds and Game.

From the Annual Report of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture.

DURING the year work under the Lacey Act has been continued along three main lines—(1) publication of information on game protection; (2) improvement of the inspection service connected with importation of foreign birds and animals; and (3) cooperative work in restricting interstate shipment of game contrary to law.

During the year 287 permits were issued for the entry of about 200 mammals and 50,000 birds, an increase of 101 permits and 43,000 birds, and a decrease of 150 mammals, compared with the transactions in 1901. The figures are, however, subject to revision, as the number of birds actually imported is often less than that called for in the permit. There has been a decided increase in the number of birds entered at New York, while the number imported at San Francisco has decreased, particularly in the case of Australian species. This decrease is attributed to the long-continued drought in Australia and the consequent difficulty in securing birds there. Among the most noteworthy mammals imported may be mentioned a musk ox captured near the mouth of the Mackenzie River and entered at San Francisco. This specimen, the first musk ox in captivity in the United States, is now in the collection of the New York Zoological Society. A number of North African ostriches, the first of this species of ostriches to be brought in for propagation, were imported for the ostrich farm at Pasadena, Cal.

Importations may be divided into two general groups—game birds imported for propagation in captivity, and birds brought in to supply the trade in cage birds. Of these two classes, the latter greatly exceeds the former in numbers. The consignments of cage birds are often of considerable size, and to prevent any injurious species from entering unnoticed amid a large number of harmless ones, arrangements were made through the Secretary of the Treasury, in July, 1901, whereby all big consignments of cage birds arriving at New York, the main port of entry for birds, were subjected to examination by the inspectors of this department. Approximately, 200,000 birds, including about 180,000 canaries, were entered at New York, most of which were inspected. The new duties thus created necessitated the appointment of an additional inspector at New York, making three in all now on duty at that port.

On Jan. 1, 1902, the inspection service was extended to the Territory of Hawaii and a special inspector appointed for Honolulu. Owing to absence of cable communication with the islands this inspector has been authorized to issue permits subject to general instructions from the department. In May, at the earnest request of the Chamber of Commerce in Honolulu and of some of the sugar planters of Hawaii, an order was issued requiring permits for all reptiles imported into the teritory and prohibiting the entry of poisonous species.

Twelve foreign species of mammals and birds are now known to be acclimated in Hawaii, four of which—the mongoose, the English sparrow, the mina, and the Java ricebird (*Munia nisoria*)—are injurious. In Porto Rico the mongoose is acclimated and also two species of African weaver birds, whose exact economic status is not yet known. A few specimens of the mongoose are still in captivity in the United States, but these are, as a rule, in public zoological gardens where their safe-keeping is assured.

So far as known, no prohibited species have been brought into the United States during the year. Entry has been refused in the case of one mongoose at San Francisco and two fruit-eating bats and one kohlmeise at New York. The principal importers of foreign birds and animals have shown no disposition to attempt the importation of prohibited species and have uniformly complied with the requirements of the law.

By an act of Congress, approved June 3, 1902, the prohibition against the entry of eggs of game birds which has existed since 1894, has been removed, and these eggs can now be imported, under regulations of this department, for propagation. The regulations necessary to carry out the law were promptly promulgated, and within a few weeks after the bill was signed the first importation of eggs arrived at New York.

Interstate Commerce in Game.

The provisions of the law regarding interstate commerce in game have necessarily been carried out very largely through cooperation with State officers. Special mention should be made of the services rendered in this connection by the State game commissioner of Illinois and the State game wardens of Iowa, Michigan and West Virginia. Through the cordial cooperation of the attorney-general, the cases referred for action to the Department of Justice have been taken up as promptly as possible and many of them prosecuted to a successful termination. During the year 39 cases, involving the illegal shipment of about 5,000 birds, were reported to this department, as against 57 cases, involving the shipment of about 16,000 birds, during the preceding year. This decrease in number of cases does not necessarily imply a more careful observance of the law, for it is probable that only a comparatively small number of violations are brought to the surface. The proportion of convictions, however, will probably be larger, for the cases of this year have been supported by much better evidence than those of 1901, and their prosecution is likely to prove much more effective. Of the cases arising this year, only two have been dropped for lack of sufficient evidence, and one is still awaiting action; the others have been referred, 23 to the Department of Justice, and 13 to State officers. Four of the State cases have already resulted in conviction. Since the passage of the act 24 convictions have already been secured in cases passing through this department—14 in the Federal courts and 10 in the State courts; and 30 or more cases are still pending in the Federal courts.

New Hampshire Game Laws.

YEARS ago there were game laws in this State; not much attention was paid them. In those days the woodcock season opened in July. Many a young grouse was killed by the woodcock hunters. Quite a number of grouse also during the entire winter. Things are very different now. Never were our game laws better enforced. Our fish and game commissioners are very active and energetic in following up the faintest reports of illegal shooting. One such conviction has a wholesome effect on other would-be violators. For the past two seasons there has been no open market for the sale of grouse and woodcock. This closing of the markets must be of great benefit to the game. In this vicinity when there was an open market, our coveys were hunted persistently by men who made shooting pay. To-day such men have given up to a great extent. They say they cannot afford the time.

Our Legislature is now in session. Whether or no there will be any tinkering with the game laws remains to be seen. I understand that there will be an effort to have an open season on deer in our lower counties. It is only within a few years that deer have appeared in this and similar localities. Ten years ago even the track of a deer was rarely seen. To-day the deer are seen frequently. They are at home and are increasing. That old and often told story of the damage deer do to crops is being told. I think one coney rabbit or woodchuck will do more actual damage to any crop in this section than three deer. Another objection to the presence of deer here or their protection or increase, there are a number of "hound dogs" owned in this vicinity. They are kept to hunt foxes, 'coons and rabbits. The law says, Dogs must not chase deer. Some of these dogs do not regard the law, and their owners do not like the notices they receive from the game wardens. It is said that a dog which will chase a fox will also chase a deer. I know that some good fox dogs will not notice either a fresh deer track or even the sight of a deer. I also am quite sure that a dog which has once chased a deer will do so again, and that he cannot be broken so that he will stay broken any more than can a dog which has once chased or killed sheep.

As for the deer in this section, they are increasing. I say protect them for some years to come. As for their damaging crops, let the owners of said crops prove any such damage if they can. There may be no attempt made as to an open season on deer in the lower part of New Hampshire. Should there be, I predict that the damage to crops and demoralizing of hound dogs will be mentioned.

As to hunting licenses. New Hampshire will wait to see how it works in our neighboring State of Maine. Commissioner Carleton, of the latter State, has kept on hammering at his pet scheme until it looks as though he would get it. Try it and see how it works. Your correspondent from Nashua, N. H., gives his views and states some cold facts. It is some years since I made hunting trips to Maine. I spent a good deal of time and considerable money when hunting in Maine. In my day the guides were not registered. I do not believe that there has been very much moral reformation in the personnel of the average Maine guide by being registered. They look after the dollar as they used to. If there are any hunting grounds where game is killed by proxy, Maine stands near the head. Years ago (before the days of the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad) I was on my way by stage from Mattawamkeag to Patten. We met an outgoing party of Massachusetts sportsmen. They had nine deer. I looked over the deer and the men, and said to my stage driver, "I will bet that those men did not kill one of those deer." The driver said, "Just as like as not." Later I saw one of the guides employed by this party. I knew the guide well, and I asked him about it. He said, "Those men did not try to hunt; they stayed in camp and played cards all the time. I was

one of three guides they hired. They told us to get them some deer. We killed eleven deer for them, and thy never saw one of them until we dragged them in." Now, I know of other instances where moose and other game were brought out which had been killed by proxy.

As Mr. B., of Nashua, says, Put the outgoing sportsman from Maine under oath as to whether what he takes out is of his own killing. It will result in one of two things, either there will be a large falling off of the much advertised number of deer and other game going out via Bangor and other outlets of Maine, or there will be a number of false oaths.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Jan. 9.

Notes on Game.

Black Duck Shooting in Mid-Winter

It is stated by one of my correspondents that a great many black, or dusky ducks, are being shot during their visits to open spots in the ice, with which most of the ponds are now covered, to secure drinking water, fresh water being indispensable to them.

It is a great pity that these birds, which, having escaped the gunners until now, cannot be spared, at least for breeding stock, for another year, if for no other reason.

In fact, it is sheer wastefulness to kill them in winter, for they are poor in flesh, and, subsisting as they do at this season of the year, on small shell fish, mollusks and other marine animals, their flesh is strong-flavored and unfit for the table.

It is true that a large number are sold in the markets in winter, but the purchasers are certainly not among the epicures, and have never tasted the bird when it was in prime condition.

The dusky duck is one of the so-called river ducks, and is one of the best-known of all our water fowl. It breeds in all the New England States, but is found more abundantly in the northern sections of them in the breeding season. The country around Lake Umbagog, Maine, and the extensive range of meadows on the Magalloway River, seem to be favorite nesting places for them. In the swamps and meadows around Big Lake, the lower one of the Schoodic system, these birds formerly bred in great numbers, but they were forced to seek other nesting places by the numerous large pickerel, which seized and devoured their young. They breed also in the meadows and swamps of Nova Scotia, where the writer has repeatedly seen families of them feeding in the near vicinity of farmhouses. While localities in or near meadows, near ponds and lakes are favorite nesting places, they often hatch their young in a swamp in which a small brook is the only water for miles around. Early in September the dusky duck gathers in flocks of fifteen or twenty. It now becomes one of the most shy and wary of birds. It remains with us through nearly the whole year, and moves southward only in very severe winters. In the autumn, while it subsists on seeds and tender aquatic plants and roots, it is one of the best-flavored of all our water fowl, hardly being excelled by the mallards or by those epicurean morsels, the teals; but later it has much of the fishy flavor of the sea ducks.

Owing to the extreme wariness of these birds in the autumn, the experienced gunner seldom attempts to stalk them; but, knowing the localities most frequented by them—generally meadows in which streams or small ponds of water abound—builds a blind (or stand, as it is sometimes called) near the water, six or eight feet square and five or six high, of the limbs of pines or other dense foliaged trees, in which he secretes himself at daybreak, armed with one or two heavy double-barreled guns, and provided with a number of tame decoy ducks, generally the progeny of wild ones of this species.

One of these he anchors or moors out in the water half a gun shot from the blind. The decoy, soon becoming lonesome, begins to call, when, if there are any wild ducks in the neighborhood, they answer the note and soon fly to join the caller.

The sportsman, watching the approaching flock, holds one of the other decoys ready to throw, and as soon as the wild ones approach, he tosses up and toward the anchored duck the bird held in his hand, which is secured from flying off by a strong line fastened to its legs. The bird moored in the water, seeing her mate flying toward her, immediately redoubles her cries, when the wild ducks, after flying back and forth to reconnoitre, alight beside her. As soon as they alight they gather in a bunch away from the decoy, and it is then that the sportsman pours in his first shot; he again fires when the ducks are rising from the water, and is often able to get four shots at a flock before it escapes out of gun shot. It is, as a rule, only early in the morning and late in the afternoon that these ducks can be shot in this manner, and if they are much hunted they approach the stand with great caution.

Expensive Sport.

A condensed resumé of the annual report of the Fish and Game Commissioners of Maine, as published in the Boston Herald, shows that the year 1902 has witnessed greater activity in this department than in any year since its creation. "A careful canvass shows that 133,885 persons came during the past year to spend an extended vacation. Among these were 3,240 who hunted big game. From returns it is shown that $1,371,201 were expended by the visitors for board alone, exclusive of what was paid for other expenses, so that a conservative estimate places the amount expended annually at from $6,000,000 to $12,000,000. There are 1891 registered guides, and the number of moose reported killed during the year was 461. The conclusion seems irresistible that at least 20,000 deer have been killed in the State during the year."

Work for the Game Officers.

As I chanced to pass a market game stall about the middle of last December, I noticed a number of bunches or ruffed grouse hanging up exposed for sale. Following my usual custom of handling a game bird when I have the opportunity, I examined some of the grouse and smoothed their feathers, for my old instinct as a taxidermist always crops out on such an occasion. To my surprise, there was not a shot mark on four-fifths of the birds, and I examined them all; but the marks of the deadly snare-noose were plainly apparent. It seemed to me that such a matter as this should be looked after by the game officials, for the law expressly provides by the game officials.

E. A. SAMUELS.

With Gun and Dogs.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

LONG before reaching Jacksonville, Fla., a stranger in a well-known land, in quest of climate and game and a bit of fishy diversion, I was "warned" to look out for Col. B. W. Sperry of this gateway city, inasmuch as his reputation as a walking, talking woodcraft and fish lore bureau of information of all of Florida and much of the South further north convinced that he would be just the man to put me right and keep me next.

Upon calling upon him in his private office in the Duval Hotel, the first thing to greet me was a gun cabinet well stocked in goodly assortments. Fish rods of yielding and unbending natures, and a book rack containing FOREST AND STREAM back for the last thirty years, some of them bound and others that should be. Mr. Sperry was not in, but that for the time being didn't make any difference. I was in the South; this fact assures one of a welcome in most cases, and then there were my old friends of a lifetime, so I took off my hat and went to housekeeping with a willingness to deposit my money there uncounted without a receipt.

It was here that the genial, gentle spirit of Mr. Clarence William Smith came into my life for a permanent engagement, indulging me with reminiscences of the pleasures of days afield. Mr. Smith told of hunting men and game long before and during the war with equal humanity; for he is a follower of Johnson and Shakespeare alike, an admirer of Robinson and other lovers of woodland echoes, and still a student and practitioner in the forest, and on the stream a past master, yet still the apprentice of gun and rodology—that hour is with me yet.

With Mr. Sperry it was "How long can you stay and how soon can we match natures akin in the field?" Notice was soon served that that office would be closed until forced circumstances would open it again; letters with twelve cents postage were soon in the mail, and the aid of telegraphy was invoked to further a cause so desirable and intensely just. Grips were packed and goodbyes said and we were off for Live Oak, eighty miles west of here on the Seaboard Air Line, both glad that it was an "air line." There should be no curves in a railroad running into a game country, for it takes too long to go around them; coming back they should all be freight trains, they carry one away so much slower. At Live Oak we found adjoining rooms at our disposal at the Hotel Bon Air, and Mr. MacGregor awaiting our pleasure for the morning, with team, dogs, guns and himself.

At 6:30 the next morning we were away, behind a good pair of horses and with three racily built pointers, all of one family, very much in love with each other; Hugo, the father, and Steve and Kid, the son and daughter. A short distance from town the kid's tail was doing such gamy stunts, indorsed by pop, and agreed to by the methodical Steve, that Mac told us to get out our guns. I am afraid my increasing respiration flushed that covey ahead of time, and for the time being saved some of their lives; not all, however, as Mr. Sperry's long experience in running a hotel had schooled him in self-control and made him master of himself on all occasions; and he laid some feathers in our nest. Very soon we were after the singles. Mac had marked them down with his whip; a point is secured, and I am placed in the van; I flush, only to find my safety and the bird safe. Then a kill by Mr. Sperry and a miss by me, and yet my gun made just as much noise as his. Before we scared out (by me) and killed out (by him) that cover, we walked into another. Then another covey was exercised, and some were found fit for broiling. At ten o'clock we returned to our carriage with nineteen birds, with Mr. Sperry and the dogs mostly to blame. Then we drive on, not in a road, but just on, on, anywhere, everywhere, the only inclosures being around a family pet, the razor back; the dago ranging the wood in quest of birds, we lazily reclining on the back seat of the carriage behind our pipes, indulging in the difference between recrimination and sucess, with me handling the more difficult subject.

This day was a series of incidents; some days only have one. Many are barren, yet in a day that bubbles over with good things there is always one that sticks to the rim of the cup of sweet things, and this becomes different from those that slop over or stay behind. We had returned to the carriage on one occasion and deposited the birds in a basket under the seat and climbed in and were driving on when the question arose, "Where is Hugo?" Steve and the kid were ranging easily along, but there was no pop. The horses were stopped, and by the side of the left hind wheel patiently stood good Hugo with a dead quail in his mouth. Mr. Sperry had dropped one in the road while transferring them from his pocket to the basket (it wasn't I; one can't be careless with what they haven't got). Hugo couldn't tell us, so he just brought it along. The man who kicks a dog kicks his better.

We found plenty of birds and always had open shooting, and undisguised sportsmanship. Here the fellow that is wind-broken and gouty can rid himself of both complaints and go gunning. It's easy and healthy. The dogs and horses do all the work and the birds the sprinting.

Mr. Sperry fits his reputation. He is only too glad to direct sportsmen where to go and find game and fish, and would circumstances permit, would always be one of the party, and each party would be the better for his presence and the bag fuller by the judicious care he takes of his gun.

I had the pleasure of a luncheon with Capt. MacDonnell, the general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line here, and the total absorption of our gray matter on game and fish and where and when to find them, makes me forget what we had to eat. The captain is always at his desk when he ought to be, and is ever ready to stay over hours talking to visiting sportsmen.

At Lake City the game is very plentiful, and good accommodations can be had at the Hotel Blanche; and here, as in Live Oak, Mr. Chappell has all the prerequisites to entertain the shooter. It's a gamy country. Deer, turkeys, quail and doves are plentiful. The natives are courteous; a Mr. Ross walked a mile to welcome us to his and his neighbor's plantation, telling us we were welcome, and that his neighbor was all right, concluding with, "Sometimes a mean man gets among us, but, well, well, he don't stay long. You see it's easy moving here; everybody helps."

T. E. BATTEN.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 10.

The Adirondack Deer.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Forest, Fish and Game Commission takes pleasure in submitting some statistics relative to Adirondack deer, which will answer several questions recently asked by your correspondents. We have just finished compiling the returns of the shipments made by the American and National express companies from various points in the Adirondack region, and find that the totals are as follows, those of previous years being added for comparison:

Year.	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.
1900.....	1,020	89	95
1901.....	1,062	103	121
1902.....	1,364	113	193

These figures show an increase which, taken with the common report, amply authenticated, that there are more deer than ever in the woods, would seem to be a sufficient argument in favor of the protection which this State provides for the Adirondack deer. Taken with the fact that a very large number of the shipments reported weighed over 200 pounds dressed, the figures also indicate that the contention of this department is correct that the Adirondack deer properly protected will develop in size and weight to equal fully and even to surpass those of the same species in any other locality in North America. We have one record of a deer shot by William Coulter of Johnsburgh which weighed 415 pounds. For the information of your correspondents, it may also be stated that we figure that at least four deer are killed and eaten in the woods for every one shipped out.

JOHN D. WHISH,
Secretary.

Big Guns in Virginia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a clipping from the Daily Press of Newport News, Va., which the public ought to read. It seems to me that this is a more wanton destruction of wild game than the account of the slaughter of the blue peter in Princess Anne county, as given in FOREST AND STREAM Dec. 13.

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 2.—Small cannons are reported in use this season by duck hunters in the marshes of the lower James and Potomac rivers. These guns are about nine feet long, and are used both in blinds and pivoted on the bows of small boats.

Some idea of the destructiveness of the implements of death may be gained from the statement to-day that a prominent tugboat captain, who made duck shooting a business, managed to kill 225 birds in one shot. So great is the roar of the cannons that the myriads of ducks are frightened away after each discharge, so that only two or three such shots can be made during the week.

Many of these duck hunters have large marshes of their own, some of which are 5,000 acres in extent. No one is allowed to trespass, it is said, so there is little danger of the law taking effect. These marshes are carefully baited the year round with tons of corn and feed to attract the water fowl, so when the game season opens they are feeding in countless numbers.

It is said in the markets that only through this method of wholesale killing can the cities be supplied with game. While each shot from the cannon may kill ten to seventy-five pairs of ducks, there is scarcely any perceptible decrease in the number of birds. Some say the loss during a whole season is not over 1 per cent. of the entire flock.

The ducks killed in the Virginia waters are said to be the fattest and best flavored on the Northern markets. They are eaten mostly in the large hotels and restaurants.

It doesn't seem possible that such conditions could exist in any State without the law coming to the rescue. There must be a law in Virginia covering such cases, I should suppose.

J. R. S.

Hounding vs. Still-Hunting in Ontario.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As usual, after the close of the open season for deer in Ontario, the regular annual agitation has commenced for alteration in open season and prohibiting the use of hounds. Previous to the passage of the Ontario Game Prohibition Act of 1892 the Government appointed the Ontario Game Commission, the members of which arranged for the holding of meetings in nearly every available portion of the Province, for the purpose of securing evidence from sportsmen and hunters regarding the proper open and close season for all species of game in Ontario. In accordance with the evidence so procured, the present game laws were enacted by the Legislature. That these laws have been productive of much good in the matter of game protection no one will deny who has given the subject any consideration. Many young and inexperienced hunters on their return from the woods, from the innermost recess of their verdant understanding, want the game laws altered to suit their personal opinions. We have the periodical outcry from a few still-hunters who want hounding prohibited. Others want the open season to be the last half of November, instead of the first half, as at present. Those clamoring for these changes evidently have not considered the impossibility of the Government changing the open season with every change of weather. The past month of November was the warmest November since 1848, and it may be fifty years more before we have another November with a similar temperature.

Were the hounding of deer prohibited in Ontario 90 per cent. of the hunters would never see a deer during the fifteen days' open season. Then, we must take into con-

sideration that a large portion of our northern country, in which lumbering operations have taken place, is covered with a dense second growth, in which still-hunting would be impossible. Last, but not least, objection to still hunting for deer in Ontario is the large number of hunters that are killed and wounded in the States of Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States where still-hunting prevails in contrast with the absence of such accidents in Ontario, where for several years there have been at least ten thousand hunters in the woods of seven or eight of our northern counties during our short open season for deer. We had better let well enough alone. Our chief game warden will call a halt when the supply of deer fails to equal the demand. RANGER.

Venison in Maine Lumber Camps.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to bring to the notice of sportsmen and more especially those living in Maine the condition of the game warden force in that State. I have recently returned from my fourteenth shooting trip in the north woods, and am sorry to say that I found deer and grouse less plentiful than ever before.

This condition is easily accounted for. The wardens throughout that section traversed by the west branch of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. and the C. P. R. R. with one exception are a miserable lazy lot of hotel loungers. Their work consisted mostly of being at the station at train time to examine returning sportsmen's trunks for a possible hidden bird, whereas all around them illegal killing was constantly going on.

Practically every man living in that section kills over two deer each season. I met one man on the fifth of October who was returning home with the fifth deer he had already gotten that season. This game, of course, was sold to commercial men going home, or to runners for Boston meat markets. The lumber camps practically live on deer meat all winter. The men all hunt Sundays, and it is customary for men who are going on an errand of any kind to be supplied with a gun by the boss with instructions to get something. One boss told me that 278 deer had been used in his camp last season. The camp consisted of thirty men. Probably an equal number were wounded and left to die by these wild shooting Canadian workmen. I visited several camps this trip and found them all using venison lavishly. Wardens seldom visit these places as they dislike the accommodations. Occasionally they stop over night at them when necessary. But I have never in my tramps, at which I spend about three months each year, heard of a single lumberman being arrested for illegal shooting. There is only one remedy for the relief of this slaughter, that is, to impose a resident as well as a non-resident shooting license and employ competent wardens to see that every man with a rifle possesses one. GEORGE O. PETE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishing for the Leaping Shark.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to promise, I send you the following short description of fishing for leaping sharks in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

As I told you in a late letter, I caught my first specimen of this species about the end of last October at Aransas Pass, Texas, but since then I have landed a dozen more, including the longest one on record, so now I feel competent to tell your readers something about this fish and the method of its capture.

As far as I know, no sportsman starts out deliberately to fish for leaping sharks, because they are not sufficiently plentiful in any one place; but they are caught occasionally on tarpon tackle when one is fishing for that king of all game fishes, the *grande ecaille.*

It is seldom that a sportsman takes more than one leaping shark per day; nevertheless I landed five one afternoon and lost another by the breaking of a wire snell.

The condition most favorable to the sport is extremely clear water. This is possibly because these sharks do not like muddy water, but more probably because, when the water is clear, they can see the bait from quite a distance.

The only place on the Gulf that I know of where they are caught is Aransas Pass; but they surely must be found at other localities. Perhaps some of your readers will give through your columns some information concerning this point. I have never seen or heard of leaping sharks at Tampico; but they may frequent that locality, notwithstanding; for I have been there only in winter, and have never made inquiry of the natives concerning them. They certainly leave the Texas coast on the approach of cold weather, so must go south. It is probable that they were migrating from the Aransas Pass waters the afternoon that I made my big catch, as after a day or two later there were no more caught or seen there.

The leaping shark is easily distinguished from all other kinds of sharks by its slimness and agility. Its lines are the embodiment of speed, and its great tail and fins indicate immense power for its comparatively small weight. In these respects the leaping shark is to the common "man-eater" as a rainbow trout is to a Missouri River catfish.

My largest leaping shark measured seven feet seven inches in length, the previous record being less than seven feet. Unfortunately, I neglected to measure the girth, so can make no close estimate of its weight; but imagine it to have been somewhat in excess of two hundred pounds, while a "man-eater" of that length would weigh probably twice as much.

The leaping shark does not always leap when hooked, but generally does so. This large one of mine did not, but instead made a fierce rush that took out between three hundred and four hundred feet of line. It gave me a full half hour of very hard fighting, and I was indeed glad when I landed it on the sandy beach near Point of Rocks. I saved its jaws, and my boatman cut out the backbone to manufacture into a walking cane by running a steel rod through it. Such a cane, although perhaps not very serviceable, is certainly quaint and curious.

It was my intention to send you with this letter a photograph of a leaping shark, but I was unable to obtain one. Perhaps some day I may be more fortunate, in which case I shall forward you one for illustration.

Few tarpon fishermen do justice to the game qualities of the leaping shark, most of them claiming that it is a foul fish and not worthy of a sportsman's attention. On this point I must take issue with them, because, pound for pound, the leaping shark puts up a stiffer fight than the tarpon, and is much harder on both the tackle and one's nervous energy; but it does not jump so often nor so high as does the tarpon. Again, one misses the delightful uncertainty that always exists in handling a tarpon; because, after the leaping shark is once hooked, it very seldom escapes except by breaking the tackle, while a tarpon is liable to get away even after it is almost hauled out of the water.

The jump of the leaping shark is long but not high, and sometimes when in the air the creature spins around on its longitudinal axis. It has, too, a trick of twisting the line about its body, and, as its skin is like sandpaper and its tail sharp, it behooves one to use a long wire snell when fishing in waters frequented by the leaping shark.

The mad, wild rushes of this fish are unequalled by any other fish that I have ever hooked: even the first run of a kingfish cannot quite compare therewith in either length or speed. Using a Vom Hofe No. 36 line, I have tried to hold a 5½-foot leaping shark with three brakes set simultaneously, and in spite of all my efforts it has taken out fully three hundred and fifty feet of line.

After a long run of this kind, the shark is liable to turn suddenly and rush back straight toward the boat about as quickly as it went away, thus keeping one busily occupied in reeling up the slack.

I make a practice of shooting sharks before attempting to remove the hook, whether I take them ashore or not. This is mainly to avoid the danger to my boatman from teeth and tail.

In concluding this subject, I beg to advise all sportsmen who enjoy tackling large game fishes to give the leaping shark a trial, and to this end would suggest that a discussion in your columns concerning its habitat and characteristics would be both interesting and valuable.

No special tackle or apparatus is necessary for this sport, as the ordinary tarpon outfit will suffice, provided only that the wire snells have ample length.

It has not escaped my memory that I promised you a paper on "Further Notes Concerning Tarpon Tackle." Sooner or later I shall keep this promise, but I have often to wait quite a while before finding the opportunity to write papers on sporting subjects, as my professional work at present demands nearly all of my time. It is when stranded in a hotel, as I am to-day, that the opportunity for writing comes; and I shall avail myself of the first similar occasion to prepare the said promised paper.

Ever since last summer I have been trying to write you a couple of short articles on trout fishing, one being entitled, "Rainbow Trout versus Black Bass," and the other "Trout Fishing in Montana Waters." These papers I shall send you probably within a few months.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Random Notes on Fish.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Change of Habits in Salmon.

OF the ten species of *Salmo* in America but one is indigenous to the Atlantic coast. This fish is called the *Salmo salar* by scientists, and in common parlance it is known as the "salmon," "sea salmon," and the "Atlantic salmon." This species is usually anadromous in its habits, coming in from the sea in the spring and early summer, and ascending fresh-water rivers in which, and in the lakes to which they are tributary, they spend the summer and early autumn, until the time for spawning arrives, this being usually in October or November, when the temperature of the water is lowered by cold and frosty weather.

There have been, in years long since past, a large number of these fish which abandoned the anadromous habit, wholly, or in part, and instead of returning to the sea after the period of spawning had passed, they moved into large, deep lakes, where they recuperated and remained through the winter.

These fish have, improperly, been called landlocked; but they are not and never have been prevented from returning to the sea; they apparently remained in the fresh water from choice, or because they found the conditions as regards food, etc., such that there was no need of going to the sea, and the habit became fixed in time, so that now they never attempt to descend to the ocean.

Among the so-called landlocked salmon, those which have for a very great many years made their home in the Schoodic Lakes and in the Grand Lake Stream, a tributary of the St. Croix River, which forms the boundary for a number of miles between Maine and New Brunswick, are perhaps the best known to anglers of all the so-called landlocked fish. The writer, as far back as the early sixties, made annual visits to those waters, and the sport that he obtained there has hardly been excelled in any other localities. For gaminess and pluck they were fully equal to a fresh-run grilse, and they were so abundant that one could take them by hundreds if he so desired.

In fact, Grand Lake Stream was often visited by anglers "who fished for count," and some of the stories that were told of them at the time aroused the indignation of those who are endowed with true sportsmen's instincts.

Thaddeus Norris, in his "American Angler's Book," states that the catch by some of these parties in the three years, 1856, 1857 and 1858, was by three rods, six days, 634 fish; weight 872 pounds. Three rods, six days, 432 fish; weight, 642 pounds. Two rods, eight days, 510 fish; weight, 725 pounds. The average time of fishing was four and a half hours per day.

One can hardly conceive of a greater and more wanton waste than such sport (?) entailed, for, although most of the fish caught were returned to the water, a very large proportion of them died from the injuries they had received, and my Indian guides informed me that the banks of the stream were in some places covered with decaying fish after the so-called anglers had completed their work.

Now those fish in the years I have named averaged less than two pounds in weight, and in the sixties they were not much larger; their food was far from abundant and cannibalism was their chief resource to appease their hunger. Their natural history was so little known that they were called the "Schoodic trout," and the "white trout," by anglers and writers generally.

The average size of the fish had in late years increased considerably, as will be seen by the following memoranda furnished the writer by Mr. W. T. Buck, who supervised the work at the hatchery on Grand Lake Stream in 1886-7, in which year I visited many of the principal hatcheries in the States and in the Dominion of Canada on a tour of scientific investigation, and witnessed the modus operandi pursued in the different establishments.

Mr. Buck says:

*"Comparison of records shows a gradual increase in size of the Schoodic salmon handled at the spawning season, and a marked increase in the yield of eggs per fish: Thus, 235 males, weighed and measured in 1877, averaged 16.8 inches, 1.8 pounds; 247 males, weighed and measured in 1886, averaged 20.3 inches, 3.46 pounds; 343 females, weighed and measured in 1877, averaged 16.1 inches, 1.9 pounds; 505 females, weighed and measured in 1886, averaged 20.1 inches, 3.58 pounds."

This increase in size may be accounted for by the greater abundance of food that the fish have had, compared with their "short commons" of forty or fifty years ago.

The food supply of smelts is now very great; in fact, wherever these little fish have been introduced, the Salmonidæ have thrived most wonderfully.

Like the salmon, the smelt is naturally an anadromous fish, living chiefly in the ocean, but ascending the fresh-water streams in the spring to spawn; but if it or its progeny are debarred from returning to the sea it quickly becomes accustomed to a permanent home in fresh water.

The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, taking advantage of this peculiarity of habit, are introducing the smelts into all waters that they stock with salmon; in fact, for the successful establishment of the salmon in new waters the introduction of the smelt seems to be a sine qua non.

This desideratum is set forth in one of the reports of the Commissioners in the following language:

"We have known these salmon to grow to thirteen pounds in six years; but to obtain that size they must have plenty of fresh-water smelts for food, deep, pure water, and large lakes or ponds, with large, quick-running streams, and a gravelly bottom for spawning ground. Without these streams, they never will multiply and be abundant. We consider it of very great importance to have our lakes and ponds stocked with the fresh-water smelt. It is the favorite food of the trout and salmon."

As I have already stated, the Schoodic salmon are not landlocked, and never have been. Such a condition could only arise from some great convulsion of nature, and there is no evidence whatever of such an event having occurred in the lower St. Croix system. They always could have run down to the sea at any time, and until the big dam was built at Milltown, they could have returned up the river.

Mr. George A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., who is well-known as a naturalist and angler, wrote me years ago:

"I do not regard the fish a landlocked salmon, for the water must always have had an outlet to the sea, and the fish could go if they chose; and in fact, when I was a boy, sixty years ago, they were abundant in the river, even to the salt water."

This change of habit is not peculiar to these fish, the ouananiche, or winninish, of Lake St. John, P. Q., which is called a landlocked species, and which is precisely the same fish as the Schoodic salmon, having also abandoned the sea-going habit, although the Saguenay River is open all the way to the St. Lawrence.

That the fish content themselves with remaining in the fresh water is not to be wondered at, considering the immense range that is available to them.

Lake St. John is a vast inland sea, nearly fifty miles in length and from twenty to forty in width. Emptying into it are eleven large rivers, besides many smaller streams. Two of the larger rivers, the Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan, are of great size and length. The Peribonca has been ascended about six hundred miles, and the other for a great distance also. So that the ouananiche may wander at its own sweet will, and never have occasion to go to the ocean to recuperate from the labors of reproduction.

That this fish is a *Salmo salar* has been proven by high scientific authority. I confess I had my doubts concerning its identity until I examined specimens with considerable minuteness, and then, that there might be no doubt in my mind whatever, I visited St. Felicienne on the Ashuapmouchouan River, about ten miles above the lake at a season of the year when no fish could be taken at the Grand Decharge, and captured a number, which I sent to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., where they were identified as dwarfed specimens of *Salmo salar.*

Professor Goode, the eminent ichthyologist, has stated that he is inclined to the view that the natural habitat of the salmon is in the fresh water. If such is the case, the sea-going habit is of course an acquired one, and those fish that abandon it simply revert to their original traits and instincts.

The Pull at the Reel.

In the FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 27, 1902, Mr. Venning states that he would like to have his angling readers guess the number of pounds of tension there

*Printed in "With Fly-Rod and Camera."

was on the rod in the experiment that he describes, to which the editor appends the opinion that no authentic decision has ever been given on this vexata questio.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of June 14, 1902, I had the following:

"Now the sheer pull at the reel of a salmon in the water when opposed to the upright, or, rather, perpendicular, spring of the rod is not nearly as great as most people imagine it to be. (If the rod, however, is by carelessness or accident allowed to become horizontal, or nearly so, the pull of the fish is vastly greater, and I doubt if anything weaker than a cod line could hold him.) Repeatedly have I asked for the opinion of anglers in relation to this, and their guesses have run all the way from ten to forty pounds. Of course, a forty-pound pull, or anything like it, is quite out of the question, for no casting line is strong enough to stand it.

"Ten pounds is nearer the right figure, and this may be easily demonstrated by fastening a spring balance on the lawn, to the ring of which hitch the casting line, and lift the rod perpendicularly; by winding the reel the line is tautened and the rod begins to bend, and if this is continued until the rod describes a half-circle, or as great a bend as any salmon at any time could give it, the experimenter will be surprised to find that the scales show a pull of no more than eight or ten pounds, and very pliable rods will circle at even a less strain.

"Now I know very well you will say that a ten-pound live pull is quite different from a dead one. Of course it is, but your casting line will stand only a given strain, 'be it alive or be it dead,' and it behooves the angler to 'take due notice thereof and govern himself accordingly.'"

Catching the Albacore.

[From "Moose Hunting, Salmon Fishing and Other Sketches of Sport," by T. R. Pattillo.]

DURING the summer and autumn large bodies of herring and mackerel frequent the harbors of Nova Scotia, pursued thither by their relentless foes the albacores, sometimes called the horse-mackeral, from their great resemblance to the mackeral—in fact, they are considered to belong to that family. If my readers have seen a mackerel, and, moreover, hooked one with a jig and line, they can conjecture, from the smartness of the ordinary mackerel, what kind of sport an overgrown one of 600 pounds, fastened to hook and line, would be likely to afford. Certainly he would be no plaything. I have helped to capture them in fish-traps 11 feet long and as big as a vinegar-cask. When these fish are among the shoals of small fish, they rush and leap out like salmon and pollock, and are so ravenous they are often dangerous to fishermen picking their nets, as they rush from beneath the boats after the fish falling out of them. Albacores, though not generally eaten by Englishmen, yet are very nice eating, and are more highly prized by Portuguese and Spaniards than any other fish they take, and sell for the highest prices.

Prompted by the desire for a little excitement, a friend and I decided to attempt the capture of one of them. As we knew the gear required must be first-lass, we procured two of what in fishing parlance are called 18th hemp cod-lines, each 32 fathoms long. Then we had a hook made for each out of steel three-eighths thick, 8 inches wide, with a 3-inch shank, and long heavy beard. With our lines attached to swivel-reels to run them on and off, we felt we were equipped for the expected spree, so, having secured a stiff medium low boat, we proceeded one morning quite early to the netting-ground. There we found the nets well fished, and knew by that our game would be on hand.

We procured a number of herrings with which to bait them up, and then lay on our oars, awaiting developments. Presently one of the fishermen called out, "Halloa, boys! here's a fellow!" meaning an albacore, followed by a shout from another and still another, that they were about their boats; so we slowly moved outside the range of the boats, throwing over a herring every few yards to toll them along with us. When we considered we were far enough away, we took the precaution to secure the reel to the thwart, for we were a bit afraid of the fish we expected to grapple with. Then I threw over a herring, to see if there were any albacores near us, and to our delight a monster rushed for it just under the surface, so I threw another loose one and another attached to the hook. He rushed for the first one, whirled and took hold of the other, and we had hold of him. Then for a few minutes we had a good imitation of the antics of a wild prairie horse when first haltered. He jumped his full length out of the water, which gave us a very vivid idea of the monster we were attached to; then he started at an awful pace across the harbor.

The line was running out swiftly, so that we had to move as quickly to get it into the notch in the stern, which we had wisely thought to make. Then I seized an oar and placed it for steering, while we both got positions to trim the boat. What we feared was that, when he had run all the line out, if the boat was motionless, something might break; so to obviate that, my friend succeeded in grasping the line partially, and thereby gradually starting the boat, while I helped by sculling, so that by the time it was all off the reel, she was moving faster than ever she did before, and it is doubtful if she ever did after. The fish kept up the pace for at least ten minutes, towing us directly into the harbor; then he made a jump, turned, and took us straight back for the fishing grounds. The men in their boats had been watching us with great interest, not supposing for a moment they were to have any part in it, but when they saw us going directly for them, the shouting and hooting and swearing that suddenly started from them would have been laughable to any disinterested spectators, but we could see plainly that, if he continued the course he was then taking us, nothing short of a collision with one or more of the boats would follow, and the most of them were half loaded with herrings.

The way those fellows were shouting was as if Pandemonium were let loose, and tended somewhat to disconcert us. The nearer we approached them, the greater the peril seemed of sinking by contact one or both of our boats, so I jumped with my knife to free him, but in the rush to do so my foot slipped, and I went headlong on top of my mate, and my knife flew out of my hand—confusion worse confounded. Before we could disengage ourselves, the boats came together with a heavy crash, filling the other's and washing a lot of their herrings overboard. This additional drag caused the albacore to spring again, when, to save ourselves from being all thrown overboard; one of the men cut the line. The first salute we poor fellows got was, "You d—d fools!" followed by language not altogether classical English, nor yet pure Anglo-Saxon, having a large percentage of the swear element in it. After their first ebullition was over, we got into a hearty laugh over the ridiculousness of the affair; then they baled their boat out, and went on with their work.

We poor disgruntled fellows rowed around among the other boats, finishing up the first part of the spree with roars of laughter. Of course, after the danger was over, the whole affair appeared so funny that we all had to shout and halloa or burst.

Our freed albacore paraded himself all over the harbor, jumping dozens of times, with the line still attached to him, all through that day. In the course of an hour, by seeing these big fellows rushing about us in the bay, the sporting temperature rose again, and we decided to try our other line on another fellow. The fishermen hesitated to supply us with bait, fearing a repetition of the same peril, if we got fast into another. After a little coaxing, we got what we wanted, and started off shore, occasionally throwing a herring as we went. When we thought ourselves out of the danger limit, we stopped, got the gear into shape for immediate action, if necessary, not knowing then if there were any fish near.

This was soon decided when I stood up and threw over a herring, for it scarcely struck the water before it was grabbed. Then I threw over the baited hook, and he seized it just as fiercely; and this second fellow was fast, rushing and jumping even more fiercely than the first. He began towing us directly away from the boats for some time. To make his speed less rapid, we crossed our oars and held back water, which acted like a drag. Suddenly, like his predecessor, he turned at right angles to the current he had been following, and led us in that direction fully ten minutes, then took a range leading directly for the boats. Up to this time we did not feel at all anxious—apart from the long row that seemed before us when he was leading off shore. Now, however, there appeared to be evil in his eye, and if he should take us up there this time, the results might be much more serious than before, for the boats were all deeply loaded.

What was to be done? While we were trying to plan some feasible way out of it, and at the same time save our fish, he made a leap out, and fell very heavily, thus showing he was weakening, and from that time we found the boat was moving more slowly, and we therefore became very hopeful. As we looked in shore, the men had their hats off, and were gesticulating fiercely, giving us to understand we ought to cut him free, which we would probably have done had we not noticed his faltering. The speed of the boat kept slackening very fast, so much so that in a short time we were able to gather in the line to within a few fathoms of him. He had towed us to within 150 yards of the fishermen, when suddenly he stopped short. We hauled up the line, and the fish with it. What a beauty! Ten feet long, weighing 600 pounds. We soon had a rope through his gills, and towed him to the shore in through the boats. The men and boys came to see him after their nets were picked, and helped us haul him on the beach, and finished by giving three cheers, which made us feel like heroes. Our cranky friends of the collision had long ere this got over their pet, and all enjoyed a hearty laugh over the exciting time. "Hang it!" said an old chap, "we were getting worked up when you were coming right for us again, as we would have been in a bad plight, with our boats all loaded down, if the scamp had got you there." We had had all the sport there was to be obtained out of the fish, so we gave his body to the men who had lost their herrings through us, thus reimbursing them well, as the fish was worth at least $20. If any of my readers are at any time on our Nova Scotian shore, and are seeking sport, they can have it equal to that enjoyed on the Pacific Coast in the capture of the albacore. This fish is so voracious that it is no trouble to bait him up, but see that your gear is good, and don't fear he will eat you, if by chance he should haul you overboard. He does not fight long, but he means business while at it.

The Sea Trout Controversy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Are there no definite anatomical data which are known to distinguish the sea trout of our Eastern coast from the brook trout? I have never had specimens side by side for comparison, but some one must have made the study. The idea that sea trout ascend the river for salmon spawn would have no bearing in the hundreds of smaller streams which have their annual migration of sea trout. I have caught sea trout in very many northern streams, and have also caught the sea-run brook trout in our more southern streams, and the two fish have a very different appearance, even when both are in the silvery stage of coloration. They are different in habits also. The sea-run brook trout when frightened in a stream will run for cover, while the sea trout does not attempt to seek cover at all. The sea-run brook trout when frightened will stir up the mud at the bottom with his tail for protection, while the sea trout does not resort to this trick. The sea-run brook trout likes to remain near cover, or under it, when in the stream, while the sea trout lies in the middle of the most open pool. The sea-run trout while in the stream is timid, and will not rise to the fly if he sees the fisherman upon the bank. The sea trout cares very little about the presence of the fisherman in full sight, and will rise freely to the most clumsy cast. Sometimes when fishing for camp we step out to the stream and look over a large number of sea trout, and then hold the fly over one that is about the size that we want for dinner. The sea-run brook trout does not show himself near the surface until he is directly beneath the fly. The sea trout often rises near to the surface and makes a wake like a muskrat before getting to the fly. The sea-run brook trout runs for cover when hooked. The sea trout keeps in the open when hooked, and splashes about near the surface. Both the sea-run brook trout and the sea trout ascend streams to spawn, and both feed freely while en route. The flavor of the two is very different, but that might occur easily enough from difference in food supply.

I have fished in very many waters containing both sea trout and what I have called brook trout. Why should one lot go to sea and another lot remain in the ponds? The ones remaining in the ponds average larger, I think, than the ones that go to sea where food supply is supposed to be more abundant. Take, for instance, Serpentine River and Harry's Brook, in Newfoundland. The sea trout in the former seldom weigh three pounds, while there are any number of trout in the lake that will go pretty close to ten pounds. The sea trout in Harry's Brook seldom weigh four pounds, while in George's Pond, at the head of the brook, the "permanent residents" are monsters. I have not weighed any of them, because they are a nuisance, and not very good to eat when compared with the sea trout. We get our flies out of the way when we see an old ten-pounder coming, and do not let him get hooked if we can help it. The smaller, fatter sea trout, and the salmon, are all that we need to bother with. In both of these streams there are seldom any brook trout in rapid water that will weigh four ounces. This is a rather curious fact. The large trout are all living in the sea or in the ponds, excepting during the migrations to the spawning beds. It would be an easy matter for an ichthyologist to get trout from both of these typical waters mentioned, if the question of identity has not been fully determined as yet. I suspect that the matter is well understood, and that differences in opinion are simply differences in information on the part of correspondents.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.

Ciscos in Lake Ontario.

WITHIN the last two or three years ciscos (*Argyrosomus artedi*) have made their appearance at the eastern end of Lake Ontario in phenomenal numbers. In the words of the fishermen, "tons and tons of them are caught there." They seem to be increasing in numbers also every year. Off "The Ducks," a small group of islands about 25 miles southwest of the Cape Vincent lighthouse (Tibbetts Point Light), and in the Bay of Quinte, near the Canadian shore, enormous quantities of these fish were caught last summer and the summer before. It is quite probable that an attempt will be made next fall by the U. S. Fish Commission to collect the eggs of this fish and hatch them at the Cape Vincent Station, which is situated at the head of the St. Lawrence River. As the appearance of these fish in such numbers was coincident with the time that young fry from Lake Erie and Lake Michigan eggs (understood to be whitefish eggs), distributed from Cape Vincent Station should mature, it was strongly suspected, at first, that the new fish were the grown up whitefish fry distributed from the Station, but samples that were sent to Washington for identification were pronounced to be ciscos, so they could not be the matured product of the Cape Vincent Hatchery, unless some of the eggs sent to the Cape Vincent Hatchery from Lake Erie and Lake Michigan were cisco eggs.

SALMO.

Hints and Wrinkles.

Readers are invited to send for publication under this head hints and wrinkles drawn from practical experience, and pertaining to shooting, fishing, camping and outdoor life.

A Bullet Sinker for Fishing.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 4.—I have many times desired a better fishing line sinker than is on the market. Here is the way to make them. Get a round bullet mould of .38, .40 or .44 caliber. Enter between the halves of the mould from bottom, half way up, a bit of cardboard about thickness of G. line and then run the lead. You will then easily pull the card out of the bullet and your sinker is ready for use. Bullets or shot split with knife are not good, because when you close the sinker on the line it is apt to bite, and hence make the line weak at this point. In my way of making the slit in the bullet there is space provided for the line and you can close the slit without a bite on the line. Try it, and my word for it, you will have the best sinker you ever had.

WM. S. TEALL.

Shoes.

Thick soles for one's shoes are invaluable if one is taking a long tramp either into the woods or along the highways. The notion that old shoes that "fit the feet" are best for walking explodes violently when the uppers rip and the sand percolates through the seams. Heavy shoes, with soles that give only the faintest spring are not only more lasting but hold the ankles and insteps to their business. The bottoms do not yield to the pressure of pebbles and twigs, so there is less likelihood of stone bruises and blisters.

A close fit which does not allow any part of the shoe to slide or grind at any part means comfort. A shoe should have a lining to hold the tops close around the ankles, or higher, closing and keeping closed the top of the shoe. Most shoes are sure to stretch at the top, and the scuffling throws everything from dust to sticks into the ready opening.

Iron pegs, tacks or nails make a shoe much colder than wood or brass. For shoes brass is best for all round use. The heads of brass tacks wear down uniformly with the leather on most soil, and so the tack is not likely to be driven up through the leather to become "a nail in the shoe." Brass, too, does not rot the leather. More taps can be put on with brass than with other nails.

In case of the tops of the shoes stretching so much as to allow sand or other stuff to get into them, a piece of cloth, with a round hole in the middle, puckered by a rubber twine, to draw on over the stocking and the edge hank down over the shoe top will be

found useful and comfortable, though not lovely to look at. Another band around the outer edge of the cloth—wristlet fashion—insures sandless shoes.

Of course soles wear through faster on sandy or frozen ground than on clay or loam, as in the woods. For all purposes of walking a stiff half-inch sole is about right. One used to thin soles is likely to have a sense of clumping at first, but this is soon lost, especially if the heel is not raised so high in proportion as in the thin-soled shoes. R. S.

The Kennel.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXXII.—March.

CARTHAGE, O., Dec. 24, 1902.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find elegy written upon death of a handsome spaniel that accompanied me during two years of touring in the Adirondacks.
E. S. WHITAKER.

MARCH.

He was only a dog; but do you know
How great an attachment will sometimes grow
Between master and dog; and how he will show
By expression of eyes and move of tail,
Plain as words can tell, what feelings prevail;
And by bound or bark, or touch of a paw
Convey meaning as plain as written law,
And show knowledge of what he heard or saw?
Such an one was March, spaniel, red and white,
With a kindly eye so lustrous and bright;
Gun-shy at first, so that he ran away
From camp to hotel, eighteen miles, to stay,
And remained till his master came next day;
But with gentle training soon learned to love
The crack of rifle, and quick did he prove
A retriever of note for partridge or duck,
And showed at one time wonderful pluck
By towing to shore a wounded buck
Which he caught in mid-river, and clung to an ear,
And so hastened the death of the stricken deer.
He was loving and kind, with beauteous eyes,
And my guide and self both thought him as wise
As some other fellows of greater size.
But no more will he go over the trail,
Ne'er again with us in bonny boat sail,
Nor climb o'er the mountains towering high,
For March is dead, and a tear comes to eye
While inditing for him this fond good bye.

Toby Distinguishes Himself.

TAYLORSVILLE, N. C., Dec. 31.—Toby is a twenty-months old setter pup, with exceedingly active and enduring little legs. He weighs only about fifteen pounds, but has a head that looks as if he had a high hat on. He is owned by my friend, Mr. Cobb, with whom I have been shooting daily for over a month, and observing and admiring Toby. Toby is great on singles and fair on coveys. He belongs to our best team, which, beside another dog, staunch on singles, includes Old Sport, the best covey dog I know of. The days we take out these three we feel sure of a good many birds. Now Old Sport is a fast goer and a far ranger, and has a habit if we don't soon find him to leave his covey to hunt us up and take us to it.

Yesterday Toby found a covey, but we couldn't find Toby. Sport, however, found him and backed him, but we could find neither. So Sport must have told Toby, "Go find those stupid fellows and bring them here. I will watch the birds until you come back." So Toby came to us in a great fluster, jumping around us, said something we couldn't understand and started back, we following, and away among the pines, in a briery thicket, we found both Toby and Sport and a big covey. How is that for a 20 months old pup?

Later in the day Sport duplicated his usual performance: He was again lost and evidently had a covey somewhere, but we couldn't find him. I whistled him in. He stated in a manner we now understand, "I have some birds, come on." But he went back so quick I again lost him. He is a big strong dog and very active, so I whistled him in again. This time he walked slowly in front of me, just keeping a little ahead and led us quite a distance to a full covey in a briery swamp. J. M. B.

Long Island Kennel Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The Long Island Kennel Club held its third regular meeting Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, 1903, in the Johnson Building, Flatbush avenue and Nevins street, Brooklyn, N. Y., forty members being present. Application was made to the American Kennel Club for membership, and if accepted we shall at once proceed to dog show work, and appoint a bench show committee.

The membership of the L. I. K. C. is now 128, with a prospect of more than doubling that number.

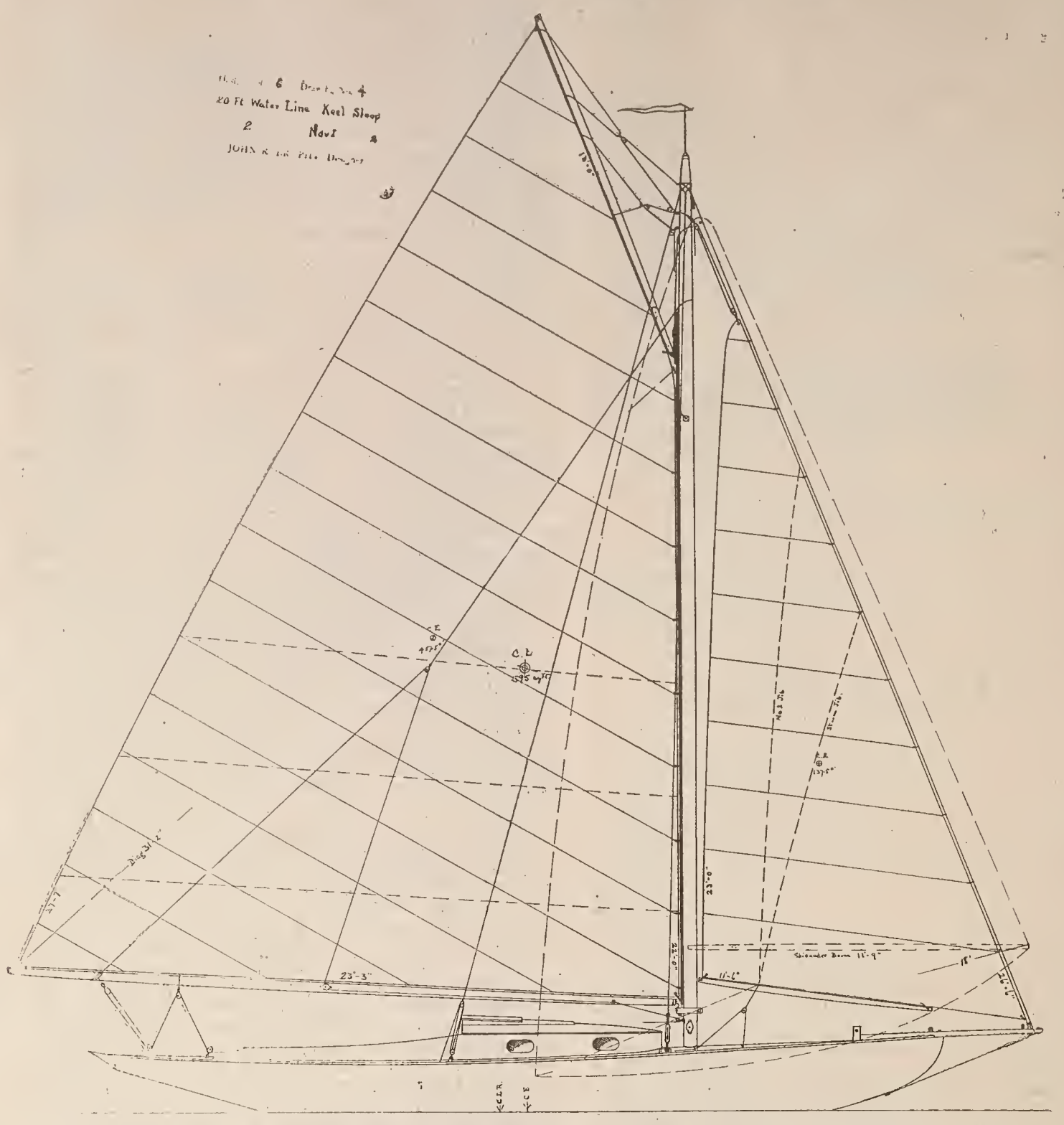
It was decided at the meeting to give a dinner at the Ashland House, on Thursday evening, Feb. 12, 1903, to the exhibitors of the W. K. C. show.

Membership is not limited to residents of Long Island. We now have members from every State in the Union. Those who wish to join (and by so doing help promote dog shows, etc.), will apply for particulars to the undersigned, 153 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Jos. M. DALE, Secretary.

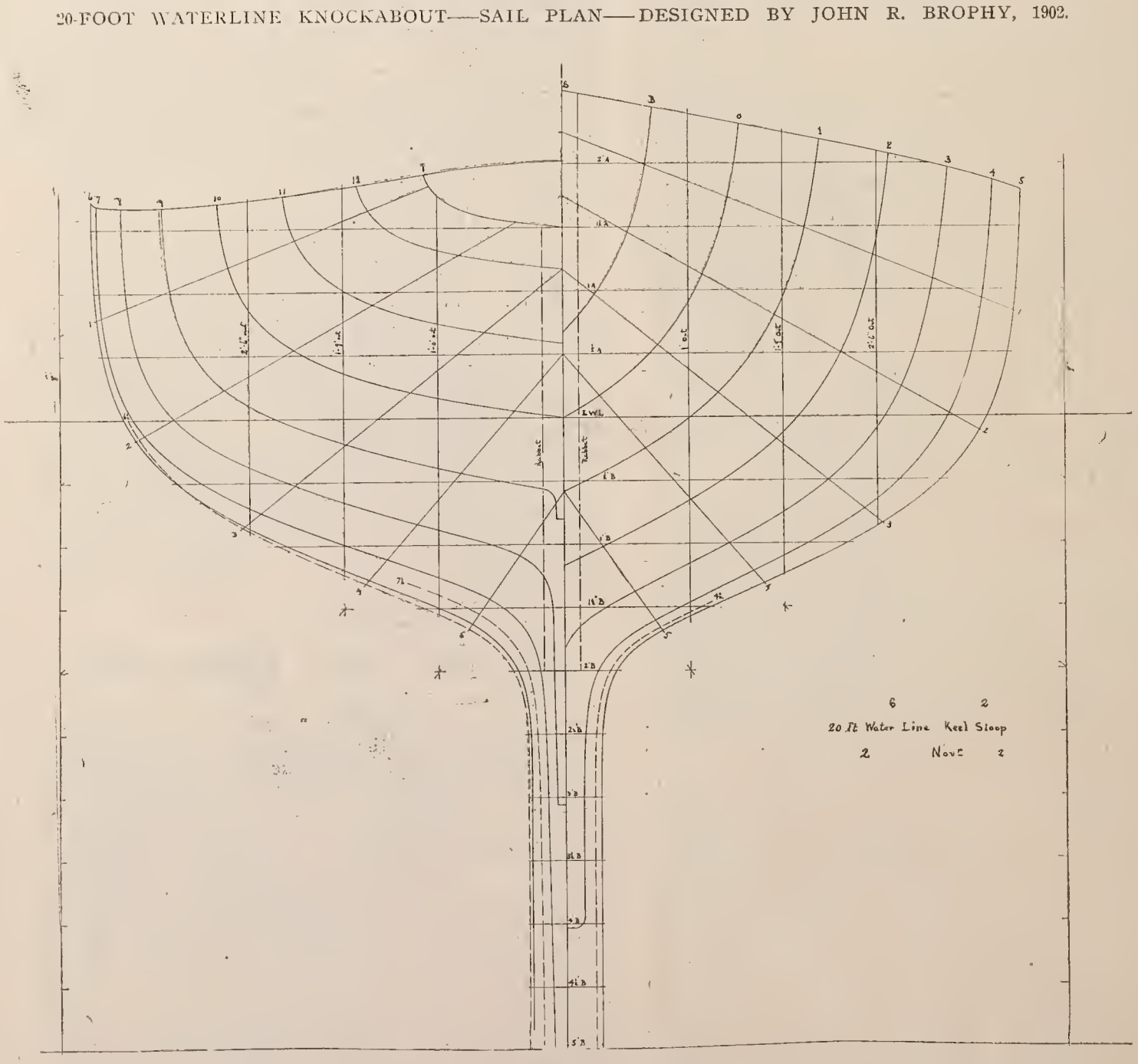
Jackson I. Case.

AT his home in Racine, Wis., Jackson I. Case, son of the late Jerome I. Case, millionaire threshing machine manufacturer, died on Tuesday of last week. He was born Oct. 23, 1865, in the city in which he died. He was famous in racing, trap shooting and field trial branches of sport and was conspicuously successful in each. He owned and drove the famous trotter J. I. C., afterward converted to a pacer, and many of the dogs of his kennel hold a high place in the records of successful winners. Concerning his demise the daily press reports:

"He was given the best educational advantages in the Racine public schools, the Racine Academy, the Michigan Military Academy and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Boston. He began his business career in 1883 as bookkeeper for the Fish Brothers Wagon Company, and later was appointed private secretary to his father. He also had almost the entire charge of the latter's extensive stable, which included such famous trotters as Jay Eye See and Phallas. At one time he was identified with the J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, the J. I. Case Plow Works, and was a director of the Manufacturers' National Bank. He was appointed postmaster in Racine by President McKinley and retired last April. He was a thirty-second degree Mason."



20-FOOT WATERLINE KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY JOHN R. BROPHY, 1902.



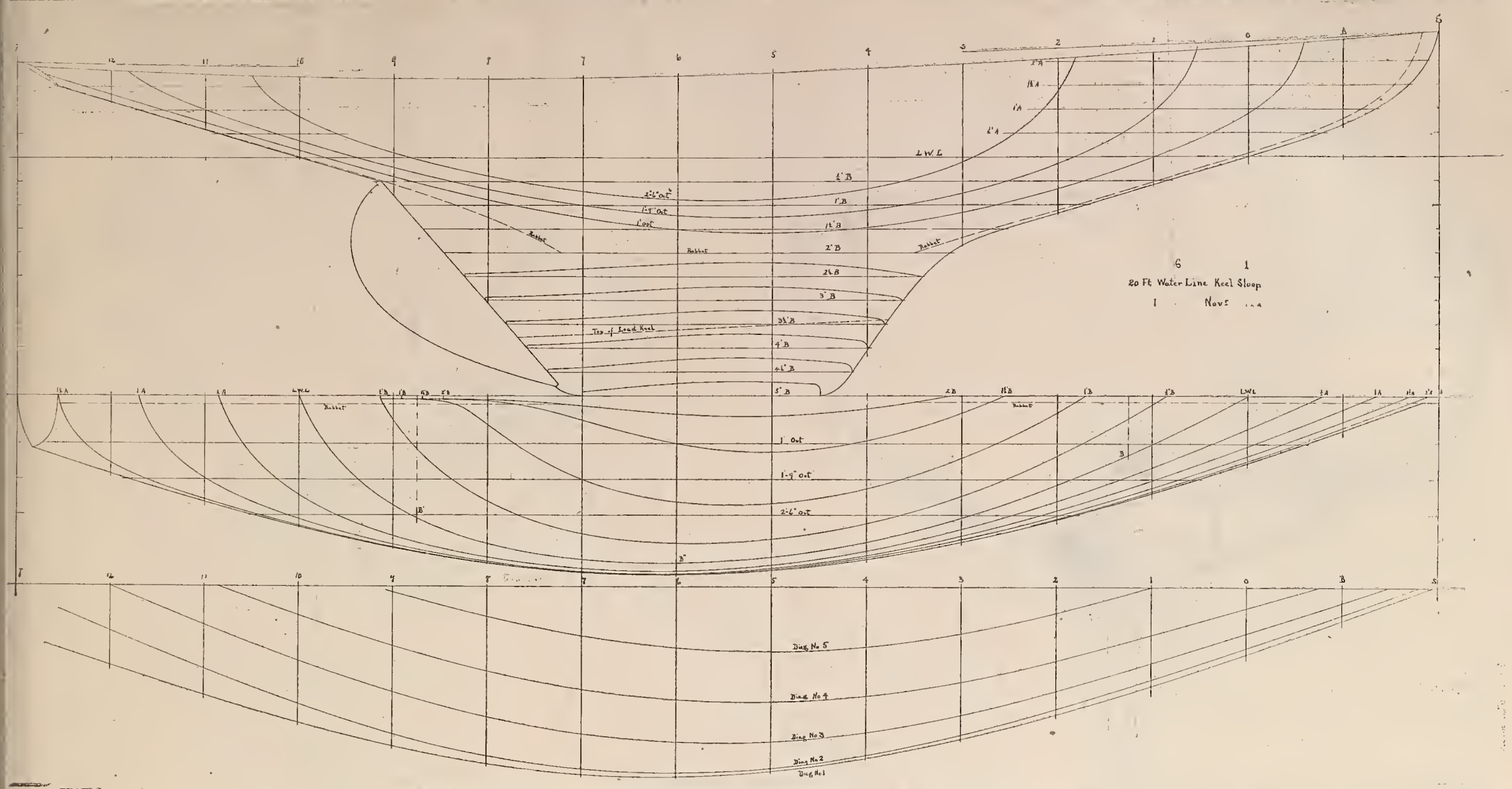
20-FOOT WATERLINE KNOCKABOUT—BODY PLAN—DESIGNED BY JOHN R. BROPHY, 1902.

Detroit Show.

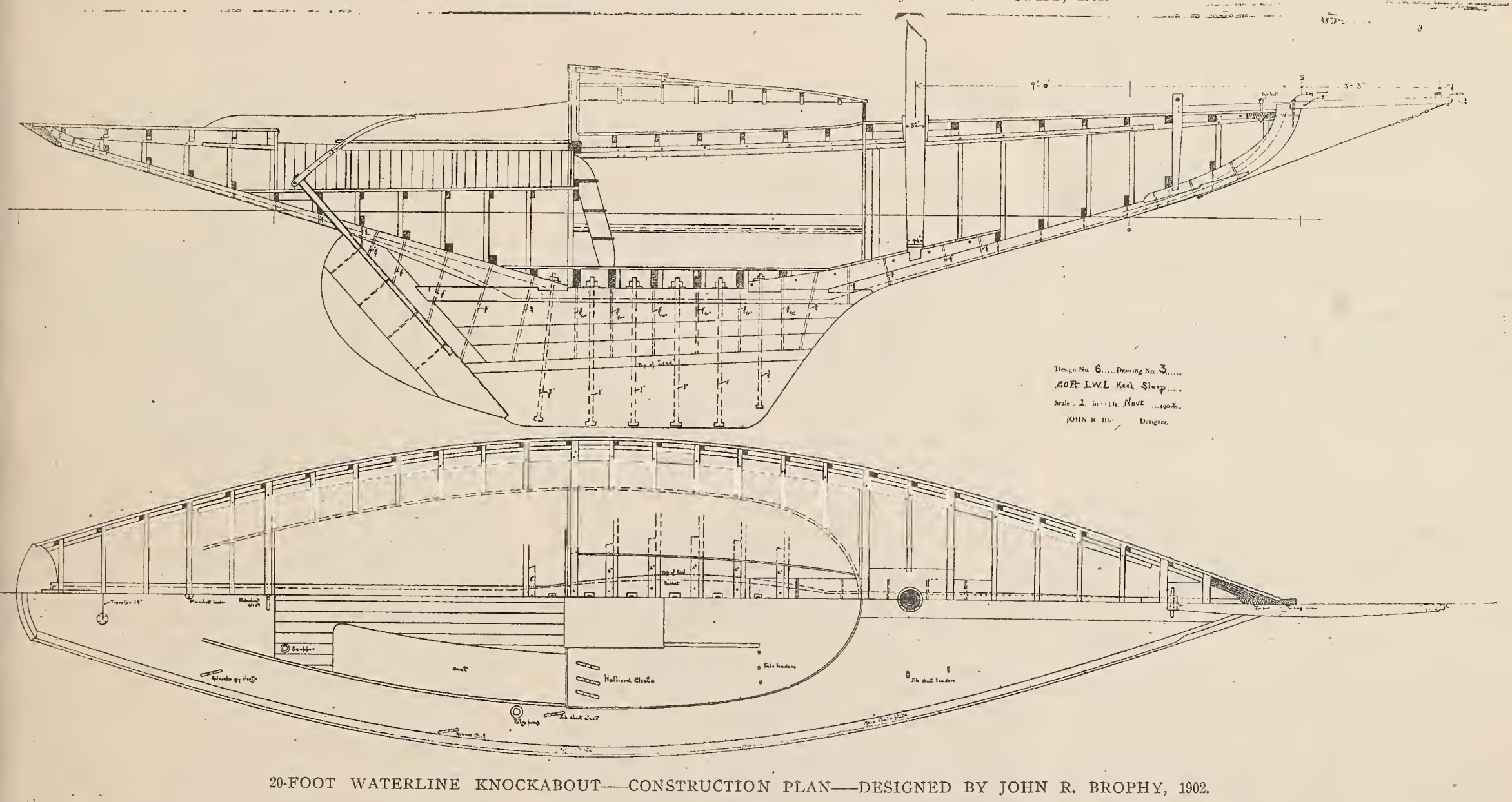
Detroit sportsmen's show, Feb. 10-14, is beginning to attract attention now, especially by reason of the tournament, which will be managed by Jack Parker, J. L. Head and A. D. Caldwell, all prominent in the sporting goods trade and sure to influence others of like prominence. It is not thought Chicago will hold a show this winter, so the boys can concentrate on Detroit, and see there the newest things in guns, autos, and other necessaries of life. E. HOUGH.

American Championship Field Trial Club.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Mr. Charles B. Cooke having resigned as secretary of the American Championship Field



20-FOOT WATERLINE KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY JOHN R. BROPHY, 1902.



20-FOOT WATERLINE KNOCKABOUT—CONSTRUCTION PLAN—DESIGNED BY JOHN R. BROPHY, 1902.

Trial Club, I hereby appoint Mr. J. E. Isgrigg secretary pro tem. Mr. Isgrigg has kindly consented to assume the duties of the position until the annual meeting of the Club, to take place at Chicago during the last week of March, next, at which time officers for the ensuing year are to be elected. All communications relating to the American Championship Field Trial Club should be addressed to Mr. J. E. Isgrigg, Chicago, Ill. Box 166.

JAMES PEASE,
President American Championship Field Trial Club.

The Hardy Catalpa.

THE Bureau of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, of which Mr. Gilford Pinchot is chief, has recently issued a very interesting and useful Bulletin, giving a description of the hardy catalpa in commercial plantations by Mr. Wm. L. Hall, superintendent of tree planting, to which is added remarks on the diseases of this tree by Hermann von Schrenck, Pathologist in charge of the Mississippi Valley Laboratory.

It has not been generally known that the catalpa is of great value as a commercial tree, especially for such purposes as fence posts, telegraph and telephone posts and railroad ties, but its value has recently been fully demonstrated. It ranks with locust and osage orange in durability while surpassing them in rate of growth and other qualities. Its value has led to extensive plantings west of the Mississippi River, and it has proved itself to be a useful tree and one which returns a good yield on capital invested. The tree is native to the Ohio Valley, but it has been planted in Southern Iowa, Nebraska and eastern Kansas, with very favorable results.

The report at hand considers four large plantations, concerning which a multitude of facts are given and many beautiful illustrations, and then draws conclusions from the study of these plantations. Mr. von Schrenck's paper shows that this tree is subject to very few diseases.

Yachting.

Twenty-Foot Waterline Knockabout.

THE lines of a 20ft. racing length knockabout published in the current issue are by Mr. John R. Brophy, of Brooklyn. The craft is designed for sailing principally in the lower bay, and when completed will be enrolled in the New York Canoe Club and the Brooklyn Y. C. She will be entered in all of the races occurring on Gravesend Bay, to which she is eligible.

The drawings call for a staunch boat of large displacement and small percentage of ballast, designed to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound rules. The boat, however, measures practically the same under the new rule of the New York Y. C. For the sake of comparison the rating under each rule is given.

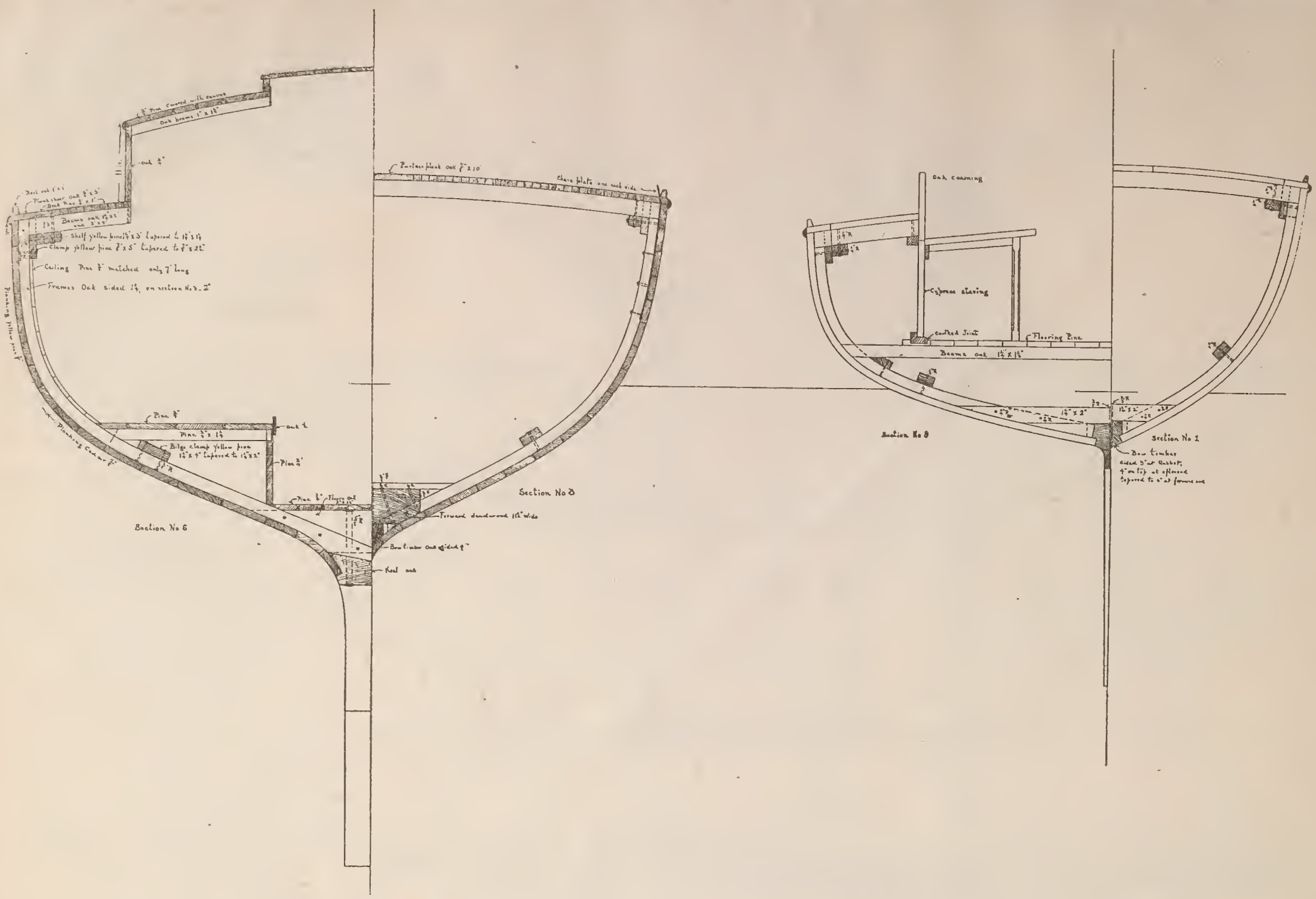
The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	30ft.
L. W. L.	20ft.
Breadth—	
At deck	7ft. 6in.
At L. W. L.	7ft.
Draft—	
Greatest	5ft.
To rabbet	2ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 7in.
Aft (at side line)	2ft.
Least	1ft. 8in.
Displacement (100 cubic feet)	6,400 lbs.
Lead keel	3,000 lbs.
Sail area—	
Actual	595 sq. ft.
New York Y. C. new rule	626 sq. ft.
Y. R. A., L. I. S.	614 sq. ft.
Area of midship section—	
Submerged (No. 5½)	10.62 sq. ft.
L. W. L. plane	97.91 sq. ft.
Lateral plane, including rudder	58.66 sq. ft.
R. M., new rule New York Y. C.	20.2 ft.
R. L., new rule Y. R. A., L. I. S.	20.89 ft.
Center of buoyancy, from fore end of l. w. l.	10.8¾ft.
Center of gravity, from fore end of l. w. l.	11.0¾ft.
Center of lateral resistance, from fore end of l. w. l.	11.8 ft.
Center of effort of sails, from fore end of l. w. l.	10.8¾ft.

The Origin of the Centerboard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having seen from time to time some controversy in various papers of the country relative to the centerboard and the invention thereof as applied to sailing vessels, I thought I would give you my version of the same which



20-FOOT WATERLINE KNOCKABOUT—SECTIONS—DESIGNED BY JOHN R. BROPHY, 1902.

I have every reason to believe to be true.

During the last quarter of the last century the farm adjoining the hotel property on the south side of the mouth of Woodbury Creek, fronting on the Delaware River, was the homestead of John Wilkins, one of the judges of old Gloucester County, New Jersey. He had four sons, one of whom was named Benjamin, and who was elected sheriff of the county in the year 1818. He was allotted this farm and occupied it after his father's death. An indentured apprentice, Joseph Curtz, father of the author of this history, was trained to manhood with these hopeful boys. The father being wealthy and having a large business could afford to allow his boys to spend their time in making bateaus and skiffs and sailing them on the river and creeks when not engaged in other light employment. The farm adjoining Woodbury Creek on the north was at this time owned by John Whitall, who had a son named Mark. He was a friend of the Wilkins boys and like them, spent much of his time in boating. The Whitall farm is the well known Red Bank, the site of Fort Mercer, where the Hessian regiment was repulsed by Colonel Christopher Green with his Rhode Island regiment on October 22, 1777. It is a remarkable coincidence that Red Bank's defenders should belong to a place famous in later years for sailing yachts. Of the many cruises taken by this party in their small boats, one is worth mentioning. They were present at the execution of the two pirates convicted in 1799, who were hung on the lower end of Windmill Island, which at that time extended to a point opposite Washington avenue.

The Wilkins boys at an early day began to experiment with a board slid through the bottom of their skiff. How much they were aided in this manner by Mark Whitall and young Curtz it is impossible to say. This was then termed the slide in the keel or in common parlance, sliding keel. In a few years the neighborhood termed it centerboard, which name it has retained to the present. The first large boat built by these boys was the property of both families and was built on the Whitall farm in or about the year 1820. She was very properly named Red Bank, and was used for carrying produce to market, in fact none of the craft ever built by these families were designed as racing machines. The centerboard proved so successful that this craft outsailed all the Philadelphia boats on the lower Delaware. After the Philadelphia races were won they went to Baltimore on a challenge to race with boats on the Chesapeake. After the first Baltimore race was over one of the beaten crew said to the owners of the Delaware boat, "You have got something stuck down through the middle of your boat; I know it for no boat can sail so close to the wind without something to hold her and I have come here to see what it is." "Here is the board that holds her," exclaimed Captain Wilkins, "a Jersey invention and one you will have to adopt." For the first time he saw a centerboard boat, the invention of Wilkins and Whitall. In the winter of 1821-2 two boats were built, one named Mark Whitall and owned by that family, the other named James Lawrence, in honor of the naval hero in the war of 1812 and owned by the Curtz brothers, Peter and Joseph, who then occupied farms in the neighborhood. The dimensions of these boats I am unable to give, the owners and designers being unostentatious, and therefore never dreamed that they were making history. It is believed that they were about the same size and had but little variation in the style of their centerboards. The height of the Lawrence's mast I learned incidentally. After the U. S. S. North Carolina was launched she was taken down the river and laid for some days at Fort Mifflin. Father Curtz visited her, going there in the Lawrence. In after years I heard him remark that the gunwales of the ship were just thirty feet above the water and the top of the Lawrence's mast was just on a level with it. The fourth boat with a centerboard was named "Count Donop" in honor of the Hessian Colonel, who commanded the attacking force at the battle of Red Bank, and who is buried there, having died the day after the battle. This craft was owned entirely by Benjamin Wilkins, who built it in the spring of 1828. She lasted about 20 years, being known from the Bay up to Bordentown, and she served as a model for all the centerboard boats of the age. Of course she was the favorite of the neighborhood, but the principle having become thoroughly adopted, retirement from business caused it to be the last boat built by the inventors. In later years, racing having become a popular sport, the rules governing it became fixed on what was deemed just principles. One was that boats were restricted to a certain length and allotted to a class consistent with their length. Therefore, Rufus G. Wilkins, son of Benjamin, who was in the boat building business in Camden where he started nearly sixty years ago always constructed his boats in a shape that resembled an inverted flatiron approximately. A boat named Megonigal was brought out by Wilkins in 1854. In a certain regatta she outstripped the fleet so much that her fame reached the seaboard towns of the Eastern States. Two gentlemen interested in the racing of yachts came from Rhode Island specially to see the Megonigal. They were shown the craft by Captain Wilkins and on seeing it they said they were boatmen and not greenhorns and had come in the interests of other yachtsmen, their object being to see the boat in order that they might obtain some points that would enable them to construct craft of greater speed than those they had at the time. Captain Wilkins took them to Cooper's Point Hotel nearby and had his boat and himself identified and his truthfulness guaranteed.

About fifty years ago a Mr. Clark of a New York boat building firm attempted to claim the invention of the centerboard as belonging to a Rhode Island party. Captain Wilkins took up the matter and opened correspondence with Mr. Clark. His father was then alive and he furnished all the details which were sent to the New York parties. Mr. Clark at once yielded the claim squarely and honorably, remarking that he felt sure that it was a Yankee invention and that he did not heretofore know that the inventors were Jersey Yankees.

It is astonishing that an invention so simple should not have been generally used long before it was. A century has passed since the Wilkins boys began their experiments. It was adopted in their neighborhood when their market boats became known. They never applied for a patent. In this respect they were like Professor Henry, who, when a college boy at old Nassau Hall, invented the magnetic telegraph, that is, the little magic coil of wire, designated as the magnetic stop. This is the soul of the principle. While using the invention to communicate between the college and his boarding house, a prominent citizen said to him, "Why, professor, do you not get out a patent for your valuable invention?" "I am not a patent man, he replied: "I can earn as much money as I need without taking out patent rights, therefore, if this invention is of any use to the public they can take it and use it as they please." So with the Wilkins family, they imitated Jefferson, then the country's President, and despised the patent system. Mark Whitall was very enthusiastic over the invention. On a certain occasion when at a hotel in Philadelphia, now known as the Ridgeway House, he was told of a circumstance of fast boat sailing in some other waters, perhaps in the Delaware Bay. His informant declared that neither Philadelphia boats nor any other could beat her. "Can't beat her! Can't beat her!" exclaimed Mark, warming up and instantly springing to his feet. "I will take Christ Church steeple, put on a cat rig, run a centerboard through it and beat it to hell." An old Quaker happened to be standing near, and being horrified at this profanity, laid his hand on Mark's shoulder and solemnly said, "Ah, my young friend, thee can beat it to hell, but thee will have a hard beat back." It is proper to tell the reader to observe that the boats which thus served as pioneers of the idea were not mere racing machines. Utility was never sacrificed in their construction or their safety, and carrying qualities were always well considered.

The reason the invention was not generally adopted is mainly owing to the force of precedent. Notwithstanding the fact that John Bull was perhaps clumsy, he was mostly looked to by New York and New England men for the model in boat building. This in turn tended to deceive the English people and led them to believe that a cutter was the ne plus ultra principle. Had the owner of the yacht Thistle gone to Philadelphia and South Jersey to investigate the merits of the centerboard, the chef d'œuvre of American yachtsmen, he would never have brought a cutter here to win a race. Whenever modesty and merit come in contact with approbativeness the latter is apt to meet with disappointment. Had a New York or New England man invented the centerboard it would have been adopted long ago in England; but South Jersey and its trading metropolis, Philadelphia, were looked upon by them as the Jews looked upon Nazareth. The hesitancy with which New Englanders adopted the centerboard evidently tended to lead the English people into their mistake. In conclusion I wish to say that it seems strange to me that this history has not been brought forth before, as these are well-known facts in the neighborhood where they occurred.

H. L. SHAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec 29.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 13.—A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Manchester Y. C. was held last Tuesday at which it was voted to allow the yachts of other clubs to compete in the trial races to select a challenger for the Seawanhaka challenge cup. It may be well doubted, however, if the yachtsmen from other clubs will be very anxious to build boats under the conditions laid down by the committee. While it is provided that outside yachts can compete, it is stipulated that the handling of any of the boats may be confined to one crew selected by the Manchester Y. C., and that this crew shall have the whole say in regard to which boat shall be selected. The sense of the vote upon the question is as follows:

"Whereas, the agreement between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C. contains the following clause:

"'Article 22.—The provisions stating that the helmsman must be named in writing 24 hours before the first

race is waived, and, in lieu thereof, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C. shall furnish, each to the other or their representatives, a certificate of the following terms: Messrs. (giving names), who are chosen to sail on the representative yacht of this club, are members of the club and are amateurs in the spirit of the word.'

"Therefore, it is voted that a committee of three be appointed by the executive committee from among the members of the Manchester Y. C. to select any number of boats which they may see fit to represent the Manchester Y. C. in races on Lake St. Louis next July; and that the committee be also empowered to select from among members of the Manchester Y. C. a crew of four men to handle such boats, and that this crew be allowed to name such substitutes as they see fit from among members of the Manchester Y. C., and that they shall also have the full decision as to the boat which is to represent the Manchester Y. C. in the Seawanhaka cup races."

The committee of three elected as provided above were E. S. Grew, H. B. Pearson and A. M. Merriam.

An 85ft. auxiliary schooner has been ordered from Small Bros. by Mr. W. Amory Gardner, who is at present owner of the old cup defender Mayflower. The model for the new schooner was worked out by Capt. Small, who has been Mr. Gardner's sailing master for 16 years, and the layout of the ship was also devised by him, while the lines were perfected by Small Bros. The yacht will be built by Rice Bros., of East Boothbay, Me., and it is expected that her cost will be about $40,000. Her sails will be made by Wilson and Silsby. She will be entirely of wood construction, very heavy for cruising purposes. There will be 50 tons of ballast, 40 tons of which will be on the outside and 10 tons inside. She will carry a 40-horse power gasoline engine.

The principal dimensions of the new yacht will be 125ft. over all, 85ft. waterline, 24ft. beam and 12ft. draft of hull. She will be a centerboard, and, with the board down, will draw about 20ft. Her displacement will be 138 tons and she will carry 8,285 square feet of sail in her working sails. The lines show a well-turned boat, with easy lines. Her overhangs are generous, although not abnormal, and she has a very pretty sheer. She should be a good handler in a seaway and should also be able to get along at a good clip under sail. Her motor will take her along in calm weather at the rate of from 5 to 7 miles an hour.

Below decks she has been well cut up and there is the appearance of freedom and room all over her. There is an exceptionally well appointed galley with the maximum of space and light. The officers' and crew's quarters and the galley are finished in butternut. The main saloon and staterooms are finished in mahogany and white enamel. There are 5 staterooms in all.

At the annual meeting of the Squantum Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Hon. C. M. Bryant; Vice-Com., G. W. Glover; Rear-Com., C. J. Hendrie; Sec'y, E. M. Tribou; Treas., A. L. Hill; Meas., F. M. David; Trustee, F. J. Stewart; Regatta Committee: W. J. Croucher, E. J. Hendrie, E. J. Patterson and Dr. F. A. Locke.

The Volunteer Y. C., of Lynn, has elected the following officers: Com., W. B. Newhall; Vice-Com., U. S. Hogan; Fleet Capt., C. W. Macomber; Sec'y and Treas., O. M. Farley; Meas., C. B. Taylor; Directors, F. W. Martin, O. N. Robbins and H. A. Alley; Regatta Committee, G. G. S. Butterick, P. J. Heaslip, F. S. Sawyer, F. R. Humphrey and F. S. Sherry.

At the annual meeting of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., held at the town house last Saturday, the following officers were elected: Com., E. P. Boynton, schooner Magnolia; Vice-Com., G. E. Hills, launch Kasagi; Rear-Com., Alfred Douglas, sloop Shyessa; Sec'y, William Avery Cary; Treas., Dexter M. Smith; Meas., W. E. Sherriffs; Executive Committee for two years, Charles Hayden and L. M. Clark; Membership Committee for two years, B. S. Permar and Arthur Prince Shaw; Regatta Committee for two years, Foster Hooper and C. C. Clapp.

Kiley's yacht agency has sold the 62-ft. schooner Recruit to Edward F. Blake, of Mystic, Conn., the 30-ft. naphtha launch Flirt to E. H. Dickinson and the 28ft. cat Stride to Frank B. Darrow, of Newport. The same agency has sold the 90-ft. steam yacht Eileen to George L. Goodwin of St. Louis, who will use her on Lake Champlain.

The 35-footer Bacchante has recently been sold through the agency of Frank N. Tandy to T. H. Dougherty, of Philadelphia, by the George Lawley & Son Corporation. Mr. Richmond, the former owner, gave the Bacchante in part payment for a larger boat, which Lawley is now building for him. The Bacchante was designed by Fred Lawley and built by Lawley in 1900. She is 55ft. over all, 35ft. load waterline, 12ft. 6in. beam, 8ft. draft.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

English Letter.

I MUST correct the list of names of owners in the new South Coast one-design class, as given in my last letter. Capt. J. Orr-Ewing is not a member of the class. He is a very ardent yachtsman and a member of the Y. R. A. Council. His attitude has been bluntly opposed to the new class on the ground that it will take the place of open racing. The list of names as I gave it, was published in many London papers, but it appears to have been sent to them anonymously, and the inclusion of Capt. Orr-Ewing's name was probably due to inadvertence, such as causes tradesmen to send in their bills occasionally after they have been paid.

The boats are to be 33ft. on the loadline by 9ft. 6in. broad, and the good sail spread of 1,550 sq. ft. They will have one cabin, with lavatory forward of it, and a good cockpit aft. In fact, they are pretty certain to be good little boats, but the better they are the more harm they will do.

The sub-committee appointed by the Y. R. A. Council to consider what alteration, if any, should be made in the luffing rule, has returned a report that they have examined all other rules on the point, and can advise no change, but that an explanatory footnote to the rule should state that a leeward vessel's right to luff ceases when, if she luffed, or continued her luff, her bowsprit, or stem, would strike the weather vessel abaft the main rigging. I fancy there is still room for dispute in a case where the weather boat protests on the ground that she was luffed too long and when no foul occurs. According to the "explanation," as I read it, a foul is the only conclusive proof as to whether the rule has been violated or not, and many an owner on a breezy day will prefer to be luffed far off his course rather than risk a foul, lodging a protest afterward.

To my mind, the simplest rule is to let the lee boat luff as she likes, and hold the weather boat responsible for all fouls, provided, of course, that the weather boat has, while on that point of sailing, had the option of taking the lee passage. I can see no hardship in this, once the rule is thoroughly understood. If a vessel is disqualified by receiving a "parting kick," it would be her fault, not her misfortune.

A very instructive example of the way in which our Y. R. A. works has been afforded in the matter of the handicap classes. For months the yachting press has been hammering away at the necessity for the Association departing from its custom of official blindness to handicap racing, and taking steps to encourage it on a sound basis. Not an eyelid stirred among the members of the council, so far as the public is aware, and the upshot is that all the leading yacht owners met together on Dec. 16 and drew up a scheme (and a very complete one) for the better regulation of handicap racing. Having done this, they sent a spokesman, in the person of Colonel Dick, secretary of the Royal Thames Y. C., to wait upon the council at its next meeting, which was held a few days later. He submitted these plans, and, on behalf of the owners, asked for their adoption. The council promised to consider the matter, and will hold a meeting this month for the purpose. Now it is pretty safe to say that the council dare not refuse to recognize handicap racing after this, and even to follow very closely the suggestions made by the owners. To pursue the policy of masterly inactivity will at this juncture assuredly lead to a rival association being established by the owners. That seems to me to be a very weakening position for the Y. R. A. to occupy, and yet it is absolutely characteristic. A thoroughly well-meaning body, no doubt, but hopelessly slow in intelligent anticipation. The following are proposals made by the owners. It will be seen that they deal with every class, down to the smallest:

For the purpose of classifying and for ascertaining any alteration of yachts, we strongly recommend that all yachts in the recognized handicap races be measured and have certificates granted to them under the following formulæ:

$$\frac{\text{L. W. L.} \times \text{S. A.}}{6{,}000} = \text{Handicap Classification.}$$

That Y. R. A. Rules 17 and 63 shall as far as the same are applicable apply to such certificates.

That the clubs be strongly recommended to divide, as far as may be practicable, their handicaps into the following classes:

First Class.—Yachts exceeding 65, handicap classification.

Second Class.—Yachts exceeding 30 but not exceeding 65, handicap classification.

Third Class.—Yachts exceeding 15 but not exceeding 30, handicap classification.

Fourth Class.—Yachts exceeding 9 and not exceeding 15, handicap classification.

That the maximum time allowance, in each of the above classes, be limited to one minute per mile over the course.

That a handicap committee be appointed by the Yacht Racing Association.

That handicaps be framed for a series not exceeding five races, after which the committee shall meet, if considered necessary, to re-adjust the handicaps.

That owners or their representatives authorized, in writing, be given the opportunity of attending before the handicap committee, and tendering such information as they may consider necessary for the proper framing of the handicaps.

It is reported here that Mr. George Gould is negotiating for the charter of the new turbine steam yacht, lately launched for Sir Christopher Furness. The vessel is not nearly ready for her trials, therefore such an arrangement is somewhat unique.

Several new steam yachts have just been ordered for next season. Mr. Andrew Coats, owner of the 52ft. racing cutter, Camellia, has ordered a vessel of 450 tons, yacht measurement, to be built by Messrs. D. & W. Henderson, Glasgow. Mr. F. C. Capel has ordered a steamer of 250 tons, and Mr. P. M. Inglis, of Glasgow, has ordered a vessel of about 400 tons. Mr. Inglis is the owner of the 65ft. racing cutter Nevada, designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, during his stay in this country.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 12.—That good shooting with both rifle and shotgun cannot reasonably be expected of the same person is no news to old shooters, and we are beginning to appreciate the fact from bitter experience. All of our members who have taken an active part recently in trapshooting, and who have made good scores at clay birds, have dropped far below their average in rifle practice. Blandford held up for a long time, but after breaking 34 out of 35 clay birds, all swift ones, he, too, succumbed. Following are our scores for week ending Jan. 10:

Five shots at 50ft., ¼in. 25-ring target: Frank Tompkins 119, 121; H. Gurlach 112, 111, Fred Tompkins 112; Willie Wheeler 116, 112, 111; James Schmidt 114; H. S. Orchard 119; D. Brandreth 122; C. G. Blandford 120, 116, 113, 120, 123, 122; Amos Bedell 107.

Rifle matches at 50ft.: N. Tuttle 115, 116, 112. Wm Fisher 107, 112, 105. Wm. Fisher 112, Jas. Schmidt 106.

Pistol scores at 50ft.: Wm. Fisher 42, N. Tuttle 73. E. Ball 100.

Pistol matches at 50ft.: C. G. Blandford 104, 106, E. F. Ball 99, 101.

Ten-shot scores at 75ft., same target: Geo. Tompkins 225, A. Bedell 217, C. G. Blandford 237, 227, 233; E. F. Ball 224, 224, 230; D. Brandreth 225.

Matches at 75ft.: C. G. Blandford 223, 237, 220; E. F. Ball 218, 226, 212.

In the re-entry match for non-members, Frank Tompkins is high with 242, H. S. Orchard second with 241. E. F. B.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Jan. 13-15.—El Paso, Texas.—Grand midwinter carnival shooting tournament, under auspices of the El Paso Gun Club. W. H. Shelton, Sec'y.

Jan. 13.-16.—Hamilton, Can.—Hamilton Gun Club's thirteenth annual grand Canadian live-bird handicap tournament.

Jan. 15.—Guttenburg, N. J.—Eastern three-man team live-bird championship, $7.50 per team, birds extra. For information address Gus Greiff, 318 Broadway, New York.

Jan. 26-30.—Brenham, Texas.—Second annual Sunny South Handicap; live birds and targets.

Feb. 10-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May —.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. T. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June —.—Schenectady, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selembier, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the second annual Sunny South Handicap can be obtained on application to Mr. Alf. Gardiner, Brenham, Texas. The dates are Jan. 26 to 31. The Sunny South Handicap is fixed to take place on Jan. 28 and 29. The conditions are 25 live birds, $20 entrance, birds included, handicaps 26 to 31yds., four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and in addition to first money, the winner will receive a handsome silver cup, value $100. Entries close Jan. 20; forfeit, $5. Penalty entries may be made after Jan. 10, up to the time the last man fires at his second bird by paying $5 extra. The Grand American handicaps of 1902 will govern. A special committee will handicap those who did not shoot in the G. A. H. All ties for trophy will be shot miss-and-out. The first day, Jan. 28, has two events, one 8 birds, $5 entrance, birds included, high guns; one 12 birds, $8 entrance, high guns, four moneys in each event. On the second day the Preliminary Handicap is on the programme, 16 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included; class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. On the fifth and sixth days, the programme is devoted to target competition, the last event being the Sunny South Handicap at targets, 100 targets, $10, five moneys, handicaps 14 to 20yds.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager Interstate Association, Pittsburg, writes us as follows: "Please announce to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to hold the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., April 14, 15, 16 and 17. One thousand dollars will be added to the purses. Programmes containing detailed information will be ready for mailing March 4." He also adds that "the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Ottawa, Ill., Aug. 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club."

"The Western Girl" is playing to crowded houses in central New York State, and Mr. F. E. Butler was glowing with a feeling of just pride in Sportsman's Row, New York city, for several days past, in consequence, for the heroine is Annie Oakley (Mrs. Butler). For does not the support of the public signify the success of the actors? Is not the star the genuine "Little Sure Shot," famous for years as the incomparable lady shooter of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, and socially as a peer of true ladyhood. All her hosts of friends rejoice.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, who is well known as a popular trade representative, started early this week on a three months' trip through the Middle West, where he will visit the trade in the interest of his company. Nearly all the great cities north of the Ohio and west of the Rocky Mountains will be within his itinerary. He is an able business man, and most entertaining socially, so that his visit will be a distinct gain to those who have the good fortune to meet him.

Mr. D. S. Daudt, famous in the annals of Pennsylvania trapshooting competition, and Mr. T. W. Morfey, have made a match at 100 live birds each, $100 a side, to be shot some time in February next, at Rittersville, Pa. The date of the match will be announced in ample time for the information of all who are interested.

The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., contemplates broadening its sphere of action, as set forth in detail by our correspondent, Mr. Wm. Dutcher, elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

The second win on the Crescent Athletic Club's January cup was scored by Dr. George E. Pool, at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week. He scored 49 out of a possible 50.

At Seidersville, Pa., on Jan. 10, Mr. D. Daudt won a silver medal in a 12-bird event, killing 11 straight and shooting out his opponents in the eleventh round.

BERNARD WATERS.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10.—At the League's grounds, Holmesburg Junction, to-day, the two main events were the club shoot, 10 birds, handicap rise, and the officers' trophy event, 15 birds, handicap, best twelve scores out of twenty-two contests to count. This was the second contest of the officers' series.

The weather was exceedingly cold, yet there was a fairly good attendance.

In the club shoot, Rothaker and Budd were the only contestants who killed straight. The scores:

Rothacker, 29	2222222222—10	Butler, 28	00010101*2— 4
Russell, 28	0*2202222*— 6	Coffin, 28	2***110122— 6
Jackson, 30	*222222020— 7	Budd, 29	1111111122—10
Morris, 27	12011*1112— 8	Campbell, 28	*001212022— 6

Jackson was high in the officers' event with 14 out of a possible 15. The scores:

Rothacker, 29	222222202002222—12	Coffin, 28	0222211222*1121—13
Russell, 28	020222202222*12—11	Budd, 29	2202*2222021102—11
Jackson, 30	2222222221222120—14	Campbell, 27	2001222120220*2—10
Morris, 27	0111012022221l2—12	Van Loon, 28	112021*11101220—11

Special miss-and-out, 30yds. rise:

Van Loon	21221* —5	Jackson	2220 —3
Budd	2121111—7	Coffin	2122210—6
Morris	2212111—7	Campbell	2220 —3

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Bay Ridge.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 7.—Some members of the Crescent Athletic Club—Capt. Money, Messrs. Banks and Marshall—entertained the Messrs. Mallory and other friends at the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The event was marked by excellent shooting. Following are the scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	H	T
F E Mallory	21	18	24	22	24	24	24	23	0	23
E W Mallory	20	19	21	23	20	21	23	20	2	22
J W Stewart	20	18	18	18	18	18	22	13	2	15
J T Mallory	20	23	23	22	22	22	21	21	0	21
A J Stanchcliff	20	18	18	24	22	20	20	18	1	19
Capt Money	22	22	20	22	18	10	19	18	..	..
J T Skelly	23	22	22	22	23	21	21	21	..	..
J G Ewing	11	10	10	11	17	14	14	12	..	..
E Banks	21	23	18	23	22	24	20	25	..	..
Marshall	..	..	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 10.—The second contest for the Crescent Athletic Club's January cup resulted in a victory for Dr. George E. Pool.

The first event, at 15 targets, resulted in a tie between Messrs. W. W. Marshall and F. W. Bedford, Jr., and this tie was shot off in the contest for the January cup.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: W. W. Marshall (3) 13, Bedford (1) 13, Shepard (4) 12, Pool (0) 11, Banks (0) 10, F. B. Stephenson (0) 10, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (0) 10, O'Brien (2) 9, Bennett (3) 9, Hopkins (0) 9.

January Cup, 50 targets, handicap:

	H.	B.	T.	H.	B.	T.	Total.
Dr Pool	3	23	25	3	21	24	49
E Banks	0	23	23	0	24	24	47
F B Stephenson	1	24	25	1	19	20	45
R E Wigham	5	19	24	5	16	21	45
F T Bedford, Jr	3	20	23	3	18	21	44
L C Hopkins	5	16	21	5	17	22	43
G G Stephenson, Jr	2	20	22	2	18	20	42
D C Bennett	5	14	19	5	17	22	41
T W Stake	5	15	20	5	16	21	41
Dr Shepard	7	15	22	7	12	19	41
W W Marshall	6	16	22	6	9	15	37
Dr O'Brien	5	14	19	5	10	15	34

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Bennett (5) 25, Bedford (3) 25, F. B. Stephenson (1) 22, Dr. Pool (3) 21, Wigham (5) 21, Dr. Shepard (7) 20, O'Brien (5) 19, Banks (0) 16, W. W. Marshall (6) 15.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Bennett (5) 25, Bedford (3) 22.

Shoot for trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Bedford (3) 25, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (2) 24, W. W. Marshall (6) 23, Stake (5) 22, O'Brien (5) 22, Hopkins (5) 20, Sykes (4) 17, Wigham (5) 17, Pool (3) 16, Banks (0) 13.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Pape—Sanders—Ehlen.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 8.—The three-cornered match for $25 per man, between Messrs. H. Pape, W. Sanders and F. Ehlen, was won by Mr. Pape, with a score of 17 out of 25, Mr. Sanders being one less in his score, as the following will show:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1903, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

H Pape..... 2 0 * 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 * 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 –17

W Sanders..... 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 0 0 2 2 0 0 0 2 –16

F Ehlen..... 2 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 0 2 1 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 * 1 0 – 9

The rise was 31yds.

Riverside Shooting Association.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 8.—There were some special events of unusual interest. Mr. W. B. Widmann failed in his attempt to kill 21 out of 25 of Mr. Outwater's oak-tanned birds, he having no chance at the sixteenth round. Count Lenone's attempt to kill out of 10 was a failure also. The scores follow:

W B Widman, 30.....2001101210112120—11
Lenone, 30 .....0100100000 — 2

Sweeps, $5 entrance, 10 birds:

Widmann, 30	1101221110— 8	1201111110— 8
Lenone, 28	0011000000— 2	1111011011— 8
Heflich, 30	1220222222— 9	2222222222—10
Wells, 28	2222020202— 8	.....
Outwater, 30	0010000010— 2	2011111211— 9
Kattengill, 28	0102022221— 7	0212201201— 7
Flishmann, 28	1212202220— 8	2222202211— 9
Barbari, 28	0100000100— 2	.....
Dr Hudson, 28	1101221021— 8	.....
Gerfoling, 28	0111101011— 7	.....

Three-dollar sweep:

Hesper, 28	00011—2	Barbari, 28	20021—3
Solderina, 28	00122—3	Beamer, 28	12011—4
Galls, 28	21120—4		

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 10.—The shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club this afternoon was quite a success.

Nine shooters put in an appearance with guns, and several without them. Capt. Money came down early, and along with Garry Hopper went out to the grounds and had a little 15-bird contest by themselves. A great many of the birds were exceptionally good; in fact, as Garry and the Captain put it after two or three misses, "Those birds actually beat me that time." When you hear expressions of this kind from such shooters as Capt. Money and Garry Hopper, the birds must be good. There are a number of cases of sickness among the members of this club at the present time, and such good shots as Aaron Doty has not been able to get to the grounds for several weeks. Billy Stalter is down. Johnny Powers has serious sickness at home, and several others are on the sick list.

The crowd was quite large to-day. The club house was comfortably filled, and nicely warmed for their comfort. We shot 300 birds to-day, starting at 1 o'clock and back in town again by 4:30.

The club expects to enter two teams in the Eastern team contest, Jan. 15. Capt. Money, Garry Hopper and Arthur Bunn will represent the first team; Morgan, Geo. Hopper and Ed Klotz the second team.

The Jackson Park Gun Club has under consideration at the present time a matter which I think will take final shape, and is what you may term a team shoot at live birds for amateurs belonging to organized gun clubs in the State of New Jersey, barring all paid representatives. The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, was organized for the purpose of promoting the sport among the amateur class, but it does not bar any gentleman shooter, whether paid or not. We always extend a cheerful welcome to any one who wishes to pay us a visit, and everybody is welcome to take part in the shooting.

If the Jackson Park Gun Club agrees to take hold of any shoot such as we have under consideration, we will endeavor to show the shooting public that we don't do things by halves. It will be either a three or five-man team, at about 15 birds, with a valuable trophy for the winning team, and a division of the purse made up from the entrance money.

WM. DUTCHER.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 10.—The regular shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day was well attended. The drawing cards were two cups, which were hotly contested for. The first handicap was won by C. G. Blandford, the only scratch man with 25 straight. Hans, with his handicap of 4, misses as breaks, also made 25, but as he did not enter for the cup, Blandford took it without a shoot-off.

The second cup was not won so easily. Barlow and P. B. had a spirited shoot-off, in which Barlow won on the last bird. Coleman had the misfortune to break his gun stock, which made him flinch on most every bird. P. B. very thoughtfully brought along a box of cigars, which were enjoyed by the shooters.

Our next big shoot will be on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, a copy of the programme of which is herewith appended:

The following are the scores:

Targets:	25	*	T	25	*	T	5	10
P B	20	3	23	22	3	25	4	..
W Coleman	15	3	18	18	4	22	5	9
E Ball	20	1	21	21	1	22	5	9
R Kromer, Jr	w	1	..	..	..	..	4	..
Hans	21	4	25	20	4	24	5	8
J Barlow	18	5	23	21	5	25	..	..
C Blandford	25	0	25	..	..	..	5	9
J Foley	15	6	21	11	7	18	5	..
A Bedell	22	1	23	..	..	..	..	9
W Fisher	15	4	19	..	..	..	4	10
A Rohr	8	9	17	12	12	24	3	..
E Becker	..	..	..	16	2	18	..	6

*Misses as breaks.

The programme of the Washington's Birthday shoot, Feb. 23, is as follows:

Events 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 9 are at 15 targets each, $1.30 entrance; No. 5, inter-county team shoot, seven-man teams, 25 birds each, optional sweep.

While No. 5 is being shot, No. 6, a 25-bird match, will be run over a set of expert traps, Sergeant system, all at 16yds., entrance $2. First high gun, silver cup and first money.

Event 8, 10 pairs, $1.40 entrance.

Event 10, 50-target handicap, 25 over magautrap, 25 over expert traps, handicaps, 14 to 20yds., open to all.

Shooting commences at 10 A. M. sharp. Rose system, except No. 6, which is high gun. Those shooting through entire programme, except No. 5, will get a rebate of half a cent per target. Professionals may shoot for money in event No. 10 only. Magautrap and expert traps used. Prepay shipment of shells to J. Curry Barlow, Ossining, and they will be delivered free. Trolley cars direct to grounds every ten minutes; fare 5 cents.

C. G. BLANDFORD, Capt.

WESTERN TRAP.

Trap at Cripple Creek.

CRIPPLE CREEK, Colo., Jan. 2.—The following are the scores made here at a little shoot gotten up on New Year's Day at the Cripple Creek Shotgun Club's grounds. The shoot was at targets only, and a magautrap was used.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	14	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	25	25	10
Matlock	6	12	8	5	9	5	8	19	20	17	20	20	..	..
Dingman	8	11	8	9	8	9	9	21	21	21	20	21	23	8
Huff	9	13	8	8	10	5	9	19	21	23	23	21	..	..
King	7	13	8	5	9	5	5	20	22	21	21	21	..	8
Mitten	9	11	8	4	7	6	..	..	23	15	..	..	..	..
Jones	8	12	6	7	10	9	6	20	19	22	23	22	..	5
Price	8	11	7	8	8	6	8	17	20	22	18	22	..	1
Curry	6	10	6	4	7	4	7	13	20	..	..	..	..	..
Fryberger	9	9	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forrest	..	..	9	6	7	7	5	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cunningham	..	..	3	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mercer	..	..	..	3	5	3	7	..	..	21	..	..	..	..
G C Stoddard	..	..	..	8	7	9	7	21	21	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	9	9	10	8	18	20	22	21	21	..	..
Tolman	..	..	..	..	9	9	10	23	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	16	15	..	..	..
Steinheimer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	21	15	20	..	..	..
Redmon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	20	20	..	..	..	..
Stoddard, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..

CAMEO.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 5.—Herewith is the complete record of those who finished in the Cincinnati Gun Club cash prize contests, which wound up Saturday, Jan. 3., with their ten best scores, distances at which they were made, their average distance, and their percentage; also the total number of targets shot at by each contestant who qualified (to do which they had to take part in eighteen contests), with percentages in full.

There were twenty-seven contests in all, or 1,350 targets. As you can see by sheet, Ed Trimble was the only one to take part in all contests:

Distance, yards....	20	19	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	22	Av. Dist.	19.9
R Trimble	48	47	47	46	46	45	44	44	44	44	455	.910
Distance	19	18	18	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	Av. Dist.	18.6
Ahlers	48	46	46	46	43	42	42	42	42	42	439	.878
Distance	18	18	18	18	17	19	19	18	18	18	Av. Dist.	18.1
Gambell	45	42	42	42	42	42	42	41	41	41	420	.840
Distance	19	18	19	17	16	20	18	16	17	18	Av. Dist.	17.8
Randall	46	44	43	43	42	42	41	40	40	39	420	.840
Distance	18	17	17	17	18	17	17	18	18	18	Av. Dist.	17.5
E Trimble	46	44	44	43	41	41	41	40	39	39	418	.836
Distance	18	16	18	18	17	18	19	19	19	18	Av. Dist.	18
Coleman	45	44	44	43	42	41	40	40	40	39	418	.836
Distance	17	18	18	18	17	16	18	18	17	19	Av. Dist.	17.6
Van Ness	46	44	43	41	41	39	39	39	39	39	410	.820
Distance	17	17	18	18	17	15	16	18	18	18	Av. Dist.	17.2
Block	45	42	42	41	41	40	40	40	40	38	409	.818
Distance	18	18	17	17	18	18	19	18	17	17	Av. Dist.	17.7
Medico	44	43	41	41	41	41	40	39	39	39	408	.816

Percentage of contestants who qualified:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
R Trimble	1250	1052	.842	Littleford	950	684	.720
Ahlers	1300	1041	.801	Capt	1000	716	.716
Gambell	1100	874	.795	Roll	1000	707	.707
Coleman	900	713	.781	J B	1200	828	.690
Medico	1200	916	.763	Herman	1150	780	.679
E Trimble	1350	1026	.760	Falk	1300	874	.672
Block	950	721	.759	Corry	1250	824	.659
Randall	1200	898	.748	Boyd	1050	684	.651
Van Ness	1250	910	.721	Butts	950	609	.641

White Plains Gun Club.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Jan. 1.—The appended scores were made by members of the White Plains Gun Club and visitors from neighboring clubs on R. Blake's club grounds. There was a very nice gathering of shooters. The day was a grand one. There were twelve events shot during the day, most of which were at 15 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15
G Molenaor	8	7	7	8	6	10	..	..
D McAndles	6	6	5	8	5	..	9	11
J Carpenter	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	..
J Read	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..
Z Flenellyn	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..
R Priggee	..	..	..	..	4	9	9	10
C Bernard	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	14
L Platt	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15
E Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12
Schermer	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
C Sutton	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12
E Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9
C Hope	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
E Ward	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12
L Priggee	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11
Hazel	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10
M Ball	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9
J Demerest	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9
Howatt	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 10.—To-day's practice shoot brought out eight men. With the temperature close to the zero point, a strong west wind sweeping across the grounds, and an inexperienced boy riding the trap in "a steady-by-jerks" fashion, made shooting difficult, and good scores impossible.

Four events were shot off, however, including one 25-bird four-man team event. In this event the Hitters, captained by Mr. Adriance, defeated the Missers, captained by Mr. Spencer, by four points. The Missers next week will try to turn the tables on them, in which event they will succeed to the better title. We admitted three new members the past week, two of whom are experienced trapshooters, and whose names have been prominent in these columns for some time, having been identified with other clubs. There is a general feeling among members that another tournament, held some time before warm weather comes on, would be a good thing for the club, and in all probability one will be announced in the near future.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	10	25	15	15	at.	Broke.
Adriance	8	17	12	11	65	48
Corlies	5	17	11	7	65	40
Briggs	7	18	10	..	50	35
Condit	10	19	13	14	65	56
Du Bois	7	18	10	14	65	49
Winans	8	14	12	12	65	46
Spencer	7	17	8	..	50	32
Perkins	6	18	10	..	50	34

SNANIWEH.

Point Breeze Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 10.—The main event was a miss-and-out for a gun. William Butler (McCoy) killed 15 straight and won the prize and $5.60; Fisher was second and won $14; McFalls was third and won $8.40.

A 10-bird match to-day between Fred Miller and A. Felix resulted in a tie, both men killing 6 birds. Scores:

First event, shoot for gun; money divided 20, 50 and 30 per cent.; miss-and-out:

McCoy, 30	222222212222222
Fisher, 30	12212221221221*
McFalls, 29	2221122212220
Reed, 29	21222110
Westcott, 30	2222220
Fleming, 27	22212220
Mink, 30	2222220
Fisher, 30	222222*
Delaney, 28	22221210
Hallowell, 27	12110
Miller, 30	22220
Westcott, 30	122220
Miller, 30	22220
Reed, 29	2120
Felix, 30	2220
Free, 27	22220
Felix, 30	220
Bye, 27	21220
McCoy, 30	220
Bell, 27	120
Westcott, 30	220
J Edwards, 30	220
Mink, 30	20
Wood, 26	10
Wilson, 27	20
Wilson, 27	20
Reed, 29	10
Wilson, 27	20
Miller, 30	20
Paulson, 27	20
Hallowell, 27	20
J Edwards, 30	20
Charlton, 27	10

Paist (27), Delaney (28), Free (27), Wake (27), Hallowell (27), Wood (26), Fisher (30), and Felix (30) all lost their first bird in the first round.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Startling Fact.

THERE is a calamity steadily but surely falling upon the people of the Northern and Western States, one that the physicians talk about and the newspapers of the country warn the people against, but little attention seems to be paid to the warning by those in power. We refer to the growning tendency of tuberculosis, lung and throat troubles. There should be provisions made by every State, and incorporated city and town, to get tuberculosis cases away from the people who are in ordinary health, so as to keep the disease from spreading. Attention is given to smallpox, because it is a quick-killing disease, yet tuberculosis is more terrible in every way—in the long suffering and sure death of the invalid. In the Northern and Western States there is hardly one chance out of a thousand for the tuberculous patient to get well, and as the disease is recognized as contagious by ninety-nine out of every hundred of the very best physicians, why is it some provision is not made to isolate the diseased person. What would be better than for each State and city to arrange to have a sanitarium in the pine woods of North Carolina and send those there who are not financially able to go themselves, and require those who are financially able to go there, for there many cases are permanently cured, and it seems that there is little or no chance for the disease to spread among the attendants and nurses. The large amount of ozone in the atmosphere seems to kill the tubercular germ as soon as it strikes the air, or at least before the sputum becomes dry, and it is admitted by specialists in lung troubles that there is little danger of the sputum until it becomes dry; therefore, if the germ is killed before the sputum dries there is no danger of the disease spreading in the pine woods referred to. The American Invalid Aid Society of Boston, a volunteer organization composed of such men as Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Upham, of the Youth's Companion; Mr. Clement, of the Transcript; Dr. J. Warren Achorn, and others, has, through the assistance of Mr. John T. Patrick, of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, sent many consumptives to the pine woods, and many of them have been permanently cured. Recently they commenced the erection of little houses down there, where the patients can be cared for, but this is only a start. What these benevolent minded men are doing ought to be taken up officially by the city of Boston and every other Northern city and State, and done in a wholesale way. We suggest that the health boards of our cities write to Mrs. E. W. Waite, 707 Tremont Building, Boston, secretary of the society referred to in Boston, and get some information on the subject, and perhaps, this society can lend some aid at once to get the invalids away this winter, and save the lives of many invalids and prevent the spread of the disease.

Washington.

THREE-DAY PERSONLALY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE next Pennsylvania Railroad personally-conducted tour to Washington leaves Thursday, Jan. 29. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and transfer of passenger and baggage, station to hotel in Washington, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, Ebbitt, Shoreham, Cochran, Gordon, Barton, or Hamilton hotels. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, National, or Colonial hotels, $2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn., informs us that at Springfield, Ill., Dec. 3 and 4, G. T. Hull won first average, scoring 362 out of 390 targets. Hugh M. Clark defeated him in a private match by a score of 95 out of 100 targets. On Christmas Day, at Dover, N. J., T. W. Morfey killed 24 out of 25 birds, winning first place. F. C. Riehl won first at the Dupont shoot, St. Louis, New Year's Day, killing 31 out of 32 birds. O. N. Ford, secretary of the Wapsie Gun Club, Central City, Ia., writes that he has won sixteen high averages during the past trapshooting season, averaging over 91 per cent. for the year. Mr. Ford has made seven runs of over 50 straight.

The catalogue for the year 1903 issued by the Andrew B. Hendryx Co., of New Haven, Conn., is a ponderous volume of 400 pages, describing and illustrating the very large variety of articles which they manufacture. Of these, to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the last 200 pages of the volume, devoted exclusively to fishing tackle, would seem to be the most interesting; but the first half of the book, containing a great variety of articles for the home, with bird cages as a specialty, will also interest many people. Those who are interested should write the Hendryx Co. for a copy of this catalogue.

This is the season at which people are beginning to contemplate the planting of their gardens for the coming summer, and seeds of all sorts must now be selected. The 1903—their one hundred and second successive annual—catalogue of Thorburn's seeds gives in its 128 pages what would seem to be a complete list of all the flowers and vegetable seeds, and the gardening tools, that one could need on a place. Those who are fortunate enough to possess gardens or facilities for growing plants should see this list.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, traveling representative of the American E. C. and Schultze Powder Company, left New York in the early days of this week for the purpose of visiting all the great cities of the Middle West, in the interest of his company.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

MAN AND NATURE.

THE economic value of wild life to man is as yet very imperfectly understood. Very few people think of or appreciate the fact that the wild creatures that civilization is constantly crowding more and more out of existence have to this same civilization a value in dollars and cents which is very great, though as yet we do not know how to measure this value.

Owing to the labors of persons interested in birds during the last fifteen or twenty years, many people have come to comprehend in slight measure the great services rendered to humanity by birds of almost every kind. Less than a generation ago an oriole singing in the garden in spring was thought to be destroying the peas, a robin in the cherry tree in early summer was regarded as an enemy because of the fruit he ate, while hawks and owls, no matter how small and feeble they might be, were thought of as capable of carrying off the farmers' geese and turkeys. In the face of many discouragements the bird lovers kept on preaching their doctrine. Nearly twenty years ago the FOREST AND STREAM gave birth to the Audubon Society idea, which now, taken up by a hundred associations throughout the land, is doing a vast amount of good. It is realized that not only insect eaters, but hawks and owls and gulls and terns and many other birds have a useful place in nature, and should not be wantonly destroyed. These are the more familiar aspects of the protection afforded to human society by wild things. But there are many others. And as our knowledge of nature and its processes increases, we are learning, though slowly, which are our friends in the animal world and which our enemies, and are learning also how to make use of one against the other.

It is not so very long since the California orchards were attacked by a scale insect which promised to destroy the trees and so to ruin their owners, but by the introduction of certain beneficial insects which preyed on the noxious ones, the California orchards were largely protected and a great encouragement was given to further attempts to protect plants from their enemies by setting upon these enemies their enemies—creatures which preyed on them.

In the same way, a few years ago the orange and lemon groves along the river Tagus in Portugal were attacked by a scale insect thought to be an immigrant from Australia. It was apparently without enemies in Portugal, and increased so as to threaten appalling injury to the orchards. Nevertheless, by importation from this country of a few specimens of a little predaceous beetle, known as *Novius,* which were at once bred in large numbers in captivity in Portugal, the ravages of the scale insect were checked. Colonies of the beneficial insect were established on about 500 estates, and these colonies sent out others, so that gardens and orchards that were completely infested by the scale insect and had been almost ruined, became clean and free from the pest that had so nearly accomplished their destruction.

The ravages of these minute injurious creatures are scarcely known except to those people whom they directly affect and to students of science. But cases of this kind are continually occurring. Only recently it is announced that the authorities of a parish on the Mississippi River in Louisiana have passed a local law forbidding the further destruction of alligators. This low-lying parish is protected from flooding at high stages of water in the Mississippi by the levee—a great dike which keeps the river from overflowing the fields and making the country uninhabitable. Muskrats abound along the river, and burrowing into the levee weaken it, and if their burrows pass entirely through it, cause leaks which are likely to destroy the structure.

Alligators were formerly very abundant here, and, according to the authorities, fed chiefly on the muskrat, but since the hides of the alligators became valuable they have been so closely pursued by hunters that they are almost exterminated. The muskrats are now without enemies to check their increase; their injury to the levee becomes constantly greater; more repairs are needed, and the inhabitants of Plaquemines Parish have to pay for these repairs. The authorities are now calling on nature to help pay their taxes.

CAVIAR.

THE New York Evening Post recently printed a report of the growing scarcity of caviar, and of the importance of the supply furnished by the United States. The Post's figures and deductions have been widely copied, and it is worth while, perhaps, to note their lack of accuracy and to correct the erroneous notions created by them relative to the part America plays in the supply of the world's caviar. The article ran:

> The time is said to be not far off when caviar will be as expensive as canvasback duck or diamond-back terrapin. Though supposed to be a foreign delicacy, it is almost exclusively American. At one time all the caviar on the market was of European origin. European waters have been nearly fished out of sturgeon, however, and to-day the German and Russian manufacturers who have a practical monopoly of the finished product, rely upon the United States for the sturgeon's eggs, out of which the finished delicacy is made. The same process of extinction is going on in this country at a very rapid rate, and thus far no steps have been taken by either the National or the State Government to regulate the industry. At the present time the three centers of sturgeon catching are the Delaware River, the Great Lakes, and the Columbia River. A limited number are caught in Puget Sound, and according to ship captains, there is still a vast and untouched supply in the waters of Southern Alaska. The waterways which run from Vancouver northward along British Columbia are another field of considerable promise.
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> But the first quality, and the one which all epicures prefer, comes from the Delaware. That of the Great Lakes is inferior in flavor, while the Pacific article is altogether too rank and coarse for the most refined palate. It was the latter which was described by an Irishman as a shad roe dressed in cod liver oil. Up to the present century there were many sturgeon in the Hudson and Connecticut, in New London and Narragansett bays, as well as Long Island Sound, but the number has grown steadily smaller and to-day is scarcely worthy of consideration.

That caviar is almost exclusively a delicacy our own, and that to-day Germany and Russia rely upon this country for the material forming the finished product is a bit of misinformation that will surprise most intelligent Americans, who hardly need to be told that the output of the two countries mentioned is vastly in excess of that of our union. In the ten months ending November 1, 1895, the Russian export alone was of a value of $726,160, while in the eleven months ending December 1, 1902, the export from the United States was only $39,763, being about one-half that of the previous year. European waters, or at least those of Russia, are very far from being fished out, as alleged by the newspaper writer. In connection with Russia's great fishery exposition of last year it was stated that the export of caviar for that twelvemonth was in the neighborhood of a million dollars' value. It will be news to the epicures that the first quality, the caviar that they prefer, comes from the Delaware. Our consul at Hamburg, Germany, reports officially in 1897 that nearly one-half of the caviar imported from the United States comes from the Delaware River, and that it goes to cheap restaurants. The best Russian caviar sells for four or five times the price of the American or German, neither of which last assumes to compete with even the second grade of the former.

Nor is the vaunted Delaware product wholly from that stream, a large proportion coming from South Carolina waters, the Edisto and tributaries of Winyah Bay, where the earlier season invites the operations of the Delaware fishermen before the opening of their own, the southern product being sold as Delaware caviar. Another outgiving of this writer, "that lake caviar is inferior," is opposed by the assertion of the United States Consul that "our lake caviar is preferred to that of the rivers on account of its larger roe, the latter being small and black in the river caviar." Furthermore, it may be said that no small proportion of the alleged United States product is and has been of Canadian waters. Our consul states that there are three sturgeon fisheries on the Fraser River in British Columbia that in 1897 exported over a million pounds of sturgeon flesh to the United States, and that with each carload of 20,000 pounds there was sent a thousand pounds of roe which went to Germany to appear as caviar. Even the salt with which it is cured is a German product, being shipped to the far Pacific for that special purpose. The sturgeon fishery of our Great Lakes is substantially exhausted, even the Lake of the Woods, lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba and other waters of the far Canadian wilderness have ceased to furnish a fair supply. Another inexact statement is that neither our State or Federal Governments have taken steps to regulate the industry. The Delaware fishery has been subjected to specially restrictive legislation by the States of New Jersey and Delaware, and the general government has endeavored, but with ill success, to resuscitate the exhausted fishery by artificial propagation. Finally, it may be said that while the caviar output has very seriously declined in this country, that of Russia still holds out, and there is seemingly no more danger of a caviar than there is of a lobster famine.

The Russians make a considerable portion of their caviar from the roes of other fishes than the sturgeon, that of the white sturgeon (*A. huso*) selling for the highest price. If the roes of our cod, pollock and many other fishes could be thus utilized, instead of being discarded as offal, the life of a now almost extinct industry might be indefinitely prolonged. The myriad salmon slaughtered on our Pacific Coast should alone constitute the basis of a flourishing trade, for the roes of the Baltic salmon afford the Russians material for their coveted delicacy. Our moribund industry was initiated in 1867 by a consignment to Hamburg of twenty-five kegs of caviar, where it brought only two cents a pound; but so scarce and so highly valued is the same article to-day that it commands from $1 to $1.25 a pound in the home market. The development of an American taste for this foreign tit-bit has materially contributed to the diminution of our export trade, of which next year may see the entire extinction. To the home purchaser the domestic product masquerades as foreign, and he accepts as Russian an article that in price and quality is much below the genuine. Nevertheless the absorption of our entire output is unlikely to check advancing prices or to arrest the lamentable decline of the fishery.

In Russia the semi-barbarous Cossack of the Don freely and willingly imposes upon himself a set time for his sturgeon fishery, and only during three weeks of the long year is the harvest sought to be gathered. Lack of respect for the law is unfortunately a failing of the average American, and his contempt of restrictive fishery statutes seems to render the local extinction of various forms of aquatic life almost inevitable. Living men can recall the time when our noble Hudson abounded in sturgeon, when the loud splash of the leaping monster was a familiar disturbance of the nocturnal stillness; but that sound is now hushed and its awakening all but hopeless.

The "gentle art of woodcraft," as Frank Forester styled it, is rapidly lapsing into one of the lost arts in this country. The settlement of the country, the passing of the frontier, the lessening of the numbers of pioneers and wilderness settlers, all these mean a smaller proportion of the population which by force of stern necessity learns the tricks and expedients of woodcraft. The town and the city still draw from the country, but there are fewer men of this day than there were a half or even a quarter century ago whose youth was a schooling in the lore of field and wood; and there are fewer to whom, in mature years, an outing means taking up once again the woodcraft acquired in boyhood days. The sportsman is all the time growing more dependent upon his guide. The guide's occupation is all the time, in corresponding degree, becoming more important and filling a larger place. It is a widening field which will enlist the men who, in the conditions of an earlier stage, would have been fur trappers or market hunters, or just backwoods dwellers. With the new importance of the work, we are likely to see an increased efficiency in the guide service, and a conventional recognition of the calling as one demanding ability and training.

WE printed last week a note from a correspondent writing from North Carolina, who related how his setter Toby had the dog-sense to return out of the thick cover to report that the other dog was holding a covey there. The story brings up the account of the reporter dogs of Sweden, which was sent to us some years ago by Minister Thomas, and which is good enough for another reading, and so it has place on another page this week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Notes from Central America.—IV.

TRUXILLO, HONDURAS, Dec. 8.—Seated in the little park, or plaza, here at Truxillo, sheltered from the direct rays of the morning sun by one dome of the old cathedral, below and before me the beautiful expanse of blue formed by the waters of the bay—now quiet and serene, but easily aroused to activity and violence by winds from north, northwest and west—behind and above, the mountains that here rise almost directly from the shore of the Caribbean Sea till they pierce the lingering clouds, giving a strong background to the scene.

Gazing seaward one can see, far toward the horizon, the Bay Islands. To the northeast and across the point of mainland known on the coast chart as the Cape of Honduras, is plainly visible the mountainous island of Bannaca (Guanaja); more directly to the northward is Roatan—whose friendly harbor of "Coxen Hole" affords the most available protection from "northers" for vessels plying this portion of the north coast—while to the northwest are the "Cochinos" or, as they are called in English, the Hog Islands.

In all directions the view is varied and pleasing this bright December morning, and even the town itself is not without attraction as the sun plays upon white walls, red tiles and galvanized iron roofing. The old Spanish fort, now in ruins, is both picturesque and interesting, but it does not appeal to me so much because it was once somewhat imposing and commanded by gallant and gay Spanish soldiers and the scene of martial activity, instead of as to-day a field of ruins in the campus of bare-footed Honduranian soldiers, but it interested me most in that it was alongside one of the walls still standing where the intrepid filibuster, Colonel Walker, was shot, and as I gaze upon the spot where his blood was shed, I cannot forget the villainous officials of the foreign gunboat who were mainly responsible for his ignominious death. What that he, an American, with a handful of followers, was victorious in Nicaragua and even became President of that republic! What that he fell, shot like a dog, by Honduranian soldiers—were they in any sense victorious over him? No. Can Nicaraguans claim the honor of his defeat? *Tampoco.* One has but to review carefully the history of the Gulf Coast of Central America during the past century, the foreign occupancy of the Bay Islands, and the so-called protectorate of the Mosquito Coast, to know that Colonel Walker was a greater patriot than he is commonly declared, and to appreciate, in a measure, the courage and bravery he possessed, in virtue of which he dared to oppose not so much the arms of a new republic, but the avarice and caprice of a mighty power. If there had been more Americans with the spirit of Colonel Walker, intent upon establishing colonies of *Americans* in this part of the world, and if there had been less bending of the knee to those who finally and traitorously handed Walker over to his slayers, there would long ago have been a higher regard, in this part of the world, for the stars and stripes and for the people to whom that flag is dear.

Truxillo, though to-day a typical Spanish-American town of the sleepy variety, with only an occasional steamship in port and difficult of access from the interior, is, nevertheless, comparatively speaking, in a healthy, flourishing condition. Here are a number of large general stores where one may purchase almost anything, form a safety pin to a sewing machine, from a penny's worth of bread to a barrel of American loaf sugar or a case of finest French cognac. From here are shipped annually large quantities of fine Honduras sarsaparilla, many hides, considerable rubber, and thousands of cocoanuts.

Here on the hill and surrounding the plaza are, in addition to the old fort and white-walled cathedral already mentioned, the *cabilda municipal, cuartel, aduana* (custom house), postoffice, etc., while still further back are the stores and houses of the Spanish inhabitants and foreign residents. A short distance down the hill, in the direction of *la playa,* is the old jail, which has been partly rebuilt and is still in use. The stone, mud-plastered walls that surround the inner court are topped with broken beer and whisky bottles, serving in lieu of sharpened steel and iron.

On either side of the hill on which the main town of Truxillo is situated are Carib villages—that to the east being known as Rio Negro, not because of the color of the people who occupy the mud-wall, thatched-roofed houses there built, but rather because of the mud-colored water of the creek that here reaches the beach. The Carib settlement on the western side of the town is the larger and more picuresquely located, and is called "Crystales," though its denizens are just as black as those of "Rio Negro," but the little river that here flows to the sea is sparkling and "clear as crystal," and, as in the other instance, has given a name to the locality. It is from this "crystal river" that Truxillo derives its generous supply of excellent water, pipes conveying it in liberal quantity to all parts of the main town.

Yesterday morning, while strolling along the beach, I came upon a group of Caribs hauling a seine in the bay. The catch was considerable, and included "drummers," "jacks," red snappers, a sort of brim, etc. A good many of these were sold on the spot, and excellent value given the purchasers—two reales (the equivalent of about ten cents U. S. currency) buying from four to six fair-size fishes. The remainder were carried to the Carib village of "Los Crystales."

In the afternoon I called on the *Comandante* and obtained permission to enter the ruins of the old fort. Aside from an excellent view of the bay, I found there very little of interest and practically nothing more to see than can readily be observed from without. It is one of those things to which distance lends enchantment. Ten old dismantled iron cannons and a few heaps of rust-eaten cannon balls still remain within the environs of the crumbling walls.

Truxillo has not been entirely neglected in literature, for we find it noted in fiction as well as in history. My friend, the author of "The Spider of Truxillo," has assured me that the experiences of himself and companions in this locality thoroughly warranted the narrative in question. *Quien sabe?* Those here who remember the Colonel's visit, tell a different story, and one that accounts, in a measure, at least, for wild scenes and vague imaginings.

Speaking of human spiders, among the most dangerous that come to Truxillo and other ports in Central America are specimens of *genus homo* not native to this soil, whose webs have here but nest and outlet, for their fibres reach across the waters of the Gulf and entwine about unsuspecting and gullible individuals who give up their hard-earned cash at the call of falsifying and silver-tongued promoters and concessionists, to be squandered in visionary and impossible schemes or stored in the meshes of the web itself. A home in the tropics! An interest in a grand enterprise! Dreams of wealth! One has only to visit the locality and feel for a few days the pressure of conditions as they actually exist to be utterly disillusioned.

J. HOBART EGBERT, M.D., PH.D.

Wild Horses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer of the very interesting article appearing in the FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 3 upon the wild horse, in referring to the Indian traditions as to the domestication of that animal, fails to allude to it as being, in some instances, at least, a matter of record. That the wild horse of North America was first caught and used by the Dakotas (the tribes comprising the Sioux, Cheyennes, etc.), about the year 1812, appears to be substantiated by the evidence of divers so-called "Winter Counts," or chronological Indian records made in successive winters, and commemorating the most notable event of the year immediately preceding. One of the best known of these aboriginal chronicles is a pictorial chart made by Lone Dog, a Dokota Indian, a colored photograph of which appears in the tenth annual report of the Bureau of Ethnology. The original record was emblazoned in various colors upon the back of a buffalo robe, each year from 1800 to 1871 being indexed by a device emblematic of its most notable event: Thus the year 1801-2 was the smallpox year, indicated by a rude figure with red spots on its body; 1802-3 was signalized by the capture of some shod horses, the exploit being registered by the pictograph of a horseshoe. Inasmuch as the Indians did not shoe their animals, the theft was evidently that of a white man's property. 1803-4 is distinguished by the "lifting" of a number of curly horses from the Dakota's hereditary enemies, the Crows. These animals were a peculiar breed, their hair growing in closely curling tufts, their capture being recorded by a device representing a horse with black spots indicating the tufts. 1812-13 records the absolute utilization of the wild horse, that being the year in which they were first lassoed and broken in, its attestation bearing simply the device of a lasso. The year 1833-4, memorable for its fall of meteors, and 1869 for its solar eclipse, appear in these annals with appropriate devices and afford evidence of the accuracy of the chronological record.

Another winter count is that of Battiste Good, also a Dakota, which purports to extend a number of centuries back of the year 1700, assuming, however, a reasonable degree of certitude only subsequent to that date. The years 1714-1716 are indicated upon this chart as memorable because of the attacks of mounted enemies, not unlikely Comanches or other Indians of the south. In the year 1757 the Dakotas appear to have first essayed a war party upon horseback, which, by reason of a possible insufficient mastery of their steeds, seems to have failed of encouraging result. To the year 1811-12, or the season prior to Lone Dog's chronicle of the first hunting and capture of the wild horse, is ascribed the first chase of the buffalo on horseback.

Other evidence there is that about this period the northern tribes finally achieved a complete mastery over their thenceforward inseparable companion. Grinnell, in his "Story of the Indian," states that he learned from an aged aborigine that horses first came into the possession of the Piegans, an Indian tribe of northern Montana, about the year 1804. From various references made by Lewis and Clark it would appear that in their expedition of 1804-1806 the horse was in fairly common use among the Indians with whom they came in contact. Their report asserts that the animal was principally distributed upon the plains of the Columbia River, and the Shoshones of that region are mentioned as being very superior horsemen. The possession of numerous mules besides herds of horses by this Oregon tribe, as well as the frequent bitting of their steeds with Spanish bridles, would suggest that their advanced equitation was the result of their contact with a superior race. The explorers fail to state that the horse was employed by the Dakotas and neighboring tribes in war and the chase, which circumstance was to Catlin, a generation later, an impressive feature of Indian life upon the plains. It is noteworthy that despite the Indian's extreme adherence to ancient custom, that in a couple of generations following their complete dominion over the horse, their habits were so revolutionized as to render them utterly helpless, both in war and the chase, when deprived of their four-footed ally.

To the Indian's tenacious conservatism and sluggish mind may be attributed his slow and gradual utilization of the most serviceable of animals. By degrees, during his probable two centuries of acquaintance with the wild horse, the Indian, beginning perhaps with a use of the animal's hide and flesh, then with his employment as a beast of burden, finally crowned his effort by becoming so identified with his four-footed servant as to prove himself the most daring and the most expert of horsemen.

It is probable that the northern Indian's first knowledge of the horse was acquired during the sixteenth century, certainly at its close the animal should have become abundant in their domain. It may reasonably be assumed that it was with the derelict animals of Coronado's famous expedition that the wild horse of the plains originated. The explorers' furthest point of attainment has been assumed to have been the confines of Western Kansas in 1541. About the same time, 1537, the horse was turned loose upon the pampas of South America, and, in forty-three years he was heard of, according to Darwin, at the Straits of Magellan; thus, in that time, diffusing his species over a range of fifteen hundred miles, that distance being the attainment from the banks of the Plata, where the animal was landed. It will doubtless, in the light of this experience, be conceded that the horse of our western plains extended its range within half a century of its introduction over at least an equal area, and should, therefore, within that period have become known to the northern tribes.

As further instancing the slowness with which savages adapt themselves to new conditions, Darwin mentions that, during his visit to Tierra del Fuego, an aboriginal tribe was undergoing a change from foot to horse Indians, although their prior acquaintance with the animal must have extended through two centuries. The Sias, a harmless tribe of Pueblo Indians upon the upper waters of the Rio Grande, although keeping horses, seldom or never use them as beasts of burden, perhaps, in this respect, manifesting an initial stage of savage domestication.

If, with a full knowledge of the horse's accustomed servitude, its full accomplishment by the savage imposes centuries of effort, how much more prolonged must have been the blind, unguided endeavor of primitive man? In certain caves recently explored in France there have been revealed wall pictures of a big-headed, clumsy-necked brute suggestive of the Asiatic wild horse illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM in connection with the article first alluded to. This hairy and uncouth creature was doubtless the progenitor of the modern cart horse, the thoroughbred being of probable North African origin. Associated with the rock pictures of this vanished horse were others of the mammoth, reindeer, elk and other animals now locally or wholly extinct, and it is asserted that not only was the primitive horse domesticated by the ancient lake dwellers, but that there are even indications of his servitude to the cave men. If this be so, if these be the beginnings of the creature's bondage that thus feebly glimmer out of the obscurity of time, the measure of their remoteness is beyond intelligent speculation.

A. H. GOURAUD.

True Camp Stories.

In the Canadian Adirondacks.

WE had gathered around the camp-fire for a quiet smoke and talk. The day had been a fairly successful one, and we could boast of a fine caribou with splendid antlers which would make any hunter envious. The guides were in an extremely talkative mood, as the day's sport put everybody in good humor. It is at times like this that you sometimes hear interesting talks of the woods, which would make good reading matter were it possible to remember the different details and the manner in which they are related. The Canadian guides with us on the present trip were all old experienced men, and had roamed the Canadian Adirondacks and further west for many years. Their lives were full of interesting reminiscences. Oliver was as good a cook as I ever had in the woods, and at the present time of writing is guardian for one of the best fish and game clubs in northern Quebec. Although born in Sillery, near the quaint old city of Quebec, he wandered to a lumbering city of Michigan when still quite young, and here he found employment for a few years in the shanties. With a quick aptitude for the cuisine he changed his place of abode and followed lumbering operations of the Upper Ottawa as cook for a big camp. The district was frequently bothered with prowling Indians, too lazy to build themselves a lean-to for the night. They preferred to seek shelter and food among the lumber men. The nuisance became unendurable to the foreman of the camp at which Oliver was engaged, and orders were given that no more Indians would be accorded a night's lodging henceforth. It was not long after the order was issued before the camp had a visit from a member of one of these roving tribes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon and Oliver was alone preparing supper for the men when they would return from work. The Indian asked for protection for the night, but was informed of the orders and left immediately. He came back later on and again solicited admission, trying to make us understand that he had a special reason for making the request that night. The foreman, however, was resolute in his determination of putting a stop to what he considered a bad practice of the indolent redskins, and the unfortunate Indian was again refused the hospitality of the camp and forced to depart to do the best he could for the night in the forest. Nothing more was thought of the incident. In the morning, about six o'clock, one of the men who had gone out of doors, returned to camp and called the foreman away. In a few minutes they returned with the huddled up form of a woman in their arms and laid her on the floor. Following was the poor Indian who had pleaded so humbly the night before for lodging. As we gathered around to see the face of the woman, a faint, low cry from the arms of the poor squaw wrapped in a dirty blanket told the story. During the night a little Indian boy had come to life on the cold hard snow-covered ground about twenty paces from our cofortable camp-house. Not a soul in that camp but felt a twinge of sympathy for the poor Indian and his squaw and the night they had experienced. Everybody took compassion upon them, and poor as the men were, a small subscription was raised and handed to the mother of the child, who was given food and shelter for a week, before continuing on their wanderings among the Canadian forests. After they had left the foreman changed his orders, and the boys in camp never forgot poor old See Weed, his squaw and the little papoose, when a hungry Indian came to seek a night's shelter.

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This narrative put Joe, one of the other guides, in mind of a story which had occurred while he was shantying some years previous. He first of all told us of his experience a few weeks before when he was out with an American gentleman. They came across a sick caribou, who was so ill that he could hardly move along the ground. To relieve him from further suffering the sportsman finished him with a rifle shot.

It was afterward discovered that the poor animal had been suffering from tuberculosis. This is, I understand, a very rare sight in the Canadian woods. But the principal story which Joe started out to relate was in connection with his lumbering on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway some years back. He was one of a large camp of men who for some days had been complaining of a bad odor which hovered over the camp. The stench became so great that the men complained to the foreman, who was encamped some distance away. The log house was given a thorough cleaning out, but the odor remained just the same. Then a search on the outside. The mystery was solved. The rotten carcass of a big buck caribou was found within two hundred feet of the camp. A closer investigation illustrated the cause of death. His two hind legs had got caught between two rocks, and there he remained wedged in as tightly as a steel trap could hold him. All sportsmen know the strength of the caribou and moose, and it was surprising even to the shantymen to believe that he had come to his death by staravtion. He was unable to extricate himself from between the two rocks. Nevertheless, such was the case, both his legs having been broken in his efforts to break loose, and as he bore no other marks of having been shot by any hunter, there could be no other reason ascribed for his fatal end, which was considered an extraordinary death for the fleet-footed caribou.

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Now it was Albert's turn! This staunch old guide I had employed for many years. He was on a hunting trip with a well-known friend of mine. The latter had been successful in badly wounding a big caribou, which Albert had called down from the mountain side to the edge of the lake. The shooting took place in a canoe, and the huntsman and guide paddled ashore and entered the woods to find their prize. He was lying on the ground, to all appearances dead. Albert pulled out his long knife and straightaway commenced the first act on an occasion of this kind, which was to insert the blade into the animal's neck and allow the blood to flow. He had stooped down to do this, when the supposed dead buck gave a grunt, followed by a leap into the air, and before the two astonished men knew what had happened, was off into the woods again. The huntsman, quick with his gun, succeeded in following him with a shot, which broke one of his hind legs and penetrated his body. After a mile chase in the woods they came across the buck once more on the ground. This time dead in reality. Examination of the first two shots fired from the canoe was made, and they were found to be so insignificant that to this day the guide or my friend have never been able to discover the reason the caribou lay down and played the part of death to such perfection as to deceive them beyond any doubt.

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Ned was the only English-speaking guide in the group, and, although last in the recital of camp yarns, his was none the less interesting. The whole of the Canadian Adirondacks are mountainous and abound with rivers and lakes, as all those who have hunted or fished in this grand country can very well testify. The preserves we were in were particularly so, and the more I wandered through them the more surprising grand and mystic they seemed. While the Tourilli Club, of which I am a member, boasts of only a hundred or so lakes, I am sure the number is more like a thousand. This is very much in evidence with all the fish and game clubs in the northern part of Quebec. They control so much territory that it is almost impossible for the clubs to keep track of the numerous lakes and rivers which are contained in their preserves. One thing sure, Ned knew of three times as many lakes as the best informed members of the club. His father was guardian of one end of the limits, and his winters were spent trapping and hunting, and his summers in acting as guide to the members. It was while on one of his trapping expeditions that he found himself in one of the prettiest valleys in the whole preserves. The mountains towered thousands of feet above him on all sides. He was returning home when he espied a small herd of four caribou within easy range of his trusty rifle. He first fired at the largest and missed. It was long before the fish and game laws of the Province of Quebec were so strict as they are to-day, and Ned had no scruples as to how many he would shoot if he had the chance, but it came to him in a most unexpected manner. After the first shot, the small herd ran in an opposite direction to where he was, then as suddenly turned and came back almost straight to where he was standing, under cover of a small growth of swamp foliage. Ned had no idea of what had occurred, but imagined he was in for an exciting battle. He came to the conclusion the caribou were going to attack him, so he prepared for the onslaught. On came the small herd at a frightened rate of speed, bounding in leaps and jumps over the snow, which at that time was not more than a foot deep. When within a hundred yards a second shot from Ned's rifle brought the foremost animal to the ground. The firing only had the effect of hastening their speed, and a third and fourth shot laid low two more of them. But it was only a minute's work. One of the three wounded animals arose and continued on with the fourth, and passed Ned in such flight that he missed fire the next two shots, and his Winchester being empty, he did not have sufficient time to reload, and follow the fleeing animals, but instead gave his attention to the two on the ground, which he desired to make sure of by firing two more shots into each before approaching. And now for the secret of the peculiar action of the caribou in running straight into danger. It appears that the echo of the surrounding hills had misled them to think that the sound came from the opposite direction, and at first impulse rushed into close range of the hunter, who was evidently a quick and accurate shot, under the circumstances, to bring down two out of the four while running at full speed past him.

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The fire had gradually been burning itself out, and when the guides asked if they would heap on more logs, I said, "No, boys," we have had an interesting night of it, and we had better get some sleep for tomorrow, as we may have some novel experiences of our own to relate at the next camp gathering. And so we had.

F. C.

The Reporter.

[*From* FOREST AND STREAM, *Dec.* 10, 1889.]

I WONDER if we have reporters in America? What a question! Are not our newspaper reporters the best and most indefatigable in the world? But I do not mean the reporting *homo*; it is the reporting *canis* I am wondering about. Do we have reporting dogs in America? If so, I have not seen them, neither have I heard of them. Our stories about the pointing dogs revolve about "the point," and of the dog's sticking to it like grim death. "He's so steady on a point that you can't kick him forward on to the bird," says the dog trainer in highest praise of the brute he is trying to sell. And we all recollect the story of the crack western dog, that was lost at the close of a day's shooting. Search was made next morning, and the dog was found in the brush, close to where he was missed the night before, and still pointing the game he had come upon as darkness overtook him. So I doubt if we have "the reporter" in the Land of the True, and perhaps a word about him may not be uninteresting to American readers.

I was out partridge shooting in the south of Sweden in the fall of 1884. I had a sprightly fellow, Joseph, as guide and bearer of cartridges and game, and was shooting that day over an old German pointer a friend had loaned me, so that I could give my own dog a day's rest. We had enjoyed a fairly good day's sport, and toward evening were returning down the valley of the river Nissa, toward our headquarters at Oscarstrom. We were tired, the shooting was over, and our dog was allowed to roam at will. As we sauntered along I saw old Lila make her appearance over the top of a distant heathery ridge. She looked up and down over the valley, and as soon as she caught sight of us came toward us in a straight line on a brisk gallop, wagging her tail in a joyful sort of way. Coming in she raised a forepaw, placed it on my leg, looked up in my face, wagged her tail briskly, turned about, took a dozen leaps back in the track she had come, then looked around at me and wagged her tail again.

"Well, what does all this mean?" asked I.

"Oh, Lila has a covey of partridges over the hill yonder, and has come in with the report," answered Joseph.

"Nonsense!"

But Lila rushed on a dozen steps more, looked back, and seeing I did not follow her, came in, put up her paw and again went through all her motions.

"Well, old girl, lead on!" I said at last, "we'll follow and see what you've got at all events." So over the hill we went, Lila leading and ever and anon looking back—down across a valley, then straight up the further hillside where she came to a point at a bunch of bushes. Before I got within shot the partridges began to whirr up; at least a dozen flew, but old Lila stuck now to her point, and on my reaching her side the last bird of the covey flew, which I knocked over and Lila retrieved. We now hunted along the bosky hillside, and Lila pointed and I shot six more of this covey, bringing up my bag for the day to nineteen partridges and a hare.

"You din't know Lila was a seporter?" quoth Joseph.

"No, I did not know before this day that there was such a dog in the world."

Since then I have made the matter of "the reporting dog" the study of some leisure hours. The reporter occurs most often among German pointers, or in crosses between German and English pointers, but even among them not more than one trained dog in twenty is a reporter. The trait is rare among English full bloods, and I have never yet seen a setter report.

It is asserted that a dog cannot be trained to report. The reporting instinct must be born within him, and then he takes to it naturally. I, however, am inclined to think that any dog that "rings" game, or from any cause breaks his point to take up another, may be trained to report, by whistling him in, whenever he comes to a point, and then advancing with him to the quarry. "Reporters" have different ways of imparting their information; not every dog is so clear as old Lila. Some come back only till they make themselves seen, then return directly to the game. Others hop up on a hillock or stone and jump and wag their tails till you approach.

Here in Sweden a reporter readily sells for one-third more than an equally good dog without this faculty, and I can assure American sportsmen that the report lends an additional pleasure to the chase.

As the shooting season approached this year I looked about for a reporter, and at last bought a large, powerful pointer, a cross between the German and English. The German dog is exceedingly kind, faithful and obedient, but too heavy and slow. The English pointer, with all his good quality, is apt to be too hot and headstrong. The half-breed is best for Swedish shooting, and, I believe, admirably adapted for America.

I shot black cock and capercailzie over Nero, and as the season advanced partridges, but as I always kept well up with him never saw him report, and had half forgotten that he possessed the accomplishment. One day my boot hurt me, and leaning my gun against a fence I sat down, took off my boot, pulled off my stocking and made a general readjustment. As I was lacing up my boot in came Nero over a rise of the field, and looking up at me turned about and came to a half point, then looking up once more shot along the track whence he came. Following over the hills I came in view of the blue waters of Lake Nefode; Nero was still rushing on in a straight line over the field. When he reached the lake shore he came to a point at a tuft of dry rushes. But it was an easy kind of a point. Every few moments he looked back at me, and expressed his satisfaction at my approach with one wag of the tail, which instantly stiffened into business again. Reaching his side a little flock of seven partridges hustled up, and I had the pleasure of dropping a couple, and Nero the satisfaction of retrieving them. Since then I let Nero hunt as far and wide as he pleases, confident that he will come in and report all game he finds out of my sight. I frequently whistle him in when he points at a distance, and then advance over the field side by side with him. Sometimes when Nero points at a distance, and is sure that I see him, he will lie down, so as not to scare the birds, rising on his forepaws now and then and looking back at me if I make any unreasonable delay.

The other day he came to a point far away over a vast plowed field. Looking around and making sure that I saw him, he backed in his tracks a dozen steps and then disappeared from view as absolutely as if the black plowed field had swallowed up his white body. We kept on toward the spot where he was last seen, and after some five minutes' plodding over the soft upturned earth, Master Nero arose out of a dry ditch just in front of us and quietly resumed his point. Coming up with the dog, two great coveys of partridges arose, my friend made a right and left shot out of the flock to the right and I took a bird with each barrel out of the left covey.

The trait of reporting causes a dog to be freer and easier on his point, he is less like a cast-iron statue, more like a reasoning being.

As Nero and I advance on a running covey, he lifts his ears, looks up at me and takes in the situation, "like a little man," pointing now here, now there, and ringing the game in between us if necessary.

A reporter really seems to go through a chain of reasoning something like this, "Here is game, but where is my master? Of myself I can do nothing. Here's for it. I'll go hunt him up, for it takes both of us to do the shooting."

Frequently when Nero makes game I hide to see him go through his motions. Gradually he stiffens into a solid point, then looks around, first one side, then the other. No master in sight. Then he slowly backs out of it, step by step, a dozen steps or so; next he turns round as slyly as a snake, then sneaks away, and in another moment is in full gallop toward where he last saw me. I always meet him with a pat on the head and a "Bravo, Nero!" It seems to me that the advantage of a reporter is at once apparent, whether it be on the wide prairies of the West, in the hill country of the East, or in the dense woodcock coverts of New England. What a comfort and luxury to have a dog who will come in and report game and then lead you quietly to it. How many forced marches in the alder swamps one might save, and how lazily he could saunter along the ridges, leisurely waiting for the report of his faithful four-footed friend. Americans are never satisfied with anything short of the best. If we have not the reporter in America, we have not the best possible pointing dog.

Is not the subject worthy the attention of our dog breeders and dog lovers? Why not import the German reporting pointer and cross with our best pointers of English blood? Or why not develop and perfect the reporting instinct whenever it manifests itself among our own dogs?

Of one thing I am sure, the American sportsman who has once shot over a reporter has experienced a new joy in life, and this joy he will ever keep, if he can, among the many pleasures which give zest to the life of the true lover of the chase.

MARSTRAND.

STOCKHOLM, Sweden.

Besieged by Indians.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every once in a while we get a more or less interesting Indian story in the columns of the daily papers. They are written sometimes by a man who does know an Indian when he sees one, but as often as not they may have been gotten up by a man who met his Indian in front of a cigar store.

This account of the siege of Flat Top by Comanches has started its rounds lately—I have seen it in two different papers already—and it is no doubt still going; I don't expect to stop it; it is a beautiful story, only it does not happen to be true.

"A short time ago," writes a correspondent, "I took a buckboard at Stamford, Jones county, which is the northwestern Texas terminus of the Texas Central Railroad and drove to Flat Top Mountain, a distance of twenty miles, through a pasture which incloses under one fence 100,000 acres of grazing land. Flat Top is one of thousands of buttes scattered irregularly in that region. From its pinnacle one can see as far as vision can reach. It is now a land of farmers and stock raisers, but when I was there, between twenty and thirty years ago, it was a land of death and danger.

"In 1876, the year of the Custer calamity on the Little Big Horn, being then a Texas Ranger, I halted at Flat Top with a squad of eight Rangers. By some strange means the Comanches and Apaches just beyond the Texas border had learned of the incident of the Little Big Horn, and elated with the success of the Sioux, the Southern savages were bent upon massacre. Reynolds, a sergeant, called 'Mage,' was in command. Standing on the peak of the butte, he saw through his telescope a string of warriors, two hundred in number, moving rapidly toward the site now occupied by Stamford, where a dugout sheltered the family of a buffalo hunter. 'We must save them,' Reynolds said, and in less than five minutes seven men were trotting toward the advancing line of Comanches. The eighth man was galloping southward to secure re-enforcements.

"The wife and children of the hunter were taken up behind the Rangers, and by a rapid march a rugged hillock was reached just in time. The Rangers were armed with carbines and revolvers, and Mrs. Carr, the wife of the hunter, had a long-range buffalo gun, left at home by her husband, who started a week before to trap beaver on the upper forks of the Colorado. The Comanches were allowed to ride within close range, when a volley unhorsed five of their number and disclosed our position. Surprised, and no doubt badly frightened, they retreated in confusion. Our horses, which we had abandoned, were running over the range, and were soon caught by our foes.

"By the number of horses they ascertained our strength, except that Mrs. Carr was not figured in their calculations, and the warriors began preparations for a siege. We had a few pounds of jerked buffalo meat and a little bread. Water was at first a grave consideration, and we felt the more concerned because of the fact that the children were already crying from thirst. After dark we found a small spring at the foot of our natural fortress, and we soon filled out canteens. The food supply was placed in Mrs. Carr's hands, and she proved a vivandiere worthy of the trust. We ascertained afterward that during the thirty-six hours of the siege she ate nothing, dividing her share among her little ones, and leaving all the rest for the men.

"To cut the story short, the Comanches made desperate efforts to rush our fortress, each time retiring with loss, Mrs. Carr slaying a big buck with a bullet from her heavy carbine. Our courier returned at sunset on the second day of the siege, accompanied by Mr. Carr and thirty cowboys from a Coleman county ranch. After a fierce battle the re-enforcing men broke through the cordon of savages and entered our fortress, bringing plenty of food, ammunition and water. The next day the Comanches raised the siege and departed toward the Double Mountain fork of the Brazos River. They left their dead, seventeen in number, being in a hurry to get away, because, as we afterward learned, Major John B. Jones, the commander-in-chief of the Ranger force of Texas, was approaching the scene from the Pan-Handle with three

troops of his noted Indian fighters, following the trail of the raiding redmen.

"The youngest of the Carr children died of croup during the siege. Three of our garrison were wounded by the bullets of our foes, having been incautious in the efforts to obtain advantageous shots. One of the three, John Ward, died. We buried the child and the Ranger in the same grave, one of the men reading the Episcopal burial service.

"The grave of John Ward and little Lucy Carr can still be discerned by the inscription it bears, roughly cut with a tomahawk on the sandstone monument we placed at the head of the double grave. It is rugged stone, honeycombed, and lichen-grown, weighing two tons or more. It took our combined force to turn it over. All the tomahawks we could procure were worn out chipping a smooth surface for the epitaph, which reads:

"'Here lies John Ward, a Ranger, and Lucy Carr, in whose defense he died. Soft rest the prairie turf upon the breasts of the Ranger and the little child.'

Major Jones overtook the warriors, recovering our horses and many more the raiders had captured. While retreating and fighting the Rangers, in reverse, they ran into a squadron of United States Dragoons, and between the Rangers and the regulars, the Comanches were pulverized, losing, together with those slain in the siege of the butte one hundred and fourteen of their two hundred warriors who started that moon on the warpath."

When the Custer massacre took place the Comanches were on their reservation many miles from Flat Top, and they remained there. I happen to know they did, for I was among them myself then, and had 200 of them, or two of them, left there, I was there to tell our officers about it. That was what they had me there for.

The Flat Top and the Double Mountains are just where this narration of the siege places them, and they are likely to stay there, too; they won't be moved. I know something of both of them. I came as near to being frozen on top of Flat Top in November, 1869, as I ever care to come, unless I am frozen to death while asleep.

An intelligent captain of the Ninth Cavalry camped his negroes and thirty-six of us on top of it all night in a norther. He did it to punish his negroes and forgot about us. The Comanches out here had whipped his negroes and had driven them in to our post, Fort Griffen. Thirty-six of us white men were sent back with him to whip the Indians, but when we struck them he would not let us fire a shot; he made his negroes whip the Indians, and they did it, too. We were right behind them; whether that had anything to do with their whipping the Indians I don't know.

There were plenty of Comanches out there then; there were none in 1876 though, nor for several years before that.

If two hundred Comanches, or a hundred of them, or even fifty of them, had got after those seven Rangers, then the Rangers would have been wiped out so suddenly that they never would have known how it had been done. This correspondent sent the wrong band of Indians out when he began to build up his story. When he next tries his hand at it, let him take Kiowas or Cheyennes. Seven white men may stand them off; but I would not want to be one of the seven white men who would take a contract on two hundred Comanches. I happen to know them.

We have had no Dragoons in the army since 1861. All the Dragoons that were in that country then were six troops of the Fourth Cavalry. I belonged to one of these troops, and we did not have to go after any Comanches that year, nor the next one, either; the Comanches were good Indians then, "heap good." Two hundred Indians would have been about all the fighting men the Comanches could muster then. The camps upon the Wichita would have had to be left to the squaws to defend; and they could do it, too.

This would not be an Indian story if it did not have a tomahawk in it, so we find one here, of course.

I have lived with these Comanches, hunted and traveled with them, and am enough of a Comanche myself now to use the name they gave me, and I have never seen a tomahawk among them.

I was about to go into deep mourning when I learned that the Dragoons, or the seven Texas Rangers, or the man who was telling me about it twenty-six years after it happened, had killed off one hundred and seventy-five of my brothers, until I happened to remember that I had been with them all the following winter, and had not missed one of them; they were only killed on paper.

If I were not as old as I am, I would take a trip out to Flat Top one of these days. I may take it yet. I have friends in Texas that the Comanches have not killed yet. I want to see that country again; I know every square foot of it, and if I do go I must hunt up that boulder that all those tomahawks were worn out on. It is there yet, of course; it must be, if it ever was there at all; it of course is not on Flat Top though, unless they carried it up there; and I hardly think they did. It only weighs two tons; but seven men could no more carry it up on top of Flat Top than they could whip two hundred Comanches.

But to cut the story short, as the correspondent did when he wrote his story, that narrative of his is a beautiful one—for boys. They want Indian stories. The only thing wrong with this one is the fact that it never happened.

CABIA BLANCO.

In Minnesota Pines.

AT last, after months of anticipation, four of us from an interior town in central Iowa, found ourselves one evening last September encamped among the pines along the shore of a small but beautiful lake in the extreme northern part of Minnesota; and as we sat, at the close of a hard half day's work pitching tent and arranging camp, we could not help admiring the beautiful scene before us as the rays of the fast sinking sun were cast far out upon the quiet waters of the lake, followed by the lengthening shadows from the pine-clad shores to the west.

We were on a "general outing"—to hunt, fish and learn what we could of the region, its natural history and inhabitants.

We had hired a buckboard to take us out fifteen miles from the little settlement where we had directed our luggage and camping outfit to be sent, paid our teamster four dollars for the job and sent him back.

We had found the country everywhere heavily wooded with jack pine, tamarack and a few other species of trees, all of them with that peculiar habit of sending out their branching roots close to the surface; one reason for which seemed to be that only six or eight inches of fertile soil covered the prevailing sands of the whole region.

The creeping vines and low spreading conifers made it almost impossible to penetrate far into the timber without following the blazed trails of the "lumber jacks." The lumber jack of these northern woods is a peculiar and very often a questionable character. He has no permanent abiding place, but roams the woods when not engaged in the lumber camps. Many dark deeds in this practically unsettled region are laid to his charge.

A few settlers are here and there to be found, and like the pioneer settlers of most every region, they are very "neighborly," generous and free-hearted toward one another. They seem to be satisfied with what the day brings forth, and have but little thought for the future.

Seldom does their clearing consist of more than two to four acres, but here they grow surprisingly fine vegetables of different kinds. Their houses are all small primitive log dwellings. They know but little of the doings of the outside world, and their neighborly conversation and gossip reminds one of that of grown-up children. One good settler's wife told us she "hadn't been to the settlement in three years." They say they "came to this region to stay awhile and then sell out." As game in this region is plentiful, the settlers depend upon it for their meat supply, and are able to "fare sumptuously" in this respect. When not carrying his rifle, the settler carries his revolver, so as to "be prepared for an emergency" should one occur.

Throughout nearly all the northern part of Minnesota, there are many large lakes, and interspersed among them are almost innumerable small, wild and picturesque sheets of water, making it in many respects an ideal region for the sportsman and fisherman. An unpleasant feature of this region, however, is the extensive tamarack and rice swamps almost everywhere to be met with.

A sportsman should not be without his canvas canoe, for in order to traverse the region in the direction he often wishes to go, he must often take to the water.

One morning we left camp to go to a point several miles distant, but in order to reach it we were informed by the few settlers here that we would be obliged to go around the "great tamarack swamp," near our camp; but as this would make us an exceedingly long and tedious journey, we determined to cross the swamp, in spite of the strong protests not to do so.

For a time we managed fairly well to make our way through the swamp, but when near the center found that our weight in stepping upon the exposed roots and fallen tree trunks which formed an almost impenetrable mass, would shake the trees and undergrowth for many rods around. We also discovered this swamp to be simply a lake of unknown depth, overgrown and carpeted by a dense growth of tamarack and other vegetable growths, and that a single misstep might precipitate a man into the deep coffee-colored water below with but little chance of his getting out again.

Black bear, wild cats, "bob cats," innumerable muskrats and occasionally a porcupine make these swamps their home. In the fall, also, wild fowl frequent the rice swamps and lakes in myriads, although we were on the ground a little too early in the season to obtain the best shooting.

We were informed that a little to the north of us some beaver and otter still existed, although none were met with by any of our party, neither were any of our party fortunate enough to get a glimpse of a moose or an elk, although we learned from reliable sources that both still existed in small numbers in the densely timbered region to the north.

An interesting habit of the moose, and one apparently not known to sportsmen in general, is described by Herrick, in his "Mammals of Minnesota." He says: "The pursuit of the moose is rendered difficult by the keenness of his senses and extreme wariness. To stalk the animal even with firearms taxes the patience and skill of the Indians. When, however, the snow becomes covered with so firm a crust as to support the hunter and impede effectually the progress of the heavy animal, the chase of the moose becomes comparatively easy to one familiar with its habits and haunts. When hunted at such times the herd passes in single file, each stepping so accurately in the footprints of its predecessors as to lead any but an experienced person to suppose that but a single animal had formed the trail. When moving rapidly, the leader becomes weary of breaking the way and steps to one side, falling in behind the others, and in this way they change in rotation, although a very chivalrous care is exercised in aiding the weaker members of the herd."

Deer we found quite plentiful, but at this early season difficult to secure, although several had been seen by our party, yet not until the evening prior to our final breaking camp did we manage to secure one. A settler had informed us that deer were, at evening, in the habit of visiting his turnip patch in a small clearing some distance from our camp, and that if due caution was observed we might get a shot at one. When we reached the clearing just at dark, we could see no signs of deer, and concluded we were doomed to disappointment, when at the further end of the clearing we heard a crash and caught a glimpse of a deer bounding into the underbrush. I fired at random in its direction, and it disappeared. On reaching the spot, however, we found that in some unaccountable manner I had managed to kill a beautiful buck.

As we couldn't use this venison on account of breaking camp the next day, we disposed of it to one of the settlers.

We were informed that the prevailing method of stalking the deer in the more open woodlands in this region was for several to unite, some to station themselves in the known runway, while the others beat the dense underbrush in hope of starting the animal. The fortunate sportsman into whose beat the deer strikes, has no intimation of its approach except the crash which precedes his appearance; and the hunter must be quick and sure in his aim if he brings down his game.

Small game, such as rabbits, squirrels, "pine grouse" and partridges, we found in great abundance, especially the two latter. We found no sport in shooting either of these birds, however, as they were so abundant and so tame that they would simply run a little way, turn and watch us, and allow themselves to be shot without attempting to fly.

During the winter the settlers say the cold is often intense, the thermometer not infrequently registering sixty degrees below zero. There is but little wind, and the air is exceedingly dry, consequently the intense cold produces but little inconvenience to those exposed to it.

Hunting during the winter is, for several reasons, often attended with less difficulty, and greater success, than during the fall season.

One trip in a buckboard over the usual wagon road of this northern region would convince one of the truth of the assertion made by the settlers as to the absence of "ague" in this swampy region. They say the reason is that in traveling over these roads the "shakes" received is so great in comparison to the "ague shakes" that the latter clears out in disgust.

These roads are constructed by cutting a strip through the pines and laying the logs, which measure perhaps a foot in diameter, close together, side by side, with a big "bolt" between each one. They are, in fact, identical with the famous corduroy roads, so often seen in the dismal swamp regions of Virginia and Carolina.

To the fishermen, these northern lakes are a veritable paradise. So abundant are the finny species that the settlers look with disgust upon the pike and pickerel which in more southern waters are esteemed so highly.

As those familiar with camp life know, one after a time begins to hanker for fresh milk to sweeten the coffee. This was preeminently the condition of things among the members of our crowd, and so the boys determined to alleviate their sufferings in this direction if possible by milking one of the settler's cows they had seen running around loose not far from our camp.

The same day this decision was reached, I happened to be going along one of the lumber jack trails, and saw a most comical sight. Three of the boys had captured the settler's cow, and one was holding her with all his might by the horns and another had her by the tail, while the third was making a vain effort to milk her. But she was farrow, and consequently would kick and hist up behind every time an effort was made to induce her to give down the lacteal fluid. Finally they had to give it up as a bad job, but not before we had made a sketch of this laughable performance, which, however, we were careful not to show the boys, as we knew only too well what the consequences would be if we did.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

Natural History.

Coahoma's Snakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will submit my final notes on the rattlesnakes by way of obituary, both being now defunct.

On December 26, at 10 o'clock A. M., the temperature being then twenty-three and a half degrees, the snakes were found with some power of movement in the neck and upper part of the body. Also a slight protrusion of the tongue was observed, betraying some degree of consciousness remaining. During the day, with a maximum temperature of thirty degrees, the larger snake having been stretched out into a hoop shape, managed to resume the customary position of repose in a coil.

On December 27, with a temperature of twenty-two degrees, they were again observed and again showed a slight power of movement, though the manifestation was very faint. I had taken the larger snake out from under some gunny sacks and straw, and thinking he would get some sunshine during the day, he was left exposed, where he remained forgotten during the following night, with a minimum thermometer reading of seventeen degrees. The following morning I found that the rats that had been fellow prisoners with the rattlers for several months in apparent harmony, had attacked this snake's lower jaw, and had eaten the flesh away from the jaw bones. The snake seemed then completely inanimate, so I laid them both out on the floor, picking them up in my hand, and severed their heads with a hatchet Both bled freely, and the two or three inches of neck remaining attached to the head of the smaller one was found half an hour later curled around so that the stub end nearly touched the head.

The larger head was dissected by Dr. J. W. Gray, the object being mainly to locate the poison glands and the exact position of the poison sacs. We were unable to locate the glands that secrete the venom. The poison sac is contained mainly in the cavity of the bone enlargement to which the base of the fang is adherent. I say adherent to the bone enlargement because there is reason to believe that when the old fang is displaced to make way for a new one, the plane of severance is between the base of the fang and the bone enlargement. The perforation through the fang for the ejection of the venom does not extend through its base and into the bone cavity that contains the sac; but there is an orifice through the wall of the fang just above its base, on the outside of its line of curvature, in a position similar to that of the "vent hole" of a cannon with reference to the breech. This organ is so enveloped in loose folds of fleshy matter that it is difficult to discern the relations of the poison sac to the orifice at the base of the fang; but it (the sac) must necessarily project outside the bone cavity, and fold over so as to embrace the orifice.

It seems a singular coincidence that the half dozen rats that had occupied the box with the snakes for several months, as soon as the latter were removed cut a hole through the end of the box and made their escape. Had this been done earlier the snakes might have escaped also, at least the smaller one.

In dissecting the snake's head the usual assortment of extra fangs were found in varying stages of imma-

urity, in form bearing out the idea that the bony enargement to which the fang is attached is permanent, he fang proper only being removed.

The pet squirrel has grown so fat and dropsical that e has lost all of his agility. He is no longer able to limb up the window facing to get on top of the cabinet vhere his nest is located, but must be helped up. Instead f gamboling over me as formerly, he stretches himself ut in lazy fashion on my arm or knee to be scratched, vhich he enjoys very much, and bites at my fingers to nake me resume the scratching when I quit.

He will not bite through a nut, even a thin-shelled ecan, because he is accustomed to having them broken or him. This I have observed is usual with pet squirels. When a whole nut is given him, after gnawing a litle he hides it with elaborate motions of covering it up vith dirt, after hammering it down with his nose. This norning a round pebble was given him which he treated n the same manner, hiding it in a crack with the usual eremonies.

Mr. Charles Cristadoro, in his commendatory remarks bout the contributors to the Christmas number of FOREST AND STREAM, does me the honor to mention me n a kindly spirit, for which I desire to make acknowldgment, as well for the solicitude he expressed conerning my supposed danger in associating with the ratesnakes in some degree of intimacy. The danger inolved in getting into proximity to venomous snakes is reatly exaggerated in the minds of most people. The ery reason given by Mr. Cristadoro for his prejudice gainst rattlers, that he "all but stepped into the coils of six-foot *Crotalus horridus,*" should have created an impression favorable to the snake, since doubtless it could ave struck him if so inclined. But very many similar pportunities have been neglected by rattlesnakes; in fact, nly a small percentage of such experiences have resulted "snake bites," and those were when the snake had me special provocation, or was in a state of nervous xcitement and alarm. The other incident of the rattles at were not cut off, mentioned by Mr. Cristadoro, I lieve I remember the recital of at the time of the occurrence. Either Mr. C. or some other writer in FOREST ND STREAM whose identity I fail to recall, related such incident several years ago. He was riding along a ad, and seeing a dead (?) rattler extended on the ound with its head concealed in the bushes on the adside, the writer's first impulse was to dismount and t off the rattles. But reflecting that he would soon me back that way, he deferred the operation until he turned. On again arriving at the place it appeared that e snake had crawled away, and his being dead was only semblance.

In this case the writer probably made a narrow escape, the rattles are the most sensitive part of a rattler's natomy, about which he shows much jealousy, and interference with this appendage is quickly resented. Morever, he can double back upon himself with great suddenness and celerity. One might advance his hand within a few inches of a rattler's nose, in front, the snake ing fully extended, without danger of a sudden strike, r the obvious reason that the snake must draw his body rward before he can reach out any further; but it is uite different when it comes to fooling with any part his corporosity behind the head—especially the rattles. It is probable that Mr. Cristadoro was the writer of e narrative referred to, whose facile pen always leaves interesting trail behind it.

I am glad to welcome again friend Ransacker to his ace in FOREST AND STREAM, after a long interval of lence on his part. His latest story, about the coon nt, would excite the risibles of a hypochondriac.

The continuance of the name of Mrs. Llewella Pierce urchill among your contributors, after the publication her very entertaining and instructive book, affords particular gratification to the writer. I have read her lightful book, "Samoa 'Uma," and it is now going the unds among the younger members of my family.

My friend, Mr. Jos. W. Shurter, again throws open the or for a resumption of our little controversy about the rue principle of sport," or "the principle of true ort." I must, however, decline his invitation, as the aders of FOREST AND STREAM have doubtless long since ade up their verdict on the merits of the case, and would obably vote a further disputation on it as "stale, flat and profitable." I will therefore, out of charity for your aders, yield to Mr. Shurter that sort of triumph that is pposed to be so dear to the feminine heart, of "having last word." If, however, Mr. Shurter still insists on ntinuing the controversy, I suggest that he meet me in nt debate on the stump. In that case, I propose that we et on the Fourth of July next on the top of Shasta ountain, where we shall have Ransacker for referee d his coon dogs for audience; or vary the arrangement d make Ransacker the audience with the coon dogs as erees, taking care to have some easy climbing trees reach. COAHOMA.

A Call for Crow Stories.

FOUNTAIN CITY, Ind., Jan. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Meacham's note about the cunning of the yotes in catching young pigs reminds me that the ow isn't so slow when it comes to tricks in catching ne. An old turkey hen one day led her young brood o the pasture where the grass was short. A crow ghted within a few feet of them and was at once sed by the old hen, the crow going off as though ppled, and allowing the turkey to keep within less n two feet of him. When the chase was some fifty ds away from the young ones, the crow flew quickly k to the young ones, picked up one and was off to woods with it. I don't know much about coyotes, if the crow can't give him cards and spades and t him, the coyote will do. As this is a closed sea- on game, suppose you invite the folks to send in at coyotte and crow stories they may have personal wledge of, just to see which is the cutest. If Satan any imps incarnate on this earth, the crow is one hem, and in all probability the coyote is as well.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Hens and Other Birds.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in Mr. Chapman's remarks on Joseph Addison, of the Spectator, in reference to the hen. It is very difficult to draw the line between instinct and reason in animals. But with the hen—well, she does not seem to have much of either. For of all the fools in the animal kingdom the hen takes the ribbon. Geese, it is said, saved Rome; but who ever heard of a hen saving anything or anybody? "As mad as a wet hen" is an old, old saying, and as completely apropos as any of these old saws. Did you ever throw (I mean in your boyish days) or see thrown a pail of water over a hen? Great Scott! how she can scold. With vociferous vituperation in hen's billingsgate she can discount the most obstreperous Xantippe.

The query has often been raised in my mind as to how birds carry their young. During the last season I watched for some time from my window an English sparrow in her endeavor to get a young one down from a limb near her house to the ground. One of the youngsters had reached terra firma in safety, but the other little one seemed to be a pusillanimous coward, and in vain did the mother coax or threaten the youngster to make the trial. It was afraid to launch out. After a long and it seemed a very serious talk the hen dropped to a limb a little lower down and from there called back, then flew back to beside the little coward, and finally, almost pushed off by the mother, it dropped to the lower limb, and shortly after having gained courage reached the ground. Now, I suppose it was instinct that taught the mother bird that the pinions were sufficiently developed to make the descent in safety.

I was once a July woodcock shooter. I am not now. About the middle of July, some years ago, I brought down one of these splendid birds (splendid in October), and when I came to pick it up, I found a little downy thing clasped tightly to its breast between its feet. The chick could not have been more than a few days old—one of a late brood. But that settled July shooting for me.

I remember once when a boy we had a woodduck that nested in a tree in a swamp through which was a running brook. The hole in the tree was some forty of fifty feet from the water. From a tacit understanding these birds were never molested by us. The only clear place where we could view the nesting place was across the creek some ten or twenty rods (we used to measure by rods in those days), and many days we boys watched to see the ducklings come out and see how they would reach the water.

One day our patience was rewarded to a certain extent. While the mate sat on a limb beside the nesting, the duck suddenly appeared from the hole and launched toward us, striking the water but a few feet from where we crouched, and from here sailing on the water as if always used to it, a wee downy thing. This was repeated until the whole brood was sailing around, but we could not make out for sure how she carried them there. I thought on her back. Some of the boys were positive that she carried them in her bill one at a time.

JACOBSTAFF.

Animals and Electric Wires.

As electric lines increase in extent, says the Electrical Review, the numbers of mishaps caused by animals and birds become more and more prominent. The builders of the telephone and telegraph wires in Mexico first congratulated themselves that the absence of sleet would allow them to economize on the construction, but the ring-tailed monkeys and parrots soon availed themselves of the opportunity to congregate on these lines at night, and a heavier construction became necessary. In like manner, when lines were first built through forests the absence of municipal supervision did not allow the full range of anticipated economies, for the bears, mistaking the humming of the wires for concealed hives of bees, were active in their search for the hidden sweets, gnashing the poles until those of moderate size were severely weakened. And now come the birds to add to the trouble, for the power circuit at Anaheim, in Southern California, was short-circuited by an owl, causing trouble at the power station, and the wires falling upon telegraph wires caused difficulties on those lines.

If the eagles which alighted on wires of opposite polarity in the Fresno power circuits had remained in peace and harmony it would have been better for both birds and plant, but the first blow of a fight caused the simultaneous defeat of both eagles, and the arc short-circuiting the wires made the inevitable trouble at the central station. A heron recently alighted on the power circuit of the Trenton Falls line, a few miles north of Utica, N. Y., and stepping across from one wire to the other, made a burnt offering of himself and trouble again at the central station. Along the Atlantic coast in eastern New Jersey the fishhawks establish their nests on the telegraph and telephone poles, and defend their homes with such pugnacity that the linemen are obliged to carry sheath knives in their belts for defence.

There are numerous instances of rats causing crosses at switches in electric lighting lines, and some of the fires in the underwriters' bulletins have been ascribed to this cause. It is but a short step from rats to cats, and a cat at Lockport, retreating up the pole of a power line to escape from a dog—from the danger she knew to the perils she wot not of—at the cross-arm made a cross from one circuit to the other in such a manner that the arc melted the wire for a long distance, and also caused some difficulty at the power house at Niagara Falls. The use of the expression "bugs" for specific trouble is not entirely of ethical significance, because the insects are an omnipresent difficulty for outside lines. The larvæ of small insects, secreting formic acid, have opened circuits by corroding away the fuses. Hornets congregate on the poles, and indicate their umbrage at the disturbance, when the lineman opens the door, in a most vigorous manner.

N. Y. Zoological Society.

THE Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society held its annual meeting January 20. Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, First Vice-President, occupied the chair. Officers and members of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Levi P. Morton; First Vice-President, Henry F. Osborn; Second Vice-President, John L. Cadwalader; Secretary, Madison Grant; Treasurer, Percy R. Pyne; Executive Committee, Charles T. Barney, Chairman; Henry F. Osborn, John S. Barnes, Philip Schuyler, Madison Grant, Samuel Thorne and William White Niles. The Board of Managers consists of Levi P. Morton, Andrew Carnegie, Morris K. Jesup, John L. Cadwalader, Philip Schuyler, John S. Barnes, Madison Grant, William White Niles, Samuel Thorne, Henry A. C. Taylor, Hugh J. Chisholm and William D. Sloane.

The Aquarium Committee was re-elected as follows: Prof. Charles L. Bristol, of New York University; Prof. Bashford Dean, of Columbia University; Dr. Alfred G. Mayer, of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; William E. Damon and R. M. Shurtleff. This committee advises on all scientific matters with the Director of the Aquarium, Charles H. Townsend, formerly of the United States Fish Commission.

One of the important results of the year has been the completion of the lion house, which, as it is the most modern of all structures for large carnivorous animals and has been built with the determination to make it the most convenient and best for the animals, the society and the public, is naturally a remarkable building.

It is situated on the southeast corner of Baird Court, and so overlooks the lower Bird Valley, and—especially from that point of view—is a very imposing structure. It is built of buff brick and stone, and is highly ornamented with sculptured stone and terracotta representing large cats, so that it is really a beautiful building. Its main hall is 192 feet long and 28 feet wide and contains a number of cages along its eastern side, while without the eastern wall is a series of exterior cages of large size. The cages within the building are 21 feet deep while those without vary from 24 feet to more than 42 feet in depth. The total length of the building is 240 feet and its width 110 feet. In general architectural style it resembles the other building in the park.

There are 12 of the interior cages, six of them 18 by 22 feet and six 12 by 22 feet. The larger ones are for the use of the best lions and tigers and for families of young, while the smaller ones are to hold leopards, jaguars, pumas, and smaller cats. The floors of the cages, which are three feet above the floor the visitor stands on, are of strips of maple set on edge. In each cage there are two sleeping dens, which can be cut off at any time from the outer cage. Above the sleeping dens in each cage is a gallery for the inmates, reached by stumps of trees, cut so that the animals can ascend them. The floor of the balcony is five feet high.

An important change in the ordinary method of confining dangerous animals is seen in this house. The ordinary lion cage is fronted by heavy iron bars, but here a woven wire netting takes the place of bars and of course gives a much more pleasing effect. The mesh of the netting is three inches square, but the wires are so strong that there is no possible danger of the animals breaking out, since each horizontal wire has a tensile strength of 4,500 pounds.

Through this wire screen these dangerous animals can be seen just as plainly as the buffalo or the deer in the outdoor paddocks can be seen through their wire fences, and the improvement is very great.

The wires, all the iron work, and the tiling at the back of the cages are a dull green color, which sets off the animal and makes it clearly visible.

The outer cages for the use of the animals in summer will be fitted up between now and the time when the lions and tigers can be turned into them with rock work, tree trunks and other accessories, making a playground for these great cats far more attractive than is had by any other assemblage of captive felines in the world.

Within the lion house is the studio, a large and well-lighted room at the north end of the building, large enough for twenty artists to work in. Here has been built a cage 16x20 feet deep, and to this cage may be transferred by means of the transfer cage and over the railway running out of sight beneath the building, any animal that the artists may wish to paint.

A Tragedy in the Lion House.

From the (New York) Zoological Society Bulletin.

THOSE who are responsible for the care and management of wild animals in captivity are constantly reminded that it is impossible to know what deed of violence an animal is liable to perform until it is actually done. Often the cunning of a caged animal is past finding out, until the event occurs. Then we are all post-mortem philosophers. As a particularly striking and painful instance, take the case of "Lopez," the jaguar.

From the day of his arrival at the park, last May, "Lopez" has never been one of the snarling kind. On the contrary, he constantly manifested what was considered a playful disposition. Most large felines of savage disposition show it by snarling and charging against their bars. "Lopez," on the contrary, seemed anxious to play with anyone who came near his cage, and had a trick of rolling on his back, with his paws in the air, quite after the manner of a good-natured house cat.

In Hamburg, a female jaguar, very nearly full grown, was purchased as a cage-mate for him. "Lopez" was the first animal placed in the first finished cage of the new Lion House, weeks before the workmen had completed the other cages. Inasmuch as the female had been six weeks in her traveling cage, and sadly cramped for room, it was decided to place her in the Lion House without delay. In order to ascertain the temper of "Lopez" toward her, her cage was raised to the level of his, and the two were placed with their bars in close proximity. "Lopez" was greatly interested by the stranger, and attempted to play with her through the bars. She observed him without any manifestation of fear, and seemed to be interested by the prospect of a larger cage and a companion in captivity.

For two days the female's cage stood in the position described, and during all that period "Lopez" manifested not the slightest ill-temper or displeasure toward the new arrival. At the end of that time the director held on the spot a consultation with the keepers, and it was agreed that it would be quite safe to admit the female to the cage of "Lopez." The doors were opened, and without the slightest fear or hesitation the female jaguar walked into her new home.

Instantly the whole nature of "Lopez" changed—or rather his real nature came to the surface. His scheming for an advantage had been successfully carried out. With a savage growl he rushed upon the unsuspecting female, seized her by the right side of the neck and held on, biting savagely. From the first instant the female seemed utterly powerless. With an iron scraper and a hardwood pole ten feet long "Lopez" was beaten over the head and prodded in the face; but he only shut his eyes and tightened his grip on the neck of his victim. In the midst of his punishment he rose from the floor, carrying the female in his jaws as a cat carries her kitten, and walked to the opposite side of his cage. It was nearly a minute before the savage creature was forced to quit his hold and resist the attacks made upon him by the keepers. When he released the female she lay upon the floor motionless, and in two minutes more was quite dead.

At first it was supposed that one of "Lopez's" canine teeth had penetrated the jugular vein of his victim, but the autopsy made by Dr. Blair revealed the astonishing fact that two of the neck vertebræ had been completely crushed, and the spinal cord penetrated by fragments of bone. The injury was inflicted by a square bite, with no wrenching, and the murder was fully premeditated. As an exhibition of the terrible strength of the jaguar's jaws it was quite as astonishing as it was unexpected and shocking. As a consequence of this act of treachery, "Lopez" will live in solitude the remainder of his life.

The Onondaga Lake Squid.

A SPECIMEN of the squid recently taken from Onondaga Lake, New York, to which reference was made in FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, was sent to Prof. A. E. Ortman, of Princeton University, and by him identified as a common species of our North Atlantic Coast.

Illex illecebrosus is from twelve to fourteen inches in length. It is abundant from Cape Cod to Newfoundland, but is found south of that range only rarely. It is extensively used for bait.

Prof. Ortman finds it difficult to believe that this species lives in Onondaga Lake, and suggests that it may have been taken thither to be used as bait there. This may be true, but hardly seems probable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Killing of My Big Moose.

My hunt with Harry Braithwaite was pleasant from start to finish, thoroughly fine in every way, but of course the crowning event was the killing of my moose.

We reached Grove Lake Camp Friday night very late and very tired.

No sun arose the next morning, daylight only preceded a drizzling rain that was far from pleasant. The morning was spent by us in a trip down the "Deadwater" to the scene of a terrific fight between two big bulls (this is another story, however), and as the mist continued I rather expected we'd spend the afternoon in camp, but Harry was as keen as I and the result was our starting for Grover Lake as soon as we had our lunch.

When we found the canoe we discovered a bear had found it first. It was a question for a time whether it would do any more work for us, but Harry's ingenuity soon got it in "usable" shape and off we started.

For the first time I left my camera behind. This I soon regretted, for the mist stopped and the first turn brought us in sight of a young bull in the lake eating pond lilies. We got quite close to him, amply so for a good photo before he got on to us and decamped. We skirted the south shore of the lake, Harry calling caribou from time to time, but with no success. The mist had stopped for only a few moments and had gradually gotten heavier until now it was a steady down pour of actual rain, but after reaching the farthest point and turning back along the other shore, Harry gave a moose call, which was quickly answered. "It's from a small barren off this shore," said Harry, and to shore we paddled. I held the canoe under a leaning spruce and Harry took the trail to the barren to investigate. He soon returned quite wet and reported nothing in sight but a calf. After going a half mile further he gave another call and instantly got an answer. We both knew from the sound that it was a big bull. Straight to the shore we went and hopped out on to the barren and made ready for His Majesty. A large deadwater came into the lake here, and across the outlet was a beaver dam, over which the water poured freely. We were at the west end of this dam and on a wet bog where we had to watch every step, for the holes seemed bottomless. Our moose came on slowly. As he came he grunted occasionally, but so mildly and peculiarly that he fooled Harry completely, and he actually concluded the bull was across the lake. "No," I said, "he's out there, I'm sure." I couldn't explain his peculiar grunting, but I was sure he was out on the other barren. We scarcely breathed, but at last I got a glimpse of a horn and motioned so to Harry. Then we saw the top of his horns. Still, we could be sure of neither their size nor shape. So there we were; patience alone could help us. He was motionless; seconds became moments, and it seemed to us that moments became hours. Finally he moved again. Now we could see head and horns but nothing more. His head was up and nose advanced, so we could determine nothing yet as to size and shape of the horns. After motioning me not to move, Harry slipped to one side, filled his horn with water and let it filter through his fingers, and then with the horn imitated the splashing of a moose walking in the water. This brought him. Into sight he finally came, his head and horns and part of his chest. "It's a great head," said Harry.

The moose was behind a thicket of spruce. It was close work, but with every nerve in tune, I took careful

HARRY BRAITHWAITE.

aim as I could through the trees and cut loose at his cheek. He was still an instant, then wheeled. "Give him another," said Harry (yelled Harry, I mean). I could not see him at all, but running a few feet to the left got a sight of his shoulder, and with a hasty aim let him have another. Off he started and out of sight again, but slowly. "Run over to the beaver dam," yelled Harry, that's the head of the season. "We'll mire," I cried. "Let me go first," yelled he. "No," I said; "I can stand it if you can." And off I put on the run expecting to go up to my neck every step, but got over safely, although just

THE TROPHY OF THE HUNT.

as I reached the other shore my right foot sank into a beaver hole, and heels over head I went, but held to my Holland, and on to my feet and off again, and soon we were in sight of the big fellow, standing perfectly still and glaring at us. "What a head!" we both shouted in the same breath. Instantly I gave him another bullet just behind the shoulder. He did not even wince. "Give him another," said Harry, and I did. We both saw that more lead was unnecessary; in fact, he was then dying, and the last two were wholly unnecessary. But big moose are scarce and cartridges cheap. "Ah!" said Harry, "that's the head you want, Mr. DePauw," and it was.

He was an immense brute; next to an elephant the largest live thing I have seen. Around he writhed in his death agony, tearing down small trees, his eyes green and glazing, blood flowing from his mouth and sides—and how he did try to get at us! He fought to the last second. No gladiator ever made a braver fight, and we could not help feeling sorry for the brave fellow. He died on his feet, his eyes sank into his head, and when he went over he had already breathed his last. His legs were stiffened before he toppled and stayed perfectly straight. He fell so we could manage him, and so excited were we that we skinned out the neck, cut off the head and got it into the canoe, and put off for camp a proud and happy pair.

Harry is very honest in his measurements, for with his foot rule he figured the head out at 59½ inches, but when we got it to camp and put my five-foot tape on it, we found it over 62 inches. At Fredericton Mr. Flemelling, of the Crown Lands Department, measured it 62½ inches, and told me it was the largest head he had ever measured. He not only had a big head, but he was a big brute every way. As his legs were set, I could measure him accurately, and he was from bottom of hoof to point of shoulder over 7 feet 1 inch. The head was 32 points; the left horn, which is the largest, measures 12¼ inches around the burr and 18 inches across the blade, and the blade is 40½ inches long, the scalp is perfect and there is a fine bell; in fact, it's a beauty head in every way.

In thinking over the events of the day that night I became satisfied that the first bullet I fired at the Jumbo moose must have hit something else before it hit him, the hole in his chest was so much larger than usual; so I went up with the boys after breakfast, when they went to dress him out. I found it just as I surmised, the ball went right through the center of one small spruce tree and it cut the sides of two others. As the bullet held together, this made its effects the more terrible. The second bullet grazed two trees also, and to our surprise we found it had smashed his shoulder. We saw no evidence of it at the time.

It's now quite clear that the first bullet killed him and the others were really unnecessary.

How cunning these old bulls are, and how they contrive to hide themselves. At first I supposed it was chance that always made them stop in such protected positions, but after watching two bulls approaching each other one rainy evening, I found there was no chance about it. It was all a matter of the most careful calculation.

It was only after all was over that we appreciated one ludicrous incident which is worth repeating.

When I fell after crossing the dam I made a complete summersault, and on regaining my feet I found myself facing a cow moose that had accompanied His Majesty. She had, of course, heard the rifle shots but had seen nothing of us until I rolled into her presence. The expression plainly visible of her astonishment and alarm was so laughable that we both had many a chuckle over it. It is needless to say that she immediately had business elsewhere, and if she kept up the pace at which she started, I'm sure she got there quickly. DEP.

The Maine License Plan.

MELROSE, MASS., Jan. 12, 1903.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is rather hard for me to understand why anyone should criticise so capable and efficient a board of fish and game commissioners as that of the State of Maine and yet not have sufficient courage to sign his name to the article. While there is some truth in a very few of the assertions W. H. B. makes in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 10, his insinuations about the commissioners are entirely unwarranted by the facts. Venison may be, and no doubt is, served at times out of season on the tables at some so-called sporting camps. The assertion that it is done "by the tacit consent of the commissioners" is simply untrue.

I have visited Maine annually for some twenty years and previously lived there. I have fished and hunted all over the State and there is no town or city of any size but I have visited. I have met many of the guides, am acquainted with quite a large number of the residents, have a personal acquaintance with one of the commissioners, and write from my own observation and knowledge. If W. H. B. had been so thoroughly posted on this matter, why did he forget to mention some of the proprietors of camps and hotels who have contributed from $40 to $500 to the State in the way of fines? At a very little or no trouble to himself he could have learned some of these facts. If I am not much mistaken in the party, he has a personal grievance rather than a sportsmanlike interest in this subject.

Human nature is essentially the same everywhere. Maine wants to protect her game, save her own money and reap the harvest of coin annually from the visiting hunters and fishermen. The sentiment of most of the residents expressing any opinion is that the visitors should contribute a good round sum to the fund for game protection, rather than that they should give up any of the shekels they receive. Now, as every visitor to the hunting and fishing regions is put to an expense of from $50 upwards, all of which nearly goes to the guides, hotels, stores, and transportation companies, it would seem to be reasonable and just that these beneficiaries should contribute a share of their spoils to game protection funds. It is hardly to be expected that the farmers and lumbermen would be very enthusiastic over a tax which does not benefit them directly, and of course they favor putting it on the visitors or any old thing so long as they escape. Unless the commissioners can have more money to use for protective purposes, decent hunting in Maine will very soon be a thing of the past. They should have at least eight or ten wardens to patrol the boundary line and visit the lumber and sporting camps, where they now have only two, and for a part of the year only at that. While I am not in favor of the license plan, yet I can readily see the need of more money for wardens, etc.

If writers like W. H. B. want to contribute their ideas they should try to be fair and just to all parties interested. And then, if hunting is so good in New Hampshire, why not stay at home to hunt rather than visit Maine and then go home to abuse people and purposes he so evidently knows nothing about? There is so much to be said on all sides of this subject that I will not trespass further on your valuable space. Maine will settle this question regardless of such contributions to the sporting papers. If they don't make that license too big, I shall go again this year and "here's hoping" they won't.

FRED H. ROUNDS.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Dream that Did Not Come True.

REVERE, Jan. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shortly before leaving Boston on my annual trip to the woods, my wife had a dream. She dreamed I was chased by a wounded moose and trampled to death. She has wonderful dreams at least once a year. She felt sure that something was going to happen if I persisted in going. She urged that "so many men were shot by careless hunters," etc. I listened very meekly to her pleadings. Then, to prove to her how deeply I was moved, I began to pack my grip for Maine. As it fell out, I not only escaped being kicked, but did not even see the track of a moose.

Frank Guntner and Ralph Supplee, of New York, were my chums on the trip. We arrived at Grindstone on the Bangor & Aroostook road on October 28 in a fierce rainstorm. Bert Fiske met us at the station with a buckboard and a lively pair of colts for a six-mile run over a muddy course. How the mud did fly on that wild ride! We did not turn out for rock or hollow, but plunged wildly on through the blinding rain and mud.

We had several narrow escapes from being tossed into the bushes that fringed the road. But we did not mind little things like that, for we were in the promised land. We found a warm welcome and a smoking hot dinner awaiting us at the farmhouse, and were soon in an enjoyable state of mind.

Al regaled us with stories of deer and moose while we were eating dinner, and we were anxious to get into harness and try our "unerring aim" on the light-footed tenants of the woods.

It had rained for a few days previous to our arrival, and the woods were soaked. Pools of water were on the ridges and in all parts of the woods, and the footing was very bad.

We wore the low moccasin and three pairs of socks, but we were soon wet through and had to return to the house.

On the third day of our stay the thermometer dropped to the freezing point. Then our hunting stopped. One could not get in sight of a deer, owing to the ice and frozen earth and leaves. We tried sitting down and waiting for them on the ridges, but beechnuts were scarce this year and the deer were not working on the ridges. They seemed to keep to the swamps. And you would soon find your teeth chattering and your knees knocking each other after you had sat for two or three hours. We found plenty of signs, but failed to get near enough to see game.

Frank had brought small traps with him, and had an enjoyable time catching minks and musquash. He got one mink that he thought making a pet of. The mink would allow us to stroke his back and head and appeared to be satisfied to live a civilized life. Frank contemplated presenting him to the Zoological Park in New York. But the mink changed his mind one day and buried his teeth in Frank's thumb. I pried his jaw open with my knife, but the mink took a new hold and his keeper howled with the pain. We finally freed Frank, and he will not again attempt to play with a mink.

Al went out one afternoon to wait for a deer to show up. He heard a wildcat calling, and decided to try and bring the cat up to him. He uttered an unearthly howl, as near alike to a cat's as he could, and waited. After a minute or two the cat seemed nearer. Al repeated the soothing sound, and in a short time the cat came up to the log on which he was sitting. He covered his new arrival with his gun and waited to see what would occur. The lucifee's eyes snapped fire, and she advanced right along the log to within fifteen feet of the sitter. Al did not care to have an argument, so he pulled the trigger and dropped the feline. She only weighed eleven pounds, but looking at her claws and teeth one was forced to conclude that she could make things warm for an unarmed man. She certainly would have sprung on to Al in less than a minute if he had not stopped her.

Ralph, being a green New Yorker, we determined to have some fun with him. We arranged that Frank and he should go to the spring for water after dark. Frank took a shotgun and Ralph took the lantern and pail. The lucifee was placed in the bushes and Frank was to fire at the object he saw near the spring. The choppers at the house were let into the deal. The boys went to the spring and shortly after we heard the gun. In a few minutes Ralph burst into the kitchen holding the monster by the neck. He was almost breathless as he recounted the story of the mixup with the cat. He "saw its eyes flash as it gave a mighty spring fully twenty feet into the air. Then he dashed into the bushes after it and plunged his knife through its neck two or three times." Frank did not want the skin destroyed, so he dragged him off before he could do any more damage.

As Ralph was telling his story, the boys began to smile, and finally the worst of them had to turn their faces to the wood-box to conceal their blushes. He wondered why the body felt so cold when he picked it up, but Frank told him it was a cold-blooded animal, and he appeared satisfied with the explanation.

The conditions for good hunting remaining bad, we decided to start for Hinch's camp, which is about three miles from the house. Upon arriving there we were confronted by the same scarcity of visible game. Tracks and signs were plenty, but nothing to be seen. It was the worst hunting season for us of any of our trips.

Ralph had a struggle with a hedge hog, and came out on top, but not on top of the hog.

We found plenty of partridges, but we were not shooting partridges in deer country. They are so tame that you often can knock them over with a long pole.

Frank was the lucky one of the party. He found a doe feeding in the field near the house, and after she had given a few bounds towards the woods he dropped her just as she was passing from view. He shot a buck while running through the hardwood, and tracked him by blood spots on the leaves, finally discovering him dead.

About the middle of November we had a fall of snow and all hands felt jubilant. G. J. Brann and his young son joined our party on the eleventh of November. Mr. Brann is an old-timer at deer hunting, and the snow made his heart glad.

The snow ceased during the afternoon. A slight amount of rain and hail set in, which soon formed a hard crust over the snow. Then our spirits sank way down. No use in hunting under such conditions. I remained three weeks and the hunting was discouraging during all of the time. Brann hunted for nearly three weeks and failed to get near anything. His youthful son had better luck, for he shot two small bucks. Funny, is it not, how the youngsters get ahead of us old codgers at times? My boy got two last year while I failed to score.

Although I have visited Maine for three seasons, and have failed to shoot any deer, yet I have found something of far more value than deer meat.

I have found health and strength in the pine woods. I have imbibed courage and vigor from the pure and invigorating air. I have been taught many lessons from the humble but vigorous people of her woods. They are without many of the advantages that city people are burdened with, yet they would not change places with us. They are their own masters. They care not how high prices soar on food or fuel. The mighty woods furnishes meat and fuel for them. They can sit easy when winter storms howl around their doors, for their cellars and bins are full. They are not compelled to struggle with the toiling mortals of congested centers. They are not pushed and jostled by the nervous workers of life. They go along quietly and contentedly with their faces showing health and vigor, while worry and discontent are indelibly stamped upon the visages of our city toilers. They have no costly temples of religion to sit in and hold communion with their fellows, but they have the temples erected by no man, God's everlasting woods and mountains. They can look up "through Nature to Nature's God" and find solace and content.

In Nessmuk's "Woodcraft" I find the following forceful lines:

"For brick and mortar breed filth and crime,
With a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men are withered before their prime
By the curse paved in with the lanes and streets.

"And lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd—
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine."

I would therefore urge all who are tired and heavy laden to go to the woods. Go in the springtime, go in the summer or go in the winter. Mother Nature has her arms extended always to greet you. Tired brains and muscles will find rest and renewed life in her turbulent brooks and silent paths.

Cast yourself out from civilized life at least once a year. Throw away books and papers; cut the line that connects you with the busy life of cities and towns, and you will soon find the spring of eternal youth.

JAY PEE.

Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for the election of officers and other business was held at the Hotel Westminster on Wednesday evening, January 14, when about sixty members gathered about the tables and partook of an excellent dinner.

The report of the treasurer and of the fund committee showed the association to be in good financial condition, and the officers whose names had been presented at the December meeting were favored with unanimous election as follows: President, James Russell Reed; Vice-Presidents: George W. Wiggin, C. M. Bryant, William S. Hinman, Heber Bishop, M.D.; Dr. A. R. Brown, Salem D. Charles, C. H. Moulton, J. T. Herrick, M.D.; Benjamin C. Clark, Robert S. Gray, Edward J. Brown, George H. Payne, M.D.; Dr. B. V. Howe, A. B. F. Kinney, A. C. Sylvester, Dr. D. S. Woodworth. Secretary and Treasurer, Henry H. Kimball. Librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan. Executive Committee: J. N. Roberts, Heman S. Fay, Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, Loring Crocker, N. Leroy, C. W. Dimick, John C. Phillips, Rollin Jones, A. C. Risteen, George H. Moore, H. H. Hartung, M.D.; C. B. Corey. Membership Committee: Thomas H. Hall, Waldron B. Hastings, Richard V. Joyce. Fund Committee: Geo. W. Wiggin, William S. Hinman, Adelbert D. Thayer.

During the year 1902 the association has lost many valuable members by death. Among them Ex-President Col. Horace T. Rockwell and Mr. Charles G. Gibson, of the executive committee. A committee of which Vice-President A. B. F. Kinney was chairman presented resolutions upon their death and Ex-President Benjamin C. Clark made the following report on other deceased members:

"The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, at this, the first meeting of the new year, desires to place upon its records the heartfelt expression of its sense of loss in the removal by death during the past year of the following members:

"Joseph B. Glover, the generous, sagacious and high-minded merchant of the old school.

"James H. Jenkins, one of the last of the old master mariners and possessed of their admirable characteristics.

"Warren Hapgood, a practical sportsman to the end of his long life and always a loyal friend, seeking occasions of service.

"Daniel T. Curtis, one of the charter members of the club and one of its most genial and useful friends.

"Charles F. Sprague, a liberal, public-spirited man who was always found faithful in every position which he was called upon to fill.

"With the exception of Mr. Sprague, all of these gentlemen lived far beyond the limit of ordinary life, but without exception they were all men upon whom our association could count in every exigency and whose many kindly qualities of character were equalled by their faithfulness in the discharge of every duty."

Mr. Glover was a life member; Messrs. Jenkins, Hapgood and Curtis were honorary members.

Mr. Sprague, when a member of the State Senate and afterwards as a member of the National Congress, was an earnest worker for protective laws.

Col. Rockwell was active in efforts to protect smelts even before our association was organized. While president of it he was vigilant in looking after its interests, and ever since he retired from the first office, serving as a vice-president, he has rarely missed a meeting of the association or of the board of management.

The question naturally arises, who will fill the places of all the good and true men whom the association has lost the past year? Yours truly,

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

The Cuvier Club.

THE annual meeting of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was held Jan. 10. The officers elected were: President, Alexander Starbuck (which makes his eighth term in that office); First Vice-President, J. M. Doherty; Second Vice-President, Henry Hanna; Third Vice-President, P. Roach; Trustees, to serve three years, H. C. Culbertson, George Gerke and E. M. Pattison. The report of Prof. Charles Dury, the custodian of the museum and librarian, showed sixty books and pamphlets and six birds donated. The game warden reported a total of twenty-four cases, of which twelve were convicted, the fines of same amounting to $250; there are also four cases pending. The reports all show a very prosperous condition of the popular organization.

President Starbuck said in his annual address:

"The fish and game laws passed by the last Legislature have, up to the present date, been found to be very efficient, only one weak spot so far having been developed in them. This was, however, of little consequence, it being the rabbit law, which inadvertently permitted having legal possession of the 'cottontail' at any time, though the killing of it is confined to the close season specified, viz, between November 10 and December 2, and at any time when it is discovered nibbling forbidden fruit or sharpening its ivories in the orchard.

"From authentic sources we are satisfied that there has been less violation of the game laws in Ohio the past year than for a long time. Our warden, Mr. Chas. I. Ryan, has made many searches for forbidden game among the market purveyors, clubhouses, hotels, markers and cold storage warehouses. A few days before the open season he made a most thorough search in the cold storage houses and other places, but not an illegal feather did he secure. He was not a welcome visitor, we assure you, and had he been less firm and resolute than he was he would not have been permitted to cross the threshold that led to the icy chambers.

"What we desire our Legislature to do is to correct the rabbit law, discontinue the spring shooting of ducks, give deputy wardens a fair salary so as to insure officials of good character, and a more thorough enforcement of the laws, make an appropriation of $50,000 for the Fish and Game Commission, so as to more effectually carry out the work of propagation in its fish hatcheries, as well as a more vigorous enforcement of the game laws.

"That just such action is needed we have only to consider the terrible destruction to the fish and game that has been carried on for the past ten or twenty years. Look at the depletion of Lake Erie of its finny inhabitants; look at the broad and rippling streams that are the receptacles of sewage and the poisonous refuse of factories; look at the destruction of our great forests that once afforded magnificent cover for the game; look at our green fields and meadows that are tramped by an army of poachers; look at the cold storage warehouses that are rapidly multiplying throughout the States and that enable the market-hunter, as well as the pot-hunter and all that ilk, to dispose of their game at all seasons. In fact, look anywhere and you will soon realize that the traditional goose of the golden egg is to be again slaughtered."

Guides at the Sportsmen's Show.

THE general plan of the Ninth Annual Sportsmen's Show, to open at Madison Square Garden, New York, next month, has been perfected. The arrangement will be not unlike that of last year, in that the center of the arena will be given up to a miniature lake with wooded islands and surrounding camps and hunters' cabins. Several departures from the plan of past shows, however, that it is believed will be appreciated by all sportsmen will be made. The space heretofore devoted to aquariums and game animals will be given up to experienced and reliable guides, not only from Maine and the Adirondacks, but from many sections of the Dominion of Canada, from Montana, Idaho, Colorado and all other big-game and fishing regions of the country. During the past three months Manager Dressel has been in direct communication with reputable guides in all parts of the United States and Canada, and outlining to them his plans for the show of 1903, has asked their co-operation.

"I want," said Capt. Dressel, "to have every hunting section of the country represented at the next show by well posted and experienced guides who know every square foot of their respective districts, and can impart their information to visitors to the show. I want these guides to reproduce, as nearly as possible, their own camps and cabins in Madison Square Garden, and to bring with them as much of their original camp furniture and fixings as will give these cabins a realistic and true-to-life appearance; I want them to bring their game heads, skins, rifles and trophies of all kinds, and if they have any camp pets, such as cub bear, young deer or moose, foxes, raccoons, or other game animals, to bring them along and make them features of their respective camps. There are hundreds of sportsmen who visit our show for no other purpose than that of procuring information that will be of value to them in selecting territory for a hunting or fishing trip for the season ahead. Consequently, the presence of a big delegation of guides will be of advantage to these visitors and to the guides themselves, in that it will enable the latter to establish a new list of patrons, and will insure to visitors the information they are after. To this end I have secured the co-operation of well-known guides from many points in the far West and Northwest; Maine and the Adirondacks will of course be represented; three guides from New Brunswick will be on hand to talk of the advantages of that great caribou section, and I have arranged for a novelty that will no doubt be appreciated by every practical sportsman who enters the Garden, in the presence of a quartette of turkey hunters from Virginia. These men were born to the craft, and each and every one of them can give a dozen or more parties of city sportsmen all the sport they want at the end of a night's ride from New York City."

California Goose Shooting.

DID you ever enjoy a day's shooting on wild geese that stands out prominently in your memory whenever you wish to recall the "shoot of your life?"

If so, it must have been in California, for nowhere else in the world is such sport to be found on this fine feathered denizen of the air, and only in a limited area of that vast State and only during the spring migration can it be found even there. Ex-President Harrison, who enjoyed a goose hunt here years ago, stated before he returned to the East that although he had enjoyed fine goose shooting east of the Rockies, he had never seen anything to compare with it. The sport and the system connected with it, so far as I know, have nothing like them elsewhere.

This State is about 700 miles long and 350 to 400 wide. Its coast line from Crescent City on the north to San Diego on the south embraces almost exactly the same latitude as the Atlantic Coast from Boston to Savannah, or approximately between the thirty-second and forty-second degrees of latitude. And by the way, through a provision of the Constitution which sportsmen hope to see amended this year, and which prohibits any and all special legislation, the game law must apply to the whole State, except in such cases as supervisors of counties may see fit to shorten the open season. Think of trying to have a game law that would be the same for the whole Atlantic Coast!

But this is digressing. The annual southward migration of geese from the Arctic regions where they breed begins in August, and a few scattered flocks drop in to visit California sportsmen during that month. The majority of them, with the young birds, tarry on the lakes and marshes near the Oregon line until the first or middle of September. The great valleys of California are rainless from about the first of May until October, and millions of the geese pass on to Mexico and spend the winter. Many other millions stop at different places in the State and fatten on the grain in wheat fields which is shelled out by the north winds. Their favorite feeding grounds, however, are in Solano, Colusa and Glenn counties, where are found wheat ranches numbering thousands of acres each. Here they are found through the winter, and still more so during the spring migration, in countless numbers. Flocks of them literally cover acres of ground, and such a nuisance do they become to the farmers, eating to the ground acre after acre of wheat, that they employ men who do nothing but shoot geese with rifles and shotguns, to drive them from the grain fields, and even this affords only partial protection, as they come back at night to feed.

The sportsman's enjoyment and the method pursued are best illustrated by a description of a day's shoot by three Sacramento sportsmen, Messrs. Newbert, Brinker and Geary. A three hours' ride on the cars brought them to Norman, Glenn county, where Crump, Stewart and Kagee, three professional hunters of many years' standing and two of whom are considered the best "goose callers" in the State, have prepared grounds and decoys. They found Stewart waiting for them at the station, and were rapidly driven to the cabin for a change of clothes and then taken in a four-horse wagon to the shooting grounds. These are a flat plain, as shown in the illustration. It is sparsely covered with what is known as pepper grass and is full of puddles early in the season, but in March, when the shooting is at its best, is dry. The land is good only for sheep grazing, and is generally known as "the goose pasture."

At the grounds they found Kagee and Crump. Three holes had been dug, two of them about 20 yards apart, for the shooters, and a third, about 25 yards away, for the caller. The holes are about three feet deep, round, and about 30 inchs wide. In these the shooters kneel, places being hollowed out for their toes, in order that they may be as comfortable as possible. All around the edges of the holes are set decoy geese on wire frames. Around the holes are scattered from 150 to 200 dead geese and decoys, also set up on wire fences, besides about 25 live wild geese. The latter are birds that have been crippled and captured and kept in captivity until they became tame; in fact, so tame that they are more so than the ordinary tame goose. They care nothing for the gun, and will treacherously lift up their voices when a flock of their wild brethren approaches and help to decoy them.

Of course, it makes a most killing lure, and the success is proportionate. They are placed in inclosures formed by two very fine nets that are almost invisible to the approaching flocks. The nets are 2½ feet high and 20 feet square, and are held in place by stakes of ¼-inch wire. The geese make no effort to escape, and if one accidentally gets out he tries to get back again. They are taken from the wagon in boxes, which are placed inside the netting and the doors opened and they walk out as if they knew their business. One box is of white geese and they are placed in a net by themselves. The other lot are brant, which are known in California as China brant (Hutchins' brant), and large Mexican brant. The outer joint of their wings has been taken off and they are unable to fly. Stewart has had some of these geese for seven or eight years, and they have never been known to breed in captivity.

Often during the shooting a goose drops dead inside of the net, but they have never been known to be hit by it, and will ruffle up their feathers and show fight. During this shoot a slightly crippled goose fell into the inclosure and as soon as he straightened up he began talking to them, as much as to say, "You got me into this fix." When he had had his say, the others all pitched into him and he had to be rescued in order to save his life.

PUTTING OUT THE DECOY HONKERS.

After the sportsmen were in the hole and everything was ready, Stewart called "Here comes a lead from the west." They hugged the ground closely and he began calling and said: "Get on to them, Betsy." The live geese take up the call and the distant flock swings in, unsuspicious of danger. They change their course and come directly for the decoys. "Lie low," cautions the caller. At the first swing the ycome within perhaps fifty yards and the caller says, "Hold on, they'll swing again." With tense nerves and eager eyes the shooters wait and they swing in between the two holes, not more than fifteen or twenty yards away. Indeed, they often come directly over the holes, so close that the shooter could almost spring up and grasp them. Then comes the command, "Punch 'em," and the shooter delivers his two barrels as well as he can and with a "pump gun" may get in three barrels, but shooting at long range is discouraged.

It seems an easy matter to hit a large bird like a goose at short range, but the holes are small and the shooter cramped, and the best shots in California have found it very easy to "punch holes in the air."

Flock after flock is decoyed in this way, and as the shooters soon learn to remain motionless until the word is given, toll is taken from every flock, and the score mounts upward rapidly. On one occasion during the day 23 geese were killed in 17 minutes. It is astonishing how accurately the callers can distinguish the species of geese in a distant flock by the shape of the flock in flying, and by other indications. The sport went on through the afternoon until dark, when all adjourned to the cabin.

The next morning the sportsmen were routed out early and the wagons conveyed them to the ground before daylight. Geese killed the day before were set out on wire frames again, with sticks to hold their heads up. Some were laid on the ground, their heads held up by sticks, as if resting or dusting themselves, and so artfully are they posed that it is no wonder the wary birds are deceived. "As foolish as a goose," is a trite saying, but if anyone thinks it applies to a wild goose he will soon find himself mistaken, for there is no bird more suspicious until his suspicions are allayed, and the least movement will send the flock off without a shot.

Everything is in readiness by daylight, and the shooters are soon enjoying the excitement again. Flock after flock swings in, decoyed by the perfect arrangement of the decoys, the inimitable calling and the treacherous signals of the live geese, and each leaves its quota to swell the total score. Frank Ruhstatler, of Sacramento, holds the highest record for an individual, having killed 240 in a morning shoot, and one party of four killed over 700 in two days. During one week of this season 2,000 were killed without any apparent diminution of the supply. Holes are dug in other parts of the plain, which extends for miles in each direction, and when the geese become shy of one locality, a move is made to another.

The Newbert party killed 444 geese during the afternoon and morning shoot, and their friends were the recipients of much of the game after they returned. None of the geese are wasted. What the hunters do not care to take home with them are given to people in the neighborhood or shipped to San Francisco, where they find a ready market. The terms are $12 per day, which includes the best of board, cigars and liquors, in fact everything but ammunition. There is a nice cabin, a good Chinese cook and everything is clean and comfortable, and as Stewart and his partners employ three assistants and have their teams to keep, there is but little money in it for them.

It would seem like wanton slaughter to kill so many birds, but the season lasts only about three weeks and the supply is unlimited. The men employed by the ranchers to protect their grain do not bother themselves much about picking up the geese they kill, but of those killed by sportsmen none go to waste. There are very few "honkers" or Canada geese in the spring flight, as most of them have already gone north. The principal varieties are the white-fronted goose, known here as the "speckled breast" or "gray goose," the white or snow goose, the "China goose" or Hutchins' brant, and the Mexican brant, so-called.

Stewart keeps his live decoys at his farm on Grand Island during the summer, where he has about an acre of ground inclosed and offers them "all the comforts of a home."

The illustration shows how the geese and shooters are taken to the grounds and disposed of for the hunt.

ANSER.

Pheasants in Ohio.

IN his annual report for 1902, President Rogers, of the Ohio Fish and Game Commission, says of the imported pheasants:

"Owing to the fact that the General Assembly at its last session reduced the appropriation for the pheasantry at London to the minimum amount required to maintain and to distribute young birds of this season's hatch, it was necessary in the summer to suspend operations, and, therefore, for the immediate future there will be no pheasant raising under State auspices. It is to be doubted greatly whether it is wise to continue the hatching of pheasants, as the reports received by the commission from various places in the State where these birds have been placed are such as to lead to the conclusion that an effort to stock the State can never be a great or even a qualified success. In certain sections the pheasants apparently have done well, and notably in the marshes in Lake Erie in Erie and Ottawa Counties. In other portions of the State the birds appear to have suffered from some cause, and many counties which have yearly received a large quota of pheasants have recently reported that they are extinct. A cross between the ring-neck and Mongolian pheasant, which has been produced at the pheasantry does not appear to be a bird suitable for this climate; either that, or they afford too tempting an object for men with guns or to the predatory animals."

With Rod and Gun.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

An Hour with Didymus.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Jan. 4.—Anyone visiting St. Augustine for the first or last time, whether in quest of game, fish or any other pleasure, should fortify themselves with a clear understanding of this historical old spot and thus escape the uncanny mixture of local imaginative history. From an historical standpoint St. Augustine, as we all know, has no peer on this continent for interest; the landmarks are here, and many of them show the weight of time, and tell a story of a time in which I am glad I didn't live. Most any local historian in the garb of cab driver can make one's hair stand on end, and thank Heaven he wasn't born a Spaniard with a yearning to be good in those times.

I visited Fort Marion, the old city gate-way, "the oldest" and "next" to the oldest houses. In the Vedder Museum we saw the old fireplace and the old rifle suspended there.

But my visit here was not wholly in search for history. I came here to investigate the conditions relating to the taking of fish and game, and to take some of both if I could. But instead of doing this I visited Didymus.

In a very recent number of FOREST AND STREAM I find an article of much feeling and nicely told, signed Unknown, of which the writer said he wished he had the pen of a Didymus or Hastings and others, and asking what has become of Didymus. I don't blame him; nor is his pen the only thing to envy this sage of the FOREST AND STREAM, this nestor among the best and only true school of lovers of woodcraft. It is the soul within that moves the pen and brush alike in painting on canvas nature's benediction, or on common brown paper a story that we can see. English phraseology can butt against the moss-grown jungles of Florida and the north pole and leave them colorless; it's "the artist" that can give touch and color to a speckled trout leaping through a rainbow or a broken down hayrake; and this is Didymus. I found him tall and erect and clear of eye at eighty-three, active and strong, and ever ready for action. With him I hunted and fished in many lands. My new hammerless guns of improved makes look like foolish things beside his beloved and well used old fox gun of obsolete design, between whose hammers his keen blue eye has shone on victory so many times, and will many times to come. (It was only a slight local affliction soon mended that kept us from the woods.)

In the charming appointments of this home, the many windows where the sun can come in, the hanging of a drapery, the adjustment of pictures, the rugs harmonious, the prettily groomed lawn overlooking the water, presided over by Her who should rule all our destinies, I spent a delightful hour. The best hunting trip of my life was experienced in Didymus's library. It was so real.

It was in St. Augustine, too, that I met Dr. Dewitt Webb, whose love for metaphysics is only beaten by a neck by his love for his pointer Val and his gun. I was obliged to ask the doctor to start a "time factory" so I could join him indefinitely, but we found that "the old fellow with the scythe" had cornered the market.

St. Augustine presents many pleasant inducements for the sportsman. The Magnolia Hotel is as cozy as home. Mr. McDowell is always glad to see the man with gun-looking baggage, and he is equally anxious to further his sport by securing good horses and guides, both for hunting and fishing, and they catch anything there a man wants. A few miles out quail are found; in another direction, a bit further, a bag of snipe can be had. Hunting here is mostly done horseback, which, to my mind, doubles the pleasure of the outing, which can only be made brighter by a call at the Gate of Didymus; and should your bag be a small one, call at the Gate of Dr. Webb, he has a way of cheering one up outside of his medicine chest, and FOREST AND STREAM is always on file there.

Palm Beach and Lake Worth.

PALM BEACH, Jan. 6.—To come to Florida and not visit Palm Beach is like going to France and dodging Paris, and while it is a long way from the Bowery, modern railway service has overcome all obstacles to the extent of a fine hotel on wheels, including the "taking out of a license." The Atlantic Coast Line, or the Seaboard Air Line, picks you up in New York, and in thirty-six hours of sleep and other comforts places you in the hands of Mr. J. R. Parrott, of the Florida East Coast Line, and I am convinced from actual observation that Mr. Parrott spends most of his time on wheels to see to it that all who start for Palm Beach get there in comfort, and he keeps them there as long as they can stay. There is no hardship in the staying; such hotels are the outcome of taste and cash, and one can get anything he wants from the roof to the subcellar in the way of price.

The Palm Beach Hotel, it occurs to me, is in the right spot and in the right hands for the tourist sportsman. Mr. Ormes, the manager, has employed four of the best guides in this important section for the use of his guests, and their motto is "No game, no pay." This includes deer, turkey and quail shooting, and there is a fine line of buzzards always in sight which I find, on inquiry, are migratory, just like people who flock to this modern Eden; with the departure of the winter guest, so goes the buzzard, his taste for a chosen branch of society is manifest. In crossing Lake Worth to "The Palms," at West Palm Beach (a charming home-like place presided over by Mr. J. C. Stowers, our postmaster, who is in close touch with the game country and providing men to show one where and when to shoot), I saw hundreds of wild ducks always within gun range; in fact, so tame that they are fed on both shores alike, but are not shot within two miles of White Hall, the palace of Mr. Flagler. Fish of many varieties are taken here, just out of doors; and two miles back from West Palm Beach you want to load your gun, for deer and quail and turkeys are found in goodly quantities in this locality, and the pretty gun cases are becoming more numerous every day. In other words, the southern flight of a lucky people has begun, and the sweet strains of orchestra and voice are heard when the stars in a southern sky are the brightest. I venture to say that there is no other place on earth where the canvas hunting clothes and the swallow-tail coat are used to so finished a purpose in the same given space—plunging through a Florida jungle at five, from victory afield to heroic efforts of another sort amid the glimmer of modern, well-gowned society at six. Dear Palm Beach, you don't belie your peaceful name. Surely your lot is a graceful one.

Along the East Coast of Florida.

SEABREEZE, Jan. 10.—At Miami everybody goes fishing, and every incoming train bears evidence in the baggage car that the catch will be great; yet each year the supply of fish lingers there in undiminishing numbers.

Those who have never fished before get the fever here, and go away seasoned anglers. It may be possible that Congressman J. W. Babcock, of Wisconsin, has been a fisherman for many years, and his wife, too; but be it as it may, they have gone at it with increased energy this year at Miami, with the kingfish as their specialty. Each day finds them afloat, and each night ashore radiant with success; and while the kingfish seems to please, amberjacks (21 pounds), mottled groupers and black groupers find a place in their trim launch, with Mrs. Babcock a close second in her share of the catch.

At Rockledge I found a place to live, a place to shoot, a place to fish and a place to dream. In breaking camp here one is pulling at the tender cords that bind. Rockledge is situated on the Indian River, halfway between St. Augustine and Palm Beach, on the Florida East Coast Line, in the heart of the famous orange groves which have made the Indian River known the world over—since which time this pretty body of water has become recognized on account of its own beauty, its broad expanse of water and tropical shores.

Here is the pretty Rockledge Hotel, and landlord Shares, who will be found ever ready to help the sportsman secure a full measure of the good things Rockledge has to give the searcher for sport.

I stepped out of the hotel at six A. M. and found Boatman John Moore nearly ready for me, pushed out into the river, and in five minutes was blazing away at broadbills. Returned at seven thirty, dined with her who sweetens our coffee with sugar and smiles, and with her pushed off shortly afterwards trolling for trout. Returned for lunch with eight spotted beauties, weighing from 2 to 3½ pounds each, and only the shortness of time kept me from going after channel bass in the afternoon, black bass in the lake next morning, quail shooting on Merritt's Island in the afternoon, duck shooting on the Banana River next day, and repeating indefinitely this appetizing programme. Here I found established for the winter Mr. Fred J. Simmons and his charming wife, of Detroit. Mr. Simmons has his own launch and boat house, and is particularly generous to the rod and gun visitor. Mr. Chas. A. Paescke and family, of Milwaukee, stopped there for a few days and was still fishing when I left. Judge Neushafer, of New York, is here, and has made his own trail from the billiard-table to his boat and back; the judge plays billiards well, only because a billiard cue is so much like a fish rod.

I, however, wanted to visit Seabreeze further north, and other places of interest in Florida; and, too, in a given length of time; so I pulled out for Daytona. Just across the Halifax River, on a narrow peninsula, overlooking the ocean, is Seabreeze, happily chosen spot, appropriately named. The Colonnades Hotel is here with its pretty lawns, long sun parlors, cheerful office with its big open grate fireplace, dining-rooms open on all sides, overlooking tall pines and palmetto trees, and the Halifax River on one side and the ocean near by on the other. The house is presided over by Mr. Chas. H. Creighton, an educated twelve-bore sportsman of twenty-bore instincts.

A day afield here promises much. We left the hotel early. Mr. Creighton, Mr. Ralph Valentine (of Ohio) and myself, in the care of Isham Bennett, Esq., who acted as guide and proved a philosopher as well. We went, after a deer, on our way to the haunts of our quest. We bagged some quail. Later we started a deer and our hearts to going; but that perverse deer always kept just out of range, and is there yet. Then we got on the track of another one that had cold feet, and this one, too, still has a warm heart. In the meantime Mr. Valentine and I were having some fun with English snipe, while Mr. Creighton was bottling his energy near the wagon. Turkey tracks were in evidence, while the sun wouldn't be long; so we began the homeward drive with Sport, Mr. V's pointer of great promise, and Mr. C.'s Don, an Irishman of many gifts in the role; while the intrepid Bennett sat on the front seat sounding like a bunch of quail lost to each other. As a bird finder, however, Sport was the best of the three; yet Bennett "can find birds," and is a good guide for the man who wants to make a bag.

It is here that a long pier has been built out into the ocean, to accommodate the fellows who want to take big fish, and they do get them. Between Seabreeze and Daytona is the long bridge where visitors exercise from early morning until Florida sundown trolling for trout. Men, women and children just walk and fish. North from Daytona, a few miles, is a lake famous for black bass; near its shores is the haunt of the wild turkey; from its low banks in the meadow-like country, are the feeding grounds of the snipe; on the higher ground quail are found—and so would I be if duties did not call me where quail are as hard to find as a professional game of poker.

At the Colonnades I had the pleasure of a luncheon with Mr. John F. Hazen, ex-vice-president of the American Tin Plate Co. Mr. Hazen has led himself to believe that he is only a reminiscent sportsman, telling me that reading FOREST AND STREAM for nigh on to forty years has cost him more money than the support and education of his family, and that he don't regret a dollar of it, proving this by asking my advice about the best gun to get for Florida shooting near a comfortable front porch. He will be heard from again. E. H. Molton, Jr., accompanied by his wife, are here, fishing-tackle laden.

Ducks on the Banana River.

JACKSONVILLE, January.—On reaching Jacksonville this morning I was presented to Capt. F. H. Coolidge, of Atlanta, who, in company with Steven A. Ryan and W. O. Conway, all members of the Atlanta Gun Club, have been living the sweet existence of hermits on one of the many little islands formed by the Indian and Banana rivers and tributaries and the ocean near Rockledge, for four or five days, shooting ducks. The bag made by these Georgia marksmen shows their trip was a regular powder-shot-meat success, and an express bill of $18 would indicate that their friends at home were not forgotten in the slough of the duck pond; 300 bluebills (broadbills), 100 pintails and 80 mallards fell to the crack of their guns, which shows that our Barnegat and Great South Bay shooters didn't get 'em all last fall. These gunners believe in good timber. Capt. Coolidge has with him a gun of steel and gold—and Mr. Ryan carries one of gold and steel.

T. E. BATTEN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Doubting Didymus.

I have read with interest the comment of Didymus upon the account given to me by Col. R. E. Bobo, regarding migrations of squirrels in the State of Mississippi, which account I believe to be perfectly true in every particular, as Col. Bobo was an observer and a gentleman, and in this case had the advantage of being upon the ground and seeing what he described. I infer that Didymus has never seen such a migration. None the less, it may have occurred. Indeed, it did occur, and as described.

Illinois Tinkers Game Law.

CHICAGO, ILL, Jan. 13.—The merry game of tinkering the game laws goes forward here the same as elsewhere, as witness the following advice this morning received from Springfield:

"State Game Commissioner Lovejoy, acting in conjunction with the committee from the State Sportsmen's Association, has prepared a revision of the Illinois game law. The purpose in revising the entire law has been to include protection for all classes of game, some birds and animals having been omitted in the previous laws.

"One feature of the bill which will appeal especially to sportsmen and those interested in preserving the game of the State prohibits the killing of any sort of game for commercial purposes. To secure a better enforcement of the game laws the bill provides a fund from which the game wardens and deputies shall be paid. This fund is to be created by charging a resident license in addition to the nonresident license. Commissioner Lovejoy thinks the laws can be enforced by a fewer number of wardens provided they are paid regularly for their services.

"The bill provides general protection for all sorts of game, game birds and song birds, rabbits affording the single exception. The open seoson for the killing of various sorts of game are as follows:

"'Quail during the month of November.

"'Grouse and prairie chicken during the month of September.

"'Woodcock and doves during the months of October and November.

"'Snipe and plover, September 1 to April 25.

"'Wild geese, duck or other water fowl, excepting the mud hen and coot, from September 1 to April 15.'

"It is made unlawful to kill deer and wild turkeys at any time.

"The provisions of the present law are preserved in the section providing against the selling of Illinois game in the market, but allows game from other States to be sold in the open market from October 1 to February 1, unless it is unlawful to ship such game from the States where it has been killed. It also prohibits the selling of ducks, which heretofore have not been included in the list of game birds not to be sold in the market."

Now, let us see what we would have if this bill went through as proposed. First, we should have one most excellent feature, the stopping of sale of all sorts of Illinois game—one more proof of the excellence and growing quality of the FOREST AND STREAM platform plank. This would cut off such outrages as the butchery done on the duck marshes by such shooters as the Powers boys and their friends, who in a year kill and sell many thousands of ducks, as reported in these columns at earlier dates. It is very likely that this excessive slaughter on the Powers boys' marsh has been the immediate cause of the introduction of this "Stop the sale of game" clause in the bill above mentioned.

As against this stopping the sale of game in this State we have the inevitable loophole, so often ignorantly or intentionally left in game bills by the framers—the permission to market game "not killed in this State." In effect, experience has shown that this means about the same as no restriction whatever in the marketing of Illinois game. It may not seem so to those who are beginning the study of game laws and their workings, but it surely will so seem to anyone who has attempted to enforce the game laws of this State against the dealers of South Market street. I imagine, therefore, that the game dealers will make no objection to the "stopping" of the sale of Illinois game. Of course, the clause is better on the books than off, but it will not be enforceable. It might stop a few extreme and well-spotted cases like those of the Powers boys, or other market-shooters along the Illinois River.

The clause requiring a resident shooting license will, in all likelihood, defeat this or any other bill carrying it. Theoretically this may all be very well, and it might

please some sensitive soul who thinks a non-resident license is "discrimination" to be allowed to pay a resident license himself, but practically the same opposition will meet this clause which always meets any attempt to put in a clause stopping spring shooting. The farmers will not stand for it, and the lower half of the State will kill it.

As to using fewer wardens, we want none of that doctrine. We want more wardens and better ones, just as many as we can get and just as good. The non-resident license raises a considerable amount of money, and would raise much more did we stop spring shooting and have something for non-residents to shoot when they come here.

To cut off twenty days from the quail season and allow that bird to be shot only in November is a good movement right now, for we are almost sure to be up against a short quail crop next fall. The clause will, however, meet opposition from many Chicago shooters, who don't really want the quail protected so much as they want themselves protected. There will no doubt be a fight on this clause.

To allow shooting of woodcock only in October and November means, in this State, a perpetual prohibition on that bird. Even so, let it go, if thereby anything shall be gained in regard to another bird, for few woodcock are killed now in Illinois. To open a legal season on doves for those same two months is to invite destruction for that bird in many localities where it is abundant. It is to make it a game bird, whereas it has heretofore been shot as a sort of side issue by the chicken hunters more especially, and the quail hunters in less extent. The woodcock and dove would under this bill in all likelihood be shot more especially by the quail hunters, or by those who would deliberately go out after doves; for we see, a little further on, that the chicken season is open only in September.

Thus we see that in its features as to upland birds, the proposed law does not in the least stand analysis as a sportsmen's measure, well intended as it may be. It is a step backward in practical legislation for game protection, as any well-informed shooter knows. The whole tendency now in advanced protective thought is toward a uniform shooting date. Suppose we opened the season on all game birds October 1 and closed it on all birds November 31. That would be protection. We should soon grow used to these dates, and would not worry about any months but October and November. If we saw a man out with dog and gun any other time we could with warrant ask why he was out and what he was doing. In this proposed official game law we have a season on one bird or other which begins September 1 and ends three months later. Our existing game supply will not stand three months' hammering, supplemented with a spring shooting season on wild fowl. Theoretically we do not have such a full season, but practically, as any well-posted deputy warden knows, a great many shooters will kill chickens after the law is out, quail before it is legal, snipe, woodcock, doves, or anything else as they find them, all being grist to the gun as found, and irrespective of dates. The practical thing is to keep gun, gunner and conscience at home a longer time, and not to trust too much to either of these three at any time of the year. This long and broken season in the fall shows a poor law, and experience with it would be sure to prove this true. It is one of those inferior, infernal, long-tried and always wanting loophole laws which are the same as no laws at all. This and the partial permission to sell game, in this city will practically amount to no law at all for this State.

The deer and turkey clauses amount to little. It is difficult to see why mudhens should be protected any more than ducks, and difficult to see why there should not be at least an attempt made to protect snipe and plover in the spring. Such an attempt might defeat the whole measure, but there is probability that it will hardly go through as it is drawn.

Concluding, the proposed bill, which I take it is Mr. Lovejoy's first game bill, does not show that he worked with able advisers, or that, if he did so, he failed to take their advice. Mr. Lovejoy himself admits little acquaintance with sport prior to his term of office, but wants to do his best at what is right. The only real step in advance is the proposed stopping of the sale of Illinois ducks. I have a notion that, for reasons earlier stated, this stopping of duck selling in this State will just about go through, as a great deal of agitation has gone on in the lower part of this State over the market-shooting above mentioned, and it is the lower part of the State which makes the Illinois game laws.

The bad features of the law proposed lie largely in the broken shooting dates on different birds. October, the shooting month of all the fall, is closed except as to woodcock, a minus quantity, and doves, which ought to be left a minus quantity.

There is no State in the entire United States which is riper than Illinois for a thirty days' or sixty days' shooting season in the fall. We have no chickens left to afford a real sport at chicken shooting in September. An early date on that bird pleases a few, but benefits a very small class. To cut out September would leave the corn field shooting still open on chickens. It would also leave more birds for this corn field shooting. I would far rather see a hundred birds a day in October and kill a dozen than to see fifty in a day in early September and kill two dozen. The two months of October and November would cover all our duck shooting closely enough, all our snipe shooting and all our upland shooting. With a law like that and the sale of *all* game stopped in this city, we should have plenty of game here in Illinois, and what is still more important, plenty of game in all the other western States; for Chicago legislates for all the West, since all the West ships her game, in season and out.

But we shall not see such a law for a time, shall probably never see it. That would be protection. The people of Illinois and the West do not want protection. They only want to talk about it, to make bluffs about it.

Out West.

Mr. W. A. Jones, formerly of this city, and well known as President of the Garfield Gun Club, member of the Poygan Gun Club, of Wisconsin, etc., this fall found his health breaking down and removed to Flathead county, Montana, where he has taken to ranching, with what he thinks will prove good success. He writes this week that he is well and happy, and wants to see the best paper on earth. He has done a little knocking about, killed a few deer and taken a few trout, and thinks he is in God's country. He is. The West will make him well. It is the only country on earth worth living in or loving.

Getting Ready for Tournament.

Mr. Wm. Mills, Jr., of the firm of Wm. Mills & Son, New York, called at this office to-day. Mr. Mills is in town looking after the trade in fine rods, etc., and says that the stock of the famous Leonard rods was never in better assortment. He is getting ready for the big bait-casting competition at the Sportsmen's Show in New York, and is inquiring as to the exact size, weight and personal appearance of the artificial frog as used in the Chicago contests. Mr. Mills is very welcome in the West, and I am sure will find the Chicago boys full of ideas about rods and tackle of all sorts. I even told him how to build a rod my own self, it being the privilege of all mankind to tell makers of rods, guns and newspapers just how to carry on their respective businesses. I never made a rod myself, but can cheerfully tell anybody how it ought to be done. I wish Mr. Mills would send over a few rods to England to take (if possible) some of the conceit out of our English cousins in regard to fly rods. I will back a Leonard against any English rod I ever saw of twice its weight, and this under the hardest of their fishing conditions in England. This ought to be liberal odds for our English friends.

Mixing of Dogs.

I suppose there will always be troubles in the world of dogs, troubles over dogs which are not as represented, dogs which die on the way to or from their owners, and dogs which are well meaning, but inefficient. A little dog story happened here not long ago, however, which shows still better the possible ramifications of the dog industry. Mr. W. P. Mussey, very well known in Chicago sporting circles, ordered of a man in London, Ont., a red cocker spaniel for home consumption. As soon as the spaniel in Ontario was ready for shipment, its owner sent it to Mr. Mussey by express, and so advised him. Meantime, however, that gentleman had left town, and the crate containing the alleged cocker spaniel was received by his employes at his billiard emporium. It so happened that Gene, the head cashier of the hall, is a very pleasant gentleman, but does not know a dog from a beef critter. He thought that the charges of $3.15 were regular, saw that there was a dog in the crate all right, and hence cheerfully signed the receipt in the expressman's book and called for one of the colored boys to take the top off the crate.

When the crate was opened, it was seen to be literally full of dog, so much so that the occupant thereof when standing erect projected some inches above the top of the crate. Just how so much dog got into so small a crate was something which, in Mr. Mussey's absence, puzzled Gene very much. Finally a further shadow of perplexity came over his brow. He sent for an expert dog man, and began to question him:

"Here," said he, "is this dog a cocker spaniel? We sent for one, and this is what we got."

"Cocker! Cocker spaniel!" replied the other. "That's just as much cocker spaniel as it is bulldog or dachshund. It's mixed, that's what it is. I don't believe the best dog sharp on earth could tell what breed or breeds there are involved in this product here. The best thing you could do is to kill the dog and leave the country before Billy Mussey comes back."

I don't know what Gene did in regard to this cocker, but there is a rumor to the effect that one of the colored boys around the hall took it home, and that it is now as big as a yearling steer and still growing. This, however, is not all there was to the story. Mr. Mussey gave $25 for the cocker spaniel which he was to have gotten, and the shipper, thinking to save Mr. Mussey some duty at the United States line, valued the dog at only $5. There was no question that somebody had substituted for Mr. Mussey's thoroughbred red cocker this mixed dog, which was not worth more than 5 or 10 cents at the outset. The question of proof, however, as to the actual value of the dog actually shipped, the tracing of the package from start to finish, etc., occupied a great deal of time, and caused considerable annoyance. The probabilities are that at some depot along the line an admirer of cockers saw this little fellow in the crate, pulled a slat or so loose, extracted the cocker, picked up a common or garden dog which may have been running near, chucked him in instead, and again nailed down the slat. The matter, after much international complication, was finally adjusted, and if I am not mistaken, Mr. Mussey was finally able to get a cocker in the place of the one which went astray. The express company does not know to this day just who juggled the dog, but finally, with many tears, it settled on the basis of $25.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In Oldtime Maryland.

FOWLS of all sorts and varieties dwell at their several times and seasons here in *Mary-Land*: The Turkey, the Woodcock, the Pheasant, the Partrich, the Pigeon, and others, especially the Turkey, whom I have seen in whole hundreds in flights in the Woods of *Mary-Land*, being an extraordinary fat Fowl, whose flesh is very pleasant and sweet. These Fowls that I have named are intayled from generation to generation to the Woods. The Swans, the Geese and Ducks (with other Water-Fowl) derogate in this point of setled residence; for they arrive in millionous multitudes in *Mary-Land* about the middle of September, and take their winged farewell about the midst of *March*: But while they do remain, and beleagure the borders of the shoar with their winged Dragoons, several of them are summoned by a Writ of Fieri facias to answer their presumptuous contempt upon a Spit.—From "A Character of the Province of Maryland," by George Allsop, 1666."

Brown's Tract Guides.

SOME very interesting points in regard to the protection and preservation of fish and game, and particularly concerning deer, were brought out at the annual meeting of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, held at the Forge House, at Old Forge, Thursday evening, Jan. 8. The Association was organized in 1898 and incorporated in 1900. It has 500 members, of whom about 100 are guides, and the remainder associate members. Much good work has been accomplished by the Association since it was formed, and the beneficial results obtained through the united efforts of the guides and sportsmen have been very apparent. The annual meeting was largely attended, and the various matters of importance were considered. The secretary and treasurer of the Association, A. M. Church, in his annual report, said, among other things:

"The main object of the Brown's Tract Guides' Association is to protect the fish and game of the forest about the Fulton Chain, more properly known as the Brown's Tract region, and the main part of our work has always been done in that locality. In the spring of 1902 the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission appointed John E. Ball, a member of the Association, a game protector. This in a measure relieved us of much work and expense, and our disbursements in that direction have been much less than usual. I think we may say, without a doubt, that our section has seen fewer violations of the game law the past year than ever before. The fishing the past season, as you know, was not as a whole satisfactory. Early fishing was good. The snow disappeared much earlier than usual, and the streams and lakes were in good fishing condition much sooner than is usual in this locality, but the latter part of May rain set in, which continued through the summer with such frequency that little or no comfort could be taken in fishing, and it was a rare occasion when a sportsman secured anything like a nice basket of trout. The hunting was more satisfactory, and there seemed to have been plenty of deer for all, notwithstanding the fact that there was no fall of snow during the hunting season. Most hunters secured their deer, and as usual there were more killed than there should be. Of grouse and woodcock there were practically none. A year ago they were very plenty, and large coveys of grouse were to be found readily, but for some reason not accounted for, they seemed to have almost disappeared. Weather conditions are probably in a measure responsible for this state of affairs, but there is another very plausible reason for their disappearance, the little red squirrel who, it is well known, has a particular liking for young birds, and is a robber of the first order. He was abnormally plenty, and no distinction does he make, robins, bluebirds, grosbeaks and others, all come in for their share, eggs or young, half-grown or large, he takes them all, and why not a nice partridge egg? There were no spruce seeds, and the world owes him a living! During the past year the State, through the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, has liberated upward of fifteen moose in the Adirondacks, most of them in the region covered by our operations. Much to our regret, one of them was killed by some hunter on Oct. 19, between Seventh and Eighth Lakes. Early in June the city of Binghamton, through John B. Rogers, a park commissioner of the city, presented William Dart with a herd of five elk. Mr. Dart in turn presented them to the Brown's Tract Guides' Association, and about the middle of September they were removed from Binghamton to Second Lake, and here they are being fed and cared for until spring, when they will be liberated. To defray the expenses of their removal subscription books were issued, to which our sportsmen friends responded most generously. The total receipts from this source were $248. The expenses of removal and keeping to date have been $271. It is necessary that more money be placed at the disposal of the secretary for this purpose. In removing the elk from Binghamton to the woods, the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad very generously gave us a half-rate on actual weight, the freight amounting to but $9, while the New York Central Railroad carried them and the accompanying messengers free, and afforded us every help needed. Notices warning hunters and others against shooting or killing elk or moose, and offering a reward of $100 for information to convict any party or persons of killing moose or elk, have been issued and posted by the Association. It is a matter of pride to all that none of the members of the Association were ever concerned in any of the so-called shooting accidents, and this bears out the statement so often heard that 'the guides of Brown's Tract region are as faithful and reliable a body of men as can be found in any walk of life.'"

The report was duly approved.

The report of the committee on resolution was received, and was as follows:

Whereas, The Brown's Tract Guides' Association was organized by about fifty of the leading guides of that section for the purpose of protecting the fish, forest and game of the Adirondacks. They were encouraged in this undertaking by all true sportsmen and law-abiding citizens who loved the forests, and native inhabitants of the woods and waters. They were led to this action by practical knowledge of the destruction of fish and game, both in and out of season, in this region, and fully realizing that some radical measures must be taken to prevent the wanton destruction of game, they have banded themselves together to prevent, as far as lies within their power, its rapid and unlawful destruction by irresponsible persons, market and pot-hunters; and

Whereas, During the past season the Association has been instrumental in placing in the Adirondacks five elk, thus showing their interest in propagating and preserving the game of the forests, it is earnestly urged that the public show its appreciation of this action by aiding in every possible way to preserve them from destruction, whether by the acts of lawless pot-hunters or others who would depopulate the woods of these and all other noble specimens that are the pride of all true sportsmen; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association and meeting that the State should increase the number of game protectors and assign more protectors for the forest preserve.

Resolved, That this Association condemn buoy or anchor fishing, and respectfully request the Legislature to pass a law prohibiting fishing buoys or anchors in waters inhabited by trout within the forest preserve.

Resolved, That this Association recommend the close season for wild deer from Nov. 1 to Aug. 31, both inclusive.

Whereas, In years past many men have been mistaken for deer and shot; and

Whereas, Hunters and sportsmen, in their eager pursuit of deer,

have not used sufficient precaution to distinguish the difference between deer and men; and

Whereas, The time has come when radical measures must be taken for the further protection of the deer in the forests, which are fast being depleted; therefore, be it

Resolved, And this Association most strenuously urges that no does or female deer shall be killed at any time within the forest preserve.

Resolved, That this Association condemn the sale of deer, venison, grouse, woodcock or quail; also brook or lake trout taken from the inland waters of this State, except the sale of live fish or game raised in confinement for the purpose of stocking or restocking the forests or waters.

Resolved, That the close season for black bear shall be from May 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

Whereas, There is much talk of the appropriation by the State of from twenty to eight millions of dollars for the enlargement and improvement of the canals of this State; whereas such improvement and enlargement would call for a much greater supply of water for their operation; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association and meeting that the Legislature appropriate sufficient funds to purchase lands in the Adirondacks to the end that the supply may be increased and not diminished by the cutting away of the forests.

Whereas, The question of lumbering the State lands within the forest preserve is now being discussed, and

Whereas, This, in our judgment, not only means the destruction of the forests, but the destruction of the water supply of the State as well: therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association most strenuously protests against lumbering or cutting timber from State land.

Whereas, If Section 176 of the game laws of the State gives to the State game protectors the right to search without a warrant, and withholds it from the special protectors appointed by the State, and

Whereas, The special protectors are much hampered in their work by their inability to make such search without a warrant;

Resolved, That the right of search without warrant, being given to the State protectors by law, it should also be extended to the special protectors.

During the discussion of the resolutions Charles H. Smith, of Beaver River, said the proposed law to prevent the killing of does was impracticable. In shooting at a deer five times out of six the hunters did not know whether it was a buck or doe, and if they found it to be a doe, they would leave it to rot. The hunter would claim the privilege of killing two more deer. Let a hunter kill a doe as the law is now, and he will kill only two deer; otherwise when he kills a doe he will leave it to rot and not take it.

Hon. H. D. Grant, of Boonville—Last year I was against the adoption of this resolution, but I have changed my mind. One reason is we want something for the game protectors to do. They will not allow people to kill does and leave them to rot. There has been a scarcity of bucks this season. We must do something to increase the number of deer.

Mr. Smith—How can the protectors watch a thousand hunters?

Mr. Grant—We have nearly a hundred active members who would see that the law against killing does was enforced.

Frank Sperry, of Old Forge—I am glad this subject has been brought up, and that there are converts to this belief.

David Charbonneau, Old Forge—It would be difficult for a sportsman to tell whether the deer was a doe or not. The animal is in the brush, not out in the field, and it would be a hardship to prosecute a man for shooting what he believed to be a buck.

Mr. Sperry—That is the reason I wish this law. The hunters shoot deer without knowing it is a buck or doe, or even a man. I want does protected, because I want men protected.

Mr. Charbonneau—This fall I saw a doe and shot, and when I found the animal it was a buck, but its horns were not more than two inches long.

President Richard Crego, of Boonville, said he favored the resolution.

The resolution regarding the killing of does was voted on and lost, after which, on motion of Nelson Chandler, of White Lake Corners, the resolution was changed so as to limit the number of deer shot in a season to one, and as thus changed was passed unanimously. The other resolutions were adopted by nearly unanimous votes.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Richard Crego, Boonville; Vice-President, Gary Riggs, Boonville; Secretary and Treasurer, A. M. Church, Boonville; Executive Committee, David Charbonneau, Old Forge; William Stell, White Lake; Francis Youngs, Beaver River; John G. Ball, Old Forge; John Hines, Honnedaga; H. D. Grant, Boonville; E. R. Ainsworth, Big Moose.

After adjournment the Association enjoyed its annual banquet. At the post-prandial session Hon. H. Dwight Grant, of Boonville, presided, and Rev. Father John Fitzgerald, of Old Forge, delivered an address of welcome. Speeches were also made by Hon. Garry A. Willard, Boonville; Leslie W. Kernan, Utica; Harry V. Radford, New York, and others.

UTICA, N. Y., Jan. 10. W. E. WOLCOTT.

Taking Aim.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What should we do without you as a clearing-house of items of interest to so many? Here's one, now:

Brother Wade is a little off in his statement that archers do not aim. Now, I have had some experience at drawing the long-bow (ahem!) myself. I hit a playmate in the ear, once, and it wasn't a big ear, either; just ordinary size, something less than a dinner plate. But to the point, especially the arrow-point.

We will proceed to demonstrate by geometry. Let Brother Wade, armed and equipped, plant himself before a mirror. With a foot-rule or a yardstick let him measure the distance between his eyes and stick a pin in half way. If he objects to pins as feminine, a blob of putty will do as well, or some pitch, if he chances to be in camp. From said pin, or the center of the above pitch or putty, let him drop a plumb line to his chin, standing meanwhile with soldierly erectness, and he will find that line will strike the exact center of his chin—if the nose admits; if it gets in the way a proper curvature of the spine may be arranged to counteract while performing the experiment.

Thus we disclose the fact that the center of the chin is in the perpendicular of the exact center between the eyes.

Now, ye archer standeth with his left side toward the target, and his face swiveled round owl-fashion over his left shoulder. When his arrow is drawn to the head for a point-blank shot the feather of the arrow tickles his chin, even as Pharoah of old delicately touched the same of his feminine adorers, if his statues do not lie. The eyes are fixed on the bullseye. The arrowhead is between said eyes and the bullseye, and when those eyes get hypnotized till there arises a stereoscopic effect so that they see nothing but the arrowpoint and the bull, that bull is going to be transfixed the next second. The old English archers drew to the ear, since it gave some inches further draw, hence greater range. Doubtless for them the "sense of direction" played a large part. But I'm talking about the long-bow of to-day. Sabe?

J. P. T.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In connection with Mr. Wade's article on this subject in your issue of January 17, I suggest that in "quick shooting at a moving object" the gun becomes a part of the shooter and follows the object sought to be shot just as his hand would in pointing at a moving object. The eyes do not see the gun, they see only the game.

CROTON.

NEW YORK, Jan 15.

Vermont Game.

SPRINGFIELD, VT., Jan. 10.—Gray squirrels were plentiful all through the last season. Ruffed grouse were also fairly plenty. Woodcock, as everywhere, were rare. Deer are becoming more plentiful every year; they are moving into the southern part of the State. The largest number were killed in Windsor county this year. Deer were seen in large numbers and more were killed this year than in any previous season. Have you ever observed that no one has ever been shot in this State in mistake for a deer? This may be owing to the fact that the hunters are mostly local nimrods, countrymen born and bred, and who know a deer from a farm horse; but in my opinion it is the wise provision of our law which prohibits the taking of does. If a man waits till he sees positively he is shooting at an animal with horns, he will make no such mistakes, as the number of men in Vermont who grow horns is comparatively small.

This law protecting does is rigorously enforced. Only four or five does have been found. They were left where shot. One old unregenerate in this town shot a doe and boasted of it. He is now in the workhouse working out his $100 fine. What sport is there in shooting a doe? I would as soon think of striking a woman. Old Vermont may be a bit slow, but she knows how to take care of her game.

An effort was made at the session of the Legislature just closed to lengthen the open season on deer. It failed. The open season remains the same, the last ten days in October. Two amendments to the game laws were made, one limiting the number of gray squirrels to five to each gun for one day and another providing that all squirrels, partridges, etc., taken must be consumed as food within the State. We are having a real old-fashioned winter up here, lots of snow. Good snowshoeing already.

W. W. BROWN.

How I Closed the Quail Season.

NYACK, N. Y.—The last day of the hunting season of 1902 in New York was as unfavorable and cheerless a day as could be imagined. It was cold and a heavy sleet, driven by a strong northeast wind, cut the face like a whip. Although the day was so unfavorable, as I had a new dog I ventured out and tried to find a well-known bevy of quail.

Near where I live is a piece of land containing perhaps ten acres that is covered mainly with scrub oaks and a tangle of briars. This is a favorite place for quail. There is a long narrow strip of woods this side, through which we first hunted and found tracks that we followed northward into the lot first mentioned; here the fresh tracks were so quickly covered by the sleet that in the open blew fiercely in my face that the dog could not surely follow the game, and we were forced to give up the hunt.

On our way down the road leading home, my setter swung quickly out and made a pretty point at a brush pile by the roadside, and immediately a quail walked out on the opposite side.

If he should fly into the thick woods beyond, I felt sure that I should lose him. Should I do so unsportsmanlike a thing as shoot a quail walking? No! Yes!

My dog was green, but he behaved splendidly, and I wished to encourage him by killing this bird. I took a snap shot and the bird flew away—the charge had passed over his head.

Thus one enthusiastic hunter closed the season of 1902.

There were seven bevies of quail within the city limits here this fall. There are many left. They are wintering well.

E. E. F.

Moose and Salmon.*

UNDER the title "Moose-Hunting, Salmon-Fishing and Other Sketches of Sport," Mr. T. R. Pattillo, of Nova Scotia, has brought together a series of chapters of personal experiences which range from moose calling in Canadian forests to dolphin fishing in southern seas. Much of the shooting and fishing is of an uneventful character, considered from a sportsman's view point; and the pages are marked by a simple directness of style which tells the story in many instances vividly and with life and movement. Mr. Pattillo's chapter on albacore fishing was printed in our fishing columns last week. Here is an incident in which the "still small voice" spoke right out loud. The moose hunt was on snowshoes on a crusted snow, and the dogs had thrown down the moose:

"The poor fellow lay there apparently helpless, and my trusty rifle might have kept him there; but, reader, that was not the kind of sport that pleased me, even if it was to capture a moose. I said he was helpless. When, however, he saw us approaching him, his tremendous power, for he was a large fellow, flung Rover off him, and sent Ready with a kick 12 or 18 feet behind him. Then he sprang up and stood facing me, a picture of bold defiance. My rifle was raised, ranged for a blank shot. *'Coward!'* sounded in my ears. From whence came the sound? It must have been an inward consciousness that it was a shame to shoot him when he had no fair chance for his life. The word was spoken loud enough to hold my hand, and the rifle was not fired by me."

*Moose Hunting, Salmon Fishing and other Sketches of Sport. Being the record of personal experiences of hunting wild game in Canada. By T. R. Pattillo. London: Sampson Low, Maraton & Co. New York: Forest and Stream Pub. Co. Price, $3.

A Hunter Lost for Two Weeks.

B. R. LOGAN, the young man of Igerna, Siskiyou County, who, having gone on a hunting trip in the wild mountain region of the Umpquas in southern Oregon, disappeared from camp and was lost for two weeks, was found by a searching party yesterday. After leaving camp on Dec. 1, he became lost in a snow storm and wandered around for three days before he reached the cabin of a trapper named Acker, at whose place he arrived in a famished state. After resting and recruiting his strength there, he was started out on his return to the hunting camp. He again lost his way and for several days wandered hopelessly in the densely timbered mountain region, following the water courses until he came across a mountain ranch near Perdues. Exhausted and hungered, he was in a terribly weakened condition when arriving at the mountain ranch, and it took careful nursing to revive him. The searching party sent out from Igerna found his tracks and followed them to the Perdue ranch. There was great rejoicing when he was found alive, for hope of finding him had been almost abandoned.—Portland Oregonian.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

More About Sea Trout.

THE discussion relative to the sea trout, between Charles Hallock and Mr. Venning, which has recently been printed in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM has brought out many exceedingly valuable facts concerning this fish.

I have had many years' experience in studying its habits, distribution, etc., and possibly I may be able to add a little more light to that which has been thrown on its identity and peculiarities.

I suppose that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM understand that this fish is not the so-called sea trout of the Atlantic coast south of the Delaware Breakwater, for that is an entirely different species, the northern sea trout being a genuine member of the family *Salmonidæ*, while the other is one of the weakfish, and is very similar to the common squeteague, not only in the spines of its dorsal fin, but also in its general appearance, except that its silvery sides are thickly spotted with black spots, which are usually of about the diameter of a swan shot, or smaller.

In addition to being called the sea trout, this species is known to anglers as the "spotted silversides" and the "spotted squeteague." It is a much more gamy fish than the common weakfish, and is one of the most beautiful of the salt water fishes of the Atlantic coast, its back and sides being of a silvery gray with bluish and iridescent tints running through it, and its belly and lower fins being white without the yellow tinge which characterizes the common weakfish.

It is found along the coast and in the estuaries of the Southern Atlantic States nearly the entire year, but it takes the hook most freely from June to December, its favorite bait being shrimp, small crabs and "shedders." It is a game fish worthy of the high estimation in which it is held, but it is strictly a marine species, even breeding in the tidal waters and never ascending the fresh water streams for the purpose of casting its spawn, as do the members of the salmon family.

The northern sea trout is a spotted trout pure and simple, but it is of anadromous habits, living during a portion of the year in the salt water, but ascending the fresh water rivers, in the spring, chiefly probably, from the instinct which prompts all the *Salmonidæ* to leave the salt water for the purpose of spawning, but largely also for the food which the rivers contain. In these streams they remain during the summer, and in the autumn until the "slush ice" drives them back to the sea. That they spawn in these streams I have no doubt, for I have repeatedly taken specimens late in the season in which the ova were in a very far state of development.

The northern sea trout is found more or less abundantly in most of the rivers of Newfoundland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and in most of the tributaries of the mighty St. Lawrence, as far up in its course, at least, as Quebec, and perhaps further.

So abundant is it on the Newfoundland shore that it is seined by the barrelsful to be used as cod bait.

The southern limit in the range of the sea trout is probably Long Island (N. Y.) into the streams of which the salt water trout, so-called, often ascend. These fish are bright and clean cut, but they lack the silvery tinge of their more northern mates.

Robert B. Roosevelt, in his valuable book on "The Game Fish of the North," mentions these salt water trout of Long Island in a dozen places, and always in the belief that they are the "dearly loved old friends, the speckled trout." The next northerly point at which these fish are taken is in the Marshpee, or "Mashpee" River, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

In this stream they are called "salters," and they differ but very little from the Canadian fish. Mr. Roosevelt gives in the book above named the most charming accounts of the capture of one of these fish that was ever put in print. I wish I dared to take space to quote it here. It is an enthusiastic and most scholarly piece of angling literature. I would state *en passant* that the trout weighed 3 pounds 14 ounces.

Following along the coast to the north, I know

of no other streams in Massachusetts, nor any in New Hampshire or Maine, into which the sea trout enter, and I know of none which empty into the Bay of Funday, either in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, in which they are found.

I have been informed that they are occasionally taken in the Tusket River and in the Clyde, but I am pretty familiar with those streams, and have never seen one in them. In the Mersey River, near Liverpool, a few are taken, but no large ones.

In the other streams of eastern Nova Scotia, from the Port Medway River to the Indian River, the sea trout are rather plentiful, but they are mall, hardly averaging a half pound in weight; in fact, although I have fished all those streams a great many times, I do not remember ever taking a sea trout in them that would tip the scales at three-quarters of a pound.

North of Halifax, however, particularly about and in Mascodoboit River, they run considerably larger. In the Middle River, in Cape Breton, about twenty miles from Baddeck, and in the Mira River, near Sydney, one may be reasonably certain of taking several that will weigh from two to three pounds in a catch of fifteen or twenty fish. I have repeatedly done this, and have no doubt that large fish may still be taken in those streams.

In the Margaree, that magnificent salmon river, the weight increases considerably, three-pound fish being rather common, and four and even five pounders being by no means rare. They are so abundant in the pools at and above Northeast Margaree as to be a perfect nuisance to the salmon angler, for they are much quicker in their movements and seize the fly as soon as it touches the water, and long before the lordly salmon can reach it. Of course, if a large sea trout is hooked he flounces and splashes arouund and disturbs the pool so much before he is brought to the landing net that the salmon becomes alarmed, settles down to the bottom of the pool and refuses to rise to the fly, perhaps for several hours after.

Not only this, but their numerous fine teeth, as sharp as needles, work sad havoc with salmon flies, which are, as a rule, costly, and sometimes difficult to be replaced. There is a large pool about two miles below Northeast Margaree called the Brook Pool, which would be one of the best salmon pools on the river if it were not for the numerous trout which abide in it. It is one of the deepest pools on the river, and it forms the junction of the river and a very large brook.

I have in a day's fishing in this pool alone killed fifteen or twenty fish that would overrun two pounds, some being of four pounds' weight, and they showed every grade of coloration from the silvery white of the fresh-run sea trout, through grays and yellowish-brown to the deep rich tints of the fish which had been in the river the entire season, and called by the natives the "river trout."

About twenty miles from the settlement is Lake Ainslee, a magnificent body of water many miles in length and breadth. "Near the head of this lake is a stream of considerable size which emptics into it. This is spanned by a bridge, below which is a large, deep pool worth a long journey to see. The water is as clear as crystal, from five to twenty feet in depth, and throughout the summer it is absolutely packed with sea trout.

"As I crossed the bridge I looked down into the water below, and such a sight I never before witnessed. The trout were in thousands, and large ones most of them were, too. This pool is celebrated throughout this portion of the island, and many fine catches have been taken from it. It has been badly poached in years past, as many as three barrels of those splendid fish having in a single day been jigged out of it."*

After passing the Gut of Canso there are no streams in which sea trout abound in Nova Scotia. I have never been able to find any in the streams which empty into the Mines Basin, except a very few small ones in the Cobequid River, near Truro, and those were not bright-colored fish.

In the bays, estuaries and rivers of Prince Edward Island the sea trout are more or less abundant, although I confess I have never seen such fish as are described by Mr. Perley in Frank Forrester's book on "Fish and Fishing," who says that "The sea trout fishing in the bays and harbors of Prince Edward Island when the fish first rush in from the gulf, is really magnificent; they average from three to five pounds each. I found the best fishing at St. Peter's Bay, on the north side of the island, about twenty-eight miles from Charlottestown; I there killed in one morning sixteen trout which weighed eighty pounds."

I have fished in the waters of this island considerably, and have never been so fortunate as to find a sea trout that would weigh over two pounds, although I have been informed that in the Dunk River three-pound fish are sometimes taken. I found the largest average to be in the stream near Malpeque.

On the New Brunswick shore there are many sea trout rivers; in fact, it would be more difficult to name a stream in which none are found than the contrary, even the little Shediac River containing them, as I have proved on several occasions. The Miramichi and its tributaries, the Tabasintic, Tracadie, Nepisiquit, Jacquet, Upsalquitch on the south shore of the Baie des Chaleurs and the Restigouche, Nouvelle, Great and Little Cascapedia rivers on the north shore, and following the coast, the grand St. John's, York and Magdelaine rivers actually teem with these fish, and their size averages large, too, a catch of thirty fish in the Bonaventure River weighing over sixty pounds.

So much for the distribution of the sea trout. Now I have time and again fished most of the rivers I have named; was for five years one of the lessees of one of the best of them, and have thus had good opportunities for observing and studying this fish, and am convinced that it is not a distinct species, per se, but believe it to be our old darling the spotted or brook trout, but clad in a silvery-bright armor, which, if a number of them are thrown in a pile, gives them the appearance of so many herrings fresh from the sea. This brightness, however, is replaced by a more sober livery after the fish have been in the river a while, and late in the autumn their color is about the same as that of the spotted trout that have lost the anadromous habit.

This change of color, however, is not peculiar to the sea trout, for the slamon also loses the brilliancy of its silvery coat after it has been in the fresh water a month or two, and later in the season it becomes of a dirty, brownish, gray color, with numerous spots and markings scattered over its body.

Coloration is often of no great value in determining species, but anatomical peculiarities are an unfailing guide.

"Scientists insist that the carmine spots which appear on the sides of the sea trout after they have been in the river a long time, together with the same number of rays or spines in the fins prove that they are identical with the spotted trout."

To determine the identity of this fish, I visited the Jacquet River (N. B.), in the winter of 1886 "for the purpose of obtaining specimens for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., but not a single one could I find, although I visited pools which had teemed with them in the summer, but the spotted trout were there in numbers; at Campbellton, however, near the mouth of the Metapedia, I had no difficulty in getting as many as I wanted, and they were all silvery-white."*

These fish were pronounced at the Museum to be the spotted or brook trout. Now, if there were no salmon in the rivers I have named, the sea trout would amply repay an angler for taking the long journey that is necessary to reach them; but the salmon is the great prize that tempts him to visit those streams, and he has no desire to waste time on trout, no matter how large and gamy they may be.

So far as gaminess goes, I believe that for straight fighting qualities this trout is one of the leaders. Large ones weighing four or five pounds are particularly obstinate in refusing to come to the landing net, and they often make as good a fight as a seven or eight pound salmon.

Among the streams of New Brunswick the Jacquet is well known as being not only a good salmon river, but also one of the most abundantly stocked with sea trout of any in that Province. They begin to come into the river early in June, when the smelts, in incredible numbers, make their annual ascent of the stream for the purpose of spawning. So numerous are they that the water seems literally to be alive with them, and, of course, the trout have an abundance with which to gorge themselves.

Some of the local fishermen used to make great catches at this season, using smelt for bait, and large numbers were packed in snow or ice and shipped to the St. John and Quebec markets, snow being stored in that section as ice is packed elsewhere.

After the run of smelts is over the sea trout ascend the river leisurely and make their homes in the largest and coolest of the upper pools during the summer, the famous Kettlehole Pool being the highest point that the large fish reach, and it is filled with them.

When the salmon begin to spawn the trout are on the qui vive, and they rush in and seize the eggs as fast as they are dropped by the other fish. I have been informed of this fact by a number of guides and river men who have witnessed the act. The male salmon makes strenuous efforts, of course, to keep the pilferers from his mate, but usually with poor success.

As for flies for sea trout, it would be difficult to name one they will not rise to, and they manifest no distrust or timidity when their companions are taken from the water. The largest specimen I ever killed was strong six pounds in weight, but larger ones have been taken, even as heavy as seven or eight pounds.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

* From "With Fly-Rod and Camera."

* From "With Fly-Rod and Camera."

Shark Catching Near New York.

ALTHOUGH during the summer months sharks are occasionally seen and now and then caught with hook and line in New York Bay and along the adjacent coast, few persons have seen fit to indulge in the pastime of angling for the ugly fish in these waters.

The sport has generally been regarded as a discredited one and not at all looked upon with favor by the lovers of fishing, except those of a certain class; and then again it has been supposed that the sharks were too few in number to make the fishing for them worth while.

Some years ago sharks were seen in great numbers off the Jersey shore in summer, and there was very little sea bathing indulged in at the resorts along the coast. It was at this time that Mr. Herman Oelrichs made his famous offer of $500 reward to any person who could produce authentic evidence that a man-eating shark had ever been caught in this latitude.

As it is understood that Mr. Oelrichs' offer, widely published at the time, still remains good, and so far has remained unclaimed, and as Mr. Oelrichs, who is a noted swimmer, repeatedly ventured out in the ocean in the places where sharks were observed to be plentiful at the time, it is quite safe to say that the sharks visiting the waters hereabouts are harmless, at least so far as an appetite for human beings is concerned.

If fishing for sharks has not been considered a very great sport, nevertheless there are a dozen or more men in New York harbor who are not averse to angling for them. It is in August when the weakfishing season is at its height that sharks make their appearance in the lower bay, following up the sea trout and other small fish that frequent these waters.

Pound fishermen in and around Gravesend Bay, where menhaden are caught for lobster fishermen, have their nets spoiled by these sharks, who get entangled in them. While rarely more than four feet long, a number measuring between eight and ten feet in length have been reported caught. The smaller ones often get on weakfish lines, and if the angler does not know how to handle them he loses his line. The shark becomes so entangled in the line that it has to be cut.

When they once land a small shark, fishermen sometimes take a cruel revenge by bending or breaking the pointed nose of the fish so that it stands up, and then throwing it back into the water. This, they say, prevents the shark from swimming beneath the surface, and it swims about with its nose standing three or four inches out of the water until it turns over and dies.

The fishermen who angle for sharks use a big hook with a small chain attached. A piece of pork or other meat serves for bait. A stout hemp line is attached to the chain, the end of the line being made fast to the boat. When a shark is hooked he comes to the surface of the water as gently as a sunfish. It is only when he gets close to the boat that the fight begins. The fishermen keep pulling him in and letting him out again, until he is exhausted. Then they watch their chance, and when his head is lifted out of the water by a pull on the line they club him to death. Sometimes they row ashore and beach them.

So much in regard to the fishing for shark in the waters hereabouts, which is merely introductory to the aim and purpose of the present article, which tells of the new—so far as the public is concerned—and exciting sport of harpooning sharks, as indulged in by a handful of enthusiastic sportsmen and fishermen in certain New York waters and not a score of miles from City Hall Park.

Odd as it may at first seem, this sport, conducted within so close a range of the business center of the metropolis, has never before been described in public print, this doubtless being mainly due to the fact that those who indulge in it have been loth to impart the knowledge to others except their immediate friends, who have been occasionally bidden to take part in the pastime.

The exact spot where this unique sport is indulged in and the manner in which it is conducted, as told in the following words by Mr. George Thompson, a well-known New York yachtsman and sportsman, and a prominent resident of the summer colony at Oyster Bay, who, with his brother, Mr. Walter Thompson, are the foremost devotees of the sport, will doubtless incite many others next season to try their hand and skill in this novel and exciting pastime.

"I was first made acquainted with the sport," said Mr. Thompson, "about six or seven years ago by old Joe Lockwood, erstwhile captain of our famous international cup defender, the Mayflower, and who is well-known about the waters of the Sound, and particularly the Oyster Bay district, where, in addition to a number of other aquatic accomplishments, he taught President Roosevelt how to sail a boat.

"Of late years, however, Capt. Lockwood has rarely indulged in the sport; my brother, a few friends and myself being about the only ones to participate in it. The sharks are most plentiful in the months of August and September, when I have often in one day seen scores of them in the stretch of water off the shore of Center Island, extending along the shore from the country house of Mr. Le Roy Dresser to Bayville, a distance of about a mile.

"This appears to be the favorite lurking place for sharks in the waters of New York, and the only way that I can account for it is that they congregate there in great numbers to feed on the refuse which comes up from the harbor along this point at certain times during the day in great quantities.

"Along the stretch of shore already described there is a reef of sand which extends in some places a quarter of a mile out in the Sound. The water over this reef is quite shallow and just at the water's edge, which is marked by a line of sedge grass, the bottom suddenly shelves to a depth of from six to ten feet. It is along the edge of this shelf and on the deep water side that the search for the sharks is made.

"Let us assume that it is a fine day in August or September and that we are about to set forth on our expedition. It is absolutely necessary that a day be selected when the water of the fishing grounds is at almost a dead calm, as it is very often at certain periods of the day during these months.

"The start is made in an ordinary flat-bottomed boat, one man pulling the oars, which it is not necessary to have muffled, even on the scene of action, while his companion, seated in the bow, harpoon in hand, is ready to deliver it at a moment's notice. The reason that a day must be chosen when the waters are calm and unruffled is so that a clear view may be had of the sandy bottom, which a ripple on the surface with its consequent shadows would prevent.

"The weapon I use consists of a nine foot pole fitting into the socket of a foot and a half iron harpoon. Attached to the socket is an iron ring to which is tied an ordinary clothes line, kept coiled in a keg in the bow, and the tail end made fast to the painter of the boat. The only other implements necessary are an ordinary spear or two.

"Arrived on the scene, one man stands in the bow with the harpoon poised for instant casting, while he tells the rower in which direction to pull along the edge of the shelving bottom. It is here that the sharks lie, easily discernible through the calm water, and they fall an easy prey to the harpooner.

"As it is only the bigger sharks—those between six and ten feet in length—that furnish the greatest excitement, the smaller ones seen are passed by until the ones sought come into view. They lie close to the bottom, and are apparently unheedful of the noise made by the rower, and of the close approach of the boat, not stirring from their resting place until actually disturbed.

"Although I have engaged in the sport for years, I have never failed to thrill with excitement the moment I have detected a big fellow lying within reach of my aim. The harpoon is hurled and the pole is wrested in a twinkling from its iron socket, now deeply imbedded in the shark; the rower has shipped his oars and leaped to the stern seat, while just as quickly I have seated myself in the middle thwart of the boat.

"Meanwhile, in the instant or two of time taken up by these movements, the shark is off like a flash, the hundred feet of line has run out and is drawn taut, and the next moment taking things at our ease, while we make ready our spears, we are being drawn at a lightning clip over the still waters of the Sound.

"The sensation of being thus propelled through the water by an invisible motive power at a really extraordinary rate of speed, once experienced is never forgotten. Although I have indulged in numerous outdoor sports, I have yet to engage in a more thrilling and pleasurable one, and on these points the companions on my many such expeditions have always agreed.

"Compelled at length to stop by sheer exhaustion, the shark ceases to run, there is a slackening of the line, which is at once drawn in and a few moments later we are again overshadowing our big, ugly enemy. At our approach, however, he is off in an instant, and again we are taken on a short but swift spin over the waters of the Sound.

"I have never forgotten the experience we once enjoyed while thus being towed along, of passing across the bows of the steam yacht of a friend coming along the Sound, and the expression of wonderment exhibited on the faces of those on board as to the source of our wonderful and invisible motive power.

"Generally, after two such bursts of speed, the shark, thoroughly worn out by his efforts in tugging two men in a rowboat a mile or so over the waters, comes to a dead halt, and again taking in the line, we are enabled to approach near enough to dispatch him with our spears. The iron harpoon is then cut out from his body and the carcass of our late foe left to sink to the depths for the crabs and many fishes to feed on.

"Of course it is only the larger of the sharks harpooned which furnish the sport above described, and very often before they are finally dispatched there is a tremendous thrashing of the water, which adds not a little excitement to the sport. The smaller sharks are generally killed at the first thrust of the harpoon, and sometimes the larger ones receiving a mortal thrust make no attempt at running away.

"But taken as a whole the sport of harpooning sharks in the manner described is one that will doubtless commend itself to many, and is bound to furnish no end of fun and excitement to those who may venture to indulge in it as a summer pastime.

"Newspaper reports to the contrary, I have never yet seen a shark of the man-eating variety in these waters, and doubt if any have ever been captured. While this takes away a certain possible element of danger, the mere statement may encourage many others to indulge in it."

What it Costs.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 5—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have frequently wished that your journal would take up the question of appropriations made by our State Legislature each year and the expenditure thereof by our Forest, Fish and Game Commissioners. Thinking it might interest the readers of your paper, I have taken from the statutes for the years 1892 and 1902, the items of the general appropriations. I have done this that the readers might readily see how the expenses of the commissioners have been increased for the past ten years.

The appropriations for the year 1892 were as follows:

Chapter 588, reappropriated unexpended balance for game and protection	$2,$00.00
Chapter 660. Appropriation for compensation and expenses of game protectors	9,986.31
Chapter 322. For compensation for fish and game protectors	15,000.00
Chapter 324. For Commissioners of Fisheries, to be expended as they may deem proper to replenish lakes and rivers, etc., with fish	34,000.00
For salary of clerk of Commission	1,500.00
For expenses of Clerk of Commission	2,500.00
Total	$64,986.31

For the Year 1902.

Chapter 593. For salaries of Commissioners	$5,000.00
Expenses of Commissioner and associate commissioner for so much thereof as may be necessary)	3,000.00
Assistant secretary	2,000.00
Audit and pay clerk	1,000.00
Stenographer (or so much as may be necessary)	1,200.00
Chief protector	2,500.00
License clerk and clerk of chief protector	1,500.00
Two assistant chief protectors, $1,200 each	2,400.00
Thirty-two protectors, $500 each (or as much as necessary)	16,000.00
For expenses of chief, assistant chiefs and protectors while in discharge of their duties (or so much thereof as necessary)	16,900.00
Expenses, maintenance of fish hatcheries, and hatchery stations, and distribution of food, and game and fish fry, other than salaries (or so much thereof as may be necessary)	50,000.00
For rents, stationery, printing and office expenses of Commissioners, other than salaries (or as much thereof as necessary)	3,750.00
Chapter 595. For salaries and expenses of twelve additional game protectors	11,400.00
Total for year 1902	$116,650.00

It will be seen from the above totals there has been an increase of expenses of $51,663,069 in past ten years.

Is it not pertinent to ask at this time of the commissioner whether the food and game fish have increased in proportion to the appropriations. I believe the verdict will be no.

Is it not a fact that this department has degenerated into a part of the great political machine of the State?

Can the people ever hope that we shall have any proper administration of our fish and game interests until such time as some competent person shall be at the head of the commission and hold office during good behavior.

The commissioner, as I am informed, and some of his associates, as I know, have private business that demand all their time, and quite naturally they devote time to their personal affairs, and fish and game matters are only incidentals to them.

Since our Governor has rededicated his best services to the State, is it not a good time for him to place some of our departments beyond mere politics, and let this be one of them.

If he would ask the present Legislature to amend the forest, fish and game laws so that he might appoint a commissioner to hold office during good behavior, and then appoint Major Pond as such commissioner, our hopes might be renewed for protection and propagation. The Major is fully alive to the many needs of this department, and doubtless more familiar therewith than any other man in the State.

The above appropriations do not relate to or include the large sums appropriated for forest protection or preservation or the protection of shellfish and the oyster department.

What has become of the 44 additional protectors? They have been unheard of in this vicinity, where, as I am informed, our bays, etc., are practically unprotected and net fishing is continuous. It is reported that our local protector is closely watched by the illegal fishermen so that his services are of little value as a protector. If our protectors could be shifted from place to place in the State, better results could be expected.

JOHN R. FANNING.

Fish and Fishing.

Some Scores from a Salmon River.

SOMETIMES the question has been asked me what I would consider a good day's fishing on a salmon river, and lately I have been favored with a copy of the scores made by a number of anglers last season, while fishing the waters of the Godbout on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Charles Hallock has called this river, "the best of all for scenic attractions and a stated supply of fish," and Mr. Hallock knows from personal experience what he is talking about. There are rivers where an average of two or three fish a day is considered very good sport, and a salmon fisherman who is not satisfied with such a result is possessed of a very unenviable disposition. Under certain conditions of weather and water, some of the best salmon fishermen that I know of have fished two and three weeks at a time upon excellent Canadian rivers without killing a single fish. There have been many blank days on the Godbout, but on the other hand a record of over forty salmon in a single day has been claimed for Mr. Comeau. In another season, 509 fish have been killed in this river by anglers, between June 15 and July 15. Col. Alexander relates that in 1847, Capt. J. M. Strachan took forty-two salmon out of the Godbout in parts only of two days' fishing. The Colonel believed this river to be one of the finest in the world for the angler, though he found by experience that it varies much in different seasons. In 1861, 252 fish were killed in the Godbout between June 6 and July 24, inclusive. The largest number of fish killed in any one day in that year was twenty-one, and the second best day yielded fifteen fish. It is gratifying to note as the result of a comparison of these figures with the score for last season that, thanks to the excellent protection which this river has received, there has been no deterioration during the last forty years, in either the size or number of its fish.

In 1902, no less than 543 salmon and ten grilse were killed between June 11 and July 23, inclusive. The best day's fishing was on July 11, when twenty-nine fish, weighing in all 300 pounds, were killed. On the 10th of the same month twenty-eight salmon were taken; on the 12th, twenty-seven; on the 7th, twenty-five; on the 5th and 8th, twenty-four each.

During the greater part of the season the river was fished by four rods. Mr. John Manuel, of Ottawa, who has to his credit 216 of the 543 salmon and five of the ten grilse, has fished the river for more seasons than anybody else, and did not miss a day's fishing during last season. He killed twenty salmon on July 11, thirteen on another day, and eleven each on three other days. He had only three blank days during the season. Col. Whitehead and Mr. James Law, both of Montreal, fished most of the time together, which means that as a rule one fished while the other rested, the two anglers using only the privileges of a single rod. Their best day also gave twenty fish, of which eighteen are to the credit of Mr. Low and two to that of Col. Whitehead. Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, of Montreal, only fished from June 12 to 24, inclusive, killing twenty-six fish. Mr. A. Paterson, of Montreal, arrived on the day that Mr. Wanklyn finished fishing, and from that date to the end of the season ran up a score of sixty-seven salmon and two grilse.

Nobody can read the above scores without coming to the conclusion that the Godbout is a wonderfully well-stocked river. The fish do not run nearly so large as those of the Moisie, for instance, nor average more than half the weight of the Cascapedia salmon. The average of last season's fish was 10.86 pounds, and the grilse avcraged 4½ pounds. No less than seventeen pools were fished last season, though three of them only yielded a single fish each. The upper pool proved by far the best on the river, yielding 150 fish.

Curious Fish Story

A Halifax newspaper published the following remarkable story a few days ago: "An immense codfish was captured in a peculiar manner by William Rolston and John McCallum, two young men of the west side, on Monday afternoon. They were out shooting at Sheldon's Point, when they saw a great commotion near the water's edge. They soon perceived that a sea dog was struggling with an immense fish, and had finally landed him. They immediately fired at the sea dog; this frightened him away, when they rushed down to the shore and captured the fish. It proved to be a codfish weighing over forty pounds, and measuring 4 feet 8 inches long.

The Fish of the Illinois.

The value of the coarse fish annually taken out of the Illinois River is really astonishing. A gentleman interested in the industry was here the other day and told me that the commercial catch of fish in that river during the last two years would be shown by a forthcoming report to have been fully 30,000,000 pounds, a large increase over the product of the preceding two years. No less than 5,000 residents of Illinois earn their living to-day entirely by fishing in this river, and for several months in the height of the season fully 10,000 are so engaged.

A Pike Story from Scotland.

One of the last numbers of the Westminster Gazette contains the following account of the capture of a huge pike, from a correspondent in Scotland:

"The gillie in attendance upon two ladies had left them for a while to procure some fresh baits, and the ladies pushed out into the loch. The younger and more adventurous of the two flung the bait, which still adhered to the flight of hooks, overboard, while the elder plied the oars. There came a swirl like a whirlpool in the calm water, the line ran screaming off the reel as the biggest pike 'wot ever was seen' explored the depths of the loch. According to the account vouchsafed by the heroines of the adventure, they were towed round about that sheet of water for hours. Sometimes the great fish showed its huge side broadside on; sometimes it came near the boat and surveyed its would-be captors with gaping jaws and dull, menacing eyes. And then it was not only the reel that screeched. But rescue was at hand. Watching his opportunity as the boat came into shallow water, the gillie waded out up to his middle, clambered on board, and in the absence of gaff or net, succeeded in landing the great fish by the simple process of inserting his fingers in the sockets of its eyes. Its weight was a trifle over 40 pounds."

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Some Big Salmon.

COMMENTING on the remarkable trio of salmon which has just reached this country from Norway, Mr. H. Ffennell gives the dimensions of three Rhine salmon which were brought to England in 1889, and formed a trio hardly less notable. The three from Norway weigh together 157½ pounds, the biggest turning the scale at 56 pounds and measuring 48½ inches by 28½ inches, the next weighing 55½ pounds, and measuring 51 inches by 29 inches, and the third weighing 46 pounds, with a length of 48 inches and a girth of 26 inches. Of the Rhine salmon, the heaviest nearly turned the scale at 56 pounds, and measured 51½ inches by 28 inches. The larger of the two other fish scaled just 4½ ounces under the 50 pounds, measured 47½ inches in length and 27½ inches in girth, while the other salmon was 6 ounces under the 50 pounds, and measured 47 inches by 27 inches.—London Globe.

Canadian Rivers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are acquainted with the salmon rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, particularly the Mingan, Manitou-Mingan, the Corneille and the Little Watischou, they will confer a favor by addressing me as below. This letter is written with the hope that it may be seen by some sportsman who has fished those rivers and who may not consider it too much trouble to communicate with me.

NOAH PALMER,
The Wilbraham, Cor. Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue, New York City.

The Kennel.

The Dogs of India.

THE dogs to be found in India are of a distinctly varied nature. When walking along Malabar Hill, Bombay, one may come across a magnificent St. Bernard in the charge of a "dog boy," and belonging to an opulent Rajah. Other wealthy natives will possess themselves of greyhounds, setters, retrievers and prize fox terriers, all being imported from England. Others, again, set their affections on Maltese terriers, pugs and French poodles, huge sums being paid for these "fancy dawgs." It may, in this connection, be pointed out (for the benefit of those fanciers and breeders who desire to enrich themselves by catering for the moneyed colored man) that the Rajah is an imitative creature. Consequently, if he is given to understand that the King has a favorite Irish terrier, and that some society notability, such as Lady Warwiek, patronizes Great Danes, he will promptly send an order to Europe for canine luxuries of a similar nature. It may be deduced that in India a market awaits the exporter. At the same time it should be borne in mind that the Oriental notability is lamentably dishonest. Indeed, the greater his revenues, the more difficult is it to prevail upon him to pay for his pleasures. Well-to-do exiled Britons and penniless subalterns are also dog fanciers on a small scale, while "forest officers," "opium wallahs," "P. W. D." officials, "collectors," and even the missionary element, provide themselves with fox terriers, bull terriers, Skye terriers, and other varieties. Of long-haired dogs, however, there are but few in India; for, owing to the intense heat which prevails for two-thirds of the year, it is only fox terriers, bulldogs and other short-haired specimens which are found to be capable of withstanding the climate well. And even the breeds mentioned, when first brought out from England, often take some months to become acclimatized. It occasionally happens that a valuable prize animal is imported, to succumb to the heat shortly after its arrival in the country. But a short time ago an ardent infantry captain went on "plague duty" in order that he might save up sufficient to send "home" for a well-bred bulldog. A year after its arrival the unfortunate animal expired of heat. In the hill stations, however, the climate is perfect for man and beast alike. Consequently dogs which are unable to stand the heat of the plains during spring, summer and autumn months lead a pleasant enough existence in such places as Simla, Mussoorie, Poona, Naini Tal and Darjeeling. In fact, owners often find it advisable to send their treasured animals to these places during the dreaded "hot weather."

Although English dogs are in such request in India, there is also some demand for the beautiful Thibetan sheepdog and the Rampur hound. The last named is bred in a small native state in the northwest provinces, and is useful for hunting purposes. It is a smooth-haired dog, not unlike a Great Dane in some respects, and is to be found in abundance in its native

place. The Thibetan sheepdog, on the other hand, is somewhat rare. Occasionally it is brought down from Thibet by itinerant pedlars, when it invariably fetches a good price. It is somewhat like the collie in appearance, and possesses much the same characteristics. Another breed indigenous to India is the "Pi dog," sometimes known as the "Pariah." It is, in other words, a mongrel, and is practically to be had for the asking. Sometimes it is thought to be worth money, the price offered being a rupee or so (the rupee equal one and fourpence). The "Pi dog" is not to be congratulated on possessing good qualities, for it is cowardly and useless. Yet it is to be found in every part of India. Two or three may be seen slinking about the barracks in every cantonment station, while they also go to make up the scratch packs owned by Bengal indigo planters. Often a soldier will possess himself of one of these unattractive animals, and many of India's "Dakbungalows" provide them with a home. Sometimes the poor brutes are to be seen limping about a "station," their bodies covered with hideous sores and diseases. At certain periods of the year they are destroyed, with other stray dogs, by order of the Government. In addition to the variety referred to above, there are thousands of mongrels of other sorts all over India—the property of the Eurasian element. For, though the half-caste is not given to allowing himself luxuries, he has an extraordinary partiality for surrounding himself with yelping curs. Indeed, one can hardly enter the house of a colored postmaster or telegraph clerk without being surrounded by a dozen or so of these snarling and unpleasant animals. One may thus make the acquaintance of dachshund and Skye terrier crosses and similar monstrosities. At the same time it should be pointed out, in justice to the semi-white community, that if they are blessed with wealth they are very ready to expend a portion thereof in importing good stock from England.

A certain number of expatriated Englishmen, who are provided with much leisure, make quite a business of breeding dogs and selling them, through advertising in India's daily papers, often obtaining good prices. With a view to meeting the demand, they import suitable stock from England, retailing the produce at a fair rate of profit. It may, in this connection, be added that dogs which are born in the country often weather the climate far better than does the imported article. At the same time it should be observed that many Anglo-Indians imagine that by "importing direct" they are getting better value for their money. As a matter of fact, this is sheer snobbishness on their part. And there is no snob like the Anglo-Indian Staff Corps officer, be he white or of mixed parentage.

Although one sometimes comes across dachshunds, Yorkshire terriers, greyhounds, Ayrshire terriers, Scotch terriers, Dalmatians and pug dogs, it is the fox terrier which is in evidence throughout the length and breadth of the land. Being common, they are cheap, and are thus within the reach of all. In fact, it is quite a common thing to find railway engineers, canal employes, and other officials who lead a solitary life, surrounding themselves with half a dozen dogs of this description. When going on leave they will assiduously endeavor to ascertain where they can obtain a couple of good fox terriers for breeding purposes. Returning with their purchases to the land of their exile, they will sell each litter, thus recouping themselves for the initial expenditure, and making a handsome profit into the bargain. In fact, one or two men of commercial instincts have neglected their work for puppy farming, thus calling down upon themselves the wrath of their inspecting officers. But it is seldom that they get into trouble, since, in India, the official class are allowed to take their work easily. They make up for this laxity by treating their pleasures as though they were the more serious objects of life. A patriarchial and white-bearded commissioner will thus play Badminton and musical chairs with all the zest of a child of ten. He will even go down on all fours and romp with a puppy as though his life depended on it.

The British soldier is another devotee of the dog. His work being over for the day—with the exception of a short evening parade—by twelve o'clock, he is able to devote a considerable portion of his time to teaching his dog tricks, and to busying himself in looking after its toilet. Occasionally he becomes possessed of exceedingly well-shapel animals. Should he, however, be unable thus to gratify his tastes, he will make shift with the best substitute he can command. Sometimes he is in luck's way, for an officer of the regiment may, when going on leave, hand over his dogs to one of the men as a parting gift, or he may entrust them to the care of a soldier pending his return, paying him for looking after them. And as the man of war in either case has the benefit of their company he is rendered happy. At certain periods of the year a large number of the dogs in India find it necessary to go mad, their example being followed by jackals. It is then that the authorities issue stringent regulations regarding the destroying of stray dogs.

It may, in conclusion, be pointed out that though the native does not share the Eurasian love of dogs, he is always polite to those of his employer. Thus, should a Rajah import a prize bloodhound, each of his ragtag and bobtail officers of State—from the Prime Minister downward—will fawn on the animal, though keeping at a safe distance the while. Should the Nizam of Hyderabad, a half-civilized Oriental potentate, purchase a toy terrier, his native Lord Chamberlain and half-caste valet will vie with each other in paying the animal attention. In the same manner should the Inspecting Forest officer make his appearance in a station, the "baboos" (native clerks) and Parsee subordinates of the local forestry office will pay their respects to his dog, much as they loathe any animal possessing sharp teeth and an aggressive bark. Nor are native servants fond of dogs. They are, however, capable of stimulating an affection for those of their employer.—George Cecil, in Our Dogs.

Sheriffs and Bloodhounds.

To Mr. Charles Hallock we are indebted for the following clipping:

Senator Hobbs, of Prince George, has prepared his bill outlined in the Richmond News several weeks ago, looking to an appropriation by the State for bloodhounds, to be placed at the disposal of the sheriffs of the counties in hunting down criminals. The hounds are to be kept at the State farm. The bill, which will be introdueed, is as follows:

"A bill to provide for the raising and training of bloodhounds for the use of the sheriffs of the Commonwealth.

"1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of Virginia, That it shall be the duty of the superintendent of the penitentiary to proeure, upon the most advantageous terms possible, one male and two female bloodhounds of suitable breed, which he shall keep on the penitentiary farm for breeding purposes; that he shall have them and their progeny properly cared for and trained to traek criminals.

"2. The superintendent of the penitentiary shall, upon the order of the Circuit Court, or Board of Supervisors of any county, furnish one of said bloodhounds to the sheriff of such county, free of eharge, the said bloodhounds to be conveyed to their destination at the expense of the counties ordering them.

"3. Whenever the supply of sueh bloodhounds shall exceed the demand for the same, under the provisions of Section 2 of this aet, the superintendent is authorized to sell the surplus ones to other parties, the revenue arising therefrom to be accounted for as a part of the annual revenues of the penitentiary farm."

It is quite apparent that the legislators are not informed on several points concerning bloodhounds. As a commercial article, they are few in numbers, they are exceedingly difficult to raise, and they are not at all superior to the foxhound as trailers.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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A dispatch from Bucyrus, Ohio, says that Kincor Beaston, while trying to dig out a chipmunk from under a dairy which his grandfather used forty years ago, found a can of gold coin. There was over $850 in the can. The house had not been used for years and it is supposed the grandfather secreted his money during the war.

Yachting.

Chicago Yachting Notes.

OF course the most talked of subject is the races of the Columbia Y. C. for the Sir Thomas J. Lipton Cup, which have been set for Aug. 27, 28 and 29, which it is hoped will be personally witnessed by Sir Thomas.

Several individuals are making preparations to defend this trophy for the Columbia Y. C., beside the syndicate formed to build two boats for the express purpose of defending the Cup. One of the syndicate boats is to be built from a design of Small Bros. of Boston.

In order to stir up interest in Lipton Cup races among yachtsmen of the other Great Lakes, the Columbia Y. C. is mailing a copy of Deed of Gift, complete rules and full particulars regarding races, and the gold badge given winner, to each member of each yacht club on the Great Lakes, the aim being to make this event as great on the Great Lakes as the America's Cup races are on the ocean.

The Columbia Y. C. have elected for 1903 the following officers:

Commodore, J. F. McGuire; Vice-Commodore, Vernon C. Seaver; Rear Commodore, Oscar Daniels; Secretary, Louis T. Braun; Treasurer, W. C. Heimbuecher; Historian, Le Roy Cook; Delegate to L. M. Y. A., E. T. Balcom. House Committee, C. J. Duggan, Chairman; James A. Davis, W. W. Weightman, H. E. Marshall, H. Boyd-Brydon. Regatta Committee, E. T. Balcom, Chairman; A. G. Wainwright, O. O. Ogden, W. C. Ruhl, S. C. Stewart. Finance Committee, R. C. Rittenhouse, Chairman; A. V. Konsberg, W. Y. Perry. Membership Committee, J. A. Adams, Chairman; C. W. Coleman, W. S. Bougher, E. H. Habersham, U. J. Herrmann. Binnacle Committee, Carl T. Worst, Chairman; Fred. D. Porter, W. C. Ruhl.

The Regatta Committee have announced the following schedule:

May 30, opening race, all classes, with entertainment and presentation of prizes in evening at club house.

June 6, 11th Annual Michigan City race, with guest-boat to follow race. This date is selected, as it is the only full moon Saturday in the month.

July 4, Annual Open Regatta for all classes; and contest for Thos. H. Webb cup open to all seaworthy Lake Michigan cabin yachts from 18 to 30ft. l. w. l., having berths for crew—on time allowance; and first race of series of ten for Thos. H. Webb Cup for 1903, championship of 21ft. cabin class, open to all yachts in class on Lake Michigan, its bays and inlets.

Stag entertainment and presentation of prizes at club house in evening.

Aug. 1, race to Highland Park for Hotel Moraine Cup; and 4th Annual Waukegan race. Then cruise to Milwaukee for L. M. Y. A. Meet—or cut out race to Waukegan and race right through to Milwaukee.

Aug. 7 and 8, L. M. Y. A. meet at Milwaukee for all classes. The races in 21ft cabin class to be second and third races for Thos. H. Webb 1903 Championship Cup.

Aug. 27, 28 and 29, Sir Thomas J. Lipton Competitive cup races. These races to count as fourth, fifth and sixth for Thomas H. Webb Cup for 21ft. cabin class 1903 championship.

Sept. 5, cruise to Indiana Harbor.

Sept. 9, 10 and 11, seventh, eighth and ninth races for Thos. H. Webb Cup for 21ft. cabin class 1903 championship.

Sept. 12, Twelfth Annual Fall Regatta, open for all classes; and tenth race for Thos. H. Webb Cup for 21ft. cabin class 1903 championship. Entertainment and presentation of prizes at club house, and awarding of 1903 championship flags.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Six boats have been ordered for the new 22ft. class, and from the present outlook it would seem that the class is to be a go. Differences of opinion still exist as regards the value of the boat, but the main fact is that a sufficient number of the yachts are to be built to warrant clubs giving the class their attention. Burgess and Packard have orders for three, two of which are now building by Hodgdon Bros. at East Boothbay, Me. One of these, for Mr. Sumner H. Foster, is all planked, and the other, for Mr. Herbert White, is in frame. The third boat from these designers is for Mr. W. H. Joyce, of Philadelphia, who summers at Gloucester. She will be built by Lawley, and work upon her has been started. Fred Lawley has designed a 22-footer for Mr. Sanford C. Winsor, of the Duxbury Y. C. The keel and molds for this boat were turned out at Lawley's and shipped to Duxbury, where she is now being built. Mr. Frank Neal has ordered one of the boats, which is now being built by the Hanley Construction Co. Mr. John Greenough, of New York, who summers at Gloucester, has ordered Archie Fenton, of Gloucester, to design and build him a 22-footer. There has been a rumor to the effect that Fenton is to build another, and it is thought that this boat may be for Mr. B. A. Smith, for whom Fenton built the 25-footer Seboomook, last season.

It is expected that all of the boats will race on the Massachusetts Bay circuit, and that they will keep together as much as possible. To bring this about, Mr. John Greenough will offer a special prize for the season's work, in addition to the regular prizes the yachts may win in the regular races. It is considered that other yachtsmen who are interested in the class, will also offer special prizes.

The 18ft. knockabout class will undoubtedly be the largest one that has ever been raced in Massachusetts Bay. There are so many new boats building for this class that it is next to impossible to trace them at this time. They are being built all along the coast, many of them in Maine, and it is likely that the full complement will not show up until the racing season has fairly opened. There must be at least 15 new ones being built. They are owned by Duxbury yachtsmen, members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and several will be owned in Marblehead and at places along the north shore. In each race of the midsummer series of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. last season there were 10 entries in this class. It is not at all unlikely that under the same conditions, as many as 25 will show up at the starting line in races this season.

Nothing has been heard of in the line of new 21-footers, and what will be done with the class is a question. It is likely, however, that the owners of the yachts will get together and make some arrangement. There are five 25-footers being built, which vary in over all length, although there is none that is very short in this respect. The longest is 55ft. over all, while a moderate one is 48ft. On one of them there is a truss bracing which comes up through the center of the standing room floor. While this kind of construction is not admired in a yacht that is supposed to be a cruising yacht, it is considered that it will be an object lesson upon the advisability of changing rules. It is not generally believed that a yacht so constructed is to be recommended either as a racer or a cruiser.

At the annual meeting of the Corinthian Y. C., held at the Algonquin Club last Tuesday, the following officers were elected: Commodore, J. O. Shaw, Jr.; Vice Commodore, D. C. Percival, Jr.; Rear Commodore, Butler Ames; Secretary, Everett Paine; Treasurer, J. B. Rhodes; Measurer, Parker H. Kemble; Executive Committee, Francis E. Peabody and W. H. Rothwell; Regatta Committee, G. W. Mansfield, H. S. Goodwin, W. W. Keith, G. H. Mayo and E. A. Boardman; Membership Committee, Percival W. Pope, O. W. Shead and C. D. Wainwright; House Committee for three years, A. K. Simpson.

The Cottage Park Y. C., of Winthrop, has elected the following officers: Commodore, A. T. Bliss; Vice Commodore, Lemuel C. Moody; Secretary, C. C. Ehrman; Treasurer, Alfred Rogers, Jr.; Directors, G. F. Payne, William Handy, H. J. Cook and Thomas Copeland; Measurer, E. P. Morse; Membership Committee, W. H. Britton, F. W. Nickerson, Albert Dunham, H. A. Magee, F. E. Drew, C. E. Cowan and F. P. Anthony; Regatta Committee, A. B. Freeman, Russell Gardner, William McMillan, A. S. Richards and W. H. Williams; Entertainment Committee, W. J. Kershaw, C. E. Trasker, C. H. Ide, F. R. Pratt, H. Buchanan and W. H. Williams.

The Dorchester Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, T. W. Souther; Vice Commodore, W. H. Cutler; Rear Commodore, W. A. Rumpf; Secretary, William Mace; Treasurer, G. H. Collyer; Measurer, C. W. A. Bartlett; Regatta Committee, L. M. Clark, T. W. King, M. L. Crow, Hjalmar Lundberg and J. P. Mead; Directors, C. H. Nute, Coolidge Barnard and H. W. Smith; Membership Committee, C. W. A. Bartlett, Thomas Cotter, A. P. Nute and Albert Foster; House Committee, H. Lundberg, G. J. Foster and Theodore Winds.

The South Boston Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, Franklin L. Codman; Vice Commodore, E. A. Shuman; Rear Commodore, D. N. Palmer; Secretary, P. J. McMahon; Treasurer, W. H. French; Measurer, F. H. Borden; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. T. G. Reed; Trustees, J. T. Hurley and W. H. Godfrey; Regatta Committee, G. W. Armstrong, Maurice Lee, Arthur Leary, E. J. McKee and A. T. Otis; House Committee, H. S. Brown, G. P. Field, Thomas Harrison, M. J. Lynch and H. T. McArdle.

The following officers have been elected by the Savin Hill Y. C: Commodore, J. P. Hawes; Vice Commodore, J. E. Robinson; Rear Commodore, J. E. Scott; Secretary, H. T. Washburn; Treasurer, C. A. J. Smith; Directors, A. Coombes and W. H. Besarick; Measurer, C. H. Conant; Membership Committee, W.

R. Beetle, E. L. Bragg, A. Coombes, W. S. Harvey, L. T. Howard, G. C. Scott and C. R. Willard.

The Columbia Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, F. E. Grainger; Vice Commodore. Hiram Patterson; Rear Commodore, M. B. Roach; Secretary, C. N. Stream; Treasurer, A. E. Justice; Measurer, J. R. Young; Fleet Captain, G. H. Cobb; Trustees, J. E. Doherty and A. E. Justice; House Committee, R. J. Huntley, A. F. Brown, G. H. Cobb, W. A. Paine, J. W. Booth, T. A. Shepard and J. F. Mathieson; Regatta Committee, F. P. Pfund, J. R. Young, J. E. Hunt, J. E. Dillihunt, C. H. Heath, E. A. Shepard and G. H. Winans; Membership Committee, Joseph Spry, F. W. Frazer and James Leveredge.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 25-footer Tiger, owned by W. C. Allison, of Philadelphia, and the 21-footer Otillie, owned by H. L. Banks, of Dorchester. They have been purchased by Boston parties, who do not wish their names mentioned.

Small Bros. have orders for a 28ft. waterline cruising yawl for J. A. Nicklett, of Toledo, and a 28ft. cruising yawl for E. and S. H. Eldridge, of Boston. The latter will moor at Yarmouthport, and will be used for cruising on the Maine coast. The same firm has an order for a 29ft. cabin launch for a Boston yachtsman.

Burgess & Packard have an order for a one-design class of keel 15-footers. The order was given by W. C. Rhoades, of Providence. The cutter Edith, recently purchased by Starling Burgess, is at Murray & Tregurtha's, where the joiner work on her interior alterations will be done and her engine will be installed.

E. A. Boardman has a sketch of a Seawanhaka challenger, which he may build for himself. She will be about 41ft. over all, 26ft. waterline, 8ft. 2in. beam and 5½in. draft. Her after body will be peculiar, the deck and the body planking meeting at the stern, there being no transom. She is sharp forward, with a 10ft. overhang, and the jib will be set well inboard. The formation of the stern will allow her to slide through the water that is taken on deck. A truss will be used to keep the stern stiff. She will have bilge boards and a single rudder.

Crowninshield has an order for a 25ft. cruiser for L. C. Wade. She will be 42ft. over all. She will be named Apache II. He has also an order for a racing 30-footer for George Wright, of Halifax.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Origin of the Centerboard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Philadelphia correspondent, H. L. Shaw, who in FOREST AND STREAM of this date discusses the origin of the centerboard, treats of an interesting subject, and makes out a strong claim for the Wilkins boys, of New Jersey, as inventors of the device. It has often happened that the same idea has occurred to different men widely separated and wholly unconscious of each other's existence. Perhaps the young men spoken of by Mr. Shaw were actual inventors of the centerboard, and that if they had applied for a patent would have been entitled to receive one on the contrivance. But that they were the original and first inventors of the centerboard is improbable in the face of evidence which seems to fix the date of the invention at least some twenty years prior to 1820, the year in which Messrs. Wilkins are said to have built their first boat.

Some few years ago, when searching for material out of which to weave a sketch of the history of this city, I was fortunate enough to meet with a book of travels written by John Maude, an Englishman, who made a journey on horseback through the Genesee country in 1800. His book contains many interesting observations on the men and things he saw between the Hudson and Niagara Rivers. The particular item which he jotted down that pertains to the conterboard was dated at Geneva on August 17, 1800, and is as follows, italics and all: "Captain Williamson is now building a sailboat with a *jumping keel lee board,* a new invention, the keel itself acting as a leeboard, and so contrived as to slide, or *jump* into a box fitted for its reception the instant it strikes ground. Its design is as a lee-board to prevent upsetting, and its *jumping keel* is to adapt it to shallow water." This is a fair and concise description of the centerboard in common use, and establishes the fact that the invention was known in 1800. Mr. Maude does not say that Captain Williamson was the inventor, and on that point we may have to remain in the dark. The Captain Williamson spoken of was a Scotchman who became agent in this country for the London owners of a vast tract of land in western New York, surrounding the site of Rochester and including Spring Creek, on which the State Fish Hatchery at Caledonia is situated.

While Maude's reference to the Williamson boat is not conclusive as to the origin of the centerboard, it sets a remoter date for the invention than 1820. Perhaps someone else can show that it was known before 1800.

E. REDMOND.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 17.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. was held at the club's quarters, 12 West Forty-fourth Street, on the evening of Jan. 13. Commodore A. Curtiss James presided, and the meeting was well attended. The following officers were elected:

Commodore, Arthur Curtiss James, auxiliary brigantine Aloha; Vice Commodore, William J. Matheson, steam yacht Lavrock; Rear Commodore, Frank S. Hastings, yawl Peggy; Secretary, Francis G. Stewart; Treasurer, Frederic P. Moore; Measurer, John Hyslop; Fleet Surgeon, N. Bowditch Potter, M. D.; Fleet Chaplain, Rev. George R. Van de Water, D. D.; Trustees, Colgate Hoyt, Franklin A. Plummer, and Henry H. Landon; Race Committee, Johnston de Forest, Charles W. Wetmore, Clinton H. Crane, Daniel Bacon and John R. Maxwell, Jr.; Committee on Lines and Models, John Hyslop, A. Cary Smith and St. John Smith; Law Committee, Henry de Forest, William A. W. Stewart and William G. Low, Jr.

The report of the Race Committee was interesting.

LATONA—OWNED BY HENRY C. ENO, M.D.

The number of races sailed last year was 35 as against 20 the preceding year, 323 yachts started as against 216 in 1901, and 138 prizes were awarded, an increase of 54 over the preceding year.

The Center Island cup for Seawanhaka knockabouts was awarded to Marcia. This boat had a point record of .857, Gowan was second with .750. Marcia also won the knockabout series races.

An interesting circular has been sent out by the club relating to the new 15ft. class. Six of these boats are completed and twenty-two have been ordered. The net cost of each boat is $546.25, the sails cost $56, and $30 are allowed for incidentals. All the boats will be completed by May 1. The boats are building at Nyack, on the Hudson. Mr. Clinton H. Crane gave one of the boats a trial some time ago, and the following is the report submitted by him to the members of the club:

The writer recently gave No. 1 of the Seawanhaka 15ft. class a trial and sail on the Hudson River off Nyack. The temperature was 8 degrees above zero and a fresh breeze was blowing from the west-northwest. This made the wind under the shore very light and puffy, but further out in the river a fresh and very nice little breeze was blowing.

The boat went out with three men on board, and handled very satisfactorily even in the strongest puffs, carrying sail so well that no one of the men on board paid any attention to his position in the boat, that is, whether it was to windward or leeward. The boat steered on all points of sailing with the tiller practically amidships, and handled with marvelous quickness.

It would have been more satisfactory to have tried the boat again in a reefing breeze, but as the river was fast freezing up it seemed impractical to keep the boat in the water longer, and she was, therefore, hauled out and dismantled. Certain details of rigging and cleats were changed, and the fleet as a whole will have the benefit of this trial. It seemed to the writer that the seats in the cockpit were unnecessary, but as they have been nearly all made, it was decided to leave them as originally shown on the plans, with the idea that the individual owners could leave them in the boat or take them out, as they saw fit.

The boats are a very beautiful job of work, and should compare favorably with any of the highest class of small sailing boats.

CLINTON H. CRANE.

Latona.

THROUGH the courtesy of the designers, Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane, we are able to reproduce in this issue the plans of the 70ft. waterline cruising schooner Latona, that was built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., for Henry C. Eno, M. D., in 1899.

Latona is a centerboard boat of moderate draft. Her construction is composite. Mr. Eno uses the boat for cruising along the coast, and she has proved herself not only a good sea boat but quite fast, and is just adapted to the owner's requirements.

The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	97ft. 3in.
L. W. L.	70ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	11ft. 4in.
Aft	15ft. 11in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	19ft. 4in.
L. W. L.	18ft. 10in.
Draft—	
Without centerboard	8ft. 7in.
Freeboard—top of rail—	
Forward	7ft. 6in.
Least	4ft. 10in.
Taffrail	5ft. 6in.

Latona has a large amount of room under a flush deck, and it has been economically disposed of. The companionway leads to a steerage or chart room 4ft. long. A door gives access to the ladies' cabin, which is aft. This room is nearly 8ft. long and extends the full width of the boat. The room is arranged in the usual way, with berths on each side and transoms in front, and the bureau and hanging lockers at the after end. There is a skylight overhead. On the starboard side forward is a bath room 4ft. long.

The main saloon is 10ft. long and runs right across the boat. Wide transoms with shelves behind, extend along each side. At the after end is a desk and fireplace, while the sideboard is forward on the port side. A short passage on the starboard side of the centerboard trunk gives access to two staterooms. The smaller is 6ft. 3in. long, and the larger is 6ft. 7in. long. Both are fitted with wide berths, bureaus, set marble basins, etc. On the port side, opposite, is a stateroom 7ft. 9in. long, very completely fitted and a separate toilet room 2ft. 6in. long.

One of the prime reasons which makes Latona such an ideal cruising vessel is owing to the unusual size of the pantry, galley, storeroom and ice box. They are remarkably large, well arranged and completely equipped; the pantry is 4ft. 7in. long, the storeroom 4ft. 4in. long, and the galley over 6ft. long. On the starboard side, opening from the mess room, is the captain's cabin, 6ft. 2in. long. There is also a cabin for the stewards, which is reached from the galley. The forecastle has accommodation for eight men.

The drawings of the sections give a good idea of the thorough manner in which the boat is constructed. The sail plan shows a graceful and well balanced rig. Latona steers with a wheel, and she carries three boats on the davits, a launch, a gig and a dinghy. Everything about the boat is of the best, and no expense was spared to make her one of the most complete cruising boats of her size afloat.

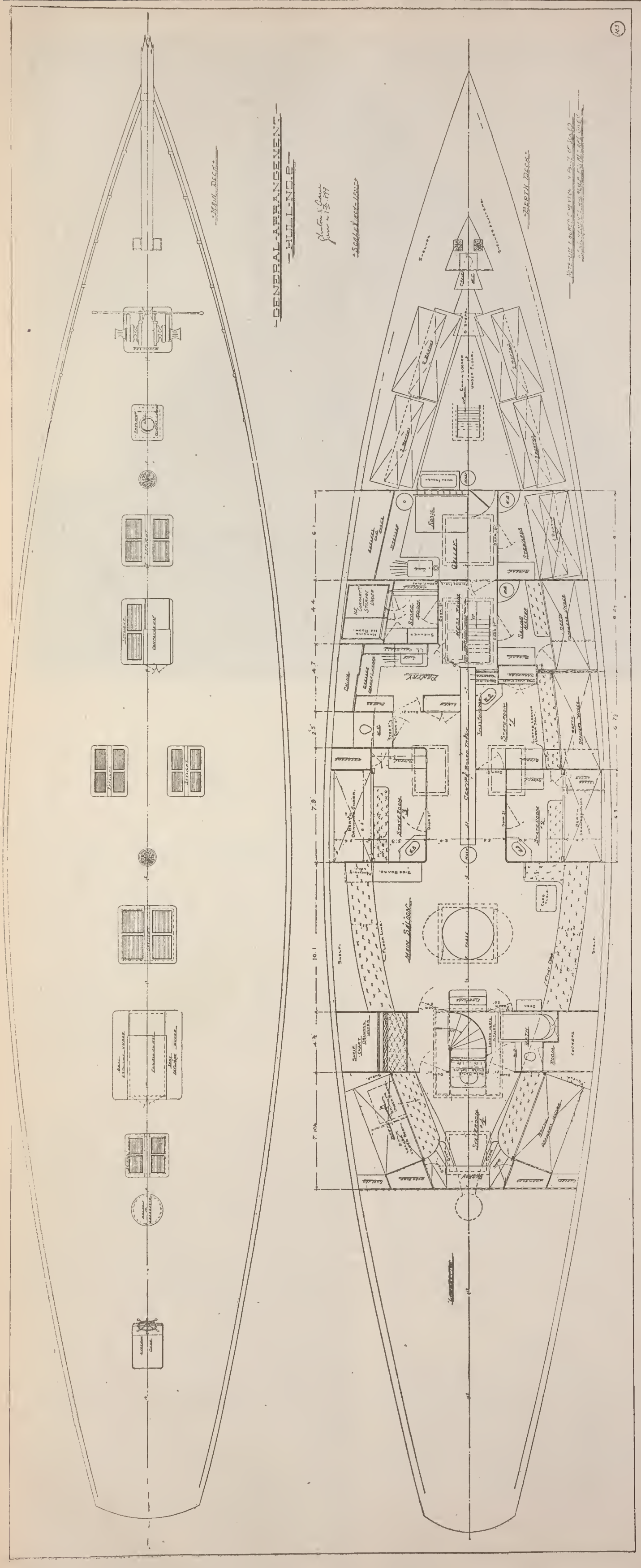
Mr. William H. Ketcham, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Columbia Y. C., has sent the following letter to officers of all yacht clubs in the vicinity of New York:

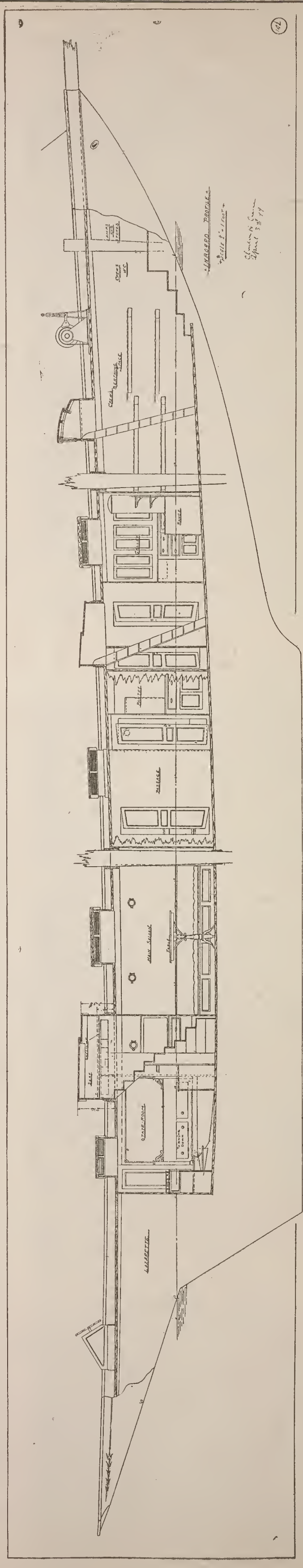
We beg to cordially invite you and any members of your club who may be interested in motor boat racing to meet the members of this and other clubs at our club house on Tuesday evening, Jan. 20, at eight o'clock.

It is our intention and desire to promote the sport of power boat racing, and to this end we wish to incorporate rules and formulate a table of time allowances to govern the same.

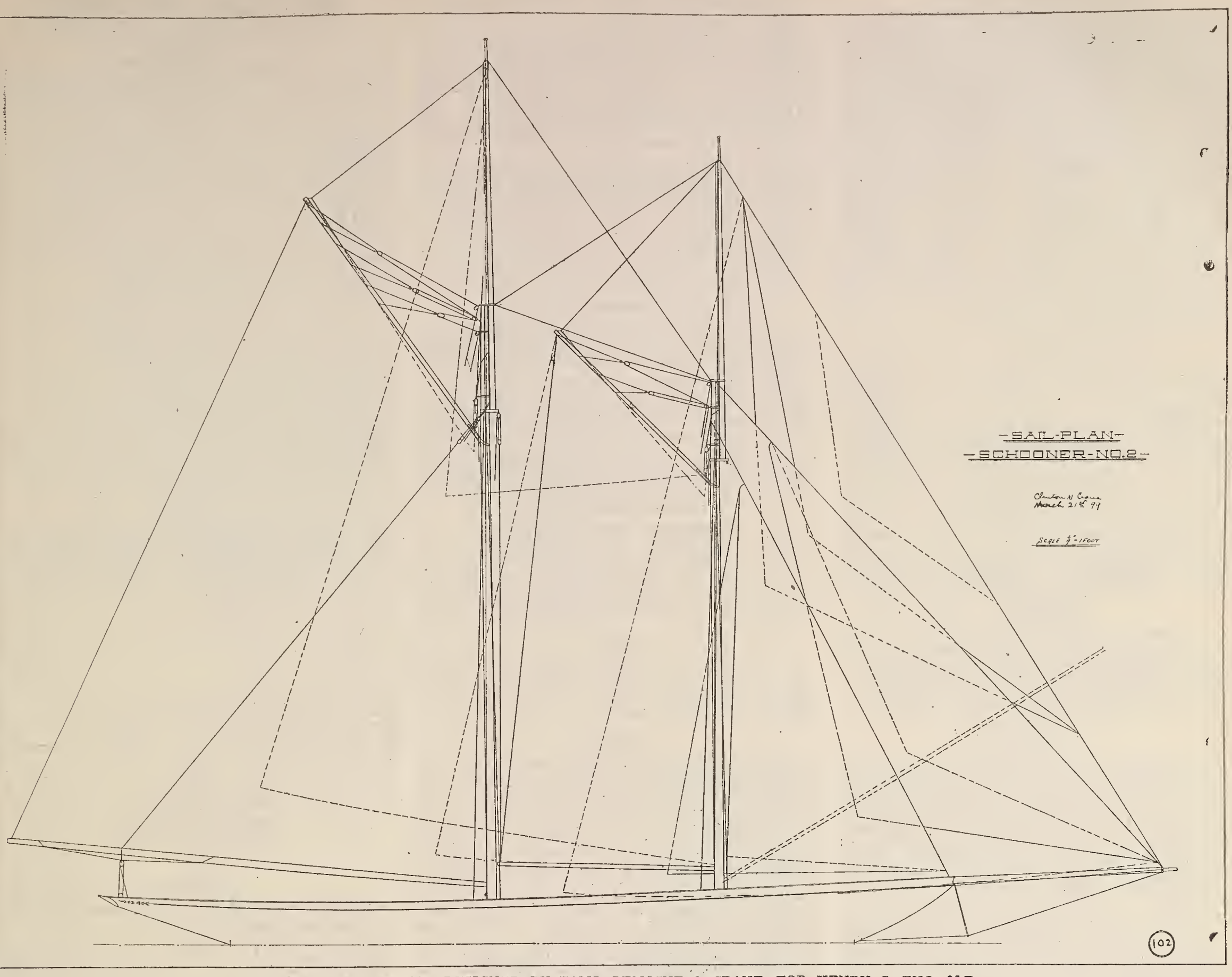
Any data which you may have or can obtain relating to the matter we shall be pleased to have presented at the meeting.

Will you kindly advise us what action you may be willing to take in this matter, and, if possible, give us some idea as to how many of your members we may expect to have present at the meeting, and oblige?

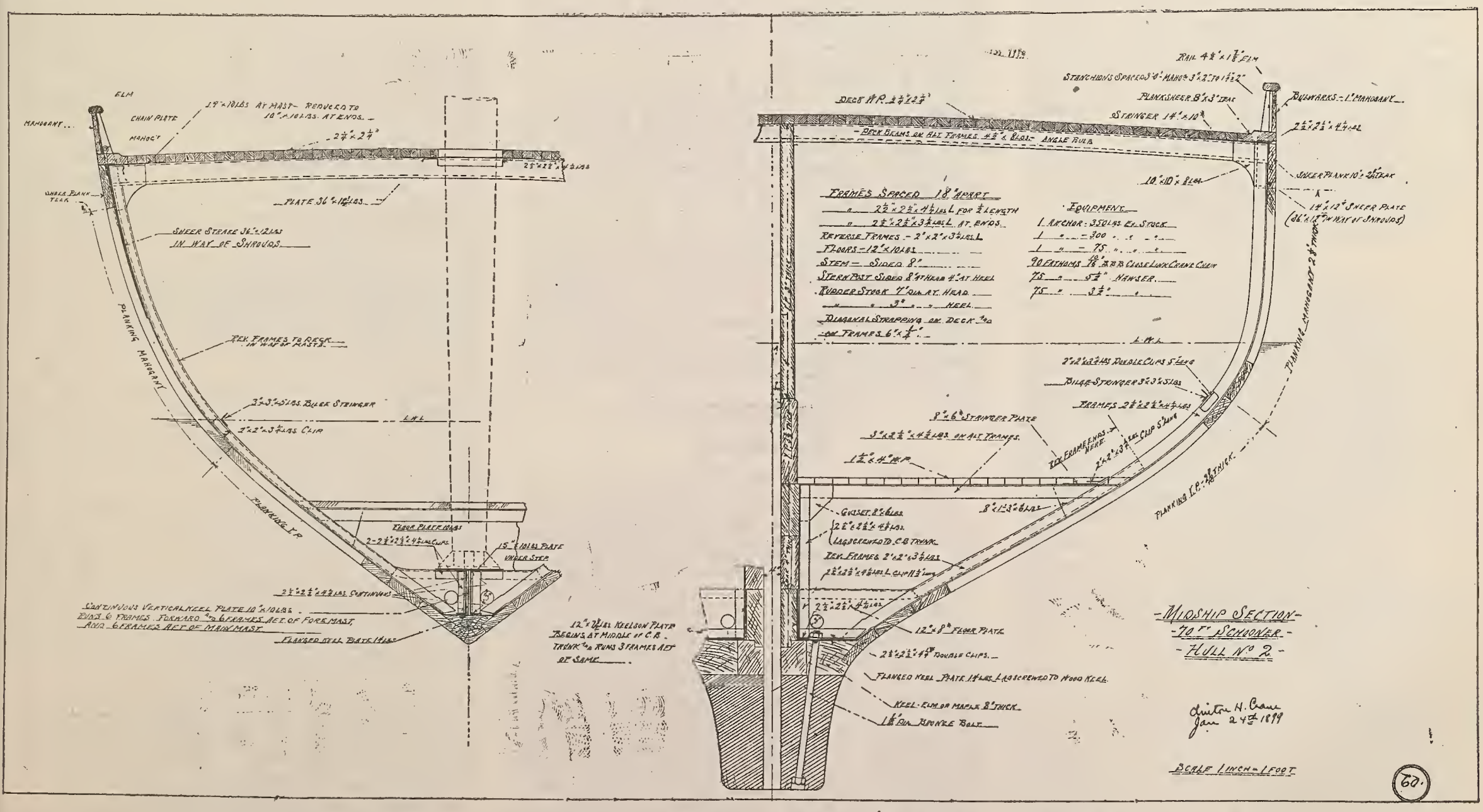




LATONA—INBOARD PROFILE, CABIN AND DECK PLANS—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE—OWNED BY HENRY C. ENO, M.D.



LATONA—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, FOR HENRY C. ENO, M.D.



LATONA—SECTIONS—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, FOR HENRY C. ENO, M.D.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Nominating Committee of the New York Y. C. has selected the following gentlemen to serve in the several offices and committees for the coming year:

Commodore, Frederick G. Bourne; Vice Commodore, Henry Walters; Rear Commodore, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Secretary, George A. Cormack; Treasurer, Tarrant Putnam; Measurer, Charles D. Mower; Fleet Surgeon, J. M. Woodbury, M. D.; Regatta Committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Wales; Committee on Admission—Henry C. Ward, Frederic Gallatin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry S. Redmond and James A. Wright; House Committee, Thomas A. Bronson, Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., and Henry Sampson, Jr.; Library Committee, Lewis A. Stimson, Thomas A. Bronson and Albert Bradlee Hunt; Committee on Club Stations, William H. Thomas, Henry H. Rogers, F. Augustus Schermerhorn, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, C. L. F. Robinson, Harrison B. Moore, Henry C. Ward, W. Lanman Bull and J. Rogers Maxwell.

The annual meeting will be held at the club house on Thursday evening, Feb. 12.

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The annual meeting of the Hudson River Y. C. was held on the evening of Jan. 7, and the following officers were elected:

Commodore, F. J. McLaren; Vice Commodore, Owen Reilly; Rear Commodore, Paul Wetzel; Secretary, Louis C. Maurer; Financial Secretary, Louis H. Schwiers; Corresponding Secretary, C. H. Frerichs; Treasurer, L. J. Dirig; Librarian, Louis Adler; Measurer, John J. McCarthy; Fleet Surgeon, D. Benthman Spence, M. D.; Steward, John Wallace; Fleet Captain, H. Van Buren; Trustees, M. R. Ranhofer, J. Hargreaves, William H. Donaldson, William Lumbine, Charles Whitehouse, O. C. Hoddick, Paul Voegeli, M. Friedman, Everett Ryder, and George A. Steigleder; Regatta Committee, Henry C. Camenden, R. Entwistle, J. W. Smith, C. J. Everett and D. W. Trenifidi.

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At the annual meeting of the Stuyvesant Y. C. the following officers were elected for 1903: Com., W. C. Cartwright; Vice-Com., Robt. Ten Eyck; Rear-Com., J. McGregor; Treas., C. S. Ogden; Meas., J. Babst. Board of Directors: W. Moeller, chairman; W. T. Hogg, F. P. Buell, H. Mertens, M. Fauth. Regatta Committee: J. Kraus, G. F. Zeiler, R. Ten Eyck, J. McGregor, O. Arland.

* * *

The Williamsburg Y. C. elected the following officers at the annual meeting: Com., William E. Long; Vice-Com., William B. Nallen; Rear-Com., Robert Chapman; Sec'y, James Spears; Cor. Sec'y, Thomas H. Doremus; Treas., James Schussell; Meas., Henry Schneider; Steward, Edward Padbourg; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ralph Olleio; Fleet Captain, Charles Hartman; Trustees, Adolph Kling, Henry Schneider, Paul Schmidt, A. Monroe and A. Silk; Regatta Committee, H. Schneider, James Spears and A. Kling.

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The following officers were elected for 1903 at the annual meeting of the Harlem Y. C. held a short time ago: Com., John Wimmer; Vice-Com., C. G. Branneck; Rear-Com., F. L. Muhlfeld; Treas., T. Benjamin Bates; Financial Sec'y, W. B. McAllister; Recording Sec'y, J. Francis Proctor; Corresponding Sec'y, S. L. Schider; Fleet Surgeon, George H. Wilson, M.D.; Treas., Emil Miller; Chairman of the Race Committee, Edward M. Hartman; Trustees, Adolph G. Austin, Frank McDermott, L. Bigelow, William Turner, William Strauss and Walter S. Sullivan.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held on Jan. 12, and the following officers were elected:

Commodore, Alexander Van Rensselaer; Vice Commodore, Robert J. W. Koons; Rear Commodore, E. Walter Clark, Jr.; Secretary, Addison F. Bancroft; Treasurer, George E. Kirkpatrick; Measurer, J. Murray Watts; Race Committee, Addison F. Bancroft, Harvey J. Mitchell, John A. Inglis; Committee on Admission, Charles H. Brock, Alexander Van Rennselaer, G. Herbert Millet, Frank H. Rosengarten, Brereton Pratt; Trustees, to serve three years, Frank H. Rosengarten, Dr. Richard H. Harte.

* * *

The first meeting of the Indian Harbor Y. C., since its incorporation under the laws of the State of Connecticut, was held on Jan. 14, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, Frank Tilford; Vice Commodore, George Lander, Jr.; Rear Commodore, H. P. Whittaker; Treasurer, Richard Outwater; Secretary, Chas. P. Geddes; Measurer, Morgan Barney; Trustees, Edwin C. Converse and F. S. Doremus; Regatta Committee, Frank Bowne Jones, Charles E. Sims, Thomas J. McCahill, Jr., F. Sterne Wheeler and Harry C. Nash.

The committees of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. for the season of 1903 are made up as follows:

Regatta Committee, E. M. MacLellan, Robert Jacob and Charles D. Mower; House Committee, James W. Alker, G. Searing Wilson and Roy M. Lincoln; Library Committee, James R. Thomson, Bartholomew Jacob and Thomas Fleming Day; Law Committee, David Provost, S. B. Hamburger and James W. Pryor; Art Committee, Robert W. Jackson, Julian Rix and Charles A. Harriman; Entertainment Committee, Hazen L. Hoyt, Thomas Wilson, Jr., and Charles H. Hoyt; the Finance Committee consists of the Commodore, the Secretary and the Treasurer.

* * *

The Committee on Lectures of the New York Y. C. has given out the programme for 1903, which is as follows:

Jan. 22—"Recent Improvements in Aid to Navigation," Captain William M. Folger, U. S. N., inspector in charge, Third Lighthouse District.

Feb. 5—"Reminiscences of Navigation and Storms and the Treatment of Storms," Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., chief of Bureau of Naval Intelligence, Navy Department.

Feb. 19—"Recent Advances in Telescopic Astronomy," Professor G. M. Ritchey, Chicago University, Yerkes Observatory.

March 5—"The United States Marine Corps," Major-General Charles Heywood, U. S. M. C.

March 19—"What the Hydrographic Bureau Has Done for Our Maritime and Commercial Interests," Commander W. H. H. Southerland, U. S. N., chief of Hydrographic Office, Navy Department.

April 2—"Field Work of the Peary Arctic Club, 1898-1902," Commander Robert E. Peary, C. E., U. S. N.

April 16—"An Evening with a Stereopticon; Yachting, Ice Yachting and Hunting Wild Game," former Rear Commodore Archibald Rogers, N. Y. Y. C.

April 30—"Coaling Stations," Rear Admiral Royal B. Bradford, U. S. N., chief of Bureau of Equipment, Navy Department.

May 7—"Yachting in the Caribbean," former Vice Commodore Anson Phelps Stokes, N. Y. Y. C.

May 14—Music, "An Evening with the Commodore."

* * *

Indications point to a great year of yachting on Gravesend Bay. It is as yet rather early to learn anything definite. There is, however, lots of agitation regarding new boats.

The Brooklyn Y. C. is to have a new house on the end of the north pier of the new yacht basin now building at a point just below Ulmer Park. The B. Y. C. location is some 400 feet out into the bay and should prove admirable.

Work is being rushed on the basin, which is of comprehensive proportions, and this feature is expected to help along greatly yachting on Gravesend Bay.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Smedley, of Detroit, is having built at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury Co., from their own designs, an auxiliary yawl. The boat, which will soon be put overboard, is 57ft. over all, 41ft. water line, 14ft. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft.

* * *

Rev. Lindsay Parker, Ph. D., of Brooklyn, is having a catboat built by J. T. Logan, New Brunswick, Canada, from designs by Henry J. Gielow. She is 27ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 19in draft.

* * *

Vice-Com. Chas. W. Lee, of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., has recently placed an order with Huntington, of New Rochelle, for a thirty-two foot waterline auxiliary cruising yawl from designs by Mr. C. D. Mower. The plans show a keel boat of moderate draft, good beam and a generous displacement with an unusual amount of cabin accommodation for a boat of her length. A gasolene motor of about 12 horse-power will be installed under the cockpit and is expected to give a speed of at least six miles an hour under favorable conditions. In order to make the motor more accessible, the companionway is placed over to one side, an arrangement which is most convenient in several ways. The main cabin is about 8ft. long and has a clear floor space of 4ft. between the transoms. Back of the transoms there is a wide berth under the deck. Clothes lockers at the aft end of the cabin with sideboards and lockers at the forward end give an abundance of good stowage room. Forward on the starboard side is the owner's berth, and instead of making a small stateroom with fixed partitions, heavy portieres will be used, so that in the daytime this space may be thrown into the main cabin, making it unusually large and airy. The toilet room is on the port side opposite to the stateroom. Forward there is a large galley under the cabin trunk and hanging berths for two men. The cabin will be finished entirely in mahogany and handsomely furnished.

The specifications call for an unusually strong construction, and the whole design has been worked out with the view of making an extremely weatherly and able sea boat. The rig is comparatively small, and shows a pole mast with small topsail and double head sails. On deck she will have wide water ways and a large cockpit.

The yacht is already laid down and will be in commission early in the season.

In addition to the design for Mr. Lee's boat, Mr. Mower has turned out plans for a one-design class for the Lynn Y. C., a 25ft. waterline auxiliary yawl for a Boston yachtsman, a 32ft. cruising launch now building at Morris Heights; a 25ft. waterline yawl building in Canada for a Toronto yachtsman; a one-design boat for Shinnecock Bay, a racing cat to compete for the Sewell cup and Barnegat Bay championship, and has an order for a boat for the 30ft. class of Great South Bay to race against Arrow and Electra.

Canoeing.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Canoe Club was held at its club house on the Hudson, at the foot of One Hundred and Fifty-second Street, the night of Jan. 8. Among the new officers elected for the year were the following: Commodore, Louis C. Kretzmer; Vice-Commodore, Wilbur Andrews; Secretary, Henry W. Dempewolff; Treasurer, W. R. Farrell, Jr.; Measurer, James E. Taylor. The vice commodore is also chairman of the House Committee, the other members of that committee being B. Frank Cromwell and R. L. Roberts, Jr. While the Knickerbocker is one of the oldest canoe clubs in America, and has had its ups and downs, it has acquired much new blood in recent years, and now a has a membership which is limited to fifty, while its boat room contains forty-eight canoes. The members stick to canoes more strictly than in some canoe clubs, for at present only one member owns a boat larger than a canoe, and that one is a St. Lawrence skiff. Nearly all of the canoes are rigged for sailing, and the majority are decked canoes, there being only a few canvas-covered open canoes in the boat room.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Central Shooting Bund.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—On the evening of Jan. 16, in Delabar's Hall, St. Louis, a meeting of the Central and St. Louis Sharpshooting associations was held. The object was to prepare for the national shoot scheduled for June, to be held in St. Louis. The two bodies combined for the occasion, and elected Robert Bethmann president, and August A. Busch fest president for the ensuing year. It was decided that $6,000 will be given in prizes at the national meet.

More than 200 local sharpshooters are represented in the combination of the two bodies. The union will be known as the Central Shooting Bund, of St. Louis. The national shoot will be conducted by the combined bodies, and it is believed that one of the most successful meets in the history of shooting can be pulled off.

Besides the presidents of the bund, officers were elected to fill the remaining places as follows: Sheriff Joseph A. Dickmann, Vice-President; Dr. E. H. Kessler, Treasurer; Horace Kephart, Corresponding Secretary; Adam Fellhauer, Secretary, and Louis Schweighoefer was appointed Shooting Master.

Jacob Frank, C. W. Bauer, Sam G. Dorman, Dr. Kessler and Martin Kacer were elected to form a shooting committee, which next Monday will decide upon the programme to be followed at the shoot, and upon the apportionment of the $6,000 prize money.

This committee and the presidents will report next Friday the progress of the work. Three events will be reserved for members of the Central Bund, and the remaining events will be open to all visitors. Michael Reinagel resigned as president of the Central Sharpshooters to give an opportunity for a joint president of the two bodies to be elected.

Besides Vice-President Dickmann, other vice-presidents will be appointed to attend to details of the work, and they will be made known at the meeting Friday. The shoot will be held at the range in Bobringville, and will be entirely for rifles on the regular programme. Revolver events will be scheduled as a side issue, in all probability.

All shooting will be done at 200yds. It is thought that the event will attract several hundred shooters from all over the United States, as the Saengerfest will be in progress here the week of the shoot. Resolutions were adopted that the officers of the Saengerfest be tendered an invitation to the shoot.

The event will attract the best marksmen in the country, on account of its character and the amount of the prize money offered. The institution of revolver shooting is regarded likely to create much interest, as many members of the bunds favor this sort of work. Capt. Edmond P. Creecy, of the Seventh District, is a member of the body, and will likely participate in the revolver and pistol contests of the occasion.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Scores made at 75ft., on ¼-inch, 25-ring target, possible 250, were as follows: Geo. Tompkins 214; E. F. Ball 223, 232, 230, 239; Amos Bedell 209. E. F. B.

THE New Jersey State Rifle Association held a meeting recently and elected a list of officers, as follows: President, Governor Franklin Murphy; First Vice-President, Major-General P. Farmer Wanser; Second Vice-President, Brevet-Brigadier-General G. E. P. Howard; Third Vice-President, William Hayes; Treasurer, General Bird W. Spencer; Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Parker; Assistant Secretary, Lieutenant Albert S. Jones. There are 162 members in good standing.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Jan. 22.—Newark, N. J.—Live-bird handicap, Smith Brothers' grounds.

Jan. 24.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Weekly shoot; main event 100 target handicap; 16 to 21yds.

Jan. 24.—West Orange, N. J.—Championship trophy of the Mountainside Gun Club. G. F. Ziegler, Sec'y.

Jan. 25.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Cor. Sec'y.

Jan. 26-30.—Brenham, Texas.—Second annual Sunny South Handicap; live birds and targets.

Feb. 3-4.—Savannah, Ga.—Forest City Gun Club's invitation shoot at live birds.

Feb. 10-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 18.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. Alfred Griesemer, Prop.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 19.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club, Patriots' Day. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

May —.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. T. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June —.—Schenectady, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selembier, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Eastern team championship at live birds, contested at Guttenberg, N. J., on Thursday of last week, had the remarkably large number of fifteen entries, three men to a team. The conditions were 10 birds, 28yds. rise, $7.50 entrance, birds extra, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. to first, second and third. Each member of the winning team received a silver loving cup in addition, Mr. Gus Greiff making the presentation of them to the members of the winning team soon after the contest finished. First prize and honors were captured by the Jackson Gun Club's team No. 1, whose members were Capt. A. W. Money, A. Bunn and Garry Hopper, the former two scoring 10, and the latter losing 1 dead out, thus leaving the good total of 29 out of 30. The Jeannette team was next with 28. The members of it were Chas. Steffens, G. E. Loeble and Gus E. Greiff, the latter killing straight. Third was divided between the East Side Gun Club team and the Brooklyn Gun Club team No. 2, each scoring 26.

An invitation shoot at live birds will be given by the Forest City Gun Club of Savannah, Ga., on Feb. 3 and 4. There are five events each day, a summary of which is as follows: Friday—Nos. 1 and 5, 10 birds, $10, 30yds.; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, cup added, 25 to 30yds.; No. 3, same as No. 2, excepting cup; No. 4, Forest City cup, 20 birds, $20, 25 to 31yds. Second day—No. 1, 10 birds, $10, 30yds.; No. 2, 10 birds, $10, 30yds.; Nos. 3 and 5, miss-and-out, $5, 25 to 31yds; No. 4, Sunny South cup, 20 birds, $20, 25 to 31yds. Carteret rules will govern. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Birds extra in each event. Boundary 30yds. High guns, 60 and 40 per cent. Ties decided miss-and-out. Twenty-seven and twenty-eight-yard men allowed one no-bird. Twenty-five and twenty-six-yard men allowed one miss as a kill.

The Boston Gun Club, of Wellington, Mass., has issued a card of information concerning its prize handicap series for 1903. The first contest will be held on Jan. 21, and continue every Wednesday until the completion of the series, May 6, 1903. There are nine useful prizes. The conditions are: Entrance free; open to all shooters; distance handicap; seven best scores out of the sixteen to count. Score each day to be made on 30 targets from magautrap. A special prize, the B. G. C. gold badge, to the shooter making the longest run of consecutive breaks at handicap distance. Targets 1½ cents. All shooting under B. G. C. rules.

The Winchester Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., have issued a programme of its shoots for 1903. Beginning Jan. 10, regular shoots, including the club medal and handicap events, will be held every other Saturday afternoon. The third annual tournament, open to all, will be held on Decoration Day. The club grounds are situated near Woodward and Davieson avenues, Highland Park. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

Elsewhere in our trap columns we present the preliminary war cry of the Sunday Call, of Newark, for hostile action against the sport of pigeon shooting at the traps in the State of New Jersey. It bears the marks of resolute determination to abolish trapshooting. Only by the most energetic and united opposition on the part of the trapshooters and their adherents is there any hope to preserve trapshooting within the realm of things which are legal in New Jersey.

Concerning the great annual Pennsylvania trapshooting event, Mr. V. V. Dorp, secretary of the Florists' Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Please announce our claim of May 19 to 22 for the thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. Many valuable prizes. Programmes later. A. B. Cartledge, corresponding secretary, 1514 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

In the activities of the trapshooting world, a match between Messrs. L. Z. Lawrence and Charles E. Lock, the latter of Winslow Junction, Camden county, N. J., is among the possibilities of the future. This has been under consideration since September, and the principals so far have agreed on 100 targets and 100 live birds per man, and Waterford, N. J., as the place. A stake of $500 to $1,000 a side is contemplated.

The programme of the regular weekly shoot, to be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., Jan. 24, has six events, of which two are at 15 targets, 75 cents; one at 20, $1; two at 25, $1.50 and a handicap at 100 targets, $4 entrance. Moneys divided Rose system. Handicaps 16 to 21yds. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance. Those who so wish may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences on arrival of 1 o'clock train.

The ten-man team shoot between the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League, 25 live birds per man, took place on the grounds of the latter organization on a day of last week, and resulted in a tie, each team scoring 211 out of a possible 250. A return match is fixed to take place on Jan. 29, at Baltimore.

Mr. John S. Coggeshall, secretary of the Aquidneck Gun Club, Newport, R. I., was a visitor at the Eastern team championship contest at live birds at Guttenberg, N. J., on Jan. 15. He contemplated a visit in New York of several days' duration, and participation in some of the club shoots of New York gun clubs before his departure.

May 12-15 are the dates fixed upon for the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. This great event will have $1,000 added to the purses. The address of the secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, is No. 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Programmes containing full information will be ready on April 6.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, the energetic captain of the Ossining Gun Club, sets forth the programme for his club's shoot this week, which is of exceptional interest. He also mentions that the prize in event 6 of the shoot fixed to take place on Feb. 23 instead of a silver cup will be a pair of antlers, which were presented by Mr. H. W. Bissing.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, corresponding secretary of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., announces the next shoot of the club will be held on Jan. 25. An important club meeting will be held on the club grounds on that day. Special matches also will be a part of the programme. Shooting will commence at 1 o'clock.

The two-man team race at the shoot of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club, on Saturday of last week, between Messrs. Krugg and Baron on side and C. Banta and J. S. Wright on the other, 50 targets per man, resulted in a victory for the latter team, the scores being 75 to 68.

Mr. F. B. Cunningham, secretary-manager, St. Joseph, Mo., under date of Jan. 12, writes us as follows: "Please announce change of our dates for the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association shooting tournament to April 7, 8, 9 and 10, instead of dates sent you."

The final shoot for the Dupont trophy was shot at St. Louis Park, St. Louis, Mo., on Jan. 11. Mr. W. D. Kenyon came out victorious. Four had tied on 24, and the finish, the shoot-off, was miss-and-out, Mr. Kenyon winning in the fifth round.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, informs us that his club will hold a shoot on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, commencing at 1 o'clock. The particulars will be published later.

The Kenton, Ohio, Gun Club, through its secretary-treasurer, announces a shoot for May 21 and 22. The programme will be ready for distribution in ample time for the information of shooters.

A two days' target tournament has been arranged for Feb. 18 and 19 by Mr. Alfred Griesemer, proprietor of the Duck Farm Hotel, at Allentown, Pa., at which place it will be held.

The Springfield, Mass., Gun Club, through its secretary, Mr. C. L. Kites, announces a spring tournament to be held on April 19, Patriot's Day.

BERNARD WATERS.

Anti-Pigeon Shooting Sentiment.

THAT our trapshooting readers may be informed of the contemplated action of the New Jersey Legislature against pigeon shooting, we publish in full the following taken from the Sunday Call, of Newark, N. J., bearing date Jan. 18:

To-morrow night Assemblyman Edgar Williams, of Orange, will introduce into the lower house of the Legislature a bill to abolish in this State the shooting of pigeons from traps. It will probably be referred to the Committee on Game and Fisheries, of which Assemblyman Brown, of this city, is chairman. As chairman of the same committee last year he reported the bill favorably, and he will doubtless do so again.

The Assembly passed it last March by a vote of 43 to 7, and then Senator Lee, of Atlantic county, strangled it in his committee, so that the Senate had no chance to vote on it. What fate it will have in the Senate this year remains to be seen. Mr. Williams introduces the bill early, so that there may be time to fight it through both houses, if possible.

It is probable that there will be a hard-fought contest over the bill. The trapshooters have prepared to oppose it. Last spring the Carteret Gun Club was organized, and it has held many shoots on its grounds at Westfield. It is said to be composed mainly of New York men. Trapshooting was abolished in New York last winter, and it was said then that bird butchers would make this State their slaughter ground thereafter. This has come to pass. Only last week fifteen teams, representing clubs in the Eastern States, competed for the championship of the East as pigeon shooters at Guttenberg.

The Carteret Gun Club has issued a little tract of eleven pages called "The Rights of Sportsmen Involved in the Shooting of Pigeons from Traps." Here is one of the arguments put forth in defense of the so-called sport: "Practice with the gun under laws specially enacted for the encouragement of such practice, that men may be of service to the State in time of war; the skill acquired in pigeon shooting by the users of the gun; the creation of a large and cheap supply of wholesome food; the profiting of the farmers, who raise that food; must all these be given up on account of a few wounded pigeons?"

It has commonly been supposed that the State provided rifle ranges at Sea Girt and in national guard armories to train men in marksmanship. If it is right to cause suffering to pigeons in order that men may be fitted for the army, why not go further, and let them shoot at sheep and cattle in the meadows? This would also result in the "creation of a large and cheap supply of wholesome food," and what matters if "a few wounded" animals wander off into bogs and thickets to die lingering deaths, as do the pigeons?

The plea is made also that the abolishment of pigeon shooting will "touch the pocket of the man who sells guns." It is explained that "already dealers in these articles are complaining of their diminished sales in States where pigeon shooting has ceased, some of them reporting a falling off of 50 per cent. in the sale of such goods," and the fear is expressed that "the stopping of pigeon shooting and the consequent stoppage of the making of the pigeon gun will undoubtedly open the way to the using of cheap and dangerous shotguns."

The pamphlet is full of the veriest balderdash in defense of trapshooting. It would not merit notice but for the fact that it shows the humane people of the State that they must stir themselves if they hope to place New Jersey with New England, New York, Delaware and the other States that have made trapshooting unlawful. Accompanying the Carteret Gun Club's tract is a petition to the Legislature against the passage of the Williams bill.

On the other hand, the New Jersey Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will send out this week an appeal to the journalists of the State to support Mr. Williams' bill. This reads in part, as follows:

"Trapshooting is condemned by humane persons, not because the birds are killed—for they are usually bred to be killed, like poultry, sheep and cattle—but for the reason that many of them are not killed speedily. Poultry, sheep and cattle are killed instantly, and there are no escapes. But official reports of trapshooting matches, even when expert marksmen fire the guns, show that from five to twenty per cent. of the pigeons escape out of bounds. But they do not all get away unhurt. Many of them are found in the neighborhood of the shooting grounds, disemboweled or with legs blown off, and in other states of horrible mutilation. When poor marksmen engage in the so-called sport, the number of birds that escape wounded is still larger.

"Trapshooting is mean, and therefore unmanly. The birds are often confined for several days in small boxes, and frequently crowded so closely together that some of them are suffocated or trampled to death. Those that survive are then placed in the traps, and suddenly find themselves released. More or less dazed by the reports of the guns about them, they rise on wings weakened by the long confinement. At this moment the sportsman, who has been standing a few yards away, with his gun ready, discharges it at the poor creature. We say that beside being cruel, the so-called sport is mean and unworthy of comparison with shooting in the field.

"Under the general act against cruelty, trapshooting was held by the courts of New Jersey to be unlawful. In 1889 men who wanted to slaughter pigeons at the traps succeeded in having the statute amended so that trapshooting was legalized. It is now proposed to undo what these men accomplished fourteen years ago.

"We respectfully appeal to the journalists of New Jersey to use their influence, as so many did last winter, for the passage of the act which shall abolish this abhorrent pastime in our State, and place us, in respect to it, in line with the humane people of New England, New York and other parts of the country."

St. Louis Trap News.

THE final contest for the Dupont trophy was decided on Jan. 11, at the St. Louis Park. It had been in the field for nearly a year, and those who had in the semi-monthly shoots made ten perfect scores met to decide the question of ownership a week ago. At that time four men tied on 24, the finals being postponed for lack of birds. When they met yesterday the weather was bitterly cold, and a heavy snow covered the ground. H. B. Spencer forfeited his chance by non-attendance, and among the remaining three, the miss-and-out proved but a brief affair, W. D. Kenyon winning on the fifth round.

Following this event a 10-bird race was shot, for birds and a small prize, and then three miss-and-outs were shot, each at 5 birds. Scores:

Dupont trophy finals, 30yds. rise:

Kenyon	22122	O'Trigger	210
Jonah	12220		

Ten-bird prize shoot, 30yds. rise:

Dr Clark	1020102222— 7	O'Niel	*2222122*2— 8
O'Trigger	11**220122— 7	Riehl	21*2212212— 9
Orvis	0220222222— 8	Sultan	0112210202— 7
Kenyon	1222220112— 9	Jonah	11122*2222— 9
Sims	1222212222—10	Weber	1022011*10— 6

First miss-and-out: Weber 5, O'Niel 5, Riehl 5, Kenyon 5, Dr. Clark 3, Sims 2, Jonah 0, Orvis 1.

Second miss-and-out: Weber 5, O'Niel 5, Riehl 5, Sultan 5, Jonah 2, Orvis 1, O'Trigger 1, Sims 0.

Third miss-and-out: Weber 5, Riehl 5, Orvis 5, Sims 5, O'Niel 4, Sultan 1, Jonah 0.

KILLMORE.

Patty—Burnham Tournament.

LINDEN, Ia., Jan. 14.—Seventeen shooters took part in Patty and Burnham's tournament to-day. The programme had ten target and five live-bird events. The weather was pleasant, but a strong wind made the shooting difficult, and but few straight scores were made. Event 14 was for medal representing championship of Dallas and Guthrie counties. Mr. Patty, of Linden, broke 24 out of a possible 25 targets, and won the medal without a tie. Owing to medal event being open only to shooters residing in Dallas and Guthrie countries, the scores in this event were not counted in the average. Budd won high average by a small percentage over Patty and Burnham.

Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	10	10	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Budd	7	14	12	13	8	10	5	13	13	95	.826
C Harkens	8	12	13	13	8	7	10	7	5	83	.721
J Harkens	7	10	9	6	..	..	2	..	..	...	....
Patty	8	13	14	13	9	10	6	11	10	94	.817
Burnham	9	14	13	13	7	8	7	11	12	94	.817
Black	3	10	8	8	5	3	7	..	11	...	....
B Shaffer	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Petticord	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	7	..	...	....
Campbell	10	10	10	9	7	6	8	9	10	79	.686
Hans	8	9	6	..	..	..	4	..	7	..	....
Rosenberg	10	11	4	5	..	..	..	..	9	...	....
J Shaffer	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...	....
Knapp	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	...	....
J Knapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	...	....
Binns	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	...	....
Goodwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	...	....

Event 10, 5 birds, $2.50, three moneys, 50, 30, 20 per cent.:

Black	02101—3	C Harkens	12022—4
Budd	11102—4	Binns	10102—3
Patty	00112—3	Goodwin	11001—3
Burnham	22221—5		

Event 11, 10 live birds, entrance $5, divided, 50, 30, 20 per cent.:

Black	1200122011— 7	J Harkens	0221101022— 7
C Harkens	2222200122— 8	Patty	1211011112— 9
Burnham	2222120011— 8	Budd	1011112111— 9
J. Shaffer	0122000212— 6		

Event 12, 5 birds, $2.50 entrance, three moneys:

C Harkens	21012—4	Black	10111—4
Burnham	11112—5	Budd	21112—5
Goodwin	11001—3	Patty	01202—3
Binns	10212—4		

Event 13, 7 birds, entrance $3, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Black	1001011—4	Jones	0111110—5
Budd	1101011—5	J Harkens	1011222—6
C Harkens	1101111—6	J C Knapp	0111202—5
Burnham	1110111—6	Patty	1121112—7
B Shaffer	1001100—3	J Shaffer	0121222—6

Miss-and-out, entrance $1, Budd won:

C Harkens	1120	**Patty**	0
Burnham	2110	Budd	1111
Black	10		

Championship medal of Dallas and Guthrie counties, 25 targets: Jones 6, Campbell 23, Binns 16, Knapp 8, Burnham 17, Goodwin 11, Chas. Harkens 22, Smith 9, Petticord 14, J. Shaffer 17, D. Knapp 11, Rosenberg 17, H. Petticord 18, B. Shaffer 9, Black 18, Patty 24.

HAWKEYE.

Bonesteel Gun Club.

BONESTEEL, S. D., Jan. 10.—Some of my good friends among the sporting papers have been asking for a resumé of the shooting season of 1902 at this place, and I take this opportunity to say that while the Bonesteel Gun Club has only a membership of fourteen, we have shot during the season a total of 9,770 targets—a pretty good showing for a town of 300 inhabitants who have been unusually busy building railroads and selling town lots and farms, etc.

We have also had time to run off two or three small tournaments, which added very much to the interest in the sport, and also had four contests for the individual championship trophy donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. to the Bonesteel Gun Club, representing the championship of Gregory county.

This trophy was first put up in open competition on the occasion of the first annual of the Bonesteel Gun Club, on July 22, and was won by Carl Porter, of Fairfax, after shooting off a tie with Spatz and Orion Porter, and a second tie with Orion Porter.

T. J. Thompson soon got the championship bee in his bonnet, challenged Porter, and was defeated by the score of 46 to 42 on the Fairfax Gun Club grounds, Aug. 15.

Then Johnny Spatz, of the Bonesteel Gun Club, thought he would take a fall out of Mr. Porter, and he shied his castor into the ring, and the race came off on the Fairfax Gun Club grounds on the afternoon of Aug. 26, and Porter was again the victor by the very good score of 46 to 42.

Johnny came home a sadder and wiser man, and after looking glum for a few days Leach suggested that he and Spatz shoot a 200-bird race, and the winner would challenge for the trophy. This was done, and Spatz won by one bird, and accordingly challenged Porter, and the race was shot on the grounds of the Fairfax Gun Club on Oct. 29, Spatz winning easily by a score of 41 to 37 in a screaming gale of wind. This ended the fun for the season, so far as the trophy was concerned, and Spatz still holds it.

Following are the ten best scores of the members who shot that many strings of 25 each during the season:

											Per Cent.
Spatz	23	23	22	22	23	24	22	24	24	23	.920
Lucas	14	17	17	17	16	15	15	18	16	15	.640
Leach	22	22	21	22	21	24	22	22	23	23	.888
Thompson	19	22	17	17	15	17	16	15	14	15	.692
McFayden	18	13	16	12	10	17	16	14	13	18	.585
C Law	..	..	..	..	..	18	11	17	16	16	19	.647

In justice to Messrs. Thompson, McFayden, Lucas and Law, it might be well to say that they shot comparatively few targets as compared by the two leaders, and their chances for making good strings was correspondingly small.

The Bonesteel Gun Club purposes to give a large tournament during the coming season, that will be of such proportions as to attract lovers of the sport from all over the shooting world.

LEACH.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Herewith find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made Saturday, Jan. 17. To-day's shoot was sort of a side issue, as the boys had got wind of the big treat prepared for next Saturday, the programme for which is herewith appended. Shooting to begin at 2 P. M. sharp. First cup, 25 birds, handicap, "gun down." Second cup, 10 pairs, all scratch. Third cup, 25 birds, handicap, club rules. Fourth cup, special handicap, Consolation cup, offered by the president of the club; handicaps to be based on best previous scores in prize competitions. All ties to be decided in one of three ways, optional to the man in the tie nearest scratch. Members should make a special effort to be present on the 24th, as this will be a banner club day.

In the programme of the shoot we are to hold on Feb. 23, we mention as a special prize in event No. 6, a silver cup. This we will change to a pair of antlers presented by Mr. H. W. Bissing.

Scores to-day:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	10	Targets:	25	10
Hans	18	8	WFisher	..	9
C Blandford	23	9			

These scores were made with Blandford's gun. The others, not intending to shoot, failed to bring their shooting irons. Bedell and Edgers were also present, but would not shoot with a strange gun.

C. G. B.

Peters Annual Re-union Tournament.

CINCINNATI, O.—From Jan. 12 to 16, inclusive, were days of reunion of the salesmen of the Peters Cartridge Company at Cincinnati. Each of the days had its special programme. Monday the salesmen assembled. Tuesday afternoon was devoted to a theater. Wednesday the factory and dinner at King's Mills in the forenoon; banquet in the afternoon. Thursday, a smoker. Friday, luncheon at the Cincinnati Gun Club, and shoot.

The men were divided into thirteen-man teams, 25 targets per man, and the result was very close, 248 to 247. The scores follow:

Peters 24, French 21, Apgar 23, Parker 12, Storr 24, Miller 20, Lemcke 20, Osborn 20, Reid 23, Keller, Jr., 14, Myers 12, Gross 21, Frolinger 14; total 248.

T. Keller 20, Wade 23, Bartlett 18, See 21, Kirby 21, Kauffman 17, Spencer 24, Mackie 21, King 9, Bates 21, Litzke 13, Tuttle 17, Hightower 23; total 247.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Eastern Team Championship.

On Jan. 15, at Guttenberg race track, Guttenberg, N. J., the Eastern team championship at live birds, arranged by Mr. Chris Inteman, took place according to programme. In its support there was an unexpectedly large entry, and there was an earnest and close competition. The conditions were: Three men of any club, 28yds. rise, 10 birds per man; entrance fee, $7.50 per team, birds extra. Each of the members of the winning team received a silver loving cup. Money was divided into three parts, 50 per cent. to first; 30 per cent. to second; 20 per cent. to third.

Fifteen teams entered the competition, making a total of forty-five individual contestants. First prize and place was won by the team of the Jackson Gun Club, the members of which were Capt. A. W. Money, A. Bunn (each of whom killed 10 straight) and G. Hopper (who scored 9, his second dying out of bounds). Thus this team had a total of 29 out of 30, an excellent performance. The Jeannette Gun Club was close up with a total of 28. The members and scores were: C. Steffens 9, G. E. Loeble 9, G. E. Greiff 10. The Brooklyn Gun Club's team No. 2 and the East Side Gun Club team tied on 26 and divided. Out of the forty-five contestants, five—Capt. A. W. Money, A. Bunn, G. E. Greiff, S. Glover and A. Kyte killed straight.

The sky was overcast, and the light was dull, yet not unfavorable for good shooting. There were two sets of traps, facing nearly north and south. A stiff westerly wind blew steadily across the traps, helping the birds materially many times to escape out of bounds. The birds were a mixed lot, with now and then one of the swiftest. Following are the scores:

Jackson Gun Club No. 1.
Capt Money....2212222211—10
G Hopper .....2*22222222— 9
A Bunn.....2222222222—10—29

Brooklyn Gun Club No. 1.
T Rider 1022211201-- 8
J Martin .....2222202002— 7
W H Hopkins.2111111012— 9—24

Jeannette Gun Club No. 1.
C Steffens.....2212210122— 9
G E Loehel....2222222202— 9
G E Greiff.....2222211222—10—28

Newton Gun Club.
Lyons .....0202220020— 5
Martin, Jr.....2220*02*12— 6
Kyte .....1121221122—10—21

Fairview Gun Club.
W Townsend..1202012001— 6
Dodds .....0020122210— 6
Sedore, Jr.....1101022000— 5—17

Freeport Gun Club.
Gildersleeve ...2221*11212— 9
Carman .....2120211222— 9
F C Willis.....0012202120— 6—24

East Side Gun Club.
G H Piercy....10122*2222— 8
Wash .....0222222222— 9
H C Koegel....2202222222— 9—26

Brooklyn Gun Club No. 2.
T W Morfey...2002222220— 7
S Glover .....2222222222—10
S Van Allen....2222222220— 9—26

Jackson Gun Club No. 2.
E Klotz .....2022211*02— 7
Sanderson .....2000020222— 5
C A Lenone...2101001101— 6—18

Hackensack River Gun Club.
H Heflich.....2222022222— 9
Fleischman ....2202222222— 9
E Collins .....0222001222— 7—25

Goose Creek Gun Club.
E Steffens.....1210111*01— 7
P Albert .....2220110212— 8
Lang .....2122102122— 9—24

Jeannette Gun Club No. 2.
C Inteman.....2220220200— 6
H Pape .....0022112002— 6
J Kroeger .....122012221*— 8—20

North River Gun Club.
J Morrison ....0100011101— 5
G E Eickhoff..1221200102— 7
C Richter .....2221202201— 8—20

Brooklyn Gun Club No. 3.
L Caunitz .....2002102202— 6
H S Wells ....2022222222— 9
Super .....2220110110— 7—22

Fairview Gun Club No. 2.
E B Smith.....1222202022— 8
Brinkerhoff ....122*010020— 5
Sedore, Sr.....0001102110— 5—19

The following were shot off before the main event:
Five birds, $3, ties shot off miss-and-out:

Piercy .....12221—5
Hopkins .....21221—5
Chiericati .....20101—3
Koegel .....20120— 3
Gill .....11211—5
Carman .....22222—5
Rider .....01121—4
Willis .....11111—5
Van Allen .....22222—5
Martin .....12220—4
Kyte .....22111—5
Lyons .....12100—3

Ties, miss-and-out: Piercy 4, Hopkins 3, Carman 2, Van Allen 4, Kyte 4.

Miss-and-out: Lenone 0, Morfey 1, Piercy 4, Bunn 2, Klotz 0, Roberts 1, Kyte 0, Chieicati 4, Martin 0, Lyons 1, Hopkins 4, Hopper 3, Rider 0. Carman 1, Koegel 4, Frank 0, Back 0, Glover 1, Steffens 2, Wash 1, Loehel 4.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 10.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, held to-day. Ten-bird events:

Money, 28	2221001222— 8	1111211211—10	1211201202— 8
A Hopper, 28	122220202*— 7	*2202212*1— 7	0102212202— 7
Bunn, 28	2222221212—10	*121022211— 8	2122212001— 8
Morgan, 28	2210001121— 7	1121212110— 9	10202022*2— 6
Hopper, 28	22*0221202— 7	2112010000— 5	*222220000— 5
Kat, 28	1012100202— 6	2222221*21— 9	*222202222— 8
Lenone, 28	00110*12*0— 4	1101110011— 7	011121*201— 7
Klotz, 28	.....	2121221211—10	.....
Roberts, 27	.....	1202221201— 8	.....

Match, 15 birds:
Money, 30.....22*2222222221111—14
G A Hopper, 29.....2222222222 00**—11

DUTCHER.

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N J., Jan. 12.—The Mountainside Gun Club held its fifth annual meeting in the club rooms on Valley road, West Orange, last Tuesday night, when the following officers were elected for the year: President, John Gantz; Vice-President, Harry D. Wethling; Secretary, G. F. Ziegler; Treasurer, Fred Wright; Referee, A. W. Baldwin. Several new members were elected and several applications for membership received. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a good financial condition.

The next regular shoot will be held on Saturday, Jan. 24, when the championship trophy will be shot for for the first time. This trophy is a large silver cup of beautiful design, to be won by the member making the highest number of points during the year. The cup will be competed for twice a month, at the regular club shoots, each shoot to be at 25 birds per man. The man winning first in each shoot will be credited with 5 points; the second man with three points, and the third with one point. Beside this first prize, another prize, a fine shooting jacket, will be awarded to the member making the highest score at any one of the club shoots during the year.

On Saturday, Jan. 31, the club will hold a match shoot with the Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, on the latter's grounds.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Jan. 17.—The Nishoyne Gun Club has decided to hold an open shoot on Washington's Birthday, in the afternoon, when two matches at 50 birds each will be shot for prizes. The contestants, all club members, will be A. Mosler, of Orange, and William Drake, of South Orange, and Ralph B. Baldwin, of Orange, and F. W. Moffit, of Glen Ridge.

To-day the club held a shoot in which several superior scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	10	10
Dr G W Wakely	19	18	20	..	19	..	21	..	..	..
C L Smith	18	19	..	24	..	19	..	23	..	..
M R Baldwin	16	..	20	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
F M Moffit	..	18	..	22	..	23	..	20	8	7
J S Coggeshall	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
O L Yeomans	..	..	20	22	..	23	..	19	8	..
A R Bonnell	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Faulk	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
R B Baldwin	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	20	8	7
Dr F B Lane	..	..	..	..	17	..	20	..	..	..
Dr C C Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
F Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, Jan. 11.—Following are the scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The day was nothing extra for shooting, but some good scares were made.

These are the regular shooting dates for the coming year: Jan. 11 and 25; Feb. 8 and 22; March 8 and 22; April 5 and 19; May 3, 17 and 31; June 14 and 28; July 12 and 26; Aug. 9 and 23; Sept. 6 and 20; Oct. 4 and 18; Nov. 1, 15 and 29; Dec. 13 and 27.

This club will hold an all-day shoot on Feb. 22, at which refreshments will be served free to all shooters. There will be a number of prizes, as well as sweepstakes. The handicapping will be done by a committee chosen from the shooters present. The limits will be 16 and 20yds.

At the annual election these officers were elected: President, Joseph Whitley; Vice-President, George Brewer; Financial Secretary, Thos. Kelley; Corresponding Secretary, James Hughes; Treasurer, E. G. Heritage; Board of Directors: L. S. Schortemeier, Dr. A. D. De Long and Jos. Doran; Shooting Captain, Chas. Banta.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	10
C V L	12	13	14	10	21	..	18	21	..	..	..	..	19	25	7
Pearsall	12	11	8	9	15	18	19	11	17	19	16	22	24	24	..
Pearsall, Jr	4	..	4	4	8	6	..	..	6	6	6	8	8	11	3
Kelley	8	..	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	12	12	15	10	14	17	19	18	18	15	20	21	23	21	9
Hughes	11	10	10	..	..	..	18	18	..	..	..	17	..	20	8
Smith	..	..	..	7	14	11	11	13	..	10	16	..	..	..	..
Southard	..	..	..	..	18	11	..	..	12	14	13	..	..	..	..
Hausman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	17	7
Jenkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	..
Gillies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	..

JAS. HUGHES.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 17.—Twelve sweepstake events were shot to-day by the members of the North River Gun Club, the scores of which follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	15
Richter	12	..	6	7	..	..	6	8	..	6	..	..
Allison	7	7	..	6	..	..	..	7	..	9	8	..
Vosselman	3	..	1	4	..	..	2	1	2	..	7	..
Gillerlain	8	7	5	8	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	..	7	..	9	6	10	4	5	8	..	3	9
Truax	..	5	7	7	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	8	6	..	8	15	..	..	6	..	8	9
Pollard	..	6	..	8	9	..	5	6	4	7	..	12
Glover	..	..	10	10	..	..	8	3	..	..	..	12
Hexamer	..	..	..	7	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	9	..	..	7	8	9	..	6	13

J. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 16.—There was a good start for the year's shooting on the part of the Hell Gate Gun Club, at Outwater's grounds to-day. Mr. Tony Losi was the only one to kill straight in the main event. The scores follow:

J H Outwater, 30...0*12201122— 7
L Barbieri, 30.....21020222*2— 7
De Bernardi, 28....120020202*— 5
A Feist, 28.....2011010100— 5
E Hespie, 28.....1202111012— 8
G B Bergkamp, 28.1122110210— 8
A Rugani, 28.....2111102020— 7
N Brindisi, 28.....0100002212— 5
T Losi, 28.....2121122221—10
G Devoto, 28.....0000111011— 5
E Pompili, 28.....1000122201— 6
Chiericati, 28 .....0221121212— 9
De Bernardi .....01*01—2
A Rugani .....21200—3
E Hespie.....01011—3
Bemer .....12002—3
C Saldorini .....21220—4
Gerbalina .....01122—4
L Barbieri .....12010—3
Chiericati .....02222—4

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Jan. 17.—There was some busy competition at Interstate Park to-day, all the contestants being men of long experience with the shotgun. The park presents an interesting programme for the weekly shoot, to be held on Jan. 24. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	15	20	25	25	50	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
G E Call, 19	13	14	17	20	21	40	18	22	22	21	20	20	22
D S Daudt	12	12	13	23	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Hopkins, 19	11	12	13	23	21	35	..	22	22	20	..	..	..
S M Van Allen, 20	11	10	17	17	23	36	17	21	..	23	18	18	18
Wash, 20	12	12	16	21	21	39	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ramapo, 16	..	9	8	..	..	30	15	..	..	..	..	..	..

No. 6 was a handicap, the distances of which are given next the list of names.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 17.—John Wright had an unusually bright aggregation of students at his weekly shoot to-day. A special attraction was a team shoot between Messrs. Banta and Wright on the one side, and Messrs. Krug and Baron on the other, the results of which are appended:

H Krug .....01111101111101111111100111—20
11001111111111111000101100—17
T Baron .....10100011110110101111010110—16
10101011110000111101110011—15—68
C Banta .....10111111010111111111111111—22
11111111111111111111111111—25
J Wright .....10101111110111110000100000—14
11100010011011110100101011—14—75

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	25
James	9	11	18	17	16	..
Rider	6	10	16	14	17	15
Baron	6	11	..	..	17	..
Pearsall	9	14	17	17	21	19
King	5	10	..	..	19	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	25
Banta	10	12	..	..	19	22
Newton	5	7	16	17	17	..
Wright	7	10	..	..	15	16
Griffiths	..	..	16	12	18	..

Baltimore—Keystone.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 17.—Baltimore and Philadelphia renewed their old-time friendly rivalry for pre-eminence in trap-shooting, each city being represented by powerful organizations in the way of shooting interests. Baltimore was represented by the Baltimore Shooting Association, and Philadelphia was represented by the Keystone Shooting League. The contest was a ten-man team shoot, 25 live birds per man, and it was close from start to finish, and thus was ever in doubt and full of interest. At the end, the result hung on the last bird. Each team killed 211 out of a possible 250, a tie. The contest took place on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction. It was the first of a series of three shoots between these organizations. The grounds and club house were crowded with enthusiastic spectators. The birds, aided by the gale of wind, were very fast, and a great number of good kills were made by members of both teams.

Baltimore held, at one stage, a comfortable lead of 8 birds, but this lead was reduced bird by bird until a tie was made, and then the enthusiasm broke out, for the local team looked like winners.

The conditions were teams of ten men, 25 live birds per man, 29yds. rise. The teams were paired off, each shooting out its score before the next pair faced the traps. On the side there was an optional sweep of $10, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting.

Lester German and John Rothacker were the first pair. German killed 24 to 22 for Rothacker; Baltimore led by 2.

Dr. E. G. Darling and H. L. Landis were the second pair. Landis reduced Baltimore's lead to 1 bird, killing 21 to his opponent's 20.

J. W. Chew and Fred Schwartz came third in order. Schwartz scored 24, Chew 22, and Keystone led by 1.

The fourth pair, George Burrough and Edward Johnson, resulted in disaster for Keystone. Johnson killed only 18 to his opponent's 22, thus giving Baltimore a lead of 3 birds in the first 100.

A. R. Middleton outshot Charles E. Geikler in the fifth, and thereby added 2 more birds to Baltimore's lead. Geikler scored 17; his opponent 19.

S. D. Thomas and F. W. Van Loon, the sixth pair, tied on 19.

Of the seventh pair, Jack Dunn, a player on the New York baseball team, started well, but could not stand the fast pace set by F. M. Hobbs, who scored 24. Dunn lost 5. These scores reduced Baltimore's lead to 1 bird, and made the followers of the local team confident of winning, as their strongest men were to follow.

Keystone gained the lead in the eighth combination, in which Dr. George D. B. Darby outshot Harry Ducker by a score of 23 to 21.

J. R. Malone and Howard Ridge were the ninth pair, and finished with a tie on 22.

When the last pair faced the traps, Hood Waters, for Baltimore, and I. W. Budd for Keystone, the latter organization had a lead of 1 bird. They tied in the tenth round.

The match was tied again in the twenty-second round, when Budd lost a driver, and to the spectators it looked as though the match was lost, when Budd missed again in the twenty-third round. Waters was shooting well, and it seemed almost impossible for him to miss his last bird; he drew an incomer and hit it hard, but could not stop it inside the wire.

Baltimore Shooting Association.
German .....21222112222222222222222022—24
Darling .....22000112222202211*22211211—20
Chew .....11122202222212111111101120—22
Burrough .....12222212122221*2002211221—22
Middleton .....22021220222220*212*2212*2—19
Thomas .....21222222210012002*11211210—19
Dunn .....11201021102 1*211220121122—20
Ducker .....11102101102121222111111*1—21
Malone .....12111110*0221221222121112—22
Waters .....20122222211221022122222122*—22—211

Keystone Shooting League.
Rothacker .....22222222222222022222*202—22
Landis .....21222102202202222222222101—21
Schwartz .....21212112222221222221222122—24
Johnson .....2222*22020202222002*22222—18
Geikler .....*2022020*2*12022022122222—17
Van Loon .....22212022222220 21*20022220—19
Hobbs .....22122222212220222222222222—24
Darby .....22022222*22222222222222222—23
Ridge .....22220222022222201121212222—22
Budd .....20212121201221222222220022—21—211

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Jan. 16.—The third of a series of live-bird shooting matches between Lieut. D. Frank Keller and Walter Jones took place on the Spring Valley grounds. Each shot at 50 birds, and Keller won the match. Out of the first 50 each killed 34. In the shoot-off at 15 birds, there was another tie, each man killing 12, but in the final shoot-off at 5 birds Keller killed 3 and Jones 2. The first two matches were won by Jones. The final one was the most even that has been seen in this vicinity for some time, and the betting was about even. Jones had hard luck in his first match, 4 birds dropping dead out of bounds.

West Chester, Pa., Jan. 14.—Arrangements for a live-bird shoot are being made by the members of the West Chester Gun Club on their grounds, south of this burgh, on Jan. 31, and it is their desire to make it the most interesting of any held here for many years. Sportsmen from many points have signified their intention of being present.

Reading, Pa., Jan. 16.—The following officers were elected this evening by the Independent Gun Club of this city for the ensuing term: President, Sherman Hoverter; Vice-President, William Dillon; Recording Secretary, Calvin Bucks; Financial Secretary, Marion Larkins; Treasurer, Harrison Posey; Board of Directors, George P. Moyer, Logan Trout, H. F. Mayer, Harrison Posey, I. H. Tobias; Captain, Charles Henry.

York, Pa., Jan. 17.—The York City Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on its grounds, south of the city, on Thursday, Jan. 29. The various events will attract the crack shots from all over this and adjoining counties. Two special events will be held as follows: The championship target trophy of York county, between Eli Spangler, of this city, and Allen M. Seitz, of Glen Rock, and the live-bird championship trophy of York county between Michael Lauher, of this city, and Mac Miller, of Felton.

DUSTER.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Nine men, including Mr. Wickes, of the Hyde Park Gun Club, took part in to-day's practice shoot. Four 25-bird events were shot off, and some good scores were made. Condit set the boys a good example by breaking his first 25 straight, and afterward following it up with 24, making 49 out of 50 shot at. Several visitors were present, who, while taking no part in the shooting, seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as the shooters themselves. Visitors are always welcome, their presence adds to the pleasures of a shoot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.
Wettereau	22	18	21	19	100	80
Traver	18	22	21	21	100	82
Condit	25	24	..	..	50	49
Adriance	22	22	21	21	100	86
Wicker	17	19	19	18	100	73
Winans	20	20	23	..	75	63
Spencer	..	15	..	..	25	15
Briggs	..	19	..	..	25	19
Du Bois	..	..	24	19	50	43

SNANIWEH.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sweet Potatoes Grown by a Massachusetts Mechanic.

MR. GEO. R. MORGAN, a pattern-maker of Revere, Mass., went down to Pinebluff, North Carolina, last winter as one of the advance guard of the New England colony who are settling near that place. Mr. Morgan was to experiment and report results as to what a mechanic could do. One of his crops, on land that he cleared from the woods, was sweet potatoes, and he reports that the yield will average more than one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, and at a rate of fifty cents a bushel, which is the least they sell for at Pinebluff, the potatoes will yield $75 an acre. The land cost Mr. Morgan $10 an acre, clearing, fencing and cultivation $25 an acre, leaving him a net profit of $40 an acre. That speaks well for a New England mechanic. To show that land will make enough to pay for itself and all expenses and $40 profit is certainly a good showing. Mr. Morgan's place is located on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the Southern road that is doing so much to induce Northerners to locate on its line.

Golden Gate Tour.

UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The first Pennsylvania Railroad personally conducted tour to California for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on the Golden Gate Special, Jan. 29, going via Chicago, Kansas City and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Diego. An entire month may be spent on the Pacific Coast. The Golden Gate Special will leave San Francisco, returning Tuesday, March 3, stopping at Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Colorado Springs and Denver. Rate, $300 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, covering all expenses of railroad transportation, side trips in California, and herth and meals going and returning on the special train. No hotel expenses in California are included. Tickets are good for return within nine months, but when not used returning on the Golden Gate Special they cover transportation only. For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agent, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

So many people from all over the country now spend their winters in Florida that the demand for yachts and house-boats for use in Southern waters has greatly increased. The dangers encountered by yachts taking the trip down the coast during the winter are well known. Owing to the scarcity of builders familiar with yacht work in Florida, most of the boats have been built hy Northern yards. This is no longer necessary, however, for the Merrill-Stevens Engineering Co. have established at Jacksonville, Florida, a fine plant, and they will make a specialty of building yachts and house-boats adapted for use in Southern waters.

We wish to call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Wallace Brothers, of Norfolk, Va., which appears in these columns for the first time, this week. This firm deals in high-grade marine and stationary gasoline engines, and they also build launches and working boats. The automobile department is an important feature of their business.

At the Patty-Burnham tournament, London, Ia., Jan. 14, the championship of Dallas and Guthrie counties was won by M. Patty. He used U. M. C shells and Schultze powder. Mr. C. W. Budd won high average, same tournament; he used a Parker gun, U. M. C. shells and Schultze powder.

The Hazard Powder Company, Wilmington, Del., has issued a circular to its patrons, announcing that on Jan. 31 its New York branch office will be discontinued, and that after Jan. 17 all correspondence and orders should be addressed to the home office.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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VOL. LX.—No. 5. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

DUCKING BLIND AND SCHOOLHOUSE.

ALONG the coast south of the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay lies a flat country, half swamp and half sandbar. It is overgrown in many places by forests of tall, straight pines, and is bordered by wide sounds and inlets of shallow water, which are cut off from the ocean by a narrow sea beach, over which the winds blow constantly, heaping up mountains of sand, and then picking up these mountains and carrying them on a few hundred yards and piling them up in new places. In the shallow waters which lie to the landward of this sand beach grow the grasses and other water plants on which wild fowl delight to feed; and here each year congregate in uncounted numbers the ducks, the geese and the swans which have been forced away from their northern homes by the closing of the waters by frost.

The people who live along the main shore are simple, honest and kindly. They are far from main lines of travel. The railroad is twenty miles away, and a queer little steamboat, plowing its way down the Sound three times a week is their only means of getting their produce to a market. They farm, and fish, and gun; and the earth, and the waters, and the air contribute to their support from year's end to year's end. Their amusements and their interests are few, yet their lives are happy. Like people who live crowded closer together, they have their loves, their hopes and their fears, and they live simple, kindly and hospitable lives.

In winter the waters are visited by many gunners, whose homes for the most part lie in great centers of civilization, and during his visit each visitor has for companion on his shooting days one of the residents of this shore; some one who understands the handling of a boat and the ways of the birds, and who can put a stranger in the way of getting shooting. And since the stranger goes out after the fowl every day when it is lawful to do so, and spends all his day in the blind waiting for birds to come; and since there are many blank days when there is little shooting, it follows naturally that the gunner and his boatman talk to each other a good deal, and after a time grow to be well acquainted. Perhaps the gunner tells the boatman stories of distant lands, or of great game, or of wonderful sights that he has seen in European cities; while we may be sure that after his shyness has worn off the boatman talks to the gunner about his farming, about the prices brought last year by his sweet and his Irish potatoes, about his wife and his little ones, their illnesses, the comfort that they take in going to church when the rare preacher visits the community, and about all the other things that most interest him.

Since most men are sympathetic, it does not take very many days for the gunner and his boatman to come to think well of each other; and if their association continues year after year—for a few days each winter—it is not very long before a genuine attachment springs up between them. The boatman works hard for the success of the shooter, and takes a pride in his success. The gunner feels that a very little money, properly applied, might greatly help his boatman and family, and might render their lot a happier one; yet it is hard to offer him money. But there are other forms of help that may be furnished.

Not long ago there came to our notice a little story that is worth telling here. It is suggestive and may offer a hint to others.

The gunner had grown to have a high regard for his boatman, who, like many of the men of his community along this shore, was absolutely illiterate. He belonged to a good family of the county, he was generally respected and liked, but neither his father nor he, nor his children, had ever been to school; no one in these three generations could either read or write. The gunner determined that there was something wrong about this condition of things, and he decided to do what he could to remedy it. He spoke with a dozen or fifteen of his friends, who were accustomed to shoot in the same region, and from each of them secured a small subscription, which, in the aggregate, proved enough to hire a school teacher for a year, as well as to rent a house for school purposes. But when the school was about to be started it was discovered that the schoolhouse was without furniture, and that the community could not raise money enough for books, or any of the necessary apparatus for teaching children. The gunner was not discouraged; he made an appeal to the shooting club of which he was an officer, and the club, on his representation, appropriated a sum of money sufficient to furnish the schoolhouse and set the school in successful operation.

When the school was opened, the man who had practically founded it, who had done all the hard work, raised all the money, and launched the enterprise, went down to this little community and made a speech to the children and their parents there assembled to witness the opening of the first yearly school that had ever been established in the county. In simple language he gave the children and their parents some good advice, and concluded by saying that the school had been founded in order that each one of the little ones might have a chance to make the most of what was in him. He urged each child to do his best, and to try to become a better citizen of his county, of his State, and of his country.

And the point of the story? Well, sometimes gunners do other things besides killing birds. And this is only one instance of many of which nothing is known, because the men who do this good do it in secret.

OYSTERS PURE AND IMPURE.

THE death of the Dean of Winchester from typhoid fever ascribed to the eating of polluted oysters and the death of a number of other persons believed to have been due to the same cause has directed attention in England to the oyster as a possible disseminator of typhoid. The particular oysters which are believed to have caused the illness were taken from beds which have been described in the reports of former investigating committees as "saturated with sewage," a condition which one would think might account plausibly enough for the typhoid, even if salt water is a speedy purifier and destroyer of disease germs. It is no marvel that Great Britain has had an oyster scare, and under the circumstances it was wise on the part of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission to assert through the State Department the purity of the Long Island beds from which American oysters are exported to Europe. "East Rivers" and "Blue Points"—famous the world over wherever oysters are known—Shell Fisheries Superintendent Wood certifies, come from deep water beds far removed from any possible contamination. As for the sewage-saturated beds of England, it is high time for boards of health and sea fishery boards to combine their forces, following the example set by Massachusetts, where this admirable system is in operation, as provided by the public statute:

Section 113. The State Board of Health may examine all complaints which may be brought to its notice relative to the contamination of tidal waters and flats in this commonwealth by sewage or other causes, may determine, as nearly as may be, the bounds of such contamination, and, if necessary, mark such bounds. It may also, in writing, request the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game to prohibit the taking from such contaminated waters and flats of any oysters, clams, quahaugs and scallops. Upon receipt of such request, said Commissioners shall prohibit the taking of such shell fish from such contaminated waters or flats for such period of time as the State Board of Health may prescribe.

Sec. 114. Whoever takes any oysters, clams, quahaugs or scallops from tidal waters or flats from which the taking has been prohibited as provided in the preceding section shall forfeit, etc.,

LEGISLATIVE TUMBLING.

AMONG the quaint monastic tales of the Twelfth Century is that of "Our Lady's Tumbler," which relates how a certain tumbler or professional acrobat, having been converted and joined a holy order, was much distressed because, being unlearned and untrained in such accomplishments, he could not do his share at mass in praying or singing or any of the several other offices in which each brother bore his part; until at last he bethought him that he could tumble; and so in his simplicity, withdrawing to a secluded shrine, he leaped and vaulted and turned hand-springs before the image of Our Lady, dedicating his strenuous performances to her honor, and beseeching her to look with favor upon this, the only service he had to offer. This he did day after day as often as the others were at mass, and much to the edification—when he was discovered—of the Abbot and brothers, until at last he died in the odor of sanctity, bequeathing to us the story of his tumbling as an incentive to do our best in whatever field, each one according to his gifts and his lights.

The tumblers did not all live in the Twelfth Century; they are with us to-day; nor are they confined to monastic orders. They are found occasionally in Legislatures, where their tumblings not infrequently take the form of freak bills relating to fish and game. Here, for a current instance, is a measure introduced at Albany by Mr. Coutant, from Ulster County, which provides that a non-resident and non-taxpayer of any county who wishes to hunt in the county must first take out a certificate from the supervisors of the town in which he wishes to hunt, paying therefor a fee of $25, and that such certificate shall authorize him to shoot for one month in the town—not the county—to which the certificate applies. For the high crime and misdemeanor of hunting without a license the county non-resident shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $100 nor more than $200, or a year in jail, or both; and $10 for each bird or animal taken. For refusal to show his license to any Tom, Dick or Harry, man, woman or child who may demand sight of it, he must pay a fine of $50.

This is, of course, all highly ridiculous, and at first thought one might be inclined to laugh at it. But we shall see it has a pathetic side as soon as we realize that it is a case of legislative tumbling. Just as "Our Lady's Tumbler," in his mortification upon seeing his brothers at their functions, while he could do nothing but tumble, set himself to leaping and vaulting and capering as his mode of worship, so the author of this bill, having got himself sent to Albany, and there seeing his fellow members all busily engaged in preparing bills and making laws, bethought him that he, too, must do his part, if nothing more than to tumble, and so he set to to do his stunt as a legislative mountebank, and gave us this grotesque non-resident license bill. It has had just one reading in the Assembly and will never have another; but it ought not to be let pass into oblivion without prompting us to give credit to the highly commendable spirit of wanting to do something, if only to tumble, which prompted its introduction.

WE print in another column the measure introduced by Senator Perkins authorizing the President to set apart certain selected areas of the forest reserves to be game reserves. The bill is very simple and direct, and is free from the financial complications which caused the defeat of the game reserve bill last year. No appropriation is involved, and Mr. Cannon will not again be impelled in the excitement of debate to tear off necktie and collar and call upon the "boys" to "stand by him" and kill the bill. The purpose sought to be attained by the Perkins' measure is the provision of a number of game refuges, those harbors of safety and breeding which are absolutely essential if our big game species are to survive. The establishment of such protected reserves will work no hardship; on the contrary, their purpose and operation will be to increase game in surrounding country where hunting will be permitted.

The readers of this journal have been kept fairly well-informed of the character of the administration of fish and game interests in Massachusetts since the accession to office of the present board of commissioners. In the light of our knowledge of the admirable record which has been made by Chairman Collins and his associates, natural astonishment is felt at the proposition to abolish the commission as it stands and substitute in place of it a new commission of six members, who will hold meetings once in three months. The movement has its origin in Pittsfield. The plan is one which does not deserve a moment's serious consideration. It cannot have been devised from a sincere desire to advance the interests of Massachusetts fish and game protection. The way to help that cause is to hold up the hands of the present commission, to give it the sinews of war—more adequate means to work with. Chairman Collins has labored faithfully, intelligently and successfully; he has made the laws respected; has protected the game and the fish, and is protecting them. He has made the department a terror to the snarer. Any movement to interrupt the good work now being done, while it might gratify some personal feeling, would be directly opposed to public interests.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Initiating the Old Man.

My son Clarence is a student in the New York School of Fine Arts. I visited New York the other day and expressed a wish to see him at work in his class along with the other art students. "Come along if you wish," said Clarence, "but if anything happens, don't blame me. I will not be responsible for what the 'push' may do to you."

I went up. Seated in a well-lighted and well-warmed room on low stools only a few inches from the floor, with inverted chairs in front of them for easels, sat in a circle thirty or forty bright and earnest young men. In the center, upon a rostrum, stood an athlete in the altogether, posed as Ajax defying the lightning. His muscles stood out upon his body like bunches of rope and he was the embodiment of strength combined with grace and suppleness.

Around and upon the walls hung sketches done by the pupils present and past, and there were also many and varied dabs of paint, as if the students had used the wall surface as a palette on which to blend their colors. Many of the class were making a study of the model in crayon, and the grating of their pencils could be heard above the stillness as they swayed them to and fro over their paper.

My boy, on entering the room, doffed his coat, and in a moment was in his shirt sleeves seated upon his stool, sketching like the rest of them. I think he said something to the monitor of the class as he took his seat, for out of the stillness came a deep bass voice:

There's a bullfrog in the pool
And a stranger in the room!

The whole class taking up the refrain, yet not looking at me nor ceasing their work.

And then came the question:

What does a stranger do?

And in perfect unison came the reply from the whole class:

Treat!!! Treat!!! Treat!!!

And if I mistake not my boy was in the refrain with the rest.

Then came:

What will make hair grow on bald heads?

And in strong accents came the unanimous reply:

Beer!!!

This was getting a little personal, but withal, interesting.

Will he "dig" up? came next, and the answer followed:

Of course he will!

The class certainly was fixing things to suit themselves.

Then came in a deep bass voice:

When?

And in all sorts of voices came back:

Now!

I took the hint, and sidestepping over to where my boy was drawing, I simply queried "How much?" "Oh! a V will do," and as I passed him the bill the leader started with:

Oh! He's a jolly good fellow,

in which all joined with a will.

The money had but hardly passed, seemingly, to the monitor when a case of beer, another of ginger ale, then sandwiches, pickles, olives, crackers, jam and what not were brought in and piled in a corner awaiting noon recess, then near at hand.

When time was called the model left his throne; chairs and stools disappeared; a large sheet of brown paper was spread on the stand, and in a moment the provender was ready and free for all. Corn thrown to a flock of hungry chickens could not have disappeared more quickly than did the food upon that table, and in a moment the boys were each armed, in one hand with crackers, cheese or sandwich, and in the other with beer or ginger ale, as the case might be.

They treated me as a guest, and ascertaining my wants, brought me some of the provender.

I certainly felt I was a boy again among those youths, and before I had completed my Bohemian meal cries went up for a speech, but I declined to face that crowd on an empty stomach, and ate on.

My meal finished, a chair was placed in the center of the room, which I ascended, and when I raised my hand to gesticulate and opened my mouth to speak, I could neither hear myself nor could they hear anybody but themselves. My boy was making as much noise as anybody. I looked at my watch and inwardly wondered how long this thing would last, when finally silence was proclaimed.

I started in by saying to them that inasmuch as they had asked me to speak and yet would not let me, yet would I compromise by telling them a story, the same story Tom Reed told the Gridiron Club in Washington under somewhat similar circumstances. The committee from the club waited on him and urged him to be present, but he knew and he declined positively. But the club must have him, and so anxious were they that the committee was authorized to do something never yet done at a banquet of the club, pledge a speaker against heckling, and accepting the solemn pledge of the committee Mr. Reed promised to attend.

And as he arose at the coffee and cigars stage of the banquet and began his oration, a member, who had heard nothing of the pledge to silence, broke in by asking Mr. Reed "what he knew about the Czar."

For a moment it staggered Mr. Reed and abashed the members present, for a solemn pledge had been given and broken. The offending member, seeing that he had transgressed, in a nervous, apologetic voice explained that he had not heard of the compact.

Like a flash Mr. Reed recovered his equanimity, and addressing the offending member, said he would tell a story, and this was the story:

"It was an occasion when a universal peace pledge had been entered into by all animals and birds of the air. It was to last a week and all were bid to be present at the convention. A gander waddling along was accosted by a fox. 'Where are you going?' said the fox. 'To the great peace convention,' replied the gander. 'I'll go with you for company,' said the fox. And they went. Presently the faint baying of a pack of fox hounds was heard. The fox halted and pricked up his ears. 'Come along,' said the gander, 'they are, like ourselves, bound for the peace convention! And again they waddled and trotted on. But the pack came nearer and nearer, until the baying was almost deafening; in fact, the hounds could be seen in the adjoining meadow as they came nosing the ground and running along. This was too much for the fox, and shutting off any further remarks from the gander, he said, 'I think this convention may be all right, and no doubt the hounds, like ourselves, are going there, but what if some fool hound in the pack hadn't heard about it,' and with that the fox lit out'"—"and boys," I said, "that's what I am going to do right now."

But before I could get my coat and hat I had to shake hands with all the boys and promise to come again, and my boy and I left the room amid a storm of cheers. And as we got into the street once more my boy, addressing me, remarked, "Pa, you're all right."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Half-Breed Indians.

IT would be interesting to know the exact numerical strength on this continent, north of the Mexican boundary, of that people which, neither Indian nor white, owes its existence to the union of the two races. No doubt the census bureaus of this Government and that of Canada might furnish some statistics, though we have never seen them. But they must at best prove faulty and inadequate.

For a large part of the mixed people, though really constituting a race apart, would in any enumeration be counted either to the Indians or the whites. The full half-breeds, being found in largest numbers in the Indian tribes, or about the tribal reservations, would be numbered with the Indians. On the other hand, that much larger body which in color shades away to that of the Caucasian, would find place among the whites. The difficulty of any exact enumeration would thus be very great. In the case of the latter class, with whom a certain sensitiveness must tend to prevent disclosures of the red line of descent, it would be well-nigh insuperable.

But while trustworthy statistics are lacking, the number of half-caste Indians—including in that class all who have Indian blood in their veins—on the northern continent, must be very great. Any one who travels much in the West, and especially any one who has hunted over it, cannot fail to be impressed with this fact, and with the extent of their distribution quite outside the reservations. Among many of the Indian tribes, moreover, their number is far larger than at first appears. For the half-breed on the reservation marries the full-blood Indian woman, with the result to further continue the strain of white blood.

In some of the tribes, notably in the Indian Territory, or in southwestern parlance, "The Nation," the development of the new race has made startling progress. Especially is this true among the Cherokees, where the full-blood seems in danger of entire submergence. General Abercrombie once said that in fifty years the Cherokees would all be white, the Creeks all black. The prediction is being verified so rapidly that even now the tribes have markedly changed color and characteristics. The Cherokee country is almost a white State, while, as respects color, the Creek is becoming a second Hayti.

With the former the change may largely be attributed to the desire of white men to share in the Cherokee lands, a desire which could only be gratified by marriage with the native women, and thus practical inclusion in the tribe. In the case of the Creeks the change is due to adoption of its former slaves by the tribe under the treaty of 1867 with this Government. By this act the negro was given the same status as the Indian, sharing equally in the government, the lands, annuities, etc., an equality which easily paved the way to intermarriage. In both tribes the new race is, if anything, more law-abiding than the old, working out its own destiny as peacefully as adverse conditions will permit.

But while the mixture of white and Indian blood among the tribes themselves has thus attained large proportions, the increase in the number of Indian half-castes scattered throughout the white population is considerable. This increase is not, of course, full half-blood. It is quarter and eighth blood, and of the lesser degrees of consanguinity approaching the pure white. For numbered with the latter are very many persons who, on the maternal side, trace their ancestry back to the Indian. They are found in every State in the Union, and are the descendants of the early settlers and hunters, who, in the lack of white women, or through close association with their Indian neighbors, took wives from the tepees. They have no color, are classed with the whites, are never suspected of mixed blood; and if they recall the fact themselves, do so much as they would recall their European ancestors when "wild in the woods they ran." Yet they are widely distributed. Two of the proprietors of one of the greatest dailies of this country belong to this class, as do a number of officers in the army; and in the South and the Eastern States not a few well-known families may claim blood relationship with the red man.

Ethnologically, however, the Indian half-breeds are a new race in this country, dating back scarcely more than two generations. Its life is synchronous with the comparativcly recent settlement of our Western States and Territories; the development of the race east of the Illinois line being inconsiderable when compared with that west of that frontier. On the other side of our northern boundary the race is older, having its beginning in the invasion of the wilderness west of the Great Lakes by the agents of the rival fur companies during the early years of the last century. There are thus half-breeds whose great-grandfathers were half-breeds, and communities, or districts, in which, until quite recent years, at least, they formed the bulk of the population.

By far the larger section of the race is French-Indian. It had its beginnings, on the paternal side, in the *coureurs des bois,* or wood-runners, a class which owed its existence to the competition of the X. Y. and Northwest companies with the Hudson's Bay Company for possession of the Indian trade. These men were French colonists from eastern Canada, who became in time hunters and traders, and gradually spread themselves over the whole region east from the height of land west of Lake Superior. As traders with the Indians, they were outfitted by the Canadian companies with the necessary goods to barter for furs; and the story of their wanderings and conflicts with the agents of the rival English company is one of the most interesting in border history.

Following the coalition of the competing fur companies in 1821, however, and the consequent loss of their employment as traders, the *coureurs des bois* gradually pushed further westward into the interior, past the Lake of the Woods and on to the fertile prairies of Manitoba and the valley of the Saskatchewan. Here they became hunters and trappers rather than traders, disposing of their furs at the trading posts scattered throughout the country and near which they invariably settled. To this they added employment as canoe-men and freighters for the fur company, and, in time, acquired small land-holdings and engaged in agriculture on a limited scale. Up to the early sixties, however, their chief dependence was upon freighting and the great buffalo hunts, in which practically all the adult male population engaged.

Very naturally, the wood-runners, being social in disposition and gregarious in habit, and cut off from the women of their own race, sought wives from the various Indian tribes. The object was attained generally through barter—so many blankets or so much ammunition for a wife. And though the marriage ceremony lacked the essentials of bell, book and candle, the unions thus formed were generally happy enough, and a numerous progeny speaking Cree, Ojibway and Assiniboine, swarmed about them. As the latter married in turn, and always young, the new race increased rapidly; and as its daughters proved comely and attracted the attention of white traders and settlers, it gradually lightened in color until among the probably five thousand French-Indian half-castes at the date of the transfer of the country to Canada, the white blood clearly predominated.

Of the remaining half-breed population, the larger part is made up of the offspring of the Scotch and English employes of the fur company. Like the *coureurs des bois,* these men were in a way forced to find wives among the Indian tribes, or the half-caste daughters of the hunters and voyageurs, And so attractive did the latter prove that the readiness of the fur company to import wives for its officers from the British Isles failed materially to alter the custom.

Very naturally, as the majority of these marriages were, in the first instance, those of whites with half and quarter-bloods, with the intermarriage of its descendants, this section of the new race has bleached out even more rapidly than the French. In fact, it is, as a rule, almost indistinguishable from the white. Singularly enough, too, it exhibits something of the same prejudice against the other moiety of the race that is borne by the pure whites against both; though until the present generation their avocations and habit of life were largely identical.

It is probable, of course, that in the case of the Scotch and English half-breeds this prejudice is due in part to social and economic differences. The latter are descendants of the better class of the fur company's employes, many of them of the officer class, while the forebears of the French half-castes were hunters, freighters and voyageurs. And the tradition of authority, of fixed position, of superior emolument, on the one hand, and of service, of desultory labor, and hand to mouth existence, on the other, still lingers.

Again, the Scotch and English half-breeds have, as a rule, attained a greater degree of material prosperity than the French. Many of them are wealthy, the majority are well-to-do farmers. They are well-clothed and housed, their sons and daughters intermarry with the whites, especially with the descendants of the old officers of the fur company, with whom, owing to long association, race prejudice is reduced to the minimum.

The French section, on the other hand, still maintains much of its original gregariousness. Intermarriage with the whites is less frequent. No doubt this is due in part to difference of language, the new immigration with which it is surrounded being largely English speaking. But in larger part it is due to clannishness, to race feeling, and to closer adherence to old methods of living. The disposition is to settle in little communities by themselves; an inclination fostered by their spiritual guides, who naturally desire to keep their flocks separate, with the mission church as a center. So far as possible, moreover, the French half-castes follow their old pursuits. They are still freighters and hunters and guides, preferring these callings to farming, though the latter has now become their chief means of livelihood as a class. There is thus less of thrift than among the Scotch and English; less ambition to advance in the social scale, to possess the appliances, comforts and conveniences which go so far to make up what we call civilization.

Inevitably this difference of wealth and social status tends markedly to separate the two sections of the race. The divergence is accentuated by the desire—unacknowledged yet existent—of the Scotch and English to escape the prejudice which attaches to a mixed race and which identity with the French Indians would entail. For this prejudice operates against the half-breed wherever he is found, and tends constantly to perverted judgment of his real worth.

Apparently there is little consciousness of this prejudice among the quarter and eighth bloods on our own side of the line; at least in localities where the half-caste and Indian population is massed. A partial explanation

of its absence may be found in the fact that they do not live among the whites, as do the Scotch and English half-breeds of the boundary. They do not, therefore, notice the extent of the prejudice against a crossed race with a color entertained by white men everywhere. But it is beginning to appear in the nation, especially among the Cherokees. And, no doubt, in time it will manifest itself in much the same way that it does across the border—that is, by a drawing away of the lighter half-breeds from those of fuller blood.

It may be said of the French half-breeds that they are probably more fairly representative of the new race as a whole than any other of its sections. That race, it will be remembered, is a cross between the Indian and the white, shares in the characteristics of both peoples from which it sprang, yet is wholly repudiated by the one and largely so by the other. Remember, too, the conditions and associations with which it has been surrounded since its birth; that on the maternal side its ancestry has been largely savage and pagan, and that if there is anything in heredity its potency cannot be destroyed in a generation. It is not surprising, then, that the French half-caste in his occupations leans toward those of the Indian rather than the white; and that in character he is a composite of the peoples from whom he sprang.

This is not to say that the race is inferior in capacity, manly qualities and morals to its forebears. The popular notion that it is so is due to the unreasoning prejudice against a mixed race with a color, to its present habit of life, and to the assumption that any people to be capable and manly must be like Americans. But its present habit of life is only what might be expected of a people so recently little removed and still slowly emerging from semi-savagery. And just why we should set up a standard for a separate race and insist that the standard shall be our own it is not easy to explain. That the Indian half-breed is unlike us does not prove his inferiority any more than a similar unlikeness proves the inferiority of the Hebrew and the Bengalee, who constitute the intellectual aristocracy of the human race.

Certainly the mixture of blood has not resulted in the deterioration of the qualities which contribute to manhood. Army officers are unstinted in their praise of the courage shown by the half-castes during the Civil War; and the writer recalls a pleasant conversation in the Southwest with a quiet little man, in clothes of the latest fashion, but half an Indian, whose dauntless bravery on the battlefield once challenged the admiration of the country. Nor has any conclusive evidence of the intellectual deficiency of the new race yet been presented. No one looking at the intelligent faces of the half-castes in the Indian Legislatures in The Nation would suspect them of any less measure of mental ability than the whites.

President Diaz of Mexico is an Indian half-breed, yet has shown himself even more competent as an administrator than as a soldier, laying broad and deep foundation of his country's prosperity. A half-Indian provincial premier in Canada was at least the equal in ability of his fellows, and the half-caste Presidents of Peru and Ecuador have conducted successful administrations. There are half-breeds in nearly all the learned professions, as there are in trade; and we once heard a half-caste judge pronounce decision in an intricate case with much of the wisdom of Solomon and all the dignity of Arungzebe.

With respect to morality, no doubt there are bad half-breeds. But missionaries everywhere testify that they can be good men, as do the lives of many half-caste Indian pastors. If we recollect aright, the percentage of church membership in The Nation is larger than that of the country as a whole; and the court records charge an astonishingly small percentage of crimes to the new race.

H. M. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

Intelligence of the Wild Things.

Tiny and the Chickadees.

BY HERMIT.

(*Continued from Vol. LIX., page 264.*)

IN the series of nature studies, published in FOREST AND STREAM's natural history columns, Tiny was briefly introduced to the public. Tiny is a red squirrel, the son of Bismarck. The latter was a grizzled old warrior, the hero of many a fierce battle. Why he gave the cabin door-yard to Tiny is one of the mysteries of squirrel life. He had held it against all squirrels, red or gray, for ten years, and now gave it over to Tiny to have and to hold, without reserve.

A return to Bismarck's life history may throw some light on this peculiar transaction.

Bismarck's family, April, 1900, consisted of a wife and four children. Mrs. Bismarck, at that time, left her children to the care of her husband, while she made a new nest in which to rear another family. It was Bismarck's duty to finish the education of the young squirrels and to marry off the daughters, to young males of another family, and to locate his sons on territory which they would ever after own and for which they would fight to the death.

Tiny was not half so big as his only brother. Perhaps that was the reason why Bismarck favored him and brought him to the door-yard. It was an unusual act, for Bismarck insisted that his sons should remain on the territory upon which he had located them.

When Tiny had acquired full possession he proved to be a "chip of the old block." His motto, "No trespass," was impartially enforced. He raced his brother, sisters, father, mother, as well as strangers, out of the door-yard, and fiercely attacked any squirrel that did not depart after the first warning. It was laughable to see Bismarck, the grizzled old warrior, run as if for life when caught trespassing by Tiny. When Tiny approaches through the treetops and finds a squirrel in the door-yard, he stops and sounds his war cry. This cry is long drawn out and is something like the buzzing of an old wooden clock when running down and striking the hours. After this warning he makes a rush for the interloper, and if he catches him the fur flies.

Tiny had a lively experience with a wharf rat. The rat was a monster. What caused him to take to the woods is a mystery. Probably he was a rat Christopher Columbus, and had started out to discover a new world.

When he found my door-yard he seemed satisfied. From a rat's standpoint it proved to be "A land flowing with milk and honey."

Wheat, corn, meat, bird seeds, with no bloodthirsty human being to make life miserable. After two days of feasting the big fellow disappeared to appear again three days later with a mate. Doubtless the sly old

THE HERMITAGE IN JANUARY.
Photo by Richard B. Mackintosh.

rogue thought that he was able to support a family on the fortune he had discovered in the woods.

I trapped the small rat, but found the big one too crafty to enter a trap.

At first the rat did his foraging in the night time, so Tiny had no chance to make his acquaintance. Later he became bold enough to feed in the day time, which, in the end, brought him in contact with Tiny. I was talking to some visitors from one of the big summer hotels, telling them the history of the rat, while he was eating from a loaf of bread in the dooryard, when I heard Tiny's war cry. I told my visitors to look out for a hot time. Tiny ran out on a limb about six feet above the rat and told him in vigorous squirrel language that he was a thief and a robber. The

HERMIT AND THE CHICKADEE.
Photo by Richard B. Mackintosh.

rat looked up, wondering what the angry little animal could be, that was talking in an unknown tongue, and pounding the pine limb with his hind feet. It never entered his head to be afraid of such an insignificant foe. Tiny ran down the tree trunk, landing on the ground not four feet from the rat. The latter stood on his hind feet and squealed a warning.

A lady visitor urged me to drive the rat away. "Rats are great fighters," said she, "the poor little squirrel will be killed." I offered to bet on the squirrel, but before she could answer the fight was on. Tiny caught the rat by the neck. For a few seconds all that could be seen was something brown whirling in a cloud of pine needles. The rat soon found that his little foe was a cyclonic fighter, and he made desperate efforts to escape. He dragged Tiny to a stone wall, leaving a trail of blood behind. When he entered the wall Tiny let go and returned to the bread and coolly proceeded to eat his dinner, none the worse for his fierce battle.

The rat did not return. He either died from the effects of Tiny's savage bites, or, if he survived, left in disgust.

Tiny was not always full of fight. He formed a friendship for a young towhee bunting after a singular encounter. The bunting was eating from a loaf of bread, which was staked down in the dooryard, when Tiny appeared. The squirrel thought that the bird would run away, but instead, the latter set its wings and lowered its head in preparation for battle. Tiny was astonished. He sat up, folded his forepaws on his breast, and looked on the gamy little bunting with wide-eyed wonder. The bunting soon turned to the bread. Tiny brought his forepaws down hard on the ground, evidently to frighten the bird. Again the plucky little bunting set its wings and lowered its head. Again Tiny sat up and looked the little fellow over. This time there was a comical expression on the face of the squirrel that said as plain as words could tell that he appreciated the situation. That he admired the pluck of the bunting was evident by his action. He crept quietly to the opposite side of the loaf of bread and allowed the bunting to eat unmolested. After this the two would eat together whenever they chanced to be in the dooryard at the same time.

Tiny did not allow other buntings near his food, and I thought he would forget his bird friend when the buntings returned in the spring migration, but not so. He knew his friend at once and chuckled some kind of a greeting, while the bunting said something in bird language that seemed to my ears to express joy.

The red squirrel is quick witted and full of resources. If new and unusual conditions confront him he is equal to the occasion. I have had proof of this hundreds of times.

I will relate one instance: I feed hemp seed to the birds. The red squirrels and chipmunks are fond of the seed, and unless I stand guard, will manage to get the lion's share. The chipmunks stuff their pouched cheeks and would carry away a bushel every day if it was fed to them.

When Tiny is present no squirrel or chipmunk dares to meddle with the food. He does not molest the birds, and I really think that he knows that the seeds belong to them.

Last fall I placed a wire netting over a shallow box, so the birds could pick out seeds, while the squirrels could not get their noses through the mesh. The chipmunks were puzzled, and one after another gave up in disgust, to fall back on bread and corn. When Tiny found the box he got mad all through. He crowded his nose against the wire netting, biting savagely meanwhile. I laughed, and Tiny instantly stopped his efforts and looked in my direction. All at once he got the idea into his head that I had blocked his game and had caused the trouble. In three bounds he landed on the trunk of a pine tree, and running to a limb just over my head, he told me in wicked squirrel language just what he thought of me. In his anger he pounded the limb with his hind feet, stopping now and then to charge down the tree trunk, as if he were about to attack me.

After ten minutes of this hot work he became quiet, except a sob, which he uttered from time to time. Finding that I would not help him, he returned to the box. He tried the wire a short time, then sat up and folded his paws across his breast and fell into a brown study. Like a flash he came out of his trance, grasped the box and turned it completely over, then he began to eat, saying something to me, while he jerked his tail in a defiant manner. After this, whenever he found seed in the box he quickly turned them out. For a week or more I allowed him to have his way. I wanted my visitors to see how cute the little scamp could be on a pinch. Later I drove stakes across the box to hold it down. I returned one day to find that Tiny had managed to dig a hole beneath the box and had gnawed through the bottom. I tried another scheme for the purpose of testing the intelligence of the squirrel. I stretched a cord between two trees and half way suspended a box, open at the top. Tiny saw the birds eating from the box, and he quickly understood that it was another device of mine to outwit him. He ran up one of the trees and tried the limbs that hung over the box. He soon found a slender limb that would bend under his weight and let him into the box. After he had used this highway several days I cut the limb away. When Tiny found a fresh stub instead of a limb he understood what it meant. He knew that I was the guilty one, and he swore at me, if a squirrel can swear, for twenty minutes. His next move was to investigate the line where it was attached to the trees. He thought he could reach the box over the line and started out. When about a foot from the tree the line turned and Tiny jumped to the ground. He tried this three times and met with failure. The fourth time, when the line turned, he clung to it and made his way to the box, hand over hand. I thought he deserved a reward for his continued effort and intelligence, so since then I allow him to eat from the box whenever he feels like it.

Tiny made a cosey nest in November of moss, leaves and grass. It was in the top of a pine tree that hangs over the cabin door yard. Some wretch shot this nest to pieces when I was absent. I returned to find empty shells in the door-yard and fragments of the nest hanging to the tree. Tiny made another nest in a nearby pine, and lives in it at this time. The past two winters Tiny made his nest in my summer house. Why he did not occupy the house this winter is a mystery. Perhaps he heard me say that I should take down this house and put it into a new log cabin that I had in contemplation.

Tiny is a widower and childless. His wife and children were shot to death by the gunners that swarm through the magnolia woods.

I think Bismarck is dead. In cold weather he made it a practice to sly up to the cabin, just at dusk, for a doughnut or a bit of bread. For some time I have missed him. I went to his nest to find it shot to pieces. Still further away I found Mrs. Bismarck's nest in ruins, and silence reigned in that part of the woods.

Tiny is now an orphan, a widower and is also childless. He occupies in squirrel life the same relative position that the hermit occupies in human life. Tiny's

misfortune has brought the man and squirrel a little nearer together.

Chickadees that can Count Four.

The chickadee is my favorite bird. At the present time the flock of chikadees that come to my cabin for food will number not far from forty individuals. Many of this number are old friends that have become tame enough to eat from my hand. When the cabin door is open they fly in and out perfectly fearless.

Several years ago the late Frank Balls, in one of his visits to my cabin, was told by me that the chickadees could count four. Mr. Balls replied: "I confess to being quite a crank on birds, but I can hardly grant my pets a knowledge of mathematics; where do you get your proof?"

I threw some hemp seed into the door yard and called the chickadees down. While the chickadee is fond of hemp seed, it is a fact that he cannot crack the seed in his bill. He has not the cone bill of the finch family, so must take a seed to a small twig, hold it between his toes and beat off the hull. Young chickadees take one seed from the door yard, but the old ones take as many as four. These old birds are intelligent enough to save their wings by crowding four trips into one. One old bird picked up four seeds and flew to a pine limb directly over Mr. Balls' head. It placed three seeds in the rough bark of the limb and hopped to a small twig and proceeded to pound the hull off the fourth seed. I quietly pushed one of the three seeds off the limb. When the bird had disposed of the two seeds in sight it searched for the missing seed. Not finding it in the bark, the bird dropped to the ground and soon recovered it.

After witnessing this performance several times, Mr. Balls admitted that the chickadee knows some mathematics and can count four any way.

I have observed this thing for eighteen years, and it proves to me that my pets possess intelligence far beyond the knowledge of the general public.

For several winters one of my chickadees has formed the habit of rapping on the window when he wishes to come into the cabin for food. After rapping he will fly to the door, for he knows that I will let him in. Other chickadees imitate this one, so far as perching on the window sill, and bobbing their heads, but they do not tap on the glass, so I do not let them in when they fly to the door.

In many ways the chickadee has changed his mode of life during the eighteen years that he has inhabited my door-yard. This is especially evident in the departure in nest building. Some of the birds make a nest wholly of cotton batting, which I supply. The fact is, these birds are partly domesticated, and let me say this: I could remove a number of them to Boston Common, feed them for awhile, and they would remain to become permanent residents. They breed rapidly, and other parks could be stocked from this colony. But the English sparrow stands in the way.

It is a burning shame that we should have imported this quarrelsome nuisance when we possessed a native bird in every way fitted for park life.

The chickadee nests in dead trees, woodpecker fashion. Ninety per cent. of the nests are in small paper birch trees. The birds take turns in doing the work. A neat round hole is pecked through the tough bark, then the rotten wood is removed to a depth of about ten inches. Moss is placed in the bottom and on this squirrel's or rabbit's fur. The eggs are white, with numerous specks, and number from five to nine. They look so pretty and cosey nestled in soft fur set off by bright green moss that one is reminded of jewels in a case.

If these birds are ever introduced into parks, the nests could be cheap affairs. A tube about one foot in length would answer.

The New York Zoological Society.

THE report of the executive committee of the New York Zoological Society is too long to publish in full, but some of the more important events of the year 1902, which has shown the most satisfactory progress since the Society's establishment, should be mentioned.

The transfer to the Society of the New York Aquarium is an event of great municipal importance and a gratifying evidence of the confidence felt in the Society by the city authorities. As noted in FOREST AND STREAM, the transfer took place last October, and the Society has been fortunate enough to secure Mr. Chas. H. Townsend as director of the Aquarium. The city provides a maintenance fund of not less than $45,000, and the Society has chosen an advisory committee to act with the director.

The enormous attendance at the Aquarium, averaging about 5,000 visitors daily during the year, makes the proper conduct of this institution a matter of the greatest importance, both from a popular and a scientific point of view.

The completion of the lion house has been already alluded to, and the antelope house will probably be finished during the spring of 1903. Even before it is stocked with antelope, this house can be used, for the Society is already very short of room for its tropical animals.

Plans have been completed for a bird house, and bids are being advertised for. This will be located on the northwest corner of Baird Court, and will afford cage room for a great number of specimens. It will be provided with several flying cages, both within and without.

The growth of the Society's collections has been so rapid that the maintenance fund provided by the city has hitherto usually fallen short. It is hoped that future provision may be on a more liberal scale, in order that the Society, which already bears the expense of providing collections and housing them, should not also be forced to pay considerable annual sums for their maintenance.

The franchises of the park produced last year about $7,000, the proceeds of which are devoted to the increase of the collections. Yet with each new building the cost of increasing the collections becomes greater, and the Society must look to its general fund to meet this added cost. This fund depends on the annual subscriptions of new members, and strong efforts should be made to increase this membership, which now is only a little over 1,200. It ought to be three times as great.

As usual, the gifts to the Society have been very generous. A member presented a magnificent antique Italian fountain, which is now being erected, and a great number of rare and expensive mammals has been given by other members.

Allusion is made to the useful work done by the Society in representing to Congress, to the authorities of Newfoundland and to the Canadian Minister of the Interior, the importance of taking steps to preserve certain species of animals that are threatened with extinction. Through the efforts of Hon. Jno. F. Lacey, assisted by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, a game law was provided for Alaska which seems to have been working well. Wise action to protect the caribou has been taken by the Newfoundland authorities, while the Minister of the Interior in Canada has set on foot measures for the protection of the wood buffalo and the musk ox.

As a whole, the report of the executive committee shows very gratifying and good work done by the Society during the year. This work is purely a labor of love, and it is earnestly hoped that the public may show their appreciation of this effort by lending their support to the gentlemen who are so efficiently carrying out the wise plans of the Society. A larger membership is greatly needed, and those who are interested in the subject should apply to Madison Grant, secretary, 11 Wall street, New York, for blanks for application to the Society.

Our Wood Inhabiters in Winter.

TO THOSE who love to be among our woods, who delight in penetrating the dim, mysterious vistas which stretch away among the grand old forest trees, the charms which meet him on every side in the balmy days of summer, are innumerable and of the most varied character.

The songs of many birds, the fragrant aroma from the incense-breathing foliage, the bright and fragrant flowers which dwell only in those secluded retreats, the many-colored butterflies which fly across his path; all these are enjoyable in a high degree; they are something which to the lover of nature surpass all other sources of pleasure.

But though they are in those halcyon days so thoroughly enjoyable, they do not entirely eclipse the delights which a visit to those scenes in winter affords.

It is true that most of the sounds of nature are hushed in a great degree, but there are almost numberless phenomena to engross the attention and to afford recreation and study to those who delight in witnessing the wonderful happenings around him.

A ramble in the woods in winter brings with it a peculiar degree of enthusiasm that is not found at any other season. Our blood courses rapidly through our veins as we drink deep draughts of the glorious air, and as we crunch through the crusted snow our respiration is full, our eyes brighten and we feel as if we want to sing and even shout. The oxygen of the winter woods is working all these wonders. It is exhilarating, almost intoxicating.

As we pass through the old fields and pasture and the outlying thickets, and enter the forest growth, the first greeting we receive is from two or three bristling little birds, the chickadees or blackcap titmice which, climbing about among the small branches and twigs of the trees, hover about us with an air of half inquiry and half sociability that they voice in their peculiar tinkling notes, "Chick-a-dee-dee," which are characteristic of the species.

These hardy little feathered mites remain with us in the Middle and New England States throughout the year, being migratory in but a very small degree. While this species is properly a wood bird, it often visits the orchards and farm gardens, and so sociable is its nature it is frequently seen among the ivy and other vines which climb about the porches of the farmhouses, busily engaged in its search for the larvæ and eggs of insects upon which it chiefly subsists. It also hunts among the gray, lichen-clad shingles of the house itself for the torpid insects and their larvæ, and the spiders which hibernate among the weather-beaten boards; and in such places the hardy little bird finds sometimes an abundance of food that one would hardly imagine could be there.

Sociability is not the only good trait in this charming little bird's character, for it is gifted with a sympathetic nature that is rarely excelled by any of the other birds.

Often have I in my forest rambles imitated the cry of a bird in distress for the purpose of ascertaining what species were within hearing distance from me; this cry, if it can be called such, is made by loudly kissing the back of the hand, the sound produced being exactly like the cry of a young bird or some small matured species in fright or pain.

Although there may, perhaps, be no birds visible before the cry is sounded, as soon as it breaks the stillness of the forest, birds fly out from hidden places in astonishing numbers and variety, the thrushes, vireos, Maryland yellowthroat and other species of sylvians gather around the intruder scolding vehemently at my presence and at the pain I am apparently giving some feathered victim, and among these the chickadee is, if within hearing distance, the first to fly to the rescue and the most solicitous of all concerning the pain and peril in which one of its mates, perchance, is placed. I have carried on this deception to such a length that some of the more belligerent species have actually attacked me, flying at my face and evidently determined to punish me for molesting one of their neighbors.

The chickadees hovered around me sometimes so closely that I could almost touch them, and their every tone and movement expressed the keenest anxiety and solicitude. And this sympathetic feeling, as shown by the chickadees, is not confined to the nesting or breeding season, but is manifested at all periods of the year, as I have repeatedly proved.

On one occasion, as I was enjoying a winter ramble in the woods, I sat down in a sheltered, sunny spot for a short rest and smoke, and as I was preparing my pipe, I absent-mindedly whistled the air of one or two songs, and finally took up the melody of "Stride la Vampa" in "Il Travatore." It is not exactly in a minor key, but as I whistled it I remember that it sounded very plaintive. I had whistled but a few measures when I heard the notes of a pair of chickadees in the thicket near by, and the birds quickly drew near me, chattering and uttering a peculiar note of commiseration that was unmistakable. I continued the whistling in a lower tone and drifted into a melody that was in a distinctly minor key, when the birds became more and more anxious, and one drew nearer and at length alighted on the toe of my boot, and looking up into my face, said as plainly as bird could speak it and full of sympathy, "What is the matter, you poor thing? Are you in pain? I wish I could help you." For a few minutes I kept the birds almost in a delirium of anxiety, and then ceasing to whistle and making a quick movement of my feet, I startled them, and they soon flew away.

The blackcap titmouse, subsisting as it does on a variety of food, is rarely put on "short commons," while it chiefly depends on the eggs, larvæ and imagos of various insects; it often visits the farm-yard and claims a share of the food that is thrown to the poultry.

Gentry says that if the woodhouse door is carelessly left open the chickadee will gratify its curiosity by entering, and, if anything edible is to be found, it is not too bashful to appropriate it, "even the bacon strip which is used to grease the saw and which is a noticeable feature in every woodhouse, disappears before its keen appetite."

I have often been visited by these sociable little birds when tenting on a salmon stream, and they lost no time in gleaning among the fish bones and other débris from the table that was strewn upon the ground.

The chickadee is the impersonation of restlessness; it is ever on the move, and as has been truly said, it combines in a remarkable manner "the twofold character of an expert creeper and skillful flycatcher moving circuitously up the trunk and along the horizontal branches freely suspending itself in an inverted manner by the aid of its claws with the nimbleness and gracefulness of the brown creeper." It moves from one tree to another quickly in foraging and generally travels in pairs, male and female. If the birds become separated, the male utters its anxious call notes, which quickly bring his mate to his side.

Another of the common wood inhabiters met with in the winter is the red squirrel or chickaree. This little animal has a wide geographical range, being common throughout the Middle and Eastern States and in the Canadian provinces, wherever the pine and spruce occur, and in most of the Western States east of the Mississippi River it is also abundant.

Its natural home is among the evergreens, the cones of which, particularly those of the black spruce, form its principal article of food. It readily adapts itself to other localities, however, and often takes up its residence in the neighborhood of the farm, where it makes frequent forays to the corn fields and the grain house.

Unlike most of our other squirrels, the chickaree collects an ample supply of food for winter use, consisting of nuts, corn and other grains if they are to be obtained, acorns and seeds, and as it is active throughout the entire season, this stock of provender is freely drawn upon.

This food is deposited in hollow trees, under logs and rocks, and is occasionally cached in the ground. The ever alert boy often finds these hidden hoards of nuts, and as a matter of course, has no scruples against appropriating them for his own use.

In winter the peculiar tracks of this little animal are seen everywhere in the snow, and they almost invariably lead to a hoard of provender or to a pile of spruce cones that the squirrel had detached from the tree for food.

The chickaree, while it sometimes seems to tolerate the presence of man in the neighborhood of its retired home in the forest, as a rule objects very strenuously to his coming there. I have often, in one of my winter rambles, drawn near one of these little animals, and sitting upon a tree stump or boulder, watched its movements: for a brief time it remained quiet, watching me evidently with curiosity and awaiting my next move.

If I remained perfectly quiet the squirrel came out openly and scrutinized me closely, and then doubtless, in disapproval of my tout ensemble, it set up the vilest tirade of abuse against me that a squirrel could utter: jerking its tail up and down and spasmodically moving its body in nervous irritation, every note and every motion indicated that it held me in utter contempt, abhorrence and derision. I doubt if there is another animal that can scold as venomously as can one of these chickarees; but all the time it is scolding it keeps its weather eye open, and is otherwise fully on the alert, and if a hand or foot is moved, away scampers the squirrel, realizing, perhaps, that it deserves a condign punishment for the abuse it had showered upon me.

In addition to the variety of food that I have named, the red squirrel eats the eggs and young of birds, and devours grasshoppers and such other insects as it can capture. I have often had specimens in captivity and have experimentally thrown to them grasshoppers and grubs, and these were quickly eaten.

On one occasion, as I was quietly following a trout brook through a swamp, I heard a fluttering in the thicket, a sound as if some kind of struggle was in progress, and on investigating the cause of the disturbance, discovered that a chickaree had a young woodcock in its mouth, which it was endeavoring to bear away despite the protests, wing blows and other demonstrations from the mother bird.

By good fortune I succeeded in knocking the marauder over with a well-aimed stone, and found that the chick was dead, and the head was bitten through and partly eaten.

I am aware that in the opinion of some observers this squirrel is not a flesh eater, but I have proved the contrary on many occasions. Repeatedly have I

had these animals come into my tent when I have been on a fishing outing, and irrepressible and expert thieves they always proved to be.

Biscuit was a favorrite article of plunder to them, and the size of the piece they could carry off astonished me. Cooked fish was also readily taken, and if salt pork or bacon was left where they could get it they invariably confiseated it.

That they will destroy young birds I have proved more than once. My father had, at one time, a pair of breeding canaries hanging in a room from a window casing, and near their cage was another in which a red squirrel was kept as a pet. It had become so thoroughly domesticated and tame that during half the time its cage door was left open and the squirrel "had the run of the room." In the canaries' nest were four young birds about three weeks old. Callow little things they were, of course, and their size was small. One night a canary chick disappeared and not a trace of it could be found, and on the next night there was another little one taken, and that, too, utterly disappeared. That the squirrel should be the guilty depredator was never for a moment imagined, and the blame was laid to mice and rats. But on the morning of the next day the squirrel was found in the canaries' cage, he having sueceeded in lifting the door from the outside and entering. Both of the parent birds were dead, their heads having been bitten into and their brains eaten.

Here was proof positive that the chickaree was the aggressor. He had found no diffieulty in entering the cage, but the door on the inner side shut down on a metal flange, which prevented the rapacious little animal from escaping. EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wild Pigeons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough's notes of the wild pigeon in the current number interested me so much that I read and reread them again.

This explanation, or opinion, rather, of the cause of their disappearance, seems to me to be hardly the true one, though. We know why the buffalo have disappeared; we have killed them off. But in the pigeons' case that can hardly be so, for before they finally disappeared it was not unusual to see floeks of them that would number at least a quarter of a million. I have seen a single flock that had at least that many in it, and this one was only one of half a dozen that passed over our part of the country in a single season.

A year or two before our buffalo finally disappeared I happened to be in the Menger Hotel in San Antonio, Texas. This was the principal hotel there then, and there were present at the time a number of tourists from the North and several cattlemen. The conversation drifted around to the buffalo, and why they were getting to be so scarce. I and the Texans agreed as to what was the cause of it: the white skin-hunters who were killing them off in season and out of season without any regard to age or sex.

A gentleman here, one of those tourists, whom I afterwards learned was a college professor in the North, after he had listened to me condemning the hunters, said to me, "Let me tell you something. Your buffalo would disappear about as fast as they are now doing if you never fired a shot at them; they have run their course, and are now about to disappear, just as those prehistoric animals whose bones we find from time to time have disappeared."

I knew but little about those animals in comparison to what he did, but we all knew that the surface of our globe has changed greatly since these animals were on it; that might account for their disappearance; but it was not changing now, and the buffalo had the same food and a large part of the same range now that they had always had. I could not indorse his opinion in regard to the buffalo, but if he was correct in that, might not the same cause explain the disappearance of the pigeon?

When I was a boy the wild pigeon was so common in our part of the country, western Pennsylvania, as not to attract any more attention than a flock of ducks or geese would when they flew across the country.

The last large flock of them that I ever saw was in 1854. There were more or less of them there the two following years, but I was not there then. I had gone west to fight Indians, just as our boys do yet, or try to do. The poliee generally stop them in this side of the Indian's country now, but after I had got to the West I formed a truce with the Indians, and we both went to hunting buffalo. When I returned two years after this the pigeons were all gone. These pigeons, when on the march, would fly in a solid column, sometimes only a narrow one, then again I have seen one all of a quarter of a mile wide and just high enough to clear the tree tops. Then if they were passing across a wide open space they would drop down nearer the ground, but still would keep up their column intact.

When hunting them I always tried to get into an open spot, as far as possible from high timber; then getting under them, fire into them as they passed over my head. If there was no gun there but mine, my firing at them did not seem to disturb them much; they would sometimes fly a little higher after passing my gun, but those behind would not rise, and they would not rise ahead of me high enough to be out of gun shot.

I used a single muzzleloader with shot, if I had it; if not, then small slugs did as well or better; I found that with them I could get more birds than I could using shot. I did the shooting while two small boys, who were too young yet to use a gun, retrieved them for me.

One of these boys would often get nearly as many birds with a long pole that he had just for that purpose. Then he would work away behind me, where the birds would be flying low enough for him to reach them. The most of his would only be stunned when they fell, but the other boy was there to finish them. The birds that we got were never wasted, no matter how many we had; if we did not use them all, others did. I have heard of their being fed to hogs, no farmer in our part of the country would do it. They were not in the habit of feeding anything to hogs that would bring money, and these birds would if they were hauled from 5 to 20 miles to the nearest large town, and they would be taken there if enough of them could be got together to warrant it; in fact, the last considerable number of them that I ever saw were in a farmer's wagon; he had hauled them up from Lawrence County to Allegheny City, he must have had half a ton of them. I have seen these pigeon roosts after the birds had left them; the trees then would look as if they had been struek by a hurricane, limbs being broken off in every direction where the birds had overloaded them.

I never shot them on the roost; they were not protected there, but I could get as many of them as I wanted in the day time.

Now, if there were any of them here to shoot I could not shoot them within a mile of the roost, the penalty for doing it is $50. CABIA BLANCO.

Is "Protective Coloring" a Myth?

"'PROTECTIVE coloring' is one of the doctrines of the modern naturalist, and there can be no denying that eggs, furs and feathers, not to mention forms, in some of the lower ereatures, often harmonize with, or imitate their surroundings wonderfully, but is this harmonization protective? Eggs laid in holes in trees and burrows in the earth are nearly invariably white, though in one ease they are blaek, or nearly so; but eggs laid in full view of the sky are also often white, as those of many water fowl, sea birds, etc. Now, eggs hid away require protection as much as those laid on open ground, but stoats, weasels, squirrels, rats, snakes, etc., know as well as you and I that hollow trees, burrows and so on are the nesting places of hundreds of birds, and habitually enter such holes in seareh of their eggs. Where does the protcetive doctrine come in here? Again, variegated and colored eggs are usually laid in more or less bulky nests. Do you think a weasel or snake cannot see such nests in bushes and trees as well as you? Or that he is not quite as well aware as you what such nests are likely to contain? Yet, again, the eggs of eagles and some other birds of prey are beautifully mottled, and others which build in precisely similar spots, precisely similar nests, lay pure white eggs; as some vultures. Does not the vulture require as much protection from nature as the eagle? And with regard to the coloring of birds' plumage and the skins of animals, is it not ridicuolus to talk of such animals as tigers, jaguars and pumas requiring protection? In this case I shall probably be told that the protective coloring is to enable them to approach their prey; but that will not do. For I know that such beasts of prey never approach their victims except under cover of jungle, etc., and that the first intimation the latter receives of the vicinity of their destroyer is the fatal roar and rush with which he breaks cover. Besides, birds especially, which agree in habits and haunts, must necessarily require the same amount and kind of protection, at least, so it seems to me; but they certainly do not get it. Two or three species of bell bird are dull colored songsters, easily hid, but at least one species is pure white, one of the most conspicuous colors in nature. And I could cite hundreds of parallel cases. The conclusion to which I come is that the doctrine of protective coloring is based on erroneous grounds. Nature's idea is to create a pleasing and curious variety to gratify the eye of man, nothing more; and in that opinion I am confirmed by the knowledge I have that neither coloration nor mimicry (the resemblance which certain animals, and particularly certain insects, have to other animals or inert objects), serves the purpose which naturalists have supposed it was intended to serve. For all these creatures which are "protected" by color or mimicry, furnish a full quota of the prey of ravenous animals. Then, again, birds of the ostrich kind all lay their eggs on the bare ground, and mostly in very exposed positions where it is impossible for them to escape the eye of any chance passerby; yet some ostriches lay pure white eggs and others dark rifle-green ones. Why? No reason but a purely speculative one can be given. It may be urged that the African ostrich hides her eggs in the sand. I only know that she does not always do so. At all events, American and Australian ostriches do not hide their eggs, but rather seem to wilfully expose them."

So writes Mr. Paul Fountain (a noted British traveler) in his new and most interesting work entitled "The Great Mountains and Forests of South America." I thought it well worth while to make an extract of his words and send them to FOREST AND STREAM. What have your many naturalist readers to say about them? My own opinion (offered with all modesty and without any claim to expert knowledge) is, that Mr. Fountain is probably wrong. No doubt he has made out a very strong case, but it seems to me he has not gone deep enough or far enough.

Now, it need hardly be said, there is the very best of reasons for protective coloring, which is implied by the phrase itself. Granting this, we may ask, How does the process develop? In the first place, then, it is a well-known fact that all birds and animals have an inclination or fondness for a certain environment (partly for material and partly for spiritual reasons). Frequenting this habitually they, through the operations of sympathy, superadded to the desire for safety, would come to assume the tones of the environment; so, likewise, their eggs: not all the tones, of course, but selected ones. (This process, it should be remembered, is by no means ended.) We see the bear and ptarmigan of the polar regions are white like the snow, while their congeners of the Rocky Mountains are brown, like the rocks. This may be stated to be the general rule, but like nearly all general rules there are many exceptions to it. And yet there may not be so many after all. For, suppose, we see a black or a white bird amid a mass of greenery; perhaps if we used our eyes we should discover something matching their color not very far off and which would be instantly fled to should a hawk appear. But that there are exeeptions there appears to be no doubt. How, then, are we to account for these exeeptions? Well, perhaps, through an uneertain disposition and lack of sympathy. Nature eertainly works from within, and when there is a strong sympathy or desire she responds in unison. I am reminded here of Mr. Fountain's conelusion that "Nature's idea is to ereate a pleasing and curious variety to gratify the eye of man." This doetrine might have gained credence—nay, did gain it, and universally almost—in ante-Darwin days, but in these—well, I am afraid it might excite a smile in certain quarters, at least. The eye of man, indeed! Nature doesn't eare a fig for the eye of man. Man, to be sure, in his sublime egotism, has dubbed himself the lord of nature, but he really has no more control over nature than the cat in his kitchen. He can kill and destroy, it is true, but ean he create a single thing barring his own speeies? But he has the sense of beauty! some one objeets. He has, and it is well for him if he cultivates it, but let him not imagine for a moment that when the birds bedeek themselves with gay feathers and certain plants with gay flowers that they do so to please him. They do so to please themselves, if you please, and nobody else. When there were no men here in America but howling, benighted savages, the birds and flowers were as bright and lovely as they are to-day. And Mr. Fountain himself has noted that in the most desolate regions of Brazil he observed the most beautiful orehids and hummingbirds he ever saw.

Yet all nature is one, in a sense, though working in diverse ways to some mysterious end. Oh, the mystery of it all, and the futility of trying to expound a certain doetrine on even one single phase of it, such as the coloration of birds and animals. But of one thing we may be sure and that is, that all is governed according to law. No hair or feather changes its hue except in obedience to some compelling principle. Properly, there is no such thing as chanee in nature.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Michigan Mule Deer.

MENTION was made some weeks ago in FOREST AND STREAM of the report that black tail jumping deer were occasionally killed in Michigan, and the report, while not confiremd by specimens, is interesting.

We know that in northwestern Minnesota there is a form of the mule deer of the northern plains, which, under the name *Cariacus nacrotis* var. *virgultus*, was described in FOREST AND STREAM of May 27, 1899, by Mr. Chas. Hallock. Just what relation this dark form of mule deer has to the typical mule deer of the plains is not known. As Dr. C. Hart Merriam points out to us, the type of the plains mule deer (*Odocoileus hemionus* Rafinesque) came from the Sioux River of South Dakota, but specimens from this region have not been compared with those from the forests of northern Minnesota, and it is therefore uncertain whether the very dark Minnesota form is the same as the typical mule deer from Sioux River. If it is not the same, Mr. Hallock's subspecies would be a good one.

It is a long way from northwestern Minnesota to Michigan, and it will certainly be very interesting if it should be found that the form of mule deer occurs in Michigan. Nothing definite can be known on a point of this kind until specimens are had from the region in question.

Hibernation of Snakes.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A diseovery has been made here, which, while it may not be new to naturalists, was a very great surprise to me, as it no doubt would be to others. On the sixth day of this month, while James Kinsley and D. W. Breakiron were quarrying stone near here, they came upon six snakes in their winter quarters, all coiled up together, and they proved to be two copperheads about thirty inches in length, two blackheads about five feet long and two house snakes about thirty-six inches long.

They were very much alive when found, as they were in out of reach of frost, but soon became numbed with the cold when brought out.

They were taken by a son of Mr. Kinsley and put away in a haymow, and will be brought out in the spring and their actions studied.

It may be known that different species of snakes hibernate together, but to me it is entirely new.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Those Mississippi Squirrels.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Mr. Hough comes out in support of his friend, the late Col. Bobo, but he doesn't throw a flood of light on the matter in dispute. Col. Bobo was a great bear hunter and knew the animal from nose to tail, and I don't. Therefore, if Col. Bobo had stated that he had seen bears in countless thousands swimming the Mississippi and had rowed among them in a boat, picking them up by the tail and throwing them in a basket, I wouldn't have dared to doubt it; but when it comes to squirrels I'm at home and will stand by my guns. If those amphibious little animals had been killed before being thrown in the bags and baskets I would never have expressed a doubt, but they were not, or such an important item would not have been overlooked by Col. Bobo. I infer that Mr. Hough has never seen such a migration. Yet he says, "Indeed *it did occur* and as described." Now, hearsay evidence is not accepted in a court of law, and I call for *proof*.

DIDYMUS.

This Deer Goes to Church.

FLORODORA, a handsome fawn owned by the children of H. H. Bridgman, a wealthy resident of Norfolk, Conn., followed Mr. Bridgman and his family to church the other night. The deer succeeded in getting into the vestibule and was about to pass up a side aisle when the sexton ejected it from the building. The fawn waited outside the church until the service was over and then returned home with the family.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "White Flag" in Coos.

IT seems queer to find the compatriots of Molly Stark in 1778 carefully looking after the pelts of deer, when their own skins seemed much more in danger of being peppered. The preamble of a New Hampshire law, passed in November, 1778, discloses a bit of history of the actual conditions. It reads thus:

"Whereas, the killing of deer at unseasonable times of the year hath been found very much to the prejudice of this State; great numbers thereof having been hunted and destroyed in deep snows, when they are very poor and big with young, the flesh and skins of very little value, and the increase thereof greatly hindered."

Therefore they created a close season, between Dec. 31 and Aug. 1, and fixed a very substantial penalty for violation of the law, fifteen pounds, making at the same time the possession of venison, "newly killed," proof of the crime.

As early as 1740 there were laws in this colony for the protection and preservation of deer. This law of 1778 seems to have existed but a short time, and a hundred years after the deer had ceased to be thought of as numerous enough in the greater part of the State to be hunted successfully.

A recent article in the FOREST AND STREAM spoke of good hunting in Coos County, and we thought it a proper time to apply a practical test. We had been there a dozen years ago, and knew that then it was not "up to" the "Maine Woods." For ten successive years I have tried still-hunting on the snow in the good old State of Maine in early December, and have become a great lover of that locality. Last November rumors of small-pox near the hunting territory made us shudder with pictures of unvaccinated deer scattering contagion through the woods. Surely it would never do to go there.

The greatest authority, your paper, has recently declared that uncounted carcasses are exposed in lumber camps there, with no vigilant warden to record the manner or cause of their death.

And so our party of three, on the 25th of last November, took a morning train in a border city of the Granite State for far-off Colebrook in Coos. One of the party, John, had hunted tame deer in the Sportsman's Show, and to him we looked for surprises. One tipped the scales at three hundred, and to him we looked for a couple of "old big ones." Errol was our objective point and George C. Demeritt our host. We arrived at Colebrook early in the evening and found George C. at the station with assurance that early in the morning we could start to make the nineteen miles through Dixville Notch to his home. Everything was working according to our schedule.

The morning of Nov. 26 came out of her chamber sour, cloudy and raw. We had no snow at home to bring with us, and we looked to Coos to celebrate with a storm, because it was her reputation that was at stake.

Eight o'clock found us covering the ten miles to The Balsams at Dixville Notch. There we restored our circulation by walking over the "pitch" and down the long incline of a very excellent road. No man can easily keep his eyes off the rugged, inspiring scenery of that famous gap, with its threatening wall of tall peaks sharply serrated against the sky. A bitter wind through the Notch threw squalls of snow in our faces, but so long as there was snow on the wing we were reconciled and cheerful. The last nine miles were soon over, and best of all the air was getting so thick with white flakes that we were beginning to wonder if we had missed it in leaving our snowshoes at home. After all they are of little use when actually hunting, however comfortable for getting from point to point in deep snow.

We sat by the open fire that evening telling stories and discussing the morrow, and every now and then sent a watchman out to hold the "storm-blast" by the power of his "skinny hand" or "glittering eye." Thus, we held a tight grip on our fortunes until bed time, when we felt secure with full five inches of the best snow. That was not quite enough to smother the noisy bed of frozen leaves, but it was a mighty promising foundation upon which to build hopes for Thanksgiving Day. We were off for the woods early in the morning with our guides, hunting three and a half miles to the log camps, where we were to make our home for the trip.

Our host followed with the supplies on a buckboard. We scattered to the right and left of the road, and in the middle of the afternoon met at the camps and compared notes of what we had seen. Only one of the party had burnt any powder and no one had drawn blood.

As usual, the sum of the first day's work was information upon which to act on the morrow. Our x-quantity, John, had found powder would go off, and so would the flicker of a "white flag." We had a generous increase of appetite at the evening meal and discovered that the buckboard had anticipated this. We had packed a big box of extras, and at the head of the table sat McGregor, for five days dispensing turkey, chicken, sausage, hogshead cheese, cranberries, jelly, olives, mince and apple turnovers, popcorn and what not. He was a very square-jawed fellow, deep and capacious. There he presided and accepted our respects and humble petitions until exhausted, not a spoonful was left to line his internals.

It was hard to come down to spring beds, matresses and sheets, when for years we had been tickled with coarse blankets and medicated with fir boughs. We endured the change with some kicking, there being no alternative. We had a camp all to ourselves, a great hardship because we could not watch the preparation of our meals and gather the fragrance from venison stews, that celestial incense that makes camp life a little foretaste of better things than conventional mortals shall ever enjoy.

But now, what about hunting? When you have spent a day in getting the "lay of the land" and have found where the animals are roaming and feeding, you cannot get into camp the second night and sit at the table on a ticket of flimsy excuses. Something in the shape of a liver must come in on a forked stick. We were off bright and early and each on his mettle. Our road into the camps was flanked on the west by a long ridge of hills, broken by a few gaps and valleys, and way back of the hills was low ground, swampy in places and stretching four miles or more to the Swift Diamond. On the east of the road it was about evenly divided into ridges and swamps; the ridges good hunting, the swamps a useless temptation, a waste of effort. A large buck led one of us over the heights to the west. He played the usual trick of watching while we climbed the hill, and when we reached the crest we could see where he had made his bow and gone jumping for the flat country of swamps. We did not expect to catch him with a shot when we saw where he was going, but we have often found a jumper leading to the territory where deer were feeding. This experience was again repeated. Just a little down the slope we struck a logging road, and, going very slowly but a little way, on our left, all at once we saw a buck watching the hill from which we had come, standing in the midst of a clump of small trees. This was not the one we had jumped. The eyes of deer seem slow to catch glimpses at the side. Carefully our .45-70 came to shoulder, and the next instant we saw a floundering brown patch under the trees. It was a safe shot through the back over the fore shoulders, and a good test of the operation of the new "high velocity" special cartridges for this rifle. We were satisfied with the result: a six-prong buck, young, and as fat as the best "stall-fed." One of his prongs was broken off short; but never mind, we had got tired of using the taxidermist; we had had our sport, and it was only ten o'clock in the morning. Up over the crest, the guide, sweating and puffing, dragged him, and down the hill he went tobogganing against the trees. In an hour we had him hanging up in a lumber camp at the foot of Beaver Pond, and then the guide, Bert, and I consulted the mince turnovers and sausages to see what course we had best take for the rest of the day. It took us a half hour to get the oracle into good deciding condition, and then a "bluff" of a hunt to keep our legs in shape for the next day seemed to be the wisest answer. Such we made it, and at night we came in proud with a red liver on a forked stick. This gave us undisputed seats at the evening table; but we were not alone in our glory. Our heavy comrade reported a spike-horn hanging upon a stump by the road, and John brought back a lost guide, after making him climb a tree for bearings, a matter of great consolation to us.

Days of deer hunting are very much the same in Maine and Coos. All of us had settled the question of the abundance of game. The difficulties in the way of getting a successful shot were just the same as in other sections; the nature of the ground was practically the same and the deer were equally wild and wary. There seemed to be more large bucks and less does proportionately than we had met with in Maine. We would have had better sport and equal success had we stuck to our log camps, but one of our guides declared that over at Millsfield Pond the "woods were full of 'em," and as John had been creasing too many trees, and shooting at too many flickering tails to make him perfectly happy, we packed our duffle after five days and hunted our way out to the house of our host, while he came in with the buckboard. There was another good reason for the change. The large man and his guide had got on to the fresh track of a cub bear. They found where he had caught and eaten a "Whiskey Jack" that day, and it was not clear that his appetite would not change to a desire for the human. To be out of his den in such cold weather looked very desperate, and we had nothing but .45-70 pop-guns for protection. We couldn't send for Roosevelt, and to depend on a little black dog, wont to curl up under the stove, was plainly foolhardy.

And so we went where "the woods were full of 'em." How do you suppose we came out? Just as all uneasy fools do. We wasted two days in discovery, and made but one happy find, and that was John's, namely, that the back sight of his rifle would stay anywhere his stray thumb or a stick would push it. Thus he had been shooting everywhere for seven days, missing nothing so certainly as the deer upon which he turned his weapon. Lots of chances gone into the land of waste! A clean miss with a short range and a deadly chance disturbed him the second day at Millsfield. When he came home that night he set about unearthing some explanation that would secure our forgiveness. The use of the target disclosed the trouble, and so the guide fitted him out with a little .38-40 carbine for the morrow. Every fisherman knows the importance of testing a leader when angling for landlocked salmon or large trout. No doubt it is equally wise to watch the sights of a rifle, making sure that they are firmly wedged into their sockets and closely centered on the barrel. It saves lots of vain repining and long waiting for the next year in which to redeem one's self.

Our unknown quantity, John, had now but two days in which to do the whole work of the trip. He had shown exceptional staying powers, and one day had been manipulating a forked hazel stick. There might be a ragged edge of surprise right upon us. When the northeast wind opened her door Friday morning she had a wide apron full of snow and she shook it with wild and rugged will. All day long that door stood open, and that apron was still scattering snow when the shades of night came down.

A drive of two miles brought us to Errol Hill, where we were to scatter in various directions. The first fresh track fell to John before we had separated, and ten minutes later we heard his little carbine beating a rapid tattoo. It was a cheering signal to us that had waited so long for the untried.

We were in a position to be reached by any frightened deer, and as none came by us, our confidence was strong that the shots had counted. After a long day's fruitless hunt over against Umbagog, with snow falling so fast that old and new tracks in half an hour were undistinguishable, we pulled our weary legs back over the hill to where we had separated in the morning, and there found our comrades just getting ready to drag to the road an eight-point buck, the fruit of the early shots we heard.

Now, of course, a man who comes to the front with a desperate rush will be expected to take breath and not go tearing ahead the next moment. We tried to convince John that he had scored a bullseye and need not count on doing it twice in succession. He did not believe in the mathematics of chance, nor would he be kept down by Dame Fortune to one bullseye.

Next day we divided up the territory nearer our home quarters, and the victor of Friday took the swamp and low ridges north and east of Aker's Pond. At half past nine he was on a fresh track, one that he followed steadily for four hours, expecting every moment to sight his game. At half past one Mr. Buck was holding up a set of eight prong antlers against the branches of a small spruce, all unsuspicious that any friend had been so long trying to overtake and salute him. The introduction was informal, short, and sweet; a heartier greeting could not be conceived.

The rest of us at four o'clock were toasting and refreshing ourselves by the open fireside and talking about another set of antlers that had a spread of twenty-one inches, and could not be dragged in till the morrow. We did not know what had happened over beyond the swamp, and as the moments passed the mirth and cheer began to desert us and give way to uncanny speculations as to where the other boys were, for it was growing very dark and the day had been bitterly cold. With the mercury but a little above zero, the snow a foot deep, it was no night to bunk in the woods without ax and "grub." Would they resort to some abandoned logging camp, or would they find none, and, stirring to keep from freezing, get deeper and deeper into trouble? Everyone had a suggestion and nobody any helpful project except to fire a signal. No answering shot! The mercury of our thoughts was sinking little by little. But someone announced that the moon was up and doing pretty well for its size. What should we do with the supper, all hot for the table? We could not think of sitting down at once, it would taste so much better to have our full company. It seemed like sacrilege to be eating, with the glory of the preceding day lost in the swamp. But in the midst of all this tangle of conjecture and anxiety, we heard the stamping off of snow on the porch, and rushing to the door we fairly yanked the boys into the house, where we broomed the snow off and put them through the catechism. They "hadn't been lost" and "they hadn't fallen into Aker's Pond." They had been running a road through the woods, and hanging back, just to scare us and let us find out how well we liked them. When we found out what the young man had done, we expressed fervent thanks that he had not discovered the trouble with his rifle the first of the trip, for if he had he would have been ready to go home the third day. That would have used us all up, for if there is anything we can't stand, it is less than a ten days' trip.

But supper was ready, and how it tasted after such a happy return. There was an old-fashioned chicken pie, baked in a dish as big as a milk pan. It was done to the finest brown, with upper and lower crust. There were all sorts of the best things to go with it, and when we arose from the table we rejoiced that the old county of Coos is rich enough to "spread" with two Thanksgiving dinners.

And now the long-looked-for hunt is over, and we must wait for another Thanksgiving time, following the sport in our minds meanwhile, and outwitting many a wary listener on the ridges, chewing his cud with eyes on the back track.

If the State of Maine passes a hunter's license law and it disturbs the feelings of those who "want the earth" at the other fellow's expense, here in Coos is a fine chance to keep up the sport under the most promising conditions.

DAN HOLE.

Maine Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some of those who write of Maine game and a great part of those who read their articles have a very imperfect knowledge of our laws and the conditions of our game. Two recent writers state that unless the laws allowing one moose, one caribou and three deer to be killed by one person are repealed our game will soon be extinct.

Now, as to caribou, we have had none for several years. They were not killed off, but migrated. Besides this, there has been an all-year close time on them.

As to deer, it is years since any one was allowed to kill over two. A writer in a Boston paper tells us that we only have 100,000 deer in the State; that this year 20,000 were killed, and that at this rate they will last only a few years. Allowing his statements to be correct (and they are not), we should now have 80,000 left. As deer are usually born in pairs, one of each sex, it is fair to call one-half of these does—each doe has two fawns. Now allowing a loss of one-half for barren does and fawns which died before maturity, and we should have an increase of 40,000 a year for the first year. I should like to know how long it would take for a race to become extinct, which increases 40,000 in a year and only loses 20,000.

I have had, perhaps, as fair a chance to estimate as most men, and I believe that 10,000 is a plenty large enough estimate of all killed in this State, and as to the 100,000, I think we have twice that. Our commissioners have tried to ascertain the number killed by having the guides report the number killed by parties they guided. They make out some 6,000. Doubtless they intend to be earnest; but as often only two men will have three guides, and larger parties four to six,

it is evident that the same deer get reported from two to six times, and the results of these figures are of no value. The only reliable figures are those given by the railroads, which are something over 5,000. This covers all carried out of the State by visiting sportsmen, and includes all their guides had shot for them, and certainly this is half of them, and hundreds bought by them, and all those taken by residents of our cities and towns near railroad stations. To double these figures will, I think, account for all illegally shot or those which die from wounds. This last, I think, will be fully one-fourth as many as those secured.

Men lately in from some of the grounds which were hunted as hard as any, report deer as very plenty, and can see no decrease. I believe our deer are more likely to suffer from lack of food than any other cause.

Many people have an idea that they can kill bears by coming to Maine. In August and September, when the skins are worthless, a few are killed on blueberry grounds and near streams, and a man might possibly stand one chance in one hundred to get a shot; but in the open season for deer and moose the chances are not one in one thousand to shoot a bear. I think I have handled at the lowest 5,000 bear skins. In buying some 200 a year I have rarely bought over two or three well-formed old bear which were shot out of a den. Our bears are nearly all trapped. We have a good many bears, but the bears reported to be shot by ladies or carried home by sportsmen, were mostly in traps when shot, and I have known of old skins being shot and carried home as trophies.

We hear a great deal about the abundance of small game in Maine. Close around cities and towns we have a very few ducks, plenty of rabbits and some ruffed grouse. I have no acquaintance with the region west of the Kennebecs, but know most of the country east and clear up to the north corner monument, and can say that we have extremely little small game. I have traveled the woods over fifty years and have never seen a gray squirrel away from the settlements. I have many times been out from four to eight weeks and never seen a single rabbit, unless I was near some burned land grown up to poplars. As to ducks, except sheldrake, we have very few except on the seashore. If a party should shoot a dozen ducks in a month they would do better than the majority do. Ruffed grouse are usually very scarce in the deep woods. What few are seen they can usually kill, but if a man can average killing one a day when away from settlements he will do better than I ever did, and I have spent years in our woods. I can usually start more grouse in a day near here than in a week in the woods. I can find more grouse near Portsmouth, N. H., Andover or North Hampton, Mass., than I can in any place in Maine I ever saw.

If a man comes to Maine after moose and has a guide who understands his business, he stands a fair chance. If he wants deer and knows anything about hunting he can get his quoto. If he thinks he can shoot a bear out of a trap, he will be likely to go home empty handed if he hunts ten years. If he expects to get small game he had better hunt close home, as it is not here.

M. HARDY.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much surprise an article by Mr. George A. Pete, in which he deals out his criticisms of Maine, her wardens, her laws, etc., with a most generous hand.

He says: "The wardens are a miserable set of lazy hotel loungers." I have lived in Maine a number of months of the past years, very much longer than Mr. Pete, according to his story, and have had special facilities for knowing the game wardens and their work, and I am glad to be able at this time to say that they are conscientious, energetic, hard working officials, who deserve the highest commendation for the impartiality and vigor with which they enforce the law. Whenever it becomes necessary to stop at a hotel, the visit is always of the briefest, unless there remains very good reason for prolonging it. Winter and summer alike their time is spent in endless crossing, to and fro, over the sections where the game and fish need their protection. Many of them seldom even drive, but strike into the deep forests afoot for very great distances.

I have no doubt that some of the farmers or lumbermen do kill an occasional deer illegally. For this the game wardens are not responsible. It would be absolutely impossible for any man to capture a poacher of this description without first having some information to work on, and then one would have to camp on his trail for weeks perhaps without getting the necessary evidence to secure a conviction. In spite of this, however, a surprising number of clever captures are made.

As to this bugbear of lumber camps being supplied with illegal venison, it is the veriest rot. There have been cases, but they are invariably found out and punished. The logging crews are nearly all known personally to the wardens, and if a camp has one or more characters in it who would be likely to shoot game out of season, that camp would pretty certainly get its full share of close surveillance. The bosses themselves have more to lose than to gain by allowing illegal venison to be served, for past experience has taught them that the warden is apt to turn up at any time.

Mr. Pete says that in one camp of thirty men 278 deer had been served in a single season. Before believing this one ought to find out how many days these men spent in the woods, the approximate amount of this meat a man could eat in a day, and also how many of the crew did absolutely nothing but hunt deer in season and out. By the time he figured out these items he will have come to the conclusion that Mr. Pete is one of the most gullible of mortals. At any rate he is greatly to be censured for not giving his information, if he really possessed any, to the authorities. Perhaps, in the open season, venison was constantly served, but one must not forget that these men were entitled to sixty deer.

I would like to know how Mr. Pete found out that the wardens seldom visited the lumbering camps "because they did not like the accommodations." Did any warden ever tell him so? As for the number of arrests of lumbermen for illegal shooting, the information can be had for the asking. If Mr. Pete really believes that "no lumberman has ever been arrested" he must have gone very deep into the woods, and, I fear, has not come out yet.

Maine game is increasing all the time, and it is greatly owing to the indefatigable zeal of the wardens that this is so. They are greatly responsible for the good time Mr. Pete has there or he wouldn't go, would he? He does go, does he not?

OLIVER KEMP.

Thanksgiving Mallards.

HARTFORD, Mich., Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM of Uncle Eph's desperate struggle to get a turkey for Thanksgiving, reminds me of a struggle which my youngest son Ned and I had in getting a brace of mallard ducks for a Thanksgiving dinner. The boy and I wanted a chicken for Thanksgiving, but the madam insisted that nothing but a brace of mallards would fill the bill. "Well," I said, "if Ned will paddle the canoe down the Paw Paw River, I'll endeavor to get a pair." So bright and early the day before Thanksgiving we started down the river, Ned in the stern with the paddle, I well forward with the trusty Parker, ready for immediate use. We had gone down several bends and were rounding a sharp point where tall willows grew to the very water's edge, when there sprang from the water three lusty mallards. Quick as thought the gun was brought to bear below the tops of the willows, between myself and the ducks. The result was a shower of small twigs and limbs, and we saw the much coveted birds with their long necks headed down stream. The boy censured me for not waiting until they had got further away, but I protested that it would have been no better had I waited, and that it was on account of the willows that the shot had not been successful. Ned says, "Never mind, the ducks have settled below the railroad bridge, and I can soon put the canoe down there," and so we continued down the rapid river which makes a natural flow of about three miles an hour, and were soon down to the bridge, but as luck would have it, the crafty mallards had chosen a wide, straight place in the river in which to light. As we swung around the point in plain view, they, with their long necks and keen eyes, were at least 60 yards away. "Change your shot," said Ned. "Take out the 6's and put in some BB's." While I was changing my shot, the wary ducks took flight, and away they went down the stream again. "Shall we follow them?" "Yes," said Ned, "it's ducks or no Thanksgiving." So away we went.

The Paw Paw River is the crookedest thing on earth, in some places making a detour of a mile to get eighty rods on its general course. He said, "I'll paddle until we get one more shot, as they seem to be the only ducks on the river; and if you don't get them we'll have to come down to chicken and be thankful in proportion." So away we went, I helping the boy with another paddle the first mile or two. Finally coming to a place where we thought they were likely to light, Ned says: "Pa, lay down your paddle and take up your gun. They are liable to spring out of these crooked places anywhere." So I got ready for instant action. The boy was getting tired of the long paddle and said: "If we don't find them down this side of the big bayou, we'll give it up as a bad job." That was but a short distance ahead, and we had got in sight of where we were going to stop, and I said: "We'll have to give it up," when just then, directly ahead of us 40 or 50 yards, the three mallards we had sought for swam out into the river. They were well away, but I yet had the BB's in as before mentioned, and the boy said, "Give it to them, pa. It's your only chance." I instantly pulled the right barrel, and three beautiful mallards lay dead on the water. Ned said: "I'm thankful now, and if the madam isn't thankful we can't help it."

SULLIVAN COOK.

Looking Backward.

Do you remember that day on your last ducking trip? The soft sky, blue and cloudless, the wide expanse of water, dead, flat, oily; the scattered beds of wild fowl, the crackling cackle of the brant, the honking of geese, and the ever-present soul-rasping "south, south, southerly?" How you fretted for wind—how you prayed for wind—how it was just your luck, and then—lightly from over your shoulder a soft wind touches your cheek. The dead expanse is broken in a million little pimples, all sound is hushed save the tinkle, tinkle of the little wavelets as they ripple over the wings of your battery, while stronger and stronger blows the brave south wind. Ah! there they come! How flat you try to make yourself, how your heart sort of lumps up big and thick, how tight you hold the gun. Closer, closer—there they are! Now! No, you don't shoot; there are no ducks, you were just thinking of that other day long ago. The silken rustle of hurrying wings was only the morning paper falling from your hand. Or perhaps the sky was dark and stormy, with swift driving clouds blotting out the sun. How muddy and thick the waves look; how hard they strike the battery; how the water goes foaming and boiling over the deck, as if it would cover you. You feel sort of timid out there all alone in the angry waters; you raise up often and look to see how far the sloop is away, and then you think of the captain's last words: "Fix yourself comfortable, there is no danger." You take courage and look again to see if he and his little boat are near. Then you have your hands full. My! how they fly. How often the gun cracked you cannot remember. You were shooting, yes; you know that—shooting lots. If you only had that chance over you know you could beat it; you would wait longer on that big bunch; you would raise a little quicker on that side bunch, you tell you know it now. Do you? I see them all, the young and enthusiastic on their first trip, so anxious to know and to try; those who have been before and have plans and theories worked out in the long hours since the last trip; then the old and seasoned who know it all and don't care. Yet I find, way down in some corner of the heart, is that desire to kill, that strictly human desire to get that which is hard to obtain. No indifference, no coolness, no long years of reasoning will hide it; sooner or later on every trip their own words or actions will convict them.

I guess the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know that I break out this way every now and then and will forgive me for straying away from plain business. But you see, Mr. Editor, for the last two weeks we have had freezes, and drifting ice, and all sorts of things to spoil our shooting. So I just concluded to write and make a lot of others feel bad and wish they were shooting. "Misery loves company." There are a good number of fowl in the bay now, and by the first or second week in February all danger of drifting ice and cold weather will be over, so we should have fine, clear shooting from that time on. This last fall's work has not been up to the standard; the long spell of warm weather kept the fowl north, so that they drifted here very slowly, and as they keep working down all the time, they did not congregate here in quantities to make many extra days. The going back will be different, as they crowd in here to wait the time of their final northern flight. We have plenty of feed on the shoals and a good warden on the Virginia side. More geese have been killed this season than for many years past.

At the close of the season I have never seen so many quail in the county. A party here on the last day of the season, January 15, flushed over twenty coveys of large strong birds; the day before, at no time over half a mile from the house, they flushed seven coveys over one very old, inferior dog.

O. D. FOULKS.

STOCKTON, Md., Jan. 20.

Duck Shooting by Night.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a long time since I have seen any news in FOREST AND STREAM from Jefferson county, the home of Commissioner Middleton, and the one county in the State where the spring shooting of wildfowl is prohibited. I have little to say in regard to wildfowl, except that they nested here in larger numbers than in 1901, and that we had more birds here on opening day than ever before. Our shooting on black duck, mallard, teal and woodcock, however, was a disappointment last fall, as most of us from the vastly increased number of these birds expected a corresponding increase in the size of our bags. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that there were one-quarter of the number of these fowl killed in this county in 1902 that were in 1901. One of the best feeding spots in the county, for these birds is Black River Bay, which contains hundreds of acres of wild rice. This bay is connected with Watertown by trolley and is hunted every day during the open season. In 1901 nearly everyone who hunted the bay brought back a fair bag of mallards and blacks, killed in a legitimate sportsmanlike manner by jumping them from the rice in daylight, the law permitting shooting from sunrise to sunset only. This law, which prohibited night shooting, was not satisfactory to some of the shooters, who objected to having so many ducks flying around within easy range an hour before dark, and as one prominent sportsman (who has done more shooting and less work to secure the law which gave us this good shooting than any other man in the county) expressed it, "knocking their hats off," and by industriously circulating a misstatement (to put it mildly) as to the manner in which this law was secured, aroused such an opposition to it that we modified the law in 1902, making the shooting hours from daylight to one-half hour after sunset. I have always believed that the quickest way to spoil the shooting on a good duck marsh was to permit night shooting, and the results on this bay have convinced myself and and I believe the other shooters (not excepting the above mentioned gentleman) that I am right.

Although on August 31 the marsh was alive with ducks, variously estimated at from four to ten to one more than in 1901, when daylight came on September 1 a small army of sportsmen, who had been shoving into the rice from all directions since three o'clock, were there, and the birds had learned lesson No. 1 (get out before daylight). During the day a few attempted to return, but the long-distance shooters who are always conspicuous on opening day performed their duty well. As the hour of sunset drew nigh the night shooters pushed into the quill weeds and flag beds and made ready for the slaughter. Did he slay? Not many. For the long-range shooters were still there, and the birds learned lesson No. 2 (come in after dark). The black duck learns easily; one or two lessons are all that are necessary, and the difference between these educated birds of 1902 and the non-educated ones of 1901 has set a lot of the boys to thinking hard. I had always supposed until last fall that persistent night shooting would drive them to other parts, but it does not. I have a shanty on the shore of this bay and spent many nights there last fall. I find that the number of ducks visiting the rice beds increased in numbers as the season advanced until they seemed to number thousands.

I have heard large flocks of black duck quacking and lighting in the water as late as 11 o'clock, when it was so dark that I could not see my hand before my face. Directly in front of my shack is the most extensive rice bed in the bay, and it was a favorite rendezvous for the birds. And although it was visited nightly by hundreds of black duck, I never put up a duck after daylight or found a feather floating on the water, and the oily condition of the water showed plainly that the birds had been feeding during the night.

This night feeding habit has always been the main argument of the night shooter that the proper time to shoot these ducks was in the late evening or shortly after dark. That the shooting at these birds as they come to roost or feed in the evening should after one or two lessons cause them to come after dark is not at all surprising, but that it should also keep them from coming in the day time is not so easy to understand. But that it does so has been proven by our experience on this bay the past two years. In 1901 when no shooting was allowed after sunset, good shooting was had in the morning, and ducks were coming in continually through the day: and our shooting improved as the season advanced. In 1902, when night shooting was permitted, few if any ducks were found in the morning, and still fewer came in during the day. Our shooting grew poorer each week, until finally about all the ducks that were killed by daylight were cripples knocked down in the night. The small number of ducks killed on this bay and the constantly increasing number of ducks which fed in this bay nights proves conclusively that as a measure for the protection of ducks for our southern shooters the law permitting night shooting is a

decided success, but as a reward for the self-denial of our sportsmen in stopping spring shooting and permitting these ducks to nest and breed here it is a dismal failure.

It begins to look as if there would be something doing at Albany this winter. I see that our old-time friend (?) Deputy Comptroller Gilman has found a better (?) job, and if I read the Governor's message right, he is willing to listen to us this year. If we fail to let him know what we want (as many of us did last year), it won't be his fault if we are disappointed.

We want the good old FOREST AND STREAM plank, "Stop the sale of game." The spring shooting of wild-fowl prohibited. A uniform open and close season on all upland game from September 16 to November 30. That special protectors shall have the same powers of search as regular protectors. That the hours for shooting wild-fowl shall be from daylight to sunset.

If the sportsmen of this State will make the same effort that they did last year we shall win. As regards special or local laws, the conditions are not alike in all counties. In many counties, by reason of a denser population, game is becoming very scarce, and any law which shortens the open season or closes it entirely should receive the support of all true sportsmen. W. H. TALLETT.

Two Nights and a Day.

I WATCHED the coals in the open grate fire grow gray, heard the lamp sputter its remonstrance over a long session, laid aside a cold pipe, and still lingered—even drew nearer to the declining warmth, reluctant, indeed, to leave even for bed, the place of all places on earth where we can live the yesterdays of the past "and dream those dreams again" in retrospective contentment.

As the lamp died out the lesser light in the grate assumed a grander proportion, and left me in the glow of a Florida sunset, calling back to memory dear the active and attractive day so soon ended of my recent stay where the magnolias grow—"way down upon the Suwanee River."

In this afterglow I see Creighton and his ten-bore embarrassment, Judge Hopkins, in his strenuous life; Mr. Simmons nursing his temper and cold; Mr. Hazen measuring his muscles and zeal; Mr. Poeschke fishing from sun till sun; Mr. Molton trolling from the bridge; Mr. Smith loving his gun; Mr. McGregor and his bull-baiting sweater; Mr. Valentine teaching Sport to sing; Jesse Daniels, my ebony companion afield, and many others grouped in the same picture. And who is this in the center, whose light blue eyes seem to look you through and through, whose quick tread resembles the youth in love, whose erect carriage denotes an undiminshed vigor, and whose hearty laugh is music to hear, "whose money never runs out?" It's the Colonel. South Carolina, Georgia and Florida all know him, and so should the rest of the world could I introduce him. Coal is high and even scarce, but it's not wasted, dear Colonel, when writing of two nights and a day with you. Then, too, it is at least an illogical excuse for another pipe.

From the first moment I met the Colonel I determined to share nearly anything I had with him, and I began that day by asking him to share my portmanteau, thus reducing our baggage. It was at two P. M. that he appeared at my door with a U. S. weather report in one hand and canvas clothes and shoes in the other. The Colonel's white hair was not smoothed down to a degree of neatness to denote a really tranquil spirit within, and I asked him the cause. He replied by saying: "Look at that darned weather report for Northern Florida." Sure enough, prophesy had its hand on the spigot, and nothing but rain was in sight. However, I told the Colonel that we had a high priced, high minded, high principled weather prophet in New York who didn't know it all, and I guessed they were all alike, honest and scientific, but often mistaken. So we would go. "All right," said the Colonel. "A hunting trip only begins with the packing and only lets up when your wife puts away your clothes after you get back."

An hour later our dogs had been sandwiched between trunks and I was listening to the life-history of Harry Stillwell Edwards told by one of his friends; and I was outlining to the Colonel the story of the forgetful lawyer for his use, when next his friends should hear his clarion tones and see the tears run from his blue eyes. We reached Live Oak at 7:30. At the hotel the manager told us he could give us a nice big room with two beds in it. "Just the thing," said the Colonel. "That will give me a chance to practice my new story before a critical audience that won't dare throw things at me." In this room we found an open grate fireplace and beside it a pile of pine wood; and I started to ring for a boy to build the fire. "Not much," says the Colonel, "here is one of the rare pleasures of life that one can't find in his own home, that of starting a light wood fire and then watch it, smell it, feel it burn. Oh, that odor! don't it melt your heart?"

At 5:30 next morning Jumbo Green by name came in and the Colonel set him building the fire; however, the effect was soon manifest. The Colonel did a breakdown *en deshabille;* with him the sere period of life will only occur when his name is carved on marble.

I found the Colonel at the breakfast table with an orange in one hand and that blessed weather report in the other, while the waiter was hanging out the window gazing at the heavens making his report, which seemed more favorable than the more gifted guesser could promise us. Mr. Allen, our guide for the day, awaited us with a good pair of horses and a top spring wagon on the road.

Mr. A. was a wise one. His aim was to find birds, and this he did, about seven miles out of town in a country that all looked alike to me. The horses were stopped and the dogs turned loose; not at all a dangerous expedient, for they only wandered away about a hundred yards and looked around wondering what we were going to do. It was then that I heard for the first time that this pair of dogs were owned by a white man of fine reputation and broken by a negro. As the Colonel put it, "What good sense they started with in life is soon knocked out of them, and they absorb a nature foreign to their native gifts and become shiftless." So the only thing for us to do was to hoof it and lead them on.

Solicitous always for the comfort of others, the Colonel asked me if I was in condition for a day's tramp. I reminded him of my Pike County days with two guides and assured him I was *toujours prêt.* It was but a short time before we had those poor misguided dogs straightened out in the rear of a covey of quail which we flushed and both sampled, and while for miles in every direction that woods, or what had been a woods, was alike, we could not mark those birds down; but while trying to find them, we covering the same amount of territory as the dogs, we found another covey. Again in looking for singles we fell across another bunch, which, when they lit, surrounded another bevy, and we warmed our guns. With each flight poor Alto, a liver-colored pointer, would follow to mark them down, while little flee-bitten Winnie would satisfy her chewed up ambition retrieving. On one occasion, while carrying in a dead bird, she stopped and pointed another. We had both seen this done before, and so have many others, but, as the Colonel says, "Think what that bitch might have been. I would have just as soon expected to see a braying jackass win the Brooklyn Handicap as see that sight. Dear little Winnie, you have retained some of your native instincts, haven't you?"

At noon we (we and the dogs) had scattered fully a dozen big bevies in a radius of not more than two hundred acres and had bagged thirty odd birds, and had a pair of dogs that seemed tired before we started and that were tired in dead earnest now.

Again the Colonel warms his hands over the burning

HUGO AND STEVE, AND THE COVER WE HUNTED IN.

pine; does a cake-walk beside a fallen tree; sings snatches from forgotten operas; introduces a new step of a recent dance, and settles down to drink in the aroma from the boiling coffee pot and says:

Ah, this sunshine of ours!
I'm sure 'twill never set;
For as it shone so long ago,
It's blazing on us yet.

And then he burned his weather report.

At sundown we laid brave Winnie in a blanket and put her in the carriage, while friend Allen put Alto in a straight-jacket beside him on the front seat. We sang in the gloaming "Home, Sweet Home," as we entered the town, our voices were the only part of us that wasn't tired and satisfied to rest. Immediately after dinner we went to our room and had a fire built, in front of which the Colonel settled down with our basket of birds before him. One at a time he lifted them tenderly out, pulled away the rumpled feathers, straightened their pretty necks and graceful legs and laid them side by side on the carpet, fondling and petting them, and after a silence remarked, and that, too, with a sweet reverence: "Little fellows, you have given us great pleasure, taxing, as you have, our skill and zeal. I would that you could know that in death you are beloved and cared for; groomed in your feathered beauty, laid by carefully and with affection; in this care and in this love only am I better than the hawk."

Dear Colonel, in your age of wisdom and feeling you do on more occasions than this, but particularly on this occasion, show that nature I will always try to copy. I think it is better to carry one's game in a basket. I will never string them again.

The logs were still burning when slumber made us as oblivious as our little friends outside the window, and my claim of sleeplessness will never be believed by the Colonel, as he informed me the next morning "That the noise from my bed had caused him to dream that he was at sea in a fog." I was naturally delighted, assuring him that for once in my life I could prove an alibi. Of these two nights and a day in Florida, in justice to my friend, I must claim that the best hours and the most profitable ones were not spent afield.

The accompanying picture shows Hugo and Steve, two excellent dogs the Colonel and I shot over when here ten days previous to this visit, owned by Mr. McGregor, of Live Oak. Alto and Winnie will, however, outlive this pair in memory dear. T. E. BATTEN.

ELIZABETH, Jan. 22.

Fish and Game in Florida.

In my freshly groomed recollection of "Two Nights and a Day," I have undoubtedly exposed a sentiment of regret in leaving Florida so soon. Yet where duty is I must; so there is but one thing left for me to do, and that is seek others to take my place in that congenial clime and then tell us all about it.

Many others have gone before and thoroughly covered the ground in their gamy research, yet an overmastering modesty or a secret too sweet to tell has confined their history to the limited space of their own firesides, and the sportsmen's world can gain no wisdom from their experiences.

To the touring sportsman I am inclined to believe that no other one section of Florida contains more "first night" attractions than the Land of Manatee. Its geographical position insures comfort at all seasons, it is easy of access, and as convenient to Tampa and Tampa Bay. Sarasota Bay presents to the angler about every variety of fish known to these southern waters, while the mainland will entertain the hunter during our generation and a large remnant of another to come. The recently published pamphlets by Morton M. Casseday, and issued by Mr. C. B. Ryan, of the Sea Board Air Line, are so accurate as to conditions in this section that I cannot do better than refer to them, and they can be had for the asking.

Those who have taken it, tell me that for a month of life with nature and a few chosen companions, where the new acquaintances daily are game in variety and fish of different tribes, one should take the trip beginning at Kissimmee by small steamer south through Lake and River Kissimmee into Lake Okeechobee; thence west through the canal into Lake Hie-po-che, Banner Lake, Lake Flint and Caloosahatchee River to Fort Myers. These trips are arranged for many times during the winter months, and are never regretted by those fortunate enough to make them.

Fort Myers and Punta Gorda are favorite tarpon fishing grounds; the silver skyrockets are often taken here late in the season, and are seen at play nearly every month in the year, but seem to have their seasons for striking.

In crossing the State of Florida one can find quail shooting near most any station on either the Atlantic Coast Line or Seaboard Air Line; and in many instances can find in addition to quail wild turkeys and deer. This is particularly true of Sanford, Orlando, Deland, Ocala, Palatka, Fort White, Tallahassee, Live Oak, Lake City and intermediate towns, and in those places mentioned one will find pleasant hotel accommodations, a list of which will be found in the FOREST AND STREAM office.

There has been much said by the nervous ones about snakes in Florida, and the danger the sportsman assumes in hunting there. I personally know a brave man who loves the woods and valleys only next to his wife and children, who could not, under any circumstances, be induced to hunt there for fear of the rattler, the moccasin, and other varmints of their sort. He succeeded in "chilling" me into buying a pair of aluminum-lined leggings. My purchase, however, was not completed without embarrassment. Mr. Justus Von Lengerke assured me that he "thought any man extremely foolish to miss the rare yet possible opportunity of drinking a quart bottle of whisky all at once." I really think his ridicule about fits the case, and that we can all hunt in Florida and come home sober, provided we don't yield to the more tangible temptations.

I hunted with a man who has tramped the State in quest of game for twenty years, and during that time has killed just four rattlers. I know a man in Massachusetts and another one in Pennsylvania who can beat that record silly.

Upon entering or leaving Florida nature and the railroads have decreed that one must pass through Jacksonville, which in itself proves a far-seeing providence. Here one can see snakes and alligators at close range with impunity. M. I. Cohen, on West Bay street, has a number as seen before and after death. Just across the street are the offices of the Atlantic Coast Line, presided over by Mr. Frank Boyleston, a sportsman in fact and on purpose; his trim launch is nearby on the St. John's River, and he does like to run it when his duties will permit. Then go up to the Duval and call on the Colonel and keep on multiplying your regrets until you are sorry you came because it makes you so sad to leave.

For a time only, farewell Florida. With all your charms, rods and gun must give way to mitts and gum shoes. Only in reminiscence are you with me now, yet you are a real yesterday of yesterdays.

T. E. BATTEN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.

Boone and Crockett Club Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club was held at the Metropolitan Club in Washington on Saturday last.

The meeting was called to order by President Wadsworth at 7 o'clock. The report of the treasurer showed the finances to be in a flourishing condition. Of the reports of various standing committees, that of the Big Game Protection Committee was one of the most interesting. The chairman, Madison Grant, reported that the new Alaska game law, passed last year largely through the efforts of the Hon. Jno. F. Lacey, of Iowa, was working very well. He read a letter from Andrew J. Stone, the well-known Arctic explorer, stating that the customs and other United States officials were endeavoring to enforce the law and that the exportation of heads and hides had almost entirely ceased. Mr. Stone, however, observed that certain mining companies, notably one located in Unga Island, were regularly killing caribou for meat, because it was a cheaper food than beef, and that great numbers of these animals were being destroyed.

An amendment to the constitution was adopted.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President, Major W. Austin Wadsworth; Vice-Presidents, Chas. F. Deering, W. B. Devereux, Howard Melville Hanna, William D. Pickett, and Archibald Rogers; Secretary, Madison Grant; Treasurer, C. Grant La Farge; two members of the executive committee to serve for three years, Alden Sampson and Owen Wister.

At the close of the business meeting dinner was served. At each plate lay a beautifully modeled little plaster cast of a weathered buffalo bull's skull, melancholy reminders of what once was but is no more. The souvenirs are the work of Mr. A. Phimister Proctor, the sculptor, a member of the club. Many of the diners were puzzled by one dish served to them. It

proved to be a fat and juicy mountain lion, sent on from Wyoming by Thomas Elwood Hofer.

Among those who sat down were Major Austin Wadsworth, Senator Burton, of Kansas; Maj. Jno. Pitcher, Superintendent Yellowstone National Park; Col. Geo. S. Anderson, for many years superintendent of the National Park; Hon. Jno. F. Lacey, of Iowa; Admiral Willard H. Brownson, Mr. Owen Wister, Dr. Lewis R. Morris, Mr. Robert Hill Prentice, Mr. Whitehouse, Dr. A. Donaldson Smith, Mr. Arnold Hague, Mr. W. J. Boardman, Mr. D. M. Barringer, Mr. Geo. Bliestein, Mr. Winthrop Chanler, Mr. Paul J. Dashiell, Mr. Geo. Bird Grinnell, Mr. Madison Grant, Mr. Geo. H. Lyman, Mr. Henry May, Mr. R. A. T. Penrose, Jr., Mr. A. P. Proctor, Dr. Jno. Rogers, Jr., Dr. J. L. Seward, Mr. Philip Schuyler, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, Mr. M. G. Seckendorff, Mr. Alden Sampson, Col. Walter S. Schuyler, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Prof. Henry S. Osborn, Col. Cecil Clay and Mr. Gifford Pinchot.

An interesting address was made by Mr. A. A. Anderson, of New York, supervisor of the Teton Forest Reserve, who told of the reorganization of the forestry force of the reserve and the work done in the short time since he had taken office. He spoke of the ravages of the sheep and of the forest fires, and of the difficulties met with in his work, but also of the improved local sentiment for game and forest protection among the people of Jackson's Hole and vicinity.

Maj. Jno. Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Park, told of the conditions there, especially in winter, of the starting of the new buffalo herd, which consists of 18 cows and 2 bulls, the last from the Goodnight herd of Texas, while the cows are from the Allard herd of western Montana. There are thus two distinct strains of blood and hopes are entertained of securing a third strain. Maj. Pitcher also spoke in warm terms of the changed sentiment among the population adjacent to the Park in regard to game protection. These people now feel a distinct pride and interest in the reservation and its prosperity, and will do anything in their power to assist the superintendent in his work. Maj. Pitcher spoke with absolute confidence of the ability of the Park authorities to protect the game while it was in the Park, but alluded to the small area of the winter range within the reservation and to the territory controlled by Mr. Anderson, as that especially needing protection.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the eminent paleontologist, spoke next. He alluded to the millions of years that it had taken nature to develop from much more generalized animals the big game which we know to-day on the North American Continent, and yet here was civilization armed with its improved rifles undoing—by the extermination of these animals—in a century the work that had been going on for uncounted ages.

Prof. Osborn was followed by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who has just returned from an examination of the Philippine Islands. He spoke encouragingly of the change of feeling in regard to game and forest protection that had recently taken place. During much of our nation's history the forests had been regarded as the enemy of civilization and of progress. Now the view taken is a different one. We must keep on working hard for a few years longer, and there is great hope that a proper system of laws and means for carrying them out, will be set on foot and so firmly established that they will endure.

Senator Burton, of Kansas, made an interesting and somewhat humorous address, alluding to the fact that, as chairman of the forestry committee of the Senate, he had that morning favorably reported Senate Bill 6689, which the club strongly advocates, and expressing his hope that it might pass the House, as well also as the bill for the Appalachian Park.

Hon. Jno. F. Lacey, of Iowa, made a ringing speech alluding to the various bills that he had introduced with the purpose of preserving natural objects in this country, whether living or inorganic. It was a splendid and eloquent effort.

In response to certain questions Maj. Pitcher gave further information about the Yellowstone Park, and the abundance and tameness of the game there in winter, and later Col. Geo. S. Anderson, that sturdy friend of the Park and gallant soldier, who has made for himself so superb a record in the Philippines, told something of the time when he was superintendent of the Park, and of the difficulties that he met and overcame. He paid a splendid tribute to the late William Hallett Phillips, whose untiring devotion to the Park is still fresh in the minds of those who knew him best. Other speakers made interesting remarks.

The meeting is, by many of those present, regarded as one of the most interesting that the club ever held.

A War Cry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There isn't a man in this State handling a gun or a fish-rod who does not know that the game laws of the State are inadequate, contradictory, and in some particulars absurd.

Why don't you get up some enthusiasm, have a general round-up of evils to be corrected, and picking out a small number for treatment, enlist the united efforts of all sportsmen for their passage?

No firing into the "brown," however. We must pick our marks. Two or three sound, well-considered measures solidified into law are worth any amount of random, disjointed discussion and grumbling over existing conditions.

FOREST AND STREAM is the best medium for the consolidation of interests.

I think you represent the best thinking, believing and acting body of sportsmen.

You do not attempt to boost your circulation by forming a more or less useful protective league, making FOREST AND STREAM the club monthpiece and organization register, nor do you lampoon manufacturers and dealers whom you cannot induce to advertise with you, though for the matter of that, I believe your advertising columns will show all standard goods.

Mighty good reading you have, too.

With the exception of my own stuff, I think I enjoy reading the stories signed Cabia Blanco more than others.

One evident policy of your paper I admire.

It is the intention to throttle anything that looks like a long-winded discussion over some never-to-be-satisfactorily-answered problem, as, "How does the Woodcock Produce its Whistle?" or, "Setter vs. Pointer," and so on. There are a number of old fossils that corruscate in your columns occasionally, to whom a never-ending discussion would mean the indefinite prolonging of their lives, so great would be their interest and so determined their purpose.

You undoubtedly have the unexpressed thanks of hundreds of nervous readers for sidetracking these old smoothbores.

To come back to our mutton, however.

If I were the FOREST AND STREAM (and ROD AND GUN thrown in), I'd publish something every week during the sitting of the Legislature tending to awaken and maintain interest in the game protection problem and publish twice as much during the close season for Legislatures, when Senators and Assemblymen are hibernating and candidates are awakening.

There must be some power in concerted action, and you are the medium for developing and transmitting.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y. WAR-CRY.

[And now that the subject of zoological classification is before the house, will War-Cry kindly tell us where to place an old "fossil" that "corruscates," or a "smoothbore" that can be "sidetracked?"]

Washington's New Game Law.

SEATTLE, Wash.—The sportsmen of Eastern and Western Washington are in harmony regarding the new game law which will be presented to the State Legislature in the near future. It is hoped that there will be no amendments, because past experiences in this direction have proved that the result was a general upsetting of conditions rather than a settling of important questions.

There are few hunters who will object to the payment of a dollar gun license. All they desire is that the money derived from this source be applied properly to the protection of game. The old objection to the license that it was necessary to take out a license in every county has been avoided by a provision that one license covers the entire State.

Changing the date of open season on grouse, quail and ducks from August 15 to September 1 is a good move. Last fall the young grouse were very strong on August 15, but as a rule they are too weak during the middle of August to have a fair show with the expert wing shot. It is only fair to give them a little chance.

It seems almost useless to protect Mongolian pheasants until 1908, because these beautiful birds have been exterminated, so far as I can learn, on Whidby Island and in the White River Valley. The last time I was hunting in the vicinity of Oak Harbor on Whidby Island there were very few Mongolians, and I have been told that this fall witnessed the extinction of those remaining.

Harry Pauley, who is well informed on conditions in the White River Valley, told me recently that the little band of Mongolians that had been protected by the residents of the valley in hopes that they would multiply and eventually afford good sport, had been wiped out of existence by an unknown hunter from either Tacoma or Seattle.

Elk will be protected until 1908 if the law passes. There are none too many of these magnificent creatures in the Olympic Mountains now, and while it is extremely doubtful if a protective law will keep the Indians on the west side of the mountains from killing, it may be that the destruction of the bands which work up into the Hub or Second Divide country and the First Divide section, will be materially decreased. From what I have heard and known personally about the hunters at the head of Hood Canal and around Lake Cushman they have always shown good judgment in killing elk. As they have observed the law, generally speaking, they will probably object to the cutting off of their favorite sport.

PORTUS BAXTER.

A Crippled Doe.

MASSACHUSETTS papers published the other day a report of deer suffering from the foot and mouth disease which it was feared they might communicate to domestic stock. Commissioner Collins, in reply to an inquiry on the subject, writes as follows, showing that the whole agitation came from the peculiar actions of a crippled doe:

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 19.—There was really little or nothing in the story that deer in Dracut or vicinity were suffering from foot and mouth disease. I think it was the day before Christmas that Commissioner Wentworth, of New Hampshire, who chanced to be in Lowell on other business, telephoned me that the people along the northern border of this State, where the deer move across the boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, claimed there were one or two lame deer which it was feared had the hoof and mouth disease. In the condition of public feeling at that time, it was considered wise to settle the question, if practicable. Authority was therefore given Mr. Wentworth to kill any deer found on this side of the State line which appeared to be in a condition that might cause people to believe it was afflicted with the dreaded hoof and mouth disease.

Mr. Wentworth acted promptly. On December 25 he wrote me as follows:

"I went to Tyngsboro to-day and made inquiries and looked the section over where they claim the diseased deer were seen. They all agree there is one deer, a doe, that is lame in one hind foot. One woman said she saw deer there often; that last Sunday they saw two deer, a buck and a doe. The doe was lame in one hind leg. They looked it over carefully with an opera glass. One of the toes seemed to stick up into the air; the leg was swollen and quite black. They thought it a gunshot wound. I did not find these deer, but did see a very large buck and within easy rifle shot of it. I started it and the first few jumps it made was from 12 to 15 feet long. If I ever saw a well deer that was one, and if signs count for anything, there are a number there. I don't believe in this sick deer yarn. But as this section is within a mile of the New Hampshire line, I am anxious to know the truth of it."

The accuracy of this conclusion, so far as hoof and mouth disease is concerned, was demonstrated next day, January 26, when the lame doe—a large one—was shot. Writing on that date, Mr. Wentworth reported as follows:

"I have cleared up the foot and mouth disease in Massachusetts that they thought was among the deer. There came a good tracking snow last night, so I went to Tyngsboro this morning. Started a buck and doe. The doe did not go all right. I started her up three times. Shot her then. I could have shot her either time. The trouble was she had been shot, breaking the hind leg, so that every time she stepped the [ankle] bone went into the ground. * * * I got Dr. Eaton there and he pronounced the deer all right, *except for the wound.*"

Mr. Wentworth sent me the broken leg, which was broken just above the fetlock, and the bare bone was pushed through the skin. A fistula was formed below the fracture.

The leg was turned over to the State Bureau of Animal Industry, as the gentlemen of the bureau thought it a rather interesting specimen.

New Brunswick Guides' Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Guides' Association was at the Barker House, Fredericton, January 13. In the absence of President Sanson, Henry Braithwaite occupied the chair. There was quite a number of the prominent guides present. Officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. E. Armstrong; Vice-President, Arthur Pringle; Secretary-Treasurer, A. R. Slipp. Membership Committee: Henry Braithwaite, Adam Moore and David Pringle. Executive Committee: H. Braithwaite, W. H. Allen, Charlie Cremins and the officers.

Some time was spent in discussing the game law, and all present seemed to be of the opinion that it would stand some amending. The meeting favored increasing the resident hunting license from $2 to $5 and having the big game season open on September 1 instead of September 15, as now.

As a means of keeping out non-resident guides the association thinks that an amendment should be made to the game law, making it compulsory for the holder of a non-resident license to employ none but resident guides. The association does not favor increasing the non-resident license fee at the present time.

The guides all spoke of the game season just closed on December 31 as the most prosperous they had ever experienced, and they considered the outlook for the future to be exceedingly bright. During the evening the guides were treated to a liberal supply of fruit by G. T. Whelpley, the well-known grocer, and adopted a resolution thanking him for his kindness.

It was unanimously decided to hold the next annual meeting at Perth, with a view of encouraging more of the Tobique guides to become members.

There will be seven of the association guides at the New York Sportsmen's Show. They expect to leave Fredericton February 21. G. E. A.

Canadian Camp-Fire Club.

THE Canadian Camp-Fire Club will give a dinner to sportsmen in Madison Square Garden, N. Y., on February 20.

The Canadian Camp-Fire Club is a very strong organization and is composed of some of the best known sportsmen and writers in the United States and Canada. Its President is Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, of West Fifty-eighth street, New York.

Forest Reserve Game Reserves.

Senate Bill 6689, introduced by Senator Perkins, of California, reads as follows:

A bill for the protection of wild animals, birds and fish in the forest reserves of the United States.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the President of the United States is hereby authorized to designate such areas in the public forest reserves as should, in his opinion, be set aside for the protection of wild animals, birds and fish, and be recognized as a breeding place therefor.

Sec. 2. That when such areas have been designated as provided for in Sec. 1 of this act, hunting, trapping, killing or capture of wild animals, birds and fish upon the lands and within the waters of the United States within the limits of said areas shall be unlawful, except under such regulations as may be prescribed, from time to time, by the Secretary of the Interior; and any person violating such regulations shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction in any United States court of competent jurisdiction, be fined in a sum not exceeding $1,000, or be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. That it is the purpose of this act to protect from trespass the public lands of the United States and the wild animals, birds and fish, which may be thereon, and not to interfere with the operation of the local game laws as affecting private, State or Territorial lands.

At the annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society last week the following indorsement of the bill was adopted as an expression of the sentiment of the Society:

Whereas, The greater part of the big game, especially wapiti or elk, remaining in the United States is now gathered in and around the Yellowstone National Park; and

Whereas, The number of wapiti or elk and other game animals is rapidly decreasing owing to the killing for elk tusks and for meat; be it

Resolved, That the Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society respectfully urge upon Congress the enactment of Senate Bill No. 6689, introduced by Senator Perkins, of California, empowering the President of the United States to designate such areas in the public forest reserve as should, in his opinion, be set aside for the protection of wild animals, birds and fish. And be it further

Resolved, That the Board of Managers of the New York Zoological Society respectfully request the President, in the event of the passage of Senate Bill 6689, to set aside the Teton Forest Reserve, or such part thereof as may be advisable for a game reserve, and to establish therein the same principles of absolute protection of animal life as are now in force in the Yellowstone National Park. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the President of the United States, and to the proper officials in Congress, and in the States of Wyoming.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part VI.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page 88.*)

"Sorrow is knowledge; they who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The tree of Knowledge is not that of Life."
—Byron.

"Ah! little did thy Minnie think,
That day she cradled thee,
What lands thou shouldest travel round
Or what death thou shouldst dee!"
—The Ettrick Shepherd.

WE live in a wonderful age, and though in the last half century science has made gigantic strides, the Octogenarian is much impressed by the profound wisdom of the didactic Dutchman, Hans Breitman, immortalized by Charles G. Leland: "So much longer as we lif, so much by Gott more we don't know!" *Messieurs les Savants* have so confused us about trout and char—*Salmo* and *Salvelinus*—that the angler of to-day loses half his potential pleasure in beating his brains to discover what he is carrying in his creel. Gay, in his fine poem on Eaton College, wisely says: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and has not Pryor told us in his letter to Charles Montague: "From ignorance our comfort flows; the only wretched are the wise." In our young and salad days when we were innocent of any knowledge of the banal and the murderous microbe, how jocund did we indulge our youthful appetites for all the good things that bountiful Nature has spread in generous profusion around us. We swallowed with infinite gusto the succulent oyster without a fear of the deadly diseases secreted within its shells. We gayly ordered our redolent roasts, our fragrant fries and our sustentatious stews in happy ignorance of murdering millions of mighty microbes that accompanied them all to our capacious and confiding stomachs! The appetizing clam and the sustentatious chowder were enjoyed without a suspicion of the malignant microbes that entered into their composition! We boast of the triumphs of science and the diffusion of knowledge in these our days; we get the most gorgeous colors from coal oil, and extract the most powerful perfumes from rancid butter and ancient fish oils! But are we any happier? Does it add to our pleasure to know, as we swallow the luscious strawberry that so delighted good old Dr. Boteler, that we have sent to our stomachs some millions of microbes, any one of which, if it has luck and gets in its work, can "play hell" with our whole system? When we add to the delicious berry a generous modicum of rich cream—which even by itself is so pleasant to the palate and so soothing to the stomach—and make a combination fit for the gods of high Olympus, does it add to our happiness to learn that to the baneful bacillus of the berry we have added the mighty microbe of the milk? When science shows us how fearfully and wonderfully we are made—as the *Savant* observed as he examined a flea under the microscope—are we any happier in the knowledge that we ourselves are the home and abiding-place of microscopic microbes? Is it gratifying or even amusing to know, as Dean Swift reminds us:

"That naturalists observe a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum."

If we are to believe Pasteur and his disciples, that all the diseases which beset us from the cradle to the grave are but the work of microbes, which are conscientiously carrying out the work for which they were created; if it is true that all our physical ailments are caused by microbes; if cancer and catarrh, cholera and consumption have each its appropriate bacillus, may we not logically infer that murder and madness microbes are prowling about and striving to disturb and distort our normal cerebration? If so, may there not be a microbe whose presence and action in the brain has made *Messieurs les Savants* mad as March hares about Chars and *Salvelinus*, vomers and fin-rays, operculi and gill-covers?

In all seriousness, is not *Salmo Salar* at once the enigma and the reproach of Scientists? Questions discussed by Socrates are unsettled yet, and the salmon, exciting more curiosity than any other denizen of the water, has been more than any other, the object of visionary theories, narrow empiricism, stiff assertions, easy credulity and obstinate unbeliefs. The fish can be but obscurely and occasionally observed during one-half of the year; during the other half it is not only invisible as to its habits, but it is quite unknown as to its habitat. After the salmon has left our rivers we are ignorant, not only of what it is doing but of where it has gone. Science is perplexed, but sciolism plunges in with a few half truths gathered from a merely local experience. The nonsense that has been published about salmon and trout under the name of Natural History is appalling in amount, variety and utter worthlessness. In questions regarding the natural history of the salmon, people who have seen most are inclined to say least, and those who have thought most are most at a loss what to think. Not so the *Savants!* Those of them who never saw a salmon alive, either in salt or fresh water—those whose only knowledge of them has been acquired by blinking through the lens of a microscope at vomers, fin-rays and gill-covers, speak *ex cathedra* in such strident tones as make us of the *hoi polloi* wonder at our dense ignorance while lost in admiration of their vast erudition. They tell us of a sea trout which they dub *Salmo trutta marina*—the White Sea Trout—which, according to their own showing, in no way differs in internal structure nor in outward appearance from *fontinalis*, but has a different habitat and entirely different habits. They tell us that it is an anadromous fish whose home is the sea; but which comes in vast schools to feed along the shores; that they ascend fresh water rivers not to deposit their own spawn, but to eat the ova of *Salmo Salar*, and they lead us to infer that they spawn in salt water, which, it is well known, kills the ova of all other varieties of the salmon family. The *Savants* tell us that this unique species abounds in the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the head of Bay Chaleur to the Straits of Belleisle; but, strange to say, is found in no other part of the world. So widespread is the delusion about sea trout that every writer on fish or fishing discourses of what he don't know, and tells about a fish he has never seen.

What little is known about the salmon may be told in very few words; for this little we are not at all indebted to the *Savants*. All their theories have been proven false and all their generalizations erroneous, because all are founded on erroneous or insufficient data. For the little real knowledge we possess we are indebted principally to intelligent and observant anglers and fish culturists. From them we know that *Salmo Salar* performs its reproductive functions only in fresh water. We know that females deposit their eggs between October and December; but we are utterly ignorant what proportion of these are fertilized by milt from the males, or what proportion of these fertilized eggs are hatched. We know that the newly-hatched fry are about an inch in length, with the bulk of the original egg attached to the umbilicus; in four months they are about two and a half inches. The year-old salmon is from four and a half to five inches, and the two-year-olds about seven inches long. How many smolts reach the sea as the result of the deposit of a thousand eggs, we do not know. Of the travels of the smolt in the sea we are entirely ignorant; but we know that they are never caught in the estuaries of their native rivers, and here our knowledge ends. After all the experiments made in the hatcheries of Europe and America, we are yet uncertain when smolts return as grilse or when grilse return as salmon. We are not quite certain that all return to their native water, as many marked fish have been taken in other rivers. Some marked kelts have gone down to sea from Scottish rivers in spring and returned to breed in autumn; while other facts point very strongly to the conclusion that the great majority are not yearly, but biennial breeders. Where salmon go when in the sea we do not know. We are also ignorant what that food is which so stimulates their growth and furnishes the fat which makes it such nourishing and palatable food for us.

While giving us little or no assistance in acquiring this limited information, the *Savants* now step in, get their scalpels at work and, blinking through their microscopes over the stomach of a salmon forty-eight hours from the sea, they tell us with an air of profound wisdom that the salmon eats no food during its stay in fresh water; though during that stay both eight hours from the sea, they tell us with an air of profound wisdom that the salmon eats no food during its stay in fresh water; though during that stay both male and female perform functions that, in all other creatures, call for well-nourished bodies, while its near cousin—which they erroneously call a sea trout—is a most voracious feeder, whether in brackish or fresh water. The *Savants* tell us, with grave faces of firm faith in their superficial studies, that from June until November, say six months of every year—half of its whole life—it maintains an unbroken fast! That one of the most highly-organized, strong, active and voracious of its whole class of fishes, should stand alone among animals as passing half its life without food, is asking of anglers rather more than we are prepared to concede. For himself, the Old Angler simply says, "*Credat Judæas Apella, non ego*," and for this reason, that he has frequently found in the stomachs of salmon which have been weeks from salt water, small particles of stone and large grains of sand, such as form the agglutinated coverings of the chrysalides of several insect species. From this fact it seems more probable that such larvæ and other quickly-digestible matter forms food suitable to its changed habitat, than that it does not eat at all. In its struggles for freedom when hooked, it is more than probable that the contents of its stomach are voided. All fishermen will recall how often they find their worm or other bait threaded some two feet up the line, showing that trout have the power of ejecting with considerable force. Is it not more than probable that salmon have the same power?

Leaving all these speculations to the *Savants*, who part their names at the side and their hair in the middle, the Old Angler will state some facts which are too well known to be successfully denied. He has caught in the spring, at the breaking up of the ice in April, kelts that beyond doubt spent the winter in fresh water. These fish were much emaciated; the heads of the males were so deformed that they bore no resemblance to the head of a salmon fresh from the sea. They were most voracious, and greedily took any kind of bait—a piece of fat pork being best. The tributaries of the St. John every spring furnish specimens of these kelts, which from choice or necessity, have wintered in fresh water. The salmon bred in River Philip, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, winter in its waters in considerable numbers. Before the Dominion Fisheries Act of 1868 was in force, fishermen went regularly to the head of tide as soon as the ice broke up, for the express purpose of catching these kelts with rod and line. They would greedily seize anything that attracted their attention, and sometimes as many as six and eight were caught in a single tide. The last the writer saw were caught in the month of April by a party of three, two from Boston and one from St. John, at whose instance the Boston men were induced to take the journey by boat to St. John and by rail to River Philip. To the credit of the Boston anglers be it said, that a single tide sufficed them. They caught, among them, over a dozen black, dirty, famished fish, which, as a curiosity, they brought to their hotel—the Dufferin—when it was under the management of that genial host, Geo. W. Swett, whose subsequent management of the Windsor in Montreal made him known to hundreds of readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Here are facts which demand explanation from *Messieurs les Savants*, or they must revise their hastily formed opinion about the *Salmo Salar* not taking food in fresh water. The salmon of St. John River and those of River Philip ascend these rivers the last of May and all through June and July. Kelts are taken, as stated above, in the months of April and May. Now *Messieurs*, with the long string of letters after your names, do you seriously believe that a fish organized as *Salmo Salar* has lived ten months without food? Of course, you have a perfect right to hold any opinions you choose, provided you can give a reason for holding them; but the Old Angler must question your right to state, as a fact, that salmon do not feed in fresh water, simply because some of you have failed to find undigested food in the stomachs of the very few you have examined. Go to, *Messieurs!* Bring more common sense and less Science to your work. Study the live fish in his summer habitat of rushing rapids and placid pools. Fight him with a rod and line for a couple of hours, and when you have landed him, ask yourselves if he could put up such a fight on an empty stomach? Vomers and fin-rays may amuse you, but they will add little to your practical knowledge of the fish they came from, and less to the information of the *oi hoddoi!* Has your science yet discovered the use of the "hook bill" on the male salmon? Do you know whether he ever gets rid of it after it has once developed? Do you know why grilse never have this hook, or why they are so scarce in the Restigouche and Cascapedia, and so plentiful in Nepissiguit and Miramichi? Do you know whether the Pacific salmon ever survive the performance of reproductive functions, or what is the cause of their dying in such prodigious numbers after having performed them? Do you know whether the male parr or smolt can impregnate the ova of the full grown salmon, as some well-known writers contend they can and do? Do you know whether, in America, the female grilse has ever been found with fully developed ova, as they are said to be often so found in Scotch and Irish rivers? In short, *Messieurs*, do you really know anything at all about either trout or salmon, except the "vomers," "gill-covers" and "fin-rays?" Until you can clear up these mysteries and a dozen others connected with live salmon and trout that any angler can ask you, would it not be as well to apply the soft pedal to your scientific "yawp" and dogmatize in a lower key?

Meantime, the Old Angler will state some facts in his own practical experience. As an angler before he was a fishery officer, he never caught a grilse or saw one caught in Nepissiguit or Miramichi without opening it and examining it carefully in search of milt or ova. The males always had lobes of milt more or less developed; but never did he find sign of an ovum in any. Careful inquiry for many years among Indians and canoe-men corroborated by his own experience. Billy Bateman, whom the writer especially engaged in this search (he was for many years employed all summer as canoe-man for the anglers who fished the Nepissiguit, and had special facilities for pursuing it), entirely failed to find ova in a grilse. All he could find was a tradition on the river that Jack Buchet's grandfather once "speared a grilt with the pea in it." In after years, when his official duties brought the writer in close contact with the managers of the several hatching houses, he instructed them to pay special attention to this matter, and if they found a grilse with developed ova, to wire immediately and keep the fish alive until it could be examined. In fifteen years' experience but one manager, Isaac Sheasgreen, who still manages the Miramichi House, reported that he had a grilse with ova. My intention was to have the eggs of this fish placed on marked trays and their development carefully watched. On arriving at the hatching house next day, Mr. Sheasgreen went to a large tank in which the fish had been placed, but could not find it. In one end of this tank was a pile of zinc trays, which during the night had fallen over, but to facilitate his search the water was run off. Under this confused mass of trays, to my extreme regret, the fish was found quite dead. I examined it carefully; the ova were well developed, as large as those of a full-grown salmon, though the fish weighed but five pounds—and looked healthy. This grilse was shorter and thicker than usual, but in all other outward respects was a normal female. After considering the facts, and knowing little about vomers and gill-covers, the Old Angler considered it more probable that the fish was a dwarfed salmon—one that, from some cause, had not developed normally. In this opinion Mr. Sheasgreen agreed, as it was the first time in his experience that he had ever seen "a grilt with the pea in it."

Leaving all these questions with *Messieurs les Savants*, and a number of others when they can answer these—the Old Angler will take his readers with him and a friend to Price's Bend, on Southwest Miramichi, where he caught his first grilse. In those days—62 years ago—it was an outing both tedious and expensive to go to Burnt Hill, spend a week on the river and return to St. John. The only mode of travel was by stage to Fredericton, 79 miles, and then 40 miles to the Miramichi. At that time Boiestown was a thriving lumbering center, with several stores, where all necessary supplies could be procured. Here we hired our canoe-men, to whom we agreed to pay a dollar a day and feed them. From motives of economy we tried the experiment of hiring only one canoe and two men to serve us both; but we soon discovered that too economical a disposition should form no part of an ambitious angler's outfit, and that when he cannot afford to go-a-fishing *en bon prince*, he had better stay at home. In those days the Old Angler was much in the position of a gentleman he met many years after when he was wandering over the burnt district of Chicago, a week after the great fire of 1871. This gentleman was his obliging guide, and pointed out all the remarkable features of this wonderful city, which, in the writer's childhood, consisted of a few hunters' huts on the shores of Lake Michigan. Standing on rising ground in the unburnt part of the town, which in its elaborate architecture and asphalted pavements bore every appearance of an old city, he made a sweep of his arm toward the lake and said, "I could have bought all that once for a pair of boots." "Why in the name of common sense did you not?" "Oh! I had'nt the boots in those days!" Dollars in those days

were none too plentiful with the two ambitious fishermen who were making their first plunge as salmon anglers, and it was a matter of necessity that an effort should be made to combine sport with economy—a combination that usually ends in reduced sport and increased cost.

We started in a single canoe, poled by two men; we seated in the middle, the stores, in two boxes, reposed at the feet of the canoe-men, one in the bow, the other in the stern. When we reached Price's Bend, a few miles above Boiestown, we made the discovery that, beyond a certain point, economy would not combine with sport, and after a consultation on ways and means, we concluded that "in for a penny, in for a pound," was a saying peculiarly applicable to our case. We sent the men back to Boiestown for another canoe and two more hands, while we made our first essay in the fine pool at the bend, which was then and is still, famous for the number of grilse which make it their haunt. While waiting, let me describe the canoes which were then and are now the vehicle best adapted for traversing the upper waters of the Miramichi. The birch-bark canoes of the Indians require too much care in their handling among rocks, rapids and shallows and consequent loss of time to suit anglers. The dugout is made from a single pine log; the length as great as the log will allow, generally from 20 to 25 feet; the depth fifteen to eighteen inches; the gunwale is not more than two inches thick; the sides gradually increasing in thickness toward the bottom, where they are about three, and the bottom itself is usually left three and a half to four inches thick, which allows of occasional planing when the wood becomes rough from contact with rocks and shallows. This shell is strengthened by small knees placed at intervals along the inside and bottom. To those unaccustomed to them, they seem the most frail and unsafe shells that could be contrived; but in reality they are very strong, more steady than a birch, and admirably adapted for the rough and rapid waters in which they are employed. They are propelled by poles instead of paddles, and the skill with which they are managed by those who almost live in them, is really wonderful. To the dweller on the banks of the upper Miramichi, his canoe is both horse and wagon. Capable of carrying a large load when properly stowed, it is his usual mode of transport, and is to the white settler what the birch is to the Indian, with these advantages: the log canoe is steadier in the water, and from its greater strength is better adapted for passing over the rough bed of the stream and shooting among sunken rocks that lie hidden in dangerous rapids. When the writer was last at Burnt Hill, in 1885, good canoes were getting very scarce on the river, and suitable trees to make them growing scarcer every year. Pirougues, made from two smaller logs, each furnishing half, joined by dovetails across the middle of the bottom, and flat-bottom boats called skiffs, were fast taking the place of the old single canoe. With the log canoe will be lost one of the fine arts of frontier life. Already the art is confined to a few of the oldest inhabitants, and these do not equal their fathers in producing canoes of graceful lines and easy propulsion. As a curious coincidence, Abe Munn and Tom Hunter were again my men in a canoe of their own making, elderly men, but still among the best on the river. Alas! the companion of my first visit with Abe and Tom and most all of those who were the companions and canoe-men of many subsequent visits, have paid the debt of Nature and the Octogenarian, while awaiting his call, oft in memory reviews the pleasures of past days and the faithful services of his old guides.

While waiting at the Bend for the canoes we had each caught our first grilse and ungrateful dogs that we were, had grown impatient to reach the Clearwater pools, in which salmon are sure to be found all summer. At length they arrived; dividing the luggage, each had a canoe and two men at his disposal, all of whom knew the river perfectly and every pool where a salmon rested; they started for Clearwater at their best speed. Our men were all young and among the best on the river. Each was equally good in bow or stern. The former must possess a good knowledge of the river, the several rapids with their hidden rocks; he must be quick, skillful with the pole and sure-footed; the latter must have thews and sinews of iron; strength to force the canoe over water too shallow to float her entirely, and dexterity to second the quickest motion of the bow-pole, who sees the hidden danger and intimates its presence by the motion of his pole. Our men took as much pride in their canoes as city swells take in their horses, and plumed themselves as much on their management as the latter do on their driving. The post of honor is always in advance; it is comparatively easy to follow in the wake of a good leader—and each of our crews strove for the honor, although it involved more trouble and labor. We arrived at Clearwater rather late for evening fishing; but while the men were pitching tent and getting fir boughs for our beds, we had reached the height of our ambition and the fulfilment of many a dream; we were casting our flies over a pool which never fails to hold salmon from June till September. We soon had each a fish on the line; but truth compels the confession that we lost both and our flies as well. Next morning we were early at work. We had not then learned what subsequent experience taught us—that salmon will rise as well between nine and eleven o'clock as they will between seven and nine. After several more losses of flies and leaders, which is pretty sure to be the footing the novice must pay—we each succeeded in catching our first salmon, and congratulated each other on the gratification of many youthful longings and the realization of many day-dreams. No matter how cool and skilful the angler may be when casting for trout and bringing them to creel with scarcely a loss or an accident, he will get flurried and nervous when for the first time salmon rise to his fly. Accustomed to strike as the trout shows, he instinctively does the same when he sees the swirl of the salmon. Generally he strikes too quickly and always too hard. The consequence of the first error is that he does not hook his fish; of the second that he loses fly or leader. No other instruction can be given in these cases except the oft-repeated "don't do it!" A good many years after, the Old Angler was fishing the same pools at Clearwater in company with that "all white" man, excellent actor and enthusiastic angler, the late J. W. Lanergan, whose too early death many hundred readers of FOREST AND STREAM learned with sincere regret. He had gone through all the lower grades with gad, twine and worm on the brooks of Massachusetts and Vermont. He had taken double-first with rod and reel on the lakes and streams near St. John; he had graduated with honors among the landlocked salmon (ouananiche) of the St. Croix lakes; and now he was up in exams. for his M. A. diploma among the *Salmo Salar* of the North Shore of New Brunswick. He stumbled just where we all do and must if we would penetrate the arcanum of angling. He found it very difficult to avoid striking too forcibly, and the writer, standing behind him, took hold of his rod and gave the indescribable turn of the wrist which tightens the line without jerking it.

"Can't you do it so, Jim?"

"If I could, do you think I'd be throwing away my flies and leaders here?"

In camp, after dinner, he related an anecdote of the great actor, Edwin Forrest, somewhat as follows: "When I was quite a novice on the stage I had a small part in a scene with Forrest which always 'brought down the house' at his splendid acting when he played Spartacus. At rehearsal I made a sad mull of my lines, which aroused all his irritable humor. Contrary to his usual habit, which was not amiable at rehearsals, he placed me in position and speaking the lines said, 'Can't you do it so?' 'If I could, I'd not be wasting time here at ten dollars a week!' Mr. F. appreciated the subtle compliment of this reply, and was always kind to me afterward." Dear old Jim! He lived to kill many a salmon on Nepissiguit and Miramichi, and some years after hooked, played and gaffed a salmon "all his lone" from Governor's Rock, below the mouth of Burnt Hill Brook—a feat never done before and but seldom since. But to return to older memories of Clearwater when the Old Angler himself was passing his novitiate.

Fish were plentiful in the river; we were the only anglers that had been on the stream for several years, so we had good luck and fine sport. We stayed two days at Clearwater and had several fine fish in the smokehouse. Just here let me mention that Clearwater is a very considerable stream, which takes its rise in a large lake fed by several brooks. At its mouth, along its course and in the lake, are fine trout, running from one to three pounds. These are the sea trout which, a month earlier, were in the tideway and at Indiantown. We moved up to the pools at Rocky Brook which Abe assured us had not yet been disturbed by spearers. Here we had fine practice, and before leaving for Burnt Hill—the goal of all anglers who visit the river—sent a dozen salmon to swell the contents of our smokehouse at Clearwater. Between Rocky Brook and Burnt Hill are Three-Mile rapids, where the stream is so swift that continuous and prolonged efforts of the canoe-men are necessary to ascend them. Very often poles are broken or lost, when others must be seized at once. There are generally spare poles made before entering this rapid, the whole passage of which is exciting both to men and passengers. The country bordering this part of the river is hilly, the banks are steep and the scenery wild and impressive. The hills were then well wooded; but the lumberer has since culled every trunk that could be made into a merchantable deal. We did not reach Burnt Hill until the shades of evening were falling and we missed the afternoon fishing. But the evening was soft and balmy; the moon would soon rise and add its beauty to the sylvan scene. The murmurs of the stream mingled with the louder music of the river rushing on its downward course among the rocks and boulders which make the pools at Burnt Hill a favorite resort for salmon. We sat around the door of the camp, smoking and anticipating great sport for the remaining two days we had to spend on the river. While thus engaged my companion called attention to the rising moon which, seemingly, had just become visible above the trees some distance up stream. A single look assured me that our fishing was done for that season. The rising moon proved to be a "grille" with flaming pine knots in the bow of a canoe on its first spearing trip down the river. We asked the men to spare the pools at Burnt Hill, as those below would give them all the fish their canoe could carry. They wanted ten dollars, which, unfortunately, we were not then in a position to give them, as our expenses home would exhaust our finances. "We hadn't the boots in those days." All that night the best pools on the river were gone over several times and in the morning the spearers left with their canoe half full of the largest salmon in the river. As it was useless to fish the pools for a week at least, we followed them down river with sad hearts at the sport we had lost. The only halt we made was at Falls Brook, an insignificant stream in summer. About half a mile from its mouth it pitches over a perpendicular ledge of considerable height, making a very beautiful miniature fall. Ages ago it must have been a large and deep stream; at the fall was a circular basin 100 yards in diameter, with almost perpendicular sides of crumbling rock. While we were examining this relic of a past age, two of our men climbed the cliff and by means of levers launched over the edge a fallen tree lodged on the brink. In its fall it brought with it large masses of rock, which came thundering down, giving us a faint idea of what an avalanche in the Rockies might mean. At Clearwater we took aboard a dozen smoked fish, the carriage of which, by stage, cost more than they were worth before we reached St. John—everyone our friends received cost us at least five dollars. To-day the sport is even more costly, for the whole river is monopolized by lessees of the Provincal Government, and its best pools are held by wealthy Americans, who, the writer was informed this summer, charge five dollars per day for the privilege of fishing a single pool. The facilities for reaching the rivers now contrast strongly with the difficulties of former days. Leaving St. John by a morning train, the tourist can now step off at Boiestown and in the evening camp on the river, or he can leave St. John in the morning, step off at Matapedia station, camp on the Restigouche the same night, or go on to New Richmond and the Grand Cascapedia. But unless he is the fortunate possessor of "the boots," he cannot fish a single pool in the Provinces.

Among the various and ingenious arrangements and combinations by means of which the millionaires have always been masters, they have made an "angling trust," and none but those who possess "the boots" can now aspire to angle for salmon. The Restigouche and its club house is not the only example of the millionaire's idea of sport. They have grabbed the Cascapedia, the Bonaventure and all the salmon streams about Gaspé, and have introduced on these fine rivers the same dilettantism in fishing, that some of them display in art. Before the Old Angler, as he pens these lines, is an *édition de luxe* of a small book describing two visits to the Grand Cascapedia. One of the full-page illustrations depicts an angler (?) seated in an armchair beside a salmon pool, one leg crossed over the other, a cigar in his mouth and an Indian standing behind his chair with a birch bough, brushing the flies away from the luxurious sybarite! The line is fast to a fish, and the text thus describes the situation: * * * "Sitting down as coolly and unflurried as if he were casting up the interest on a long note [he is a banker] instead of fighting a hard battle (?) with a forty-five pound salmon." Of course he lost the fish, and the author moralizes thus: "I had always admired the serenity with which my friend had borne the crosses of life; but on this occasion his serenity touched the verge of the sublime! Happy man, who can thus lose a fifty-pound salmon without intermitting a single puff of his cigar!" Ho! ye of the Old Guard. See how the *jeunesse doré* have improved on your antiquated ways! The Old Angler used to be somewhat vain of his skill with rod and line, acquired by many years' hard practice on the Miramichi, the Nepissiguit, the Restigouche and the Cascapedia; but—

"Chapeau bas! Chapeau bas!!
Honneur à Marquis de Carrabas!!"

he humbly doffs his hat to the millionaire who, on his first visit to a salmon river (so says the text) tackles forty-five pound salmon seated in an armchair with his legs crossed and a cigar in his mouth! But perhaps it is presumptuous to suppose that the *hoi polloi*, with only a limited supply of "the boots," could in any way compete in skill with multimillionaires! However that may be, the Old Angler confesses that he never in his best days killed a salmon with a cigar in his mouth; and he may add that he never attempted the feat! Nor could he, in his palmiest days, though fairly skilful with rod and line, capture "sixteen large trout (from half a pound to three pounds) in thirty minutes, with an eight-ounce rod, without a landing net." If he could do it and indulged in this kind of slaughter, which he is glad he cannot, he would certainly lack the "gall" to proclaim himself an angler. But he still retains the old-fashioned opinion of Dame Berners and Father Izaak that

Angling is not alone to fish,
Nor sport mere killing game.

Were the mere killing of fish the sole object of the angler's outing, all whom the writer has ever met would have to yield the palm to the *habitan* he saw at tide-head on Cascapedia. He had a long sapling fir pole, twenty yards of mackerel twine for line, at the end of which was a bunch of domestic mallard feathers tied with black thread on a mackerel hook, whose shank was wound with red yarn. He scorned reels and leaders; but he could slash out the full length of his line with considerable skill; when he hooked a fish, which he did at almost every slash of his line for a time, he hauled it into his canoe with as little ceremony as he jigged makerel in the midst of a school, at which he was an adept. But *Messieurs les Millionnaires* are waiting. Not content with their wheat and corn trusts and corners; steel and iron trusts; sugar and oil trusts; cotton and wool trusts; tobacco and cigar trusts; hard and soft coal trusts, that raise the price of all the necessaries of life, the millionaires have now made a "corner" in salmon fishing and raised the price of its luxuries! On the principle that "might makes right," this may be all correct; but it grates harshly on the Octogenarian, who, in behalf of his brother anglers whose stock of "boots" is limited, would submit the question, whether they are not, in fairness, entitled to a reasonable share of those pleasures which Nature provides for all her votaries without money and without price?

We have before us a problem which affects not alone our pleasures but our very existence, should the millionaires so manipulate the "Coal Trust" that great masses of their fellow creatures must perish of cold. Perhaps the Octogenarian's mind has not kept pace with the rapid progress of these latter days; but to his plain "horse-sense" it seems clear that there must be some linch-pin loose in our much-praised Car of Progress. Progress! when the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer with every revolution of its wheels. Whether our "Progress of Civilization," taken in some of its aspects, is a blessing or a curse is an open question. While we must believe that Progress is the Order of the Universe established by the Infinite, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that to the masses it has brought a curse rather than a blessing; that only the favored few reap its rich rewards, while the great majority of mankind are no better off, if, indeed, they are not worse off than ever they were before. The Car of Progress seems to be rolling over the heads of the millions instead of under their feet, crushing into the dust those it should bear into heaven. Capital is the child of Labor, but the creature has become lord of its creator. On every hand we are beset by problems which must be solved; but by far the most important—the one which may be said to embrace all the others—and to which the Octogenarian respectfully calls the grave attention of *Messieurs les Millionnaires*, is simply this: "How can the masses secure a more equitable division of the wealth that labor produces, and assure to every able-bodied man willing to work an opportunity to earn an honest living?" The working classes are, thanks to our free-school system and the spread of knowledge, fast coming to under-

stand the great truth that lies at the foundation of all systems of Politieal Economy, viz: "Every cent collected by any method by any department of government comes out of the purse of labor, the only source of wealth. They are beginning to understand that the capital of the millionaire came from labor, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the laborer and not the millionaire produced it all. They are beginning to see, more clearly than ever before, that accumulation is not production, and they are asking each other by what right one man possesses a hundred million dollars while thousands of his fellow citizens are starving for want of employment? And yet, one of the popular preachers of the day, whose discourses form a feature in the orthodox press, is reported to have preached from his pulpit: "The laborer should be content in that sphere where God has placed him. But for the Bryans, the Debses, the Gompers and the Mitchells he would be docile enough." If this is true, it is only necessary to "remove" the labor-leaders as fast as they appear and all will be well. These platitudes from the plutocrats' pulpits will not serve their intended purpose much longer. Among the solid chunks of practical wisdom that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, left to his fellow citizens is this one: "You can fool some of the people all the time, all the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." The masses have been fooled all the time. "Strikes" hitherto have only strengthened the faith of the millionaires in their own shibboleth—"Labor cannot coerce Capital," and the most intelligent labor leaders have grieved over the sad truth that labor has furnished the weapons that have ever beaten it into subjection. Like Byron's eagle stretched along the plain—

> "Keen are their pangs, but keener far to feel
> Their own hard labor formed the fatal steel."

When Tennyson wrote "Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers," he must have seen in the distance such economic idiots as this popular preacher. Never before in the history of civilization has such an object-lesson been presented to thoughtful minds as is furnished by the "coal strike" now in course of settlement. Never before has the world seen 3,000,000 intelligent operatives, thoroughly organized under men who can spare a hatful of brains to the millionaires, demand from those whom their labor has enriched a more equitable remuneration for that labor. With so large a contingent hovering on the verge of want, and the farmers sympathizing openly with the strikers, who defy the laws, wreck property and sacrifice human life in their blind rage, would it not be well for the millionaires to reconsider matters and ask themselves if they have the power to lay the monster which, like Frankenstein, they have called into existence? Labor being the Atlas that supports the social world, would it not be wise for *Messieurs les Millionnaires* to inquire from time to time how he gets on with his job—especially when they hear him complaining very audibly that his burden is getting too grievous to be borne, and he manifests a growing disposition to turn his pack into a foot-ball and play a game which may jeopardize not only the lives of the millionaires, but even the continuance of our representative institutions. This game has been played before and the millionaires and *noblesse* came out second best. We all know how that moral thunderstorm cleared the social atmosphere and how much better off have the *hoi polloi* of France been ever since. When this social storm of thunder and lightning breaks over the United States and England the millionaires will be the worst sufferers and will curse their own stupidity that made them blind to the signs of the times. V.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Devil Fishing.

EVERYBODY cannot go bobbing for whales, nor can many of us enjoy swordfishing, but there is always good sport hunting big game in the Gulf Coast waters of Florida for those who go prepared for it. The man who wants his game in ton chunks should seek the manta, or devilfish, in Lemon Bay, San Carlos Bay, Charlotte Harbor, or Tampa Bay. The further south they are sought, the earlier they will be found.

The devilfish (*Manta birostris*) is a thoroughly harmless big skate, except when he happens to hunt a light boat by accident, or while struggling on a harpoon line. Specimens thirty feet in width have been killed, and the average width across the flippers is probably twenty feet. It is doubtful if a devilfish has ever been weighed, and the ordinary guesses at their weight are valueless. A ton is a fair estimate for a devilfish seventeen feet in width. The length and breadth of these fish is about the same when the whip-like tail and the flippers at each side of the wide, toothless mouth are included in the measurement. The open mouth laterally measures one-sixth of the whole width of the fish. The fleshy flippers at each side of this gaping orifice are used for fanning food into the maw of the fish. Its food is evidently minute crustacea, and it feeds much as the whalebone whales do, by screening the water through fine interstices. On the under side of the devilfish are four pairs of gill openings, fitted interiorly with a most elaborate system of filtering screens, which appear as if woven with wire in long, narrow meshes, like those of a locomotive spark arrester, though much finer. Beyond its bat-like wings the manta has no means of locomotion. It has one steering fin close to the root of its apparently useless tail. In depth the devilfish is about one-ninth of its extreme width.

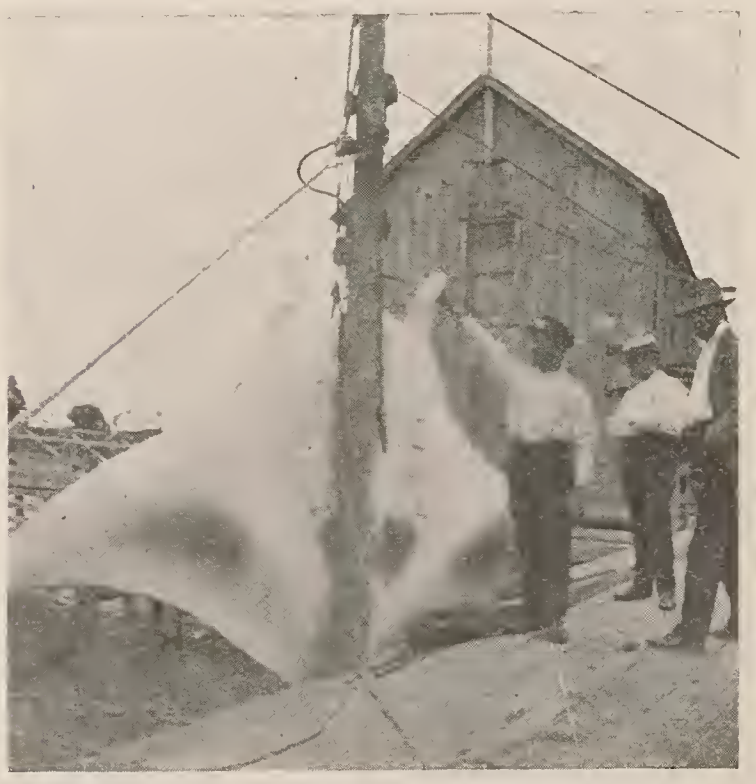
Devilfish are usually seen in pairs in early spring. They swim side by side, careening so as to show alternately above water a foot or more of one of their wings. When in the bays, or close along shore in the Gulf, they are easily seen from a distance because they seem to be constantly playing on the surface, occasionally flashing their shining backs in the sunlight, and once in a great while leaping entirely out of water. In the shallow bays they follow the channels closely and are never known to venture upon the oyster bars or reefs except when wounded by the harpoon and trying blindly to escape to sea. On rare occasions schools of six or eight devilfish have been observed in summer circling and somersaulting in deep, clear water. They appear in San Carlos Bay about the first week in March and their numbers increase as the weather grows warmer. April and May are the best months for devilfishing, and one of the best places to start out from is Punta Rasa on San Carlos Bay at the mouth of the Caloosahatchie River. This is great tarpon ground, too, and one of the best places on the Gulf Coast for channel bass, jackfish, spotted weakfish, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, sheepshead and other species.

The outfit for devilfishing should comprise a stiff sea boat capable of carrying four persons comfortably. A cat rig is preferable, and it should be of light draft and broad of beam. In the equipment should be at least a thousand yards of three-eighth-inch manila line, divided into two coils. Two harpoons, preferably of the lily-iron type, should be provided, together with two lances, a hatchet and a double shotgun or heavy repeating rifle. A large, sharp and strong gaff is an accessory which may be found useful at any time, and there should always be a powerful marine glass at hand. So much for the characteristics of the misnamed creature and the tools needed to circumvent him. Now for the story of how

ON EXHIBITION.

one was taken by a thorough enthusiast who went to great lengths to equip himself for the sport and has followed it for a number of years at odd times.

E. H. Tomlinson, of St. Petersburg, Fla., built himself a catamaran 35 feet in length and 15 feet beam. It was rigged with jib and mainsail and a dandy mizzensail. The bowsprit is a short, stout stick and upon its outer end is a pulpit made of iron pipe, waist-high. Amidships is a flush cockpit with coamings 30 inches high. This forms the walls of a tent at night, or when at anchor in rainy weather, and the main boom forms the ridge pole of the tent. The hulls are flat-bottomed and the craft is extremely stiff in any weather. There is ample room around the fence-like coaming for a footway and roomy decks fore and aft. The cockpit contains a refrigerator,



UNDER SIDE SHOWING GILL OPENINGS.

a stove and the water cask, besides a folding table and half a dozen camp chairs.

When several anglers had reported sighting devilfish last March, Mr. Tomlinson had his catamaran high and dry upon the shell beach at Punta Rasa between George Shultz's hotel and the cattle wharf. He sent to St. Petersburg for two of his favorite cadets, quiet, husky boys of 17 and 19 and brothers. They came down within two days and the catamaran was quickly gotten into commission after the spiders, centipedes, ants and other insects had been evicted with sulphur fumes. Then the boat was equipped and one fine morning in the last week of March we sailed away, over the bay toward Sanibel Island. A light breeze was blowing from the southeast and the water was so smooth that there was no difficulty in seeing the little bunches of scaups floating upon the surface all around us. We were all watching for devilfish with our eyes almost popping out of our heads. A big shark fin cutting the water 200 yards away raised a false alarm before we had cruised more than a couple of miles, and we all began to think we were going to draw a blank when one of the bright-eyed boys quietly remarked: "I think I see two sea-bats over toward Estero. Please let me have the glass."

Putting the powerful marine glasses to his eyes he studied the water for fully half a minute and then said: "Yes, there's a pair of them just come out of Matanzas Pass and they're heading this way up the channel. They're just to the north of red buoy No. 2."

Mr. Tomlinson took the glasses and saw the two fish at a glance. Just then one of them showed his shining back in the sunlight, and although it was jet black it shone like a mirror and instantly revealed the location of the game to the naked eyes of all on board. We had to beat up to head off the two fish, which were lazily swimming up the bay. Not a word was spoken as the boat and fish drew together on each port tack. Mr. Tomlinson was forward arranging his harpoons and lines and one of the boys was tending sheet while the other steered. When we came within a hundred feet of the big fish we could plainly see their bat-like forms in the limpid water, and doubtless they saw us, too, but they showed no fear and did not change their course. The owner of the catamaran was in the pulpit now with his lily iron poised. The steersman had his eye upon the larger of the two fish and was cutting close into the wind to bring it under the bowsprit. I believe we all held our breaths until Mr. Tomlinson launched the iron with such power that it passed clear through the devilfish and locked its pivoted trigger on the bellyside. There was a wild flurry when the fish felt the iron, but it did not make any more commotion than its mate, which was untouched. Both lashed the water into foam and the uninjured fish sprang clear out of water, curling its body in the air and diving head foremost with its wings curled upward. The harpooned fish was meanwhile taking out line and going seaward like a torpedo boat, coming out of water every few seconds and making a foaming wake like that of a sternwheel steamer. He was getting lots of rope, but Mr. Tomlinson was preparing to snub him while he was going in the same general direction as the boat and the sails were drawing. The line was passed around a cleat with a single throw and one turn and there was only a slight shock when the line drew taut, but this restraint was enough to make the big fellow redouble his efforts to escape and he towed the big, awkward raft of a catamaran so fast that the sails flapped idly. The boys quickly lowered all canvas and stowed it away. Mr. Tomlinson took another turn of the line around the cleat and holding the free end in his hand stood watching the struggling fish. On it went, past the Point Ybel and out into the open Gulf. There was nothing for us to do but wait until it tired out. Several times it sounded and sulked for a rest, coming to the surface again slightly refreshed. The hours went by and the fish changed its course abruptly several times, once heading straight back for nearly three miles toward Sanibel Light. The wind freshened and the spray broke over the catamaran continually. Several times all hands manned the line and succeeded in getting in a portion of it by pulling the boat toward the fish, fastening all we gained. After four hours of fighting, winning and losing by turns, we had the devilfish close under the bow and as it turned over to dive, Mr. Tomlinson sent another iron through it from belly to back. The two harpoons crossed each other, so closely were they driven together. The second iron took all the fight out of the fish, and it flapped its wings idly as the line was hauled taut and belayed. Now the sails were hoisted and we started for Punta Rasa with a stiff wind on the starboard quarter. It was slow work towing the ponderous fish, but we wanted it for an autopsy. The sun went down as we entered the bay and we had nearly four miles to tow the quarry against the tide, but the catamaran buckled down to the task and we reached the hotel wharf at 8:30 that night. The devilfish was beached and secured by tying the harpoon lines to stout posts. In the morning a mast and tackle blocks were rigged to the side of the wharf and the fish was hoisted clear of the water and six or seven cameras were repeatedly snapped at it. While it was hanging up, one of the negroes let himself down into the mouth of the fish and stood there concealed to his hips. The autopsy was then made and the intricate system of screens was the most interesting feature of it. It was an unpleasant task, owing to the overpowering odor exuded by the monster even when freshly killed. After the "innards" of the creature had been explored, it was placed aboard the catamaran again and dumped overboard in the channel to float away on the ebb.

HARRIMAC.

Death of Gardner M. Skinner.

We regret to learn of the death of Gardner M. Skinner at his home in Clayton, N. Y. Mr. Skinner was maker of the spoon baits bearing his name, which have been used by thousands of fishermen in all parts of the country. Born in Gananoque, Ont., and a resident of Clayton, he was all his life a dweller on the St. Lawrence, and was enthusiastic in his appreciation and praise of the Thousand Island region. His interest in fishing was intense. In every movement to foster and enlarge the resources of the Thousand Island waters he was ever found foremost. It was largely through his instrumentality that the Canadian fishing authorities made the prevailing concessions to American anglers crossing over into British waters for bass fishing; and the American and Canadian cooperative laws for the protection of fish were in large measure due to his intelligent and persevering efforts. To him also we are indebted for the part he took in persuading the Legislature to set apart public camping ground reservations among the St. Lawrence River islands. Thus in many ways, quietly and without self-seeking or any plea for public recognition—for he was one of the most modest of men—Mr. Skinner served in his day and generation, and is held in grateful memory by those who knew him.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The English "Oyster Scare."

To the Forest, Fish and Game Commission:

GENTLEMEN—The death of the Dean of Winchester from typhoid fever, in England, has evoked widespread sympathy throughout the United Kingdom and in the United States, and the unfortunate circumstances attending his last illness have engendered a sensational state of public alarm, which is alluded to in the English press as "The Oyster Scare."

The assertion is made that the typhoid bacilli were, in this case, conveyed by oysters eaten at a Lord Mayor's banquet given in London, and in consequence the English oyster trade has been well nigh prostrated.

It should be noted that the oysters used at the banquet in question *were not American oysters*, but were taken, it is stated, from beds located in the south of England, and it is charged that over some of these beds "an outfall of sewage has been permitted to flow."

Whether oysters are ever the medium of distribution of typhoid germs is of course a question for medical men to determine. It is claimed by some authorities that the connection between typhoid and the oyster has never been scientifically established. Our chief duty and interest, however, is to thoroughly inform ourselves and the public concerning the purity of the sources of the oyster supply of our domestic and export markets.

On the third instant I received from the Forest, Fish and Game Commission a letter requesting that some guarantee of the wholesome character of the Blue Point and East River oysters be sent to the commission for the information of the Governor of New York State, that the Governor might communicate with the Secretary of State at Washington in order that the representatives of the United States Government abroad might have the proper assurances of the freedom of New York oysters from contamination. Upon the same day I forwarded to the commission certificates as follows:

This will certify that the oysters known in the trade as "East Rivers" are taken from beds situated in Long Island Sound, an important arm of the sea extending for 120 miles between the south coast of the State of Connecticut and Long Island, in the State of New York, its greatest width being about twenty miles, narrowing to about two miles at its western extremity; averaging about twelve miles wide. These beds are remote from any possible contamination by sewage or otherwise, many of them being at a depth of sixty feet under pure sea water.

Dated New York, Jan. 3, 1903.

B. FRANK WOOD,
State Superintendent of Shell Fisheries.

This will certify that the oysters known in the trade as "Blue Points" are taken from beds located in Great South Bay, a great expanse of salt water lying along the south shore of Long Island in New York State, and with its extensions, known as Moriches Bay and Shinnecock Bay, having a total length of about sixty miles. These bays are from two to six miles wide, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by narrow strips of sand beach, through which are many inlets, allowing the ocean tides to regularly ebb and flow. The oyster beds are at an average distance of about two miles from shore. The south shore of Long Island is sparsely settled, and there is no possibility of sewage or other contamination.

Dated New York, Jan. 3, 1903.

B. FRANK WOOD,
State Superintendent of Shell Fisheries.

I immediately requested Mr. John E. Overton, one of the State oyster protectors, to interview some of our leading physicians, particularly those residing near our oyster grounds, upon the subject, that I might have their views. The letters which follow speak for themselves.

New York State Department of Health,
Daniel Lewis, M.D., Commissioner.
Albany, Jan. 10, 1903.

Mr. B. Frank Wood, Superintendent of Shell Fisheries, 1 Madison avenue, City:

My Dear Sir—Since I have been connected with the State Department of Health, first, as president, and recently, as commissioner in charge of the department, no case of typhoid fever has been reported to the department in which the cause of the disease was attributed to the eating of oysters.

In my private practice, where I have seen many cases, and in patients who habitually used oysters as an article of diet, I have never met a case in which I had the slightest suspicion that the infection had been communicated through diseased oysters. The legitimate inference, from my experience as a health officer, as well as in private practice, is that the infection of oysters by typhoid germs is practically unknown in this city and State. And it is my opinion that there is no danger of contracting typhoid from the free use of the oyster as a food. Any suggestion to the contrary is a mere speculation, unsubstantiated and unworthy of serious consideration. Very truly yours,

DANIEL LEWIS, Commissioner.

From the neighborhood of the Blue Point beds come the following letters:

Patchogue, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1903.

This is to say that I have been in active practice among the residents and oystermen along the shores of Great South Bay during the past seventeen years. Oysters constitute the principal meat diet during the season of many of these people, and they are as free from contagious diseases as any people upon the earth. The oysters taken from the bay are absolutely pure and free from any germs of disease.

W. S. BENNETT, M.D.

In regard to the possible contamination of Great South Bay oysters with typhoid germs I write to say that I have never known of a case of typhoid fever which seemed to be caused by eating oysters from Great South Bay.

ARTHUR H. TERRY, M.D.

I wish to add my testimony to show how groundless is the English fear of typhoid fever coming from Blue Point oysters. In the first place, the south side of Long Island is exceptionally free from typhoid fever and all other infectious diseases. This can be verified by the State Health Board. Secondly, the infection of oysters from typhoid cases is almost impossible, for almost no sewers at all empty into the bay, and the few that do so, are from single and detached houses. Thirdly, we folks all eat oysters in all forms, and I am sure that no more typhoid is found during the oyster season than at other times during the year. As to this point, I am emphatic.

Trusting that the prejudice against the product of which we are the most proud may soon be removed, I am, yours truly,

FRANK OVERTON, M.D.
Health Officer of Patchogue Village.

From the north shore of Long Island, along which are cultivated the East River oysters, we have the certificates of James E. Gildersleeve, M.D., a practitioner for fifty years; J. A. Dildine, M.D., practicing ten years, and D. F. Many, M.D., who has practiced for fifteen years, who unite in saying that they have never known of a case of typhoid fever which could be traced to eating oysters.

Wm. E. Sylvester, M.D., who is in the service of the State, and connected with the shellfish office, writes:

Hon B. Frank Wood, 1 Madison avenue, City:

My Dear Sir—Relative to the contamination of oysters, I will say that, after a long and extensive experience among people where it was an important article of diet, I have never seen a case of typhoid fever resulting therefrom. From a personal knowledge of the oyster industry about New York, I am satisfied that no oysters obtainable are freer from objectionable influences than these.

Yours, very truly,
WM. E. SYLVESTER, M.D.

"In 1896 a very careful examination was made in England by Professors Herdman and Boyce, of University College, who were furnished with oysters from almost every bed in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, and also in America. Not a single case was found in which there was anything in the oysters injurious to health. One of their tests was to inject typhoid germs into oysters which were then placed in salt water. The germs gradually disappeared, and in the course of a few days the oysters were clear of them. As a more severe test, oysters were placed at the mouth of a drain which connected with a dwelling in which at the time were typhoid fever patients, and the oysters were afterward found to be free from the slightest infection."

Clear sea water is a well-known purifier, and it seems to have been demonstrated that in it disease germs cannot long exist.

A considerable portion of the supply of good and wholesome food for our immense urban population, and much for export, is taken from the clear sea water surrounding Long Island and from Raritan Bay at Staten Island, and any suspicion concerning its purity is without reason or foundation.

New York, Jan. 10, 1903.

B. FRANK WOOD,
State Superintendent of Shellfisheries.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Feb. 11-14.—New York.—Twenty-seventh annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 18-21.—Newark, N. J.—Show of New Jersey Kennel Association. C. G. Hopton, Sec'y.
Feb. 20-21.—Denver, Colo.—Bench show of Colorado Kennel Club.
Feb. 23-26.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show. W. B. Emery, Sec'y.
March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

National Beagle Club of America.

National Beagle Club of America, Camden, N. J.—The regular quarterly meeting of this club will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8:30 P. M., in the café at the southwest corner of Madison Avenue and 27th Street, New York City, at which time any and all business will be transacted which shall be brought before the meeting. By order of the president. Dated Jan. 22, 1903.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON,
Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

The annual meeting of the American Fox Terrier Club will be held at Madison Square Garden, on Feb. 11, immediately after the fox terriers are judged. A meeting of the executive committee will follow immediately after the club meeting.

Yachting.

Southern Y. C.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Southern Y. C., of New Orleans, La., has adopted a new racing measurement rule which may be interesting to yachtsmen in other sections of the country. The formula being 85 per cent. of the square root of the sail area (as measured by the Seawanhaka Y. C. rule) equals the racing rating measurement; or,

$$\sqrt{S\ A} \times 85 = \text{Rating.}$$

The club has used the old Seawanhaka rule for years and it has gone very slow about making a change, preferring to wait and watch results in the North and to profit, if possible, thereby, the state of affairs here permitting this, as its fleet of racers had not been modernized to any great extent. Now that the leading clubs have made their changes in measurement rules none seem to fit the requirements in this part of the yachting world. Any rule requiring displacement calculations or girth measurements, while very well in their way, were considered too complicated, or at least not practical along this coast. As the tendency of the times would seem to show that measurement rules were getting more and more complicated, the latest introduced requiring that a vessel be hauled out to be measured for rating, and that the idea was to penalize a certain form of freak that probably never would have been introduced had it not been created to cheat a measurement rule, in this case the waterline part of the rule, the question arises, Why measure and tax the hull at all?

Forty or fifty years ago the Southern Y. C. used a rule that called for measuring the length on deck only, and the result was that yachts were encouraged that were monstrosities, longer on the waterline than on deck, with "ram" bows and sterns much the same shape, the celebrated "Stingaree" being a well-remembered example. In later days in taxing the waterline another form of freak is encouraged with the "overhangs" in the air and with a different set of reverse curves at the waterline. Why now adopt a rule with some other hull measurements just to penalize this latter style of boat and perhaps, as was the result in both cases mentioned, encourage as bad freaks along some other lines?

When the waterline rule was evolved it was thought to be a perfect one, but in the light of present practices it is clear that it might have been better had l. w. l. never been taxed as it was—that it should not be discouraged at all.

It is clear that we must have a new rule for measurement that does not place a premium on waterline, and a displacement rule is out of the question when we consider the fleet we are dealing with and the conditions under which we race. Therefore it is evident that there is nothing left of the hull to measure that we see can give promise of better things. So we will answer the foregoing question and not measure it at all. It is not even necessary to measure it for classification, and hence matters are more than ever simplified and that bugaboo of whether to measure with crew on board or not is escaped. But account must be taken of the size of some element of a craft for the sake of classification and rating for time allowance, the latter only until all building is up to class limits, as the allowance rule should encourage. As the sails can't be "freaked," "scowed," nor inflicted with overhangs to cheat the system of measurement, they will be used alone for measurement.

The present simple rule for ascertaining the sail area will be used and as before the square root of the area will be taken. The result on the average yacht would be a figure considerably larger than that obtained by getting the racing length by the Seawanhaka method, so 85 per cent. of the square root of the sail area will be taken, which will reduce the figure down to somewhere between the boat's waterline and the racing length as found by the old formula, thereby affording a better indication of the yacht's size in the figure of the rating.

These ideas were advanced by the writer and they met with the approval of the members of the club, the regatta committee taking the initiative and indorsing the rule, and after being duly considered and discussed it was unanimously adopted. There was no intention to place a tax on sail, but that a certain proportion of it should serve as a limit for the various class sizes. To this end it was desired that the time allowance should be in favor of the larger boat and building to class limits would be encouraged by every means. The Herreshoff time allowance tables were considered too complicated, and after much figuring on the boats in the fleet and their past performances and not forgetting those that might be built, an arbitrary limit of five seconds per foot difference per mile of course was suggested by Measurer Holmes Harrison, of the club, and adopted. Later, if found desirable, this figure of 5 seconds can be altered to suit different classes; as, for instance, if it is found that the proportion should be smaller for the larger and larger for the smaller classes, as is indicated in the Herreshoff allowance tables. Without being proven in practice, five seconds seems to be a reasonably good proportion for the classes we have to deal with.

Simplification was the desideratum desired in both the rating rule formula and the time allowance method, and if they prove reasonably adequate matters will be made easier for the regatta committee and the measurer, and owners will be enabled to more readily know the standing of their yachts, one to another.

There is nothing in the measurement rule to put a check on the scow, that not being necessary nor desired, as they are relegated to classes by themselves, where no restriction is placed on design. The scow classes will be encouraged equally with the model classes and trust placed in the survival of the fittest. It is believed that with this arrangement there will be few cabin scows and that the open boats of this style will run, as at present, to small sizes, say under 25 feet measurement, where they give excellent sport.

In connection with the preceding rules quoted it will be interesting to know what are the classes and what comprises the cabin yacht rule of the Southern Y. C., so both are herewith appended:

FROM THE RACING RULES SOUTHERN Y. C.—CLASSIFICATION SEASON OF 1903, BASED ON RACING RATING.

Model Yachts.

Class A—Schooners.
Class B—Cabin sloops 30ft. and over.
Class C—Cabin sloops under 30ft.
Class D—Open sloops.
Class E—Cat boats.
Class F—Motor and steam launches.

Special Classes of Different Types.—Including freaks, scows, skiffs, and other racing machines. The allotment of a yacht to either the Model or Special Classes shall be decided by the Regatta Committee. A Model boat may, however, sail in one of the Special Classes if she so desires.

Class G—Cabin sloops.
Class H.—Open sloops.
Class I—Cat boats.

Crews—There shall be no restriction, except that the helmsman must be an amateur.

Course—To be ten miles; over an equilateral triangle of five miles, twice around.

Definition of a Cabin Yacht—A cabin yacht must be a seaworthy type of cruising or racing yacht, substantially constructed, with ballast on keel or fixed below the floor, if any is carried, with either a flush deck or with cabin trunk on deck. A cabin yacht must not carry shifting ballast.

The only exceptions to the following limitations shall be yachts over 20ft. racing length that have sailed as cabin yachts in a regular Southern Y. C. race prior to April 3, 1902, provided the cabin is the same as before used, and if the sides and front of it are not closed in solidly, she must carry curtains and have same strapped down.

1. The top, sides and ends of cabin trunk must be permanently constructed and closed in with wood, with proper windows or port lights and regulation entrance. Cabins must not be less than 7ft. long on top and have a width of floor space not less than one-fourth the greatest beam of yacht.

2. The cockpit floor shall be above the waterline, with scuppers draining outward. The top of sill of cabin entrance door must be not less than 8in. above the cockpit floor line.

3. The minimum size of cabin interior must be such as will accommodate two berths 6ft. 6in. long by 1ft. 6in. wide, which must be in place. The height of the cabin house in the clear, from the floor line to the under side of cabin top beams, over full area of cabin required, must be not less than 3ft. 6in. for yachts under 30ft. rating, and

not less than 4ft. 6in. for yachts of 30ft. rating and over.

4. The measurements required in these limitations must be made by the official measurer of the club, and they must form part of the regular rating measurement certificate to be filed with all entries.

L. D. SAMPSELL, Secretary S. Y. C.

The Defense of the Canada's Cup.

TORONTO, Jan. 24.—Unless future developments change matters materially, the Royal Canadian Y. C. will have no choice in the selection of a Canada's cup defender. The match for this great international trophy is due to be sailed off Toronto Island August 9, 10 and 11, 1903, although the Rochester Y. C., the challengers, would like an earlier date. When Invader brought back the cup from Chicago in 1901, enthusiasm ran high in Toronto, and half a dozen syndicates were talked of for the building of defenders for the next match, but for some reason or other the only defender now definitely in view is one which is being built for Mr. Norman Macrae, of Toronto. Her construction has not progressed very far as yet, because her frames, which are being furnished by her English designer, have not yet arrived in Toronto. There is talk of a syndicate to build a second defender, and in the interests of yachting it is to be hoped that there will at least be enough defenders for the holding of trial races. As the contestants are 40-footers under the new regulations they are an absolutely new class, and while there are plenty of boats of approximately the same size, there are none built to conform to the latest rules. For instance, the original Canada and Merrythought, Vreda, Aggie and Zelma are all of about the same size as the new boats, and these yachts and the larger flyer, Gloria, may be utilized in races to tune up the Toronto defender; but it would be much more satisfactory for the Royal Canadian Y. C. to be able to choose their defender from a number of new 40-footers. If no other defender is built the craft with which Mr. Macrae has come forward will have to be utilized, as she will be the only yacht in the R. C. Y. C. fleet which will conform exactly to the requirements of the new rules.

The Macrae defender for the Canada's cup promises to be a fine ship, whether she successfully defends the cup or not. She is no racing machine. Her owner wanted a smart pleasure craft, somewhat larger than his present yacht, the Watson cutter, Vivia, and was easily persuaded, since the cup needed a defender, to give an order for a yacht of the competing class—the new 40-footers. Since so much depended upon the new boat, the best of designers and builders known to Toronto men were chosen—A. E. Payne, of Southampton, England, for the lines, and Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville, for the construction. A. E. Payne designed the fastest all-around sailing craft Toronto has ever seen—Gloria, the famous winner of the Coupe de France, and Beaver, the defender of the Canada's cup in 1899. Beaver lost then, but she did not get her weather. Capt. Andrews, on the other hand, has built every Canadian craft that has ever had a look-in, as far as the Canada's cup is concerned.

Payne has turned out an able looking craft in the Macrae defender. She is roomy but not bulky, according to her lines. Her profile greatly resembles that of Beaver. The curve of her stem is a little less abrupt, and her counter is carried out a little further aft; her midships section shows a somewhat easier bilge than Beaver's, and more body; in short, there is less fin and more boat. This is probably the outcome of the new restrictions, and whatever the effect on speed, more headroom in cup challengers and cup defenders is to be encouraged.

The new craft will be within a few inches of 60ft. over all—probably 59ft. 6in. will be her length from stemhead to taffrail, and on the waterline she will just come within the limit of the 40ft. Under the new regulations the yachts are classified according to length on the waterline, hence the new 40-footers will be pretty big yachts for fresh water craft. The new boat will be of 13ft. beam on deck, and a little less at the waterline. Her draft is quite moderate for her other proportions, being just 8ft.

These dimensions are very close approximates to the actual ones, the publication of the latter being held in abeyance for a little while yet, a matter of fairness to the owner of the defender.

It is interesting to compare the new craft with the Watson-designed cutter Vivia, with which the Messrs. Macrae have been associated for years. Vivia has long been known, under the old measurements, as a "40-footer," but the new craft is 8ft. longer on the waterline and 10ft. longer on deck, and has 18in. more beam. Her section shows more curve than Vivia's, and she draws 15in. less. Her sail area is greater by a thousand square feet, so that the new regulations appear to have produced a bigger boat with more driving power and less draft, and the "long legged" craft are becoming less and less desirable on Lake Ontario. The famous Gloria, for instance, was brought to Toronto for Mr. H. C. McLeod two years after her Mediterranean victory; and while a magnificent craft in many respects, she has the somewhat doubtful honor of having grounded in every harbor on Lake Ontario that she has entered—and she only draws ten feet. Whether statistics bear it out or not, every old sailorman will tell you that there is less water in Lake Ontario harbors than there used to be, in spite of all the dredging.

The coming contest will witness a return to the club topsail regime that prevailed when Canada first won the cup. We have had jib-and-mainsail defenders and challengers ever since, but the Macrae craft will have a full cutter rig, and it is expected that the other contestants will follow suit. Twenty-six hundred square feet of canvas is a lot to handle in two pieces, so the jib-and-mainsail will probably be replaced by the cutter rig in all the 40-footers. The Macrae boat has a shipshape sail plan, her horn being of generous length and not stubbed off in modern fashion. Her biggest clubtopsail is not very large, and the mainsail will furnish most of the driving power. Her mainmast is 33ft. from deck to hounds, and her topmast is 20ft., so that she has pretty good hoist for, 40ft. of waterline. The mainboom is long, but not abnormally so—47ft.—and the gaff is 28ft. None of her three headsails are abnormal in size. The sail plan is pleasing, and, like everything else in the boat, has nothing freakish about it. Its total area is a few feet under the 2,600 limit.

Commodore Æmilius Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., he who first brought home the Canada's cup, and who has sailed for it in every contest, will probably be at the helm in the latest defender. His health has been giving his friends some anxiety, but a winter in the bracing atmosphere of Muskoka is working beneficent wonders with him and his return to yachting activity is looked forward to. Of course there are many other good sailors in the Royal Canadian Y. C., and such skippers as J. Wilton Morse or H. C. McLeod, of Toronto, or Capt. J. E. Fearnside, of Hamilton, would be able to handle the defender well if Mr. Geo. E. Macrae did not care to take the responsibility or could not afford the time. Mr. G. E. Macrae is a well-known racing sailor, and they relate of him how, in the last Canada's cup races, he saved Cadillac from losing her mainboom when she jibed all standing at the second turn. Mr. Macrae was the Canadian scrutineer, but the sailor outweighed the patriot, according to the story, and he threw the turns of the lee backstay runner off just quick enough to save the American from losing her mainboom or possibly being dismasted. Mr. Norman Macrae, who is the sole owner of the Macrae defender, is less of a racing sailor, but has been associated with his brother in the cutter Vivia, and is well known to Lake Ontario yachtsmen.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—The annual meeting of the Boston Y. C., to be held at Parker's on Wednesday evening next, will be a most important one, not only to the Boston Club, but also to the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and all yachtsmen of the East as well. At this meeting action will be taken upon the question of whether or not the Boston Y. C. and the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. may be amalgamated. This subject has been under consideration by prominent members of both clubs throughout the past year, but the time for decisive action has not been considered ripe until now. The matter came up before the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. at its annual meeting, but was laid over, and in regard to that meeting I must correct an error made in a recent letter on the election of officers of that club. It seems that the matter of election of officers was laid over, on account of the possibilities of amalgamation, although the officers had been nominated as announced.

There is no doubt that the amalgamation of these two clubs will be of great benefit. The Boston Y. C. is the oldest in New England, and has among its membership the names of yachtsmen who were first identified with the development of the sport in the East. The Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. is a very active one, its activity having been more marked within the past few years. If they join forces the new club will start with a membership of over 700, and will have a good equipment in the way of stations. There will be five of these in all, located at Boston, City Point, Dorchester, Hull and Marblehead. Having these stations under the management of one club will be of immense advantage to cruising yachtsmen. There is no doubt that the membership in the new club would increase rapidly from the time of amalgamation, and, with such a large prospective membership, it would be a very easy matter to establish stations at different points along the coast, as the demands of the cruising yachtsmen might require. Thus it would become one of the strongest yachting organizations in the country.

The nominating committee of the Boston Y. C. has presented the following names for election at the annual meeting, although it is likely that the nominations will be laid over, as in the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., until action upon amalgamation has been determined: Commodore, B. P. Cheney; Vice Commodore, Walter Burgess; Rear Commodore, Elmer F. Smith; Secretary, A. C. Fernald; Treasurer, William H. Bangs; Measurers, W. Starling Burgess and Jefferson Borden; Trustees, Commodore (ex-officio) and W. C. Lewis; Regatta Committee, Walter Burgess, Bertram D. Amsden, Charles A. French, Charles G. Browne and Sumner H. Foster; Membership Committee, Commodore and Secretary (ex-officio), Walter C. Lewis, Edmund H. Tarbell, William D. Turner, Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., and Everett Paine; House Committee, T. Wolcott Powers, William D. Turner, Willard B. Jackson, Herbert W. Wesson and Charles G. Browne.

Hollis Burgess has sold the 21-footer Recruit, owned by Mr. F. B. Rice, of Quincy, to Wagener Bros., of Penn Yan, N. Y.; 22ft. waterline yawl Edith, owned by Mr. F. H. Green, of Wollaston, to Mr. H. W. Hand, of New York; 21ft. raceabout Shawsheen, owned by Mr. George Atkinson, Jr., to Vice Commodore Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C.; 18ft. knockabout Shrimp, owned by Vice Commodore Burgess, to George Atkinson, Jr., and 25-footer Kalama III., owned by Mr. David Rice, to Mr. H. N. Richards, of Boston.

Small Bros. have an order for a 21-footer for the defense of the Lipton Cup from a syndicate of members of the Columbia Y. C. of Chicago. They have also an order for a cruising 21ft. waterline yawl for F. W. King, of Olneyville, R. I. They have sold a 17ft. waterline knockabout to Mr. F. H. Cheetham, of the South Boston Y. C., and the 26ft. Cape cat. Alma, owned by Mr. S. H. Eldridge, to Mr. R. J. Pond.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has gone ahead with the plans of a Seawanhaka challenger, and is now quite sure that the boat will be built. He will own her with another Boston yachtsman, whose name has been withheld. Mr. Boardman has an order for a 22-footer. He has sold his 18ft knockabout Sioux to Mr. P. W. Clement, who will sail her on Lake Champlain.

The Winthrop Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, William D. Allen; Vice Commodore, John J. Nicholson; Secretary, Charles G. Bird; Treasurer, Edgar H. Whitney; Measurer, Albert S. Richards; Directors, James R. Hodder, William I. Kelley, Joseph L. Rankin and Charles A. Rouillard; House Committee, Albert S. Richards, Charles G. Bird and William E. Watkins; Regatta Committee, Frank H. Byrne, Charles O. Whitney, Charles W. Gray, John P. Feehan and Charles F. Chipman; Membership Committee, Albert Partridge, Joseph J. Devereux, Daniel J. Langlands, Frank H. Byrne, Charles H. Kelley, Frank H. Beckler, Albert M. Crowe, Frank H. Mason and Charles H. Sawyer.

At the Marblehead Yacht Yard, the 41ft. auxiliary yawl designed by W. H. Stearns, is in frame. Work has been started on a 25ft. speed launch. R. K. Longfellow's cutter, Wyvern, is being altered. The cruising 25-footer, which has been designed by Crowninshield for Levi C. Wade, will be built at this yard.

Work has slowed up somewhat on the Seawanhaka cup challenger that is being built from designs by Burgess and Packard, at Manchester. There is no great hurry at present for the boat, and there is no doubt that she will be ready when wanted. The plans for the second boat for the Higginson-Boardman syndicate have not yet been finished, and it may be some time now before she is started. These two and the boat designed by E. A. Boardman are the only candidates for challenger that have been heard from up to date.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Thames Houseboats.

BY C. E. THOMAS.

IN the event of no earlier writer having worked off the ancient wheeze, I may perhaps be pardoned the suggestion that the original houseboater was inspired to build his craft by the description in Holy Writ of the Ark, the name, by the way, of one of the earliest of English craft of this character, and still used. Certain it is that the skipper of this most ancient of houseboats could not have been an American, or he would have rigged her up with power of some description. He is more likely to have been an Englishman, for the present day English houseboat is still practically a barge with a few rooms built thereon, and there has been no development in the direction of fitting with a motor or sails. In fact, the most notable exception, a species of combined houseboat and launch, once owned by Colonel Fitz-George, son of the Duke of Cambridge, was quite an early craft.

The reason for this apparent slackness in the country which introduced the pleasure houseboat is that on the Thames, the houseboat river *par excellence*, the conditions of life and traffic regulations only admit the possibility of what is practically a stationary floating home, and not one to be moved every few days or so.

Different conditions prevail, say, on the Broads, the fine waterways of Norfolk and Suffolk, where the pleasure wherry, a development of the ordinary craft of commerce on these waters, with its one huge sail, is, perhaps, more in keeping with the American idea of a houseboat. But the wherry does not represent the English idea, for which one must visit the "silvery Thames" in the height of the summer season, notably during Henley Regatta week, when numerous fine craft form an attractive background to this grand aquatic picture.

The early history of the Thames houseboat is not very easy to trace, but there is little doubt that the inception of the idea came from Oxford. At any rate the first of these craft seen there was of very remote date. Originally it was a barge, used, before the days of railways, as a "fly-boat" for carrying purposes between London and Oxford, when the river was indeed the Thames Highway, the barge, with its team of eight horses, making a pretty quick journey. When this craft had served its time of usefulness for traffic purposes, a house was built on it, and it was devoted to boat-letting purposes by Messrs. Davis and King, the predecessors of Messrs. Salter Bros., the promoters of the Oxford to Kingston launch service, which is so popular with American visitors to this side. Mr. Davis and Mr. King lived in alternate years on board their roomy craft (she is 107 feet long and 17 feet 9 inches broad, and the largest in Oxford, for it is still in existence). The barge was an old boat when taken over by Messrs. Salter in 1858, but remains in use for boat-letting purposes, and is known as "Salter's green barge," forming a landmark in boat race practice. It has been in its present position for between 60 and 70 years; for a few years no one has lived on board, but for 40 out of the last 44 years Messrs. Salter's manager has resided on her.

Other craft responsible for the introduction of houseboats, too, were the stately old city barges, belonging to the various London companies. Many of these, on their retirement, were taken to Oxford, the first probably between 1850 and 1860, and were used by College boat clubs as quarters; they have all disappeared now, but the Oriel College barge of to-day was designed on the lines of one of the old city barges, and most of the modern craft have retained much of their ancient appearance.

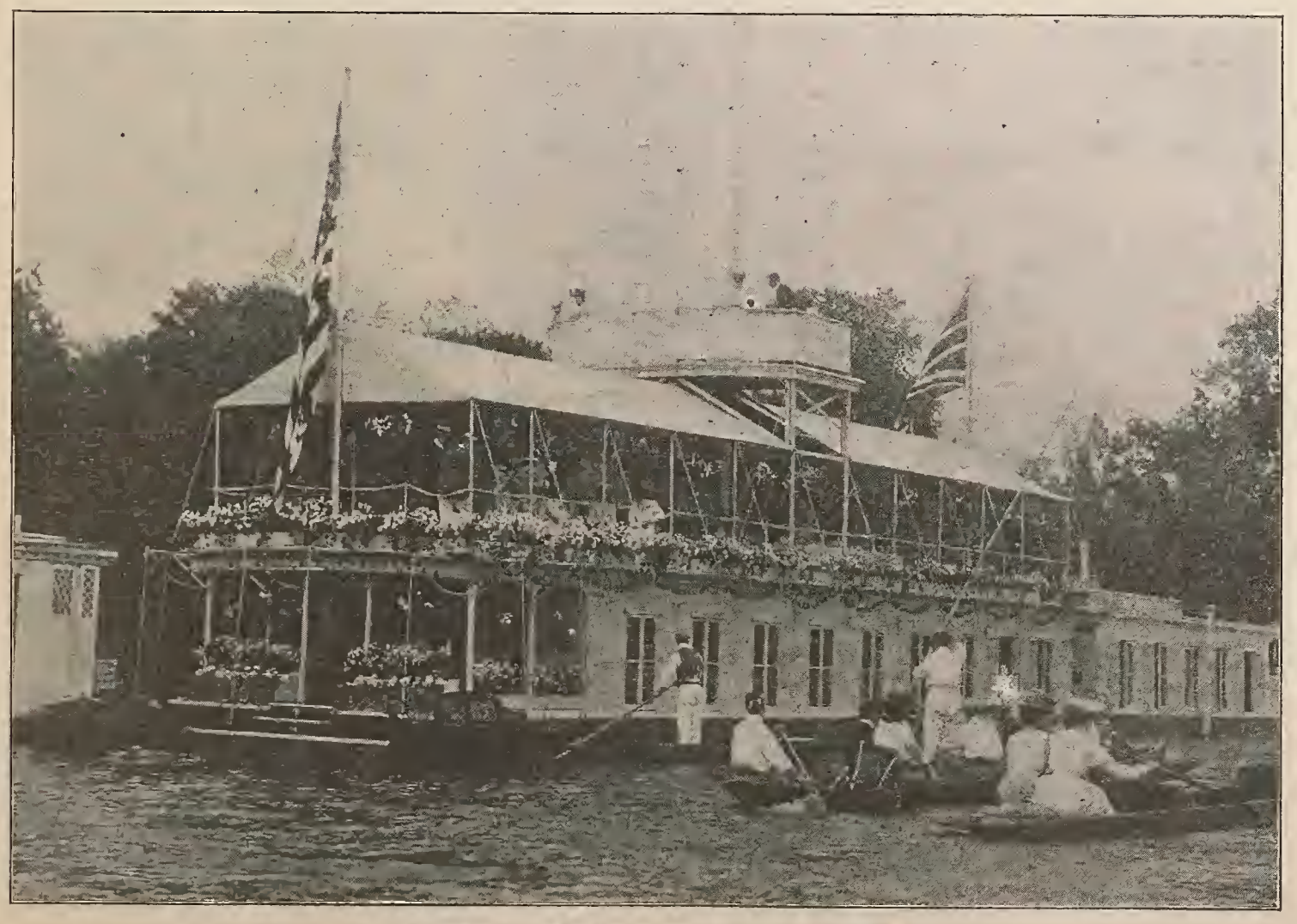
Many well known architects and artists have designed these graceful and handsome college barges, among them Mr. J. G. Jackson, R. A.; Mr. J. O. Scott, Mr. A. Waterhouse, R. A., and Mr. H. Wilkinson Moore. The last named, an Oxford gentleman, has designed several of the more modern barges, most of which have been built by Messrs. Salter, and by the courtesy of the designer and builder I am able to give the design and photographs of the Keble College barge, built in 1899, and one of the handsomest of the Oxford College boats. The dimensions, etc., are given in the plan, and the photographs show the graceful and old-world appearance of one of the most striking craft on the long line of college barges at Oxford.

The last of the city barges to be used for pleasure purposes was the Maria Wood, which ceased her excursions only a few years ago. She was towed by horses to Hampton Court, and was always filled with frock-coated, white waistcoated and tall-hatted magnates, most inappropriately attired for a river trip, who, with their woman-kind, threaded the mazy waltz on a hot summer's afternoon, to the amusement of what Mr. Rudyard Kipling would probably describe as the "flanneled fools" in sculling boats. Her departure seems to remove one of the last links with the old-time life on the Thames, and many rivermen have heard with regret that the ancient craft is now doing duty as a floating dock.

Doubtless the early pleasure houseboater seized on a ready-made hull on which to construct his floating residence, and as the Thames Conservancy regulations as to places for mooring, etc., were not so numerous in bygone

OXFORD COLLEGE BARGE.

THAMES HOUSE-BOAT KELPIE. (See plan.)



THAMES HOUSE-BOAT IBIS, AND TENDER.

days, he built a small craft which could be moved without much difficulty, and many of these little boats are still to be seen. The accommodation was limited, but Bohemianism and the concomitant delights of roughing it were the features of river life before Fashion stamped the Thames as her own, and much quiet enjoyment was obtained from these small boats.

But Fashion alters all things, and it has changed the Thames. The old-fashioned hostelry has become the modern hotel, the "neat-handed Phyllis" has made way for the imported dress-suited waiter, and mine host's charges have increased accordingly. Old World villages are being enveloped in streets of modern villas, while ineligible riparian land is being built over, providing the conditions wittily described by the late Edmund Yates, the river being at the bottom of your lawn in the summer, and your lawn at the bottom of the river in the winter. Launches and small craft of all kinds have increased amazingly to meet Society's demands, and so the houseboats have increased in numbers and to their present stately proportions.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Wilson Yacht Building Company, Ferry Bar, Baltimore, are to build from their own designs for Mr. George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, an auxiliary cruising schooner. She will be 110ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 24ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft.

Messrs. Herreshoff and Wells are working up plans of a speed launch for Mr. C. Oliver Iselin. The boat will be 37ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 6ft. 2in. breadth, and 2ft. draft. The power will be furnished by a Howard motor, and it is expected that the boat will develop a speed of twelve or thirteen miles.

The Whitestone Hollow Spar and Boat Company will begin work at their new plant at Whitestone, L. I., with a couple of orders for high speed launches. Both the boats will be 70ft. in length. One is for Mr. George R. Bidwell, of New York, and the other for Mr. J. Charles Davis. The boats will be narrow, their greatest breadth being only 8ft. The power is furnished by a new make of kerosene motor. The entire machinery will weigh only 1,800 pounds, but the engines will develop great power. The builders guarantee a speed of 25 miles an hour, or a continuous run of 118 miles in five hours. According to the contract, the boats must have made their speed trials before May 15, and be ready for delivery to their owners on that day.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, Mariner's Harbor, S. I., are building a cruising launch for Mr. Alexander Stein from designs made by Messrs. Colven & Bickman. She is 61ft. over all, 55ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 3in. draft. The boat has considerable cabin accommodation, and she will be driven by a 45 horse-power engine.

The two big auxiliaries building by the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company, Shooters' Island S,. I., are under way. Both are 120ft. on the waterline. One is for Mr. J. M. Masury and was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith and Barbey, while the other is for Mr. Wilson Marshall and was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

Sir Thomas Lipton has offered another perpetual challenge cup, all the boats belonging to Pacific Coast clubs being eligible to participate. The races are to be sailed at San Diego, Cal., under the auspices of the Corinthian Y. C.

The annual meeting of the Marine and Field Club was held at the club house on Gravesend Bay, Tuesday evening, January 13, and the following officers were elected: President, Edmund H. Driggs; Vice-President, Edward C. Platt; Secretary, Charles Martin Camp; Treasurer, J. Edward Way. The directors are Daniel E. Woodhull, class of 1904; John Mason Knox, Wadsworth Baylor, Willard F. Spalding, Palmer H. Jadwin and Alexander Chandler.

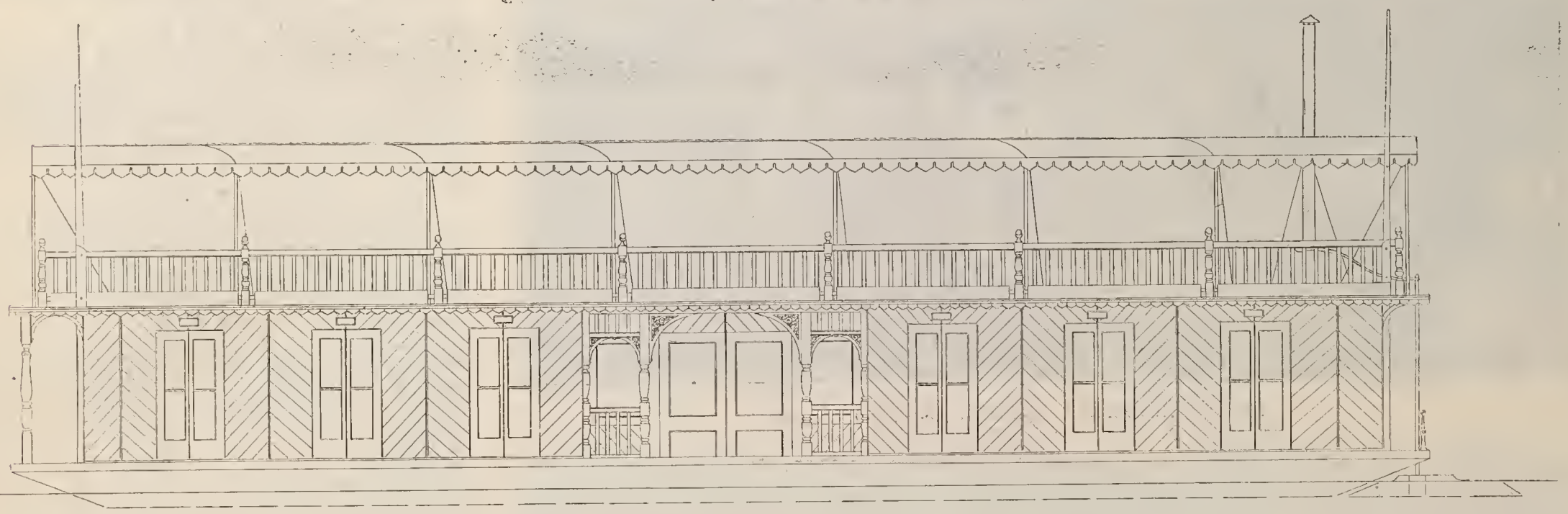
The Capital Y. C., of Washington, has elected the following officers: Com., George Bright; Vice-Com., C. C. Wilkison; Record.-Sec'y, John E. Taylor; Cor.-Sec'y, E. P. Nussbaum; Treas., D. H. Fowler; Meas., W. W. Grier; Assist.-Meas., O. A. Danzenbaker; Governors, W. A. Frankland, L. H. Dyer and G. D. Fischer.

The Brown University Y. C. have elected the following officers: Com., Colgate Hoyt, Jr.; Vice-Com., R. G. Ostby; Sec.-Treas., C. S. Allen.

The following have been nominted to serve the Atlantic Y. C. during the coming year. The annual meeting will be held on February 9, when the ticket will be voted on: Com., Robert E. Tod, schooner Thistle; Vice-Com., Edwin Gould, steamer Alleen; Rear-Com., J. H. Flagler, auxiliary brigantine Allita; Sec'y, Louis F. Jackson; Treas., Charles T. Pierce; Meas., George Hill. Regatta Committee: Henry J. Gielow, Charles E. Schuyler, Frederick Vilmar. Membership Committee: William E. Sperling, George D .Provost, T. Alfred Vernon. Library Committee: S. L. Blood, Walter H. Nelson, Franklin D. L. Prentiss. Entertainment Committee: Edwin Hollis Low, Clarence H. Eagle, William A. Barstow. Trustees: J. Rogers Maxwell, Frederick T. Adams, Alfred W. Booth, J. Fred Ackerman, Spencer Swain, Robert P. Doremus. Nominating Committee—Spencer Swain, Benjamin M. Whitlock, Henry J. Robert, Charles J. McDermott, S. Edward Vernon, Walter Nelson.

The trustees of the New Rochelle Y. C. have made the following nominations for officers and committees. The annual meeting will be held on February 7, at the club house at New Rochelle: Com., Henry Doscher; Vice-

THAMES HOUSE-BOAT MAVIS.
Photo by Marsh Bros., Henley.

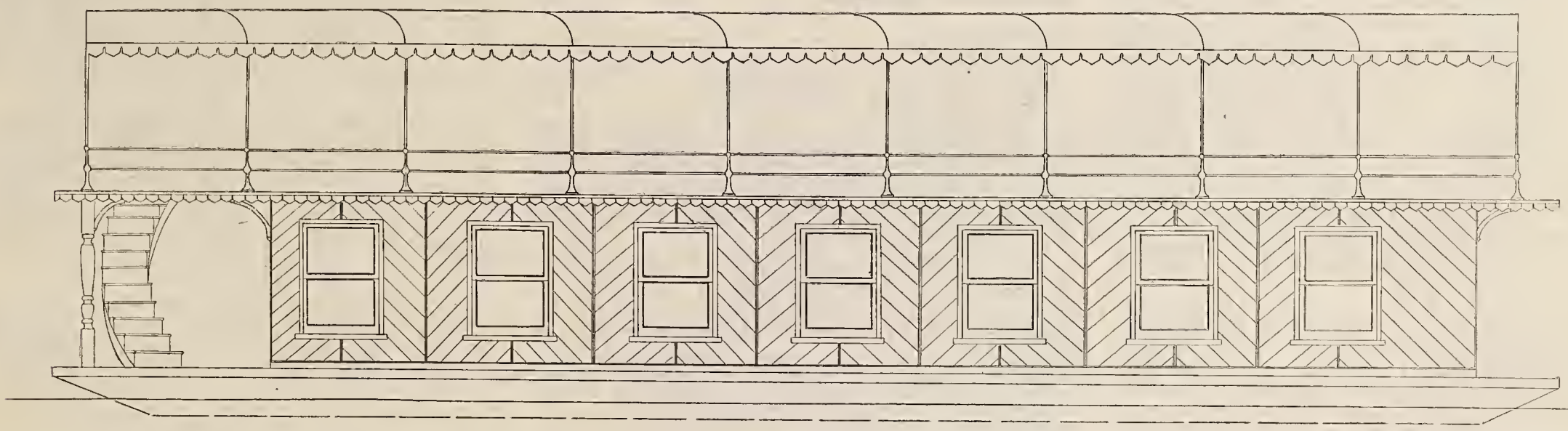


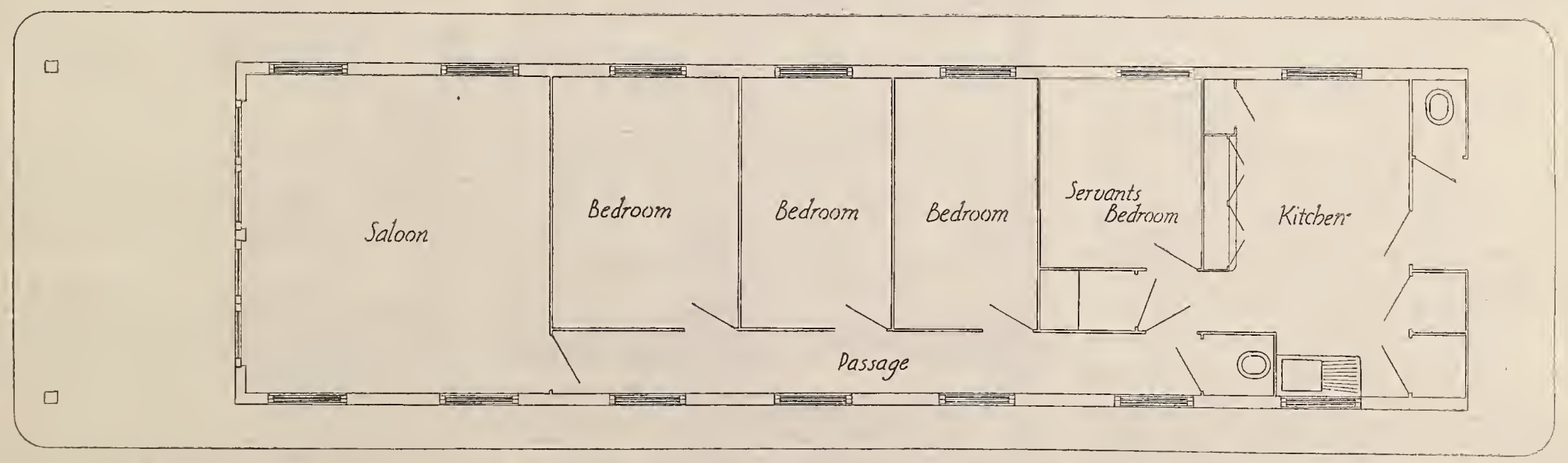
OUTBOARD PROFILE AND PLAN OF THAMES HOUSE-BOAT KELPIE, SHOWING CENTER SALOON ARRANGEMENT.

Com., E. R. Dick; Rear-Com., J. P. Donovan; Sec'y, W. E. Moore; Treas., John A. Van Zelm; Meas., F. R. Farrington. Members of the Board of Trustees: W. A. Stadelman, C. P. Pierson and W. N. Bavier. Members of the Regatta Committee: O. H. Chellborg, J. D. Sparkman, L. D. Huntington, Jr., D. W. Thomas and Stanley M. Seaman. Members of the Law Committee: John F. Lambden and F. H. Seacord.

The Moriches Y. C. held a meeting recently and adopted the changes in the rules adopted by a conference of the Associated Clubs of the South Side of Long Island, and suggested to the different organizations; also passed favorably on the schedule of dates agreed upon by the conference and added two innovations in the way of regattas in these waters, namely a "Novice Race," open to catboats owned or chartered in East and Center Moriches (to be sailed by an amateur, not necessarily a club member) that has not won a prize in a regular club regatta. All the crack boats being debarred, this race is given to encourage a race between boats that usually have little chance in the regular club races. Boats entering this regatta must be under 21ft. racing length. Another new proposition for 1903 season is an "Open Ladies' Race," open to boats owned or chartered anywhere on the south side of Long Island; helmswoman and crew to be ladies, one man allowed on the sheet rope. This is only man to be allowed aboard. This race is open to catboats under 21ft. racing length. Prizes of silver have been donated for these races by Commodore Dr. Wm. Carr; Secretary Harry Growtage and Governors John McAleenan and W. B. Growtage. It is thought that these races will add

A FAVORITE HOUSE-BOAT REACH—JUST ABOVE HENLEY BRIDGE.
Photo by Marsh Bros., Henley.





OUTBOARD PROFILE AND PLAN OF A TYPICAL THAMES HOUSE-BOAT, SHOWING FORWARD SALOON ARRANGEMENT.

interest to the yachting in these waters and help a great deal to promote the sport. The principal change in the rules is that which governs the racing length or change to the measurement rule, which adds one quarter the overhang forward and aft to the waterline length. The schedule as it now stands will be as follows:

Saturday, July 11—Regular club regatta.
Saturday, August 8—Novice race.
Saturday, August 15—Special members' race.
Wednesday, August 19—Ladies' regatta.
Wednesday, August 26—McAleenan cup race.
Monday (Labor Day), Sept. 7—Annual open regatta.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Buffalo Y. C. the following officers were elected:

H. N. Vedder, Commodore; G. W. Maytham, Vice Commodore; N. O. Tiffany, Secretary and Treasurer; F. D. Wood, Measurer; Dr. E. P. Hussey, Fleet Surgeon; W. F. White, G. D. Hayes, S. C. Ryan and L. F. Kendall, Directors; Walter Hayes and R. A. Henssler, Regatta Committee.

Canoeing.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

Mr. H. Lansing Quick, of Yonkers, N. Y., is Acting Secretary-Treasurer until further notice, in the place of Mr. Louis Simpson, deceased.

American Canoe Association.

YONKERS, N. Y., Jan. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As you already know, Mr. Louis Simpson, Secretary-Treasurer of the American Canoe Association, died on December 11, 1902; I am taking charge of Secretary-Treasurer affairs pending the election of his successor.

In looking over the correspondence of the office, I fail to find any record of his notifying you of the action of the executive committee at the November meeting, in which the FOREST AND STREAM was named as an official organ of the Association, and trust that such action will be agreeable to you.

I will notify the vice-commodore and pursers of each division to send to you such canoeing notices and news items as they may get during the year.

H. LANSING QUICK,
Acting Secretary-Treasurer.

Canoeing at the Sportsmen's Show.

An event of interest to all canoeists will be the canoe tilting matches to be held on the artificial lake at the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden, New York City, February 21 to March 7, inclusive.

The prize list is a most liberal one and consists of:

Two Abercrombie & Fitch $40 paddling canoes and four gold medals donated by the Sportsmen's Association.

Two pneumatic canoe cushions donated by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Company.

Two brass canoe lights donated by C. B. Durkee & Co.

One double and two single blade paddles donated by New York Boat and Oar Company.

Two aluminum folding lanterns with leather cases donated by C. H. Stonebridge.

One Bristol steel rod with agate and German silver trimmings donated by Horton Manufacturing Company.

One safety ax No. 1, one canoe knife No. 2, one Handy Compass No. 2 donated by Marble Safety Ax Company.

Aside from the sport, which can be practiced under ideal conditions at the garden, the prizes, which are particularly adapted to canoeists' needs will make this series of contests one long to be remembered by the canoeing fraternity.

Applications for entry blanks, rules of the contests, etc., should be mailed to E. T. Keyser, P. O. Box 654, New York City.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—The Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, of this city, has recently obtained new quarters, and these have been opened within a few weeks to the members. For a long time the Association's headquarters and range were on Lenox avenue, near 127th street, but changes in the building and the increase in membership made removal to larger quarters imperative. A large basement at 2628 Broadway, just below West 100th street, was leased, and this has been fitted up for a club room and range. Although the new quarters are not entirely finished to the satisfaction of the club, they are in such shape that shooting is carried on every Thursday night, which is the regular weekly shooting night, and judging from the increased attendance at the few shoots that have been held in the new range, the club is in a fair way to become one of, if not the largest, organizations of its kind in Manhattan.

The arrangement of the range is as follows: On entering the basement from Broadway, one finds himself in a large room, at the opposite end of which are the revolver and pistol firing stands, eight in number, while on either hand, by ascending a couple of steps to a closed platform, one finds two rifle ranges, each separated from the other by a narrow partition. By this arrangement the four rifle ranges are raised above the revolver ranges, and separated from them by partitions and walls. Not only is the space for shooters enlarged, within the limits of the basement, but the full length of the basement is obtained for rifle shooting, making these ranges 75 feet in length, while those for revolver practice are the regulation length of 20 yards. Thus the riflemen shoot over the heads of the devotees to revolver shooting, and the 5 yards or more of space saved by this means is given up to tables and chairs for the convenience of members while they are not shooting, and for the comfort of visitors.

Each shooting stand for the revolver men is provided with a door some 7 feet high by 2 in width; a shelf for arms and ammunition, a towel, and a large wheel with a handle, which is connected with and controls the "trolley" carrying the paper target to and from the bulkheads in the rear of the basement. It is hardly necessary to explain the working of this "trolley" system of handling targets for the benefit of shooters in general, but for those who have not shot in ranges where this system is used, it should be said that each range is provided with a set of wires, extending overhead from shooting stand to bulkhead, and on these wires an iron clamp or hanger is suspended and so arranged that through the wheel, pulleys and cords the hanger bearing the target may be sent down to the bulkhead to be shot at, and returned when a score is finished, all by a few turns of the controlling wheel, which is made fast to the partition beside the shooter. As these "trolleys" alone handle the targets, and there is seldom need of any person entering the range itself, the danger of accidents is to very large extent eliminated. Another precaution is taken in the strict rule which forbids the loading of any weapon except in the actual preparation for shooting, and only then when the arm is pointed toward the target.

Entering one of the four rifle ranges, one finds it boxed in completely to a point beyond the revolver shooting stands, so that these, too, are safety ranges. Each one has its bicycle wheel and handle, and, as the targets must be propelled a distance of 25 yards instead of 20, as in the revolver ranges, some of the wheels are geared up and act as multiplying reels do in taking up line for the fisherman. In this manner the energy of the rifleman is saved for shooting.

The basement has good stone walls, but every target is provided with a large steel plate, which stops and flattens the bullets, so that they drop harmlessly to the floor. Every plate is made fast to its backing at a slight angle from the vertical, so that when a bullet glances with any force, its direction must be downward into bins placed to catch it. Only one of the revolver ranges is less than the regulation length of 20 yards, and this one is for the use of beginners, or those who wish to try small pocket revolvers with plain sights, which would hardly do good work at 60 feet; and for testing squib charges in the revolvers. The targets are lighted with gas jets, but the club's lighting arrangements are not as yet complete, as in a short time the best lights and reflectors known will be installed. Only nitro powder ammunition is used by the revolver shooters as a rule, and even when a number of men are shooting large caliber revolvers, the ranges are never unpleasantly filled with smoke. Steam heat renders the place comfortable in winter, while in warm weather—for the members shoot on their indoor ranges throughout the summer—the large doors at the entrance may be left open.

The initiation fee and the dues of this club are very reasonable, while the hand of welcome is held out to all persons who are fond of practice with either the .22-caliber rifle, the revolver or the pistol. The club is young, and yet it has made some satisfactory records in matches with other clubs. It also holds shoots every Saturday afternoon in Armbruster's Park at Greenville, N. J., at 50 yards with revolvers and pistols, and at 200 yards with rifles.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Jan. 18 the following scores were made. Mr. Hasenzahl was out again after a six weeks' illness, and shot in his usual good form. Mr. Payne was high man with 90. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target:

Payne	90 88 84 84 84	Gindele	85 83 82 80 78
Hasenzahl	89 89 89 86 83	Hoffman	82 81 77 73 73
Nestler	88 85 83 83 82	Trounstine	81 79 74 73 68
Lux	88 81 80 78 74	Hofer	78 77 77 76 74
Roberts	87 85 83 84 83	Jonscher	78 74 72 69 69
Odell	86 79 78 74 74	Freitag	74 73 71 70 67
Strickmeier	85 84 83 82 79	Drube	73 65 62 .. ..

Honor target: Payne 25, Hasenzahl 30, Nestler 27, Lux 25, Roberts 25, Odell 23, Gindele 29, Hoffman 19, Trounstine 26, Hofer 16, Jonscher 18, Freitag 21, Drube 20.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Feb. 3-4.—Savannah, Ga.—Forest City Gun Club's invitation shoot at live birds.

Feb. 10-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 12.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Lincoln's Birthday. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

Feb. 18.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. Alfred Griesemer, Prop.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Feb. 23.—Lynn, Mass.—Holiday shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

May —.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. T. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June —.—Schenectady, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selembier, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the first grand sportsman's handicap and shooting tournament at live birds and targets, to be held at Detroit, Mich., Feb. 10 to 14, under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association, is now ready for distribution. Competition is open to the world. Added money $500 in cash. The managers are Messrs. John Parker, J. L. Head and A. D. Caldwell, all thoroughly experienced and competent gentlemen. The programme is as follows: First day, targets, eight events; six at 20, $10 added; two at 25 targets, $15 added, entrance $2 and $2.50. Second day, eight events at 20 targets, entrance $2; $10 added. On each of these days shooting commences at 9:30, and $10 cash is added for best average each day. Third day, commencing at 9 o'clock, live birds: Event. 1, 6 birds, $6, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., high guns. Event 2, 9 birds, $9, 22, 18, 15, 12, 10, 8, 6, 5 and 4 per cent., high guns. After these, the main event, the Gilman & Barnes international live-bird trophy, 15 birds, $15, $50 added, high guns, three moneys for every ten entries. Fourth day, commencing at 9 o'clock, the sportsman's grand handicap trophy is next in order. Conditions, 25 live birds, $25; $200 added, high guns; three moneys for every ten entries. Entries must be made on application blanks, a copy of which is sent with each programme. Fifth day, commencing at 10 o'clock, the grand sportsman's handicap will be finished, and ties on the trophy shot off miss-and-out. Handicaps in live-bird events, 26 to 32yds.; on targets, 16 to 21yds. Grand average money, $50. Grounds open for practice Feb. 9. Ship shells, etc., to J. A. Marks, 93 Woodward avenue, Detroit. Three sets of live traps, and three sets of target traps. Handicap committee, W. W. McQueen, C. W. Phellis, Emil Werk, E. J. Cady and H. D. Bates. Apply to Seneca G. Lewis, corresponding secretary, P. O. Box 5, Detroit, Mich., for catalogue and other information.

The Interstate Association will hold a meeting in the near future, probably on Feb. 4, for the purpose of readjusting the official staff of that body, as a consequence of Capt. J. A. H. Dressel's resignation, which he sent to the I. A. several days ago. The severance of Capt. Dressel from active participation in trapshooting interests has caused profound regret among all classes of trapshooters. Could Capt. Dressel have heard even a fraction of the regrets expressed at his withdrawal, and the spontaneous expressions of personal esteem and friendship, he would discover that he held a host of warm friendships which were entirely apart from mercenary considerations.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, of Little Rock, Ark., under date of Jan. 23, writes us as follows: "We are arranging to hold an open contest for the live-bird championship of the State and the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic thereof, on Feb. 18. The conditions of the events are 25 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, entrance simply price of birds, though an optional sweep will be run in connection therewith. Owing to the fact that it is customary to decide these events in one day, we are forced to restrict the entries to residents of the State, and those who desire to participate must make their entries by Feb. 10, and this must be accompanied by a forfeit of $5, which can be sent to Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark., secretary of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association."

The large circle of friends of Dr. Wm. Wynn, who is eminently distinguished both as one of Brooklyn's best citizens, and one of America's best trap shots, will rejoice on learning that he is convalescing steadily from his recent attack of typhoid pneumonia, which at one time was exceedingly serious. So soon as his condition will warrant the effort, he will go to Florida to recuperate, where the air is soft and sweet, where flowers bloom perennially, and where the game birds and the game fishes dwell with the latch string always hanging on the outside. May good health quickly return to him, and his charming companionship be saved for many, many years more to his friends.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, best known to trapshooters as one of the most skillful trapshooters of the Crescent Athletic Club, is convalescing from a severe attack which was very close to developing pneumonia. He was a visitor in the gun colony this week, and while feeling well, was still somewhat pale and drawn. He contemplated a southern trip to Palm Beach, Florida, stopping off en route to participate in the live-bird competition of the Forest City Gun Club's invitation shoot, Feb. 3 and 4; but now, while he will take the trip to Florida, participation in the great shoot aforementioned is impossible.

The Birch Brook Gun Club, Lynn, Mass., have arranged for a shoot to celebrate Washington's Birthday, on Feb. 23. There are twelve events on the programme, alternately 15 and 10, a total of 150. Events 5, 6 and 7 will constitute a prize event; prizes, $5, $2.50 and $1 in gold. Handicaps in prize event, 16 to 21yds. All other events will be shot from the regular distance. No entrance fee. Targets, 1½ cents. Lunch free. Loaded shells obtainable on the grounds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Committee: Messrs. J. C. Hamley, J. Walter Hay, C. F. Lambert and Frank Hilliard.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, successfully eminent in the ammunition trade, in trapshooting competition, and peerless in the realm of good fellowship, resigned his office with the U. M. C. Co. early last week. His show interests have grown so great, and are becoming so profitable that he at present contemplates devoting his whole attention to them, their scope covering both New York and Chicago. While the show interests are distinct gainers by the change, trapshooters and trapshooting are correspondingly distinct losers. We heartily wish Capt. Dressel every success.

Old Cyclone is dead. He died a few days ago. He was famous in connection with trapshooting competition in America, and as he died of old age, it is proof that trapshooting is conducive to longevity. He was well known to trapshooters far and near. He was better known as "Old Cy," the old pointer-retriever of Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill. He retrieved birds in some of the most important events, matches and tournaments, that ever were shot.

The corresponding secretary, Mr. A. A. Schoverling, informs us that the next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be held on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12. Prizes will be offered for competition. Lunch will be served free. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Take Kings County L from Brooklyn Bridge to Crescent street station, or Broadway L from Twenty-third and Forty-second street ferries, to Crescent street station.

The shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, on Jan. 24, was a distinct success. In the "guns down" event, the prize was won by Hans with a clean score of 25. The next trophy event, 10 pairs, all contestants at scratch, was won by the energetic captain of the club, Mr. C. G. Blandford. The consolation cup, a handicap contest, was won by Mr. A. Bedell. The next cup shoot will be held on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the I. A., writes us under date of Jan. 24 as follows: "The Interstate Association has perfected arrangements to give tournaments at Williamsport, Pa., May 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club, and at Boston, Mass., June 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association."

Mr. Harold Money is due in New York this week. For some weeks past he has been visiting in England, taking a needed vacation, and at the same time resting his injured eye, which, fortunately, is fully recovering from the effects of the gunshot wound which was accidentally inflicted while shooting ruffed grouse last season.

Mr. C. B. Axford, secretary, writes us as follows: "The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold an all-day target shoot on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12, 1903. All shooters are welcome, and especially local gunners are requested to be here on that day. Handicap events. Lunch on grounds."

Secretary C. L. Kites informs us that the fixing of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club's tournament on April 19 was an error, and that the date of that tournament has been changed to April 20.

Mr. Edward Banks left New York on Friday of last week, Southward bound to Richmond, Va., in which historical city he will spend a week visiting his brother, who is engaged in business in that city.

The fourth contest for the January cup of the Crescent Athletic Club was won at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week by Mr. L. C. Hopkins, who scored a full 50 under the conditions of the contests.

The Soo Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., through its secretary, Mr. W. F. Duncan, announces that its ninth annual amateur tournament will be held on June 9, 10 and 11.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club announces that a regular contest at targets will be held on Feb. 1, at Rockaway Park, L. I. Targets, 1½ cents.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, will hold its last shoot of this season on Feb. 17.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 17.—Mr. W. W. Marshall scored a win on the January cup at the shoot of the Crescent A. C. to-day.

In the shoot for the special scratch trophy, Harry M. Brigham and F. T. Bedford, Jr., scored 87. In the shoot-off, decided in the January cup contest, Brigham won. The scores:

January cup, 50 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
W W Marshall	7	19	25	7	18	25	50
L C Hopkins	5	20	25	5	19	24	49
A W Palmer	4	22	25	4	20	24	49
H M Brigham	0	24	24	0	24	24	48
Dr Pool	3	20	23	3	21	24	47
F T Bedford	2	19	21	2	24	25	46
F B Stephenson	1	24	25	1	20	21	46
Dr Keyes	1	22	23	1	20	21	44
Dr Shepard	7	14	21	7	15	22	43
D C Bennett	5	20	25	5	13	18	43
Dr O'Brien	5	16	21	5	15	20	41
Edward Banks	0	20	20	0	21	21	41
J A R Elliott	0	20	20	0	21	21	41
H B Vanderveer	3	18	21	3	16	19	40

Fifteen targets, handicap: Bedford (1) 15, Marshall (3) 15, Pool (2) 15, Banks (0) 14, Keyes (1) 14, Hopkins (3) 13, Brigham (0) 12, Bennett (3) 12, Shepard (4) 11, Money (0) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 15, Pool (2) 12, Bedford (1) 12.

Crescent Gun Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 24.—Mr. L. C. Hopkins won in the fourth contest for the January cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The scores:

January cup, 50 targets per man, handicap allowance:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
L C Hopkins	5	20	25	5	20	25	50
T W Stake	5	17	22	5	20	25	47
Dr G E Pool	3	16	19	3	20	23	42
W W Marshall	7	16	23	7	14	21	44
A W Palmer	4	12	16	4	21	25	41
Dr H L O'Brien	5	17	22	5	13	18	40
F T Bedford, Jr.	2	16	18	2	19	21	39

Trophy, 15 targets per man, handicap allowance:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Dr H L O'Brien	3	11	14	T W Stake	3	9	12
R I Wigham	3	11	14	H C Chapman	4	7	11
Dr G E Pool	2	11	13	W W Marshall	3	6	9
A W Palmer	2	11	13	F T Bedford, Jr.	1	8	9
H B Vanderveer	2	10	12				

Shoot-off, same conditions, next event:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
R I Wigham	3	7	10	Dr O'Brien	3	11	14

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
H C Chapman	4	10	14	T W Stake	3	9	12
Dr H L O'Brien	3	11	14	F T Bedford, Jr.	1	10	11
W W Marshall	3	11	14	L C Hopkins	3	8	11
H B Vanderveer	2	12	14	R I Wigham	3	7	10
A W Palmer	2	11	13				

Shoot-off, same conditions:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Vanderveer	2	12	14	O'Brien		7	10
Chapman	4	7	11	Marshall	3	6	9

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
A W Palmer	2	13	15	F T Bedford, Jr.	2	9	11
R I Wigham	3	11	14	H B Vanderveer	2	9	11
T W Stake	3	10	13	W W Marshall	3	7	10

Match, 25 targets, scratch: A. W. Palmer 20, R. I. Wigham 17, F. T. Bedford, Jr., 11.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 24.—There was an unusual gathering of shooters at John Wright's Saturday matinee to-day. There were some newcomers, whose advent at the traps hereabouts is a decided gain. These were Mr. Nash, recently of Indianapolis, now of New York; Mr. McGraw, of New York, who was shooting a strange gun, which, fitting badly, punished him severely and impaired his shooting. Mr. T. Elmer Batten had a new gun, which fitted him admirably, and although he had not shot at the traps in years save recently once or twice, he was smashing his targets in good time, centering them well, and holding his own well with the regulars. The weather was cloudy and uncomfortably raw and cold, a stiff wind blew most of the time, and there was a dark, wintry light, which presaged a downfall of snow. The making of good scores was exceedingly difficult under the weather conditions and numb fingers. Mr. W. Hopkins, of Aqueduct, was the leading contestant of the meeting. He broke an even 90 out of 100 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	15	25	10	15	15
Waters	6	8	9	13	17	12	..	9	12	..
Wash	8	7	..	12	21	..	..	..	14	..
Batten	6	9	..	8	14	..	..	..	12	..
Welles	7	10	7	7	20	13	..	9	12	14
Capt Money	8	9	8	11	..	..	18	4	11	..
Borland	2	7	..	9	17	..	..	..	..	10
Hopkins	9	9	..	15	21	14	22	..	..	..
Nash	7	7	..	10	21	14	20	9	9	9
McGraw	1	..	8	3	..	1	..	..	..	..
Hitchcock	2	3	..	5	12	7	..	..	..	..
Bergen	4	5	..	7	14	11	..	..	..	..
Mohrmann	3	3	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	6	3	5	5	12	6	..	..	..	..
Sked	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilshusen	..	..	1	..	7	..	..	..	4	..
Wright	..	..	..	8	15	11	..	6	..	..

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—Following are the scores of the Nonpareil Gun Club, made at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing:

W D Stannard.....1001111111110011111010111—19
1111111111011101111111111—23—42

R Kuss.....1111111111111111111111110—24
1101011010111111110110000—16—40

S Young.....1000100111001111000100110—12
1001011111111110111111111—21—33

Practice: Kuss shot at 65 and broke 47; Stannard shot at 45 and broke 35; Young shot at 15 and broke 13.

JOHN WATSON.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Jan. 24.—I am sending herewith scores of our most successful cup shoot, held Jan. 24. Fifteen was a good turnout for a bleak January day. If the weather had been warm probably twenty-five members would have put in an appearance. The first event was for a handsome silver berry dish. Some of the boys have been itching for an event to be shot "guns down," so this first event was made guns down. This term was interpreted somewhat differently by the shooters. Some held gun below elbow, notably A. Rohr; some below armpit till the bird appeared, while others called "pull," and in the slight interval between the word and bird put their guns to shoulders, which was different only in a very small degree from ordinary clay bird form. However, as no particular position was designated, it was a case of "everything goes." If at any time in the future prizes are offered for "guns down" position, very close refereeing will be necessary. Hans showed up very strong in this event; with his handicap allowance of 4 misses as breaks he got a clean score, which gave him a lead of 4 birds over the next highest, 21 made by Barlow and Coleman:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.
P B	17	3	20	J Barlow	17	4	21
D Brandreth	17	3	20	W Coleman	18	3	21
R Kromer, Jr.	14	1	15	A Rohr	4	10	14
J Carpenter	17	3	20	C Blandford	17	0	17
Hans	21	4	25				

The next cup was at 10 pairs, all scratch. This was won by C. G. Blandford with a score of 17 out of 20, with Coleman and Clark but one bird each behind.

P B	10	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	11	10—12
D Brandreth	11	10	00	10	11	10	11	11	10	00—12
R Kromer, Jr.	10	10	11	10	11	11	00	11	10	11—14
Hans	10	11	10	00	10	10	10	11	10	11—12
J C Barlow	10	10	10	11	11	10	10	11	11	10—14
W Coleman	11	11	00	10	10	11	11	11	11	11—16
C G Blandford	10	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	10—17
W H Hyland	11	10	11	11	10	10	10	00	11	00—12
W Clark	10	11	11	10	11	11	10	10	11	11—16
A Bedell	11	11	10	11	10	11	10	10	11	10—15

The third cup was, from an entrance standpoint, the most popular. The handicaps were well placed, as the scores well testify. Clark and Barlow were the high men, with possible scores. Clark, who had the say by right of lowest handicap as to how the tie should be decided, generously allowed Barlow the choice, who chose to shoot under original conditions. Clark won out on the next event by one bird.

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Total.
D Brandreth	21	3	24	*C Blandford	24	0	24
R Kromer, Jr.	16	1	17	W Highland	16	7	23
J Carpenter	18	3	21	W Clark	22	3	25
*Hans	14	3	17	W Fisher	19	5	24
J Barlow	21	4	25	E Ball	19	1	20
W Coleman	21	3	24	J Foley	16	7	23
A Rohr	9	12	21	A Bedell	20	1	21

* Shot along.

While on account of approaching darkness it was deemed advisable by most of the shooters to postpone the shooting for the handsome consolation cup offered by the president of the club, Col. Franklin Brandreth, some thought it should have been shot for. There were six left eligible to shoot for it, and the handicaps were changed according to the scores made in the previous events of the day. Coleman, who had missed final action on all three of the other cups, won out, and all were glad of it.

The last event was for a 12-pound striped bass fresh from the Hudson, presented by Thanny Tuttle, distance handicaps 16 to 18yds. Bedell won with a straight score of 10, while Barlow and Fisher divided the money.

The next cup shoot will be held on Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 12. Two cups will be shot for; one a handicap, and one scratch; both to be won three times to own.

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.	Yards.	Broke.
D Brandreth	w	5	w	16	6
R Kromer, Jr.	19	4	23	17	6
J Carpenter	18	4	22	17	8
J C Barlow	16	4	20	16	9
W Coleman	20	4	24	17	6
W Clark	18	3	21	17	6
J Foley	15	8	23	16	5
Hans	..	..		16	8
W Fisher	..	..	..	16	9
A Bedell	..	..	..	18	10
				C. G. B.	

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 24.—The regular weekly shoot of this club to-day brought out eight men, all regulars except Mr. Smith, who is a new member, this being his first attempt at trapshooting.

Under most unfavorable conditions of the weather—it being extremely cold—with a strong north wind blowing directly into the faces of the shooters, sending a chill through the whole body that seemed to freeze the very blood in one's veins, these eight enthusiasts—in this case, cold enthusiasts—shot off three 25-bird events.

Event No. 2 was for a box of fine Havanas, donated by Mr. A. J. Du Bois, the popular secretary of the club. Mr. W. A. Adriance, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions, scored 24 in this event. He didn't carry off the prize, however—not he! He just passed those cigars around among the boys, and for a while there were "cigars to burn" around the old club house.

The next and last event was a four-man team event, Missers vs. Hitters. The Hitters "made a hit," and the Missers missed it by two points; therefore had to pay for the other fellows' fun. But revenge is sweet. Next week let the Hitters beware, the Missers have it in for them. The Missers may become Hitters, and the Hitters, Missers. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Adriance	15	24	22	Traver	13	19	16
Wettereau	22	16	13	Du Bois	15	16	19
Spencer	14	19	13	Winans	16	14	19
Condit	19	19	20	Smith	7	8	10

SNANIWEH.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 17.—There was a fairly good attendance at the weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day. The birds were a good lot. Hobbs killed straight in the club handicap, 26 to 30yds., 10 birds. The scores:

Delaney, 26.....00*1201120— 5
J Morris, 27.....0120112222— 8
Hobbs, 28.....2222222222—10
Jackson, 28.....2200022022— 6
McCoy, 29.....2*22222222— 9
Virdin, 28.....1012100222— 7
Harrison, 28.....222121*112— 9
Morris, Jr, 27.....1110202002— 6

Van Loon killed straight in the officers' trophy event, 15 birds, handicap rise:

Delancy, 28....220121021221222—13
J Morris, 27...2212202022121121—13
Hobbs, 28.....*22222222122221—14
Jackson, 28....0222022221012102—14
McCoy, 29.....222121222212220—14
Virdin, 28.....222211111012200—12
Harrison, 28...211022*01112012—11
Wayne, 28.....221222120212222—14
Van Loon, 28.2212222221122122—15

Miss-and-out event, $1 entrance:

Jackson .....222—3
Van Loon .....222—3
Morris .....120—2
McCoy .....210—2
Wayne .....110—2
Delaney .....100—1

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The second shoot of the year, Jan. 24, was shot under rigorous conditions, and further handicapping than the weather was hardly necessary. Guthard outshot Class A in the club event, and also led in the trophy handicap.

Following are the scores, the seventh being the handicap, and the last the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	25	25
Brodie	8	3	3	10	8	..	14	17
Guthard	8	5	6	9	10	..	17	22
Tolsma	..	..	5	14	8	11	16	15
Hitchcock	4	8	6	11	..	9	16	19
Barthel	..	..	..	3	..	..	7	11
Hantz	5	..	8	..	..	..	18	..
Hawthorn	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..

Chicago—Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 17.—The Nonpareil Gun Club, of Chicago, and the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, met in friendly rivalry to-day, the competition being an eleven-man team match, 10 birds per man. The Nonpareil won by a score of 101 to 89. There was a large attendance of spectators, many of whom were friends of the shooters. From beginning to end, the meeting was a pleasing success. Four straight scores were made, one by Mr. C. P. Shumway, of the South Side team, and three by Nonpareils, namely, Messrs. Lord, G. Roll and O. Von Lengerke.

The Nonpareil team was composed of some of the most reliable shooters about Chicago, and it was expected that they would perform well to a certainty. At the close of the shoot Mr. Rutledge, in a neat speech, told the members of the Chicago team how glad the South Side Gun Club was to meet them socially, but that there was a tinge of regret connected with their professional acquaintance. The visitors were asked to come again, and promised to do so. The local team will probably shoot a return engagement in Chicago in the near future.

It was a hard day to shoot at live birds. The only thing favorable was the light. It was in this respect perfect. The wind was strong and in the wrong direction, and it was so cold that before a man had shot his 10 birds, he was often numb with the cold, which interfered with his shooting.

The team shoot had results as follows:

South Side Gun Club Team.		Nonpareil Gun Club Team.	
Bush	01*12*2212— 7	Willard	1210222212— 9
Rutledge	0222222222— 9	Barto	2202222222— 9
Hare	22221222*2— 9	Amberg	2220222222— 9
Shumway	2122122122—10	Lord	2222222222—10
Jack	2000111101— 6	Hess	222022*222— 8
Clark	222*220222— 8	Myrick	22222222*2— 9
Schultz	0222*02222— 7	Kuss	2202222222— 9
Kaufmann	2220222000— 6	J Graham	222222*222— 9
T Thomas	2202222222— 9	E Graham	2222220222— 9
Dering	2022222222— 9	Roll	1222212122—10
Dodge	0122221222— 9—89	Von Lengerke	2222222222—10—101

The first event of the day was a target shoot of 10 birds each with sixteen entries, all local. Schultz and Dering made clean scores. After the team match had been shot, a miss-and-out event with three moneys, and a target event with three moneys, were shot. Owing to having exhausted the supply of live birds, the first event was drawn, and the money divided among six men. Darkness interfered with the later event.

Sweepstake, 5 live birds, $3 entrance, three moneys:

Von Lengerke	22222—5	J R Graham	22222—5
Dering	22020—3	Rutledge	*0222—3
Barto	22222—5	Stanton	20220—3
Dodge	22222—5	Bush	22222—5
Roll	22222—5	Hess	22222—5
Jack	22220—4	Shumway	22222—5
Lord	20222—4	Hare	02220—3
Kaufmann	22222—5	Clark	20112—4
Kuss	21222—5	Myrick	20112—4
Schultz	12012—4	Amberg	02222—4
E Graham	20222—4	Willard	21222—5
A Gropper	*0222—3		

Target events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Blue Rocks	4	9	8	7	9	..	..	Kauffmann	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	4	5	5	8	5	..	..	Stuth	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simmerling	7	7	7	9	8	7	..	Mott	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crandall	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	Dering	8	10	9	..	..	..	..
Dodge	6	7	9	9	6	6	9	Hare	6	9	..	..	..	..	..
Schultz	9	6	9	10	10	..	..	Rutledge	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hoffmann	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	Gropper	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
J Drought	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Shumway	7	8	..	..	..	..	..

IN NEW JERSEY.

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 14.—The Erie Gun Club held a shoot on Outwater's grounds to-day that was well attended. No. 1 was a practice event. The scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C Plate	1110112—6	0221120—5
H Dohrmann	1222111—7	1020012—4
C Dafleform	1020111—5	0211112—6
I H Plate	0110001—3	1021001—4
F E B Smith	2120200—4	0122101—5
D J Lynch	1100211—5	0111102—5
C Luerssen	0000220—2	2201110—5
Hitchcock	*001110—3	0000002—1
D Mohrmann	0111011—5	1110010—4
G Humphreys	1010000—2	1200022—4
D Northridge	1020101—4	2022111—6
P Finnegan	1010010—3	2010011—4
John Plate	1001120—4	1120201—5

Mountainside Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., Jan. 24.—Skillful shooting was a conspicuous feature of the Mountainside Gun Club's meeting to-day. In the club event, Mr. G. F. Ziegler was high with 22.

In the contest for the club championship cup the scores were as follows:

G F Zeigler.....1111111110110111111101111—22
A W Baldwin.....1111011111011111101011111—21
W German.....0111111011111110111110111—21
J J McDonough.....1011101101110111101101111—19
F Wright.....1110011011101110110110101—17
H D Wethling.....1110110111001111011101111—19
J Garity.....1111101111011011011101111—20

Open sweepstakes:

C J Ziegler.....1111111110111110110111101—21
S H Rollinson.....1111101101110111010101111—19
W R Rollinson.....1111011011011011011111101—19
A W Baldwin.....1011110111100110101111111—19
G F Ziegler.....1101111100111101010011111—18

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 20.—The shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Smith Brothers' grounds to-day was well attended. The birds were a fair lot. Dr. G. V. Hudson, eminent as a skillful trapshooter himself, acted as referee. Mr. J. A. Moore was the only contestant who killed straight. The scores:

Dr O'Connell, 32	1202222222— 9	*B Cody, 28	0002002102— 4
A Schoverling, 30	0220222222— 8	*B Barone, 30	2022*22*20— 6
S Van Allen, 30	22*2202222— 8	J Fischer, 28	21*2122120— 8
Dr Hudson, 28	0121012111— 8	W Hassinger, 30	0122021*11— 7
*B Van Valk, 30	02*0222222— 7	H Koegel, 30	1100010102— 5
F J Kall, 25	2200212202— 7	T Short, 28	0121112021— 8
J H Moore, 28	2121111112—10	Croetinger, 25	220000*211— 5
P May, 28	2222120012— 8	*B E Ernst, 28	00*2110210— 5
W Corbett, 25	1102211022— 8	Capt Dreyer, 25	1100120101— 6
W Catton, 28	2202221111— 9	F Hansman, 25	0220122220— 7

*Guests.

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me., Jan. 23.—Following is the report of the annual meeting of the Brunswick Gun Club:

The annual meeting of the Brunswick Gun Club, also the election of officers for the ensuing year, was held at the room of G. B. Webber, Wednesday evening. The following officers were elected: L. C. Whitmore, President; David W. Scribner, Vice-President; Oscar B. Nason, Treasurer; Gilbert M. Wheeler, Secretary. Executive Committee for 1903: L. C. Whitmore, G. B. Webber, S. Whitmore, I. L. Dunning, C. H. Storer.

This will be the third year of the club's existence, and promises to be the brightest. It now has an equipment for the sport that is complete in every feature. The members seem to feel that they can break targets in better shape, and that in the State shoot of 1903 they will not have to act as the rear guard, as has been the case formerly. Some new shooting timber will participate this season in making the representative squad of five men that can go along "right smart."

The five men making the highest average per cent. from April to September are the chosen five to go against the other clubs of the State.

Last year they were S. Whitmore, G. M. Wheeler, D. W. Scribner, A. S. Merrill, I. L. Dunning.

The date for holding their tournament this year has not been decided.

G. M. WHEELER, Sec'y.

Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Can.—The weather at the beginning of the shoot being very cold kept a number of shooters away; but those who came seemed to enjoy themselves. Our club house was very comfortable, and as our shooters did not have to stay out very long nobody got frozen.

On the second day there was a larger attendance, and altogether the shoot was a success.

Maurice Reardon, of the Hamilton Gun Club, won the Grand Canadian Handicap with a straight score, and A. D. Bates the medal presented by the New Troisdorf Powder Co., for high average in live-bird events.

Mr. E. C. Griffith won high average on targets for the three days, with J. Head a close second.

Jan. 13, First Day.

The weather was unfavorable. It was very cold. There was a strong wind and a bad light. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	10	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
F Westbrook	8	13	13	9	15	13	14	17	9	155	111	.716
E C Griffith	4	15	12	15	17	11	13	15	13	155	115	.741
R C Root	7	15	12	13	13	12	10	17	13	155	112	.722
J Head	7	15	13	14	17	10	17	15	15	155	123	.793
Upton	8	7	8	15	16	..	15	18	13	140	100	.714
Mitchell	8	12	9	19	10	14	10	16	9	155	107	.690
Toll	7	15	12	13	9	..	..	17	13	120	86	.716
McMackon	7	16	10	13	13	9	..	15	12	135	95	.700
H S Swalm	7	13	10	11	..	10	13	20	11	135	95	.700
S Fairbairn	8	11	9	14	9	4	..	13	8	135	76	.562
Wilson	5	8	9	14	13	7	..	16	..	120	72	.600
Fletcher	6	12	10	13	..	..	..	14	..	85	55	.647
H T Westbrook	4	13	10	13	16	..	..	15	10	115	81	.704
McLaren	6	14	9	11	14	..	..	12	13	120	79	.658
H Scane	8	14	9	12	17	..	17	16	14	140	107	.764
Armstrong	4	..	..	14	..	12	..	11	..	65	41	.630
Duff	7	7	13	12	8	..	11	10	12	140	80	.571
Miller	7	8	..	14	15	..	14	17	..	115	75	.617
Phillips	6	12	..	8	12	11	18	12	11	140	90	.642
G Stroud	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	.400
E W Clifford	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14	.560
G E Swalm	4	14	10	16	11	10	..	15	..	115	80	.691
Dynes	5	..	..	16	12	..	..	..	..	50	33	.660
Crooks	5	..	10	13	17	..	..	15	12	110	72	.654
E J Brown	..	19	9	15	18	9	11	14	..	130	95	.730
E A Clifford	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	.400
Lewis	..	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	7	55	20	.363
Cantelon	..	..	12	12	..	..	..	10	..	55	34	.608
Simmons	..	..	10	16	10	..	..	16	11	90	63	.700
Morris	..	..	10	14	13	10	13	..	..	90	60	.666
Fitch	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	10	..	40	23	.575
Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	20	10	.500
P Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	35	21	.600
Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	20	8	.400
C Scane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	.800
Gooch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	6	.400

Jan. 14, Second Day.

There was a moderate wind and good light and fair weather. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	10	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Upton	7	15	10	16	15	13	14	18	11	155	119	.767
Toll	5	17	14	11	18	11	16	17	13	155	121	.780
H T Westbrook	6	16	10	12	16	8	8	11	7	155	94	.606
E C Griffith	10	14	15	14	20	10	18	16	14	155	131	.845
Mitchell	10	14	14	14	17	11	17	19	10	155	126	.812
Raspberry	3	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14	.560
R C Root	3	18	10	14	14	13	8	13	6	155	99	.638
J Cline	6	..	10	17	13	..	..	..	..	65	46	.706
Duff	6	13	8	14	15	13	15	12	10	155	106	.683
Lewis	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	13	.433
Simmons	8	15	13	16	15	13	14	14	..	140	108	.771
J Head	7	15	10	20	15	13	15	19	13	155	127	.819
McMackon	10	16	14	17	18	5	17	16	12	155	125	.806
Dynes	10	11	..	14	..	..	..	..	12	65	47	.723
G E Swalm	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	.800
McLaren	9	17	13	18	18	12	11	16	11	155	125	.806
H Scane	7	14	12	..	..	..	..	16	..	65	49	.753
F Westbrook	6	18	11	18	17	12	15	19	10	155	126	.812
C Scane	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	30	22	.733
Fitch	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16	.604
Fisher	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	.600
H S Swalm	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	25	.833
Brown	..	18	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	55	41	.745
Dunn	..	13	..	..	9	3	..	..	..	55	25	.454
M J Miller	..	15	..	..	18	11	14	..	11	90	69	.766
Hartley	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	.400
D Miller	..	16	..	14	..	..	..	..	10	55	40	.727
D Fisher	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	.550
Burgess	..	15	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	55	39	.709
Greenwood	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	.400
Fairbairn	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	40	30	.750
Wilson	..	13	..	..	..	..	13	16	..	60	42	.700
Phillips	..	16	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	40	30	.750
J Crooks	..	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	55	41	.745
Tyro	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	12	40	23	.575
Peterkin	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4	.266
McColl	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	.466
Bowron	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	.450
E A Clifford	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	20	7	.350
Cantelon	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	15	12	.800
H H Cull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	35	28	.800
Dunk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	35	23	.657

Jan. 15, Third Day.

The weather was fair, wind moderate and light good. The competition was at targets and live birds. The target scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot		
Targets:	10	20	15	20	20	15	20	20	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
F Westbrook	6	17	12	14	18	11	19	16	10	155	123	.793
Dunk	9	16	10	14	16	..	16	..	11	120	92	.766
H T Westbrook	7	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	24	.553
Edwards	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	.400
McMackon	9	17	11	15	17	12	15	15	10	155	121	.780
McLaren	7	18	12	16	16	11	18	16	..	140	114	.814
McColl	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14	.560
Duff	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	25	17	.680
Toll	5	15	12	12	17	12	13	16	13	155	115	.741
Mitchell	8	7	12	14	14	12	13	16	6	155	102	.658
J Head	6	18	9	20	12	13	15	17	7	155	117	.754
Griffith	7	17	12	17	17	14	19	18	11	155	132	.850
Dynes	4	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	45	29	.644
Upton	..	18	8	16	13	..	17	16	..	115	88	.764
E J Brown	..	17	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	55	43	.781
Fairbairn	..	12	..	14	12	..	14	..	..	80	52	.650
Wilson	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	.750
Phillips	..	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	24	.680
M J Miller	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	.750
Cantelon	..	..	8	15	16	..	13	16	..	95	68	.715
Aikins	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	3	.200
Burgess	..	..	12	14	17	..	16	14	..	95	73	.768
Simmons	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	.700
Lewis	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	20	6	.300
P Brown	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	.600
C Scane	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	20	16	.800
Cline	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14	.700
Greene	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	35	23	.647

The summary of the live-bird scores are appended. No. 1 had $200 guaranteed. No. 2 was the Grand Canadian Handicap, $500 guaranteed. No. 3 and No. 4 had $100 guaranteed in each. No. 5 was a $5 sweepstake.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	
Birds:	10	20	10	10	10	at.	Killed.
W Lewis	7	12	..	8	8	50	35
H Scane	9	17	7	8	7	60	48
McLaren	8	14	8	..	8	50	38
Mitchell	8	18	8	8	10	60	52
F Westbrook	9	17	9	9	..	50	44
J Head	7	18	8	8	7	60	48
Cantelon	10	17	..	6	..	40	33
Simmons	8	16	..	..	9	40	33
H T Westbrook	7	18	10	8	9	60	52
Toll	10	18	9	7	7	60	51
H S Swalm	8	..	6	..	..	20	14
Greenwood	8	12	..	..	..	30	20
Shannon	5	13	..	..	..	30	18
Armstrong	7	16	6	8	..	50	37
J Crooks	5	14	7	..	..	40	26
Gooch	9	12	4	6	..	50	31
Upton	8	14	7	8	9	60	46
G Stroud	9	13	10	7	..	50	39
A D Bates	10	18	8	9	8	60	53
J Stroud	8	17	7	8	9	60	49
Griffith	8	16	9	7	9	60	51
Fairbairn	8	16	9	7	9	60	49
Root	8	..	5	..	..	20	13
Wilson	9	16	8	9	..	50	42
McKinnon	6	..	..	..	..	10	6
Fletcher	9	18	8	10	7	60	52
M J Miller	10	18	7	9	8	60	52
49	8	..	..	..	..	10	8
Hull	6	13	..	7	..	40	26
Robbins	10	16	..	8	..	40	34
C Scane	9	13	..	7	..	40	29
P Brown	8	16	..	8	..	40	32
Phillips	9	17	6	..	6	50	38
W Stroud	9	..	..	..	..	10	9
Reardon	8	20	7	6	8	60	49
Elkins	8	..	..	..	..	10	8
Peterkin	..	15	6	7	..	40	28
King	..	17	..	..	..	20	17
Burgess	..	17	..	..	..	20	17
Tyro	..	14	..	10	9	40	33
Hartley	..	13	..	..	..	20	13
McColl	..	16	..	8	9	40	33
D Miller	..	17	..	..	..	20	17
G E Swalm	..	..	6	..	..	10	6
Eddy	..	..	5	..	..	10	5
Dynes	..	..	6	..	..	10	6
Hunt	..	..	6	..	..	10	6
McMackon	..	..	10	8	6	40	28
Cull	..	..	..	9	..	10	9
Dunk	..	..	..	8	6	20	14
Hall	..	..	..	..	10	10	10

El Paso Tournament.

EL PASO, Tex.—The El Paso Gun Club's first tournament was a success. Besides those residing in the State, there were shooters from Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska, California, Kansas, Dakota, Louisiana, and Colorado. There were other attractions, a carnival being in full blast across the line, in Mexico. Shooting commenced at 9 and ended at 1 o'clock P. M.

Mr. D. Curran, of Ennis, Tex., won the Schmelzer cup, for which he shot off a tie with Mr. J. A. Jackson, of Austin, Tex., at 20 targets. He scored 19 to Jackson's 18. The scores:

First Day, Jan. 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
Texas Field	10	14	10	20	24	78
Fanning	10	14	10	19	25	78
Adams	10	14	10	19	24	77
Heer	8	15	10	19	25	77
Townsend	9	15	10	19	22	75
Weatherhead	10	14	10	17	23	74
Heikes	10	13	8	18	25	74
Faurote	9	15	8	16	25	73
McVeagh	8	13	10	19	23	73
Timberlake	9	11	9	18	25	72
Morrill	9	11	10	18	24	72
O'Brien	9	12	9	17	25	72
Taylor	7	15	9	20	21	72
Anderson	9	14	10	18	21	72
Carroll	9	13	10	18	22	72
Aitken	8	13	10	19	21	71
Vaughan	8	14	8	17	24	71
Hughes	9	13	9	16	24	71
Sievers	8	14	9	17	22	70
Lone Jack	7	14	9	18	22	70
Rand	7	14	7	18	24	70
Atchison	10	13	8	18	20	69
Hart	8	12	9	15	24	68
Hitt	8	12	9	16	23	68

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
Jackson	6	14	8	18	21	67
Ives	9	10	10	16	22	67
McCormack	9	13	8	15	22	67
Connerly	7	14	8	18	19	66
Gilson	8	13	9	15	21	66
Critzer	8	12	9	18	18	65
Schroeder	9	13	8	19	19	65
Adamson	10	10	7	17	21	65
Stevenson	6	12	7	19	21	65
Blanchard	10	11	7	15	21	64
Miller	8	12	7	17	20	64
Purcell	7	13	6	18	19	63
Dominie	7	12	8	15	21	63
Webb	9	11	6	18	18	62
Worden	7	11	8	15	18	59
Ousley	6	9	7	17	18	57
Campbell	6	9	8	15	17	55
Meade	5	11	3	15	18	52
Dearth	5	13	7	12	15	52
Duncan	6	10	7	13	14	50
B Weatherhead	6	..	9	16	..	
Shelton	6	..	9	15	18	
Orndorff	1	..	9	13	13	

Fanning and Guessaz were high average with 78 out of 80.

Second Day, Jan 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
O'Brien	10	12	8	20	25	75
Faurote	9	15	10	18	23	75
Heer	10	13	10	16	24	73
Jackson	10	14	10	19	20	73
Hughes	10	12	9	17	25	73
Adams	8	14	9	17	24	72
Heikes	9	13	8	18	24	72
Anderson	9	13	9	18	22	71
Gilson	7	13	9	18	23	70
Fanning	8	13	8	18	23	70
Timberlake	8	14	9	17	21	69
Taylor	8	14	8	15	23	68
Miller	8	15	10	13	21	67
Ellison	6	13	8	10	21	67
Morrill	9	12	9	15	21	66
Curran	8	14	10	17	17	66
Atchison	6	14	9	15	21	65
Sievers	8	13	6	16	22	65
Vaughan	9	12	9	16	19	65
Texas Field	10	11	7	17	19	64
Weatherhead	8	13	8	12	23	64
Dominie	9	7	8	17	22	63
Carroll	9	12	8	16	18	63
Hart	5	14	8	16	19	62

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
Townsend	5	13	9	16	19	62
McCormack	9	12	8	17	15	61
Aitken	9	11	8	16	17	61
F Robinson	8	13	8	12	19	61
Bulwer	10	13	9	17	12	61
Lone Jack	6	9	8	17	20	60
F Woodward	7	11	7	19	16	60
Brown	8	14	8	13	17	60
Ives	8	10	9	16	14	57
Critzer	7	11	8	15	15	56
McVeagh	6	13	4	14	19	56
Purcell	6	14	9	13	12	54
Duncan	9	8	6	12	20	53
Worden	7	13	4	12	17	53
Hitt	8	11	9	15	10	53
Rand	7	14	6	15	9	51
Blanchard	5	8	8	14	14	49
Adamson	4	10	9	11	14	48
E Woodward	8	10	8	9	17	42
Stevenson	8	10	10	11	2	41
Dearth	6	11	2	6	8	33
Chilton	..	10	9	18	8	
R Weatherhead	7	13	3	..	..	
Schroeder	8	13	8	12	..	

The weather was cold, with snow falling.

Third Day, Jan. 15.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
Curran	10	15	10	20	24	79
Heikes	10	15	9	20	24	78
Faurote	10	14	9	20	25	78
Ellison	9	15	9	19	23	75
Vaughan	10	15	10	18	23	76
Taylor	9	15	10	19	23	76
O'Brien	9	15	9	17	25	75
Townsend	9	15	10	16	25	75
Jackson	10	12	9	19	24	74
Aitken	9	13	9	18	25	74
Adams	9	15	10	17	23	74
Fanning	10	13	10	16	25	74
Hughes	10	15	7	17	25	74
B F Woodward	10	13	10	19	22	74
Atchison	7	13	10	19	24	73
Lone Jack	9	15	10	16	22	72
Timberlake	9	15	10	14	24	72
Weatherhead	8	15	5	19	25	72
McCormack	10	13	9	15	24	71
Schroeder	10	15	10	18	18	71
Heer	9	14	10	15	22	70
Hart	10	11	9	17	23	70
Sievers	9	13	9	16	23	70
Anderson	9	13	9	17	21	69

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	T'l
Texas Field	9	15	8	16	21	69
Dominie	8	14	10	14	23	69
McVeagh	6	13	10	16	23	68
Chilton	10	13	8	16	21	68
Miller	7	11	9	20	20	67
Morrill	9	13	8	14	22	66
L Woodward	10	11	7	16	22	66
Purcell	8	15	6	12	23	64
Adamson	7	12	8	17	20	64
Gilson	9	15	6	16	18	64
Ives	6	7	8	19	23	63
Carroll	7	14	9	14	18	62
Blanchard	7	13	10	10	21	61
Worden	6	13	9	13	19	60
Critzer	6	9	9	14	22	60
Shelton	8	8	5	16	21	58
Omdorff	8	9	8	17	16	58
Rand	7	8	10	15	15	55
Duncan	7	8	8	12	13	48
Dearth	5	8	8	12	13	46
Robinson	8	12	9	12	..	
Brown	7	12	8	15	..	
Owsley	9	11	8	17	..	
Weatherhead	..	9	..	..	..	

For the three days, Mr. F. M. Faurote was high average with a score of 226 out of 240; Heikes second with 224; C. B. Adams third with 223; J. S. Fanning fourth with 222.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 17.—A new series of cash prize contests commenced on the 17th inst. The conditions are changed materially from the contests just finished. There are now two classes, where heretofore there was one. Each class has a purse of $100 divided into five prizes, $30, $25, $20, $15, $10. All contestants remain in the class in which they start. These changes have been made for the sole benefit of the less skillful members, who, it is hoped, will show their appreciation by taking an active part in these contests.

Scores of first contest of C. G. C. cash prize series follows: B. Trimble (21) 43, Block (17) 41, Corry (16) 41, Faran (16) 41, Barker (17) 41, Leever (17) 41, Ahlers (20) 39, Randall (18) 39, Verges (18) 39, Falk (16) 38, Parker (17) 38, Dreihs (16) 37, J. B. (16) 37, Coleman (18) 36, Roll (17) 36, Medico (16) 36, Herman (16) 36, Manyard (17) 34, Farmer (16) 29, Ackley (15) 29.

Sam Leever, of the Pittsburg Baseball Club, shoots with us now and then, and as will be seen by the scores, can handle a gun as well as a baseball. He is always a welcome visitor.

St. Joe Gun Club.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo.—Following are the scores of an afternoon practice and medal shoot held Jan. 18th, on the St. Joseph, Mo., Gun Club grounds. The weather was raw, and not conducive to good work, but the boys kept firing away until the sun disappeared in the timber line beyond the Missouri.

This club will have the honor of opening the Western circuit the first week in April, and presenting the introductory to the Grand American Handicap at targets, which follows at Kansas City a week later, and it will prove itself well worthy of the trust when the time comes. This club has been recently incorporated under the laws of Missouri, and is headed by a corps of efficient young officers who will come pretty near setting the pace in trapshooting in this section during the year. The new officers are: R. G. Conser, President; Louis Moine, Vice-President; F. M. Brinson, Secretary-Treasurer; F. B. Cunningham, Manager; J. H. Felt, Captain; E. G. Walker, Albert Toole and J. H. Felt, Directors.

Scores on the above occasion were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	20	at.	Broke.
Riehl	15	8	13	8	14	7	21	16	120	102
Conser	5	6	8	6	10	6	21	..	100	62
Libbe	14	7	8	7	10	8	19	..	100	72
Stuart	7	5	9	7	12	7	13	..	100	61
Roberts	12	5	12	4	..	..	..	..	50	23
Cunningham	12	7	12	9	14	8	22	16	120	100
Chandler	9	5	10	6	..	..	11	..	75	41
Walker	7	6	10	7	12	9	10	..	100	61
Loderhose	6	7	..	..	..	..	13	10	75	36
Vogel	12	8	9	10	10	7	21	11	120	88
Brinson	12	5	11	11	..	..	..	..	50	39
Richter	8	9	9	4	11	7	15	18	120	81
Murphy	..	..	9	9	13	10	16	14	100	71
Eckel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	25	11

KILLMORE.

New York County Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Jan. 21.—Find scores herewith of the New York County Gun Club, shot on the first day of the week. The scores will show the difficulty of good shooting in the high wind.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	15	25	25	20	20	50
Schorty	9	7	11	20	15	16	40
Dudley	12	9	17	19	..	14	39
Welles	14	12	10	17	15	14	33
Gehrman	9	8	16	..	..	..	28
Jones	..	4	11	10	..	12	32
Ernst	..	..	..	..	8	7	19
Charles	..	..	..	..	6	10	17
Dondera	..	..	..	..	9	4	21
Selg	..	..	..	..	4	4	8
W Hart	..	..	..	..	5	12	26
Staples	..	..	..	..	12	14	28
Norris	..	..	..	..	1	3	8
Seibel	..	..	..	..	3	3	10
Klenk	..	..	..	..	7	9	20
Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Lutz	..	..	..	..	..	..	22

No. 7 was the club handicap of the New York County Gun Club at its shoot.

Rockaway Beach, Jan. 20.—There was a high northwest wind in squalls. Thermometer 30 degrees.

L. H. SCHORTEMEIER, Pres. N. Y. C. G. C.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

What is the Money Value of a Human Life?

A Society in Boston, Mass., Organized and Officiated by Prominent Doctors, Divines, Editors, and Business Men to Save Human Life.

THE commercial value of the African slave was $300 to $3,000, according to his intelligence and mechanical skill. It is said that every able-bodied man is worth $1,000 to the community in which he lives, but sometimes thousands and thousands of dollars are paid to save the life of a man, woman or child. Recently we had an instance in which Americans raised more than $50,000 to save the life of Miss Ellen Stone, who was held by the Turks for a ransom.

The society in Boston, Mass., known as the American Invalid Aid Society, started under the direction of such men as the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the eminent divine and author, J. Warren

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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AN INDIAN CHIEF.

WHITE CALF, CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET, DIED AT WASHINGTON, JAN. 29, 1903.

FOR sixty years as boy, young man and fierce warrior he had roamed the prairie, free as the other wild creatures who traversed it, and happy in his freedom.

He had been but a little fellow when the white men first came into the country to trade, but he was old enough to have been present, and was well enough thought of in the tribe, at the signing of Gov. Steven's treaty with the Prairie People in 1855, to affix his mark —as The Feather—to that paper. As yet the coming of the white man meant little to him and to his people. It furnished them a market for their robes and furs, for which they received in exchange guns and ammunition, which made them more than ever terrible to their enemies. The whole broad prairie was still theirs to camp on and to hunt over. Their lodges were pitched along the streams from the Red Deer River on the north to the Elk River on the south, and their war journeys extended south to the country of the Mexicans.

More than twenty years ago happened the greatest misfortune that ever came to his tribe. The buffalo disappeared and never returned. From this time forth they were forced to depend on the food given them by the white men, and, in order to receive that food, they were obliged to stay in one place, to confine themselves to that little corner of ground, their reservation.

Long before this he had become the chief of his tribe—the father of his people. Already he was putting their welfare before his own, was thinking first of them and of himself last.

For it was the duty of a chief to look out for the well-being of his people; to care for the widows and orphans; to make peace between those who quarrel; to give his whole heart and his whole mind to the work of helping his people to be happy. Such were the duties that the old time chief studied to perform. And since on his example and his precept so much depended, he must be a man who was brave in war, generous in disposition, liberal in temper, deliberate in making up his mind, and of good judgment. Such men gave themselves to their work with heart and soul, and strove for the welfare of those in their charge with an earnestness and a devotion that perhaps is not equalled by any other rulers of men.

And this devotion to his fellows was not without its influence on the man himself; after a time the spirit of good will which animated him began to shine forth in his countenance, so that at length, and as they grew old, such chiefs came to have the beneficent and kindly expression that we may sometimes see on the countenance of an elderly minister of God whose life has been one long loving sacrifice of self to his Maker and to his fellow men. And if the face was benevolent and kindly, not less sweet and gentle was the spirit that animated the man. Simple, honest, generous, tender hearted, and yet withal on occasion merry and jolly. Such men, once known, commanded universal respect and admiration. They were like the conventional notion of Indians in nothing save in the color of the skin. They were true friends, delightful companions, wise counsellors—men whose conduct toward their fellow men we all might profitably imitate. We do not commonly attribute a spirit of altruism to Indians, but it was seen in these old time chiefs.

Such a chief was White Calf, long chief of the Blackfeet. In his day he had been a famous warrior, and in the battle which took place in 1867, when the great chief Many Horses was killed, White Calf with two others had rushed into a great crowd of the enemy—the Crows and Gros Ventres—who were trying to kill Wolf Calf, even then an old man, and, scattering them like smoke before the wind, had pulled the old man out of the crush and brought him safely off. It was not long after this that he put aside the war path forever, and since then had confined himself to working for the good of his people by the arts of peace. No sacrifice was too great for him to make, if he thought that by it the tribe might be helped; yet he possessed a sturdy independence that bullying and intimidation could not move—even that threats of soldiers and the guard house could not shake. When he was sure that he was right he could not be stirred. Yet if reasons were advanced which appealed to his judgment, no man was quicker to acknowledge error.

Though nearly 80 years old, the chief was not bowed with the weight of time nor were his natural forces greatly abated. He was still erect and walked with a briskness and an elasticity rare for one of his years. Yet in a degree he felt that his powers were failing, and he sometimes avoided the decision of important questions on the ground that he was getting old and his mind was no longer good.

A little more than two weeks ago he stood in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, who shook him warmly by the hand and talked to him and the others of his people present. A few days later, just as they were about to leave Washington for their distant prairie home, the old chief caught cold, pneumonia set in, and just before midnight on the 29th of January, he peacefully passed away.

He was a man who was great in the breadth of his judgment, and in the readiness with which he recognized the changes which he and his people were now obliged to face and adapted himself to these changes; but greatest of all, in the devotion that he felt for his tribe, and in the way in which he sacrificed himself for their welfare. Buffalo hunter, warrior, savage ruler and diplomat; then learner, instructor, persuader and encourager in new ways; he was always the father of the people. Just as for many years he had been constantly serving them, so now, at the end of his long chieftainship, he gave up his life in the successful effort to protect them from a great calamity.

SNAP SHOTS.

NORTH CAROLINA is considering the imposition of a license fee upon the non-resident shooter. The scheme has its origin with the Audubon Society, and the purpose is to provide funds for the employment of game wardens. Public opinion in North Carolina is reported to be warmly in support of the proposition. This is not to be wondered at, for it means the protection of game for resident and visitor alike, but altogether at the expense of the visitor. That is a scheme much in favor nowadays. The non-resident tax idea has taken hold upon the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission. In the current report is a recommendation to tax the non-resident $50 unless he happen to be a member of an incorporated club. This proposal is contained in the same report which estimates that "millions of dollars are annually spent because of the attractions of the woods and waters for health and pleasure seekers and sportsmen." A non-resident hunting license fee of $50 would be just the thing if the purpose were to confine Adirondack hunting to the ultra-wealthy who can afford to pay an added $50 for their sport without feeling it; but the excessive fee would, of course, be prohibitory as to the average man. New York can well afford to continue to extend, as now, a warm welcome to the sportsmen of the country at large to visit the Adirondacks to hunt and fish and enjoy the woods and the waters and the mountains. If for these outdoor privileges the State is to tax one, let it tax all, not the non-resident deer hunter only for hunting deer, but the non-resident angler for taking trout, the non-resident hotel guest and cottager and the camper. It takes money to propagate fish, why should not the non-resident pay for his fish? It takes money to pay for protecting the forests, why not make the non-resident pay for his enjoyment of them?

The system formerly in operation in this State governing the possession of game in close season was one of absolute prohibition. By the terms of the law a dealer who had a stock of game on hand at the end of the open season for selling was given the alternative of selling it, sending it out of the State for cold storage, or storing it clandestinely in the city. Some dealers shipped their surplus to Boston or across the river to New Jersey; some kept it in New York cold storage vaults, as witness the Arctic Freezer Company seizure now before the courts. Last year a new system was provided by amendment of the law, whereby dealers were permitted to retain in storage whatever game they had on hand at the close of the season, and to keep it in bond, duly inspected and sealed by the authorities. This change was favored by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and when the law went into effect at the close of the season, Chief Protector Pond and his assistants visited New York and bonded the game. An amendment to repeal this provision and to restore the old system has been introduced by Assemblyman Wainright.

The theory upon which the bonding system was advocated was that its operation would remove from reputable game dealers the hardship of destroying a valuable stock, and would give them an opportunity to retain their surplus game, dealing honestly with the State and being secured in their property rights. It was further assumed that by reason of the bonding the dishonest dealer would be prevented from disposing of his stock illicitly in the close season. The theory upon which the system was opposed, and we opposed it, was that the enlarged opportunity to store game would encourage the overstocking of the market, and would in consequence stimulate the killing for market. If a dealer could sell or keep his game, he would be very apt to buy more lavishly and acquire a larger stock than if he were given only the open season for selling it and must then destroy or dispose of what he had on hand. The actual operation of the law should have demonstrated which of these theories was the right one.

A newspaper published in Cody, Wyo., comes to hand with a suggestion that every non-resident of the State should be prohibited, under penalty of a tremendous fine, from killing big game within the borders of Wyoming. As there are numerous citizens of Wyoming who for their subsistence depend largely upon what they can make out of the non-resident sportsmen for whom they serve as outfitters, packers and guides, it is clear that the Cody editor will not find public sentiment and unanimous hoop-la in support of his mediæval proposition. A person who proposes seriously to keep non-resident hunters out of Wyoming shows his ignorance of the commercial value of big game on the hoof. In the wilderness where cash is scarce and barter is the rule, the money brought in and expended by the non-resident for pack horses and saddle horses and provisions and guides and cooks and accessories is sometimes about all the actual cash the recipients receive from one year's end to the other. The money is extremely acceptable to the men in the mountains. The next proposition to come from the logical Cody editor will be for a law prohibiting outsiders from buying cattle and horses in Wyoming.

WE referred last week to the preposterous bill of Assemblyman Coutant, at Albany, to tax the non-resident of a county $25 for the privilege of shooting in any one town in the county. Mr. Coutant has been a laughing stock for the newspapers throughout the State, with the single exception of the Kingston Freeman, which takes Mr. Coutant in dead earnest, and hails the bill as a measure of lofty statesmanship. The Freeman editor has for many years been waging against the sportsmen of New York a campaign which, we feel confident, would produce the greatest consternation among them if they should ever happen to find out about it. From this day henceforth let it not be said that we have failed in our duty of warning them against the ferocious Kingston man.

SOMETHING of what money value the protection of game in this country represents is hinted in a remark quoted on another page from the London Spectator, that the deer killed in New York last year amounted to a number which "at the ordinary rate reckoned per stag in Scotland (£40) would represent a sporting outlay of £169,000." In other words, the man who killed deer in the public lands of the North Woods enjoys a privilege for which the Scotch deer hunter would pay $200; and the total cost of the deer so reckoned for a year would amount to $845,000. These figures are fallacious, for no such value attaches to game in this country. Nevertheless it costs many a successful deer hunter more than $200 to get his venison.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Notes from Central America.—V.

Mosquito Coast of Honduras—The Bay Islands.

Much has been written concerning the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua, and the lagoons between Cape Gracias á Diós and the Bluefields River, have been presented to the world through the pages of English history as well as through other channels. But the Republic of Honduras also has a Mosquito Coast and remarkable lagoons—notably those of La Criba, Brewer, and Caratasca—included between Cape Cameron and the Nicaragua border, in the department of Mosquitia, Honduras.

La Criba Lagoon receives the waters of Rio Negro and opens to the sea at the town of Black River, just east of Tocamacho and Port Burchard. This lagoon is very picturesque—containing numerous islands and having a background of high mountains to the south

HARBOR OF COXEN HOLE, ISLAND OF ROATAN, HONDURAS.

and west. It is the outlet for much produce from the interior, natives bringing down the river rubber, sarsaparilla, hides, etc., which are shipped by schooner to the United States. The bar at the mouth of the lagoon is navigable for craft drawing from four to five feet of water, while a good channel runs through the lagoon to the river—which latter is navigable for miles.

Brewer's Lagoon, which receives the waters of Toomtoon Creek—an offshoot from the Patuca River—and numerous smaller streams—is larger and deeper than La Criba Lagoon, but has no deep-water connection with the interior. Two very picturesque rocky islands—at present occupied by an American—rise precipitously from the stretch of waters. This lagoon affords an excellent harbor, but the bar at its mouth is not safe for vessels having a draft of over six feet. Like the other lagoons of this region, alligators, crocodiles, ducks, sharks, etc., here abound, while quantities of wild pigeons are found along the shores of both lagoons and rivers, and jack snipe inhabit the marshes. Any doubt that might have formerly been entertained by the writer as to the existence of crocodiles in this region was dispelled a few weeks ago by his killing, in a small lagoon between Brewer's Lagoon and the Patuca River, a true crocodile seven and a half feet long. These saurians are very numerous in these lagoons.

Between Brewer's Lagoon and the Wanks River we find Honduras' largest lagoon—viz., Caratasca Lagoon—a beautiful body of water about thirty-five miles long, five miles wide and having a practically navigable bar and good inside channel, but receiving from the interior the waters of no large river. On either side of this elegant lake is low, flat land, populated by Mosquito Indians, while behind it—to the southward—rise the high peaks of the Colon mountains—in and about which are said to live Toacos Indians, but concerning which but little is known, for the country for nearly a hundred miles to the south and southwest of Caratasca Lagoon remains practically unexplored, and is usually marked on the map of the country *"desconocido."* That this region is rich in mineral is shown by the gold found in the streams that flow from the foot hills of the mountains into both Caratasca Lagoon and the Wanks River, but the region is difficult of access, wild and rugged, far from law and order, and its inhabitants certainly not more than semi-civilized, and said to be decidedly treacherous. Personally, the writer has as yet visited only the outskirts of this region—that is, the Colon mountains—but fondly hopes to explore them thoroughly in the near future.

Deer are plentiful in the mountains, as also jaguars, tigers and wild bears. Monkeys and snakes—large and small—are common along the rivers. The scenery, viewed from a pitpan, as one passes up or down the rivers, is grand. The curving, flowing stream; the dense and varied foliage of the forest; the towering mountains—sometimes far in the distance, at others rising almost from the banks of the stream; the chattering of monkeys, parrots and macaws; the call of the toucan; the flight of wild fowl and birds of bright plumage—all attract eye or ear, and were it not for the song and bite of countless mosquitoes, for sand flies, gnats and even deer flies, for the difficulty of obtaining proper food, for the indolence and avarice of the natives, for the prevalence of malaria, etc., the locality might, for a time, at least, appear quite enchanting.

Here in the lagoon region is the home of cassava and mishla—the former the chief food of both Caribs and Mosquito Indians, the latter the great drink of the Mosquito Indians and Sambos. Cassava, bananas, and fish, with occasional fresh pork, constitute the daily diet of the people of the lagoon region. Mishla, also from the cassava, is a vile beverage of most disgusting manufacture. Washed and grated cassava is chewed by the women and spat into a wooden tub or small canoe, water is added and the mixture allowed to ferment in the sun—the ptyalin of the saliva converting the starch of the cassava into unstable sugar which, rapidly fermenting, produces a mildly alcoholic, though none the less intoxicating, beverage. Aging bananas and other fruit are sometimes added to the mixture.

A "mishla lay-out" generally calls together the natives of the entire village, who drink and dance to music furnished by revellers, who beat with wrists and hands on drums resembling barrels with the wooden heads replaced by a single head of tightly stretched hide. The orgie continues sometimes for days, according to the amount of mishla on hand. It is said that young girls chew the cassava in the preparation of mishla for the chiefs, but the writer has seen almost toothless old women occupied with the preparation of the beverage.

Leaving the Mosquito Coast, the writer sailed from the mouth of the Patuca River to Truxillo, making the trip in an open 18-foot sailboat in two days and one night. Obviously, the wind was fair. From Truxillo passage for Puerto Cortés was obtained on the Honduranian gunboat Tatumbla. We left Truxillo Dec. 21 and would have arrived in Puerto Cortés before Christmas, had not a norther set in, which prevented the Tatumbla from being able to land cargo on the open beach at La Ceiba, and determined her putting in at Utilla—one of the bay islands of Honduras—for at the town of Utilla, on the southern side of the island, is a small harbor affording excellent protection from winds from north and northwest.

Coxen Hole, at the Island of Roatan—to the east of Utilla—is also a good harbor during "northers," and is very picturesque—having an outer and inner basin and a background of rather high mountains.

If the harbor of Utilla, owing to the absence of mountains on the island, is less picturesque than Coxen Hole, Roatan, the town of Utilla certainly appeals to the weary mariner as affording a snug retreat for the individual as well as a harbor for his ship, since a more genial and hospitable community would be hard to find. It was our fortune to be in Utilla on Christmas Day—for the wind continued to blow from the north, and it was evident that the beach at La Ceiba was still washed by heavy breakers that rendered impossible the launching of lighters and the landing of cargo. Christmas afternoon an invitation to visit the home of one of the merchants of the town, who are nearly all either English or American—was brought us by Mr. Morgan himself, and so, late in the afternoon, Colonel Don Abelardo Varela, commander of the Tatumbla, Lieutenant Hernandez and the writer went ashore and were greeted, not only by the family of Mr. Morgan, but by most of the foreign residents of the town. The ladies played the piano and sang for us in both English and Spanish, and Commander Varela and Lieutenant Hernandez, who are both expert guitarists, added their quota to the entertainment. About eight o'clock invitations to attend the ball that had already been arranged for the evening, were extended and accepted, and after dancing and feasting until—well, until Christmas had certainly passed—we returned on board, and the next morning sailed to La Ceiba, and Friday morning were in Puerto Cortés.

Throughout Honduras Utilla has the truly merited reputation of possessing hospitable foreign residents and many "maidens fair."

Dr. J. Hobart Egbert.

Puerto Cortes, Honduras, C. A., Dec. 31.

The Charm of Furs.

We wonder what the root of the attraction of furs really is. As an article of wear by primitive man, liking for these would seem a semi-savage taste, liable to disappear with the development of civilization. Yet the modern man, while regarding the "raw" furs worn by the Indian as an evidence of barbarism, displays the same skins, dyed and shorn of their long hairs, as a mark of the highest cultivation. Moreover, the ancients liked furs just as much as the fur-loving Russians and Americans do. And in the older civilizations of the Far East love of them has so endured that the furriers in their treatment of them can now fully claim almost to have improved upon nature. A rich Chinese official may follow the custom of his country and eschew jewelry. But in summer he will wear silks that can stand alone, and in winter fur robes which in tint, lustre and thickness excel those of Western kings.

So tenacious an admiration must have some basis in human nature, and it would be interesting to know just what it is. In the case of the choice furs it may be that the liking partakes of that which many people have for gold and precious stones—the attraction of concentrated value. They represent so much accumulated wealth, and are treasured as standing for the many things they would buy. Yet this is only a partial explanation. For the wearers of the rarer furs are, after all, comparatively few, and to the majority of mankind furs of any kind have a charm of their own quite apart from their value, though not from excellence of manufacture. Besides, the love of gold and gems more nearly approaches to lust than that of furs; though, were the latter not perishable, and so could be hoarded, the attraction might be much the same. Many men like to feel gold, are so drawn by its glitter and color that they like to see and handle it as they do nothing else. Their admiration is for the metal itself, not for its value, or what it will buy.

ALONG THE SHORE OF UTILLA, ISLAND OF UTILLA, HONDURAS.

As for the attraction of gems, did not the late Shah of Persia love to plunge his arms up to the elbows in precious stones, a pleasure in which his wealth and passion for collecting enabled him to indulge? He liked the feel of them against his bare skin, found his dull imagination stirred by their colors and glitter, and his love of luxury gratified by this unique hand-bath of sparkling jewels.

The attraction of furs must, however, be of another sort. For while the handling of them is a physical pleasure, there is no lust for furs as furs as there is for gold. Again, the love for gold, though accentuated by the knowledge of the security against discomfort and poverty it gives, can be trained out of men, as witness

bank tellers. But men who have spent their lives in the fur trade still find an endless and indefinable charm in furs themselves. Doubtless the fact that they have been used since man first turned hunter, and so have become fixed in the popular mind as an object of desire, may account in part for this admiration. But there is something else, and that something is in part the vanity of the sexes, the love of ostentation, and desire to relieve the monotony of the human scenery.

It is the fashion, of course, to credit the love of display entirely to women. The assertion, therefore, that the basis of the liking for furs is woman's love of ornament in costume will find ready acceptance among men. True, the latter are always ready to march about in the uniforms and regalias of this or that order, behind a brass band, indifferent to dust and the hot sun and the jeers of the street gamin. But men have always sacrificed themselves to a sense of duty; and the cynical people who attribute this willingness to contribute something of brightness and cheer to a dull and colorless world to a masculine love of display fail to understand our civilization.

Nevertheless, that women do love furs as an ornament in dress will be admitted. Beauty is to them more essential to successful getting on in the world than it is to men. Any article of apparel or adornment that tends by colors and contrast to enhance it, is, therefore, always admired. And as the color and lustre and richness of furs breaks the sombreness and monotony of ordinary costume and sets off beauty as nothing else does, the taste for them has taken deep root in feminine nature. No doubt their warmth has much to do with this liking. In the choice furs, such as sealskin and sea otter, the under fur is so close that small particles of air are held between the hairs, and this air is warmed by the heat of the body, while the fur itself acts as a non-conductor to the cold. The body of the wearer is thus inclosed in a miniature warm-air chamber. And though the coarse furs do not possess this quality, they still are warm enough to resist medium and even low temperatures.

It may be questioned, however, whether if the beauty of furs were lacking, they would, as a mere protection from cold, attract womankind as they now do. As a matter of fact, much the same protection may be had from the lining furs, such as muskrat, squirrel, etc., or from fur clipped from the skin and woven into the cloth. One of the warmest garments possible is the sheepskin coat of the Russian peasant, woven with the wool inside. But though men wear furs manufactured in this fashion, women do not; and it is probable that men wear them only because of their diminished cost, and because in their work furs worn outside would speedily be destroyed.

One charm of furs for the gentler sex is therefore that they gratify the taste for ornament and ostentation; though that men are exempt from this attraction there is no reason to believe. True, there is among the masses a prejudice against their use by men, as there is against the wearing of much jewelry, and for the same reason. But the rich and the cultivated wear them as far as custom will justify; and were prejudice removed, the leisure class would no doubt use them largely. As it is, men buy furs for women to wear; and though they may do so from desire to please their wives and daughters, they do so also to please their own eyes, to see attractive and beautiful things. The prejudice of the masses may debar men from any large use of furs as savoring of vulgar ostentation. But the workingman buys his wife or sweetheart the prettiest fur he can afford, and likes to feast his eyes upon it; and so long as he does that the taste for furs as ornament will not die out any more than the liking for beauty in woman or for gems as flowers made eternal.

But the real basis of the charm of furs is, we believe, something more than warmth, or concentrated value, or beauty as ornament, or the ease with which they lend themselves to ostentation. It is the gratification of the innate love of luxury. For, like jewels, furs belong in the higest class of luxuries, those at once artistic and sumptuous. The mere feel of furs is a physical pleasure greater than that given by contact with the finest grade of velvet, while their tints and colors, the alternations of reflection and light, make them a never-ending delight to the eye. The very warmth they contribute to the body has an exhilaration that nothing else can give. Even when lying on a chair, or hanging from the wall, they have a softness and richness and sumptuousness that invite repose while stimulating perception and appreciation of luxurious living. The mere ownership of a dyed muskrat skin gives its poor possessor the feeling of sharing the sumptuousness of the world with the rich and cultured. Doubtless few persons have ever analyzed these sensations, but they are real, nevertheless; and, indeed, the more the attraction of furs is considered, the greater the wonder that love for them is not deeper than it is.

A good deal of this charm depends, of course, on the excellence of manufacture. For there are comparatively few furs the beauty of which is not enhanced by the furrier's craft. Singularly enough, it is to China, not to the industrial West, that we look for the perfection of this art. Northwestern Manchuria and the western plateaus of the empire, are veritable reservoirs of furs, and Pekin is the great center of the fur trade of the Eastern world. The cold climate of these remote regions seems specially suited to the development of fur, which attains there a peculiar fineness and thickness. Even the hair and wool grown on these high plateaus take on many of the qualities of fur. The Manchurian dogs, for example, develop a real under fur in winter, and are bred in great numbers for their coats. The Manchurian cat skins have a higher value than those of the Bavarian Alps, while lamb skins, after treatment by the Chinese furriers, are almost as beautiful and sumptuous as the rarer furs.

Despite the great yield of furs throughout the empire, the export trade in them has, however, been very small, only the lighter and less valuable kinds finding their way abroad. The choicer and finer furs are reserved for the domestic market, which among a people fond of personal luxury and substituting sumptuousness of costume for other adornment, is very large. Inevitably with such a demand the processes of manufacture have undergone great development, and with their infinite painstaking and disregard of time, the Chinese furriers have, save in the dyeing of special skins, become past masters in their art. In fact, should the furriers of Pekin and Moukdeer ever release their finished stocks for export, Europe and America will gain a new luxury comparable to that of Chinese silks and Japanese satsuma pottery. For these men, if they do not in their delicate processes improve upon nature, do produce dressed furs which in tint, lustre and richness are unrivalled in the Western world.

Some years ago the London Spectator, in commenting on Li Hung Chang's furs, described several of the masterpieces of the Pekin furriers' art owned by that statesman, and exhibited in London. It appears that the great Viceroy derived a part of his vast revenue from a tribute of furs from Northern Manchuria; that he maintained in Pekin large warehouses filled with the rarer furs; and that his punishment for the substitution by his agents of inferior for good skins were so terrible that no choice furs were diverted from his stores. Possessed of this supply of rare skins, the Pekin furriers had, of course, ample resource for the exercise of their highest skill. And in a robe made to imitate a sable skin enlarged to the size of a beaver skin, they seem to have reached the perfection of their art.

The task they set themselves was not only to reproduce nature on a greatly magnified scale, but to improve upon nature by making the fur lie the same way, instead of following the bends of the body. To accomplish this, they cut small pieces from the best part of sable skins, on which the fur was of the same length, tint and thickness. These pieces were so minute that when sewed together three or four of them made only a square inch of skin. And the patches were, in turn, so sewed as to give no indication of joining, and to impart to the front of the robe a uniform and unbroken appearance. The beauty and sumptuousness of a robe thus made can readily be imagined, even by those not keenly alive to the attraction of furs. But not content, the furriers added ornamentation as unique as it was admirable in effect. They inserted in the robe the skin of the fore paw and shoulder of the sable, which, when sewed down on the uniform fur, formed, owing to the difference in their lie and texture, an ornament like the "eye" seen in a peacock's tail. The robe thus presented the appearance of an enormous sable skin ornamented with peacock's eyes in sable damask; a creation which, it is safe to say, cast in the shade any personal luxury devised by the purveyors to Solomon.

No doubt the Chinese furriers chose the sable not alone because of its color and richness, but because of the uniformity of fur; though a second robe, rivaling in effect the first, was made of skins of the red fox, of the differing shades of red amber, with eyes formed of the bright black foot of the animal. In the fur of the sable both long hairs and the under fur are exactly uniform in size and texture, so that the skin has the appearance of evenness imparted by manufacture as well as the usual qualities of a raw fur. Naturally this superiority augments its value, the demand for the choicer Russian sables being so great that a bunch of ten of them, unfinished, easily commands $2,500. The fur of the sea otter, an animal now nearly extinct, has much of the same qualities as the sable, is, if anything, more beautiful, and owing to its rarity, brings a much higher price. Another fur, now scarcer even than the sea otter, is that of the Antartic seal, the most lustrous and thickest of all the seal fur.

As London is the center of the fur trade of Europe and America, it should be possible through the records of the great January and March sales of Sir Charles Lampson and the Hudson's Bay Company, to secure fairly accurate knowledge of the rate at which the rarer furs are decreasing. Through these sales are distributed the major part of the vast annual catch of furs on the Western continent, Siberia and Australia. How large this catch is may be judged from the statement that, a few years ago, in four days' sales, lasting six hours each day, more than three million fur skins were disposed of. While apparently the rise in price of the better class of furs at these sales in recent years has been due in part to the demands of fashion, yet in the main it may be attributed to diminished supply, caused by the extermination of the animals bearing them. According to the Spectator's estimate, based on the evidence of these sales, the seal, sea otter, silver and blue fox and beaver are the fur-bearing animals earliest destined to extinction.

That this loss can be replaced is, of course, impossible, though the opening of China to outer trade would give to Europe and America a stock of the rarer furs which might last for some time. Failing this, the prospect is that, in the apparent impossibility of producing a substitute for fine furs, or breeding the animals bearing them in numbers sufficient to keep up supply, mankind will have to fall back upon the lighter and poorer furs, and the hair and wool producing animals. Lamb skin, in the hands of skillful furriers, can be made almost as beautiful as the choicer furs; hare skin can be so manufactured as to resemble sealskin, and of a good many of the smaller fur-bearing animals we are insured a fairly permanent supply. Prices will increase, doubtless, but as concentrated property that will only augment the charm of furs, which, as a gratification at once of the admiration for ornament and the love of luxury, will no more die out than the liking for flowers and sunsets. No doubt time will modify a good many of our ideas, but it will not change the desire of men to see things beautiful in themselves and especially to see their wives and daughters made attractive by the additional grace which rich costume imparts.

H. M. ROBINSON.

The American Dipper and Trout.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* S. E. Loud, of the Centennial Fish Hatchery, of Wyoming, says that the bird known as the American Dipper, a description and illustration of which is given in Bulletin No. 55, "The Birds of Wyoming," by Professor W. C. Knight, of the University of Wyoming, is one that is very destructive to young trout, trout fry or the eggs of trout; having seen one of these birds eat a half dozen small trout at one meal, diving under the water in the fish ponds and staying until it secures its prey.

The bird is about the size of a robin, is a dark blue slate color, has a short tail and small wings. It is found along the mountains and small streams. He urges sportsmen to kill it on sight.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Sporting Reminiscences.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is one superiority which no one will dispute with you: that is the superiority of age. And although that preeminence is not one of unalloyed advantage, it has the quality of enabling its possessor to remember more and further back than those who were born after him. Youth, after all, is a sort of disreputable appurtenance which every one gets over as fast as he can and is sure in the end to dispose of.

Look at the condition of the unhappy young men of the present day, who try to call themselves sportsmen. Sport! Clay pigeons. For the mawkish modern sentiment of combined newspaper nonsense and protection of animal hypocrisy will not even allow them the feeble sport of killing live pigeons with a gun and demands that they shall wring their necks mercifully without giving them even a chance for their lives. There is a certain exercise of skill, and that exercise of skill is precisely the pleasure of shooting which the silly people who have never enjoyed it attribute to love of slaughter and common brutality, and in so far there is sport in both these occupations, but the feeblest sort of sport it is. I remember when it was a common thing for me to go out in the glorious brown autumn when the air was becoming crisp and the leaves had turned to brown, and driving up Third avenue half way to the Harlem River, hitch my horse to the fence alongside the road, which was then a country dirt road, and going into the adjoining fields, kill a fair day's bag, say fifteen quail, two or three rabbits and a woodcock or two. And then I would get back into my buggy, and be home to a home dinner and good company at the usual hour.

There was good woodcock and English snipe shooting in Central Park long after it was laid out, and Mr. Alfred W. Craven, for years park commissioner and a devoted sportsman, used to invite me frequently to shoot with him along its water courses and muddy branches before it got into its modern elegance and development. Then, again, we would drive out to Jamaica, and shoot on the meadows or kill rail, as many as forty in a day, on One Mile Creek, just beyond the village.

In Jersey was most glorious shooting almost at our doors. The Big and Little Pieces, the Troy Meadows and a dozen other spots which I knew well then, but of which the very names have escaped my memory now, gave us the grandest shooting without exception in the world at snipe and woodcock, the kings of game birds. On one August day four of us bagged sixty woodcock that had come out into the flooded open meadow, and on another occasion, during two weeks, four of us averaged seventy-five a day in the big swamps of Jersey, a little further away. The farmers, too, were glad to see us, and often went with us and allowed us to shoot on the first day of July a few days before the law was up, as they then legally had the right to do. Further back still, when I was a very little boy, I used to see men fishing on the bridge from the Battery to Castle Garden, good fishermen, too, with the finest of reels, rods and tackle, and catching striped bass and weakfish in abundance of more than fair size.

And what a grand lot of sportsmen they were, that old guard, who never killed a bird unfairly and who trained their dogs, till there was hardly a more beautiful sight than to see a couple of them on a point, and perhaps one or two more backing. Frank Forester, William Henry Herbert, not a first-rate shot and a disagreeable man with his rude English manners, but a splendid writer, who has never had an equal in sporting matters. General Dix, who used to shoot bay snipe in his old days with Colonel Post at a special hole in the pond in the meadow east of Quogue, which they had purchased for the purpose and where they built a cover which enabled them to read when the birds were not flying. And Colonel Post himself, of whom the old darkey guide who accompanied them used to say, "The Colonel am a werry destructive man, a werry destructive man in a flock of snipe." Judge John K. Hackett, the most perfect shot, whether with gun or pistol, who lived in my time. Haywood Gibbons, who lived at Madison, where the famous racer Fashion was bred by his father, and who may be living still, for he went South during the Rebellion and I have not seen him since. Peter Vredenburgh, of Eatontown, N. J., with whom I have killed a half bushel basket of fall woodcock in a few days' shooting, and who was himself killed while fighting for his country in the Civil War. Charlie Banks, a splendid shot and good fellow who is still with us; Charles E. Whitehead, another like him; George Penniman, the man who discovered Currituck by rowing on an exploring expedition the entire length of the sounds of the North Carolina coast till he reached that paradise of duck shooters, where he has killed in a single day and to his own gun, a hundred and fifty of the best ducks that fly. Judge Gildersleeve, a young man to be in this category perhaps, who partly won his way to the bench through his preeminence with the rifle. William C. Barret, who, if he did get into financial trouble in his later days, was "a good fellow" all through, and cast the fly beautifully. My intimate old friend, Charles Carow, the father of the lady of the White House, who cast the fly simply to perfection, and with whom I have fished many and many a day on the waters of old Long Island and elsewhere as well. Charles Hutchinson, Mayor of Utica, a capital fly-fisherman. Cassius Darling, who accompanied me on many a trip into the forests of Canada to kill the glorious salmon. Judge Beebe, of Beebe, Dean & Donohue, the well-known lawyers, who, for a bet once dragged a light wagon from Vails, near Smithtown, to the railway station, five miles distant. Barret and he were there fishing, and when they were going home the wagon was brought out and left before the door, while there was some delay in hitching up the horse. Barret was uneasy, and said they would be late, when Beebe responded, "I could drag that wagon myself there in time for the train."

"I bet you $50 you could not," retorted Barret.

"Done," replied Judge Beebe, and without more ado he hitched himself in the shafts and off he started. Barret took another wagon and followed. Beebe won the bet, getting to the station just as the train was in sight.

And with that story I will stop, not that I need to stop, for the list was a long one and the times we had were good.

One dinner, perhaps, I shall tell about, however. A lady living at Madison, mother of one of the gentlemen whose name I have mentioned, ironically remarked one evening when we were making great preparations for the morrow's expedition, that she would have cooked all the woodcock we would shoot and give us all the champagne we could drink besides. We returned next evening with forty-two birds, and to this day I can see the lady's face when we produced them. She did not quite cook them all, and the dinner was a little late, but we had all that even a young man with a hunter's appetite could enjoy, and the champagne was frappéed to perfection.

In conclusion let me say, in the words of another good sportsman, General Davies, "Remember no man ever caught a trout in a dirty place."

Robert B. Roosevelt.

Natural History.

Yellowstone Park Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Four more buffalo cows have been added to the herd in the Park, purchased from Howard Eaton. They are from the Allard herd. They are quite contented with their companions from the same herd. Hay is fed to them every day, but they go out in the pasture to pick up a little range grass. There is a number of mule deer and a few white tail deer in the same inclosure. I took a ride the 8th down Gardiner River, and on to MacMinn's Bench (a shoulder of Mt. Everts). From the time we left Ft. Yellowstone until we returned we (Major Pitcher and I) were not out of sight of game for a moment. In fact, deer were in sight when we mounted our horses. We saw on the Bench back from the cliffs at Eagle Nest, about 150 antelope (I counted that number). There were in one band over 200 elk, and lower down, on Turkey Pen No. 1, we saw a band of 32 mountain sheep. Elk, antelope and mule deer were all around the place, where the sheep were, and scattered all over the side of the mountain toward the town of Gardiner. Elk, antelope and deer were on top as far as we could see. With field glasses we could see heads and backs of animals, their bodies hid by the turn of the hill. Across Gardiner River (to the west), at the springs above Ice Lake, there was one band of 118 elk. At Ice Lake I could see elk lying down along the shore, elk in the quaking asp groves, elk feeding and one drinking at an open place in the ice on the lake. Elk and deer were lying down and feeding on the ridges above the lake (to the north). Game was in sight in every direction. We could see bands of antelope on the flats close to the town of Gardiner. Returning, we saw 19 mule deer in what is known as the Company Garden (soldiers' garden). While we were looking at them others came down the hill and joined them, first three, then two, then three; then others were coming from the aspen groves and willow patches. It was now almost sunset; we did not stop longer, but started home. Across Gardiner River (we were now on the west side) were three very large bull elk close to the river, several others were up the river on the lower slopes of Mt. Everts. Mule deer were all along the road home, and at no time were we out of sight of some of the larger game.

Monday evening, or, rather, an hour before sundown, Howard Eaton and Major Pitcher started for a walk and to call on Buffalo Jones and to see the buffalo. They had their cameras. I was too lazy to go along, but not too lazy to stand on the veranda and watch them photographing a bunch of deer in front of the quarters. The deer paid very little attention to them or any one else. Three wood teams were on the road to the northwest; along the walks were several people, one lady with a baby carriage and a soldier scout horseback. The deer, nine of them, were surrounded on all sides by people. They were feeding on upland hay Major Pitcher had placed there for them. At first they used to pay very little attention to the hay, now they come to it every afternoon, and at most any time of the night some of them can be seen out there.

I had been curious to see the effect of the firing of the sundown or evening gun on them. So when I heard the bugle sound I watched them. Two soldiers came from guard house to the flag staff, two others went to the gun, the deer were between the two parties. The sentry and others of the guard were in front of the house. The two men at the flag staff were less than 100 feet away. The bugle sounded, the gun was fired and the flag commenced to lower at the report of the gun; the deer raised their heads, but did not stop eating. They paid more attention to the men with the flag. After all the men returned to the guard house, parties of ladies and officers were still in front of the quarters calling to each other and making remarks about the deer.

Sometimes one or two will pretend to be wild. One the other evening grabbed a mouthful of hay, and the loose hay hanging down to below its breast streamed back as it bounded away with the peculiar jumps and then trot. I called to it, "Oh, you wild fat rascal, come back with that hay." Another deer started up, bounded off about 100 feet, turned, bounded back past the other deer, trotted around a bit as though it was warming itself by a little exercise. The one with the bunch of hay in its mouth stood eating it 200 feet away; suddenly it whirled and went bounding toward the others, moving its head with a backward and forward movement at every jump. I called it "putting on style." I talk "baby talk" to them, as our friend Col. Pickett calls it. Call them "villins," fat rascals and wild things, and tell them they will starve to death if they don't keep away from that hay; but they pay no attention to my talk until I cry like a young deer or a coyote, then their heads are up, for a while they are all attention, their ears out like small wings, but soon with a toss of their heads they are eating again, saying "it's nobody but that old, foolish Billy Hofer trying to make us think he can frighten us." They all seem to know that no one wants to hurt them.

Back of the commissioner's house is a favorite place for about 20 deer; these may be seen most any time. Along the road toward Golden Gate may be seen from 20 to 50 deer any time; these are most all bucks. One has a peculiar growth from each horn, a branch forward toward its nose, making it look a little bit like a caribou. I call him the caribou deer. Several shots have been taken at him with a camera. I hope some of the shots were true and that we will have his picture Monday evening. We were out that way, and the doctor shot both deer and elk with his faithful 4x5. One fine buck was about 50 feet from the road; a wood team had just passed; we stopped to let the doctor have a shot. I called, but the deer would pay no attention to us until I gave him the coyote cry, then he looked up for a second, long enough for a shot, but went to pawing snow and eating; his actions seemed to say, "I wonder what's the matter with that crowd? Wonder if they think I'm going to pay any attention to them!" Indifference would be a good name for his picture.

Howard Eaton, of Medora, went out on McMinn's Bench with Major Pitcher, Lieut. Cullen and Scout McBride. Howard says he saw and counted 600 elk, 400 antelope, 30 mountain sheep, and did not try to count the mule deer, but saw many, over 100. Mr. Eaton counted these animals not estimated. All this game was within less than three miles of the town of Gardiner, Montana, and at that only those animals on the east side of Gardiner River and in the Park. There are people who doubt these statements and who even say, "I don't believe it." They make me think of the gentleman whom I met at the Grand Cañon Hotel along toward '89. I was telling a friend of mine about the buffalo in the Park. This gentleman "chipped in" and said "he did not believe there was any buffalo in the Park." I looked at him a moment, and then said I was not worth much, but would put my outfit up against $500 that I would show him buffalo within less than ten miles of the lower Geyser Basin. But he would not go out, said he could not ride horseback. I wonder if he expected to see all the game in the Park along the wagon roads? Why! of all the game to be seen here now; around Gardiner, Ft. Yellowstone and other parts of the Park, animals by the hundreds and thousands, hardly one can be seen by the time the tourist season opens. People who make the tour of the Park along the usual traveled routes see very little of the game range of the country, while in the timber they can see but a few feet each side of the road, and usually see only one side at that. Even in the open country they see very little of it, and while there is game to be seen in the open country in summer, it is not usually where wagons travel. How very little of a country one does see closely enough to distinguish an animal if it were in sight, very few people realize, and yet they talk of seeing a greater part of the Park when they have traveled some of its wagon roads, and say there is no game in it because they did not see it. Once I was taking a party through before the days of wagon roads; we had seen considerable game, and were traveling along the shore of Yellowstone Lake. One of the gentlemen of the party said he did not believe there were any trout in the lake because he could not see them. A gale was blowing at the time; the lake was rough and the season was late October. I told him I would try to catch some trout that night, but it commenced to snow and snowed all night and all next day. I did not attempt to take trout and he did not see any. I told him I could not help what he believed, but the trout were there just the same. So it is with the game. I don't care much what people believe or disbelieve. The game is here just the same. I would like to have some of my friends come out here and see it, not that I think they doubt my word, but because it is such a glorious sight—four and five thousand elk and other animals, to say nothing of ducks and other water fowl. I have been from Florida to Alaska, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; I have been on the plains in the buffalo days when they could be seen by the thousands; I have seen antelope by the thousands and other animals in great number, but never was where I could see so many different animals and in such number at one time and all so tame, as can now be seen in the Yellowstone National Park. As I write I can see from the window eight does and one large buck mule deer feeding on the hay in front of the quarters. This in the bright sunshine at 3:10 P. M.

Jan. 12 Howard Eaton went with a party from the post to Specimen Divide. Between Ft. Yellowstone and Yancey's he counted 749 elk, 21 mule deer and 1 coyote along the trail. Just before reaching Yancey's they ran into a large band of elk. It was getting late, and as the elk were in timber as well as the open country, they could not get a careful count, but made out the band to consist of not less than 400. On the 13th, from Yancey's to half-way to Soda Butte, they counted 1,120 elk, 2 mule deer, 1 white tail, 5 coyotes; this along the road; 800 elk were estimated in small bands on hills in sight, but too far to count. Now this trip was made in fine weather; the elk were back from the road on the higher feeding grounds. By leaving the road they could have seen a great many more or had the snow been deeper. Howard is satisfied there are a few elk left.

The wild mallard ducks are getting tame, too; they feed in large flocks on refuse close to Ft. Yellowstone, and can be seen in the road picking up oats scattered from the loads freighted from the railroad. There duck are the only ones that can be called tame; several other kinds are wild yet, and they will fly when teams pass closely.

C. J. Jones got a fine lion in his trap the other day, making two killed this winter, to date. This is not killing them fast enough.

A party of eastern people have at last seen some of the game. They came up here Monday, the 19th, and returned next day to Livingston; they were en route to the Pacific coast. They were well satisfied with what they saw during their short visit.

We are very much disappointed because Mr. Grinnell did not come out. All the Boone and Crockett Club should visit the Park once in winter. H.

Animal Tracks and Trailing.

I remember as if it were but yesterday, the first trip that I took into the real wilderness. It was in the overflow lands of eastern Arkansas, a region of canebrakes, cypress sloughs, tupelo brakes and vast stretches of flat-woods in which sassafras grew four feet thick and persimmons rose slim and straight as masts to a height of ninety feet or more. It was indeed a new country to me, a Northern man by birth and breeding, and everything puzzled me. I remember how surprised I was to find that fish poles, on their native soil, have leaves. And I remember, when we first saw a cypress swamp, with the great "knees" protruding, how one of my companions from the North exclaimed: "Well, some fellow must have had a dickens of a lot to do to come here and sharpen all those stumps!" But the tracks of animals puzzled me most of all. The guide would say, "Here went a doe, here a big buck followed her, here he jumped over this log," and so on; and he always wound up with a "Can't you see?" No, I could not see. My eyes were sharp enough over the rifle sights, but they could see nothing to show what animals had passed, or what they were doing at the time. It took me a week to distinguish with confidence a deer's track from that left by a razor-back hog.

I thought at that time that if some competent person should publish accurate illustrations of the feet and tracks of our principal wild animals, together with others, showing how they differed from tracks left by cattle, hogs, and dogs, it would go far toward initiating a novice into the mysteries of tracks and trailing. And it would.

That such a thing is practicable has recently been proven in Germany. In the latter part of 1901 there was published by J. Neumann, in the little town of Neudamm, in Prussia, a book that does for European sportsmen what I wish somebody would do for Americans. It is entitled "Fährten und Spurenkunde," which, freely translated, means The Art of Tracking and Trailing. The text is by Eugene Teuwsen and the illustrations by Carl Schulze. There are 163 capital wood cuts, mostly life-size, showing with more than photographic exactness the tracks left by European game. The drawings are from nature, and are so faithful that, by their aid and a little study of the text, a small boy should be able to tell, on moist earth or snow, what animal had made a given track, and at what pace it was traveling. The descriptive matter and illustrations fill 132 octavo pages. The book retails at 6 marks ($1.50).

As an example of the author's method in teaching the art of trailing, we may cite his treatment of the red deer's tracks. He first gives descriptions and life-size drawings of the under side of the hind feet of the mature male red deer, fallow deer, wild boar and roebuck. As the drawings stand side by side, on opposite pages, one can take in at a glance the essential differences between the feet of these four beasts. Following are illustrations showing the slight difference between the track of an old and feeble red deer and that of a sturdy buck fallow deer; also the resemblance in size between the foot prints of a red deer fawn in July and that of a doe fallow deer. Drawings are also given showing the marked difference between the feet of red deer stags and hinds. The author then discusses the length and breadth of tracks of stags, hinds and fawns; their length and width of pace; the extent to which they "toe-out" in walking; the impression of the dewelaws; the "balling" of tracks in snow or mud; the overreaching of the hind foot in walking; the signs left on moist leaves, etc.; the marks made by the antlers on bushes and trees; the indications of different paces in walking, running and jumping; and many other nice points in reading a deer's movements. The chapter concludes with a dissertation on the droppings of deer of different ages and at different seasons. The various sub-headings are accompanied by 30 illustrations, conscientiously drawn from nature by an artist thoroughly familiar with his subject.

In like manner, though at less length, the book describes and illustrates the tracks of the moose, fallow deer, roebuck, chamois, wild boar, hare, rabbit, squirrel, bear, wolf, dog (for comparison), fox, wildcat, badger, otter, woods and stone martins, polecat, various weasels, and, among fowls, those of the capercaillie, black-cock, hazel grouse, moor-hen, quail, pheasant, curlew, bustard, crane, stork, heron, swan, wild goose, wild duck and rook.

The text is hard to read, owing to the multitude of words unfamiliar to an average reader: for the German language of sport is so technical as to require a glossary of its own.

This book shows us what can be accomplished by type, and especially by well-executed drawings, toward preparing a novice for the practical study of this most difficult branch of wildcraft. A book alone cannot make a good trailer of anyone, but it can teach him what to look for, and can save him many a blunder. It shortens the curriculum. This is all that the best of manuals can do—but it is a great deal.

Cannot some one give us a similar book on the tracks of American game animals? It would be interesting, not to hunters only, but to everyone who loves outdoor life.

Horace Kephart.

St. Louis

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Is "Protective Coloring" a Myth?

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Most naturalists, I take it, will agree with the comments made i nyour issue of Jan. 31 by Mr. Francis Moonan on Mr. Paul Fountain's views on protective coloration, or, to speak more fully, with regard to the adaptation of form and color for purposes of concealment.

Moonan, however, does not call attention to the fact that Mr. Fountain distinctly contradicts himself on a number of occasions. Speaking of the ant bears and sloth he states pp. 124-5 that they "look, even when you are close to them, so much like a bundle of the dried herbage that they often escape the eye of the hunter, and would be sure to do that of the novice."

Further on, speaking of the ant bear and its habit of turning its large, bushy tail up over its back, he says that it does this "in such a manner that when the animal is squatting on the ground it is completely hid under it, and looks like a tuft of dead grass."

Still further along, he says of the two-toed and three-toed sloths that they "so much resemble a bunch of dead dried-up twigs in the trees that they are not easily discovered except by experienced eyes."

All this, of course, agrees very ill with his earlier statement that coloration is no protection whatever to the human eye; and that the practiced hunter is never deceived by it unless as the result of his own carelessness.

NATURALIST.

Potato Bugs and Quail.

MILFORD, Conn., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Prof. Attwater's published investigations regarding the usefulness of our bird fauna to the husbandman, he states that he found 101 potato bugs in the body (stomach) of a single quail. This raised the question in my mind as to the possibility of quail being poisoned by the paris green solution that is universally used in New England and elsewhere, to clear our potato fields of these beetles. The fact that we have had more quail in the season just past than ever before and almost no potato bugs during the summer, and consequently very little "paris greening," may or may not be a case of cause and effect.

Has this theory ever been advanced, and is the potato bug a favorite with the quail—a *bonne bouche?*

DR. MORTON GRINNELL.

[This suggestion has been made before, but we know of no observations to show that quail are ever affected by the poison which is used against the beetles.]

The Wild Pigeon.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a press clipping dated Denison, Tex., Jan. 23, and relating that "Dr. A. T. Canova and Mr. Marklin passed through here to-day en route to Chicago. They have spent the past two years in the district of Valladolid, Yucatan. Dr. Canova thinks he has cleared up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the wild pigeons from the United States. He saw thousands in Yucatan, and within the past year they have appeared in portions of Mexico. The doctor predicts that they will again appear in the United States as numerous as ever."

But the pigeons Dr. Canova found in Yucatan are not the wild pigeons of this country, and consequently their existence does not clear up the mystery of the disappearance of our species.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Boy and Some Crows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM thinks that the crows should have some mention in its pages, and so do I. The crows were the first birds I ever shot, though I would not kill one of them now, nor let them be killed if I could prevent it.

When a small boy in Pennsylvania I spent most of my summers on a farm of my uncle's that was part of it in two counties; it was right on the line, his house being in Allegheny County and his barn in Butler County. This country, though it was only a few miles out from Allegheny City, was a backwoods then in 1845, the houses being often several miles apart. My uncle's house stood half a mile from the main road, and a lane led up to it; one side of the lane had heavy timber on it all the way up, while a large corn field occupied the opposite side.

A colony of crows, there must have been nearly, if not all, of a hundred of them, had their roost out in this timber, and every morning soon after sunrise they would fly down to the cornfield and stay in it nearly all day.

Farmers thought then, as most of them still think, that the crows only damaged them and were of no benefit to them. I was too young then to think, but when hunting these crows I almost always found them on the ground between the rows of corn; they were after insects, not corn, then, though they did attack the corn once in a while. The ears were only just forming then. Later they might do more damage. My uncle had scarecrows all through the fields, but they did not scare many crows; I do not believe we have a bird that can see any further through a ladder than a crow can, or can put this and that together more quickly than he can. I had one of these crows for a pet for a year and learned something about them; these crows had no doubt found all about these scarecrows long since.

Some of these scarecrows were long poles planted in the ground with a clap board, a rude oak shingle, hung to the top of the pole by a rope. In theory this board was supposed to swing with the wind and scare a crow clear out of the country. In practice it did nothing of the kind. My uncle had several old suits of clothes stuffed with straw and planted on poles; I shot a crow that was perched on a hat on one of these bogus men; it had not scared that crow.

One of my cousins had made me a bow of stout hickory and a number of arrows; some of them he had tipped with sharp horseshoe nails to kill birds with, he said; I killed the crows with them.

I began to practice first on a tree and kept at it until I could hit the tree 30 feet away, then began on my aunt's chickens; and now my uncle called my attention to the crows, telling me that he would pay me one cent each for every crow I killed and brought to the barn, where he could count them. I don't suppose he expected me to kill many of them, but before I had part of these crows killed and the rest driven off for good I had him nearly bankrupt.

A cent then looked almost as large to a farmer as a dollar does now. The old copper cent that we had then was as large as a half dollar is, and these farmers made most of their payments in trade; if they could get money enough to pay their taxes they were satisfied. I began on the crows while they were seated on the top rail of the fence before they went to work in the field each morning. They seemed to be holding a kind of meeting here; they may have been calling the roll; they made noise enough, anyhow. At first they paid no attention to me; I have since thought that they may have taken me to be a little girl. I looked like one, I thought; I was dressed much like one, we had no knee pants for boys then, and the most of us could not get long trousers before we were six years old; I was that age now, but still had the skirt on, it would now be called a kilt suit, a short heavy skirt and a jacket. I began by crawling along close to the fence, then when near enough to a crow I would send an arrow into him. These arrows of mine would not kill them very often, but the crow would drop, then I caught and finished him. I got six in all the first day, and was paid for them in silver, a Mexican "fip"; they were current then, four of them making 25 cents.

Part of these I got off the fence, the rest I got by following them through the corn and sneaking up on them; but after a day or two I could get no more off that fence; they had me marked now, and as soon as I would show myself a crow would call out caw—"there he comes," I reckon; then they would get out of that. Next I lay in the weeds behind the fence and got a few; then they quit calling the roll here on the fence and went straight from the timber to the field. I kept after them every day except Sunday for just two weeks; and finally, on going out to meet them one morning, not a crow came; they had emigrated, and they did not return that summer.

There was one thing I got while hunting them that pleased me, I had always wanted to get out of this petticoat, as I called it. I got out of it now, my aunt made me a pair of trousers so that I could get through the corn easier; I never had to wear the skirt again.

I have forgotten exactly how many crows I got in all, I think about 30 though. A few days before they left me for good, I shot one, and on going to pick him up he got up and bit me, I had only stunned him. I kept him alive, and taking him home, my cousin clipped one of his wings to prevent him from flying, then I got a flour barrel, and laying it on its side put him in it and fed him all the corn he could eat, he seemed to be contented here. He had the run of the yard, and was not here a week before he was in the house and all over it; there was not a hole or corner that he could not get into. There was nothing that crow could carry off that he did not try to steal; I have known him to have my aunt's scissors, her thimbles, sewing thread and half a dozen teaspoons, all in his barrel at one time; I found my cousin's finger rings, all her hair pins and a pair of ribbon garters, all in his barrel one day; she had not missed them yet. I once saw him try to carry off a large brass candle stick. Any thing that was bright was what he seemed to want. I took him with me to town when I went home and kept him there all winter, then brought him out to the farm again the next summer.

These crows that I had hunted last summer or others—I think they were my old friends though, they seemed to know me—were here again; I got after them again, but did not have to go after them often; they left, and took my crow with them. I had let his wing feathers grow; I did not think he would leave me now, but he did.

Late that fall he came back alone and stayed in the barn all winter; he would let them feed him, but never would let himself be caught now. I think had I been there I could have caught him. He left in the spring and never came back. My cousin had another pet for me this year, a young raccoon, that he found one cold morning in April half frozen on the barn floor. He brought him to the house and thawed him out, then kept him for me. I had him for two years, and while I had him I was the only one he would let handle him without biting them, I could carry him around in my arms, he never offered to hurt me. I forgot to leave him water one night and he slipped his collar and left.

While I had the crow there was a lady living across the street from me who had a parrot that her brother, who was a sailor, had sent her, and I think that her brother, if it was he who had taught the parrot English, must have been a mate and a profane one, too. This parrot seemed to have mastered about all the cuss words in our language, but he knew nothing else. I tried to teach him some of our boys' slang, as "go choke yourself" and "soak your head," but I would get in return, "Go to Hades you lubber."

I found out that the parrot hated the sight of my crow. That suited me. I would carry the crow over to the parrot's cage, then hold him here, while the parrot ran the whole string of cussing, all he knew.

He had a string of oaths that he would repeat, and as soon as he had got to the end he would begin at the beginning again; he never got his remarks mixed; he would always address me and the crow as d—d lubbers, that is why I think a mate had taught him. The lady would stand his conversation for a while, then run the crow and me off with her broom.

CABIA BLANCO.

California Jottings.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 20.—The California Game and Fish Commission has won its case against John F. Corriea, the commission merchant, who has been a persistent violator of the game laws himself and the instigator and beneficiary of countless violations of the law on the part of others. Police Judge Mogan rendered his long delayed decision, found Corriea guilty and imposed a fine of $40. Corriea has signified his intention of appealing. The case was a most important one by reason of the principle involved, and also because the offender was not a mere market-hunter, but a man of substance, employing numerous agents and hunters, not alone in this State, but throughout the Pacific coast. In view of the magnitude of his transactions, the fine imposed appears insignificant, but the commissioners are content. Their aim has been for months to secure the conviction of some prominent commission merchant under what is known as "the possession clause" of the act, and this they have now accomplished. The clause in question reads as follows: "Every person who, during any one calendar day takes, kills, or destroys, or has in his possession more than twenty-five quail, partridge, snipe, curlew, or ibis, or more than fifty doves, or more than fifty ducks, or more than twenty rail, is guilty of a misdemeanor." Mr. Corriea was caught with just twenty-six quail in his possession, which had been shipped to him by the deputy game warden at Oroville, and he is the first commission merchant to be convicted under this particular section of the Act. It will be readily seen that if the higher court sustain the construction which has been placed upon the Act by the police court and the commission enforces the law in the future as rigorously as it has done in the past, the sale of game in California will practically cease, for to carry on the business with a stock of an odd dozen or two of assorted game birds would never pay.

A Record Wildcat.

The largest wildcat that has been killed in the neighborhood of San Francisco for the last ten years, was secured by Dr. W. F. Jones, of San Rafael, while shooting quail on the Lucas Ranch, about three miles from that city. Like all the wildcats in the vicinity, this one was of the lynx species with tufted ears, whiskers and a ruff about the neck. He was extremely fat, and his pelt was in fine condition. He measured, unskinned, and without stretching either the truth or the cat, from the end of his nose to the tip of the bone of his tail, thirty-eight inches. I have read of them in the newspapers measuring five feet and upward, but this one was five inches longer than any wildcat out of fifty odd that I have seen.

Ducks and Quail.

The season for ducks and quail closes on Feb. 1 in this State, and in some of the counties the quail season closed on the 15th inst. Sportsmen are unanimously agreed that valley quail this year have been scarcer than ever before in the history of the State, and the duck shooting has been nothing like as good as it was last year. Prevailing climatic conditions furnish a satisfactory explanation of the dearth of ducks. There have been no high winds or severe storms this winter, and foggy days and a more or less unceasing drizzle are anything but favorable for the sport. As to the valley quail, each year it is becoming more evident that something must be done to prevent the wholesale trapping of these birds by Portuguese and Italian-Swiss ranchers, who own or lease nearly all the dairy and other agricultural properties within easy reach of San Francisco. This year, while shooting quail, I have personally smashed 15 quail-traps on as many ranches; but as it is only the work of 10 minutes to construct a new one out of an old fruit-box, it is questionable whether any particular good is done by smashing them. What is needed is a liberal appropriation for the fish and game commission and a rigorous enforcement of the law, and this last cannot be had without the appropriation. Unless this is done, within a few years, open quail shooting in the neighborhood of San Francisco will be a thing of the past. Limiting the bag to 25 birds, as under the present law, can accomplish very little toward preservation, because it is impossible for even the most expert shot to bag 25 birds in a day in this neighborhood. My best bag this season over unpreserved ground, was 14 birds, and the best bag of the best shot of my acquaintance over similar ground was 19 quail. Even in the preserves there were few days when anybody got the limit. As for ducks, I do not know to my own knowledge of a single instance when 50 birds were bagged in a day by any one sportsman, although I heard of three such cases, and upon investigation found that in no instance had the shooter reached the limit, although they had come close to it. The San Francisco commission merchants are responsible for the wholesale trapping of quail by ranchers, as almost all birds so trapped are shipped to the city and sold in direct violation of the law. Very few are sold locally.

Game Commission Items.

Deputy Game Warden L. N. Kercheval ran down to Bakersfield the other day and stepped into the Louvre for luncheon. He had heard that they were selling quail there, and although they did not appear upon the menu, the only game entry being "squabs," he asked for quail, got quail, ate one of them, pocketed the other and paid the 50 cent check. "Who is running this restaurant?" he inquired of the cashier. "Mr. D. M. Sill is manager. You will find him right over there, sir." Deputy Kercheval arrested Mr. Sill, who evinced no surprise, but prepared to accompany him. "Surely you knew it was against the law to sell quail?" queried Kercheval. "Certainly I did. I have been in the hotel business thirty years and have to serve what my customers call for. I have been expecting to be arrested every day. I shall plead guilty and pay whatever fine the justice may assess me"; and Sill was as good as his word; paid the $25 fine, shook hands with Kercheval

and went back to his restaurant. L. Byer, a local merchant of Santa Margarita, who was acting as a shipping agent for San Francisco commission firms, was also fined $25 last week. The eight men who were arrested in the mountains of Tehama County, red-handed, and were charged with slaughtering deer out of season, were all acquitted by an intelligent jury of their peers after a two days' trial at Red Bluff, Shasta County. Game protection does not appear to be popular in the northern counties. MARIN.

The Adirondack Deer.

From the forthcoming report of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

IN response to a continued and growing demand for information about the larger animals of the Adirondack region, the Commission has followed its usual course in collecting various facts and statistics relating to the fauna of the woods. Great care has been exercised to have the facts and figures given represent accurately the conditions as they exist, and it is believed that the camper, the sportsman, and even the resident of the Adirondack counties will find something of interest and value in what follows. The proof that the herds of deer are steadily increasing will of itself give much satisfaction, and the success that has attended the effort to restore moose to the woods will undoubtedly prove gratifying to the many citizens interested in the movement. The introduction of elk is at best an experiment, but it has thus far proved to be successful, and the people of the State are indebted to a public-spirited citizen for generous donations of these valuable animals. Many letters received by the Commission attest the pleasure which the vast army of visitors to the Adirondack region has experienced and is yet to experience from the introduction in this territory of the animals mentioned.

The Adirondack Deer.

One of the very best evidences of the value of protection is furnished by the marked increase in the number of deer secured by hunters in the Adirondack region annually. In spite of all predictions to the contrary, the herds of deer have steadily grown; and although the army of hunters is continually increasing, as shown by the heavy travel to the woods during the hunting season, the inroads made yearly have not appreciably diminished the number of these animals within the State's forest domain. In response to the continued demand of those interested in this subject, the Commission has collected, with the aid of the American and National Express Companies, a record of the shipments made during the hunting season of 1902. These figures, and those of the two preceding years, are as follows:

	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.
1900	1,020	89	95
1901	1,062	103	121
1902	1,354	113	193

From the increase in the number of carcasses shipped it will be seen that, in round numbers, about thirty per cent. more deer were secured by hunters in the Adirondacks during the season of 1902 than during the previous year. By following the generally accepted rule, that four deer are killed in the woods for every one shipped out by rail,* the great increase in the returns secured by sportsmen as a result of protecting these animals will readily be seen.

The interesting statistics furnished by Supt. John L. Van Valkenburgh, of the American Express Company, and Supt. T. L. Smith, of the National Express Company, who vouch for the accuracy of the figures given, are as follows:

Season of 1902—Shipments of Deer from Points in the Adirondack Region.

Railroad Station.	Carcasses.	Saddles.	Heads.
Mohawk and Malone Railroad.			
Beaver River	117	2	18
Big Moose	45	2	7
Brandreths	4	..	3
Childwold	16	4	..
Clear Water	20	1	..
Eagle Bay	14	..	..
Floodwood	13	..	..
Forestport	24	5	1
Fulotn Chain	58	9	..
Hinckley	1	..	..
Horseshoe	2	..	..
Lake Clear Junction	7	..	..
Lake Placid	1	..	4
Little Rapids	3	..	..
Long Lake West	44	3	..
Loon Lake	8	1	..
McKeever	17	1	2
Minnehaha	9	..	..
Ne-ha-sa-ne	2	..	19
Nelson Lake	3	..	..
Onchiota	5	..	..
Otter Lake	10	..	..
Paul Smiths	11	..	7
Piercefield	31	3	7
Pleasant Lake	9	..	..
Poland	17	..	..
Rainbow Lake	..	2	..
Raquette Lake	21	5	..
Saranac Lake	6	2	..
Saranac Inn	3	..	..
Tupper Lake Junction	64	6	6
White Lake Corners	9	..	..
Woods Lake	24	..	..
Total	618	46	74
New York and Ottawa Railroad.			
Brandon	..	1	..
Derrick	29	..	3
Dickinson Center	2	..	..
Kildare	8	..	1
Madawaska	6	..	1
Santa Clara	14	..	2
Spring Cove	18	..	..
Sherman	3	..	..
St. Regis Falls	..	..	4
Tupper Lake	2	..	8
Total	82	1	19
Utica and Black River Railroad.			
Alder Creek	8	..	..
Benson Mines	42	2	..
Boonville	4	..	..
Carthage	2	..	4
Castorland	5	..	..
Glenfield	27	1	2
Harrisville	30	5	..
Jayville	3	..	..
Lowville	5	2	..
Lyons Falls	13	..	..
Natural Bridge	5	..	..
Newton Falls	74	3	3
Oswegatchie	18	4	1
Port Leyden	1	..	..
Prospect	40	1	..
Total	277	18	10
Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad.			
Antwerp	2	..	..
Canton	8	..	2
De Kalb Junction	..	..	2
Edwards	3	1	..
Emeryville	..	..	1
Limerick	1	..	..
Potsdam	36	1	..
Total	50	2	5
Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville Railroad.			
Broadalbin	2	..	..
Gloversville	7	..	..
Johnstown	8	..	..
Northville	96	13	20
Total	113	13	20
Little Falls and Dolgeville Railroad.			
Dolgeville	9	..	..
New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.			
Fonda	4	2	..
Little Falls	1	..	..
Total	5	2	..
Rutland Railroad.			
Malone	3	..	21
Winthrop	4	..	1
Total	7	..	22
Delaware and Hudson Railroad.			
Corinth	..	..	2
Warrensburgh	..	..	2
Saranac Lake	1	..	..
Ticonderoga	1	..	3
Port Henry	24	3	6
Loon Lake	1	..	4
Stony Creek	23	..	..
Bloomingdale	1	..	..
North Creek	104	28	2
Riverside	27	..	5
Hadley	..	..	1
Caldwell	2	..	..
The Glen	4	..	..
Westport	4	..	17
Crown Point	1	..	1
Total	193	31	43
Recapitulation.			
Mohawk and Malone Railroad	618	46	74
New York and Ottawa Railroad	82	1	19
Utica and Black River Railroad	277	18	10
Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R. R.	50	2	5
Fonda, Johnstown & Gloversville R. R.	113	13	20
Little Falls and Dolgeville Railroad	9	..	..
N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.	5	2	..
Rutland Railroad	7	..	22
Delaware and Hudson Railroad	193	31	43
Total shipments	1,354	113	193

From the weight of the carcasses recorded in the shipping bills of the express companies, it will be readily seen that the Adirondack deer, when properly protected, will develop a size and weight fully equal to or surpassing that of the species in any other locality in North America. The following are some of the shipments reported which seem worth noting:

Railroad Station.	Consigned to.	*Dressed Weight.	Live Weight.
Big Moose	C. P. Floyd, Remsen, N. Y.	203	254
Eagle Bay	J. Larsehn, New York city	200	250
Hinckley	J. L. Roberts, New York city	225	281
Lake Clear Jct.	J. Mulholland, Saranac Lake, N.Y.	206	257
Benson Mines	C. Simmons, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	200	250
Benson Mines	H. Miller, Jr., Harrisville, N. Y.	202	252
Boonville	W. A. Brown, Utica, N. Y.	225	281
Carthage	D. Mosher, Watertown, N. Y.	200	250
Castorland	Harry Waugh, Fulton, N. Y.	209	261
Glenfield	Geo. Bacon, Herkimer, N. Y.	208	260
Lowville	L. Freis, New York city	200	250
Lowville	A. G. Lewis, Buffalo, N. Y.	205	256
Lyons Falls	H. L. Smallinger, Utica, N. Y.	200	250
Newton Falls	D. Gayne, Watertown, N. Y.	208	260
Prospect	Geo. Windheim, Utica, N. Y.	211	264
Johnstown	J. Stewart, Albany, N. Y.	200	250
Northville	J. Reeifer, New York city	235	294
Northville	C. C. Weimer, Albany, N. Y.	202	252
Northville	H. M. Bowler, Amsterdam, N. Y.	210	262
Northville	R. Christian, Amsterdam, N. Y.	210	262
Northville	J. Osborne, Johnstown, N. Y.	215	269
Dolgeville	Ralph Graham, New York city	204	255
Winthrop	F. F. Stevens, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	200	250
Otter Lake	W. E. Champayn, Corning, N. Y.	226	282
Tupper Lake	A. W. Lasher, Canajoharie, N. Y.	250	313
Port Henry	J. E. McGue, Rouse's Point, N. Y.	204	255
Stony Creek	G. A. Lawton, Hadley, N. Y.	220	275
North Creek	Mrs. Chas. Smith, Glens Falls, N. Y.	219	273
Riverside	F. Pallarand, Saratoga, N. Y.	240	300

By adding one-fourth to the dressed weight, the live weight of the animal may be determined with reasonable accuracy.

Under the appropriation of $5,000 made for the purpose of restoring moose to the Adirondacks, the Commission will, by the time this report reaches the public, have procured and liberated in the forest a dozen of these animals. It is expected that as many more will be secured in the near future. The restrictions on the shipment of moose from other States and from Canada have made it extremely difficult to procure these animals, and carload lots are practically an impossibility. Stringent laws exist in Canada and elsewhere against the shipment of live moose at any season. Those which have been secured and placed in the Adirondacks have done well, and Protector J. Edward Ball, who has had charge of the work of liberating the animals, reports that they are now in excellent condition. The moose were set at liberty near Uncas Station and have yarded for the winter in two places—one just south of Raquette Lake and the other about three miles east of Big Moose Lake. The report of the protector says: "The moose are doing well, and there seems to be no reason why they should not increase in the Adirondacks. They have plenty of food, and will do well if let alone." He further says: "The residents of the Adirondacks are taking great interest in the work of restocking the woods with moose, and, with the railroad employes, render all possible assistance in handling the animals." One of the moose liberated last summer was shot by unknown campers in the vicinity of Eighth Lake, and the department is now investigating the matter. The work already done toward procuring moose, under the appropriation furnished, has greatly encouraged all those interested in the effort to secure the return of this magnificent animal to the Adirondack region.

In addition to the 22 elk placed in the Adirondack forest a year ago, which were the gift of Hon. William C. Whitney, 40 others have been shipped by him from his private preserve at Lenox, Mass. This generous gift will be thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of the Adirondack forests, and entitles Mr. Whitney to the thanks of the people of the State. The elk were donated from Mr. Whitney's October Mountain estate, and were shipped to Long Lake West. Five other elk were given during the year by the Binghamton Park Commission to Mr. William Dart, of Dart's Camp, near Big Moose Lake. They will be cared for during the winter by the Brown's Tract Guide Association and liberated in the spring. Mr. Harry V. Radford, who is an enthusiastic supporter of the plan to restock the Adirondacks with elk and moose, recently paid a visit to the woods for the purpose of estimating the number of elk now there. His figures show that there are upwards of 80, which include those liberated and those born in the forest. Both the elk and the moose are greatly admired by visitors to the Adirondacks, of which there are thousands every summer, and it is believed that these animals will thrive and become an important feature of the northern wilderness.

The same forces which united to secure the restocking of the woods with elk and moose are now interested in an effort to protect the Adirondack black bear. Reports from all sections of the forest indicate that this is a move in the right direction, and that, with suitable protection, the bear will soon multiply to such an extent as to become again an important factor in the game of the region. No estimate has been made of the number of these animals in the Adirondacks, but there is no doubt that unless proper protection is given, the black bear is in danger of becoming extinct in northern New York.

* A large number of deer are taken out of the woods each season in wagons by farmers and sportsmen who live near the borders of the Great Forest of northern New York; and a large amount of venison is consumed in the hunting camps, lumber jobs, hotels, and by the "natives" or residents of the woods.

* As weighed and billed by the agent of the express company.

Experience as a Teacher.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During fifty-five years of shooting my experience has been varied, much of it pleasant and some bitter. Up to five years ago I was never injured with a gun nor injured anybody. At that time several of us were hunting rabbits in the woods, and one of the party exclaimed, "There goes a rabbit." I looked quickly, and saw a rabbit scooting for all it was worth right past me, 15 feet distant. At the same instant he fired, and I received a number of the No. 7 shot deep in my thigh. He stood but 4 or 5 rods from me. If any of my readers have ever felt the sensation which I experienced, I have no need to describe it to them, as they will ever remember it. It seems that a portion of the charge struck the side of a tree and glanced off the slippery surface under the bark and came straight for me, when the shot found both easy and warm lodgment.

The shot cause me no inconvenience whatever, and I will carry them to my grave none the worse for them, but I do not care to repeat the experience, and I suggest that we had all better be just a little more careful, perhaps, when we are shooting among the trees.

Some three months ago a friend and I were shooting quail in Connecticut. We were in adjacent fields some 60 or 70 rods apart, with a stone fence between us. He fired at a bird and dropped it, and at the same time I felt a stinging sensation in my left eye. It was found that a piece of a No. 9 shot had passed through the eyelid and lodged on the white of the eye. A stray shot must have struck the wall and deflected. Eight weeks of torture caused me to visit the Williamsburgh Hospital, where Drs. Butler and Cameron made a thorough examination of the suffering member, and advised its removal, especially if I wished to retain the other (my shooting eye) in good condition. Well, I did, of course, and the following day I climbed upon the operating table (the same one, by the way, where a darling daughter had laid three months before, and is now hearty and well), and performed the operation, which was a splendid success. They have given me another eye, which (although it cannot see) would astonish you—it is so perfect and life like. Glass eyes usually stare, because the removal has been clumsily done. If any of my brother sportsmen ever have the misfortune which came to me, let them write me and I will direct them to the best doctors in the country, and they will thank me as long as they live. Four weeks since I parted with that dear old eye which had done me good service for sixty-seven years, and now I am about ready to shoulder my little Baker hammerless again and make acquaintance with the ducks, as of old. A Happy New Year to editor and brother sportsmen, one and all. UNCLE DAN.

ORIENT POINT, N. Y.

Call Ducks.

MADISON, N. J., Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I belong to one of the best clubs on the Virginia beach, the Princess Anne, and we use live decoys, geese, ducks and swan. Our ducks are bred as near mallard and black as possible, but some member of a nearby club recently sent down a stand of what he said were call ducks.

Will you kindly give me your opinion as to their worth as decoys for mallard, black, sprigs, widgeon, etc. Also, where I could procure some eggs to hatch under hens or ducks? I have suitable water—a good pond covering nearly two acres—in which I have had some English swans for three years. If these call ducks are not the "proper caper" for decoys, can you recommend any other variety suitable for our use in Virginia? I write simply as a member of the club aforesaid, with personal interest only. M. T.

[Call ducks are a strain of small domestic ducks said to be imported from Holland, but no doubt common enough in this country. Often they are white, but usually resemble in color the mallard, from which they are no doubt descended. The name is given them on account of their noisiness, for they quack and gabble more than most ducks. We have seen them call to all sorts of birds flying by, and, of course, this practice is very useful to the gunner who is using them as decoys. They would be useful as decoys for all the species mentioned. We do not know where these ducks or their eggs may be procured, and shall be glad if any of our readers can tell us.]

New Hampshire Fish and Game.

In their report for the year ending Dec. 1, 1902, the New Hampshire Commissioners of Fish and Game say:

From reports received from all sections of the State, we think we can safely say the fishing and hunting in New Hampshire has not been better in the last twenty years than in the past two seasons.

The brook trout fishing has been especially fine. Partridge, woodcock and quail have been very plenty.

It has not been uncommon for two hunters, in the last two seasons, to bring in a string of from ten to fifteen birds as the result of a day's hunt.

Ten years ago the snaring was common in many parts of New Hampshire; to-day we seldom hear of a snare being set, although this fall we had the pleasure of breaking up one of the worst gangs of snarers in New Hampshire. One of the gang is serving a jail sentence, and the others are under suspended jail sentences during good behavior. These parties were sending their game to New York, where they were getting as high as $1.25 each for partridge.

It is a fact beyond question that the law prohibiting the sale of game is doing much to help your commissioners to enforce the laws. By stopping the sale of partridge, and the practice of snaring, by regulating the length of the open season, and with New Hampshire's increasing area of sprout land and forest, this noblest of game birds (which has no peer in the country) will be spared indefinitely.

As a rule we are opposed to changing the fish and game laws, but we are of the opinion that it would be far better to have the open season commence Oct. 1 on all kinds of game, rather than on Sept. 15, as it does at the present time. On Sept. 15 many of the partridge are not full grown, and some of the bevies of quail no larger than sparrows.

Last winter the snow came so early that the partridge were driven to budding in November and December. They are then slaughtered by parties who drive round the wood-roads between sunset and dark, killing the birds from forest trees where they can do no possible harm.

If a law could be passed to prevent this killing of partridge while budding (we would say make the open season October, November and December), we would then have full grown birds that are able to take care of themselves, and when secured, of some account.

Three years ago we liberated fifty dozen quail. They were turned loose from the southern border, and as far north as Lake Winnipesaukee. It is impossible to reckon upon these birds living through some of our severe winters, but the last two winters have been remarkably favorable, and during the last fall excellent quail shooting has been had in many parts of New Hampshire.

We believe that for the amount of money expended in purchasing quail, no better results have been obtained from the same sum of money. We would advise that a sum be appropriated annually to stock our covers with quail.

The woodcock is virtually protected only from the time when it reaches us in the spring until Sept. 15. Our hunters commence killing them then, and continue until they start on their migration south. They are killed all the way on their flight south, and after they arrive there, all through the winter in many of the southern States. With the existing state of affairs, it is a question how long we will have this noble game bird with us.

We think no one can question that your commissioners are doing all in their power to enforce the fish and game laws of New Hampshire. We should have fish and game detectives—three at least—who should be paid a living salary, to work with your commissioners.

Massachusetts is paying to-day more for the support of her fish and game wardens than New Hampshire is expending for its commission and all work of its commission.

We receive many favors and kind words from the press all over the State—from the Manchester Union especially. We take the liberty to copy from its editorial columns of Oct. 13, 1902, the following:

THE GAME LAWS.

The Fish and Game Commissioners are doing what they can for the enforcement of the game laws, and should receive the support and assistance of all good citizens. It is impracticable to frame any set of laws that will suit every one in all particulars. It is probable, however, that the present laws for the protection of game come as near meeting the approval of the majority of the citizens of the State as is possible. At all events, they are laws, and should be enforced. It is obvious to every one who thinks at all, that unless New Hampshire people are willing to witness the utter extinction of many species once abundant, there must be protection, and the laws designed for such protection must be rigidly enforced. Effective firearms were never so cheap as now, and the extension of electric roads has made it easy for any one to take a considerable journey into the country and return the same day. Of course, one citizen has the same right as another, but it is obvious that without rigidly enforced laws there would soon be no game, and what is worse, there would be a great diminution of insect-eating birds, for many men and boys, when out with guns, feel little or no compunction at trying their skill on any living thing they see. It is necessary, therefore, if game and even song and insect-eating birds are to be preserved, that there should first be an intelligent public sentiment for their preservation, and next, that every law-abiding citizen should assist the Fish and Game Commissioners and their representatives in every possible way. It is not a pleasant duty to make complaints, but it is a duty nevertheless.

By the advice of the present Governor and council, we have been able to perfect the station at Colebrook, so that to-day we think we can safely say that this station has not a superior in New England as a State hatchery.

From this station we shall largely supply the State with fingerling and yearling brook trout. Two million eggs can be handled at this station. With a station similar to this located at Laconia, or somewhere in that section, where we can grow our lake trout and salmon to fingerlings or yearlings before they are planted, we can stock our lakes with far better success than we are having at the present time.

Although the lake trout fishing is excellent, and the salmon fishing is improving, especially in Lake Winnipiseogee, yet we question if your commission will ever be able to stock these waters sufficiently well to allow parties the privilege they have at the present time of killing these fish for the market. As a commission we are thoroughly opposed to the sale of lake trout, brook trout, and salmon. Never in the history of New Hampshire have so many summer homes been built near our lakes and ponds as in the last two years, and many of the owners are attracted here by the fishing in the waters near where they build. For this reason, if for no other, it is our duty to do all we can to keep these waters well stocked. At the present time most of our ponds are stocked with bass and pickerel. As we do not propagate these fish, the only way to keep up the supply is by regulating the open season. The bass and pickerel are able to care for themselves, and will increase if given a fair chance, but where a pond is covered with lines, as is done in ice-fishing for pickerel, the pickerel have got to go, for if they are all caught in the winter, they are not there to be caught in the summer. We think all ice-fishing should be stopped, except on the large lakes.

The deer in New Hampshire are rapidly increasing, so much so that it is frequently suggested to us that an open season be made all over the State, allowing one buck deer to a person. We often have complaints of damage done by deer. We have investigated frequently, and have as yet been unable to find where any serious damage has been done. But if the State expects to protect her deer, she should pay for damage done by them. With the abandoned farms all over New Hampshire, and its rapidly increasing area of sprout land, southern New Hampshire would be an ideal deer country if it were not for the worthless dogs (with just enough hound in their make-up to make them sheep and deer dogs) which are allowed to run at large all through the close season, eating the eggs of all game birds, running down and killing the young of all kinds of our four-footed game, from the deer down to the rabbit. Many farmers in our State find it impossible to keep sheep to-day, owing to these worthless dogs. There should be some way to suppress this nuisance.

During the last two years we have lost by resignation and death two members of our board of commissioners. Mr. F. L. Hughes resigned on account of the increase of his business. He was a first-class commissioner, and is honored and respected by all who know him.

In the death of Judge Shurtleff, New Hampshire lost one of the best fish and game commissioners that ever served her. With his knowledge of law (in fact, many of our most important fish and game laws on our statute books to-day were framed by him) and his extended knowledge of the forests and streams of our State, especially of northern New Hampshire, and with his vast acquaintance in every part of the State, he was an ideal man for a commissioner of fish and game. He was not only thoroughly acquainted with the different varieties of fish which our waters contain, but knew every animal and bird that inhabits our forests. He was an expert with the rifle and the shotgun, and we have yet to see his superior with the rod. He was a lovable, whole-souled man.

Nathaniel Wentworth,
Charles B. Clarke,
Merrill Shurtleff,
Fish and Game Commissioners.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Quail Question in Texas.

San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 24.—It has long been the custom in the North, and, indeed the South, also, to believe that after all the rest of the world was exhausted, there would still be Texas. For years the men of the Lone Star State, accustomed to a world of vast spaces and vast resources, have regarded it as certain that Texas would always furnish abundance for all, whether in lines of agriculture, industry or sport. It has so long been the custom to see millions of acres unoccupied, millions of cattle almost unowned, millions of birds apparently coming from sources inexhaustible, that it has hardly occurred to the average man that there might perhaps be a limit even to the vast natural wealth of Texas. The old doctrine of this immense territory of the Southwest was that there was enough for all. If a thousand cattle died on the range it mattered little, and caused no concern. There were more cattle. Land was too cheap to be worth the holding. Men bought it at five cents an acre. There was enough for all. Northern shooters came down here and butchered the Texan game birds. It mattered little. There was enough for all.

Within the last few years the inevitable change has begun to manifest itself. Cattle are worth money in Texas now, and they are cared for. Horses bring fifty or sixty dollars, where formerly they could be had for three or four dollars each. Land is steadily going up all over the State. Population is pouring in, recognizing the value of this enormous and little understood kingdom of the far Southwest. With these changes come those of personal interest to sportsmen. One now hears that ducks are not so abundant on the coast. He is asked to wait till the birds begin to go northward, or to come a little earlier in the fall next time, as the birds go southward. There are special days for shooting at the local marshes, excuses, explanations, reasons why the shooting is not just as good as it formerly was. One is told that the quail migrated, that the food is not quite right this season, etc. Indeed, most wonderful of all, one hears talk among these big hearted Texan shooters that, whereas, in the past they have thought there was enough for all manner of Northern shooters, now it may be better to be not quite so free with sweeping invitations and sweeping practices upon the part of those invited and arrived. There are murmurs that this is to be a good year for trapshooting in Texas, because the field shooting is going to be so poor. In short, there are at hand, one must admit with sorrow, the unmistakable signs that this grand empire of Texas, almost the last of the open and free realm of America, is at the door of change, that she is preparing to repeat the history of all the American West. Texas is learning to-day that there was not, after all, enough for all.

And now comes a very interesting juncture of affairs, wherein the sportsman is not the prime mover, yet wherein he is much interested and may be much affected in spite of himself. The germ and the gist of it all is a certain little modern insect pest known as the boll weevil, which seriously jeopardizes the welfare of the cotton planters pretty much all over the State. We have the potato beetle and the chinch bug in the North, and the boll weevil in the South. Also, in both sections, we have the great North American member of the Legislature.

Hitherto in Texas the legislator has been of about average density and dullness in matters of game laws, not caring much for the game birds, and not believing that the supply could ever be exhausted. The game laws of Texas are not well made and not well enforced, this being part of the old fallacy of enough for all, so dear to have, so hard to relinquish in the American mind. But this very ignorance on the part of Texas legislators in game laws and in natural history—an ignorance fully shared by their brethren in the North—presents to-day a strange phenomenon which may amount to protection even more sweeping than sportsmen would care to see enforced. In brief, the Legislature of Texas, assured that the quail is a bird, and that birds eat boll weevils, is fairly upon the point of passing a law prohibiting the shooting of quail for a term of ten years. And in the opinion of many well-posted men of this State, they will just about pass it, too. Exit then the Northern market shooter, the Northern real sportsman and the Northern pseudo sportsman, not to mention the local sportsmen of Texas. Enter the day of trapshooting at targets, of useless field dogs, of a great many other things allied thereto.

It does not seem to have occurred to the minds of the legislators of Texas that perhaps the quail does not eat very many, if indeed, any boll weevils. Perhaps the truth is that they do not. If you open the crop of a quail, as we have done lately, even in fields where they are burning the cotton stalks to destroy the weevil, you will not find anything distinguishable except the small black seeds of weeds upon which they feed. The quail will eat grain as large as corn, and wheat it dearly loves. It is a grain-feeder by all means, though occasionally it eats insects. It will make its living in Texas, even in case of a general prevalence of the boll weevils, in precisely that way which seems easiest to it. Hence, in all likelihood, it will continue to eat grains and seeds for the most part, even though the weevil disports itself most alluringly. This is the wrong time of year to test the weevil-eating quality of the quail, but no one seems to have tested it at any season of the year. Hence the sportsmen may perhaps have a snap judgment taken upon them by their Legislature.

There is no use becoming unduly concerned over this matter before it is matter of fact, and not of supposition, but just supposing this law should be passed, what would be the result? Naturally, at first a great deal of violation of the law, combined with a great deal of outcry regarding it, possibly followed later by repeal of the law. Incidentally, however, there would come also the first of that agitation which must forerun any American recognition of the value of the wild game. We may come to believe in Texas, after a while, that the quail is a good thing to have; that it ought not to be exterminated, that there are not quail enough for all. That will be the beginning of the foundation of an intelligent game code in Texas, and an intelligent enforcing of the laws. It will, in short, be education.

Now, if education shall come in Texas, even largely, sweepingly, wastefully, after the vast Texas fashion, shall we indeed feel constrained to sit down and weep over this freak of the Legislature in regard to the quail and the cotton weevil? For one, though I love this State more each time I see it, I should, for one, be willing to put up my gun and not shoot at all for the term of years which might be designated, provided that thereby a great many others might be taught what I think I have, from he nature of an almost life-long employment, learned to know, namely that in America there is no longer enough for all. It is humiliating, it is distasteful, but it is true. One can have small patience with men not big enough to see that it is true.

Habits of Texas Quail.

As to Bob White in Texas, he is still in evidence, albeit in lessening numbers. The other day, in the neighborhood of a ranch located some miles down the lovely valley of the San Antonio River, a little party of us put up several bevies in the course of a morning walk across country, with no canine company except a young and unbroken dog. Our party was made up of Col. O. C. Guessaz, of this city, Mr. R. O. Heikes, of the U. M. C. missionary forces, Mr. R. N. Stites, of Chicago, and myself. The four guns, with no appreciable effort, picked up a couple of dozen quail, not to mention nine brace of fat doves in the period of a couple of hours or so. Then we went home again. It was a very lovely day, the air soft and warm, and I fancy nobody felt very murderous. The bevies were all full and the birds well-grown and more than able to take care of themselves. We all thought we distinguished a distinct change in the habits of the quail in this part of the world. The Texas birds were always greater runners than the Northern Bob Whites, but this time they seemed almost more like blue quail than Bob Whites. The first bevy we put up ran across a forty-acre cotton field at a rate which fairly kept us on the trot, and which quite prevented any dog work at all. We kept on following after, seeing them all the time ahead, and hoping they would scatter and lie. They did drop out, one at a time, as they crossed the field, until at last, when we reached thick grass at the farther edge, we put up only half a dozen, though there were fully four times that number which started across the field.

Cunning enough is Bob White: wherever you put him.

In the North he takes to the trees, where you cannot see him, and the dog cannot smell him. Here in Texas the trees are short and bare, so he has not that refuge. Much persecuted, he learns a new wrinkle, and instead of lying in grass tufts for the dog to find him, he takes to his heels over the hard ground, which carries the scent but illy at best, and so puzzles both dog and man over his sudden and mysterious disappearance. It takes a specialized dog to handle Bob White here. As to the bird itself, it is not exactly like our Northern bird, not so heavy and plump, nor so red and russet in color. The shade of the general body color is ashy or gray, to match this gray soil. The constant running makes the bird thinner and much tougher to eat than the Northern bird. The flight is much the same, though not so strong here as in the North, the bird being an easier mark in the open here than in the woods or thickets of the North in the late autumn days.

An Amiable Tenderfoot.

I have mentioned one member of our party, Mr. Stites, of Chicago. That gentleman is a partner in Rector's well-known restaurant, which methinks almost anyone in New York or Chicago is apt to know; and by this token Mr. Stites ought to know a good bird or the like on sight by this time. Perhaps he has dined too well, too often, and not so wisely as too much, for of late his doctor has told him that he must get out of dors or become a has-been. Partly on my own advice he stopped off here at San Antonio on his way to California, and we took him with us on our little ranch trip. In the opinion of all he proved a most amiable tenderfoot. He had never shot at a quail in his life, yet he began to stop them very nicely, to our joint delight, so that he did his part of the bag very easily. Then we took him over to the Mitchell's Lake Club Reserve after ducks. It was a clear, bright, warm day, and it was certain there would be no flight unless we could stir up the birds, so we had resort to boats. These craft, by reason of the shallow and weedy waters, are not built like warships, but are easily capsizable. When we came to round up in the evening I met Mr. Stites and observed that he appeared damp, but supposed that he had been perspiring. I told him that my boat had leaked so much that it had gotten half full of water, so that I was afraid to shoot out of it lest I should go overboard.

"Why, are you afraid of that?" said he. "I ain't, not a bit."

"Did you get in?" I asked him. "Twice." was his reply, with a happy smile. "I don't mind it. I like it!" He had indeed upset his boat twice, and one time his gun was under water fifteen minutes before he could recover it. He pointed out with great pride that the gun and shells would "go off just as good as ever," and, indeed, he seemed none the worse for his adventure. Happily, the water was not above shoulder depth.

That night, by request, Mr. Stites did a turn at broiling quail for the gang, attired for the time, thanks to his late bath in the lake, in a long ulster, which came down about his heels. I don't know what some of the swell patrons of Rector's would have thought had they seen the urbane manager acting as cook at a Texas ranch house, but I am here to testify that his cookery was voted excellent. We named him Rosa then, and he had no trouble holding his job as chef. In fact, I never saw anybody get a job easier than he did that one. Nor did I ever see a cook eat much more freely of his own cooking. "That doctor has been stringing me for six years," said Mr. Stites. "There ain't anything the matter with me at all!"

Comfort in the Wilderness.

I have a friend up North who runs a pine woods hotel for anglers, and it is his boast that he makes his patrons comfortable in the wilderness. He has his hotel provided with hot and cold water, nice hair mattresses and all that sort of thing, and it is his claim, perhaps well founded, that he has the best equipped wilderness hotel in the West. He asks me to come up and see him, but I have always told him I would rather go anywhere else in the whole wild world. I can get hot and cold water and hair matresses at home, and have good society there, too. As to the wildernesss, it is no place for the softenments of civilization. I don't think Big Adam Moore and I missed any hot water or hair matresses up in New Brunswick. Neither do I think we missed that sort of allurements at the ranch in the Santone Valley the other day. When I start my own wilderness resort I am going to have a tin washpan on top of a stump back of the cabin, and if that is not good enough washing facilities for any patron of the place, the quicker he can get out the healthier it is going to be for him. The dragging of city life, or would-be city life, into the real wilderness is one of the things which make me continually regret that there is a legal close season on some sorts of human beings. The old nigger man was right. Said he, "It ain't fitten." If I could run the world for a while it would be a most excellent good world. Still, I suppose there will always be an element who want hot and cold water and hair matresses and fresh beef in their "wilderness."

Big Country.

This is a glorious region, this Texas country. We traveled a day and a night west from New Orleans to get to old Santone, and to get to El Paso we would have to travel a day and a night more, all on Texas soil. It is hours' run between towns, days' run between cities. It is all big, open, free, magnificent, good for people who have been feeling that much has been depending upon their personal attention to the affairs of the world. The keyed-up nervousness of the North falls away like a garment here. To-morrow is good as to-day; indeed, better. We have been going down to the salt water for a sail now, for nearly a week. We are going to-morrow. Excellent institution, this to-morrow! This sunlight is full of to-morrow.

Tame Deer.

My friend, Col. Guessaz, has a tame deer, a young buck, which he caught last summer on his ranch, and the little creature is as good an example of absolute fearlessness as one ever saw. It plays with the dogs and chickens, fraternizes with all human beings, and when it feels disposed walks into the house and prowls about quite as one of the family. Apples, bread, cake, sugar, or almost anything else seems to it proper food for the *Cervidæ*, and one day it stalked into the cupboard and ate a pie, full proof, if any were needed, of the universal beneficence of the peculiar American institution, pie.

Horse and Dog.

We should not to-day be grieving so much were the brotherhood between all animals so distinct as that existing at my friend's household. A dog commonly loves a horse, and a horse a dog, but the Texas horse is different from all other horses. The other day, while we were unhooking the team down at the ranch, Col. Guessaz' old pointer, Waif, another member of the family, and loved very dearly, passed close by one of the horses, and the latter, with no reason in the world save that of malice, kicked her savagely, breaking two or three ribs and wellnigh killing her on the spot. That was four days ago, and even yet we are not sure that Waif will get over it, though she can now eat and drink and sleep lying down. It was pitiful to see her stand with drooping head all day and all night long, unable to lie down by reason of the broken ribs. Nature is especially kind to dogs, and heals their ills with great rapidity, so that we hope that, even in spite of her twelve years of age, Waif will live to point another quail or so before her race is run.

Ducks.

They say the duck season is not a good one, for that most of the flight goes on down to Mexico. This may be in part true, though no doubt there are a few birds to be found on the coast even yet. We are waiting word from Kemp's place, at Rockport, and may stop there for a day or so, but the truth is no one seems to care for shooting ducks at this time of the year. The best time to see wildfowl in Texas is nearly the same time that we have our best shooting in the North, October or November. So far as the neighborhood of this city is concerned, the shooting will be better in February, when the northbound migration begins. I suppose it would be spring shooting then to shoot ducks here. I doubt if any of our little party will do any duck shooting. Quite a number of shooters left town to-day for Mitchell's Lake, but we were too tired to go along. The birds are as tired as their pursuers these warm days, and will not fly unless chased up by numbers of shooters.

The End Not Yet.

The end is not yet in prohibitive legislation. Word comes to-day that the Legislature proposes to stop the shooting of all sorts and species of birds, tame pigeons included, for a term of some years. There is report also that the great ammunition companies of the North are telegraphing local agents in Texas to have the bills killed at any cost. There is also rumor that the "any cost" side of it all has been carefully considered by certain of the framers of some of these numerous bills at Austin. There is such a thing as a bill going a little way and then not being heard of again. In any case, the enire shooting population of the State, not to mention very many firms who sell large amounts of goods in the State, is very much exercised over the matter.

E. Hough.

126 Hartford Building, Chicago.

Game Parks and Other Things.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We Americans used to think the common people of England were trampled down to the condition of slaves by the lordly landed aristocracy, but what are we Americans coming to in these days of selfish millionaires?

"The public be d——d," is apparently their motto, and they seem to delight in depriving others of everything in the way of recreation. The people of North Hempstead prove that they have too much self-respect and common sense to place themselves in the position of serfs for the paltry sum of $50,000, knowing that if the New York man could get control of the lake no man would dare to catch a fish, or sail a boat, or even take a bath in its waters. They are wise in holding it, for as the millionaires improve their suburban property their own will be increased in value greatly.

From the rapid progress the millionaires are making in getting control of land, it will soon be difficult to step outside the public road without committing trespass.

One of my friends has just returned from a visit to an Eastern man who has brought down the wrath of the whole community on his head by inclosing a deer park of several thousand acres.

He has to be always on his guard, but some of his enemies say they are bound to "git him" some day. Now, rather than live such a life I'd go a thousand miles for my deer and elk.

If men were not so selfish they would not be so liable to make enemies, but some of the trust clubs buy up from one to half a dozen lakes in the Adirondacks simply to control them and keep others out.

Some of these men pretend to be Christians. They say their prayers and attend to all the surface matters of religion, but they trample on the Golden Rule and read the warning of their Lord and Master in this way —"It is easier for a needle to go through the eye of a camel than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." Then, to insure their future safety, they try to pull the wool over the eyes of their Divine leader by giving a mere pittance now and then from their vast hoards of wealth to some church or college, while the poor are left to starve and freeze, and during all these terrible times of suffering not a single one of the crew of millionaires has lifted a finger to relieve it. The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt said, "There need be no suffering among the poor if the rich would do their duty, but they go on praying and let the Lord take care of the poor."

Didymus.

St. Augustine, Fla.

Winter Hare Shooting in Germany.

From the London Field.

Whatever changes have come over the manners and customs of Germans, it still remains true that a Teuton is seen at his best out shooting. Sport is practiced on sporting lines in the Fatherland, despite the number of parvenu "shooters" who have entered the field within recent years, and for those who have leisure and inclination to devote to it, there are opportunties in Germany for the use of the gun which can hardly be found with such comparative facility anywhere else in Europe. Red deer, fallow deer, roebuck, capercaillie, blackcock, pheasants, wild boar, partridges, wild duck, bustards, woodcock, snipe, wild geese, quail, hares and rabbits are plentiful, and almost every species of game here enumerated may be obtained within easy access of the capital of the empire, the greater number in its immediate vicinity; while there is also good chamois shooting in the Bavarian Mountains.

The laws and customs of venery are perhaps most strictly observed in North Germany, i.e., Pomerania, East and West Prussia, and Silesia, where the land is chiefly in the hands of large landed proprietors, who are themselves good sportsmen, the knowledge and passion for the craft having been handed down to them from generation to generation. In Central and South Germany things are done on a laxer scale, as the shootings are almost all in the hands of tenants, who hold leases for periods of about six years—in Wurtemberg, indeed, for three years only. These tenants, in the ordinary run of things, attach more weight to obtaining good bags during the period of their tenancy than to the preservation of a good stock of game. Moreover, as the shootings are generally put up to public auction, it is open to persons of every class and rank to acquire them. Unfortunately, not only men of intelligence and taste and good manners who have acquired a fortune as manufacturers or in other branches of business thus get the command of the market, but tradesmen, such as butchers and confectioners and publicans, circus owners and innkeepers participate therein. To be the proprietor of a shoot has long since come to be accepted in Germany as the right of riches. The individual in question may know nothing about sport, and, indeed, have no love for it; but he has the opportunity thereby of inviting a number of guests and of entertaining them luxuriously. For this reason the price of conveniently situated shootings has considerably increased of late years. Such, at least, is the constant complaint of German sportsmen; but, like all generalization, it must be taken cum grano salis. There is a priori no reason why rich men as a class should not derive as keen pleasure from shooting game and should not be as good sportsmen as men of moderate means or as those who have to work hard for their living. It is well to give weight to this argument, for it cannot be denied that in general, if wealth be directed to the preservation of game, sport must inevitably gain very considerably therefrom. Among wealthy manufacturers and merchants there are as good shots and sportsmen to be found as among those feudal families who claim to have by birth the sole privilege to kill game. Most certainly you can count on the fingers of one hand the number of real sportsmen among the crowned heads and scions of ruling sovereign families in Germany. The late King Albert of Saxony was among the number, but Kaiser William is not what one would call a "lover of sport," nor was his father, nor his grandfather before him. On the other hand, many of the highest nobility of Germany and of the large landowners are strict preservers of game, and are second to none as sportsmen. The royalties have their big battues, and their parties for the most part consist of shooters only, clad in forester's green. The Kaiser is an excellent shot, but he does not care for sport as such. He shoots hares with an 18-bore gun specially made for him, and seldom misses. It has been noted that he never makes his hares turn a somersault like other good shots; they always fall flat on the ground.

While the sovereign princes of Germany, with the aid of the gentlemen of their courts, are slaughtering the required annual number of big game—deer and wild boar—their subjects are occupied with hare driving. These drives take place for the most part in the months of October, November and December. Hare shooting opens in September and closes in January, but it is very rightly considered to be unsportsmanlike to hold a drive so early as September, and it is generally unwise to shoot hare too long in January. In September the mother hare generally still carries milk, and the disposition to breed commences very early in the year, quite irrespective of the temperature out of doors. It is a thousand pities that the close time is not pushed on to Oct. 1. The close times for game vary according to the different States, and, funnily enough, some of them make a difference between forest hares and field hares. It thus happens that in the beginning of the season you can shoot a hare out in the stubble, but not in the adjoining forest. Red tape legislators never see what is as plain as a haystack to ordinary people! Of course, it constantly happens that a forest hare comes out on to the stubble or the meadow to feed when it is no longer close time for the field hare. What is one to do? Perhaps the sportsman has not seen him issue from the shade of the trees, and yet the quarry is a forest hare right enough, although *en voyage*.

In Germany hares are generally shot in circular drives in November and December, and, provided there are none of your careless shots about, there need be no fear of danger. Unfortunately, these are not to be blotted out from the face of the earth, so that guns and beaters occasionally get a sprinkling of shot either direct in the legs or body or some grains in the face that have ricochetted from the ground. There are the circular drives in the open, and the so-called Stand-

Treiben in the forests. In the latter the guns assume a fixed position in or outside the forest, and the beaters drive toward them. In the former a big sort of circle is made by the guns and beaters taking up ground to the right and left in a circular direction from the starting point, and, when the circle is joined, advancing toward the center. When they have approached to within a certain distance from one another a horn is blown, whereupon the guns remain standing and the beaters advance. From this moment no hare may be shot within the circle. Where there are plenty of hares this circular driving is very amusing sport, either in November, when the weather is generally pretty open, or in December, when there ought to be snow on the ground and some degrees of frost in the air.

In the dark December mornings shortly before Christmas, it is a treat to be a member of a party about to enjoy a day's hare shooting. The proper way is for all the guns to arrive at the country house or the village inn the night before, so as to start out in the field not later than eight o'clock in the morning, but, of course, it often happens that people with town occupations cannot get away till the morning of the shoot, in which case they must leave by an early train for the rendezvous. Many Germans turn out in costumes that are fearfully and wonderfully made, so that at the railway station they look in the early dawn more like brigands than sportsmen.

The Magdeburg district is well stocked with hares, while in the march of Brandenburg, where the land is light and sandy, there are relatively fewer. In the Palatinate, on the banks of the Rhine, the shooting is let out on lease by the peasant holders, and very often the bag consists of from 600 to 1,000 hares in a day, and even more. I can record one of 1,600 with thirty guns. The peasant holder in the Palatinate and Hesse is a born sportsman, and a good man of business to boot, not like those skin-flint and slim chaps in Brandenburg and other northern Prussian provinces. He clearly comprehends that the commune can get more rent for the shooting if there are plenty of hares, and he feels real pride when he hears that the sportsmen have had a good day over his lands. "We should be ashamed," they say, "if we were no longer in a position to feed a few hares." One must not forget, however, that these men are well-to-do yeomen, who would pass in the north as country gentlemen and lords of manors. In the neighborhood of the German capital—say, a distance of an hour or two by rail—there is plenty of fun to be had in good company out hare driving, and here, too, the greater part of the shooting is in the hands of the communes and let on lease. With some twenty guns and about eighty to a hundred beaters the bag may, perhaps, not exceed a couple of hundred head, but you often get an exciting cannonade at rabbits as a *pièce de résistance*. Shooting from a country house in Pomerania is entertaining, and if chance should lead one to West Prussia, where one gets among a Polish population, a foreigner may carry away with him recollections of sport and customs that he will not easily forget. Here is a specimen. Some six country wagons start off with the men and women beaters—it is not at all uncommon for women to join the gathering with big baskets strapped on their backs. Then follow the conveyances with the guns and a long, big wagon for the game. Some of them are drawn by four horses, and the coachmen are first-rate drivers. The forests are taken, and the bag consists of foxes, pheasants, woodcock and hares. Foxes are shot in Germany; it is only possible in very few districts to hunt them with hounds, and a Teuton sportsman is very proud if he can account for a fox, which is as good in his eyes as half a dozen hares in his bag. Among the women beaters will often be found very smart-looking girls, graceful as Polish women generally are, wearing stout wooden sabots and rough gray woolen stockings, but with pretty red kid gloves on their hands. The men are fond of sport, and in former times the foresters had a good deal of trouble with the laboring population, for no sooner had a young fellow saved enough money for the purpose than he showed himself even more ready to purchase a gun for the nefarious practice of poaching than to furnish a house for a bride.

In Germany it is hardly feasible to shoot hares, except by driving them. The country is open, as there are no hedges. In the early part of the season, that is to say, when one is out partridge shooting, it would be possible to kill as many hares almost as one saw; but, as said above, it is too early to shoot hares then. In the winter time—in November and December—it is not easy to get at them behind a dog or by beating them up singly. The tendency is to have large parties of guns for the circular drives. No doubt a good old steady shot does not like this. He naturally prefers a small and select company of sportsmen upon whom he can rely; but, after all, no strict rule can be laid down. The number of guns must in any case be regulated by the nature, the size, and lay of the "shoot." December is the real season for hare shooting in Germany. Those who are in the swim receive then more invitations for hare drives than an ordinary society dame obtains in the course of a London season. A friend of mine at the begining of this last December had to issue sixty invitations for his annual drive before he could get together even eighteen guns, and this was over a very pleasant terrain, where we had good walking and a very fair bag.

Some people insist that circular driving injures the stock of hares. This is one of those general statements that are not quite accurate. It depends upon circumstances. Other kinds of driving can, for the same reasons, be deleterious to the stock. By careful observation, it is possible to watch how the stock is and to omit the drive for one year. One often hears that the right remedy against the falling off of the stock is to shoot only the buck hares and to let the does alone. This sounds very well, but few who talk like this know the difference. A story is told of one of these wiseacres who was loudly giving advice of this kind. He shouted out, "buck," "doe," as the hares got up, and then shot them both to prove his theory. This done, he could not even tell the difference.

Circular driving is dangerous if the guns are inexperienced or careless. One only has to collect the accounts of accidents among sportsmen in the course of a year to see how important it is to be strictly prudent as to the way to carry and handle a gun. German insurance companies have taken note of this, and send round to every known sportsman an appeal to insure his life against accidents with the gun. One generally hears at the commencement of the day an appeal to the assembled company at a circular drive to be careful to observe certain well-known rules. Some people go so far as to inflict money fines for any breach of these rules. In such cases, a gun leaving his place without unloading has to pay 5s.; if he fires into the circle after the horn has been blown he must pay 10s., etc. By the new German Civil Code the responsibility incurred both by a person wounding or killing a person out shooting and by his host is very great. In ordinary cases the man who inflicts the wound pays, but in the event of his being impecunious his host is responsible.

A hare in Germany is one of the most useful of four-footed animals. Take his scut, which the Germans call Blume (flower). It is very much in demand in the country, especially among the beaters, who put it in their stockings, in order that their feet may be warmer. Here, as elsewhere, the skin is used by hatters. This year a hare skin fetches 6d., being specially high in price. A hare's liver when fried is a great delicacy, and a dish called Hasenpfeffer, is made out of the lower ribs, the head, the runners (claws), the heart and lungs, while the entrails are given to the dog. Roast hare comes on to table larded, without its head and lying quite flat in the dish, and is served with cream sauce. The price of a hare about Christmas time was from 3s. 9d. to 4s. Among the country people roast hare is the traditional New Year's dish. Those who have done anything special for the preservation of the game generally get a present of a hare after a drive about the middle of the month, which is allowed to hang till New Year's Day.

Even in the case of a hare German sportsmen are very particular as to the terms they use. His eyes are called "optics or seers" (Seher); his ears, "spoons" (Löffel); his legs, "runners" (Läufe); his scut, "flower" (Blume); his hide, "Balg." The nickname of a hare is "Lampe"; he is mixed up also with the ancient lore of the land. Cotton or linen, if dipped in the blood of a hare shot on the first Friday in March, is said to have healing powers, a tradition still believed in by many foresters.

J. L. B.

Taking Aim.

THE communication of Mr. Wm. Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., published in FOREST AND STREAM of January 17, contains a subject of more than passing interest. The inquiry contained in it is far reaching. To reply properly, one needs to go thoroughly into an analysis of the shooting art. All the essentials of it are involved in a reply to that query.

The matter of aiming a shotgun or rifle at a moving object is not analogous to the use of the bow and arrow at all, other than in a few remote general principles. The matter is peculiarly mystified by a reference to a boy throwing a stone without taking aim, or revolver shooting from the pocket, or gun shooting from the hip, or in hitting balls thrown in the air.

Let us dispose of these matters first before considering the matter of taking aim. The boy attains skill in throwing a stone in the same manner that a writer attains skill in using a pen and ink—by practice. The hand acquires a certain subordinate intelligence of its own which in the medical or psychological world is called reflex action. The same labored and awkward first attempts of the student in penmanship embarrass the first attempts of the student in the art of shooting. The right hand of most men, by constant practice, to which may be added the predisposition imposed by inheritance, is the master hand. Let any right-handed man attempt to throw a stone with his left hand, or to write a line, or in fact attempt anything with it which requires manual dexterity, and the result will be puerile and ridiculous in nine cases out of ten. In short, the left hand, holding and guiding the gun barrel, is the hand which has nearly all the responsibilities in assisting the eye in taking aim. From its utter inefficiency it cannot respond with any degree of accuracy in the first attempts at shooting, hence the first attempts of the shooter are not devoted so much to the art of shooting as to the development of manual dexterity in a weak and awkward limb. The shooter in nearly all cases is unconscious of the real reason of his poor success.

Shooting a revolver from the pocket is generally done at close quarters, and requires only an ordinary sense of direction, just as one standing close to a barn door could kick it to a certainty at every trial.

Shooting from the hip is another misleading comparison, for the reason that a very open gun is always used in game shooting, and the distances are in most instances very short. Shooting objects in the air is largely a repetition of the same shot over and over again to infinity. There is the same flight, the same speed, etc., so that it in time becomes almost a muscular act.

There are so many abstruse problems involved in game or trap shooting that the ordinary shooter doesn't know what causes his ill success. He cannot see the load of shot as the boy can see the stone, or the archer the arrow, so he is ever groping in the dark.

The gun does not become a part of the body, in a shooting sense, as stated by one of your correspondents. The body swings right and left, up and down, and to a certain degree may act as if they were a whole, but there is always a large field of accommodation in which the hands and eye take part independent of the movement of the body. The gun and body may move in unison till the muzzle covers the target or moving body, then, if the muzzle does not point right there is an instantaneous readjustment in which the eye, hands and shoulders all take an intelligent part. This is illustrated in a way by the use of the eyes. The head turns on the neck and the eyes turn on their sockets, thus, while they are a part of the body, they have powers of accommodation independent of it.

Now, in shooting at moving objects, there is no arbitrary rule which governs how to shoot right, left, up, down and straight-away. The shooter may take some shots in which gun and body move as a whole, while other shots are made with a rapid readjustment with the hands and eye. Neither is shooting at a moving object a mechanical act. A shooter may go quickly after a flying bird and discover that his gun is out of proper alignment. He glances along the barrel, readjusts it instantly and correctly, and points it anew. It is all done so quickly and delicately that an ordinary onlooker would not discover that anything went wrong at all. The gun, by habit, is placed to the shoulder, cheek and hands in the same position every time, by the skilled shooter, and he becomes habituated to certain fixed points of contact with it. Let any one of these get out of adjustment and he feels it instantly. Thus the sense of touch in time becomes quite as much of a factor as the sense of sight. The shooter knows where the muzzle of the gun is pointing whichever way it may be swinging, both from a subconsciousness, from the sense of sight, and a consciousness from the sense of touch. Some men never become skillful shots at moving objects because they never develop the left hand to any degree of skillfulness, or because they never develop either hand to any degree of skillfulness, because they have defective eyesight, or because they never can work hands, shoulder, eyes and body in proper combination and co-ordination.

EXPERTE CREDO.

Report of the New York Commission.

From advance sheets of the report of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission to the Legislature.

THE Commission in presenting its final report as at present constituted has the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that its work has had the commendation of the public, and that the value of what has been done for the protection of fish and game and the reforestation of denuded woodlands in the Adirondack and Catskill regions has been recognized both at home and abroad.

Standards of comparison are not as well established as yet in our own country as they are in other parts of the civilized world for such matters, and an occasional criticism is consequently to be expected either from the uninformed or the unthinking. But it is certain that, dollar for dollar, the State of New York is getting more for its expenditure for the business which the Commission has had in charge than any other locality at present known. The work of the forestry department has developed in value to the extent that its success is frequently commended and its documents are considered very desirable for public distribution. Advice on important questions is sought from our Department of Fisheries by the experts of other countries, and the game laws of this State are frequently used as models by other lawmakers.

The sagacious editor of the London Spectator, in reviewing a recent report of this Commission, after paying a high tribute to the wisdom shown by the State of New York in providing adequately for the preservation of its forests and the increase of its fish and game supply, says:

> Omitting moneys spent on purchasing land and maintaining forests the total cost of fish propagation, fish and game protection, the shell fish department and taking deer to the forests, with some items for printing was about £30,000. The fish cost a little over £11,000, the game keeping generally £10,000 and the shell fish (a remunerative item) £2,000. In return for this the public had free fishing of every kind over a vast territory, and killed deer to an amount which, at the ordinary rate reckoned per stag in Scotland (£40), would represent a sporting rental in this country of £169,000!

In the same line of testimony is the following quotation from a scientific monograph produced in our own State by an expert of well established reputation. In a recent Bulletin on "The Clam and Scallop Industries," issued by the State Museum, Dr. J. L. Kellogg says:

> Every one is familiar with the extensive and remarkably successful work of the United States and the various State Fish Commissions in the propagation of marine and fresh-water market fish. In many cases the continued supply is probably directly and entirely due to the artificial hatching and judicious distribution of the young fish. These institutions have made it very clear that public moneys could not be better expended for the benefit of all classes of people than in their support. * * * If the fact were only recognized that this extinction of forms really is occurring, these Commissions and similar institutions would receive much greater support in the form of legislative appropriations. * * * It is money most profitably invested for rich and poor alike.

Such testimony and approval of the work that is being done could be continued at length, but the facts are for the most part known to your honorable body and to the well informed taxpayers of the State at large. The value of the Adirondacks as a wealth producing element in the State is properly shown in one of the appended reports, and the figures given indicate that millions of dollars are annually spent because of the attractions of the woods and waters for health and pleasure seekers and sportsmen. To preserve and build up the forests has been the constant care of the Commission, and many members of the Legislature can testify from actual knowledge as to what has been done toward providing trees to fill out the denuded places. The nurseries for producing the young trees are well established, and will increase steadily in value as the work advances. In time the State will be able to provide from them not only all the trees necessary for use in the forests, but also for beautifying roadsides and the streets of our cities, as well as for renewing the old and neglected woodlots of our farms.

Attention is also called with pride to the work done in protecting the forests from fire. The State now has a most excellent organization for this purpose, and the result is readily seen from the fact that our forests have practically escaped damage from this source. Reports from other States do not show such immunity. The statements in detail in the reports of the Superintendent of Forests, the Chief Protector and the Superintendent of Shellfisheries, which follow, are well worth the attention of every sportsman and every taxpayer as well. Therein will be found ample evidence that the money appropriated for the propagation of fish and the protection of game has been well expended, and that the result secured has merited the favorable comment already quoted. Communications received from time to time bear witness to the fact that line fishing in the waters of the State was never better, while the returns from the net fishermen prove that a far greater variety of cheap food fish of the

best quality is easily procurable on account of the constant care exercised by the State in stocking its waters. The increase in the number of deer taken is also worth noting, as an evidence of the wisdom of existing laws. So also is the suggestion which experience has shown to be necessary for the preservation of certain fisheries by stopping fishing through the ice. Protective action would also seem to be necessary to keep the black bear from extermination.

The Commission in conclusion takes pleasure in calling attention to the success which has thus far attended the work of restoring moose to the Adirondacks, and to the valuable additions made to the herds of elk during the past year.

The following recommendations are presented for your consideration:

That the number of expert foresters be increased to four, and their compensation be made such as to retain them in the service of the State.

That the John Brown house be repaired so as to preserve this historic structure.

That spring shooting of wildfowl and birds of all kinds be prohibited.

That the shooting of black bear in the Adirondack region be prohibited for a period of five years.

That a license fee of $50 be imposed on non-resident hunters excepting members of organized clubs in the Adirondacks, who shall present certificates of membership, and Adirondack land owners.

That provision be made for the licensing of guides.

By the Commission.

John D. Whish, *Assistant Secretary.*

Massachusetts Association.

Hearing on Deer Law.

Boston, Jan. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first hearing given by the Committee on Fisheries and Game was on Tuesday, January 26, the House Chairman, Mr. Moody Kimball, of Newburyport, presiding. Heman S. Fay, Esq., as counsel for the Central Committee, presented Mr. Henry A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, the chairman of the executive committee, as the first witness.

Mr. Estabrook spoke of the good results of the five years' close time, as shown by the frequency with which deer have been seen in many parts of the State where, until recently, there have been none. But a few days ago, he said, three had been seen together within the limits of the city of Fitchburg. He had heard of deer being seen in several neighboring towns, and was desirous of seeing the experiment which was begun in 1898 continued for five years more. His testimony was corroborated by Representative Knight, of Townsend, who, however, said some of the small farmers of his section, who were excellent shots, as a rule, would be very likely to protect their crops from injury by deer. On the whole, he approved the passage of the bill.

Dr. James B. Paige, member of the House from Amherst, spoke strongly in support of the re-enactment of the law continuing the close time for five years more. Others gave similar testimony.

President James R. Reed, of the State Association, favored the measure and gave very interesting information on the history of legislation in Massachusetts affecting the killing of deer.

He stated that up to about 1882 there was a law applying to the whole State prohibiting killing at any time except for a few days in the month of November. Mr. John M. Forbes, one of the greatest philanthropists of the State, and the owner of the Island of Naushon, at his own expense stocked the island with deer, which became very numerous, and he invited friends to join in an annual hunt, usually in October. His attention was called to the fact that the deer on the island could not be considered as "tame" deer, and therefore killing them at any time except the few open days in November was not permissible, and as there were at that time no deer except those on Naushon in any county of the State, with the exception of Barnstable and Plymouth, the law was changed and made to apply to those two counties only.

The credit of initiating the movement in 1898 which resulted in securing the present law is due to Mr. W. H. Fowle, of Woburn, who induced a member of the Legislature to present the petition for the passage of the bill. A letter from Commissioner Wentworth of New Hampshire, stating that he had caused several deer to be liberated in southern New Hampshire, and that one had been shot just across the line in Massachusetts, also that unless this State would protect them the Commissioners of New Hampshire would not release any more in the southern portion of the State, had a potent influence in securing the passage of the bill.

In the course of the hearing on Tuesday, one member of the committee remarked that he had heard some complaint of injury to crops by deer in his section of the State, but when the chairman called for remonstrants, no one appeared. Favorable consideration by the committee seems more than probable. What the House and Senate will do about it remains to be seen. A request for payment of damages done by deer has been made by a lady in Newton. It is doubtful whether such a request will receive serious consideration by the Legislature.

Farmers in Vermont tried to get up a scare some years ago; in Maine they are doing it this winter.

The hearing on the re-enactment of the anti-sale law affecting partridges and woodcock, which your readers know expires this year, has not been appointed, but as no new business can be admitted in the Legislature without a four-fifths vote and therefore all bills are supposed to be in already, the committee will no doubt fix the date of the hearing on the bird law very soon, and all who believe in the continuance of the present law should make a sacrifice, if necessary, in order to be present and support the bill before the committee.

At the last meeting of the State Association, there was an informal discussion of the hunter's license in Maine. Several prominent members, men accustomed to visit the State once or twice a year, denounced the plan as an "imposition." All expressed the opinion that it is uncalled for.

The question of having an annual dinner was referred to the Board of Management with full powers. The board met on Thursday evening and the following members were appointed to arrange for the dinner, the general expression of opinion being in favor of having it at the Algonquin Club. Committee: President J. R. Reed, Benjamin C. Clark, Nathaniel LeRoy, C. W. Dimick, Heber Bishop, Maurice H. Richardson, Robert S. Gray, Thomas H. Hall, H. S. Dodd and the secretary. The time will be decided later on.

Henry H. Kimball, *Secretary.*

A Secret Service Fund.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much interest Mr. J. R. Fanning's article in January 17 number, and quite agree with him as to the uselessness of a protector who attempts to do business in his own locality where he is well acquainted and his every movement konwn to the law breaker. Not only that, they form friendships, and one does not like to soak a friend. Then, too, I have known of instances where they have lost their position by hitting some person with a strong political pull. I have noticed that if a stranger violates the law, he is pretty apt to go before a justice, and it usually costs him something. A gentleman from New York City parted with fifty dollars last spring for a few minutes' sport shooting ducks in Jefferson. I believe that with a very little effort the protector who officiated in the ceremony could have landed a few of our own people for the same offense.

Our game protectors are paid the munificent salary of $500 per year and $450 for expenses. Out of this allowance comes their necessary railroad fare, livery, hotel bills, boats and boatmen, and incidental expenses. This is one of the principal reasons why Mr. Fanning has seen so few protectors in his vicinity. It has been suggested that the expense account be increased to $1,000. This would mean an increased expenditure of $27,500 for the 50 protectors and would probably not be allowed. If an appropriation of $10,000 or $15,000 could be secured, to be placed at the disposal of the commissioner or chief protector as a secret service fund, he could then select his best men to investigate complaints, and with the aid of the local protectors secure a much better enforcement of the law. I believe that with this small appropriation the efficiency of the department could be more than doubled. We have had three prosecutions for violations of the game laws in this county in 1902—the gentleman from New York, two parties in Carthage who are described as respectable and worthy citizens, whose names are withheld as a matter of courtesy, and who parted with $25.75 and $50.85, respectively, and a young farmer of Tylerville, who paid $35 for the privilege of shooting two gray squirrels the day before the opening. When respectable and worthy citizens and farmers can be prosecuted, convicted and made to settle for a violation of the game law in any county, it shows that there is a mighty good sentiment in that county for the enforcement of these laws.

The fact that the penalty account for violations of the game laws for 1902 was $20,000, an increase of $8,000 over 1901, doesn't show any great incapacity or lack of attention to business on the part of Commissioner Middleton or our State protectors. If the sportsmen who really want the game laws enforced would send their plans and specifications, names of violators, dates, nature of complaint, etc., to the department at Albany, instead of to the local protector, I am certain they would obtain better results. And I believe that if we could secure the secret service fund, the way of the transgressor would be hard.

W. H. Tallett.

Watertown, N. Y., Jan. 31.

Currituck Ducks.

Currituck Sound, N. C., Jan. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At this moment there are more canvasbacks in the northern half of Currituck Sound than we have had here in fifteen or twenty years; and they are in splendid condition, owing to a very large crop of wild celery in this end of the sound. They are very shy and seem to know a stand of decoys every time, unless it is raining or snowing. They seem to prefer to associate with blue peters and swans. I think the natives who hunt for market will manufacture (blue peter) decoys on a large scale next fall. Forty-six canvasbacks have been the largest bag made recently, but I expect to hear of at least 100 to one gun some day this week if it proves stormy.

I am much afraid our ruddy ducks will become extinct in five years. They are exceedingly scarce now and have so little protection I see no hope for them. I think there must be some mistake about the great slaughter and waste of blue peters in Back Bay, Va. Norfolk, Va., which is not over twenty-five miles away, stands ready to pay 10 to 12½ cents each for all that can be shipped there, and the natives of Princess Anne County have known it for fifteen years, and not being overburdened with the coin of the realm, I hardly think they allowed such waste as reported. Besides the blue peter is a fine bird, when properly cooked. There is only one way to do this, i. e., skin like a rabbit as soon after being killed as possible, dress and wash clean, hang up for one day or night, dip in dry flour and fry brown, make a nice bowl of brown gravy and tell your guests it is fried canvasback. Nine chances out of ten he'll say he never ate finer ducks anywhere. We are to have some changes in our game laws this season, but I cannot tell just what they will be this time. Will report later. All other ducks seem quite as abundant as last season, except broadbills and mallards; they are both rather scarce.

More Anon.

Evenly Matched.

Macon, Ga., Jan. 20.—We have had a good many quail in our section this winter. I have hunted but very little. I had one very good hunt with a friend in December. We found a good many birds and bagged seventy-one. We shot together all day with only one bird more to his bag than to mine.

Holmes Johnson.

Boy and Cat.

Clarion, Pa., Jan. 20.—I inclose a photo of one of the largest wildcats shot around here this season.

It was shot on the river hill within half a mile of our city by a young lad of this place, who deserves great credit for the bravery he showed in the conflict.

Although these animals are not usually considered dangerous, they put up a savage fight when wounded.

The lad was hunting rabbits, accompanied by two hounds, when the cat was treed after a short run. At the boy's first shot the cat came to the ground badly wounded and immediately put the dogs to flight, and then turned on the boy. It took three more shots from

A CLARION COUNTY CAT.

his 12-gauge with No. 6 shot to give the finish. The animal has been mounted in very skillful manner and makes a fine trophy and ornament. I think the lad did very well considering his age. Although Clarion County is not to be compared with some of the wonderful game fields we read about in Forest and Stream, it is about as good as any place I know of in Pennsylvania.

Birds were scarcer the past season than usual, but rabbits, foxes and 'coons furnished considerable sport to their patrons.

A few of our local sportsmen were lucky enough to get deer, and several bears have been reported in the neighborhood. Several men, while hunting bear, got shots at them, but have not been lucky.

Samuel J. Sloan.

A New Hampshire Game Preserve.

Inclosed I send a clipping taken from the Concord, N. H., Daily Patriot, of Jan. 26:

Lancaster, Jan. 26.—W. H. Griffith was here a few days ago and disposed of the entire property of the Groton Lumber Company, located in the town of Groton. The property sold consisted of 5,400 acres of timber land, on which is located the famous Darling pond, which it is said furnishes the best trout fishing in America. The price paid was $30,000. Mr. Wright has purchased an additional 3,000 acres adjoining, and it is announced that he will form a company to convert both tracts into one large game preserve. The land is admirably fitted for such a purpose. The original spruce has nearly all been cut off, and the dense undergrowth that is springing up will give the best of feed and cover for deer and other animals. As soon as the few remaining trees are removed, which will be done this season, it will be given up entirely to the preservation of game. Mr. Wright is contemplating building a club house in spring, and by the time the trout season opens there will probably be commodious quarters for those who visit the lake for the purpose of fishing. The entire property is also very desirable on account of the growth of young timber, which would be ready to cut in a few years.

In many parts of New Hampshire there are miles of wild land from which the timber has been cut. When the spruce has been taken and the succeeding growth is hard wood, the land is of little value. Practically about all it is good for is to harbor game. For some years, at about every session of our Legislature, there has been more or less discussion as to preserving the forests of the White Mountain region. The cutting of them goes on just the same. A few years since, while on a hunting trip, I met one of our largest lumber operators. He said, "I own something over 120,000 acres of timber land." The only thing which seemed to trouble him was that he would not live long enough to cut it.

As for the Darling Pond mentioned in the clipping, I never heard of it before, and I have been on a number of fishing trips to that region. The last annual report of our Fish and Game Commissioner gives a long list of the ponds and lakes in the State and does not mention the above pond.

C. M. Stark.

Hunting Quotations.

There is no more fascinating sport than the legitimate hunt for quotations.

We use the qualifying word deliberately. There are varieties of this occupation that are in no sense sport. The hunt which has a commercial taint cannot be included. Mere utility is not a proper object in the pursuit. The man who goes page by page, line by line, through an author with no higher purpose than the attainment of verbal accuracy in quotation may be a wholly reputable member of society, a faithful husband, and a kind parent, but he is not a sportsman of letters, and he can never hope to feel the thrill which the perfectly practiced hunt for quotations can convey to a soul attuned to its delights.

In the first place the quotation must be given a chance of escape. That is a fundamental condition of the game. Index traps and even the ingenious contrivances of

mnemonics cannot be approved, though the latter are often so deceptive in their apparent utility that they are not to be condemned unqualifiedly. The hunter who adopts the mercenary and commonplace plan of Aesop's husbandman and "leaves no stone unturned" is likely to be rewarded with a certain banal success, but obviously he loses the real joy of the chase. To secure that, the hunter must be a little in doubt as to the exact quotation he is after and very much in doubt as to where or how it is to be found. It is only on these conditions that he will be tempted to wander wide and deviously, sometimes in promising paths and on elusive trails, but more often under wayward impulses that have little or nothing to do with the particular passage he had in view in starting. It is in these unexpected and practically aimless divagations that the finest opportunities of the chase present themselves, and the hunter who is obedient to their charms gets much more than he dared to expect. His eye may not light on what he "went out for to see," but it will light on many a bewitching glimpse of beauty, many a surprised and surprising source of pure pleasure, so that he may return from his quest baffled but fortunate. As for the game he sought and did not get, that remains the incentive for further hunting, the excuse for further wandering.—New York Times' Saturday Review.

Iowa Game.

HUMBOLDT, Iowa, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past hunting season in Iowa has been a remarkable one from many points, and now that it is closed it is not out of place to give a review of the season.

It opened Sept. 1 on ducks and prairie chickens. The latter bird was scarce in Iowa this year; it is practically extinct. The northern section of the State afforded the only shooting to be had, and that was very poor. The duck hunting was great. Old hunters must look back many years before they find a year equaling it in abundance. Every country slough was filled to overflowing, and large numbers of ducks bred here during the summer. The quail were scarce this year. The winter has not been very hard on them so far, and they will probably winter all right. In Iowa last year there was a strong example of wet weather, influencing the supply of quail. Had it not been for the continued rainy season in the summer, there would have been good hunting here last year, but the little quail were nearly all drowned out.

I see that the plea on no spring shooting is getting stronger among thinking sportsmen. Iowa has no law in prohibiting it as yet, although the Legislature next winter may be induced to pass a law.

Rabbits are quite plentiful in this region this winter, and I have been having some good sport with them. Frank Jaqua, of this town, and two other hunting companions, killed twenty-five of them in about an hour one afternoon, and what surprised me most, Mr. Jaqua tells me that they shot four fat mallards. They found them in some spring holes along the Des Moines River a few miles north of here.

I inclose a photo of my hunting partner, Lou Shockley, placing out the decoys on a country slough not far from here. We had some good shooting at teal on this pond several times. B.

The Massachusetts Commission.

THE Pittsfield Evening Journal of January 30 says: The members of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club claim that they have been misrepresented in statements issued to the press regarding the movement towards having the western part of the State represented on the State Fish and Game Commission.

No less eminent authority on fish and game than FOREST AND STREAM has been either maliciously or intentionally misinformed of the intent and purposes of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM holds with certain North Adams papers that the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club is to turn down and out the present commission. This is absolutely untrue.

One of the leading members of the Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club said this afternoon that there was not a sportsman of the club that had anything against any member of the Fish and Game Commission. It is stated that the local club recognizes the intelligent and successful work of Commissioner Collins, and that the local club likes his methods. What the club does want is a representative on the commission from the western part of the State. That is what it is working for.

The members of the commission are: Chairman, Joseph W. Collins, Boston; Edward A. Brackett, Winchester; Jno. A. Delano, Marion; all living within the vicinity of Boston. The commission has no representative for the central and western part of the State, and in western Massachusetts, with its fine forests and streams, there is as much if not more need of a commissioner than in any other part of the State.

The Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club has no grievance against any game warden; it is not working against anyone and is not playing any political or "long" game in their efforts for representation on the commission. All they ask for is just representation.

It Wears Well.

CENTRAL FALLS, R. I., Jan. 22, 1903.—I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM most of the time for over twenty-five years and like it just as well as ever.

GEO. T. EARLE.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part VII.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page 92.*)

WHEN the Old Angler first fished the Cascapedia, none of the rivers flowing into either side of the Bay Chaleur was leased; all were free to every angler whose love of sport induced him to take the long and unpleasant journey necessary to reach them. The only steamer on the route made but one trip a week from Shediac to Dalhousie. The roads to New Richmond were so rough that it was more convenient to hire a boat at Dalhousie and make the trip by water, which occupies but a few hours in ordinary weather. Take it all in all the Cascapedia is perhaps the best angling river in America, if not in the world. The fish run from 20 to 45 pounds—oftener 30 than 20. They are not so numerous as they were 45 years ago, when the Old Angler first cast his line in its transparent waters; but they are still plentiful enough to give the angler all the fishing he wants for a week or two. The scenery is beautiful and magnificent, offering a new picture at every turn of the stream, which runs through a mountainous country with a current from four to five miles an hour, according to the state of the water. The rapids are numerous; many of them difficult, some dangerous to ascend, and almost as dangerous, though much less difficult, to run. Indian Falls is the most broken, rapid and dangerous place on the river; but so great is the skill of the Indian canoe-men that accidents rarely happen. The pools are numerous, and from July till September all are generally well stocked with fish. Between tide-head and the forks there are 50 miles of the finest salmon waters in America. Most of this distance the river runs through deep gorges with high and steep mountains on each side, generally wooded to the water's edge. At the forks, or junction of the two large streams which form the main river, are several pools always full of fish, which do not rise so freely to the fly as they did lower down the river. But the surroundings are the ideal of the angler who can enjoy the beauties of nature as well as the pleasures of fishing. Good angling will always raise some of the numerous salmon lying in these pools. Unlike the lazy fish of the Restigouche, the salmon of the Cascapedia rise gallantly to the fly and generally take it on the surface. Their great size, surprising strength and persistent pluck, added to the strength of the current and the force of the rapids, all combine to make angling in this river the very finest sport that rod and line can afford. In no other has the Octogenarian ever fished where there is such scope for scientific work with fly, rod and gaff. The Old Angler has never seen a Cascapedia fish on a *fin de siècle* split bamboo rod. No doubt in competent hands—such as those wonderful artists who fish from armchairs with crossed legs and glowing cigars—they would give a good account of themselves; but, for himself, the Old Angler would much prefer a longer, heavier and stronger rod, with but one splice and no ferrules. The rod with which he fished on his first visit was made by Bob Tannahill, whose boyhood was spent on the Tweed, where the fish are as heavy as those in Cascapedia. It was 16 feet long, in two pieces; the first 8 feet was well seasoned ash, saturated with raw linseed oil; the second consisted of four feet of greenheart and four of lancewood; the extreme tip was exactly three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and these two joints of 8 feet each were joined by a long scarf carefully and closely wound with strong waxed thread. With the reel two feet from the butt, the rod was nicely balanced; sprang evenly from butt to tip, and cast 80 feet of line with an easy swing; a slight extra effort sent the fly 90 feet straight ahead in any desired direction. With this old-time, plain-looking and cheap rod, which cost just five dollars, the Octogenarian had such angling that the mere memory of it sends a thrill through his old nerves. *Ay de Mie!* These were pleasant days, and not all the pleasure of angling was in catching fish! Just here the Old Angler would say to those who are desirous of casting a *long* line, that they will succeed as soon as they have learned to make the middle of the rod do the work instead of the tip. Those who have seen and wondered at a Tweed angler send out a side line in a succession of waves, will try in vain to imitate him as long as the tip of the rod is made the center of force. Of course, the millionaire of the Restigouche has little need of skill in casting his line; as long as he can keep his fly under water and imitate the jigging of the small boy with his worm, the fish will hook themselves without any more assistance. Skill in such fishing is quite unnecessary—it would only be wasted if used. Those of the *jeunesse doré* who fish from armchairs and are ambitious to combine fighting a forty-five pound salmon with the *dolce far niente* of kid gloves and glowing cigars, have nothing to learn from any angler, old or young. Hat in hand the Octogenarian sits at their feet, lost in astonishment, as well at their "complacent serenity" as at their peculiar ideas of sport.

Though we had good sport at the forks, the desire to fish new waters and to enjoy new scenes—a feeling always strong in your true angler—tempted us to visit the falls about ten miles up Salmon River, the largest of the two branches whose junction with the main river makes "the forks." These falls are impassable to fish, and the memory of the falls pools on Nepissiguit stimulated the desire to visit the highest point that Cascapedia salmon can reach in their native stream. True, our guides told us fearful stories of the difficulties of ascending the stream; strong currents, foaming rapids with jagged rocks, and generally "a hard road to travel," rather dulled the edge of our desire; but, truth to tell, the scant supply of "boots" was the strongest argument, and so we concluded to make all speed down stream and intercept the steamer due at New Richmond the following afternoon. Our course down the river was the most pleasurable trip the Old Angler has ever taken in a canoe. We ran all the rapids safely, and in eight short hours retraced the course it had taken two and a half days of hard poling to ascend. The descent of this fine river, running, as it does, through scenery that cannot be surpassed, was worth the expense even without the finest sport that angling affords its votaries. Although in after years the writer made several visits to this king of salmon rivers, when "boots" were easier, limited time and the fine fishing afforded by the lower pools left no inducement to go as high as the forks and so the falls' pools are yet a *terra incognita* to the Old Angler. As many more pairs of the "almighty boots" are now required to get access to this aristocratic river and its "blue-blooded" denizens than sufficed 40 years ago, the *hoi polloi* of the brotherhood cannot aspire to wet their plebian lines in its sacred waters. But the Nepissiguit and the North and Southwest Miramichi, with their smaller fish and their more subdued scenery, are yet within their reach and will have to satisfy ambitious longings. But they can console themselves with the knowledge that either of these rivers and some of their many tributaries will give them angling of a much higher class than the millionaire can find in all the waters of the Restigouche.

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The most incorrect and unfounded statements have been made of the vast increase of salmon in all the rivers that have been monopolized by the millionaires. The only foundation for these silly statements is the alleged annual increase of the anglers' catch. After every net has been removed from the river above Campbellton, and all spearing prevented in its upper waters, it would be strange indeed if more fish did not get into the Restigouche. The same must be said of the Nepissiguit and the Miramichi. Nets are no longer set above tideway and the fish these formerly caught are now added to the anglers' stock; but still there is no denying the fact that the number of salmon is rapidly diminishing in all the rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the writer's early manhood a couple of spearing raids on any of these rivers would, in a few nights, take more salmon than all the anglers on either of them aggregate in the whole season from June to September, to say nothing of the still greater number formerly taken in the nets set in all of them above tidewater. This alleged increase is attributed to artificial culture and the millions of fry distributed from the hatching-houses at Gaspé, Restigouche and Miramichi, and the wildest hopes are indulged by American anglers that fish-culture will, ere long, re-stock all the rivers of the States. Some 34 years have elapsed since Seth Green in the States and Samuel Wilmot in Canada commenced the artificial culture of salmon and trout eggs, the former to re-stock the streams of New York and New England, the latter to re-stock those flowing into Lake Ontario. The writer has never heard nor read of a single adult salmon taken from any river re-stocked by Mr. Green. He has read, however, that it costs about two dollars for every pound of trout taken from streams in which they were not indigenous. Mr. Wilmot himself told us the result of his costly operations. In his Report for the year 1881 is the following:

"I cannot disguise from myself that the time is gone by forever for the growth of salmon and speckled trout in the frontier streams of Ontario. But this fact could not have been evolved from intuition. I reached the conclusion through observation and experiment; through depositing fry in certain ponds and waters, and ascertaining that they languished and died there, though forty years ago these same streams and waters swarmed with the same fish and sustained life in the highest degree. The change is, therefore, in the waters; and that change is due to the clearing of the forest off the land in the neighborhood of these streams and their feeders, and the consequent reduction of water volume by reason of the increased evaporation and defilement by the surcharge with vegetable matter, field filth and other foul matter."

Mr. Wilmot has been dead some years; if the total failure of his hobby and his hopes did not hasten his end, it must have added much to the gloom and lassitude of his last days. Poor Wilmot! Fortunately he cannot know how complete this failure was, nor how uniformly it has gone on in the Maritime Provinces as well as in Ontario. After eight years' costly experimenting in a new hatching house, and the planting of over 6,000,000 fry in the rivers of P. E. Island, the result was total failure; the hatching-house was abandoned and has since rotted down. In 1874, the year the first hatching houses were built in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the whole catch of salmon in the former Province, as given in the Blue Book of the Department, was 3,214,182 pounds. In 1901, the last year for which the figures are given, the catch was only 1,235,350 pounds, a decrease of nearly two million pounds. In Nova Scotia the catch in 1874 was 1,758,818 pounds; in 1901 it was 557,802 pounds, a decrease of nearly a million and a quarter. In P. E. Island salmon are no longer quoted as part of the annual yield of its fisheries. And yet the work goes on under an imported Professor who combines in his own person, as we gather from his platitudinous verbiage, the offices of Scientific expert, Superintendent of fish culture, Commissioner of fisheries and General Inspector of all the fisheries in the Dominion of Canada. Under the direction of a professor who has to perform duties so multitudinous we can scarcely look for much improvement, when Mr. Wilmot's whole time was fully occupied in the management and supervision of fish-culture alone, with the above result.

Our rivers, like our forests, must submit to the law of Nature. As civilization and cultivation extend, the "kindred of the wild" must recede. Our legislators and sportsmen must recognize the undeniable truth that the past wasteful destruction of fin, fur and feather must cease and that true protection must take its place. No doubt the game laws of Europe are hard on the masses for the sole benefit of the classes, and yet we are forced to admit that without the game laws of Britain there would be neither fin, fur nor feather in England, Scotland or Ireland. Let us hope that a more enlightened public opinion is being created and that the masses as well as the classes will see the wisdom of preserving and perpetuating, as far as that can be done, the wild denizens of the forest and stream. V.

The Veteran's Pool.

Fly-fishing for trout is undoubtedly the most sportsmanlike and enjoyable way in which to lure the game fish from his native haunts, but when the conditions prevent the casting of a fly or when it is late in the season, other pleasant modes of fishing may be employed.

Sometimes on a stream, especially one flowing through woods or forest, the overhanging trees, thick bushes and undergrowth along the banks make it impossible to cast a fly, and if the angler would be successful he must adopt a stout bait rod.

Near our camp in the North Woods flows a large and beautiful trout stream. Rising on a small woodland lake it passes windingly through the forest, gradually broadening out, and finally joining the Beaver River some miles from its headwaters. For the first mile or so the water goes tumbling and leaping over moss-covered rocks and logs, here and there sinking into a shallow, pebbly basin. Below these series of miniature cascades are found the trout pools, although sometimes they are separated by falls and swift water. At times the stream on its course passes into a bright open beaver meadow, flowing quietly through the tall yellow grass and alder bushes and finally wanders back to the shadowy, fragrant woods. In the depths of the amber-colored water the trout lie lazily moving their broad tails and hungrily waiting for the fisherman to drop his bait.

One bright, clear morning toward the end of August, the "Veteran," always the leader and instigator of the fishing and shooting expeditions, proposed to Freddie and me that we should go over to the stream that morning and try the fishing. Did we want to go? Of course we did. The assent was only too readily given and the prospect hailed with delight. The "Veteran" informed us of a very good hole he knew of where the trout were especially plentiful. This pool was easily accessible if a person knew how to reach it, but very inaccessible to those who did not know the way. In fact, the "Veteran" was about the only one who knew the best route, and so we decided to try our luck in this pool.

We now gathered the fishing tackle together, which consisted of a couple of light bait-rods, hooks, lines, sinkers, etc., and then proceeded to fill the bait can liberally with large, fat earth worms. These, together with a bottle of "fly pizen" carried by the "Veteran," formed our outfit for the expedition, and about half past nine in the morning we were ready to start.

The morning was an ideal one. Huge, flakey white clouds floated against the azure blue sky, and the woods as we drove through them were filled with pleasant sights and sounds, while the pure, sweet air that filled our nostrils was like a strong, healthful tonic.

Having driven about one and a half miles from camp we reached a large clearing in the forest, and here the wagon left us. The "Veteran" now took the lead and struck off on an old, rough carry.

The walk through the woods was as enjoyable as the drive over, if not more so. The sunlight streaming in fell on the rugged trunks of the forest trees, turning the gray bark to a golden brown, and here and there a quivering ray enveloped a bunch of delicate ferns in a sparkling misty haze. Bluejays uttered their sharp, wild cry above our heads, and we now and then caught the warble of a red-eyed vireo, that faithful summer songster. We kept to this carry for half a mile or more, and then the "Veteran" turned to the left on another worn path, and after walking a few minutes we came suddenly on a wide, deep brook. The old corduroy bridge had been swept away, probably by spring freshets, and only a shaky log remained on which to cross. The "Veteran" went first and passed over safely to the opposite side. I followed and hopped across frog fashion, for the log was as slippery as glass and the dark, cold waters beneath looked far from inviting. Reaching the other side I stood up beside the "Veteran" on the remnant of the bridge, when, without warning, crash! he went through the rotten logs, only saving himself from going in by gripping a small bush. In the scramble and excitement which followed, the bottle of "fly pizen" fell in the brook. At first we were much dismayed over the loss, but fortunately for us we were not annoyed by any "punkies" or mosquitoes that morning. Freddie crossed the treacherous log in safety and we continued our way, leaving the path and shortly after climbed a beautiful ridge covered with tall pine and spruce trees. The view as we looked out between the smooth massive trunks of the trees was exquisite. A vista of rolling wood-clad hills, here and there broken by a clump of huge stately pines, and far to the northeast a faint blue line of mountains. We stood for some time enjoying the beauty of the scene, and then descended the ridge. At the bottom there was a level stretch of marshy ground and when we had traversed this we suddenly caught the murmur of the stream. In another minute we stood among the alder bushes bordering its banks and gazed with eager eyes into the dark, cool depths of the coveted pool. "Well, here we are," said the "Veteran." "Now bait up and go to work. Two fishing in a hole like this is enough at one time, and I have done a good deal of this fishing, whereas you two have not." And lighting a cigarette he seated himself under a tamarack where he could watch the proceedings while Freddie and I baited our hooks with feverish haste on the bank.

Taking our places some feet apart, and standing well back in the alder bushes, we began operations by carefully letting the bait drop slowly into the water. No sooner had mine become well submerged than I felt a sharp tug on the line, and, giving a terrific jerk, out came the hook, bait gone, but no trout. A shout at this moment from Freddie attracted my attention, and I looked over in time to see him swing a nice fish from the pool. The fun now became fast and furious. No sooner would the bait disappear than a lusty trout seized it hungrily. Our fingers became thumbs as we struggled to fasten the wriggling worms to the hooks, for each and every time the wily fish would snap it off.

Once a strong, sudden jerk nearly took the rod from my hands, and I struck sharply, but failed to hook the fish. Baiting up as quickly as the excitement and conditions would allow, I threw in again and was rewarded by feeling the tug repeated, this time with success. A wide swirl, followed by two or three desperate rushes, and with a shout of triumph I succeeded in swinging out a fine pound trout. How his red and gold sides flashed and gleamed as he lay flopping in the grass! It was a pity he could not have fought longer, but splashing and noise in a small pool intimidates and frightens the other fish, and thus spoils the fishing for some time after. Highly elated over the catch, I baited up quickly and dropped in again. Gradually the lure sank into the dark water, and before it had reached the bottom there was a slight twitch on the line. Breathlessly I waited for it to be repeated. Another shake, this time stronger, the line was pulled suddenly taut, and the fish was hooked. Away he went, plunging and rushing, here and there, but in a few minutes shared the fate of his comrade. He weighed three-quarters of a pound and the two made a very pretty brace of fish.

Hearing another shout from my fellow fisherman, accompanied by a splash and a laugh from the "Veteran," I perceived Freddie in the act of crawling out of the bushes on the bank. With a wild effort he regained his feet and clambered to a place of safety. In trying to throw the bait under the bank on the opposite side he had taken a step too near the edge and had fallen in. Fortunately only one leg received a ducking, which did not interfere with the fishing, only causing a good laugh.

Once in swinging a fish from the pool I saw that the trout had become uncontrollable, and was coming straight for my head, and failing to duck in time, he caught me a sounding smack on the side of my face, which turned the laugh on me. More beauties kept on coming, and all under size were of course thrown back. Finally the "Veteran," who had been packing the creel with trout, called out: "This basket is chuck full, and not another fish will go in, so I guess you had better quit fishing." In a few minutes we were ready to start, but before leaving threw the remainder of the worms into the pool, and then, shouldering our traps, we bade a reluctant farewell to this lovely spot.

On climbing the pine knoll we had another glimpse of the beautiful view. A gentle breeze stirred softly among the tree tops, and the sweet, clear note of a white-throated sparrow reached our ears from the swamp below. Plunging down the hillside we soon came to the stream with its treacherous log. Crossing over this time without any mishap, we continued our way and in less time than it takes to tell were at the wagon. We reached camp after a brisk, pleasant drive, dirty, hungry, but happy. Counting the fish we found we had thirty-three, the largest weighing a pound, and the others varying from eight to fourteen ounces.

In the evening, when we were gathered around the comfortable old stove in the sitting room discussing the adventures of the day, Freddie and I came to the conclusion that the "Veteran's" pool had proved a grand success, and neither of us would ever forget the pleasures of the trip.

Camilla.

The Sea Trout of the Escuminac.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the last three years I have enjoyed the privilege of fishing the above-named river in the Province of Quebec, and the discussion which has arisen between Mr. Venning and Mr. Halloek relative to the proper classification of the sea trout, has suggested to me that perhaps a few items from my experiences might be interesting to some of your readers.

The Escuminac is a beautiful, clear, cold stream emptying into the Bay Chaleur from the north, and about forty miles from Matapedia, and like the Nouvelle, is essentially a trout river.

If the season be a normal one we expect the first run of trout about July 1, and the second run ten days later. An abundance of spring rains delays their advent into the river some seasons until the last of July, but the majority of first runs will be during the first week of the month. While on the river the first two seasons we made our headquarters with Dan Brown and family, near the mouth of the river. "Uncle Dan" as he is called, was for a number of years guardian of the river, and aside from being an exemplary, God-fearing citizen, he is a born angler and a beautiful caster. To Uncle Dan (may his shadow never lessen) I am indebted for much interesting tradition concerning what the angling was in the river years ago, and of the coming and going of the trout. From the mouth of the river up to the falls is about twenty miles (it depending not a little of whom you may inquire), and that is as far up as we ever fish. Above the falls the water seems to be just as plentiful, but no trails have ever been swamped, and the angling ends on that stream with the trails.

Now, to me it seems a very curious fact that the pools and reaches of the lower five or six miles of the river never contain any large trout, but such is the case. There are grand pools, an abundance of shelter under banks and alders, but never a trout could I get to rise. And I have wondered much thereat. But in the very lowest waters, that which was affected by each incoming tide, I have seen countless thousands of fingerling trout. We see fry all the way up the river, but in no such numbers as the fingerlings in the tidal waters. Two hundred miles above its mouth the river is crossed by the Bay Chaleurs railway. As I have always had a yearning to see these trout on their journey to the nuptial pools, I have stood on the bridge hour after hour and watched for some member of the ascending hosts, but not one did I ever see. "I wonder why." Do these fish enter the river at night and move steadily on until daylight, or a given point is reached? It seems very strange that not one could be seen.

As there was no fishing on the lower waters, and stopping near the mouth necessitated a great deal of travel, a year ago this winter a nice commodious camp was built sixteen miles up, which locates us right in center of the fishing and—the black flies. These have been known to annoy some people. During the early fishing the trout remain in the pools, but when the water begins to yield to the effect of the sun they seek the shelter of the banks and the overhanging bushes, and then to get your fly where the concealed fish can see it requires skill, patience and profanity. Alas! oftentimes much of the latter. But they are there, great spotted beauties and as plenty as angler can wish. When you fasten to a four pound fish, after digging him out from under the alders, he is very liable to exhibit a frantic desire to return to cover, and the angler who is content to wield a 4-ounce rod crowds big wads of experience into five or ten minutes, if he saves his fish. But it is worth all the disappointment if he brings one in three to net.

Before we started on our first trip to the river, I wrote to Uncle Dan and asked his advice about the proper flies, rods, etc. His reply was to the effect that all the flies we needed were two varieties, viz., the "thunder-and-lightning" and the "mouse-lure." I failed to find either one of these patterns at any one of the Boston tackle houses, so we concluded to chance the first trip with different varieties of salmon flies, and a good assortment of Rangeley Lakes bugs. You can judge of our chagrin and mortification when we realized that the Escuminac trout would rise just as quickly to a Japanese umbrella, as they would to any fly in our possession. Here was a dilemma. I sent to Mr. Baillie in St. Johns. He did not have them. Then we sent to Campbellton, and a dealer there telegraphed to Quebec, and we got the much desired thunder and lightning, and trout. I see it frequently stated that the sea trout will rise to "any old thing." I guess the Escuminac trout are a bit particular.

For size our fish averaged good. We seldom net one under two pounds in weight, and I have taken three fish successively which aggregated over sixteen pounds.

I have netted a fresh run trout whose silvery sides would rival a salmon's, spots just faintly showing, the median line alone pronounced. And late in the season I have taken them robed in colors that would make a rainbow look like a pneumatic tire.

In conclusion, I wish to add that it is my humble, unscientific opinion that these fish ascend the river to deposit their spawn and observe the various functions of reproduction.

J. W. B.

Trolling for Bass.

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dr. Henshall, in his "Book of the Black Bass," makes the assertion that he formed the acquaintance of one fish in the Miami River, near Cincinnati, but I am afraid it would tax the good doctor's skill to the fullest extent to strike up a flirtation with that grand game fish in that stream at present. The Little and Big Miamis and the Whitewater rivers are within easy access of this city, but the fishing, so far as the black bass is concerned, is nil. These streams appear to be splendidly adapted for the bass, but seiners and dynamiters have wrought his undoing, and he is not found.

But there are several stocked ponds in this neighborhood that yielded some fine fish the past season, and proved a boon to those fishermen of this vicinity who had no opportunity of visiting more favorable localities. There were quite a goodly number of four and five-pound bass captured, and one caught and weighed in my presence tipped the beam of a grocer's scales at seven pounds and six ounces. As several of your correspondents, who have visited the most propitious angling regions, seem to consider a bass of four or five pounds a leviathan, it appears as though the humbler brethren of the angle of this neighborhood might go further and fare worse.

Most of the larger fish were captured with surface casting trolls, and as I believe I was one of the first in this vicinity to use a lure of that description in angling for bass, I feel myself in a measure responsible for their introduction. It was to draw out some expressions of opinion as to the merits of surface casting trolls from a sportsmanlike point of view that this was written.

While I am merely an enthusiastic neophyte in the art of angling, it may not be regarded as presumptuous in me to state what I regard as the meritorious features of these lures, which are as follows: Effectiveness, as on comparison with other baits they produce better results, both as to size and number of fish taken. (Flies are excepted in this statement, as I have never had the good fortune to witness the performance of an expert in that branch of the art.) They are more humane than live bait, and this, to me, appears to be a good and sufficient reason for their indorsement, as I never could and probably never will, be able to impale a live minnow or frog on a hook without feelings of compassion for its suffering, as evidenced in agonized writhings, which some of my philosophical friends assure me are merely the manifestations of reflex action, but I am not persuaded of the truth of this. They are not pot-fishing devices, as it requires plenty of perseverance and more skill in casting them than the average pot-fisher possesses to produce good results. Indeed, I have never seen a poor bait caster accomplish anything at all with them. These features, together with the fact that they are economical and do away with the trouble of procuring and preserving live bait in good condition, in my opinion, place them before any other form of lure, except the artificial fly, in the use of which it is my ambition to acquire dexterity in the coming season.

The chief objection to these trolls is the multiplicity of hooks they contain, usually two and sometimes three triples, but from their size and conformity this cannot well be avoided, and leave them with adequate hook presentment.

It was with the hope that this species of lure would receive what its merits or demerits deserve from some of your correspondents who are versed in the ethics of the art that this was written, and I pause for reply.

W. F. Crugar.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Fish Story from the Pension Records.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 28.—One would think that about the last place to look for a fish story would be among the Revolutionary pension cases, many of which have not been disturbed for fifty years and which, upon being opened now, give forth clouds of dust, literally the dust of ages.

No general pension law for the benefit of Revolutionary soldiers was passed until 1818, so that from the deaths of comrades and the imperfection or absence of records, proof of service was difficult, hence applicants were required to give names of officers of low or high rank, describe the country through which they passed and relate incidents of their various campaigns as minutely as possible. In the claim of Job Phillips, dated May 23, 1833, he stated that he served in a Pennsylvania regiment during the years 1776-77-78, and that Lieut.-Col. Russell, while crossing the North River, had both thighs broken by a sturgeon leaping into the boat, in consequence of which he—the colonel, not the fish—died.

That seems rather a robust yarn, but as there was no motive for exaggeration, it may be accepted as truth, or what the soldier thought to be truth.

The weight of the fish was not stated.

P. ENTION.

Artificial Culture of Salmon in America.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Could you or any of your readers give me authentic information as to where it has been proved that the salmon has been successfully introduced into and has stocked rivers in the United States in which it has been practically or actually extinct.

I see that Salmo, in the Jan. 10 issue of your delightful paper, says that the hatching of Pacific salmon in the various U. S. Fish Commission hatcheries has assumed gigantic proportions.

I have always understood that the results were also gigantic and of immense value, but certain scientific gentlemen in this country deny that it can be proved that artificial culture of salmon has been a success anywhere, as far as the stocking rivers with fish is concerned. They say there is gigantic success in collecting ova, hatching out fry and planting by the million, and that is about all there is to it, and they have used their influence to prevent the use of public funds for salmon stocking purposes in this country.

It would be a great help to advocates of fishculture all over the world if you could publish unquestionable proof of the benefit derived from the artificial cultivation of salmon in America.

R. B. MARSTON,
Editor Fishing Gazette, London, Eng.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Feb. 11-14.—New York.—Twenty-seventh annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 18-21.—Newark, N. J.—Show of New Jersey Kennel Association. C. G. Hopton, Sec'y.
Feb. 20-21.—Denver, Colo.—Bench show of Colorado Kennel Club.
Feb. 23-26.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show. W. B. Emery, Sec'y.
March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

A Dog by Express.

LLANO, Tex., Jan. 25.—As Mr. Hough has told a dog story, I would like to relate a similar one. While messenger for the ——— Express Company fifteen years ago I took on at a small station a genuine "nigger" hound valued at $50. He was a vicious fellow, and I did not try to cultivate a close acquaintance. We traveled all right for 100 miles or so, when all at once the dog came tearing out of the crate. I did not try to stop him, but just let him go. When we stopped at a water tank I did not try to close the door, but let him "hit the trail." In fact, I helped him all that I could by throwing coal at him (by the way, I was on top of the highest pile of trunks in the car), this being all that I could pick up to defend myself with except my Colt .45, and I knew better than to shoot the dog.

I was drawing only $60 per month then, and when that dog left the car I saw $50 of it pinned to his tail. Well we pulled out, and I was in a "peck o' trouble." I could not afford to pay $50 for a dog, and worse still, losing my job, was out of all reason. We had still to run one hour and fifty minutes, and I had that time to think it over. So by the time we reached S—— I had made up my mind to make a report of the whole matter and pay for the dog. Of course, I was blue. When we stopped the agent came to the car, and when he saw me he said, "Great Scot! Kid, what have you been crying about? Did you bet rattled?" I said "No, sir!" At that moment a negro boy came along with an exact counterpart, except the biting qualities, of the lost dog, and I said, "Say, Bill, you want to sell that dog?" "Yas, boss." That made me feel good.

Well, I bought his dog for 50 cents and put him in the crate; and until this day that dog man is selling full blood "blood hounds" from that 50 cent dog—or his get. I have visited his kennels and have heard him blow about his fine dog that he paid $50 for at P——, and I smiled and drifted.

OLD EXPRESSMAN.

Old Dog Ponto.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take the liberty to send you a scrap clipped from the Springfield Republican, suggested by a kinsman of mine pertaining to the age, habits, training and native characteristics of an old worn-out English setter belonging to me. His worth as a first-class dog in the field could not have been excelled by any dog of his breed. Perhaps you may think it not out of place in your highly valued paper as a tribute to dogs, the valued companions to all sportsmen that are not so selfish as to deny to the brute creation a just recognition of worth.

HENRY R. MERRITT.

With Things at Sevens.

With things at sevens, or out of joint,
And stale-worn runs the craze for gain;
'Tis blest relief in fields to jaunt,
Up fill the hours with moments sane.

I call my dog, Forespent—he's old,
His years show record in his face;
But not for me his love is cold,
Nor lost his lineaments of grace.

From Nature heart he purposed came;
Her pleasure mold—she made him true;
No blemish marks he bears of shame,
No evil done his dog life through.

In field or run, or marsh, or wood,
He's played his part, to flag nor fail,
How well his work he understood,
His count may show of grouse or quail.

Staunch, kind, and true, by nature wise,
Presuming not, nor gross, nor vain,
A world of goodness in him lies—
His life filled out without a stain.

And is revealed, when from my hands
He takes some dainty that he loves,
A will to bide but those commands
His instinct prompts, or, well approves.

His work is done. But I can see,
When by the winter fire he dreams,
His native traits by sleep set free,
To match the best in huntsmen's themes.

I love him much, as he loves me;
We're joined in all, as dearest friend;
His wants now few, the simple fee,
Bed, food and drink, fill out the end.

He comes to me; he seems to know
That I have wrestled some with years;
Has he a soul? I trust 'tis so,
So well the fact his love declares.

Aye, love like his can never die;
Immortal 'tis—To live! To live!
From earth to heaven, it reaches high,
Death thralls it not, nor wound can give.

CHRISTOPHER C. MERRITT.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 21.

Westminster Kennel Club Entries.

The number of entries of each of the different breeds, and the total of all the entries for the forthcoming show of the Westminster Kennel Club are as follows: Bloodhounds 17, mastiffs 8, St. Bernards 71, Great Danes 93, Newfoundlands 3, deerhounds 9, Russian wolfhounds 47, greyhounds 21, foxhounds 11, pointers 119, English setters 104, Irish setters 39, Gordon setters 17, Griffons 6, retrievers 6, Chesapeake Bay dogs 4, sporting spaniels 183, collies 165, old English sheep dogs 61, Dalmatians 8, poodles 63, bulldogs 177, French bulldogs 82, bullterriers 107, Airedale terriers 53, Boston terriers 177, chow chows 3, Basset hounds 11, beagles 87, dachshunds 59, foxterriers 143, Irish terriers 65, Scottish terriers 48, Welsh terriers 25, black and tan terriers 23, whippets 11, Skye terriers 6, Bedlington terriers 8, schipperkes 7, Yorkshire terriers 17, Maltese terriers 6, toy terriers 9, pugs 28, Pomeranians 30, toy spaniels 102, miscellaneous 7. Total, 2,346.

Irish Setter Club.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2.—The annual meeting of The Irish Setter Club of America will be held at the Madison Square Garden on Friday, February 13, at four o'clock, P. M.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Secretary.

Yachting.

Work is being rushed on the new boat building for the cup defense by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, and it is now believed that she will be ready for launching by the middle of April. The frames are all set up and the work of plating has commenced. Some of the interior bracings and trusses are already in place, and as all the material is on hand there will be no delay on that score. The steel mast is nearly finished, it being constructed very much as Constitution's was, and the topmast will house inside. Little authentic news can be learned about the new boat's design, as the greatest secrecy is being exercised in every branch of the yacht's construction.

The steamer Diamond State has been purchased by Mr. August Belmont, and she will be used as a tender to Constitution. The vessel, which has been used as a passenger and freight boat between Philadelphia and Wilmington, will be entirely refitted to meet her new requirements. She will be in charge of Captain James Price, who has been in command of Scout, Mr. Belmont's steam yacht. Diamond State was built at Marine City, Mich., in 1894. She is 172ft. long, 25ft. breadth and 10ft. draft. Her engines are of 2,600 horse-power, and she has a speed of 22 knots.

The steamer Sunbeam has been chartered by Mr. C. Oliver Iselin and she will be used as a tender to the new cup defender now building at Bristol. Sunbeam was built at Essex, Mass., in 1900 and since that time has been in the fruit trade plying between Boston and the West Indies. She is 132ft. 6in. long, 30ft. breadth and 10ft. 8in. depth. She has a speed of about 12 knots.

Thames Houseboats.

As the Thames became more thickly populated, it was necessary to increase the regulations for public convenience and for health, and consequently the rules regarding houseboats are now very strict. The Conservancy issue a long list of places where these craft may not moor, on account of interference with the traffic or with private rights, and sanitary regulations to prevent pollution of the river have been much more stringent in recent years, not even a lavatory basin being permitted to drain into the Thames. So it comes that houseboats are forced into certain districts, chiefly where there is opportunity for obtaining a plot of land, and these inclosures are often made picturesque little gardens. This grouping together gives a most charming appearance to certain reaches, those, for example, at Molesey, Staines, Datchet, Bourne End and Henley, and there is not a great deal of movement during the season, except about Henley time, when many craft are taken up or down to the famous regatta town by their attendant launches or by tug, while some other regattas will attract a few houseboats from their accustomed moorings to the respective courses.

Several Thames boat builders have made quite a reputation for houseboats, one of the chief being James Taylor, of Chertsey, and to Mr. W. Bates, the manager of the firm, I am indebted for the accompanying plans. This builder is taken particularly as he introduced a distinct novelty a few years since in the center-saloon houseboat, and the plans show clearly the difference in design of the two types. Little description is necessary, as the dimensions and interior arrangements of two typical English boats are shown clearly on the plans. These craft are perfectly representative of Thames houseboats of the larger class, and are the most useful description to purchase, as they are readily sold and easily let. It is better to purchase what one may describe as "self-contained boats," with kitchen, etc., on board, and then, if cooking operations are objected to, a small craft may be obtained for culinary purposes, and for the accommodation of servants. Boats at permanent moorings, however, when there is land available, often have a kitchen and domestic offices in their garden plot. For those who do not require such large craft as those mentioned above, there are numerous small craft to be obtained, say from about 35 feet long upwards, with saloon, three bed rooms, etc.

With regard to the number and sizes of houseboats on the Thames I cannot do better than quote from one of the registration lists of the Conservancy, who for inhabited craft charge an amount of £5 for a boat of 30 feet in length and £2 for each six inches over 30 feet. Boats not used are exempt from payment, and those used as dressing places or storerooms are only charged one guinea each per annum.

A list I have before me is the first issued last season, and contains the names of 125 pleasure boats. The following are those of 50 feet and over:

Athens 55ft, Annie Laurie 63ft., Aida 79ft., Albatross 59ft., Arcady 53ft., British Queen 74ft., Bohemian Girl 50ft., Banshee 50ft., Bedouin 60ft., Balaclava 71ft., Cigarette 119ft., Cecil 75ft., Cardinal 65ft., City of London, 69ft., Chez Nous 65ft., Czarina 50ft., Caprice 50ft., Dabchick 65ft., Dunottar 80ft., Empress 66ft., Eileen 67ft., Frog 59ft., Folly 78ft., Fair Maid of Perth 119ft., Glowworm 68ft., Guinevere 63ft., Gloriana 103ft., Golden Butterfly 50ft., Golden Grasshopper 80ft., Genesta 65ft., Geisha 71ft., Hirondelle 60ft., Happy Thought 60ft., H. M. S. Pinafore 65ft., Ibis 113ft., Idler 53ft., Kittiwake 95ft., Kelpie 63ft., Kingfisher 74ft., Kopperty 50ft., Kismet 90ft., Kelpie 66ft., Lazyland 55ft., La Reine 60ft., Lelia 50ft., Lotos 50ft., Lotus 50ft., Minnehaha 65ft., Mirabelle 50ft., Madcap 50ft., Maid of Kent 60ft., Miranda 79ft., Nepoo 50ft., Nautilus 70ft., Nightingale 111ft., Rouge et Noir 50ft., Red Rover 85ft., River Home 52ft., Rippledene 50ft., River God 50ft., Swan 61ft., Siesta 91ft., Stella 71ft., Sunbeam 88ft., Syrinx 76ft., Summerholme 74ft., Thistle 90ft., Venezia 66ft., Venice 68ft., Yahnehune 50ft.

In some cases the extra size includes tenders. A further list contains about 40 names of rowing and swimming club barges, and what are really floating boathouses, the Oxford College barges, of course, figuring largely.

As an instance of the popularity of houseboats on the Thames, it may be stated that the registration fees add well over £900 to the Conservancy funds each year.

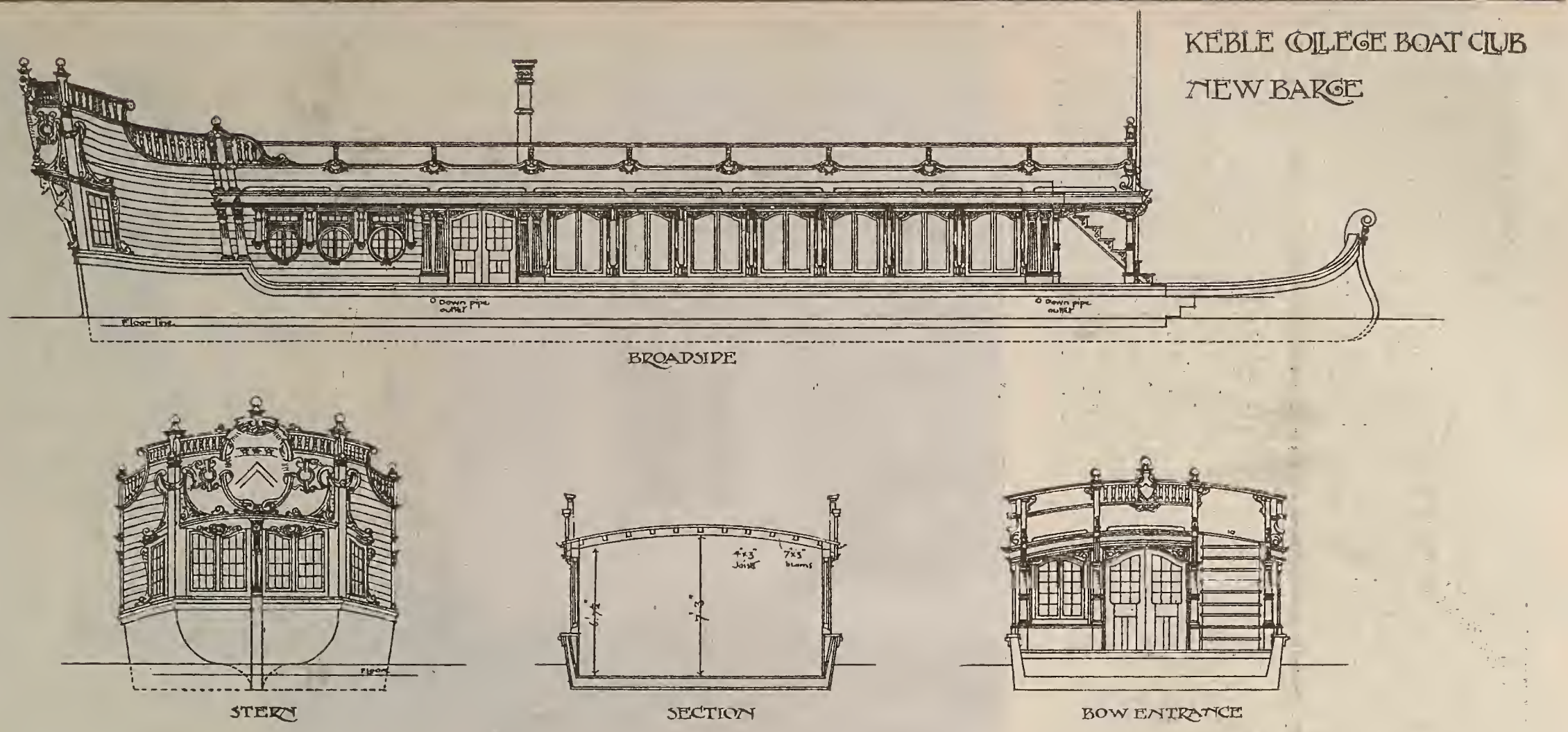
In the special list of places where houseboats may not moor, the Henley Regatta course is included, but this restriction is waived during the regatta week, when positions are allotted to subscribers to the funds, chiefly according to their liberality in this direction. Owing to certain unnecessary regulations regarding sub-letting, Henley houseboats were considerably reduced in number for a season or two, but last year there was again a good muster, and several of the accompanying photographs were taken during the regatta, when every effort is made by artistic decoration, floral and otherwise, to make these charming craft more than ordinarily beautiful, and Henley week on a well-appointed houseboat may be safely recommended as an excellent method for disposing of superfluous dollars. A good boat will fetch £150 for the week, subscription to the regatta fund means an extra £20 for a good place, and there are no limits to hospitality for those who mean to do the thing well.

At ordinary times a good boat will fetch £10 a week, so that altogether there are worse investments than a houseboat on the Thames; in fact, it has always been a surprise to me that some company has not worked a small corner in them. A boat of, say, 60 feet long with good accommodation will cost to build from £400 to £500, and furniture, small craft, etc., could be obtained for another £100. On such a craft one would be very unfortunate not to clear £100 for several years, and then there would be an asset worth £400.

There are generally plenty of boats on the English

A THAMES HOUSE-BOAT SALOON.
Photo by Marsh Bros., Henley.

A THAMES HOUSE-BOAT SALOON.
Photo by Marsh Bros., Henley.



THE NEW BARGE OF THE KEBLE COLLEGE BOAT CLUB.

A THAMES HOUSE-BOAT SALOON.
Photo by Marsh Bros., Henley.

market, for in comparatively few cases does the houseboat craze last for long. A man will buy one, and be enthusiastic over river life for a year or two, but he will then, perhaps, want to sell, for naturally there is, under Thames conditions, some monotony about houseboat existence. Fortunately there are always others to take his place, and so as each season comes round, one sees the same fine display of floating homes on the Thames, and, to gain a thorough acquaintance with river life afloat in this country, I can strongly recommend the American visitor to spend a month or two on an English houseboat. He will not encounter many startling adventures, perhaps, but if he has a soul for the beauties of nature, he cannot but be stirred by the quiet glories of Thames scenery, enjoyed in all its phases by the lucky occupant of a houseboat moored in some charming reach of the river. And if he has a mind for sport, the months of July and August will give him all he can desire in the many and varied contests typical of the regattas of the season. We English are sometimes taunted with the enthusiasm we display for "Our River," as the artist-author, Mr. G. D. Leslie, styled it in his charming book, but those who have lived on its banks or afloat on the bosom of the stream, can stand all this and are ready with Milton to say "Thamesis meus ante omnes."

English Letter.

HOPE springs eternal in Sir Thomas Lipton's breast. He has just been reported as having said that the new Shamrock will embody three if not four improvements over previous challengers, and that he has safe grounds for anticipating victory in the next struggle. Now, this all depends upon the magnitude of the "three or four improvements," and whether Herreshoff has not made five or six of equal importance. We all hope for the new vessel's success (and many of us expect it), but it is not a question of arithmetic. Of all challengers, Sir Thomas is undoubtedly the most optimistic, and that is a very charming feature in his disposition.

The new yacht will be launched in April, and will, as soon as possible, be put through her paces with Shamrock I., first on the Clyde and then in the south of England. The races between the two will be on strictly business lines, proper courses being laid out, and guns fired in the usual way. Also there will be money prizes which will reward the exertions of the victorious crews.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Association has adopted the resolutions of the owners in the handicap classes, almost entirely. The chief alteration made is to classify the boats by the old Thames tonnage rule. Each boat, however, will be measured for length and sail area, and on these the allowances of a strange or new boat will be based until she shows form. The main point, however, is the recognition by the Association of handicap racing and the appointment of an official handicapper. If one man only and not a committee is selected to arrange the handicaps, it is pretty safe to guess that he will be Mr. Andrew Thomson. For many years he has been in great request among clubs giving handicap races, and probably no man has acquired so much information on the subject. A handicapper better qualified for the office could not be found.

The originators of the new Solent one-design class have recognized the size and style of boat originally chosen by them. Mr. Mylne will design the fleet, but the dimensions are considerably enlarged, so that the yachts will be roomy and comfortable little cruisers. It is said that the type will also be more "wholesome." In size the new boats will be of about 42ft., Y. R. A. rating. This will remove all danger of their destroying the 30ft. open class, but I am afraid the 36-footers will still suffer an eclipse. If only the managers of the class could be brought to see the virtues of a short maximum handicap combined with a rigid rule for building, the loss of the 36-footers would not be felt, for a far better class would take their place.

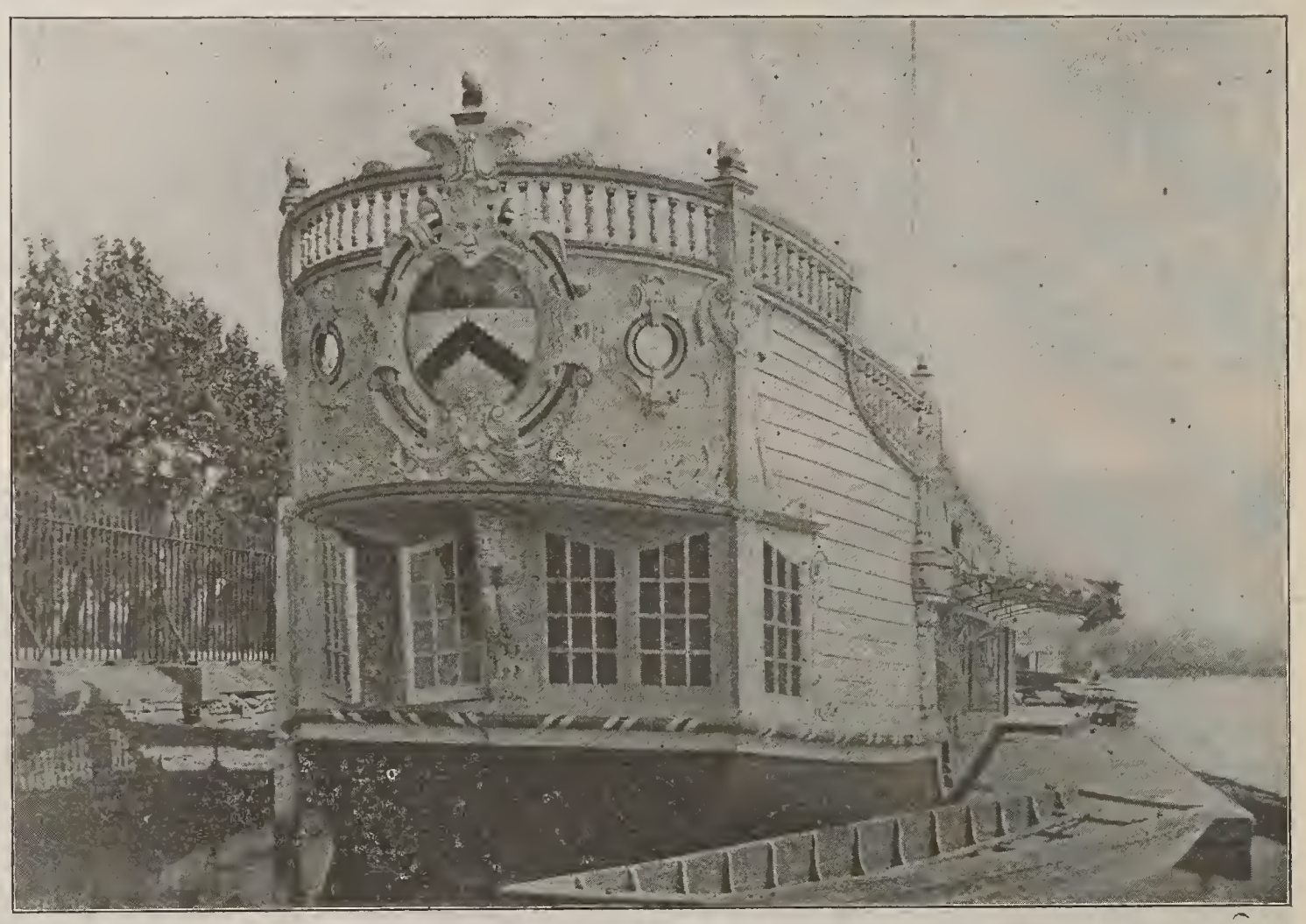
Meantime comes news of two more one-design classes in addition to the host of others that are sapping all interest in racing among the small fry over here. Both of these are from Mr. Mylne's design also. One is for a Clyde club and the other for Dublin Bay. One-design classes seem to have caught on in Ireland more than anywhere else.

Mr. A. L. Barber's new turbine steam yacht was launched on the 14th inst. by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson. She is to be called Lorena. Her dimensions are: L. O. A., 300ft.; L. W. L., 253ft., and beam, 33ft. 3in., the tonnage (Y. M.) working out at about 1,650. She has three independent compound steam turbines and two condensers. There are one high pressure and two low, with the latter of which the reversing turbines are connected. There are two propellers on each of the outer shafts, and one on the middle one, all five being of manganese bronze. There are four cylindrical tubular boilers containing 8,500 square feet of heating surface, and about 220 square feet of grate area. The power expected is about 3,200 horse-power with the turbines working at 530 revolutions for the middle shaft and 750 for the outer shafts.

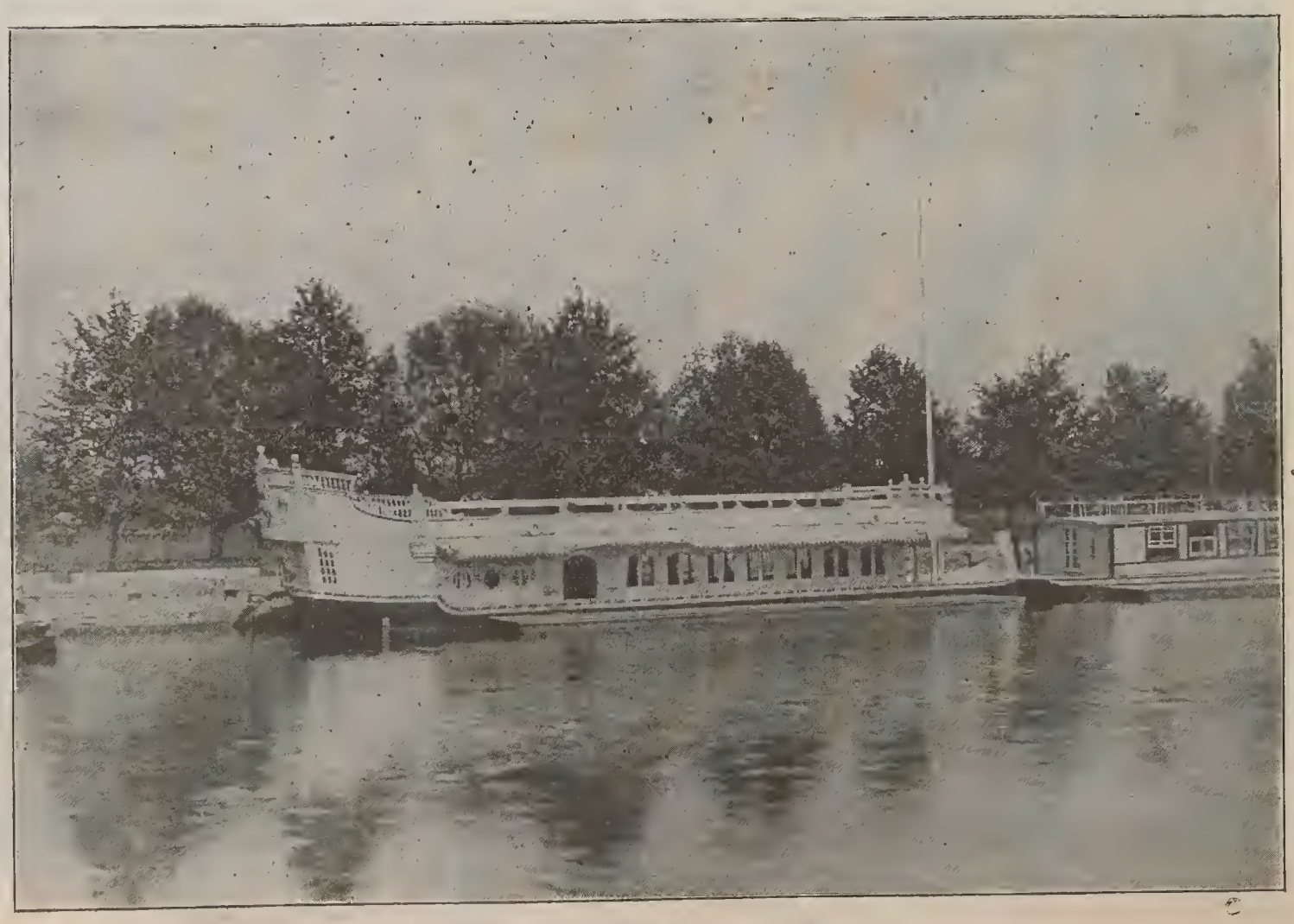
Above the main deck there is a promenade deck extending the whole length of the vessel to within 20ft. of the stern, and on this is a deck house 100ft. long by 14ft. wide. On the main deck there is a range of deck houses nearly 170ft. long with alley-ways on each side 5ft. broad; 50ft. of this erection is taken up by the owner's stateroom, boudoir and toilet room. At the after end are a library, stateroom and toilet room. The question of the advantage of turbines over reciprocating engines has been clearly decided in vessels of high speed, but whether this type of machinery will be found well adapted to ordinary yachts has not yet been demonstrated. Lorena's performances will be regarded with very keen interest, and if the result is satisfactory it will have an immediate effect on future steam yacht building. The result of the Emerald's trials are said to have been good, but no details have been published.

American motor-makers will be wise if they direct their attention to engines of many small cylinders as opposed to those of one or two large cylinders for export to this country. The 2-cycle type in large cylinders is not popular, and makers of similar powers in three small cylinders are doing good business. But, as I have often said, there is a great demand for 4-cycle engines. Good machines of

KEBLE COLLEGE BARGE—BOW VIEW.



KEBLE COLLEGE BARGE—STERN VIEW.



KEBLE COLLEGE BARGE AT OXFORD.

ONE OF THE NEW SEAWANHAKA 15-FOOTERS.
Photo by Ackerman & Dutcher, Nyack.

this type, running at a moderate speed, will be saleable here. French engines of this type are now being advertised in our papers—4-cycle engines with about 750 revolutions per minute. For marine work this is much more satisfactory than the fast-running car engines, the use of which has hitherto given the 2-cycle type an excellent chance of attaining popularity.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Chicago Y. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following schedule of events has been adopted by the Chicago Y. C. for the season of 1903:

Saturday, May 30—Cruise to Indiana Harbor. Start 1:30 P. M. This will be an impromptu race only.

Saturday, June 6—Free for all handicap race over club's long course. Start for limit boat, 1 P. M.

Saturday, June 13—Races for one-design yachts and for club knockabouts.

Saturday, June 20—Handicap race around cribs and then to Indian Harbor. Start for limit boat at 1 P. M.

Saturday, June 27—Races for one-design yachts and for club knockabouts.

Saturday, July 4—Race for Pfister cup, over club's short course, 10 A. M. Free for all handicap race over club's long course. Start for limit boat, 1 P. M.

Saturday, July 11—Races for one-design yachts and for club knockabouts.

Saturday, July 18—Class races for the Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.

Saturday, July 25—Class races, all classes. Start 2, 2:10 and 2:20 P. M.

Saturday, August 1—Races for one-design yachts. and for club knockabouts.

Wednesday, August 5—Start at 9 A. M. for Milwaukee. Impromptu races.

Friday, August 7, and Saturday, August 8—Races at Milwaukee under auspices of Milwaukee Y. C.

Sunday, August 9—Start from Milwaukee on cruise to northern ports. Rendezvous at Charlevoix. Cruising race from Charlevoix to Harbor Springs. Cruise to end at Harbor Spring. Instructions and sailing directions to be given from day to day by the commodore.

Saturdays, August 15, 22, 29, and September 5—Races for one-design yachts and for club knockabouts.

Tuesday, September 1, Labor Day—Special and impromptu races.

Saturday, September 12—Handicap cruising race to Kenosha. Start for limit boat at 8 A. M.

Saturday, September 19—Races for one-design and for club knockabouts.

Saturday, September 26—Free for all handicap race over club's long course. Start for limit boat at 1 P. M.

Saturdays, October 3, 10 and 17—Races for one-design yachts and for club knockabouts.

Last season we first tried, and, as far as we know, were the first club to successfully try, the handicap races. Our members are by a large majority in favor of these races, consequently you will notice on this schedule that most of the events will be handicap affairs. We start the boats on their time allowance according to an arbitrary handicap made up by a competent committee, and the first boat in wins. This handicap is made in the same manner as handicaps in other sports, that is, the boats are equalized as close as human judgment can do so, according to the actual performances and merits of the different yachts. We have found by experience that we can better equalize the fleet in this manner than we can or ever could according to a theoretical rule or set of rules. And of course the more nearly the boats are equalized the better the sport. We recognize that when boats are being built for a given race, such as the international races, then the arbitrary restrictions in the measurements of the boats, or some good rule of time allowance according to racing lengths, is not only necessary, but are good. But when the builders' contest has bee nsettled, then we believe we should provide races in which the best sailors rather than the best boats should win, and races in which the best sailors shall exert themselves to do their best in order that they may win.

EDGAR S. BELDEN,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 31.

Origin of the Centerboard.

BOSTON, Jan. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to a recent article in your columns in regard to the invention of the centerboard, I may say that something over thirty years ago a friend in this city lent me a book published in England in 1800 or 1801, which gave the lines and description of a boat built in Boston in 1774, by Captain John Schank, of the British Navy; the boat had a centerboard, or rather, a sliding keel, as it moved up and down in the well bodily.

Later on he built in England a vessel with three sliding keels, which made a successful voyage to New South Wales.

I am unable to give the name of the book, as it was burnt in the great fire of 1872, but I have frequently seen allusions to it, and doubtless some of your readers know it.

H. B. J.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., J. Adolph Mollenhauer; Rear-Com., Willard L. Candee; Sec'y, Joseph E. Owens; Treas., Richard A. Bachia; Meas., Moss K. P. Fuller; Fleet Captain, J. Campbell Smith; Fleet Surgeon, William A. Hulse, M.D. Regatta Committee: Harry M. Brewster, chairman; George A. Ellis, Jr.; Robert W. Haff, Regis H. Post and Bryce Metcalf. Board of Governors: John R. Suydam, J. Campbell Smith, Edward C. Blum, W. A. Tucker, George W. Burchell, Rawson Underhill, Allan Pinkerton and William A. Hulse, M.D.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. held its annual meeting at the Hotel Manhattan a short time ago and elected the following officers: Com., James N. Norris; Vice-Com., J. B. Palmer, M.D.; Rear-Com., W. B. Beam; Treas., G. H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Meas., W. C. Leiber; Fleet Surgeon, G. D. Hamlin, M.D. Board of Directors: F. E. Barnes, G. E. Allen, T. Wilson, C. W. Schlesinger, H. Stephenson, R. Sands and F. H. Stillman.

The annual meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C. was held at the club house at Bergen Beach on February 1, and the following officers were elected: Com., George E. Fitzmaurice; Vice-Com., E. Bohm; Treas., E. A. Chapman; Finan. Sec'y, A. Miller; Sec'y, C. A. Gregory; Meas., Z. Allan; Fleet Captain, H. Breene; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Emerson. Board of Trustees: John Sutter, Sr.; Z. Allan, H. Breen and A. A. H. Frohne.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Greenport Basin and Construction Company, Greenport, L. I., has recently closed contracts for two steam suction dredges for the United States Government. They will be 200ft. long over all, 40ft. breadth, 23ft. depth, and will have a capacity of 1,400 tons. They will be driven by compound vertical engines of 1,000 horse-power, and each vessel will have two Scotch boilers. In addition to this Government work, this firm is doing considerable yacht building. Nearing completion is a cruising yawl for Dr. B. H. Wells, of New York City. She is 41ft. 2in. over all, 27ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. On the keel there will be about 7,000 pounds of lead. The boat was designed by Mr. Theodore Brigham. There is also building a 33ft. open launch for Dr. H. W. Greene, of Springfield, Mass., for use on the Connecticut River. She will be equipped with a 5 horse-power Toquet engine. Two smaller launches to be used for fishing boats are also well under way. Hauled out in the yard and lying in the basin are a number of well known yachts. A new railway of 1,600 tons capacity is being put down and will be ready early in the spring. Vessels drawing 22ft. can then be hauled out.

Messrs. John Twigg & Sons, of San Francisco, are building a large gasoline launch for Mr. Fred Cole, of San Mateo. The yacht will be known as the Idlewild, and will be used on Lake Tahoe. She is 60ft. over all, 10ft. breadth and 5ft. 6in. deep, and 4ft. 6in. draft. The power will be furnished by a 65 horse-power engine, and she will be lighted by electricity.

Captain Charles W. Foster, of New Haven, Conn., is building a 50ft. launch which is to cross the Atlantic next summer. The boat, which will be known as Eric the Red, will be equipped with a 50 horse-power Craig gasoline engine.

Mr. Davis B. Smith, of Gloucester, Mass., is having Mr. Arthur D. Story, of Essex, Mass., build for him a 65ft. auxiliary cruising schooner.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales: Leda, owned by Mr. Harry L. Maxwell, to Mr. Stephen H. Mason; Surprise, owned by Mr. Charles R. Smith, to Mr. L. D. Martens, and Volsung, owned by Mr. C. Abbott Gardner, to Mr. W. Albert Swasey.

Mr. Vaughan D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., has recently completed plans of a cruising yawl for Mr. T. W. Hobron, Commodore of the Hawaiian Y. C. The new boat will take the place of Gladys, Mr. Hobron's present boat, which was also designed by Mr. Bacon. She is 50ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 12ft. 8in. breadth, and 7ft. draft. She will be built at San Francisco and will be sailed out to Honolulu.

Word has been received to the effect that the centerboard auxiliary schooner La Barbera, owned by Dr. Everett M. Culver, dragged her anchors and went ashore at Jupiter Inlet, Fla., on Thursday night, January 29. The yacht was on her way to Miami, where the owner and some guests were to join her. The yacht is said to be a total loss. She was built by the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury Company, Morris Heights, in 1901. She is 68ft. waterline, 75ft. over all, 15ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 9in. in draft.

Canoeing.

The Special Cruising Class Canoe.

DANIEL B. GOODSELL, a well-known member of the American Canoe Association, has gotten out plans for a new type of racing craft known as the special cruising class canoe. Provisions for this boat were made at the last annual A. C. A. meeting, and the craft to be built from the designs of Mr. Goodsell are the first to be brought forth in the United States.

The cruising class has been in use by English sportsmen for some time. Twelve of the boats are owned by members of the Royal Canoe Club of London, England, and have provided interesting sport. Linton Hope was one of the first canoeists to become interested in the type and has always been its staunch supporter.

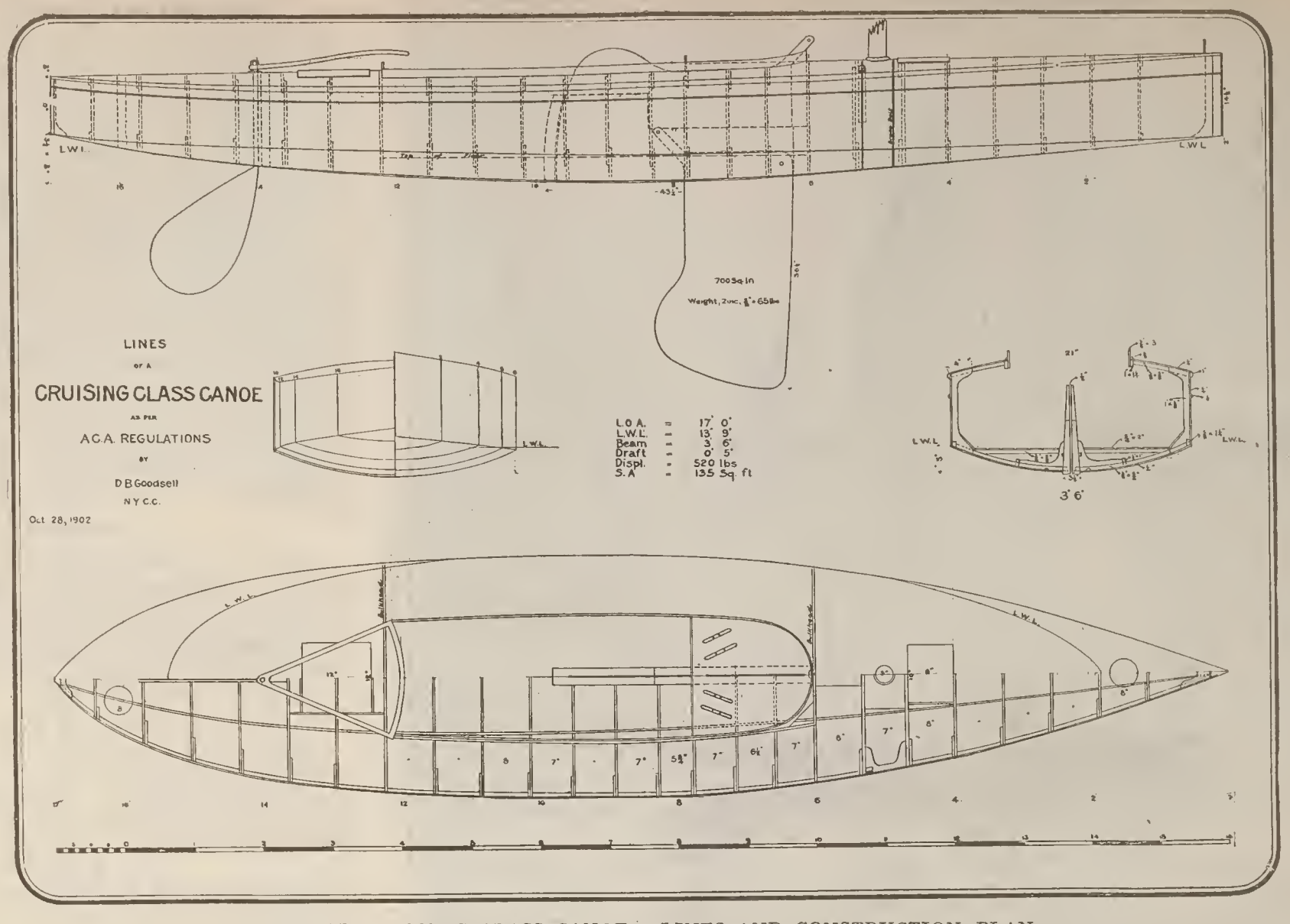
The sport of our cousins across the water is watched with eagle eye by devotees in this country. The cruising class appeared to offer so many possibilities that its recognition by the association governing the sport here came as a matter of course.

New York Canoe Club members are to be the first to build into the new class. Besides Mr. Goodsell, the designer, F. C. Moore and Herbert Turtle will own boats of the new type. Their success is awaited by every canoeist in the land. The positive announcement that some one is really building under the new regulations is expected to give impetus to a number of others in different parts of the country.

The boats are to be put together by W. F. Stevens, of Bath, Maine, known as the most expert builder of racing canoes in America. They are expected, when completed, to cost a bit under $125.

To the sportsman used to the old style of racing canoe the cruiser offers many interesting innovations. The first great difference noted by the eye of the initiated will be the absence of the sliding seat and a jib and main sail rig. This cuts out the acrobatic features of sport with the old style canoe and brings fun with the new class within the powers of all.

The hull is straight sided with rounded bottom and deck. An underbody rudder is used instead of the old style hung to the stern post. The boats can be rowed or paddled, although distinctly built for racing purposes. A



SPECIAL CRUISING CLASS CANOE—LINES AND CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

leg-o'-mutton mainsail and small jib are used, the latter being rigged to boom out and act as spinnaker.

The new boats are to be 17 feet over all and 42 inches at the greatest beam. The sail plan calls for 135 square feet of canvas figured according to the English rule. The restrictions of the present racing canoe provided for a boat 16 feet over all, 30 inches beam, carrying 112 square feet of sail.

The cruisers are to be painted on the outside, except the top strake, which will be varnished. Each boat will be fitted with water-tight compartments, making it non-sinkable. The straight features of the sides and the cockpit arrangement will make it impossible to fill the craft, even though the sail be lying flat in the water. A zinc dagger centerboard of the Linton Hope type, weighing 65 pounds, will be used.

A feature of the boat is three feet clear cockpit space aft of the centerboard trunk. She will draw 5 inches. With the board down the draft will be 3 feet. The hull will weigh 200 pounds. The total displacement with crew of one aboard will be near 510 pounds. Hollow spars will be used. Boats building for New York Canoe Club members will be raced at the annual A. C. A. meet which occurs this year at Sugar Island, the new Association property at the Thousand Islands.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following gentlemen have been elected members of the A. C. A.: R. D. Mansfield, West Medford, Mass.; Lewis K. Conant, Medfield, Mass.; Geo. M. Henderson, Newton, Mass.; W. H. W. Bicknell, Winchester, Mass.; Wm. J. Hyde, Arlington, Mass.; Chester H. Morse, Taunton, Mass.; Jackson Palmer, Lowell, Mass.; Harrie A. Wheeler, 28 Oliver street, Boston, Mass.; Geo. S. Hudson, Winchester, Mass.; Guy B. Garland, 76 Porter street, Somerville, Mass.; Wm. H. Bolewin, Woburn, Mass.; Raleigh B. Adams, 2 Gleason street, Dorchester, Mass.; Frank T. Viles, 5 Warren avenue, Hyde Park, Mass.; J. B. Booth, Manchester, Mass.; Charles E. Guild, Milford, Mass.; Wm. S. Harding, care S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass.; C. G. Johnson, Winchester, Mass.; Herman A. Harding, Chatham, Mass.; F. P. Lewis, Woburn, Mass.

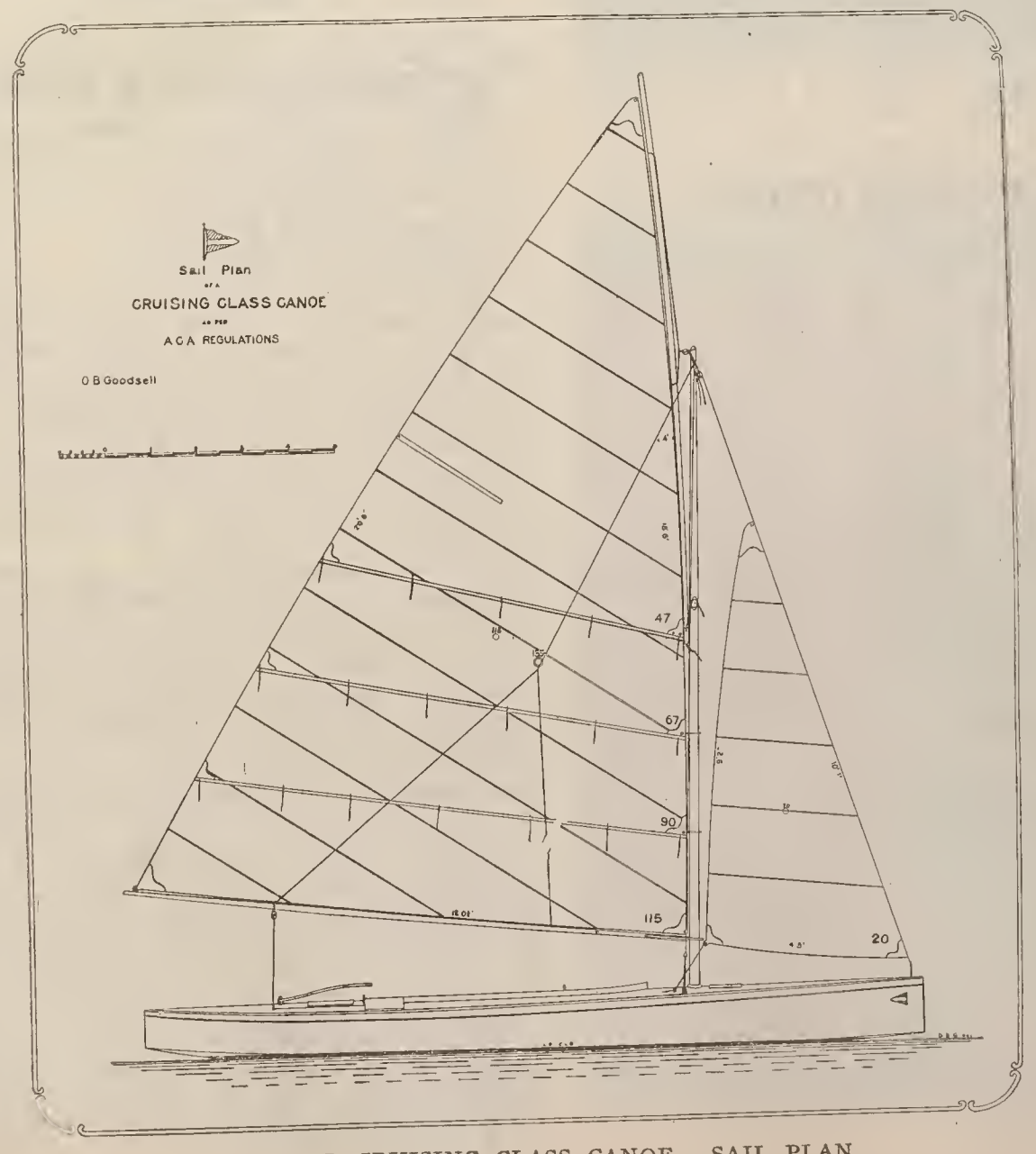
Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O.—At the regular meeting of the Cincinnati Rifle Association on Feb. 1 the following scores were made. Conditions 200yds., offhand, Standard target. Light very poor:

Gindele	89 88 86 83 77	Lux	77 77 76 73 72
Hasenzahl	87 85 85 82 80	Hofer	77 71 71 69 69
Odell	87 83 82 82 81	Bruns	77 75 74 71 69
Nestler	84 84 82 79 75	Jonscher	73 72 72 69 68
Roberts	84 82 82 81 80	Freitag	73 67 65 61 61
Payne	83 82 82 81 80	R Uckotter	70 65 64 61 55
Hoffman	77 77 75 73 71	Drube	57 .. ..
Trounstine	78 73 69 69 68		

Honor target: Gindele 28, Hasenzahl 25, Odel 26, Nestler 24, Roberts 25, Payne 20, Hoffman 22, Trounstine 18, Lux 24, Hofer 20, Bruns 21, Jonscher 18, Freitag 22.



SPECIAL CRUISING CLASS CANOE—SAIL PLAN.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Feb. 7.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all. G. A. Hopper, Sec'y.

Feb. 10-14.—Detroit, Mich.—Open tournament under the auspices of the Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association. Targets and live birds. John Parker, manager; S. G. Lewis, Secretary-Treasurer.

Feb. 12.—Paterson, N. J.—Jackson Park Gun Club's live-bird shoot; open to all. G. A. Hopper, Sec'y.

Feb. 12.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Lincoln's Birthday. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

Feb. 18.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. Alfred Griesemer, Prop.

Feb. 20.—South Bethlehem, Pa.—Live-bird shoot of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of The Bethlehems. D. S. Daudt, Manager.

Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—Paterson, N. J.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club; first of three-man team series of contests, 45 birds per team. Garry A. Hopper, Sec'y.

Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Feb. 23.—Lynn, Mass.—Holiday shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club.

April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June —.—Schenectady, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under auspices of the Schenectady Gun Club.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of The Bethlehems, of which Mr. D. S. Daudt is the manager, will hold a 15-bird race, handicap, at their grounds at Rittersville Park, on Feb. 20. "Twelve entries or under, three moneys; over twelve entries, four moneys. Shoot will start at 1 P. M. sharp; $10 entrance, birds included. Tom Morfey, of Dover, N. J., and D. S. Daudt, of South Bethlehem, will shoot a match of 100 birds per man **in the morning, starting at 9:30 A. M. sharp. All are invited."**

Mr. Tom Donley, St. Thomas, Ont., announces that he will hold a big pigeon shoot about April 1. A summary of his programme is as follows: One hundred live birds, $100 entrance, $1,000 in gold and sterling silver trophy to the winner; balance of money divided on Interstate Association plan; handicap rise, 28 to 32yds.; fifty entries or no race. Entrance must be accompanied by $10 deposit, which is forfeited except in case of illness or the necessary number do not enter. Mr. Donly has some interesting literature on the subject, which he will send to applicants.

The Carteret Gun Club, through its secretary, Mr. Walter H. Mead, has been active in distributing literature, two booklets, which presents the matter of trapshooting from the trapshooters' viewpoint. One booklet is entitled "The Rights of Sportsmen Involved in the Shooting of Pigeons from Traps." The other is entitled "Voters in New Jersey Who Petition the Legislature in Favor of Pigeon Shooting." It contains thirty pages of names, and at the conclusion is the following: "The names of two thousand additional petitioners will follow the foregoing list." A copy of each booklet was sent by the Carteret Club to each member of the Legislature.

Elsewhere in our trap columns Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Paterson, presents information concerning an interesting series of team shoots at live birds to be given by the Jackson Gun Club, the first of which will take place on Feb. 23. Prizes, $100, $50 and $25, respectively first, second and third. Three men to a team, 15 birds to a man. The club will also hold live-bird shoots on Feb. 7 and 12.

The managers, Messrs. Geo. L. Carter, of North Platte, Neb., and Gus Sievers, of Grand Island, Neb., announce a consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill and Grand Island Clubs, at Grand Island, April 1, 2 and 3, two days at targets, one at live birds. At this shoot a team of ten men from the State and ten from Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs will shoot a match, 50 targets per man.

Messrs. L. West and L. C. Wright, both of Dover, N. J., shot a match at 50 live birds, for $50 a side, on Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., on Jan. 29. The scores were: West 42, Wright 36. Mr. West is only about seventeen years old. He shot a few matches previously, and is a consistently good performer for one so young in years.

There was an excellent contest at Philadelphia on Jan. 29, between Mr. Howard Ridge, of the Keystone Shooting League, and Mr. F. Miller, of the Point Breeze Gun Club. The conditions of the match were 100 live birds, $100 a side, loser to pay for birds, 30yds. rise, American Association rules. The scores were: Ridge 93, Miller 91.

John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club announces a shoot for Feb. 12, commencing at 1:30 sharp. The programme has five events, two of which are at 10 targets, 50 cents; one at 15 targets, 75 cents, and two prize shoots at 25 targets each, $1 entrance. All ties are to be shot off at half the original allowance.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Monday of this week to attend the Interstate Association meeting fixed to be held on Feb. 4, and to arrange some of the preliminaries for the G. A. H. at targets to be held at Interstate Park.

Mr. F. E. Mockett, secretary of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, writes us that the State shoot of that organization will be held at Lincoln, on April 28, 29 and 30, and May 1.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, under date of Jan. 29, writes us that the live-bird shoot fixed to take place on Feb. 18, has been postponed to some day in April not yet definitely fixed upon.

Mr. John Burnham won the championship of Dallas and Guthrie counties at the C. E. Black tournament, held at Adel, Ia., on Jan. 27, with a straight score of 25 targets.

BERNARD WATERS.

Plans of the S. R. and G. Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., Jan. 30.—Members of the Scranton Rod and Gun Club met in Mr. C. H. Von Storch's office last evening and outlined a series of shoots, prizes, etc., which goes to show that trapshooting is not a forgotten sport in this city. The club comprises fifty-two members, and will begin on its new schedule of shoots April 4.

Apropos of developing the shooters, various inducements are offered to the members. To the members who break 80 per cent. of 100 consecutive clay targets at any regular shoot will be given his targets at half price during the season ending Oct. 3, 1903.

Further, the club offers its members $50 in cash prizes for meritorious shooting. The prizes will be distributed as follows: One prize each of $10, $8, $6, $4; two of $5, and twelve of $1. These matches will be shot during the season on the following conditions: Ten targets each, entrance 10 cents, targets extra. Intentions must be declared and entrance paid before shooting; re-entries unlimited. The ten highest scores of the season will count for prizes. Ties will be decided at 25 targets per each contestant.

Secretary J. D. Mason was instructed to correspond with neighboring clubs, with the view of arranging for some club shoots during the season.

A committee was also appointed to arrange conditions for the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy match. The members are enthusiastic over the prospects for this year.

J. D. MASON, Sec'y-Treas.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 31.—To-day's shoot was not productive of high scores. Notwithstanding that the scores are low, the boys were nearly all shooting in good form. This seems like a rather inconsistent statement, doesn't it? Nevertheless, it is a fact. This is how it goes. Eight men met at the club house to have a little practice shoot. Not a few of these eight men felt as if they could "smash 'em all," but oh, how disappointed were they. They began shooting, they were careful, they were using the best of judgment, they thought; but still the bluerocks—yes, rocks—would not break. Some of the targets were hit so hard that they were knocked several feet out of their regular course, but still they would not break. Upon investigation it was found that the targets were frozen so hard that it was impossible to break them after getting any distance from the trap. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4		
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Shot at.	Broke.
Adriance	18	20	20	19	100	77
Traver	14	16	18	16	100	65
Nelson	9	15	19	17	100	60
Wicker	12	7	13	17	100	49
Claymark	..	11	18	18	75	47
Winans	..	19	17	15	75	51
Du Bois	..	12	20	18	75	50
June	..	9	13	13	75	35

SNANIWEH.

Postponement.

NEWPORT, Ark., Jan. 29.—Kindly state in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM that the live-bird shoot for the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, announced to occur at Little Rock, Feb. 18, has been postponed until some time in April, date to be set later.

The reason for this is that we deem it advisable not to attempt to hold a live-bird shoot in the Capital City while the Legislature is in session, as we learn that there is some hostility against it on the part of some of the members. PAUL R. LITZKE.

Recently at Atlantic City, N. J., a gun club was formed with an influential membership, some of whom are County Clerk Lewis P. Scott, Louis Kuehnle, City Solicitor Harry Wootton, Robert T. Dunlop, James B. Reilly and City Clerk Irelan. The club house is located at Linwood, on the mainland.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Jan. 31.—The board of directors of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., have decided to run off a series of team shoots to be held on their grounds at Jackson Park, near Patersou, N. J. The first of the series will take place on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 23. Each team is to consist of three men from any regularly organized and incorporated gun club of the United States. The members must be certified as regular members for at least three months previous to Feb. 1.

The Jackson Park Club will guarantee $175; the first prize to the first team, $100; second team, $50; third team, $25. Each man of the teams to shoot at 15 birds, or 45 birds to a team. Ties, if any, to be shot off to decide the three places.

The traps will be ready at 10 A. M. or earlier, if necessary. There will be open sweeps. The birds will be the best that money can buy. Retrieving will be done with dogs. Everything for the comfort of the shooters and guests will be well looked after. Other information will be furnished by Capt. Charles F. Lenone, or Secretary Garry A. Hopper, 30 Main street, Paterson, N. J.

The Jackson Club also will hold shoots on Feb. 7 and 12, open to all; live birds. Traps ready at 12 o'clock. Refreshments on ground. Plenty of shells on hand

Herewith are scores of match and sweeps shot on Jan. 29, and also scores of sweeps shot on Jan. 31 at Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J. There should have been another match to-day, but Wright, of Dover, failed to show up.

West .....1021200211222201221021222022210222112222220122122222—42
Wright .....2021002122022211222200201222011201022102 2*02102222—36

Nine-bird sweep:

Capt Money	201222222—8	Fleishman	022202112—7
Morgan	020121212—7	G A Hopper	002122220—6
Morfey	222202202—7	Powers	001212001—5
Van Allen	222222222—9	Glover	202122222—8
Elliott	222112122—9	Van Horn	220022222—7

At Bunn's shooting grounds, Singac, N. J., Jan. 31, for a match, Wright, of Dover, failed to appear. 7-bird sweeps were shot as follows:

Johnson, 30	22*2222—6	2200212—5	2202221—6
Morgan, 28	2221022—6	2121221—7	2111122—7
Barry, 28	0002020—2	01*2112—5	122100*—4
Klotzc, 28	*211101—5	11020*2—4	10001*2—3
Roberts, 26	2001010—3	0222111—6	2202111—6
Rickey, 25	0111010—4	0202022—4	10110*1—4
Thompson, 26		2201121—6	0112202—5
Bunn, 28		0212221—6	01*1002—3

WM. DUTCHER.

North Side Gun Club.

Herewith you will find scores of a newly organized gun club known as the North Side Rod and Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J. The members are all hard-working men, employed in the different factories around the city, and are banded together for mutual pleasure, which they gain through these Saturday afternoon holiday and regular holiday shoots. They journey to these grounds at Haledon, N. J., and have their medal shoot, concerning which they are very enthusiastic. There are thirty-three members at present. They have a shooting house, three traps, and have had a handsome group picture taken, which I will try to send later.

Medal shoot, Jan. 31:

C Teddis	0110111111111111111111101—22
Banta	1010011011011100011011000—13
Beckler	1101000100100110000100111—11
Swift	1101111111100111111110000—18
Martin	1111001101111000001 —12
Lewis	1110101011000110010101011—14
Hulmes	0010000010010010001010100— 7
Planten	0011000110000000000000001— 5
Terhune	0100101111111111101100111—18
Elmer	0100000001110000100100111— 9
Stormes	1100011101001111111110111—18
Bogertman	0001101101101110001000010 0—11
Venneman	0011111001111100111101101—17
Banta	1010100111010010111010111—15
Tiddes	0111111111011101111111101—21

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Jan. 27.—The January shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was held at Outwater's grounds to-day. There were thirty-four contestants, of whom Messrs. E. Steffens, H. Forster and C. Webber killed straight. The weather was unpleasant. The scores follow, distance and point handicaps:

	Yards.	Points.	
A Belden	28	6	0220022220— 6
Dr Davis	26	5½	010*120220— 5
Van Valkenberg	28	6½	1122102122— 9
Dr Roof	30	7	2120220122— 8
Wellbrock	28	7	0220021100— 5
P Garms	28	6	2211102121— 9
A Dietzel	30	7	0201200000— 3
P Woelfel	28	6	0211202122— 8
E Steffens	28	6½	1111121222—10
C Lang	28	6½	1000000122— 4
J Schlicht	28	6	2020120201— 6
J R Keane	26	5	0001020000— 2
J H Voss	30	7	1122012121— 9
A Seibel	26	4	0100200200— 3
Bowdendistel	28	5½	1000220010— 4
Knodel	26	5	0121010000— 4
P Brennan	26	5	0012210102— 6
E A Meckel	28	7	0111121111— 9
J Selg	26	4	10000*0020— 2
J Kreeb	26	5	1101112212— 9
F Dennes	26	..	1100021001— 5
P Albert	28	7	02212*1011— 7
Deady	28	6½	1220022012— 7
L T Muench	30	7	02112201*— 7
*A Drascher		..	0020000000— 1
J Dannefelser	28	5½	2011012012— 7
J Klenk	28	6	0211101020— 6
F Gardella	26	5½	0220012020— 5
W W Balch	26	..	2001001002— 4
H Forster	28	7	2111111111—10
E Docinck	28	7	1102112222— 9
C Webber	28	6½	1121111111—10
F Trostel	28	6½	1112021121— 9
J Firken	26	5	0021122102— 7

*Guest.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Jan. 31.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10
Eickhoff	7	5	7	9	9	9	6	9
Keller, Jr.	8	6	6	4	9	4	4	7
Vosselman	3	4	3	7	..	..	..	..
Bittner	2	7	3	7	8	..	..	..
Newkirk	..	..	4	7	3	..	..	..
Glover	..	..	9	14	14	9	9	10
Gillerlain	..	..	7	5	8	7	8	..
Morrison	..	..	7	10	12	5	8	9
Allison	..	..	4	11	13	6	7	8
Richter	..	..	..	..	11	8	7	6

Handicap event for cup kindly donated by Mr. C. Bittner, 25 targets:

Eickhoff	1011101111011101101001110—18	+ 8—25
Newkirk	0110010001000000000011000— 6	+10—16
Glover	1011111101110111101101111—20	+ 0—20
Richter	0010110111011110101111110—17	+ 5—22
Keller, Jr.	1011110111000101100001101—14	+ 8—22
Vosselman	0100111000000011100001101—10	+10—20
Allison	1111110111110111110011001—19	+ 6—25
Morrison	1111011111101001010111111—19	+ 5—24
Gillerlain	0011111001100001010001110—12	+10—21

Shoot-off, 12 targets, won by Eickhoff:

Allison	111110010111— 9	+ 0— 9
Eickhoff	1111101101110— 9	+ 1—10

Sweepstake events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	10
Glover	7	8	10	11	8	12	12	..	9	..
Newkirk	5	4	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	8	5	..	11	7	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	6	4	6	10	8	12	10	..	8	7
Pollard	6	..	5	6	..	13	10	6	8	6
Gillerlain	7	7	..	6	5	..	..	3	4	5
Vosselman	4	..	..	11	..	5	6	4	..	..
Truax	6	8	5	12	8	..	..	5	4	7
Eickhoff	7	8	7	9	8	13	11	7	..	7

JAMES R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

North Branch Gun Club.

North Branch, N. J., Jan. 31.—The weather conditions on Thursday, Jan. 29, were unfavorable. A light rain and foggy atmosphere made it difficult for the shooters to see the targets, consequently good scores were out of the question. Among the visitors present were Neaf Apgar, Dr. Pardoe, of Bound Brook; Hon. Geo. Cramer, of High Bridge; Thos. Howard, of Bedminister; J. Osborn and L. H. Ten Eyck, of Far Hills; E. Van Arsdale and R. Duyckinck, of Pluckamin, and Thompson, of Cramer's Corners.

The club will award a $10 gold piece to the member having the best score at three consecutive shoots, with an allowance according to each member's percentage.

A summary of the shoot follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	25	15	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J W Field	17	..	9	..	4	..	..	9	..	7	10	..	..	..	6
Dr Pardoe	..	12	..	10	..	10	..	..	7	..	6	9	..	9	5
Thompson	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	6	..	..	..
N Apgar	..	12	11	..	8	9	8	8	7	8	10	8	7	5	8
H Bishop	..	9	..	12	5	5	4	..	6	6	..	..	7	..	..
G Cramer	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	..	7	7	5	..	..	6	..
Thos Howard	..	..	..	..	4	..	2	..	..	6	..	7	6	..	..
J Osborn	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	..	..	3	..	4	4	..	..
L H Ten Eyck	..	..	..	..	6	..	3	..	5	6	..	..	3	..	..
E Van Arsdale	..	..	..	..	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
R Duyckinck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
H B Ten Eyck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

Club shoot, 25 targets:

G Field	0110110010001111101101001—14
H B Ten Eyck	0010010111001101011100010—12
C Huff	0011000110100010111100100—11

H. B. TEN EYCK, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Jan. 31.—The January cup was won by Mr. L. C. Hopkins, he having the three best scores made in the January series for this trophy. The best score in that contest to-day, however, was 45, made by Mr. W. W. Marshall.

January cup, 50 targets, handicap: W. W. Marshall (14) 45, Dr. Pool (6) 43, L. C. Hopkins (10) 39, Capt. Money (2) 33, C. J. McDermot (10) 27.

Fifty targets, scratch: H. Money 42, Capt. Money 48, Brigham 44, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 35, F. T. Bedford, Jr., 42.

Trophy, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, Vanderveer (2) 11, L. M. Palmer, Jr., (1) 13, Bedford (1) 12, Marshall (4) 13, A. W. Palmer (3) 14, Bennett (2) 9, Hopkins (3) 15, Sykes (2) 10, McDermott (3) 15.

Shoot-off: McDermott (3) 10, Hopkins (3) 14.

Trophy, 25 targets: Bedford (3) 17, F. B. Stephenson (1) 19, O'Brien (5) 15, L. M. Palmer, Jr., (2) 21, Bennett (5) 20, Pool (3) 24, Hopkins (5) 17, Capt. Money (1) 24, H. Money (0) 20, Vanderveer (3) 25, Marshall (7) 22, A. M. Palmer, Jr., (4) 20.

Trophy, 15 targets: Bedford (1) 11, Marshall (4) 13, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, L. M. Palmer, Jr., (1) 13, O'Brien (3) 12, Chapman (3) 8, A. W. Palmer (3) 9, Capt. Money (0) 8, Vanderveer (2) 12, Hopkins (3) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: F. T. Bedford, Jr., (1) 12, L. M. Palmer, Jr., (1) 14, Dr. O'Brien (3) 15, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, Bennett (2) 12. Chapman (4) 13, A. W. Palmer (3) 15, Capt. Money (0) 10, H. Money (0) 11, Vanderveer (2) 12, Hopkins (3) 9.

Shoot-off: O'Brien (3) 12, A. W. Palmer (3) 9.

Trophy, 15 targets: Dr. O'Brien (3) 14, Marshall (4) 14, Hopkins (3) 10, A. W. Palmer (3) 13.

Shoot-off: O'Brien (3) 15, Marshall (4) 10.

Event at 50 targets: Capt. Money 29, H. Money 46, Brigham 40, L. M. Palmer, Jr., 37.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 31.—There were eleven at John Wright's shooting matinee to-day, and of these, two were new-comers, the Messrs. Pearsall, who proved to be sportsmen every inch. It was Mr. H. C. Pearsall, Jr.'s, third attempt at the traps, and in view of this circumstance, his performance was excellent, as the scores will show. There is a steady increase of the gentlemanly amateur element in attendance at John Wright's shoots, and a corresponding increase in the enjoyment of participation in them. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	25	10	15	15	20
Welles	3	6	8	6	12	13	..	8	12	12	14
Wash	6	6	15	9	12	..	23	7	14	12	..
Batten	5	3	7	5	7	12	..	7	5	8	..
Pearsall	6	3	9	5	8	..	..	7	10	8	..
Hopkins	8	10	12	5	11	..	20	5	9	13	19
Wright	5	3	8	6	8	..	15	7	9	7	..
Nevals	8	8	10	3	..	..	..	6	9	9	..
Pearsall, Jr.	3	..	5	6	7	..	12	6	7	6	..
Martin	8	10	13	9	..	..	19	7	10	..	..
Hausleiter	5	2	..	6	7	..	10	6	5	..	..
Newton	6	4	..	..	9	..	..	..	7	12	..

Nos. 2, 4 and 8 were at 5 pairs.

Ridge—Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 29.—The 100-live-bird match to-day between Mr. Howard Ridge, of the Keystone Shooting League, and Mr. Fred Miller, of the Point Breeze Gun Club, was won by the veteran Mr. Ridge, with the excellent score of 93 to 91. The conditions were: 100 birds each, 30yds. rise, $100 a side and loser to pay for the birds. This was Mr. Ridge's first match at 100 birds, and though the score was high, considering Mr. Ridge's well-known skill, it was not of the things unexpected. There was a murky sky, and the light was unfavorable, particularly so to Mr. Ridge, it affecting his eyes. The birds were a good lot, with an occasional gladiatorial flyer. They required hard hitting to bring them down.

The luck of the draw was about even.

Miller was two in the lead at the first half of the race. Ridge killed his third 25 straight to Miller's 20, and had the race safely in hand thereafter to the finish. Miller shot a strong finish, killing 24 out of his last 25 to Ridge's 23, which was also strong finishing.

Mr. Ridge's victory was a popular one. He was opposed to a concededly strong opponent. The excellence of the performance of both men made a high class contest. He was strongly backed by his fellow members of the Keystone League.

Another match has been arranged to take place on the Keystone grounds in a short time. The match will be at 100 birds for $200 a side. Frank M. Eames looked after Ridge, while J. Frank Kleinz handled Miller. Mr. Walter Sterling acted as referee. Scores:

Ridge	2220222122222222222222202—23
	1122112222222212221020022—22
	2222212222222212222221221—25
	2212221222220222222122220—23—93
Miller	2222220222222222222222222—24
	2222220222222222*2222222—23
	**22022*2222202222222222—20
	2222222222222*2222222222—24—91

Trap at Lansingburg.

LANSINGBURG, N. Y., Jan. 27.—Yesterday we had a shoot here. Mr. G. Vandercook and C. W. Campbell chose sides, the losing side to pay for a box of cigars. Each man shot at 21 single at 16yds. rise. The scores were as follows:

First Team—G. Vandercock 18, H. Campbell 18, M. Campbell 18, E. Darby 12; total 66.

Second Team—C. W. Campbell 17, F. Vandercock 16, A. Campbell 6, E. Dewey 18; total 57.

After shooting the singles, each man, with the exception of E. Dewey and E. Daby, had 5 doubles, with the following result:

First Team—G. Vandercock 6, H. Campbell 7, M. Campbell 8; total 21.

Second Team—C. W. Campbell 7, F. Vandercock 7, A. Campbell 2; total 16.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and all had a jolly time.

HARVEY C. CAMPBELL.

A Defense.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have kindly informed trapshooters of the contemplated action of a member of the New Jersey Legislature against pigeon shooting by publishing on Jan. 24 an article taken from a New Jersey newspaper, which links an account of that action to some girlish remarks on the subject, I infer that you will allow trapshooters to learn through the same medium (your columns) that their friends are presenting to the same Legislature thousands of petitions in favor of pigeon shooting, and are backing them with statements of fact and with arguments, among the latter being several contained in the tract the newspaper aforesaid refers to, and which are as follows:

"People who oppose pigeon shooting because they think pigeons, for the reason that they are pigeons, should not be killed, are beyond the reach of reason and ought to receive no attention. Those who oppose pigeon shooting because a few of the birds get away from the shooters, wounded, and die of their wounds, should remember that in field shooting this happens ten times oftener than in pigeon shooting, for the reason that the latter is done in open places where the wounded birds can easily be found by those appointed to find them in the interests of the revenue of the gun clubs. Moreover, the bird, if only wounded by the shooter, is killed by the trapper's assistants before another shot is fired, and wounded birds which go beyond the club's grounds are immediately put to death by other employes of the club; while in field shooting not less than twenty out of a hundred birds shot at are wounded and not retrieved, and are left to die out of sight. The percentage of pigeons which, wounded, escape the retrievers, dogs and men, is exceedingly small—in properly conducted gun clubs not over one and one-half per cent."*

"The claim that clay birds call for as much skill from the man with the gun as pigeons, is too absurd to discuss. Nothing artificial has ever been devised to equal a flying pigeon in the uncertainty and irregularity of its movements, to follow and defeat which, with gun and within the boundary, makes pigeon shooting the most difficult of all bird shooting, and the sport which best prepares men to shoot in the field.

"If it be cruel to shoot pigeons from traps, it is cruel to shoot decoyed wildfowl from blinds, deer in runways; in fact, to kill any innoxious animal with the gun is, therefore, cruel."

"The statements that pigeons are abused on the club grounds before being shot or on the way there carry their own refutation. Two things are insisted on by pigeon shooters: that the birds shall be of the most vigorous type, and that they shall be carefully handled to avoid injuring them. They are transported in crates of ample size, because all dead birds in crates are charged to the shipper. * * *"

"In their hysterical zeal the opponents of pigeon shooting overlook other sports in which what they term cruelty is practiced. Why should they not attack the angler, the man who takes from its native element the fish, struggling, gasping, with a sharp hook piercing one of its eyes, its body dyed red by the blood flowing from its lacerated mouth, and throws it into his basket to throb and die in lingering agony. This is the sport of the 'gentle angler.' He sometimes varies his sport. He hooks the vigorous tarpon and kills him after inflicting upon him hours and hours of acute pain and frightful torture. There seems to be more real cruelty in 'playing' one fish to death than in shooting a score of pigeons.

"The pigeon shooter supplies the poor man's table with a cheap wholesome food, shot pigeons costing 75 cents a dozen, as against $3 a dozen for pigeons slaughtered by hand."

"The newspaper complaints when not furnished by that society which seems to have them on tap and of the most lugubrious and misleading kind, are written by office editors and office people, and are largely academic. The newspaper men who report the doings of sportsmen and who know all about pigeon shooting never published an article condemning it."

"Let such societies (S. P. C. A.) direct their admirably trained men to suppress not the shooting of 'pot-pie' pigeons, but the abominable practice of destroying our pretty song birds, many of whom now find our guarded public parks their only place of safety on account of the prowling Italian gunners and their congeners, who shoot in all seasons every feathered wild thing they find in the woods near our cities. These people lurk under the trees at dayhreak and 'pot-hunt' without mercy. To them the robin, the bluebird, the beautiful oriole are simply meat. The game wardens are too few in number to cope with these men, but aided by the intelligent forces of the humane societies, they would surely catch and make deterrent examples of some of them."

It is strange that users of the gun do not realize that this crusade against pigeon shooting is the opening wedge to the abolishment of game shooting. Inspired by the repeal of the law permitting pigeon shooting in New York, certain members of its Legislature have to-day bills pending there to impose such license fees on gunners as practically to prohibit game shooting in that State, which is the real but concealed object of their introduction.

WALTER H. MEAD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.

*See sworn testimoney used before Committee N. Y. Legislature, February, 1902.

Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

WE are indebted to Mr. Charles G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, for the following clipping, under date of July 29, taken from a daily:

"The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League was organized yesterday afternoon at a meeting held at 622 Smithfield street. The principal clubs of Western Pennsylvania had representatives at the meeting. The clubs admitted were Northside, Brownsville, Irwin, Beaver Falls, New Castle, Ruffsdale, Ligonier, Herron Hill, Kittanning and Millvale. Louis Fleming represented the Northside club; J. Daugherty and Samuel Thompson, Brownville; John Withrow and Edward Brown, Irwin; W. R. Keiler, Beaver Falls; James Atkinson, New Castle; Richard Dennicker, Ruffsdale; James Denny, Ligonier; Harry Vandergrift, Herron Hill; Dr. J. R. Jessup, Kittanning, and Ed Hickey, Millvale.

"No president was chosen yesterday, but an election will be held in the near future. Charles G. Grubb, secretary, was the only officer elected. John Withrow, Richard Dennicker and Louis Fleming were chosen governors.

"The League will hold twelve tournaments during the season, and each club must be represented at all the shoots. The schedule adopted follows: Northside, April 8, 9 and Oct. 6, 7; Herron Hill, April 22, 23; Irwin, May 5, 6, Sept. 1, 2; Brownsville, May 26, 27; Ruffsdale, June 10, 11, Sept. 23, 24; New Castle, June 24, 25; Ligonier, July 7, 8, Oct. 20, 21; Beaver Falls, July 21, 23; Millvale, Aug. 19, 20; Kittanning date has not yet been decided.

"Each club at yesterday's meeting paid $5 as an entrance fee, and this money will be used in paying for a trophy, which goes to a team of four shooters that wins the League championship. The teams must compete in seven towns to qualify for the prize. The programme adopted, which governs all the shoots, calls for a $75 general sweepstake shoot as the first event on the card. The third, fourth and fifth events are for the team men, and each man will shoot at 15, 20 and 15 targets, respectively. A club holding a shoot has the option as to how many days it shall be held. The Rose system of dividing the moneys was adopted."

Bramhall—Holmes.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 25.—Appended are the scores made in the match between J. W. Bramhall and Alex. Holmes, both of Kansas City. The match was shot off on the grounds of the Metropolitan Gun Club, of this city, Jan. 22. Mr. Bramhall won by one bird. The birds were good, strong "farmer" birds, and swift flyers.

Considering the birds, the scores were exceptionally good. Miss-and-out- matches, and one sweepstake event were shot off, with the result shown:

Bramhall	20222122212222022222201222—22
Holmes	201*2212111*2111110122222—21

Misss-and-outs, $1 entrance; ties divided:

Cunningham	2222	2212222221	Bachellor	21 2	*1110
Bramhall	1222	2221210	Zimm	22*	222220
Holmes	120	212222222	McGee	20	*
Libbe	20	*	Consor	10	*

Ten birds, $5 entrance:

Holmes	0121211211— 9	Vogle	0222020200— 5
Bramhall	2201220222— 8	Libbe	2122212*22— 9
Richter	222*221222— 8	Cunningham	2*1202*222— 7
Zimm	222*022222— 8	McGee	0101022222— 7
Consor	2122222222—10		

F. B. CUNNINGHAM.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Jan. 21.—The first shoot of the new spring prize series of the Boston Gun Club for 1903 was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and although only nine shooters faced the decidedly inclement weather, it was as auspicious an opening as could be wished for. It was surprising, to say the least, how much enthusiasm there was; but after all, the trapshooter's enthusiasm has been bottled up in this section for the last few months, and this was his first good chance to give vent to a part of it. Every one had something new; one a new pump gun guaranteed to kill within a mile; another a new load, impossible to make a miss; another a single trigger warranted not to trip or balk, and to double with it, why, it is simply impossible. Well, so it was all around, and after all these had been talked over, it drifted to last fall's hunting, which was talked and re-talked, with the result that each had the best dog, best luck, and could not be bettered.

It seemed kind of strange after looking over the crowd, not to find Leroy and Woodruff, but it will be only a short time before they are with us again, the former being a little out of health at the present time, and the latter enjoying a three weeks' trip among the quail of North Carolina.

From the scores, we all must have been out of gear, with the prize match, breaking his targets in A1 style, and leaving no doubt as to scoring them; Kirkwood, second, with 26; Puck, third, 23; J. Safford fourth, 22. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	10	15
Prior, 16	6	11	7	8	5	8	7	11	8	9	6	7	7
Lee	4	9	8	2	2	..	7	6	6	10	7	..	7
Frank, 18	8	9	7	8	5	12	6	9	12	12	10	8	8
Andrews, 19	4	11	5	7	6	8	7	14	13	11	10	7	..
Kirkwood, 18	7	11	3	7	8	13	9	12	14	12	..	..	..
Puck, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	11	12	10	12	..	..
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..
J Safford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	8	..	..
F Safford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	..

Consecutive breaks: Kirkwood 17, Frank 13, Andrews 12, Safford 12, Puck 9, Prior 7.

Prize match, 30 singles, unknown, distance handicap:

Andrews, 19	111111110111111111111011101111—27
Kirkwood, 18	100111101111111111111111101111—26
Puck, 16	110111110111010111111111000111—23
J Safford, 16	111111111111011111110100100001—22
Frank, 18	100110110001111111110100100001—21
Prior, 16	001111110111110111010010111000—19
Dickey, 21	111011001111010110100110111000—18
Lee, 16	110000010100110111010000000110—12
F Safford, 16	010111010100010000111000000100—11

SECRETARY.

Interstate Association Matters.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. A. H. Dressel has requested me to send the inclosed communication to the sportsmen's press for publication. Will you please be kind enough to publish it in full, and oblige

ELMER E. SHANER, Secretary-Manager.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Sec.-Mgr. Interstate Association, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.: Dear Sir—Having severed my connection with the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and with the ammunition trade or kindred interests, at least for the present, I feel it my duty to resign as president of your Association, and also as a director.

It is well known that it was entirely through my efforts that the Interstate Association was saved from a disreputable wreck, and I am pleased to say that my efforts, with those of my colleagues, have made it to-day the grandest and most authoritative body of its kind in the world.

I hope it will continue so, and if at any time I can assist toward that end, I would be glad to do so. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) J. A. H. DRESSEL.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2:30 P. M., in the office of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, new York city.

The election of a director to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, and other matters of importance will come before the meeting.

ELMER E. SHANER, Secretary-Manager.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill.—The Chicago Gun Club board of directors held their annual meeting Tuesday, Jan. 27, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year, viz.: President, G. V. Weart; Vice-President, Lem Willard; Secretary-Treasurer, A. A. Walters.

In addition to these, the board of directors includes A. W. Morton and W. D. Stannard; all of these gentlemen being well known in local trapshooting circles.

Inanimate target shooting will no doubt receive a lively impetus this season, owing to the fact that live-bird shooting has been stopped in Chicago. The club contemplates furnishing a very attractive programme for the coming season, and arrangements are now being made—full account of which will appear later in these columns. The grounds of the Chicago Gun Club are located at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes road, Wentworth avenue cars touching the grounds, being easily accessible from the center of the city.

Handsome merchandise prizes were awarded by the Chicago Gun Club to its members at the close of last season. Four cash prizes of $20 each for the three high guns with handicap, and high average without handicap, were also awarded. In addition to these prizes, the club also donated $2 each week in the 15-bird handicap sweeps and $6 in merchandise prizes, divided in three moneys, at the end of each month in the trophy shoot. Handicaps were based on the percentage of shooter's average, proving the most equitable and satisfactory plan that had ever been introduced in the club, giving all an equal chance.

Blank applications for membership can be secured from A. A. Walters, secretary, Exchange building, Union Stockyards, Chicago, Ill.

C. E. Black Tournament.

ADEL, Ia., Jan. 27.—C. E. Black's one-day tournament, held on the Fair Grounds, in this place, to-day, had seventeen entries.

The weather was cold and chilly. The shooting was from one set of three traps. Targets were thrown about 50yds.

John Burnham, of Linden, made high average and won the championship medal of Dallas and Guthrie counties.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	Broke.	Av.
C E Black	8	12	12	17	13	11	11	12	10	9	7	6	128	.752
F Campbell	10	14	15	16	15	15	12	14	14	12	7	6	150	.882
J W Burnham	10	14	14	20	14	13	14	14	14	10	9	8	156	.911
W W Patty	9	11	14	17	13	..	14	12	11	11	..	6	...	....
C W Budd	9	13	13	16	13	14	13	14	13	12	10	6	146	.858
C L Holden	10	13	14	16	15	14	14	14	13	14	8	6	151	.888
Jos Cortells	..	..	10	17	15	14	14	..	14	13	8	6	...	....
E Cortells	..	..	8	17	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	5	...	....
C Stoner	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
W E Campbell	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	...	....
T W Winfrey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	11	10	9	5	...
J Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	7	7	...
G E Cortells	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	5	...
R Goodwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	...
R S Binns	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	...
O A Repen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	...	....
Chas Reinhardt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	...	....

Championship of Dallas and Guthrie counties, 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, three moneys: R. S. Binns 16, Robt. Goodwin 19, John Burnham 25, Jim Shopper 20, J. Cortells 22, T. M. Winfield 20, R. R. Patty 17.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 24.—The scores made in the fourteenth contest for Troisdorf medals, at the shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club are appended: Ahlers (21) 45, Van Ness (19) 44, Medico (18) 43, Maynard (17) 41, Phil (21) 40, Day (16) 39, Coleman (20) 37, Randall (20) 37, Herman (16) 36, Falk (17) 35, Dwyer (16) 34, Jay Bee (17) 33, McB. (17) 33, Corry (16) 33, Block (17) 32, Steinman (19) 31, Dreihs (18) 26, Ackley (15) 23.

The scores of Van Ness and Medico were void. They shot at 16yds.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Trusts Can't Hurt the Southern Section of the United States.

RECENTLY Mr. John T. Patrick, one of the officials of the popular Seaboard Air Line Railway, of Pinebluff, North Carolina, the much-talked-of Yankee settlement in the South, was in New England to meet and address a colony of New Englanders who are forming in the city of Revere to go to North Carolina, and in part he said: "One great advantage the South has over any other section is, no matter how many trusts are formed; no matter how many people are thrown out of employment by the big combinations that are being organized all over the world, the farmer and Northern settler down South on a two to ten acre tract of land is as independent as the King of England. He can, if necessary, grow his own cotton and wool, and make his own clothing on his spinning wheel and loom; raise his own bread stuff and meat, grow his vegetables and fruits; cultivate sugar cane and make his syrup and sugar; grow his own tea, and if he will be contented to drink cereal coffee, which is the healthiest drink, he will not need to spend a dollar. He can grow two crops of white potatoes on the same ground from March 1 to Sept. 31, and then sow it down to turnips and have growing turnips the winter through. Sweet potatoes can be grown and then the land sowed down to rye for a winter grazing for cattle or poultry. Cut the rye in May and plant to corn or potatoes. These are facts which the committee your society sent down to investigate will bear me out in as being absolutely true. Some of your people, who went down last winter, have made enough to pay for their lands and lumber to build houses and are to-day living in their own homes paying no rents. They have eaten melons and vegetables the first summer from their own farms, and to-day have many bushels of sweet potatoes banked for winter use and for sale. If any one has doubt of my statements write to Mr. Geo. R. Morgan, Mr. E. Pike, and Mr. A. L. Allen, Pinebluff, N. C., men you all know as going down from Revere as pioneers in the movement you have inaugurated of building up a small farm colony enterprise. These men have shown what can be done by mechanics who have had little or no experience in farming. Like many of you, they were afraid they would be crowded out of their occupation up North as mechanics on account of the improved machines that take the place of human beings, and that are managed and owned by the moneyed men of the country. I am not blowing moneyed men. (There is hardly a person here to-night but what would act just as they do if so situated), but I do blame the mechanic and the thrifty laboring men who will not investigate, as you are doing, by sending your committee and your advance pioneer and thereby providing for the conditions that will surely be brought about on account of labor-saving machines and the concentration of capital in working the machines. You working people must plan to be more human than simply a part of machines, dependent upon a corporation. When I go into your factories I see you merely as a part of a machine. You call yourself a shoemaker, but you cannot make a shoe any more than I can. Fifty years ago shoemakers could make shoes. To-day they can only cut out the uppers or manage a machine that puts in the eyelets, or sews the buttons on or pegs the sole. I invite you and urge you to not only think of the future and provide for yourself and family a home and a support where you are only dependent on your own exertions, but to tell to the thousands of other mechanics what you have found in the South, and what success your advance guard has had."—*Adv.*

We have received from the Roberts Safety Water Tube Boiler Co. one of the latest pamphlets issued by them, entitled "Illustrated Opinions." This litle magazine contains about one hundred pages of nothing but photo-lithographs of yachts and steam vessels of various kinds which are using Roberts Safety Water Tube Boilers successfully, and in conjunction with each cut, is reproduced a photo-lithographed letter, stating the success and satisfaction with which each boiler is being used. This firm has built up to date nearly fifteen hundred water tube boilers, and in a good many cases, have sold fifty to a hundred boilers to the same parties. On Jan. 1, 1900, their books showed that they had exceeded their best previous year by over 100 per cent., which is certainly another good proof of the reward their customers consider due the Roberts Water Tube Boiler Co. for the high merit of their product. We would suggest that all our readers interested in this subject send for a copy of "Illustrated Opinion."

As two men were talking the other day about out-door life, one said, "I would never go into the woods without a pneumatic mattress." To which the other replied, "I have never used one, but I have seen the day when I wanted one. Sleeping on the glaciers in Alaska, it takes the ice just about half an hour to send the cold up through your blankets and into your very bones; and then you have to get up and take exercise to get warm for another half hour's sleep." This conversation is recalled by seeing the interesting pamphlet entitled "The Evolution of the Air Bed," which is issued by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., of 2 and 3 South street, New York.

In this self-shaving generation there is nothing so essential to our comfort, either at home, afloat or ashore, as a good razor. In the "Centaur Razor," advertised in this issue, Sperry & Alexander Co. assure us that they have reached an enviable degree of perfection in razor building. The razors are made of Sheffield steel, honed in Germany, and each one is built here by an experienced workman. All this should insure a good article. The razors come in ⅝-inch blades, which the experience of the manufacturers dictates is the best for individual use.

The Lefever Arms Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., have issued a catalogue, which thoroughly illustrates the different grades of guns which it manufactures. The fine half-tone illustrations and the minute particulars set forth in the text, present all the information concerning the different grades which any sportsman may require. There is also much valuable matter presented under the head of "General Instructions."

Hazard powder has long been a household word among sportsmen, and many of us can remember the old-fashioned screw top cans in which our rifle powder came thirty or forty years ago. But, like other energetic business concerns, the Hazard Powder Co. has moved on with the years, and the record for its smokeless powder in the Grand American Handicap and numerous individual matches is one to be proud of.

The growth of the yachting interest in this country is seen in the constantly increasing number of yacht designers and brokers, and in the constant broadening of their field, which once seemed a narrow one. Messrs. Gardner & Cox, naval architects, engineers and brokers, attend also to marine insurance, the supplying of crews, and the fitting out of yachts. Their advertisement is seen elsewhere.

Among the various brews of beer consumed in this country, that of Schlitz, the beer that made Milwaukee famous, stands in the front rank. The reasons for this deserved pre-eminence are given in the advertisement of this concern, and in these days when we hear so much of adulterated beer, it is certainly worth while to be sure of obtaining a pure article.

The Osgood Folding Boat, whose name has so long been familiar to sportsmen, is now manufactured by the Michigan Consolidated Boat Co., of Battle Creek, Mich. The same concern also manufactures Bullard steel launches, row and pleasure boats, which, we are told, are always dry, and are everlasting. Their catalogue shows many improved designs of steel, wood, and canvas boats, and new engines.

The careful angler is already looking over his fly-book and considering how he shall replenish it for the next spring's work. Messrs. J. Bernard & Son, of 45 Jermyn street, St. James, London, have been established for ninety years, and make a specialty of flies, leaders and casting lines. They will send catalogue on application.

To bring boat building materials within the reach of amateurs at a moderate cost is a praiseworthy ambition, in these days, when so many amateurs do their own construction. This is the object of Mr. Fred Medart, of St. Louis, whose catalogue will be sent on application.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have changed and improved the standard Rocky Mountain sight, concerning which they have circulars giving illustrations and full description, which will be sent to those who apply for it.

The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O., informs us that, notwithstanding the large supply of calendars for 1903, it ordered and received, the edition has been exhausted, and the company will be unable to fill any more mail orders.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE FUR SEALS.

FOR several years there has been before Congress a bill empowering the President of the United States to endeavor to reopen negotiations with the British Government for the purpose of putting an end to pelagic sealing and affording better protection to the fur seal herd of the Pribilof Islands. A bill (H. R. 133387) entitled "An Act to Prevent the Extermination of Fur-Bearing Animals in Alaska and for other purposes," with amendments, authorizes the President to open negotiations with Great Britain to conclude a *modus vivendi* with that Government, whereby the killing of fur seals on land or sea by subjects of either Government shall be prohibited—except a few hundred young male seals annually for the food of the natives—and if these negotiations shall fail and a *modus vivendi* shall not be concluded, and regulations to preserve the Alaskan seal herds shall not be put in operation, then the President is authorized to kill all the fur seals on the Pribilof Islands, except ten thousand females and one thousand males. The bill passed the House last week.

The ground taken by the advocates of this measure is that by pelagic sealing—which means the killing of females and the annual starvation of many thousands of pups—the Alaskan fur seal herd is being surely exterminated; that the completion of this process is near at hand and that it will be more humane to destroy the herd at once than to let it perish by driblets, and in large part by the cruel method of starvation. Incidentally, it appears to be believed that the threat to kill off the seals will force Great Britain to negotiate for regulations which will better protect the seal.

The bill appears to be permissive, not mandatory; and if it should become law it would be for the President to decide what action should be taken in the matter.

What the fate of the bill will be when it reaches the Senate cannot be known, but in view of the nearness of adjournment, it may be doubted whether any action will be taken on it.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

IT is a fact that from the trapshooter's viewpoint the sport of trapshooting is likely to have added legal limitations. The outlook for it in the United States, so far as tests of skill on live birds at the traps are concerned, seems to be exceedingly cloudy for the year 1903.

The Legislatures of some of the States are bestirring themselves actively against it, while others view it askance with unfriendly eye.

If we consider that Legislatures, as a rule, voice the sentiments of the people, the fact cannot be ignored that there must be some profound public sentiment forcing and supporting the legislative hostility and activity in reference to pigeon shooting at the traps. The hostility is most persistently in action, and is spreading over ever increasing areas. Forces are at work which are constantly active and uncompromising in this matter. Victory in one State does not end the matter. It is but a stepping-stone to victory in several other States.

To one who has given the subject any thought, it is self-evident that the purpose of the anti-pigeon shooters is the abolition of live bird shooting at the traps throughout the United States. The hostile forces are powerfully organized and powerfully supported. The S. P. C. A. Societies of the different States are the central organizations, vested with legal powers which give them great prestige and force in accomplishing their purposes. They are reinforced with a strong public sentiment, as shown by the unanimity of the daily press in denouncing the sport of pigeon shooting, and warmly indorsing legislation against it. While some of the opposition to live bird shooting has its source in demagogism, there is undoubtedly much of it which is genuine. When an issue grows from local into national interest, persisting from year to year, it is absurd to maintain that it is insincere, or unimportant, or ephemeral.

Last year live bird shooting at the traps was practically made illegal in the State of New York by the repeal of the law which specifically sanctioned it. The issue had been carried over from the Legislature of the previous year. The anti-pigeon shooters won.

Last year the New Jersey Legislature had the matter of live bird shooting at the traps under consideration, but no decided action was taken on it. This year the anti-pigeon shooters had an anti-pigeon shooting bill before the New Jersey Legislature almost as soon as the session began, and it has now progressed so far as to be considered by the committee which has it in charge.

Several other States have the matter under consideration more or less formally, or informally, and are likely at any time to prohibit it.

So long as the trapshooters remain unorganized politically or as trapshooters, they cannot hope to make good their contention when opposed by organized bodies, by public sentiment and by the daily press.

The history of past struggles on this issue shows that the trapshooters do not consider the matter important enough to make of it a political issue. In fact, many of them, who approve of it, would not care to make it a matter of public discussion at all, as while they believe in the sport as being good, they do not consider it important enough to make of it a political issue. If it is prohibited, there are still many other forms of shooting left.

Without any formal organization or general unity of action, the trapshooters whose fancy is competition on live birds as objects on which to test their skill, cannot hope to stem the tide of public sentiment as shown by the hostile action of State Legislatures. If the lawmakers suspend action at one session of the Legislature concerning live bird shooting, it is simply a postponement of the issue till the next session, if history concerning this matter is true data by which to judge.

REFUGES FOR BIG GAME.

THE importance of preserving from utter extinction the large mammals of the world is coming to be more and more appreciated. In this country it is at present a sentiment cherished only by certain advanced thinkers; but in portions of Africa, ruled by the British, it has already become an established fact. We in America who call ourselves a practical people are usually found far behind the British in matters which relate to the protection of game and fish. In certain portions of Africa, it is true, some great and marvelous mammals, like the white rhinoceros and the elephant, have become absolutely extinct, just as on the western plains our buffalo has been exterminated; but the disappearance of the African species stirred the British to action, positive and definite; while we Americans, who prate constantly of our practicality, only talk about what ought to be done. We would rather have a thousand buffalo robes to-day than the herd of a thousand buffalo and all the increase they would give us through all the coming generations. In this we resemble the Indians and other primitive people.

That we here in America have ready to our hand a means of preserving practically every species of large mammal that is not actually extinct is well understood. In the vast area of our western forest reservations, which have been wisely set aside by Presidential proclamation, there is room for a number of game refuges, which, if wisely chosen, would afford ample room, and give summer and winter range for all the species of great game indigenous to this country. The abundance, the tameness, and the rapid increase of game in the Yellowstone Park furnishes perpetual argument in favor of establishing in all our forest reservations refuges where game should be absolutely safe from pursuit by man, and where, if protected from that pursuit, they would increase with marvelous rapidity; and, as they increased, would overflow into the surrounding country and furnish hunting to American riflemen for all time to come.

If the facts as to the increase and tameness of game in the Yellowstone Park are not convincing, many similar examples might be cited of the rapidity with which large mammals, even though slow breeders, increase when not pursued by man.

An example of this in FOREST AND STREAM only a few weeks ago was cited in the rapidity with which the horse, a large mammal, without natural enemies, increased during the first two and a half centuries of its existence on this continent, spreading as it did over almost all portions of North and South America that were best adapted to its mode of life. On many of the islands of the western and southern seas, fur seals formerly occurred in numbers too vast for estimate; but as soon as the destroyer man got among them he slew them in so wholesale a manner that from most of their haunts they soon disappeared. In a few places, however, their taking, being in a measure regulated by the government owning the islands, they have continued to exist in numbers almost as large as ever; and so long as only the surplus non-breeding seals were killed the supply always kept up. At the time of the transfer of the Pribilof Islands from Russia to the United States, there was a short period when there was no law enforced, and during this time there was a rush of hunters there, which, if they had not fought among themselves, would have resulted in the extinction of the fur seals there. As it was, they were killed down very low; yet after a few years of protection they became once more as numerous as ever. Other cases have occurred where the seals have apparently all been killed off from some hauling ground that once contained great numbers, which has therefore been deserted by sealers for a number of years; and later visitors have found that some small surviving remnant being undisturbed have so greatly increased as once more to furnish large catches of skins.

In certain restricted localities in South Africa, even the greatest of mammals has shown what protection will do for it. South of the Zambesi and Cunene rivers the African elephant is practically extinct. Ivory hunters, the natives, and cold-blooded butchers, who loved to slaughter the vast brutes, have swept that country, in which they once abounded, absolutely bare of these great beasts. But about the year 1830 the British Government prohibited the killing of wild elephants in Cape Colony.

There is no known animal against whose increase and survival so much might be urged as the elephant. Its vast bulk, the length of time that it carries its young, and the fact that it produces but a single offspring at a birth, would lead us to imagine that this was the one animal that it was hopeless to try to protect. Nevertheless, in Cape Colony, in the great forests which exist within a few miles of the towns of Port Elizabeth and Mitehagen, great troops of wild elephants are found to-day, although after leaving there one may travel to the northward fifteen hundred miles without seeing a single elephant track. This is the result of absolute protection, and if this protection is continued it is not to be doubted that Cape Colony will have elephants long after they have become extinct over most parts of Africa.

In our game birds, and in some of our fur-bearing animals, we have many similar examples of what freedom from molestation by man will do for a species. In certain of the Eastern States the quail or the partridges periodically are hunted down so near the point of extinction that it is impossible to get them. The gunners having learned after a year or two that there are no quail in the locality, cease to go out to look for them and wholly abandon their pursuit. No longer being molested, the birds increase in numbers, and suddenly the gunners become aware of the fact that there are more birds in the neighborhood than there ever were before. Then the pursuit is resumed, the birds are once more killed down almost to the point of extinction, and are again neglected until they have again increased.

There has never been so good an opportunity as the present offers to establish in the mountains and on the high dry plateaux of the West, refuges for big game which shall insure for future generations the existence of the animals that we in recent times have known so well. Such refuges should be set aside by Presidential proclamation, and their boundaries should be determined by competent authorities. There is now before the Senate a bill authorizing the President to do just this thing; and if this bill shall pass, we may feel sure that he will act on it just as promptly as possible. Himself a keen sportsman and ardent game protector, and the founder of the Boone and Crockett Club, he, better than most men, appreciates the importance of doing at once something for the preservation of game. Moreover, he himself has so good a knowledge of portions of the western country, and so good a knowledge of the men most familiar with the various parts of the West, that we may feel sure of the wisdom with which he would act in this matter if Congress should give him the power to act.

There remain but a few days of the session, and it is perhaps too much to hope that in those few days Congress should take any action on a matter of this kind; yet we are convinced that but a short time will elapse before this will be done, to the very great benefit of sportsmen at large, and to the still greater benefit of every State and Territory in which one of these game refuges shall have been established.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Forest Frills and Furbelows.

That the women of Vaiala were gravely agitated was apparent on the most cursory examination of the events that were taking place in staid and orderly succession on the town green or malae. The opportunity to give more than a cursory examination was afforded by the fact that the Consular premises occupied almost the whole sea-front of the Vaiala green, and that all public ceremonies took place as it were in our own backyard, or, at least, no further away than the great house of the town, which faced the Consulate from the inshore end of the green. Everything in Samoa is done in the plain sight of all, you can stretch one glance through half the houses of a town if they chance to be in line and see all that is going on under every roof; no house has walls, therefore there can be no hiding places. Notwithstanding all this openness, it is not to be supposed for a moment that Samoa is a plain and straightforward proposition. Nothing of the kind, it wouldn't be Samoa if it were straight. It is certainly a place where the more you see the less you believe. That's a part of the difference.

Day after day the whole of Vaiala had been spread out in my sight in the comprehensive view from my verandah, and my strolls in and out of the houses should have hid nothing from me. Yet, here was evidence that a great matter had been under the most minute discussion, and I had never had the slightest inkling of its existence. It may not be very flattering to one's powers of discernment, but it is true none the less. The safest theory to go on is that the Samoan is going to permit the average white person to know so much about Samoa as the Samoan deems advisable. Beyond that modicum the superior white person is going to obtain a very large amount of information about Samoa, but it is going to be principally all wrong. That's why the globe-trotters in their six hours on the beach come away with such remarkable impressions of Samoa, they obtain them from the old residents and they from the wily Samoans. They are all in the same story, these simple children of nature, they hang together most consistently in their intent to deceive, about the only thing in which Samoans can agree or be consistent. I used to hope to be able to sift the facts out through the young children who loved me dearly for a fist full of sugar or a motto candy. But it was no use. Apikale, aged four, a chunky maiden with a head like a billiard ball and an air of the utmost gravity, was already fully equipped with the art to keep from my knowledge the things she knew.

The great house of Vaiala was filled with an orderly crowd of the housewives of the town and a woman's parliament was under full headway in that dignity of order and ceremony without which the Samoan can do nothing. Not a man was in sight, and it was only by an inference based on experience that it was possible to interpret the general smack of smoke and cookery that floated along the air from the oven yards in the back of the village and to divine therefrom that the men were cooking a feast while the women debated. Nor was this the only source of food. While the Vaiala ovens were yet smoking, a procession came along the beach with noise of much singing, and with the flash of gay clothes and freshly oiled skins. A young chief sojourning in a town not far distant was sending in the hands of his young men a slight token of his esteem to the women of Vaiala. The procession advanced upon the green, a sufficiency of floor mats were brought out from the nearest house and the young men sat in rows in the shade of the cocoanuts, while their leader stood almost at the edge of the sea and shouted his compliments along the green and to the women in the house beyond. Then the burden of food was presented with the most precise depreciation of each article and the most consistent belittling of the numbers. But the women had their spokeswoman, Tofi, the chief governess of the village maid, and in her speech of reply every taro was counted for two, every spindling chicken was a full grown hen, and the proper degree of exaggeration was practiced. Then the visiting young men drifted back into the rear of the town where, I have no doubt, they sat about the oven yards with the men of Vaiala and told stories and puffed at banana husk cigarettes until it was time to open the pits and take out the cooked food for the feast.

Tonga sat on the verandah with me and watched the procedure with no show of interest, at any rate she volunteered no word of explanation of what was taking place, and I did not ask her, for it was plain that for some reason or other she was in one of her most aggressively civilized moods when all things Samoan were measured up alongside her civilization on the Midway in Barnum's circus, and quite naturally suffered by the comparison. When that mood was on her she was about as tractable as a wet hen, and it was never safe to stir her up. She sat sewing with her back against one of the outer verandah posts, and ostentatiously turned upon the green and the great house and all the ceremonies. I might have gone by myself to the great house and have been sure of a courteous welcome, but I feared to go without Tonga lest I make a break in some one of those niceties of island etiquette in which the Samoan never makes allowance for the unfamiliarity of the white person and never forgets to recall as an insult what was no more than a blunder.

But Tonga was soon forced out of her civilized mood, and I myself was advised of the purpose of the meeting, and to a certain extent included therein, the inclusion being based on the geographical position of my verandah, which put me in the most public spot of the Vaiala town green, but at the same time it was due in a far greater degree to an expectation of favors to come in the shape of corned beef and hard tack and such other dainties. Tanoa emerged from his retirement in the cook house, passed us on the verandah with his unfailing reverence of a crouching posture and the word "tulou," went into the office and began to pitch out floor mats in a stream. When he had collected as many as he thought necessary, he made of them a platform at some little distance from us, but on the same shady side of the verandah. This done he returned to the office, only to reappear with the rod and fly-flapper of office, and then proclaimed in his best manner that the ladies Salatemu and Fa'afili would wait upon me to declare the result of the meeting. From the fact that Tanoa did all this without any prompting I knew that it must be all right. He was born to the tulafale rank and had been trained in the intricacies of making speeches, and by nature he was so literal that there was not even a spark of genius sufficient to lead him into a mistake. When Tanoa had made his announcement he passed the rod and the fly-flapper over to Tonga and dropped out of the incident, for it was clearly an affair of women. With no very good grace she took the emblems of office and prepared to play her part.

In front of the great house Tofi stood forth with rod and the inevitable fly-flapper and proclaimed the tabu of silence on the town because Salatemu and Fa'afili were about to set forth on their call on me. All this is most formal, but no one can begin to understand Samoa until he recognizes how completely enwrapped in formal etiquette and ceremony is every slightest detail of life.

Salatemu was an old friend, wife of the chief of Vaiala, Le Patu, just at that time; therefore Talolo's mother of the current series. Fa'afili was a newcomer from somewhere up the coast. It turned out that she also was one of Talolo's mothers, and that was sufficient to establish her place in Vaiala. This question of who was Talolo's mother always proved too much for me. Here was Salatemu, who was Patu's wife and Talolo's mother. He was Fa'afili, who was Talolo's mother, yet never had been Patu's wife. There were others who had been Patu's wives without being Talolo's mother. Talolo himself would never formulate a general theory, but he was able to certify of any given woman whether she had yet been his mother.

All such considerations were dismissed by the arrival of the reporting party. Tofi proclaimed the full names and titles of the two whom she escorted and saw them seated on the pile of mats. It was now Tonga's turn to do a tulafale stunt, and she made her little speech of welcome, in which she took occasion to say how the coming of the party was like the sun shining after a rain and a few such spontaneous tributes. Then Tofi took up the line of talk. She allowed that they were most disgracefully poor, and that there was almost a famine in Vaiala just then, but they had struggled to get together just a few things to eat, which they were now fetching over to me, not that they supposed that I would touch such stuff, but I could feed it to any no-account person who might chance that way. This served to introduce the section of underdone pork that I was supposed to be entitled to enjoy together with taro and chickens, and a by no means shabby supply of food. Tonga in turn replied with a supply of ration beef and salmon, and the preliminaries of this social call were thus disposed of.

When it was possible to get right down to the matter it was made to appear that Vaiala had decided to marry its Tama'ita'i Samalaulu to a young chief from Manu'a, the impelling circumstance in the romance being that the chief in question had offered to make presents of fine mats and other gear on such a scale of insular magnificence that no prudent town but would snap at such a match. In this case it happened that Samalaulu skipped out of town before the date set for the marriage, eloped with herself, in fact, and Vaiala had to hustle to find another Samalaulu in time for the wedding. The groom seemed perfectly satisfied with the substitution, and courted one girl and married the other without a word of complaint. But all this is long ahead of this stage of the story. The present meeting had been called to figure on what was to be done to make the wedding a success. When it came to a show of fine mats Vaiala was able to make as good an appearance as any community, owing to its comparative immunity from the ravages of war. There were pigs enough to provide a slight collation to those who would come to the wedding, and there would be no difficulty about side dishes so long as the bush was full of taro and breadfruit, and the sea swarmed with fish, to be had for the mere scooping up.

After all the preamble Fa'afili began to get around to the real object of the call. "Therefore," she continued, and she was a remarkably good speaker, too, among a race born to oratory, "the conclusion of the fono is that at the wedding there shall be for all only the best attire and paths of new tapa cloth to walk upon. But Vailala and the whole Vaimaunga is very poor, we are as the wind and as nothing at all, and thus we come to thee in our deep distress because thou art very loving to us. The meeting of the women has reasoned upon all our needs, and the conclusion of the meeting is that to make us all new dresses we must borrow thy hatchet."

To reflect that I had sometimes seen clothes that looked that way was not a sufficient elucidation of the request of the women's parliament of Vaiala that they might borrow my hatchet to help them to make new clothes. For explanation, an appeal had to be made to Tonga.

"These two women," she said, with a fine disregard of logical sequence, "these two women my 'lashe,' belong same family and me, therefore I think so they fool women and the unwise. Just like the heathen they don't make 'faloka' on the sewing machine for the wedding of Samalaulu. But they borrow hatchet and they borrow ax, and they take a big knife here and they take a little knife there, only the headchopping knife they don't take, I think so they fraid the 'mana,' that's Samoan thing same like 'hoodoo' in America, and then they go into the bush and they chop down trees to make siapo for clothe them with it. But wherefore are they not like the heathen, these two women, for they never went to Chicago and they never went to the circus?"

While it was true that Vaiala did not steal, partly owing to the strict tabu whereby my premises were made "sa," yet Vaiala was not inclined to be prompt in returning a borrowed article. It was in a measure due to this circumstance that I would lend no article unless I myself went with it, an additional advantage being that in this way I was able to find my way naturally into a large amount of the domestic economy of my neighbors, which would otherwise have escaped me. Greatly to Tonga's distress I agreed to the proposal of the women that my hatchet be borrowed on the condition that I be borrowed with it. Tonga, I fully believe, thought that I was on the brink of a plunge into barbarism despite my unlimited opportunities to acquire civilization through Barnum's circus, where, in fact, she had first met me. I mean, of course, that she was a part of the show and that I was one of the great public.

It was now my turn to make a procession to the great house of Vaiala under the escort of my visitors and with Tonga to make my speeches. While this was essentially a feminine affair, I found it impossible to restrict my procession. From some lurking place Talolo was found at the gate of the compound prepared to exercise his prerogative of carrying my parasol. Both his mothers tried to shoo him off, but he knew what his rights were and nothing could detach him from his position. Tanoa, also, who always did just what was right, Tanoa attached himself to the hatchet. He gave me a collection of resounding words for hatchet, all of such exalted rank that there were only two or three in all Samoa who were entitled to use them with me, for in Samoa there is rank and precedence even in the vocabulary. On matters of such grave importance my faithful, stupid, devoted Tanoa simply would not permit me to break through the proprieties of etiquette. In some way perfectly plain to himself and acknowledged by Salatemu and Fa'afili my hatchet had a rank so high that it called for one of at least tulafale rank to bear it. And it wasn't much of a chopper at that.

With these additions to my company, we crossed the green and took our places in the meeting. Tanoa and Talolo sat in the shade of the spreading mango outside with their backs up against the tombstone of some long departed chief, Talolo clinging fast to my parasol, Tanoa industriously rubbing the hatchet on the concrete monument of the chief in a laudable effort to remove some of the marks of its use in the cook-house.

There is one excellent trait about the Samoans. They may be lazy in the extreme, but they are not dilatory. In this particular instance they had postponed holding this meeting until almost the last moment, but when they had at last settled what they were going to do they were going to set about it at once. As soon as I had told them that I would accompany their party with the hatchet, it was with difficulty that I secured a postponement long enough to change into my bush clothes, for all assured me that this performance would be no mere stroll along the beach. The Samoan jungle had by this time no terrors for me, and there was nothing to deter me from plunging once more into its recesses to see women chop down dresses and go shopping with a hatchet.

There is only one need of the South Sea islander, which it is beyond the scope of the cocoanut to supply. It will feed him, it will house him, it will carry him over the sea, it produces nothing that goes to waste in the simple economy of those who dwell beneath its clattering feathers, but it affords nothing out of which one may make comfortable or pleasing clothing. This need is supplied by several trees which have a layer of bast between the bark and heart wood of their trunks. Of such there are two in particular, the fau, or hibiscus, and the tutunga, or Broussonetia papyrifera. In Samoa, where both trees abound, the hibiscus is used only for the making of string, and the tutunga is distinctively the cloth tree.

We had a swampy way to go from the moment we left the town and the beach behind us. At the eastern end of Apia the coastal plain, on which are the houses of Samoans and foreigners, is undoubtedly formed by the rivers, which there come down to the sea, and it is so imperfectly formed that everywhere back from the immediate beach is swamp and backwater, with every here and there a sluice or creek. But when this is once passed and one gets on the slope of the hills, the going is better because dryer. It is on the first slopes of the hills that the tutunga finds its best growth.

Under conditions where the Broussonetia finds good soil and an abundance of light and air with plenty of room, the tree grows tall and branches over an extended space. But those are ideal conditions which never can exist in the theater of the fierce vegetable duels in the island forests. Every tree must battle for light and air, room is something that none has, the lianas tie and choke all weak growth, and that which comes out of the contest with the right to live is something far different from what it was in the germ within the seed. But the islanders have been quick to observe that in the case of the Broussonetia the worse off it was as a tree the better it was for their uses. That is to say, while the tree growing to its full extent will give them a bark that can be converted into so-called cloth, still just in proportion as the tree is forced to grow spindling so much the better is the bark. It results, then, that the islanders make it a practice to cut down all the large Broussonetias they can discover in the bush in order to force a second growth of saplings. There is no risk of failure in such a crop. The active roots will start new shoots from every foot that was shaded by the parent tree, and all the art of the forester is to thin out the saplings as they grow in order to establish a thicket of hardy poles.

In an imperfect sense such a cluster of second growth tutunga may be classed as a plantation, but the way to all those which we visited was that of the roughest kind of bush work. The women knew where their trees were and they knew how to get there, but not they nor anybody could make the way easy. There was no danger of being lost, for few Samoans can go

silent in the bush. At frequent intervals one starts a long hoot, and after an interval some other replies, and thus the party keeps in touch. One may now be quite too good a Christian to confess it, but it is not so very long ago that these woods were filled with heathen devils ready to make things busy for the intruder on their domain, and if one hoots now and then in the bush, it certainly does no harm and might scare away any devil that hadn't heard of the arrival of the missionaries. So on we go with hoot answering hoot, and Tonga carefully explaining that she hooted because she wanted to make sure just where Fa'afili was, but Tanoa, who has never had circus advantages and civilization and things, is frankly scared out of a year's growth, which makes it all the more commendable that he sticks so close to me in all the expeditions into which my wish to investigate things is constantly leading him.

At last we reach the thicket of tutunga without having actually seen any devilish aitu, though there were some funny sounds that would be hard to explain except on the devil theory. Now in this art of dressmaking with an ax, there is only one stage of the proceedings that calls for the deepest jungle as its scene. This account will keep within better bounds by being restricted to the woodsy operations, leaving the account of the final stages for some later occasion.

OLD JESUIT CHURCH.
Photo by Fred S. Wheeler.

The problem of the Vaiala housewives is this: given a thicket of second growth timber, to convert those saplings into the new clothes and the cloth pathways wherewith Vaiala, man, woman and child, shall rise and shine on the day when the Manu'a chief comes with pigs and mats and dancers and song to marry Samalaulu. To the Vaiala woman the problem is easy, her first task is to peel those saplings. At it they go. They have actually made Tanoa work. The hatchet is to chop down the trees, and if he thinks his old hatchet is too almighty fine for any one to use, why then, it's about his day to chop the saplings down himself, for down they must come until Fa'afili says that enough have been laid low. As fast as the saplings fall (they run just about the thickness that will fall to one clean, sharp cut), Talolo hauls them out of the way and lops off the upper end just below the first appearance of branches and tosses back to the waiting row of womankind long, slim poles of a length of anywhere from six to ten feet. Whoever gets the pole next gives it a thorough good beating with a short billet of wood, being careful, however, not to break the bark. Down along the line it goes to those who slit the bark from one end of the pole to the other. From these experts—and to cut a straight line on three yards of small sapling is no easy thing to do—it goes to the last line of the women. Theirs is the task to strip the bark from the wood and roll it up in a close coil as they strip it off the wood, leaving the inner side of the ribbon of bark on the outside of the coil. As soon as the coil is made up it is firmly lashed with threads of the waste bark and passed back to Salatemu and myself, who are in the rear rank of all in the highly important act of keeping tabs on the work done. Salatemu, who has the imagination of a sheep, always drifts into some such sort of a job. For myself I soon found that I was in a fair way to pull off my finger nails before I learned how to roll up the bark coils. Still we were as busy as bees at our respective posts, and long before Tanoa had awakened to the fact that he was indeed working like a horse, Salatemu announced that the rolls of bark had reached the number settled upon and that we should go home with our raw material.

And all the way home Talolo kept enlivening us with questions as to whether we had seen the keenness of his strokes in lopping off the ends of the saplings. And Tanoa began a plaintive song about the girl who went out to chop tutunga, and when she was putting the bark rolls to soak in the river her brother's corpse came floating down stream; Tonga explains that the song is so very ancient that only about six people in Samoa know what it means, and they won't tell common people, but it's a song that every one knows, and it's the proper thing to sing it when coming back from chopping tutunga. Just as if Tanoa would ever omit one of the proprieties or be found singing the wrong song under any circumstances! But Talolo returns to the charge with his skill in chopping the ends off the sticks and happily assured us that it took a man to do that sort of thing, only a man could handle a knife so as to chop things off, heads, for instance, in war. But he got a smart to his feelings because of his brag, for Fa'afili—and she had been a mother to him once, too—asked the cutting question: "Man, indeed! And when wert thou tattooed, Thy Afionga Baby?"

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Relics of Old Days.

THE vicinity of the great Kettle Falls of the Columbia is rich in mementoes of former days and times.

Two considerations quickly decided the Hudson Bay Company to locate one of their principal fortified posts near this place.

First, the salmon fishery of the Indians at the cataract, where occurred the annual gathering of most of the tribes of the Pacific Northwest east of the Cascades and south of the British line; and, secondly, the wide level plat of bottom or lower valley land on the left bank of the Columbia, where, about a mile above the falls and on the same side of the great river as where the best of the fishing ground was located, was found the most perfect site for a fortified trading post.

A level valley some four miles long up and down the river and about two miles wide lay spread out apparently for their convenience; and here on a gentle rise of ground about a mile above the falls a palisaded fort, about 100 feet square with bastions or block houses of heavy logs at each of the corners, which were built two stories in height, pierced for cannon and loopholed for musketry, and covered with a hip roof, made a fortification proof against all Indian attack.

A small brass cannon of some 80 pounds weight was brought across the continent, and the formidable weapon added greatly to the armament of the big stockade.

When I first saw the old fort in 1885 two sides of the old palisaded wall—or the most of them—rotten and crumbling with age, leaned over in waiting for their fall; and now nothing but one of the old block houses at the northwest corner of the old fortification remains.

As nearly as I can ascertain, the fort was built in 1814 or 1815.

In the inclosed photograph the view is toward the southwest.

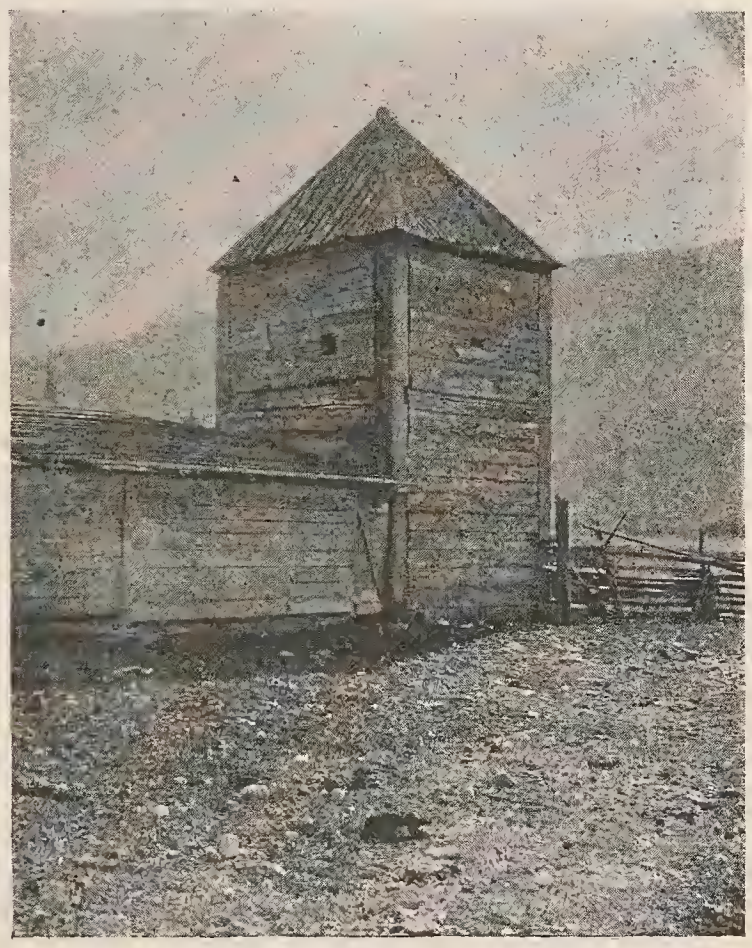
To the right of the block house, just over the top of the old rail fence, is a glimpse of the Columbia a short distance above the Kettle Falls, which is hidden from view by the cattle shed on the left of the old relic.

A small quantity of seed wheat was brought to the fort, and in 1816 a windmill was built, and two blocks of granite were shaped into millstones, but the wind power proving unsatisfactory, the mill was moved some five miles south of the fort to the falls of the Colville River, now known as Meyers Falls, where, after being thoroughly worn out, they were replaced by another pair formed of two big boulders of conglomerate taken from the bed of the Columbia River at the Grand—or Rickey—Rapids, some five miles below Kettle Falls.

These were well shaped by a master hand, and after having been used for many years still remain in position in the old unused mill.

The old granite millstones, worn "to a frazzle," and with the lines of the old furrows scarcely distinguishable, lie on the hillside above the old mill and already half buried in the soil.

A vandal "Professor" from Pullman College—without so much as a "by your leave" from Mr. Jacob Meyers,



THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE.
Photo by Fred S. Wheeler.

the owner—broke off a piece of the old relic and bore it away in barbarous triumph.

Between the fort and the cataract on a bluff of land one hundred feet or more higher than the site of the fort, a church was built by the Jesuits in 1839 or in 1844—the exact date cannot be determined.

The old ruin is well shown in the photograph, the view being toward the northeast.

When it is borne in mind that the lumber for doors, casings, gables and cross pieces for the rafters was worked out with whipsaws, that the building itself is 50x80 feet in size, and that the lower log or "sill" shown in the picture is a solid log hewn on four sides, 12x18 inches in size and 80 feet in length, it is easily understood that the crumbling ruin is a monument of patient industry.

Near the north end stands an old adobe fireplace of huge dimensions, the top of its chimney having crumbled below the roof; and here, on the wide face of the chimney, in the main room of the building—for a partition across the building formed a small living room in the north end—hung the most singular painting I ever saw.

It was about 3x4 feet in size, representing a vision of the abode of the saved in heaven.

Frame, canvas and pigments were evidently gathered by the zealous artist from among such materials as were possible to the place and time; and the brush used might well have been the end of a cat's tail.

The crudest, rawest daub ever hung up to charm—or paralyze—a crowd of savages; every characteristic of the old painting united to make it priceless.

As before stated, my first view of the old ruin was in 1885, and as I stood admiring the old painting, still hanging in the long-abandoned building, I deliberated long regarding the propriety of stealing the crude affair for the purpose of preserving it for some yet-to-be-formed antiquarian society; but my somewhat shadowy recollection of the eighth commandment tugging at my conscience finally drew me away.

Proceeding homeward I pondered more and more over the matter, and finally made up my mind that when next I passed the old ruin I would steal the painting, "wher no," as Uncle Remus says.

But, alas! when I hurried back to the old church at the first opportunity, some other "antiquarian" had been ahead of me, and the adobe wall of the old chimney stood stripped and bare.

Scythe in hand, Time, the iconoclast, moved on. The net and salmon wheel of the avaricious paleface sweeping

KETTLE FALLS.

the mouth of the great river bare of its finny wealth have left the rocks of the great cataract unfretted by the plunging spear of the hungry Indian; and the puffing locomotive, tugging its load of mineral, or the palace car of the thoughtless tourist, up the steep grade a mile eastward of the old fortification, has changed the old brass cannon into a curious memento of the turbulent days gone by, leaving the decaying logs of the old building only a crumbling marvel to curious eyes, and a time-worn hunter, seated pen in hand, gossiping to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM of days gone by forever.

ORIN BELKNAP.

The Joys of Living.

THE morning is fine, with clear air and bright skies, and as I arise and step out on to the piazza a few breaths of ozone are almost intoxicating. What a joy to fill one's lungs, flaccid and inelastic from breathing the furnace-heated, germ-laden stuff which passes for air in our city houses, with the life-giving oxygen of "out doors."

The prime requisite for enjoyment of living is, of course, perfect physical health, and then, if we add a full measure of appreciation of the marvels enacted every day by Dame Nature, we find joy without stint.

We look with delight and amaze upon the paintings of the artists who have faithfully depicted a beautiful sunset, a doe deer, a speckled trout, and pay fabulous prices for them, all of which is right and to be recommended, for the paintings are the art preservative of what in nature is eternally changing.

The sunset is fleeting, the deer is out of sight in a moment's time, the trout are as the lightning's flash, so we hang their counterfeit presentments on our walls and are happy in their company. But who of us that are sportsmen lovers of nature would swap for their pictures material, their pictures mental, covering years of enjoyment on the deer's trail, the stream's bank, the mountain's top?

On a day in October I sat on a runway in the glorious Green Mountains of Vermont watching for deer. The woods were a blaze of glory, and the crisp dead leaves on the forest floor made anything like a quiet stalk out of the question. Therefore I sat down on a log. Soon I heard a slight footfall and saw the back of some creature bobbing down the mountain in my direction. I dropped down on one knee, and a fawn appeared, soon followed by its mother, a large doe. The law allows killing of bucks only, but at first I was unable to see whether the creature carried horns or not, so my rifle was at a ready. As she came into clear view I saw she was a doe, and my eye ran through the sights to her shoulders, but my finger did not pull. Instead, I kept still, and watched the handsome creature play with her fawn, which strayed within two rods of me. It finally ran away, she following slowly, unconscious of my presence. I crept upon the log again, but the movement, slight as it was, caught her attention, and her head swung in my direction, her great ears came forward, and then with that so often fatal curiosity ascribed to the feminine gender she turned and came toward me, her delicate nostrils quivering for my scent. There she stood and stamped her little hoofs, the most beautiful thing in the whole forest, until, her curiosity satisfied, she turned, and whistling for her fawn, in a few jumps was gone. That is a mental picture I shall long carry, and I rate it as one of the joys of life.

Only perfect health will enable, and a desire to get into the woods will impel one to leave the warm couch before daylight and trudge out into a swirling snowstorm to see if some of nature's children are abroad. With my double barrel in my warmly gloved hands, and a sweater pulled up around my neck, I was perfectly

comfortable one morning last October as I walked along the road during the first snow. I was stopping at a farm in New Hampshire and carried an opinion I should like a partridge for breakfast. Well, I carried the opinion back home, but the grouse flew away.

The wind blew the flakes across the road and stung my cheek, but when I passed through a bar-way and into the shelter of the pines, what a change! Compared with the boisterous open, it was warm and comfortable in the woods, and what a marvel of whiteness! The snow was too dry to adhere to the deciduous trees, but the thick foliage of pine, and spruce, and hemlock, supported it. I looked ahead along the trail, thinking "No fool-creature out but myself," but stepping carefully and noiselessly as the few inches of snow enabled me to do, my trail was not a quarter of a mile long, when from the rear I heard the "yap, yap," which is only Mr. Fox's way of inquiring who was after his partridge ahead of him. Dawn now made things visible at some distance, and scanning ground and trees I crept silently forward. Suddenly, like a bomb exploding, a partridge jumped into full flight amid a cloud of snow. Hit him? I didn't even fire—never could hit skyrockets under full speed. Home to eat a breakfast big enough for two.

It is summer, and Diana and I are outfitted for trout. We are, in fact, beside the brook, watching the play of sunlight through the trees, showing in patches on the white sand at the bottom of the still pools, and listening to the music of the splashing, gurgling water. Is there any sweeter music to the real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, trout fisherman than that of a mountain brook? None that I know of. Baiting our hooks (the trout are too sophisticated where we were to accept feathers for food, and Diana too well-seasoned a trout fisher to balk at a barnyard-hackle), we cast into the purling waters and once more feel the "wireless telegraphy" (ante-dating Marconi) of *Salmo fontinalis*—the most beautiful thing that swims—a living, palpitating, scintillating, speckled trout, fresh drawn from the swift flowing element in which he darts and flashes. I call to mind one particularly pellucid pool, in which it did not seem a trout could find cover. Still, keeping low down, almost creeping, a squirming bait is dropped into the water, and instantaneously a substance, though seeming shadow in its swiftness, has that blessed worm in its mouth and is unceremoniously jerked out on the bank. Only eight inches long, but a subject of much gloating and a true joy of life.

His shape, his spots and color, all may be truly transferred to canvas—but his life, the electric flash from under bank to your bait, the sunlight, the babbling water—these may not, yet they are the joys of life. As Whittier says,

"Aloft on sky and mountain wall,
Are God's great pictures hung,"

and happy is he who appreciates his opportunities of seeing the daily panorama of earth, and sky, and the wild life of nature's children. NIMROD.

Past, Present and Future.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Somewhat frequent reference in your columns are made to the fact that pigeons, once so plentiful, have almost entirely vanished, and a very interesting question related to their disappearance is, Where have they gone? When I was a boy there were more pigeons than there were people, and in those days I saw single flocks which, it seemed to me, outnumbered the population of the State of New York. In their flights such flocks would cast dense shadows upon the ground, and the humming of the flight could be heard long distances away. Large numbers of exhausted birds would drop from the flocks only to be caught by both men and boys, upon the ground, and pigeon nets would catch them by the thousand, to be sold for twenty-five or fifty cents a hundred, according to circumstances.

In my judgment, their extinction must be accounted for on some hypothesis other than their slaughter, though they were persistently hunted in field and at roost. Their disappearance was exceedingly sudden, much as was their coming, but armies of hunters could never have killed the last one.

Is there not a natural, perhaps indefinable law of nature which has always been in operation—an evolution, if you please—which may have been responsible for the decrease or extermination of the last animal, fish or bird of certain kinds? Must we believe that the last wolf and the last moose absolutely met death in the Adirondacks? Was it absolutely the rifle which almost exterminated the buffalo? Have many other animals disappeared before the hunter? And have certain fishes, once plentiful but now quite unknown, found their last resting place in the angler's creel?

I shall not attempt to explain what changes in terrestrial conditions have effected these changes, for I do not know; nevertheless, I believe that science could account for them. We know much of the changes in animal life which occurred in the long gone past, centuries and ages ago, and if extinction and creation was the order then, then why not now? Let some philosopher pursue the subject and question further.

I have also noticed in your columns frequent allusions to red squirrels and their habits, and last week some one discovered that they love meat. Yes, they do, but it must be sweet and tender meat, like birds in the nest, and the very young of mice and other squirrels. I have seen all these eaten by "reds." They are fond, too, of the eggs of birds, and in various ways are ravenous little creatures, akin to crows in cunning and in taste in these particulars.

Speaking of squirrels, I observe that Didymus is skeptical in relation to that Mississippi story about multitudes of them having been gathered in bags while they were swimming across the river. I have forgotten who wrote the story, but he was a good joker. He left the fact unstated, but, of course, those squirrels all escaped when they reached the shore. Why should they have refused aid?

And then that funny deer. But here's his match. In years long ago a missionary was sent into the western country to establish a congregation in a rude church in some settlement. He apparently met with much success, and his Sunday services were well attended. On a certain Sunday morning the little church was unusually well filled, which gave such inspiration to the clergyman that he was at his very best. In the middle of his discourse all eyes were upon him and he felt that his truths were sinking deep into the hearts of his hearers. Suddenly the tongues of hounds were heard, and in a twinkling the little church was deserted, except that one man on crutches remained. The minister was so overcome with blasted hopes and misjudgment of his own intensity of speech that he laid himself across his pulpit and literally groaned with disappointment on seeing the congregation so readily chase a strange god in the form of a deer. His heaviness of heart so excited the sympathy of the lame man that he sought to console the minister, and said in sympathetic tones, "Don't you worry, deacon, I know them dogs well and that deer'll never get away; they'll git him inside of a mile, or you may cuss me for guesser."

I have read every number of the ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM printed these many years, and seen the constant evolution, until I dare to say that FOREST AND STREAM has no equal in the wide, wide world in the field it occupies. This is not to flatter the editors and the management, but to give utterance to truth, which I believe every one of its many thousand readers will affirm. It has come to be not only an excellent story paper, but also a superior educator. It is always clean, too, even in its advertising, which, by the way, I read as regularly as I read its other pages, for in that there is also much to be learned. I do not always agree with its views upon some subjects, but it ought not to change its own views on that account, yet I wish it would print one or two pages more of its well-written editorial matter, even if it should go wrong, according to my beliefs and opinions.

Although FOREST AND STREAM has been instrumental in my expenditures of several hundred dollars, aye, twenty of them, for hunting and angling outfits, all the way from a patent lamp that wouldn't burn to a big tent which I didn't need, I forgive it; yes, I heartily thank it. My life has been made longer and happier by the possession and use of this collection of everything having not only the nearest but also the most distant relationship to the field, forest or stream, or even to places other than these, such as were but ninth cousins to them.

I can no longer "chase the antelope over the plain," not even "draw a bead" on a woodchuck, but I can still hunt and get good fishing right here in my "den," filled with remembrances, almost the faces, of many, many friends whom I have met a-field. And here I recall what W. H. H. Murray (Adirondack) wrote in dedicating one of his books to me:

"As years go on and heads get gray, how fast the guests do go! Touch hands. Touch hands with those that stay. Strong hands to weak, old hands to young around the Christmas board. Touch hands!"

How hard it is for every lover of nature to bear to see the devastation of that so dear to us by not only the individual, but by the State of New York. Our forests are almost wholly without protection from vandalism, save those goodly portions which men of wealth have taken from the people and inclosed with dead lines. The people are paying large sums of money for so-called protection, yet lumbermen go where they please and do as they please, even to the subsisting of their men engaged in nefarious work upon deer which, like the timber, belong to the people. No other country but "free America" would tolerate for a moment these abuses of our forests which began long ago and will continue until the last tree outside of the wire fences of vast "preserves" is cut. And this will go on with the tacit sanction of the State in direct contraversion of "protective" laws passed to hide some of the shame, but which it never enforces, in fact.

I do not wonder that FOREST AND STREAM is discouraged with the lawlessness of State law-makers and now looks to the Congress for the last hope of relief.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 7. D. H. B.

Skunks and Quail.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Feb. 3.—Our sportsmen blame the skunk for the scarcity of quail this fall, as under the protection skunks have become very numerous and a great nuisance. C. L. SLAYTON.

D. E. H., May 30, 1833.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in an account, which you recently published, of the finding of a stone in the Missouri River with the initials of some of the old trappers scratched on it, and the date of the engraving.

I came across something similar this fall on the Lewis Fork of the Snake River, about three miles above Jackson's Hole, at the nearest point to the lake where you could ford the river.

On a large cottonwood tree about 2½ feet in diameter were cut the initials "D. E. H., May 30, 1833." The downward cut in the "E" had grown to be five inches wide. As the tree had been badly cut by the beavers some time ago, and was rotting fast, I had the tree cut down, and brought the section containing the inscription home with me, in order to preserve so interesting a relic. You will recall that it was late in the preceding fall that Vanderbourg, of the American Fur Company, was killed by the Blackfeet, a little to the northwest of this, in his effort to follow the trappers of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and it was only a month later than the date of this inscription that Bonneville crossed the lower end of Jackson's Hole and passed up the Hoback River from his wintering place on the Snake River, in what is now Idaho to his spring rendezvous on the Green River.

Kit Carson, the famous scout and trapper, who was afterwards guide for Captain Fremont in his exploring expeditions, had his winter camp in 1832 and 1833 a little to the northwest of where this tree was, and it was near here that he had quite a fight with the Blackfeet Indians, who had stolen his horses. In the spring of '33, when the carving was made, he and his party were trapping somewhere on the Lewis Fork of the Snake River, but whether on the upper or lower portion I do not know.

It was at about this point that Coulter, who was with Lewis and Clark and left them on their return near the mouth of the Yellowstone, crossed Jackson's Hole on that memorable trip that resulted in the discovery of the wonders of what are now known as the Yellowstone Park.

THE RECORD OF THE COTTONWOOD.

Weyth, that unfortunate New Englander, whose attempt to force himself into the fur trade resulted in the loss of all of his men and outfit, had just returned from his trip down the Columbia River, and at this date was at the spring rendezvous on the Green River with Fitzpatrick, of the Rocky Mountain Company, who was the man that led Vanderbourg into the Blackfeet country, where he lost his life.

I doubt if there is a period in the early history of the West of which we have more records than in that particular year, but I can find no name to fit these initials. Possibly some of your readers can furnish it.

I am sending you a photograph of the carving under separate cover. TAHENA.

The Southwest.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No doubt many readers of FOREST AND STREAM will join the writer in thanking Cabia Blanco for his unvarnished and therefore intensely interesting stories of life in the Southwest about the end of the Indian and buffalo period. That day is as completely a thing of the past now as if a century had gone by instead of a single generation. Cabia Blanco is doing the cause of history a real service in writing fully of his experiences. I hope he will visit this region again and thereby refresh his memory and give us some more extensive histories of the stirring days of the sixties and the seventies. There are not many men left who can say of those days and events, *quorum pars magna fui,* and not many of them are able to tell the story as simply and clearly as this ex-Comanche. By the way, the first half of his name bothers me. Is it Indian? I do not recognize the word as Spanish. AZTEC.

SAN ANTONIO.

Honduras Boars and Bears.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my mention of the wild animals found in the Department of Mosquitia, Honduras, in "Notes from Central America"—V., FOREST AND STREAM of February 7, "wild bears" should read "wild boars." While there are said to be bears in the mountains of Honduras, the writer has never encountered any there, while, on the other hand, he has found the wild boar (*jabali*) comparatively common in the region of the Wauks and Patuca rivers.

J. HOBART EGBERT.

Natural History.

Birds of the Western United States.

Mrs. Florence Merriam Bailey has done an admirable piece of work in her Hand-book of Birds of the Western United States, Including the Great Plains, Great Basin, Pacific Slope, and Rio Grande Valley; published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Such a volume was greatly needed, and completes for the United States what was begun by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, in his "Hand-book of Birds of the Eastern United States."

Mrs. Bailey has had good preparation for the work that she has so well accomplished in the several seasons that she has spent in different parts of the West, in California, Texas and Arizona, and the field work that she has done has left its impress on this most excellent volume. Besides this, as she tells us in her prefatory note, the preparation of her book has been facilitated by the good offices of many ornithologists; and she has had access to the collections of the National Museum, and of the Biological Survey. Such well-known Washington ornithologists as Dr. A. K. Fisher, her husband, Mr. Vernon Bailey, Mr. E. W. Nelson, Mr. H. C. Oberholser, and others whom Mrs. Bailey names, have contributed to the work.

In her introduction she gives still further credit for assistance received, and works consulted. Here are found also a chapter on Collecting and Preparing Birds, Nests and Eggs, a paper on Life Zones, drawn from the investigations made and laws laid down by her eminent brother, Dr. C. H. Merriam, and illustrated by a full page map drawn by himself, together with some Notes on Migration and Economic Ornithology. A brief chapter on Bird Protection, by Dr. T. S. Palmer follows; and then come a number of local lists by Messrs. A. W. Anthony, W. H. Kobbé, Walter K. Fisher, Joseph Grinnell; a List of the Birds of Fort Sherman, Idaho, taken from Dr. J. C. Merrill's Notes in The Auk, in 1898; of the Birds of Cheyenne and Vicinity, by Frank Bond; of the Birds of three counties of Arizona, from W. E. D. Scott's papers of 1886, '87 and '88, in The Auk. An important list of books of reference, and some remarks on the Use of the Keys, so freely furnished throughout the volume, close an Introduction of ninety pages.

The first and general Key to the Orders of the Birds is followed by the Key to the Families of Water Birds; and then begin the descriptions of the birds in their order, interrupted as we pass along by Keys to genera, preceded by descriptions of the families. Each species and sub-species bears the name and number used in the A. O. U. Check List of North American Birds; but in the vernacular names of the birds Mrs. Bailey drops the possessive form, where the species bears the name of an individual, and speaks of Steller jay, instead of Steller's jay, and of Attwater prairie hen, instead of Attwater's prairie hen.

The descriptions of the birds are extremely clear and good. They are not in the least technical, but the author has seized on the salient features of each bird, and has described them so clearly that it seems that even for a novice it should not be difficult to find here what he wants.

For a beginner—a more or less untechnical student—a book made up wholly of descriptions of birds, no matter how excellent they may be, is useful only as a book of reference, a sort of dictionary in which to look up a specimen about the identity of which he is more or less in doubt. No book is more useful than a dictionary, but at the same time one would hardly choose a dictionary for light reading. Mrs. Bailey's book is made very attractive to the least technical nature lover by her brief notes on the ways and lives of the birds. There is a charm in the paragraphs commenting on its habits or its distribution which follow almost every species. Many of these are written by her husband, Mr. Vernon Bailey, and all are most attractively phrased. Often it is merely a touch which is given, but it is always a touch of nature, and so is vivid. Without these paragraphs of natural history the book would lose much of charm, and somewhat of usefulness.

Here, for example, is a paragraph about the scaled quail, a bird known to few sportsmen, which conveys interesting information: "As the bluish-gray birds run from you over the gray ground, dodging this way and that among the bushes, the most conspicuous thing about them is the white tuft of their crest, and from its suggestion of the cottontail they have been well dubbed cottontops. Perhaps because they are so protectively colored, they usually trust to their feet to carry them out of harm's way, rarely taking flight unless hard pressed. But when a flock does scatter, the birds are astonishingly hard to find, though but a few yards away."

Of another bird, the valley quail, a much more familiar species, it is said: "The brushy parts of Golden Gate Park in San Francisco abound with quail, and from the benches one can watch the squads of plump hen-like little creatures as they move about with stately tread, or stand talking sociably in low monosyllables. If they hear a footstep on the walk they start up and hurry across the path like hens before a wagon, topknots dropped over their bills, necks craned forward, and legs stretched as they patter along in double-quick time. When less in a hurry they run in a stiff, prim way, the cocks with a dignified gait, the hens with a demure feminine air. Outside the parks, when the flocks are feeding, the old quail act as sentries, to the wrath of young hunters, who complain that the cocks 'tell on them!'"

Mr. Bailey makes interesting mention of the Rio Grande turkey, a species which was once extremely abundant in southern Texas.

"Over most of the country, where the wild turkeys were once plenty, they have now become scarce or extinct, but in a few places may still be found in something like their original abundance, living much as their ancestors lived, breeding unmolested, strolling through the woods in flocks, and gathering at night in goodly numbers in their favorite roosting places. Perhaps the best of these undevasted regions are on the big stock ranches of southern Texas, where the birds are protected not by loosely formed and unenforced game laws, but by the care of owners of large ranches, who would as soon think of exterminating their herds of cattle as of shooting more than the normal increase of game under their control. Here, at least, through the breeding season, the turkeys are not more wary than many of the other large birds, and as we surprised them in the half open mesquite woods along the Nueces River, would rarely fly, merely sneaking into the thickets, or, at most, running from us.

"The ranchmen say that the turkeys always select trees over water to roost in when possible, and no doubt they do it for protection in this region where foxes, coyotes and wildcats abound. On the edge of the flooded bottoms of the Nueces River they roosted in the partially submerged huisache trees. A loud gobble just at dusk led us to their cover, and crouching low to get the sky for a background, we could see the big forms coming in singly or in twos or threes, and hear the strong wing beats as they passed on to alight in the huisaches out in the water. When the noise of their wings and the rattling of branches had subsided, with a few gobbles from different quarters they settled down for the night. The next morning, as the darkness began to thin, and a light streak appeared in the east, a long, loud gobble broke the stillness, followed by gobble after gobble from awakening birds in different parts of the bottoms, and before it was half daylight the heavy whish-whish of big wings passed overhead, as the turkeys with strong, rapid flight took their way back to the higher ridges."

The systematic part of the book takes up about 475 pages, and this is followed by a few pages of a Field Color Key to genera of some of the common passerine birds. This will be found very useful to beginners who are not collectors and who have not access to collections of skins. It is a useful addition to the volume, which contains about 600 pages—xc + 512.

If the text of Mrs. Bailey's book is useful and attractive, no less so are the illustrations, which are scattered all through it with most liberal hand. There are thirty-three full page plates, by Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes; thirty-six full page plates in all, the other three being Dr. Merriam's zone map, the topography of a bird, and a very beautiful photograph of white-tailed ptarmigan. Besides this there are a very large number—over 600—of figures in the text, some of them heads of birds drawn by Mr. Fuertes, some photographs of bird skins, some outline drawings of structural features, by Miss Frederika Weiser. Besides this, certain publications of the Biological Survey, some periodicals, and the earlier works of the author contribute a few figures.

Mr. Fuertes is known, of course, as the first of American bird painters of the day, and of his plates and the heads of water birds especially, which so freely appear in the text, it need only be said that they are altogether admirable—though perhaps not all of equal quality. A very few of the smaller figures of skins in the text are so reduced by photography that they do not show very much. On the other hand, of most of the cuts it is fair to say that they are distinctly helpful to the text.

Of the volume as a whole, only good words can be spoken, and Mrs. Bailey, and those who have so admirably worked with her to produce so excellent and so useful a volume, are much to be congratulated on the result.

A Winged Chorus.

Time, three A. M. in the leafy month of June. Place, a Pullman sleeper in a wooded ravine on the top of the Alleghany Mountains. The audience, an occupant of an upper berth. A danger signal had been given up the tracks. The brakes were set tighter and tighter, the car became a turmoil of noises as the woodwork creaked as the brakeshoes gripped the wheels and racked the car from end to end. The confusion of noises from this putting on of the brakes culminated in one fierce crunch and grind as the train came to a dead stop. For a moment, just long enough to notice, but too short to measure, a dividing line of imaginary stillness followed the war of friction, when out of the silence came flooding in through the open car ventilators such a heavenly chorus as one may hear but once in a lifetime upon this earth.

From out of the sylvan depths on each side of the ravine came in upon the still, cool morning air the notes of a thousand feathered choristers, each singing his own pæan of praise, yet fitting into the great chorus like a single stone in a grand musical mosaic.

The woodland's leafy aisles of nature's cathedral echoed and re-echoed with the limpid notes of the thousands of feathered warblers, each vieing with the other in one melodious burst of Orphean harmony.

Like the swell of the ocean on a calm and peaceful day, the undulating melody gently rose and fell upon the ear of the listener. So perfectly blended were the notes of the tiny warblers with the gentle whispering of the forest leaves as they shed the dews of night upon the russet leaves below, that to distinguish any one particular bird was impossible. How long this chorus lasted I could not say, for I was the sleeper who had been suddenly awakened by the change from motion to rest. It may have been seconds, it may have been minutes that I enjoyed this feathered chorus, be this as it may; but when the signal of a clear track was given, the wheels turned, and, like a pleasing thought, the music passed into a memory, never to be forgotten as the cars again moved and closed the hearing to all but the breathing of the iron horse as it panted under its snake-like burden. It was a heavenly choir that once heard can never be forgotten.

Charles Cristadoro.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Doubting Didymus.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The world owes much to doubters; they are the touchstone of truth, but they should not doubt derisively.

In your issue of Dec. 20, your Chicago correspondent included in his usual batch of interesting items a statement made to him by his friend, Col. Bobo, concerning the occasional migrations of squirrels in myriads, that droves sometimes swam across the Mississippi, arriving so exhausted upon the opposite bank that they were picked up in quantities by the tail and flung into game bags; and doubting Didymus disbelieves the tale. Now a squirrel's tail is very plain, and it is a plain tale than shall put doubting Didymus down. He states in your issue of Jan. 3: "A man who manufactures stupid lies and palms them off on the public with intent to deceive is a sort of nuisance." What is to be said of a man who can't see the truth when it looms up before him like an office building? In reply, Mr. Hough stands to his guns, and in Forest and Stream of the 31st ult., Didymus explodes his skepticism once more and clamors for proof.

I am a man of peace, but not wishing that this controversy should enter upon an acute stage, I interpose amid the trumpetings and the snortings, the pawings and the dust, in the hope that a little spray from a perhaps acknowledged fountain of truth will cool heated tempers and lay that dust. I quote from Ernest Ingersoll's "Wild Neighbors"—page 15:

"Godman says that the gray coat was a fearful scourge to colonial farmers, and that Pennsylvania paid £8,000 in bounties for their scalps during 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district. In the early days of western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning to night, and vying as to which band should bring home the greater number of trophies, the quantities thus killed are almost incredible now.

"Out of those excessive multitudes grew the sudden and seemingly aimless migrations of innumerable hosts of squirrels, which justly excited wonder half a century ago. Thousands upon thousands of this species usually would suddenly appear in a locality, moving steadily in one direction. These migrations occurred only in warm weather, and at intervals of five years, and all that I have been able to find notes upon were headed eastward. Nothing stopped the column, which would press forward through forests, prairies and ploughed fields, over mountains and across broad rivers, such even as the Niagara, the Hudson and the Mississippi. This little creature hates the water and is a bad swimmer, paddling clumsily along with his whole body and tail submerged. A large part, therefore, would be drowned, and those which managed to reached the opposite shore were so weary that many could be caught by hand."

I myself have made notes upon squirrel migration, but they fail to show that uniformity of direction to which Mr. Ingersoll refers. For instance, in a migration at Baraboo, Wisconsin, three or four years ago, eight years had elapsed since the previous one, and the direction was south. It would be of much interest if information could be gained upon these points, the migrations are common and due observation would doubtless cast some light on the mystery. As is well known, this wandering fever periodically seizes all rodents. Rats will quit ships, barns, etc., in a body, and a few years ago a great drove was seen crossing the Thames at London, their movement being so orderly, so simultaneous, as to indicate intelligent oversight or direction. Rats have been known to swim various rivers, the lemming will swim till he dies or makes land, which he very often fails to do, various other rodents invite watery graves, and Mynheer squirrel, in his aquatic zeal, keeps up the traditions of the family.

A. H. Gouraud.

Squirrel Migrations.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am grieved at Didymus. He shows a most ungracious incredulity about those Mississippi-River-swimming-and-landing-all-tuckered-out-and-by-the-tail-picked-up squirrels as observed, described and attested by Bobo of bear fame. Now, I propose to do nothing less than to convince Didymus, and to do it so thoroughly that he will feel called upon to own up that he may have been hasty in questioning the Bobo story. I shall do this by simply overwhelming him with testimony taken *in extenso* and *non disputandum* from the Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio, Vol. IV., Zoology and Botany; Part I.—Zoology, published in 1882. The "Report on the Mammalia" is by A. W. Brayton, and on page 110-111 is given an account of some squirrel migrations which appear to me to bear out at least the plausibility of the Bobo story; and which—to adopt the formula of the writer who wants the editor to print a retraction, or he will know the reason why—"I must ask you to give the same prominence as that of the original article," to wit, that of Didymus.

Western Reserve.

From the Ohio Geological Survey.

The remarkable migrations performed at times by this species constitute a most interesting feature in their history. They congregate in the autumn in immense numbers, and move off in the same general direction, not turning aside for the largest streams, though usually averse to water. Dr. John A. Kennicott relates that during one of these migrations innumerable squirrels swam across the Niagara near Buffalo, New York, landing so exhausted as to be easily taken by hand or knocked down with sticks. Mr. Kennicott has the following notes in regard to these migrations:

"The reason for these migrations is not satisfactorily explained. That they are caused by want of food is hardly probable, as the squirrels are found to be fat at the time, and as often leave localities abound-

ing with food as otherwise. After one of these grand migrations, very few of the species are found in the localities from which they have moved, and these, as if alarmed at the unusual solitude, are silent and shy. They rapidly increase in numbers, however, and in a few years are as abundant as before. I am not aware that they ever migrate except when exceedingly abundant. Of these immense hordes but few probably survive. No sudden increase in their numbers was heard of in southern Wisconsin after the several migrations from northern Illinois. Many are drowned in attempting to cross streams; not a few are destroyed by man; some die from utter exhaustion, and when forced to travel in an unnatural manner, upon the ground, they fall an easy prey to rapacious birds and mammals, all of which feast when the squirrels migrate."

I learn from Dr. Hoy that one of these migrations is said to have taken place in 1842; he witnessed another in 1847, and a third in 1852. From these facts, and from observations made in Ohio and elsewhere, he is of the opinion that the migrations, in most cases at least, occur at intervals of five years; and if he be right, the squirrels, which are now exceedingly abundant again in southern Wisconsin, may be expected to migrate in the autumn of 1857* He further says that the migrations observed by him in southern Wisconsin occurred when the mast was exceedingly abundant and the squirrels in good condition. Near Racine they were observed passing southward in very large numbers for about two weeks, at the end of September and the beginning of October, and it was a month before all had passed. They moved along rather leisurely, stopping to feed in the fields, and upon the abundant nuts and acorns of the forests. So far had they departed from their accustomed habits that they were seen on the prairie, four or five miles from any timber; but even there, as usual, they disliked to travel on the ground, and ran along fences wherever it was possible.

* Since writing the above I have received the following letter from Dr. Hoy:

Racine, Wis., April 2, 1878.—Dear Sir: Black and gray squirrels did migrate in 1857, as predicted. Whether there is a precise interval between their migrations I will not pretend to state; yet they did migrate in this section in 1847, 1852, and 1857, since which they have become so scarce that I could not determine whether there was an attempt to migrate or not, as they are nearly exterminated now in this vicinity. In 1857 I knew one negro who stood by a tree, in an open space on the line of a fence, and shot over twenty in one afternoon. In other years one might stand at the same place six months and not see one individual.

Yours,
P. R. Hoy.

English Pheasants in New York.

The Utica Observer reports: English pheasants, for which there is closed season till 1905, are becoming a positive nuisance in the section round about Canandaigua. They have grown so numerous and so bold that they invade the barnyards and house with the fowls, and steal as much of the latter's feed as they can without being detected by the farmers, who are compelled to drive them off the premises. They roam the fields and woods this time of the year in large numbers, and, since food of which they are fond is scarce, they must needs find their way to the farm houses. They roost near the barns and have no fear of anyone or anything. They may even be seen searching for food alongside the highways in more unfrequented sections.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Hunting Along Simple Lines.

It often strikes one that we sportsmen put a wrong valuation on the joys of a well-stocked game country. We tell of our big bags, of our long strings, of a country that swarms with game, and forget the days of travel, the bother and expense of guides, the end of the trip before we have really gotten accustomed to the life. In the gluttony of our kill, we forget for the time that it is not meat that we are out for, not mere pleasure of destroying life, but for old Mother Nature, the excitement of the chase, the meeting of wariness in beast nature with the cunning of man and of conquering with our superior intelligence the less scientific but more experienced woodsmen and the *ferae naturae*.

Here the common experience that that which is most rare is most to be desired is forgotten, that when one's dog puts up birds right and left, or when one's guide is so skillful in his art that one has killed his whole allowance of deer and moose in one day, it is apt to cheapen the sport with one through sheer surfeit.

Some of the most delightful little hunting trips that I have ever enjoyed have been on some Saturday afternoon when I have stolen surreptitiously from my office with a rifle of small caliber, caught the trolley and been whirled off some ten miles into the country, where I have spent the afternoon in pursuit of gray squirrels.

No long days of preparation or of anticipation never realized. Clothed in a presentable, if somewhat worn, business suit, a small box of cartridges about the size of your match-safe in one pocket, your take-down rifle making a small brown-paper parcel, you pass for a suburbanite returning home for over Sunday, and you have nothing to fear but "cow lice" and perhaps a little mire to soil your attire in your afternoon in the woods.

Then there is that long-forgotten sensation surging exultantly in your breast—once more you are playing "hookey" and all the other boys and girls (your professional brethren) are slaving away at their desks, using up the gray matter and spoiling their tempers as they look out and see the glorious autumn day going to waste.

And then the end of the car line is reached; before you is the howling wilderness of the outlying country. You look about you and settle on the hill over there with its tall chestnuts and browning hickories for a place beloved of the squirrels. So you tramp up the grass-grown woodland path, drinking in the perfume of the forest and the clear upland air in large draughts. Insensibly you are affected by the scenery, although your eyes roam from right to left of the path in search of your furry victims to be.

Now you hear the piercing chirp of the chipmunk, bluejays scream discordantly about you, protesting your passage, and occasionally you hear the call of a quail.

You leave the path, after you are fairly in the woods (for along this most hunters will have gone), and strike off independently into a clump of cedars with here and there a glimmering white birch. Here there are no leaves and you steal along with the softness of a cat. The excitement of the chase, the glamour of the silent forest steal over you, you even feel a slight palpitation of the heart, and if your imagination be good your pleasure is commensurable with that of moose hunting. And then something catches your eye. You cannot tell what it is, or where, but instinctively you feel that somewhere eyes are fixed on you—and wild eyes. Then you are struck with the peculiar gray of that fallen cedar, near its up-rooted base, some fifty yards ahead of you. How like a—yes. *it is,* for you have seen the unmistakable bushy tail of the gray squirrel. You follow its flattened form, which seems the bark of the tree itself, to the beady eyes watching your every movement in fearful curiosity. Now that he knows you see him he will be off like a flash, for in this country there are more hunters than game, and the latter correspondingly wary, so you give him a shotgun sight and the rifle pings out. You have caught the squirrel through the shoulders as he was turning; he drops limply off the cedar. You are as proud as though he were a big buck. Indeed, he is a more difficult thing to hit at that. You pick him up with a smile of satisfaction and tuck his soft, plump body away in your coat pocket with visions of squirrel pie already stealing hungrily in upon you. Yes, you do feel rather cruel, heartless—like a huge bully—but then (you ask yourself) what easier death than this could one ask for? And then, too, the gray squirrel of these woods, as you know, is no easy prey to find and no easy mark for a rifle when found.

After having justified your aboriginal instincts, you make your way through the cedars to the taller chestnuts beyond. As you come out on the edge of these, some hundred yards or more away, you catch a glimpse of a dash of gray, darting along limbs, jumping from tree to tree in a fury to reach his hole before he is seen. Of course you blaze away—that is what you are out for—and equally as a matter of course you miss and the squirrel disappears into his inviting hole to stay there for an hour or two; so you leave him and tramp on slowly and watchfully. The leaves rustle loudly and the twigs crackle under foot; you feel that you might as well be announced to the squirrel by a brass band as far as getting near him is concerned. The woods appear to be deserted now and you stop to rest a moment. Before you rises a low, rock-strewn knoll where pines mingle with the chestnuts. There is something moving up there between you and the open sky, and again with a start of pleasurable excitement you recognize it as a squirrel. A good hundred yards you reckon it, and when the ring-sight circles it the little fellow is nearly hidden by the head, but he is seated on a limb now, so you take a long, careful aim and fairly let the trigger drift off. A second later you realize to your amazement that he is still there; you are so far away the report has not frightened him. You hurriedly screw the rear Lyman up a notch, shove another cartridge in and again take aim. This time, when the puff of smoke drifts away, the squirrel is gone, too. You run to the tree and there at its foot he is, a nut still between his teeth.

So you go on through the ripening afternoon, your pockets bulging on either side and your luck indifferent. Then walking along a prostrate forest monarch you, in turn, hear the erratic pattering of small, wild feet, and all afire you charge in the direction of the sound in the hope of running the little fellow up the wrong tree. But no, you see the bushy tail disappear in the tempting crotch, high up in a chestnut. Big? He is the largest thing in the squirrel line that has ever gone uncaught (which, by the way, are always the largest); so you decide to wait for him to come out. You select a large, fallen trunk with a limb branching out conveniently for a back, and sit waiting patiently the pleasure of his royal highness. The charm of the warm autumn afternoon steals upon you, the drowsiness of the silent woods soothes you; you lean the rifle against the trunk near at hand and lay your head back, and then——

When the cool of the twilight awakens you, you start up bewildered, and then, far up above you, you hear the staccatic bark of the squirrel who has been making the most of his shining hours as you slept. You take up the rifle softly and steal carefully around the tree, for you cannot see him here. Back you step, shunning all leaves and twigs until at last you place him, far up in a bunch of chestnut burrs. He is outlined sharply against the whitening sky, the Lyman sight fits around his head like a halo. Gently you press the trigger and something comes hurtling down through the foliage and lies still before you.

But now the afternoon is gone, your sport is done for the day. You tuck your rifle tenderly under your arm, for it has done good work to-day, and with loaded pockets make your way down through the darkening woods, the fresh air pumping into your lungs, a pleasant weariness in your limbs, and your tired brain rejuvenated and ready for another week's work, with a prospect of this recreation at its end.

Edwin C. Dickenson.

Fish and Game at the World's Fair.

St. Louis, Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have the pleasure of advising you that the building to be occupied by exhibits of the Fish and Game and Forestry Departments will be located on the Tesson Tract, immediately west of the grounds and buildings of the French Government. It will have a frontage of 600 feet on an avenue, by a width of 300 feet. Because of its commanding position all of its facades will be highly ornamented. It is a pleasure to be able to state further that great interest is being manifested in applying for space for displays in this building. Not only our own people, but many representatives of important foreign countries have already filed applications. Everything at present indicates a full participation in the competition for awards in 1904.

Tarleton H. Bean,
Chief Department of Fish and Game.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the bills referred to the Committee on Fish and Game is one to extend the right of search by deputies without a warrant in suspected places, except in private dwellings, for game illegally killed. Last year several members of the House declared they would not vote authority to search a man's domicile without a warrant. One of these was a member of the State Association, Hon. E. L. Osgood, now a member of the Senate. It is thought that it will stand a better chance in its present form.

Another bill before the committee makes fishing on Sunday, in salt water, legal. Another is designed to recuperate the lobster fisheries by prohibiting the taking of all those over 10½ inches in length, granting permission to take small lobsters of any length. This may please the lobster fishermen about Martha's Vineyard and in waters contiguous to Rhode Island, where there are none reaching the present legal requirement and have not been many for several years, if we may believe the testimony of the fishermen who have appeared before the committee from time to time from that quarter during the last five years.

Has not the experiment of taking all sizes and throwing back none been thoroughly tested in the waters of Rhode Island and Connecticut? Everybody knows what has been the result. Looking at the subject in the light of the experience of those States why should not Massachusetts do the same thing and thus hasten the day when there will be no lobsters caught of decent size in her waters? This would show everybody the necessity of a close season for a period of years. A law to be good for anything must be fairly easy of enforcement, either from its inherent nature or by its being in accord with public sentiment.

The difficulties of securing a complete enforcement of our present lobster law have, hitherto, been too great to be overcome. Some of the fishermen believe in it and live up to it. Many do neither. The same is true of the dealers, possibly of consumers. An absolute close season for a period of years seems to be the inevitable result of failure to regulate the catching by limiting the length. Some concerted action on the part of all the coast States of New England is demanded in order to perpetuate a supply of this crustacean, so much enjoyed by all good livers.

From Maine comes news that the gentlemen interested in the preservation of forests and the regulation of timber cutting would be willing to have a portion of the money to be derived from hunters' licenses to defray the expenses of that work. Who comes next? Do not all speak at once, for there may not be enough to go around. Already some Massachusetts sportsmen are making provision to secure hunting and fishing regions in Vermont and New Hampshire, where there still remains stretches of land abounding in streams and forests as attractive as those of Blue Mountain Park or even the northern wilderness of Maine, though not so extensive.

The following brief extract from the Boston Herald may interest some of your readers in the Pine Tree State:

"The hearings on the proposition to levy a big tax on non-resident hunters down in Maine has brought out the fact that game is decreasing down there and that this tax is needed to restrain the hunters. Also that game is constantly increasing there and that the proposed tax is neither wise nor generous. This evidence looks as if the question would have to be decided on its unrevealed merits."

Mistaken for a Caribou.

From New Brunswick comes news of another victim—this time a lumberman, who left his two companions in order to gather gum. Such carelessness, it seems to me, is no less than a crime, and deserves to be punished as such.

Among the witnesses who have given testimony before the special committee of the Legislature which has been investigating the condition of the coal trade in this State, is a well known sportsman and a vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Hon. C. M. Bryant, Mayor of Quincy.

In this case, as always, Mr. Bryant showed himself a man who is not afraid to speak his mind, and from his official position he possessed a knowledge of facts not familiar to the ordinary citizen.

Representative Wm. B. Phinney of Lynn, is one of that committee. Mr. Phinney was for several years the president of the Lynn Fish and Game Protective Association.

On Monday evening, Feb. 9, occurs the twelfth annual concert and ball of that club, which is always one of the events of the Shoe City, and is likely to do much toward replenishing the treasury.

Central.

North Carolina License.

Much interest is felt in the bill chartering the Audubon Society and protecting song and sea birds. The slaughter of the terns and gulls has practically exterminated them, but with protection they will again multiply. A man named Gould, in Dare county, is the one who slaughters birds for milliners' use. He hires men to shoot them. The shooting is largely done during the breeding season, "dust" shot being used. Of course the young birds, their parents killed, die in the nests, and the eggs decay. The committee has so amended the bill that it does not conflict with local laws regulating the killing of game birds. The law as to these is shamefully abused. Mr. W. W. Smith, of this city, during a recent trip to the Coast found that the people who shoot by "fire light," at night, were killing 50 or 60 ducks at a shot. These law breakers will be knocked out of their nefarious business by the game wardens provided for by the Audubon bill.—New Bern (N. C.) Journal.

Extradition for a Moose Killer.

Gov. Bates, of Maine, has granted extradition papers to the Maine authorities for the return to that State of Lawrence Mott, who was indicted by the grand jury in Washington county, Maine, for killing a cow and calf moose near Calais on September 12.

Montana Fish and Game Interests.

THE semi-annual report of the Montana State Game and Fish Warden, W. F. Scott, for the term from June to December, 1902, contains an amplification of the paper read by Mr. Scott before the Wardens' convention last summer, and printed in our columns, setting forth in an intelligent and convincing way the great value of fish and game as natural resources demanding efficient protection. Mr. Scott's summary of the work of his department for the first year is a testimony to his own earnestness and ability in office, and reflects credit upon him and upon the State. The report is profusely illustrated with pictures of Montana scenery, game country and dead game. We quote the warden's story of the work of the department:

Upon assuming the duties of this office on April 1, 1901, I had no easy task before me. The office had just been created by the Legislature, and as I had no predecessor's footprints to guide me, nor his records or system to go by, I had many obstacles to surmount which under any other conditions would not have existed. Nor were these the worst with which I had to contend, for I found a general ignorance and disregard of the game laws and public sentiment somewhat arrayed against me. The bill provided for the division of the State into game and fish districts, and for the appointment of not less than five nor more than eight deputies, one to be stationed in each district and whose salary should be $100 per month in full of all services and expenses incurred while traveling in their districts. The two questions, "districts" and "appointments," necessitated careful consideration and study, and consumed a great deal of time to settle them as nearly satisfactorily as possible, for while the law on its face seemed fair enough, the vast area of the State was in all probability overlooked. Thus, as the law read, the State, with its 146,850 square miles, made it necessary for me, even though I appointed the maximum number of deputies, to assign each an average district of 18,606 square miles, over which he must patrol and preside whenever needed or sent, receiving therefor, in full for all services and expenses the small sum of $100 per month. It is true, though, with all the above unsatisfactory conditions, I had nearly 1,000 applications for the eight appointments and several thousand letters of endorsement. This was probably due to the fact that they did not realize what work and traveling would be required of them, but those appointed are now fully aware of these conditions, for in a great many instances their allowance is almost taken up by traveling expenses, one deputy reporting that in one month he spent all but $9.40 of his salary for traveling. The deputies are not allowed the fees for the service of warrants, or mileage for themselves or prisoner when making arests as are sheriffs and constables, and in not a few instances they have been obliged to stand the expense of bringing a prisoner from some out of the way place.

There were many points considered in laying out the districts, but the principal points were, the amount of game in the section, the physical geography and the railroad facilities, thereby giving the easiest access to the greatest part of the district and assuring quick and efficient service from the district deputy as well as making his expenses as light as possible.

I made the districts as follows:

No. 1, Flathead and Teton counties.
No. 2, Choteau, Valley and Dawson counties.
No. 3, Missoula, Ravalli and Granite counties.
No. 4, Deer Lodge, Powell, and Lewis and Clarke counties.
No. 5, Meagher, Cascade and Fergus counties.
No. 6, Beaverhead, Madison, Silver Bow, and Jefferson counties.
No. 7, Gallatin Park, Sweet Grass and Broadwater counties.
No. 8, Carbon, Yellowstone, Rosebud and Custer counties.

I appointed the following gentlemen as Deputy State Game and Fish Wardens:

No. 1, J. H. Boucher, Altyn, Teton county.
No. 2, Taylor B. Greene, Malta, Valley county.
No. 3, A. E. Higgins, Missoula, Missoula county.
No. 4, Samuel Scott, Deer Lodge, Powell county.
No. 5, John H. Hall, Great Falls, Cascade county.
No. 6, Henry Avare, Butte, Silver Bow county.
No. 7, Henry Ferguson, Bozeman, Gallatin county.
No. 8, Thos. T. Thompson, Miles City, Custer county.

(Thos. T. Thompson, deputy for District No. 8, and located at Miles City, resigned on Sept. 18, 1901, and Charles L. Smith, of Billings, appointed in his stead.)

Since the creation of this office eighteen months ago more arrests and successful prosecutions for game violations have been made than in the whole previous history of this territory and State. The work of this office or the benefits derived therefrom can by no means be measured by the court's record alone. Much more has been done in the prevention of violations and the education of the people, of which no record or estimate can be made. Heretofore the game laws were considered dead letters, and public sentiment was against their enforcement, but it is most pleasant and gratifying for me to report the revolution that has taken place in the last year regarding this proposition, and that the people are now much in sympathy with the cause and are assisting us greatly in our work.

Through the hearty co-operation of Major John Pitcher, acting superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, much able assistance has been rendered me by his scouts. These men I have appointed as special deputies, to act without pay, and they have done much efficient work along the borders of the Park. I will call your attention here to the following letter:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, Yellowstone National Park, Yellowstone Park, Oct. 25, 1902.—Mr. W. F. Scott, State Game and Fish Warden, Helena, Montana: Dear Sir—I am greatly indebted to you for the prompt and thorough way in which you have at all times co-operated with me in our efforts to protect the game in the Yellowstone National Park. The results have been very satisfactory, and up to the present time I do not believe there has been a single case of poaching in the Park along the Montana line.

From the reports of parties who have been hunting and killing game outside of our line, and in accordance with the laws of your State, I am of the opinion that the game in the State of Montana is being well protected, a fact that all true sportsmen will be delighted to know.

I am glad to say that a very large majority of the people now living in the vicinity of the Park are beginning to take an interest in the matter of game protection, both in and out of the Park, and are also beginning to realize the fact that whatever work we may do in this line, is intended for their benefit, as no game can be killed in the Park, and the surplus all goes out into the neighboring States, where it can be hunted and killed in accordance with the laws of those States. Yours very truly,

JNO. PITCHER,
Major 6th Cavalry, Acting Superintendent.

It is marvelous what an effect a few successful prosecutions will have on a community which has heretofore borne the reputation of paying no attention to the game laws. In many cases the persons who respected the laws the least are now assisting us greatly in their enforcement.

The hide, head and market hunters have been practically driven out of the business by the enforcement of the laws, and the results are very evident at the present time. Large game has been more plentiful this season than in the 10 years last past. Deer and elk have been found in large numbers in places where they have not been seen for years. In many instances this season they have been killed within a few miles of town, and it is not unusual to hear of them being seen while driving along the country roads and in some cases even in the gardens close to the farmhouses. So numerous are they this year that almost every hunter who went out has returned with a good kill and reports game plentiful everywhere. Only a few days ago Miss Josie Talbott, a young society lady of Columbia Falls, killed a deer on the river bank in front of their beautiful residence. Mrs. G. H. Stoiber, of Silverton, Colorado, while on a hunt in this State last October, killed a fine bull elk and two brown bears, one a very large specimen. This lady also enjoys the distinction of being the first woman to take out a non-resident hunter's license in this State.

The bountiful supply of game this season can be

STATE WARDEN W. F. SCOTT.

directly attributed to the protection it has received by the rigid enforcement of the laws.

The greatest large game sections of the State are the extreme northwestern and southwestern parts, but more especially the former, as almost every species of native North American game is still to be found there. This section is composed of the whole of Flathead, portions of Teton, Powell and Lewis and Clarke counties. The other section is that which is adjacent to and borders on the National Park, and is made up of portions of Gallatin, Madison, Park, Sweet Grass and Carbon counties.

Both of these sections are sadly in need of more deputies to patrol them. One can do but very little of this work owing to the rough and unsettled conditions which compels the use of pack-horses and makes traveling slow and laborious. The other west and middle west counties have a very liberal allowance of big game, while in the eastern part of the State, along the Missouri River, in the breaks, is found the finest whitetailed deer shooting in the world. On the prairies of this section the remnant of antelope live and range.

Judging from the data gathered and reports received, the game which is protected at all times is rapidly increasing. This is especially true in regard to antelope and beaver. Antelope are becoming numerous in some sections of the State where they were almost extinct two years ago. We now hear of famillies of beaver everywhere, and in some instances they have had to be killed to protect property. Moose are often seen, and a caribou is occasionally found.

With quail and Chinese pheasant we are not so fortunate. These birds have been imported and turned loose year after year, but their propagation so far has proven anything but a success. It is true that in the State of Idaho, where the same climatic conditions seem to exist, they are becoming plentiful and doing well. There have been many theories advanced by people who have studied the question, one being that as they are both ground roosting birds, the ground vermin, so plentiful in this State, kill them off. Another, that the cover is too scant and the winters too severe, and in the case of the Chinese pheasant that a sudden change in the weather will often freeze him fast to the ground, thus holding him a prisoner until he is eaten or dies of starvation and exposure. It is claimed that in the Bitter Root Valley quail seem to be multiplying and that the notes of the Bob White are no uncommon sound in the early morning hours.

Of the game for which we have a lawful open season, all are plentiful and seem to be on the increase, with the exception of the Rocky Mountain goat. They, like the mountain sheep, are only found in the Rocky Mountains, and as they are permitted to be killed they are becoming very scarce. But still, in regard to these, we are very fortunate, as we undoubtedly have more than any other State. Elk are increasing and are gradually working back into their old haunts, which are still unsettled. I have been endeavoring to secure reliable reports of the number seen the last year, so as to make some estimate of the number still existing in the State. Taking the report of the Superintendent of the National Park into consideration, as well as those received from scouts, deputies and old mountaineers, I think twenty-five to thirty thousand would be a very conservative estimate to place thereon. Blacktail deer are no doubt multiplying, as more have been seen and killed this season than for many years past. They are being found quite numerous in sections which have been considered hunted out. The little whitetail deer, the most beautiful and graceful of all wild game animals is still found in large numbers along the bottoms and breaks of the Missouri River. They are also found in other sections, but not to any great extent. These I would consider holding their own, if not increasing.

Considering everything, our large game is doing nicely and with continued rigid enforcement of the laws will propagate and multiply. The laws relating to large game are very good, but can be improved upon greatly by a few slight alterations. I would suggest that the open season begin one month later, namely, October 1st; and, in regard to elk, if it be deemed necessary, continued one month longer, namely, until December 1st. These suggestions are made for the reason that the weather in September is usually so warm that it is impossible to keep the meat, and in most cases it spoils and no good use can be made of it. I would also recommend that the limit on deer and goat killed be made three instead of six, as the law now stands.

Our game birds, grouse, pheasants, prairie chickens and sage hens, have been very numerous this year. Not only is this true of sections, but seems to have been universal all over the State. Many reports have been received that grouse, pheasant and prairie chickens were being hunted and killed during the month of August, and on September 1st they were wild and unapproachable. This is due greatly to the fact that the open season for sage hens and turtle doves begins on the first day of August, one month earlier than for grouse, pheasant and prairie chickens. Thus a man who is seeking to break the laws can go out in August with his dog and gun without fear or suspicion, for he is always hunting "sage hens or doves." The man who is really and honestly hunting for sage hens or doves will often run into a flock or covey of the others, and, not being able in his excitement to control himself, will take a chance and kill them. Thus it is well to "lead us not into temptation," and this would be remedied to a great extent if the open season for sage hens and doves was fixed at September first, which would then make the open season for all birds and fowl open at the same time, greatly aiding in keeping the law-breaker in check, and giving the law-abiding hunter more consideration, and at the same time lessening the burdens of this office materially.

We are not so fortunate in regard to aquatic fowl, such as ducks, geese and brant. These are migratory birds, and as our State has a very small water area as compared with other States, the breeding grounds are less and inducements fewer for them to remain and rear their young. I believe even with these conditions that our duck shooting would be much better if the ducks and geese were not molested in the spring. As it is now, they are continually shot at from the time they first show themselves until they are driven out of the State. They are given no opportunity to remain and breed, even though they were so inclined. As an article of food they are not at all palatable. They arrive here after their long flight, poor, scrawny and tough, being nothing more than muscle and stringy sinews, good only for the purpose of being slaughtered for amusement, when, if allowed to remain, had they been so inclined, we would have a goodly number of native ducks in the fall. Who would not rather have one young, fat and tender native duck for eating than a dozen of those thin and emaciated creatures that come in the spring. A great many of the States have closed out spring shooting. Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, California and Utah are among the States that have done so, and they report great results. I would be glad to see this tried in our State, as I am sure it would result in giving us thousands of native ducks, where, under present conditions, we have practically none.

Fish.

While we have many laws for the protection of game, we have little or no protection for fish, and especially for our mountain trout. Farming is one of our greatest industries and resources, and its success is wholly dependent upon irrigation. The problem of fish protection is a hard one to solve satisfactorily to everybody. It is a matter of serious regret that no practical method has been adopted to prevent the great loss of trout which escape through the irrigating canals and ditches out on to the land, and perish, during irrigating season, other than the common wire mesh screen which clogs up and retards the flow of water in the spring and autumn when drift matter and leaves are brought down by the current of the stream.

It is to be hoped that in the near future some satisfactory contrivance may be invented which will not injure or work a hardship on the farmer, and at the same time put an end to this widespread destruction.

I have received hundreds of letters from all over the State on this subject, and have personally seen many examples of it.

Many people are under the erroneous impression that the old screen law is still in effect, but this was repealed by the Legislature of 1897. This law was of no practical value, as it required screens to be placed in the ditches from September 1 to March 1, at which time the fish were not running.

The law requiring fishways to be placed over all dams was passed in 1897, but was given little or no prominence until I came into office. There were few people who had any idea what one looked like, much less how one was made. After considering the merits of several kinds, I decided that the "Buck Fishway," adopted by the State of Minnesota, was the most simple and effective. I had printed copies of plans and specifications made for the construction, giving scaled drawings and cuts of the exterior and interior, and plain directions for making, so that any person, without being a carpenter, could construct one in a short time. These were made a part of the notices served on the owners of dams, and as a consequence practical fishways are now constructed over nearly every dam in the State.

The sawmills have been forced to desist from their old-time practice of dumping sawdust into the streams, and the waters are now clear of such debris.

Numerous complaints have been received by this office regarding pollution of streams with coal dust, washings, and other debris coming from coal mines. The situation is most serious on the upper Yellowstone River below Horr, and on Rocky Fork Creek below Red Lodge. There is no question that this practice has totally destroyed the fishing in these sections, and where the water has to be used for domestic purposes it is very disagreeable if not unhealthy, to say the least. Senate Bill No. 56 of the session of 1901 was no doubt intended to cover such cases as these, but it is so constructed that one section absolutely repealed the other, thus annulling the bill. It is to be hoped that this session of the Legislature will take some action in the matter that will remedy this state of affairs.

The most contemptible and despised violator with which we have to deal is the "dynamiter." I am sorry to say that many reports of this character have been received, and that while many of them no doubt are imaginary, nevertheless some of this work has been going on. We have been unable to convict the parties arrested, although in every instance we had a good case. As the offense is a felony, you must, to satisfy a jury, have an eye-witness, and in cases of this kind this is almost impossible. In committing this offense the person not only ruins the majority of the fish that he gets so that they are unfit for use, but he kills all the small fry, and destroys all the feed in the hole, so that the fish will seldom return to the place for years.

I took up the matter this fall of stocking the Missouri dam (Lake Sewell) with black bass. The yellow perch which were planted there a few years ago have thrived so marvelously that the bass, which usually prosper under the same conditions will, I am sure, do well in this place. Geo. H. Bowers, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, assures me that I will get a liberal allowance of bass for this purpose next year. These fish will not be fry, but fish from three to five inches in length. The U. S. fish hatchery at Bozeman, under the able supervision of Dr. Jas. A. Henshall, is accomplishing much toward the restocking of our streams, but as the station must supply several States, the demand made upon it is much greater than the output, consequently only a limited amount of its product can be used for this State. Three thousand fry from there were planted in the North Fork of the Sun River above the falls last month by the Augusta Chapter of the League of American Sportsmen. These fish were packed in forty miles on horseback and placed in waters where a fish was never known to exist, they having been unable to scale the falls. This is but a small number of fish, but it is expected that they will stock the hundreds of miles of beautiful waters in this section.

Much other planting has been done this and other years past in different sections of the State, and the fishing that we have to-day is principally due to this.

Montana with its thousands of miles of the very finest streams is greatly in need of a State hatchery. Most of the States have one or more such institutions. Of the Northwestern States, Washington has 15, Wyoming 2, Wisconsin 2, Minnesota 1. I am sure that a suitable site for such an institution would be donated by some public spirited sportsman; the cost of constructing the building would not be great, and only a small appropriation would be necessary for its maintenance.

The non-resident license law has been very generally obeyed, as near as I can ascertain, and in cases where it has not, we have had good success in apprehending the violators.

Many people seem to think this law unjust, but I believe it fair in every way. If the non-resident wishes to come here and hunt, and enjoy the privileges of killing our game, he should be made to contribute to the support of its protection and propagation. As the resident is taxed for this purpose, the visitor, who has no interest in the State other than hunting, should be made to pay also.

I regret to have to call your attention to the many accidents while hunting, caused by careless hunters. Montana has been very fortunate in the past in this regard, but this year we are not so lucky. So far this season four persons have been shot, being mistaken for game. So much of this criminal carelessness has happened in the last few years that Maine, Wisconsin and other States have passed laws making the shooting of human beings while hunting a penitentiary offence. I believe this a wise idea, as it would have the tendency to make the hunter be certain at what he is shooting. It would be well to have a law of this kind in our State.

Among the many hard propositions with which we have to deal is the "Indian question." I have made mention of this in my previous reports. They give us more trouble than any other class of people, and we are almost helpless in the matter. We receive hundreds of reports and letters about Indians killing game, many people thinking that our resident Indians have no right to hunt even in the open season; but in this idea they are wrong, as the Indian living upon a reservation in this State has just as much right to hunt at such times as a white man. In the case of the foreign or non-resident Indian we can convict him under the non-resident license law if we can catch him; this is very hard to do, for they are just sharp enough, if Crees, Piegans, Kootenais or other foreign Indians, to always be "Flatheads or Crows," when asked to what tribe they belong, and as they "are not branded" they all look alike.

I am glad to report that their depredations are becoming fewer each year. This is due to some extent to the influence of the different Indian Agents, who do all in their power to educate and inform their Indians in regard to the game laws, and make every effort to have them obeyed. The agents are many times blamed for the acts of the Indians under their charge when in fact they are powerless to prevent them in most cases. The Indian Agent has a few troubles of his own, of which the ordinary citizen has no conception, and it is well to take these things into consideration first before criticising the agent too severely.

It is to be hoped that in the near future some united action may be taken by all the States having Indians within their borders, whereby some solution may be had, and the Indian compelled to obey the game laws the same as other laws. The Government is spending millions of dollars to clothe and feed them, and there is no good excuse for the Indian to go out and slaughter the game as well as everything he finds running wild.

We have many "wild goose" chases that are the cause of a deputy making many long and expensive trips, only to find when he arrives at the place that the report is without foundation. Many people do not realize that the report they bring in is liable to send a man on a fruitless chase of a hundred miles and cause him a great deal of unnecessary expense. They are thoughtless in this respect, and do not stop to think before making these reports, whether there is any ground for making them; and in a great many cases they jump at conclusions that because there were depredations being committed last year, or year before, that it is going on now.

It is to be hoped that people will in the future be more careful in this respect. They should be sure that there is some evidence before being so positive when reporting these matters.

The man with a "grievance against his neighbor" is still in the land. We get letters from him each week, in which he wants us to arrest the man at once and put him in jail. When we sift the matter down we usually find that there has been trouble between them, and that he wants this department to help him get even.

It is well to mention here that on July 20 of this year there met with Major John Pitcher at Mammoth Hot Springs eight representatives of the Northwestern States, and organized the "National Association of Game and Fish Wardens and Commissioners," of which the following officers were elected: President, W. F. Scott, Montana; First Vice-President, Chas. W. Harris, Colorado; Second Vice-President, John Sharp, Utah; Secretary, H. G. Smith, Minnesota; member of Executive Board, Sam F. Fullerton, Minnesota.

The purpose of this organization is to promote co-operation between States, thereby assisting each other in the enforcement of the laws. A meeting will be held annually at Mammoth Hot Springs, the next meeting being June 20, 1903.

Through the courtesy of Major Pitcher the representatives were given a trip through the Park.

Deer Hounding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With all that has been said against hounding deer, and I appreciate that the weight of reason and evidence is against such a practice, my personal observation in many trips to the Maine woods has made me believe that if dogging could be properly controlled (which would be a mighty hard thing to do, I admit) it is unquestionably the must humane way in which to secure venison. Years ago, although the law against dogging deer was on Maine's statute books, it was not enforced, and was practically a dead letter. I venture to assert that in those days fewer wounded deer roamed the woods and suffered, often dying finally in secluded thickets and swamps—than do in these later days when the laws are more thoroughly administered. Many people claim that dogging deer is unsportsmanlike. For myself, I would much prefer to never hunt a deer rather than to wound one, even slightly, and have him escape to suffer and perhaps die. Although deer are game animals and run wild, when it comes to hurting them we ought to minimize their suffering, and if they must be killed, do it in the surest and most expeditious manner possible. Under the present laws, which are doubtless the most expedient in many ways, I know, for a fact, that many deer are wounded and suffer for hours and days before they finally die, after having escaped the hunters who inflicted their injuries. In my life I have seen something of dogging deer, and among the quite large number I have seen so hunted in days gone by I never knew of but one escaping after being first wounded, and that one was driven to water again within ten minutes and killed. Possibly the people I have seen dog deer were of a better stamp than the average sportsman, but I am certain those men were more than satisfied with one deer to a man, and never thought of trying to get all the game they possibly could during their stay in the woods. Indeed, these same men now visit the Maine woods annually, and are perfectly satisfied if they have one or two saddles of venison hanging up in camp, enough to supply the table for the party during their stay. These men have visited Maine annually for many years, and have perhaps got over the first enthusiasm which makes the average hunter want to shoot everything within a radius of fifty miles of his camp. But I venture to say that a large share of city sportsmen, who are regular visitants of the game regions, feel and act in much the same way. This dissertation is not made in the hope of influencing sentiment in favor of a law for dogging deer at all, but simply in the way of reminiscence and information. Doubtless a statute allowing the dogging of deer in Maine would be unwise, especially in relation to a large part of her own inhabitants, who have always, and do to this day, break the game laws of their own domain flagrantly and principally for the sake of pecuniary gain, selling most of their game to the market men of their cities. E. M. W.

Springfield, Mass.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Texas Edging Toward the Plank.

Jan. 30.—Texas is edging toward the Forest and Stream plank, and if she is not ready to stop the sale of game, is at least going to try to qualify its sale, and to limit the legal bag. The inordinate greed of market shooters and game hogs has caused the introduction of a very interesting game bill, which was offered yesterday at Austin by representatives Hudspeth, Sevier, Gray and Timon, and which stands a fair show of passage at this session. Barring a too liberal application of the old and pestiferous county exemption plea, this bill, if it should become a law, would do much toward regulating the practice which now threatens to destroy the game of the Lone Star State. It would be a rare vindication of this great commonwealth could she thus rebuke the carping and somewhat unrighteous North, which does not like to see a Texas man kill a duck, since that removes the duck from calculations of the Northern spring shooter. The text of the bill is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, that Sections 2, 5 and 6 of Chapter 149 of the general laws of Texas, passed by the twenty-fifth Legislature, approved May 27, 1897, be, and the same are, hereby amended so as to hereafter read as follows, to-wit:

Section 2. Whoever sells or offers for sale, or has in his possession for the purpose of sale, or whoever shall purchase or have in his possession after purchase, any wild deer or antelope killed in this State, or the carcass thereof, or the hide thereof, or the antlers thereof, or whoever shall sell or offer for sale, or have in his possession for the purpose of sale, or whoever shall or have in his possession after purchase, any of the game mentioned in Section 1 of this act, killed or taken within this State, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum, not less than $10 nor more than $100. Provided, That the sale and purchase of the game birds mentioned in Sec. 1 of this act, shall not be unlawful when such sale or purchase is made in the county where such game birds were taken or killed. Provided, That any person who shall kill more than twenty-five wild ducks, or twenty-five wild geese, or thirty quail, or thirty partridges in one day, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than $10 nor more than $100.

Sec. 5. It shall be unlawful for any person to kill, take or destroy any wild Mongolian or English pheasants, or antelope, or Rocky Mountain sheep, for the space of five years, next after this act takes effect, and any person violating the provisions hereof shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in any sum not less than $10, nor more than $100.

Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person to kill, ensnare or entrap, or in any way to destroy any wild deer in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of November in each year; Provided, That no one shall kill more than six wild deer in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of November and the 1st day of January of each year, or any wild turkeys in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of April and the 1st day of September in each year, or any prairie chickens (pinnated grouse) in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of August of each year, or any quail or partridges within the period of time embraced between the 15th day of March and the 1st day of October in each year; and it shall be unlawful for any person at any time to hunt deer or any game by the aid of what is commonly known as a hunting lamp or lantern, or any other light used for the purpose of hunting at night; and after the lapse of five years next after this act takes effect, it shall be unlawful for any person to kill, ensnare, entrap or in any way destroy any wild antelope in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of November in each year, or any Mongolian or English pheasants in the period of time embraced between the 1st day of February and the 1st day of August in each year, and the violation of any provision of this section shall be considered a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, the person offending shall be fined in any sum not less than $10 nor more than $100.

Market Shooting and the Law in Texas.

Mention has already been made in these columns of the movement on the part of Texas sportsmen to cut off altogether or to greatly limit the sale of ducks, and it has been explained that this movement is in part due to the feeling of resentment which exists regarding the big Moody canvasback reserve near Galveston. Additional facts in relation to this action, and new details regarding the history and operation of this now famous shooting preserve are to be found in a private letter received in San Antonio, and from an able and conservative sportsman resident in another Texas city, who has been instrumental in the inauguration of the Texas campaign, whose motto is "Stop the sale of game." If this motto shall finally prevail in Texas, the wisdom of the once derided slogan of the Forest and Stream will indeed be more than vindicated, and it will have carned a place among those examples of foresight which border upon prophecy. The letter of the gentleman mentioned follows in part below:

"There is one feature about the Moody Lake business which possibly is not generally known. When he got his patent he was one of a number who were endeavoring to get a patent for the purpose of making a game preserve in the strictest sense. Such men as E. S. Flint and N. Weekes were at the head of it, who would no more sell a duck than they would steal a hog. I say, upon the authority of these gentlemen Col. Moody was deputized to attend to the details about getting the patent. He did get it, through Gov. Hogg, who used to be a frequent visitor at the lake; and when he got the patent he repudiated the agreement with the gentlemen sportsmen, and at once added the pot-hunting industry to his various cotton and banking enterprises, excluding true sportsmen, and shipping such an amount of wild game every season as is almost incredible. Nobody knows exactly how much he ships, because the doings at Lake Surprise are kept as secret as possible.

"I hunted there late in the '70s, before Moody knew there was such a place, and know every foot of that country. The bottom of the lake is below the level of the bay near by, and of course it was the baldest falsehood to say that the lake could be drained; in fact, it was never the intention to drain it, or to do anything else with it than put it to its present uses, namely, to turn it into a slaughter pen for the destruction of game, nominally the property of the State.

"I was informed that in 1897, when the game law was passed, the proviso permitting Moody to kill and ship ducks North was inserted by means of his influence; in fact, the amount such influence cost was freely discussed on the streets here. I trust the Legislature this time can not be so influenced. He can well afford, however, to pay many thousands of dollars to keep the game laws in shape for him to destroy the wild

game of Texas. His son, W. L. Moody, Jr., is said to have stated that one year his income from the sale of ducks alone was over $6,000. I do not doubt it.

"Thinking you may have overlooked the notice of the late duck hunt of the John W. Gates party, I inclose clipping from a newspaper. You will bear in mind that the weather was not propitious at that time, consequently the slaughter was not as great as usual.

"The simple repeal of the proviso exempting ducks and geese from shipment and sale, putting them on the footing with other game, will destroy this pot-hunting industry. If the Legislature will do its duty this term and strike out that proviso from the game law, not only will it have a tendency to preserve the wild game, but one branch of industry of the millionaire pot-hunter and duck peddler will be cut off, and he will be obliged to seek a scanty livelihood hereafter by means of his experimental rice culture, his bank, his cotton press, his cotton factory business and his cotton dealings with country clients.

"I cannot directly prove the fact that 1,500 ducks were killed at one time and 1,756 at another. The evidence comes to me by hearsay. It was told on the streets that a member of his party reported the first number, namely 1,500, and an employe of his at the lake told me, in the presence of two others, that 1,756 ducks had been shipped from there the day previous. The newspaper report about the 400 killed by the Gates party speaks for itself. Judge Williams, of the Supreme Court, was a guest at the lake, and if report speaks truly was disappointed in not bringing away the ducks he killed, they being needed for export to the Northern markets. This, of course, I do not vouch for on personal knowledge."

It seems to be the unwritten law at Lake Surprise that any guest shooting there shall leave all his game. One Texas sportsman of considerable prominence, owner of his own yacht and proprietor of a considerable business at Houston, was once a guest at this place, and killed three or four dozen ducks to his own gun. He was stopping on his own boat, and asked one of the Moody hunters to send out to the boat a pair of canvasbacks. The birds did not come as specified, but in their stead a pair of inferior ducks, which did not please the gentleman. Complaining to the market hunter, he was advised by the latter that Mr. Moody had stated that he wanted the marketable birds left at the club house, since he thought that any man who had enjoyed the sport at Lake Surprise ought to be willing to let the owner have the products of his gun.

There is always more than one side to almost any question, and I do not doubt that there is some personal animus in much that has been written regarding this sequestration of the best ducking grounds of Texas. It is no doubt true that Col. Moody is hospitable and generous, and that he does not wholly entertain the attitude of a curmudgeon or cynic in regard to the privileges of this prolific shooting ground. Perhaps he acts according to his lights, and his lights may cause him to believe that the boundless killing and shipping of ducks is a commendable procedure upon his part. Perhaps he is one of those, and they are not a few, who think that the wild game of this great country is something which can never be exhausted, in short, that there will always be enough for all. Yet, after every excuse has been made for him, there seems no reason to doubt the truth of all these incidents related regarding him, or the accuracy of the figures given as to the extent of his market shooting operations. It is to be added also that there is an undoubted sentiment in Texas, and one rapidly growing, against him and his duck preserve. It is something more than mere personal pique which protests at high-handed appropriation of benefits which ought to belong to all, and at the persistent and unlimited violation of all those laws of restraint and moderation upon which the future of our American game depends. There are very many unpleasant details which might be made public regarding incidents at Lake Surprise, incidents of violence and lawlessness, of which, perhaps, the less said the better. All in all, the situation is one which is not pleasant to a large part of the sportsmanship of this State, and which may eventually be thought intolerable. It will be a matter very fortunately settled on all acounts if the Legislature of Texas shall cut this Gordian knot by shutting off the sale of ducks, and so leaving the millionaire market hunter high and dry on the banks of Lake Surprise.

Mr. John W. Gates, of Chicago, offered to buy Lake Surprise of Col. Moody during his visit the other week, but Col. Moody declined to entertain any sort of proposition. Mr. Gates has large business interests at Port Arthur, in eastern Texas.

San Antonio, Texas.

Michigan Game Laws.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 6.—The general stir up in the game laws of the State of Michigan goes merrily forward. It is singularly unfortunate that this grand State, so full of good shooting and fishing, should be so continually at the mercy of this juggling in the game laws. No sooner does Michigan get a good practical game law than there arises some element or other to break it down. No sooner does she get a good warden than there arises the political machine to oust him and put in his place someone else.

Much of this state of affairs can be gathered from comment in Michigan newspapers. A journal of Saginaw, Mich., contains the following communication from Mr. W. B. Mershon, who has always been very prominent in the work for good game laws and good protective principles in the State of Michigan. In his statement he makes the following remarks regarding politics in sport, remarks fully in line with the often expressed and concurrent belief of the Forest and Stream:

"I see by the Courier-Herald that the Game and Fish Protective Association indorsed Chas. L. Benjamin for State Game and Fish Warden. Now, I am a great admirer of Mr. Benjamin, and I think he is a clever and able fellow, but I want to strongly protest against the Association lending itself to politics in game protection. If the indorsement had been made with the provision that if a politician or someone without any experience is to be selected, then I would have heartily favored Mr. Benjamin, but I do think, as a game protective club, if it intends to be such, it ought to protest against making the office of game warden part of the political machine. It has been the custom for some time to use the office of State Game and Fish Warden as a reward for some political worker, without considering for one minute whether he is a naturalist or a sportsman, or knows anything about the habits of birds and animals of the fields and forests and fishes of the lakes and streams. I have done my utmost, and I believe it is the duty of every game protective enthusiast and true sportsman to use every effort to divorce the protection of game from politics and have it done on its merits and in a practical and thorough way. There is nothing the matter with our game and fish laws, but there is a lot the matter with the enforcement of them. You never will stop the violations of these laws as long as the State Game and Fish Warden is given to understand that he and his deputies owe their first duty to the party, to the Governor who made the appointment, and to see that his political fences are mended and that the machine is kept up in every county, village and hamlet where they can use their influence and then if they have any spare time devote it to game and fish protection.

"I say, if a thoroughly experienced man is not to be appointed, and if the Governor wants to recognize his political friends, then there is no one I would rather see have the office than Mr. Benjamin; but I do not believe our Fish and Game Protective Club should be made the tool of the politicians. The meeting was held at an unfortunate time, owing to so many other engagements of the members. I hope another meeting will be held soon, at which time the commercial fishermen will be present and state their wants, and see if the sportsmen cannot work together and help one another, and each be reasonable in their demands and work with the sole idea of prolonging the supply of game and fish."

Mr. Mershon also advances in proper circles the following suggestions as to a game law:

"I should like to see an open season made for rail, beginning September 20, letting it include plover. These birds all go at the first frost. I should like to see the 15 days they propose in December stricken out. More birds can be killed in December than in all the other time together, and we have got to protect and restrict the killing more and more every year, for our supply is diminishing.

"I approve of making the limit on trout 7 inches and not over 50 being taken in any one day, nor over 75 away from any one stream, though the Fish Commission advocate making that limit 50.

"Anything our legislators can do toward the enforcement of the law so as to make the game warden's office more effective will be a step in the right direction. I think we should co-operate with the commercial fishermen here as far as we can consistently do so and get their support, so as to do away with spring shooting entirely.

"A non-resident coming here and shooting deer, if he pays a license, should be allowed to take one deer home with him. If they come here to shoot our birds, they should take out a license, not less than $10 nor over $25, for the season, though probably $10 or $15 would be enough, and they should be allowed to take home with them when they go not to exceed one-half dozen partridges or 20 quail. I should like to see a license on non-resident fishermen and allow them to take out of the State not to exceed 25 or 30 brook trout, all properly taken, if it can be legally done.

"Above all things, I am opposed to the marketing of game. If the farmer will compare the prices of poultry now with what they were when game was in market, he will see his poultry brings him more money. The cry that the game is protected for a favored few is nonsense, for everyone has a right to take game legally and also a right to give it away to friends. Throw it open to market hunters, and there would be no game in a couple of years, and no one excepting the residents of large cities, who could pay a fancy price for it, would get it, and it would largely be smuggled out of the State for the New York and other high-priced markets. Detroit would get a share of it, and farmers would get no more, if as much, as they do now, and in two years no one would have any."

There is good sound sense in those closing words.

It is very much to be hoped that something will be done toward restricting the catches of trout on the upper Michigan streams. Some of these streams are wonderfully prolific and are beautiful angling streams as well. But neither they nor any other water of any size can withstand such drains as catches of 1,000, 1,500 or 2,000 trout to the party. The best posted anglers and guides along the Au Sable river admit that the salvation of the Au Sable and its tributaries is the 50-fish, 8-inch limit. This same law extended to every stream in Michigan would work wholly for the good of the best interests of angling.

E. Hough.

126 Hartford Building, Chicago.

A THANKSGIVING BAG.

A Thanksgiving Bag.

To those of us who are not too old or too young to recall our boyhood days, the accompanying illustration will appeal with a peculiar warmth, carrying us back to the long single-barrel of grandpap's, the first cotton-tail, gray squirrel or chipmunk, to frosty mornings down along the "spring" back of the old crib house with Neezer—him of no breed at all, just a dog, one that would go under the ice after a muskrat, run a rabbit, tree a squirrel, help find a dead bird or mind cows—just a dog—just a boy, both full of the love of hunt, when we, too, could pose in pride oblivious to the camera and the world, only looking for more.

Many of us come by our love for nature and those things which a modern ingenuity has contrived to simplify the taking of game by inheritance to a degree that, should we have had the "selection of an ancestry" we couldn't have done better. I have heard it said "that the sportsman is born, not made," and surely observation would indicate that this well worn saying is largely true.

By comparison, those days that are gone, but not beyond recall, look as though they might have been dull, but they were not. The boy of then and the boy of now are the same. Fred's sensations as he sits beneath that string of brant and ducks, are sweetly natural and true to nature, and "he looks the part."

It happened at Chadwick's, on Barnegat Bay, on Thanksgiving Day, that Mr. W. E. Ross and his son Fred, of Elizabeth, N. J., accompanied by Mr. E. W. Brown, endured the hardships of a genuine fireside (only) weather in their sharpies, waiting for a flight that it seemed never would come. Even the guide had retired from on watch, when the welcome honk, honk, honk of the goose broke upon the ears of the watchers in broken snatches, wind tossed and discordant, and a flock of geese decoyed. To six barrels five geese fell, and to this youth of seventeen belongs the credit of a pair. With Fourth of July weather now in their hearts they still watched and bagged thirteen ducks ere the sun had kissed the west.

Fred comes by his gun instincts by absolute inheritance. What he has to learn about the use of the gun can easily be taught him by his father, and what is lacking there can be found just around the corner at his Uncle Charlie's. These five geese weighed 68 pounds.

T. E. Batten.

Paris Green and Game Birds.

Orient Point, N. Y., Feb. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week Dr. Morton Grinnell stated that a dead quail's stomach had been found to contain "101 potato bugs" by Prof. Atwater. No wonder that quail died. Ten years ago I found a dead partridge lying in the grass within a few feet of a potato field which had been thoroughly sprinkled with paris green a few days before. This is the only partridge I ever saw in this village (dead or alive), with the exception of those brought here by our hunters who have visited and hunted outside of our village limits. I have no doubt that the partridge I found dead gorged itself with bugs which had previously gorged themselves with paris green.

Uncle Dan.

Staten Island Enlisted for the War.

PORT RICHMOND, Feb. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When I returned from a trip "up the State" and took up FOREST AND STREAM I was pained to see that a mildly satirical finger had been pointed at some of my metaphors contained in a "War-Cry" against game legislation—of a kind.

Phosphorescent fossils have been remarked and "coruscate" is "to shine."

Pshaw! Why stick on a mixed metaphor or two?

Don't try to turn our gaze away from the main point by carping at a little cross-eyed diction.

Take your eyes for a moment from your study of "The Perfect Letter-Writer" and look at little old Staten Island. With little game and less incentive to protect it than any county in the State, it has a live protective association, and our Assemblyman will present for passage eight bills which will secure protection for our game.

We pay our money and we give our time, and that means something when quail for propagating are forty cents apiece and a buckwheat crop has to be raised specially for their sustenance.

No, my dear Mr. Editor, you cannot distract our attention by criticising the lameness of our diction, when our discourse is otherwise sound.

We are for Game Protection and Game—and mighty little of the latter do we see either afield or on platters at national, State, local or private protective association dinners.

It is seldom that Staten Island howls for herself, but once in a while she has just got to, and she deserves the chance and an audience, for while others are "going through the motions" we are working. WAR-CRY.

Ticonderoga Gun Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Third Annual Planked Shad Dinner of the Ticonderoga Gun Club, Incorporated, K. W. Y. A. A., will be held in the Colonial Banquet Hall of the Yale Club, No. 30 West Forty-fourth street, New York City, at 7:30 sharp on the evening of March 6, Friday, the last week of the Sportsmen's Show. This active organization of city and country sportsmen residing at Ticonderoga and in the large cities, and having grounds at Eagle Lake, in the land of Cooper's Natty Bumpo and Uncas, as well as Israel Putnam, Rogers and other sportsmen and soldiers, will discuss some needed legislation relative to hunting and game preservation based upon the recent experiences of various of its members who have hunted in Essex county. All of the twelve hundred or so enrolled members of the K. W. Y. A. A. (Know What You Aim At), a voluntary association composed of very many hunters, guides and city sportsmen, will be welcome, and several guides have promised to be present at the dinner and give their views. The dinner will cost $1.25 without wine. A good time is expected. Further particulars and tickets from Peter Flint, Secretary, 150 Nassau street, Room 2012, New York City; or Paris Scott Russell, Treasurer, Hanover Bank Building, Nassau and Pine streets, New York City.

We are pretty glad that owing to the steady words of caution reiterated by the press and by the work of our Association the number of persons who lost their lives in the Adirondacks while hunting deer last season was only three, and of these two were woodsmen or farmers. Only one death resulted from city carelessness. This is comforting and true. PETER FLINT.

New Brunswick Visitors Get their Game.

CHATHAM, New Brunswick. — *Editor Forest and Stream:* I was reported by quite a number of prominent newspapers of both the Upper and Maritime Provinces of Canada as having said at the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in Ottawa, when referring to this Province: "The game and fish laws of that Province are holding their own; big game are decidedly increasing, although sportsmen seldom secure the coveted moose and caribou heads."

What I really said was this: "There is an undoubted increase of big game animals—particularly of moose and caribou. The sportsmen of both the United States and Great Britain are finding their way into our Province in larger numbers each succeeding season, and it is a rare thing for any hunter to fail in securing the coveted heads. If he does so, it is, in nine cases out of ten, not the fault of his guide, or of the game he fails to bring down."

You will perceive that the synopsis of what I said, as it appeared in the papers referred to, did New Brunswick a great injustice, to say nothing of the awkward position in which it placed me, as speaking for it at the time in regard to its wonderful game attractions, in which it is our pride that we stand second to no other part of Canada.

If you will assist in correcting the error to which I refer I will be grateful.

D. G. SMITH,
Fishery Commissioner of the Province of New Brunswick.

A Cougar Fight.

THE Northwest has probably furnished more cougar fights and encounters with wild animals than any other part of the United States. A successful cougar fight is never a dull reminiscence, particularly when a human being gets his cougar. James McGinnis, who came from the Red River in northwest Canada, to the wilds of Cow Creek in southern Oregon, a few years back, had a very interesting cougar fight in the Cascade Mountains. McGinnis was an experienced hunter. He is of Scotch and Canadian stock and raised on the frontier and is now living on the south half of the Colville Indian Reservation in Washington. In his days of vigorous manhood he was a large, muscular, powerful man about six feet tall and weighed about 175 pounds, without carrying much fatty tissue.

Shortly before his encounter with this cougar he had been thrown from a wild horse that he was breaking and received some injuries which required some medical treatment. To secure his medicine, he had to travel perhaps five or six miles to the doctor. On his first trip he noticed many cougar signs along the trail which he had to travel. On his second visit to the drug store he concluded to carry his rifle, and, well for him that he did, or he should not now be living to tell about his cougar battle, nor would he be able to show in evidence the four long cougar teeth taken from the mouth of his vanquished wild antagonist. McGinnis' faithful old dog also was along and was no small factor in the final struggle. The cougar first attacked the dog, which made its escape in considerable terror. The savage brute then jumped at McGinnis, whose big rifle was rather heavy and his aim was rather hurried. In this way the bullet only grazed the cougar's head and intensified its rage. While McGinnis was endeavoring to eject the spent cartridge, the mechanism of the rifle failed to work and before he could get it out the big cougar was at close quarters with him, tearing his clothes and clawing away at him. By a well directed blow of his fist under the jaw of the cougar he succeeded in turning the animal away from him a little way, and at this juncture of affairs the old dog, which Mac was lustily calling, had recovered his courage and got a hold of the cougar by the ear, and then they had some diversion of their own. While the dog and cougar were engaged the hunter managed to get another cartridge in his rifle, and by the time the beast had disposed of the faithful old dog he again attacked McGinnis. So enraged was the cougar that it came right up with its mouth open and so closely that McGinnis shoved the rifle barrel into its mouth and blew its head off. The cougar, in biting the rifle, took the silver bead off the barrel. The animal was an old female and measured eight feet from tip to tip. Mac has the four cougar tearing teeth as trophies of his very serious but victorious encounter with a bad and hungry cougar. A. M.

MYERS FALLS, N. W.

Detroit Sportsmen's Show.

AMONG the prominent exhibitors at the Sportsman's Show now being held here are the following firms: Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Parker Bros., Savage Arms Co., Lefever Arms Co., Fletcher Hardware Co., Peters Cartridge Co., W. L. Marble, Truscott Launch Co., Hartford Rubber Co., Fisk Rubber Co., Michigan Steel Boat Co., Twentieth Century Co., U. M. C. Co., Detroit Canoe & Oar Works, B. F. Goodrich Co., Diamond Rubber Co., A. J. Reach & Co., Smith Trading Post Co., Veeder Manufacturing Co., Bridgeport Gun Implement Co., New Departure Bell Co., R. & F. Corbin, Farrand Organ Co., Grinnell Bros.

The gallery is reserved for the use of the first annual bench show to be given in connection with the sportsmen's exhibition. T. E. B.

DETROIT, Feb. 8.

A Large Adirondack Buck.

FOREST, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.—Albany, N. Y., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers may be interested in a report which has come to this office relative to the killing of an unusually large deer. The animal, which weighed 415 pounds, was shot by William Coulter at Johnsburg, N. Y. Inquiries made by this office have resulted in letters from several reputable residents of the locality who will attest the fact that the deer weighed as stated, and further say that it was the largest they have ever seen.

JOHN D. WHISH, Secretary.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Stocking of Inland Waters with Black Bass.

BY S. T. BASTEDO.

A paper read before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

THIS is a subject which I must treat chiefly by the aid of such light as I have obtained in the discharge of my official duties, rather than as the result of special observation and investigation otherwise; and my paper will therefore of necessity be more a relation of the work as it has been conducted in this Province than a treatment of the question from a technical or scientific standpoint.

The work of re-stocking the inland waters of Ontario with black bass on an extensive scale is of but recent origin. It is recorded that bass were transplanted by the Dominion Government as long ago as 1873, and have been transplanted at irregular intervals since; but the instances are few, and the work does not seem to have been prosecuted to any considerable extent or with any special vigor, for only incidental references are made to it in the official reports. It appears to have been treated merely as an incident of what presumably was considered more important, or at least more necessary, work, the propagation of the greater food fishes—the trout and whitefish. The Provincial Government, while the dispute with the Dominion Government as to the ownership of the fisheries remained unsettled, probably felt a difficulty in doing more than grant pecuniary aid to localities which were undertaking a little stocking on their own account. But, be this as it may, no systematized or organized plan was inaugurated or carried into execution by the Province until the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England had decided that the fisheries were the property of the Province, and the Province had assumed the duties which the committee determined belonged to it, and had organized a department. The fact was at once appreciated by the Ontario Government that our inland waters could be made a fruitful and lasting source of profit and pleasure to our people if good fishing could be established and maintained therein, and that it was manifestly a public duty to put forth every effort for the accomplishment of that great end, and as speedily as possible. Most, if not all, of the inland lakes and rivers of Ontario are well adapted to the black bass. It is well known that, given a fair chance, a few pair will in a short time populate the waters in which they are placed, their fecundity being great, and their habit of protecting their young insuring them immunity to a great extent from the depredations of other fish; consequently a relatively large number reach maturity; they will thrive under conditions where the brook trout could not exist, and in water of a much higher temperature; and they can be successfully introduced into waters in which they are not indigenous. These, and other reasons, seemed to indicate the black bass to be the ideal fish with which to re-stock our waters; and the most practical, successful and speedy means of accomplishing this, having regard to the success which had signalized the work already referred to, to transplant the parent fish. Many lakes in the sparsely settled districts are already naturally well stocked, and it was suggested that these waters migh be drawn upon for stocking waters which had become more or less depleted in the older and settled portions. But such a policy was open to objection, because these lakes would in turn, it might reasonably be expected, soon themselves become popular as a resort for anglers and tourists. Besides, they were so difficult of access, and so far from railway communication that the primitive means of transportation which would have to be adopted would be tedious and expensive, and accompanied by so much loss as to make it impossible to enter upon the work as extensively and as economically as would be desirable and necessary to meet the demand which was known to exist. The department therefore felt that such a plan could not be entertained—that the fish would have to be obtained from waters where a minimum of opposition would be raised to their removal, where they could be obtained in large numbers, and convenient to railway points. Such points having been located upon one or more of our great lakes, the next matter to be considered was that of rapid transportation. The Province was not yet prepared to build a car for the purpose, and therefore the Government approached the railways, which it was thought would be interested in the work, with a view to obtaining their active co-operation to the extent of fitting up and placing at the disposal of the department a car for the purpose of carrying the fish, bearing in mind that in some of the States the railways had co-operated in that way. A well-known passenger agent has observed: "What would the interior travel amount to if no effort was made to keep up the supply of fish and game? It is not to be supposed for an instant that persons are going to our interior just to see what the rivers and lakes look like. It is, of course, for the pleasure derived in the way of sport incident to the catching of fish and the hunting of game." It was not suggested that a car on anything like so elaborate a scale as some of the United States fish cars should be provided, but merely that a superannuated passenger or express coach should be adapted for the purpose. Ultimately it was found that a greater part of the work, or that which, in the opinion of the department, should first be done, was at points to be reached by the Grand Trunk Railway, and therefore the matter of the construction of the car was thoroughly gone into with representatives of that road. Their willingness to co-operate was graciously and readily expressed, a plan was prepared, and the car was equipped. Originally a first-class passenger coach, it is divided into sections, with a passageway down the middle. A double door in the center on either side is provided for convenience in loading and unloading, taking on ice, etc. There are ten tanks, besides two compartments for ice. The tanks are lined with heavy galvanized iron, and are so constructed that the water may freely circulate from one tank to the other. The car is charged from a railway hydrant or tank en route. At one end of the car is a double lower and upper berth, a lavatory and a compartment for storing the various utensils in use. The fish are taken by seines and in pound nets under contract, which provides that they be delivered on the car. The Government pays for the catching and loading of the fish, the railway company furnish the car and practically free transportation, and the fish are distributed at the point of destination by interested parties under the supervision of the Government overseers. During the first season (1901) in a few weeks' time nearly 10,000 adult bass ranging from 12 to 20 inches in length were deposited in some 18 different lakes and rivers, a greater number than had theretofore been introduced in the Province's whole history. The bulk of these fish were deposited before they had spawned that year.

The main essentials to successful transportation are (1) healthy and vigorous stock, and (2) unceasing attention while in transit. The water should be changed as often as possible, kept at a proper temperature, and frequently oxygenated. The latter is done by means of a hand pump. Our attendant in charge of the car has been much interested in and most devoted to the work. The success of our operations so far may be characterized as almost phenomenal. The fish have been transported in some cases nearly 400 miles; 850 was the largest number carried at any one time, with a loss of only ten per cent; 720 were carried 225 miles with a loss of not more than two per cent. Of course, without the car we should have been unable to pursue the work with anything like the success that has attended it. Where the car has been hauled over other systems than the G. T. R., this has been done gratuitously, and at times special service has been furnished.

The most convenient way to distribute the fish where there is a steamboat plying on the lake or waters to be stocked we have found to be from a scow towed alongside the steamboat. Upon the scow are placed a sufficient number of tanks or barrels to conveniently hold the fish without crowding. Flat bottomed boats, where these can be obtained, answer admirably. For carrying fish ordinary washtubs (new of course) are considered much better than cans or pails, as more can be carried at a time. A few inches of water should be placed in the tub. In transferring the bass to the water, we place a dozen or so, as may be desired, in the tub and dump them quickly but carefully at suitable spots. This plan we find preferable to depositing with dip nets, as the fish are not so likely to become separated. We know the parental instinct is very strongly developed in the bass, and why not the social habit and other domestic qualities also?

Discretion is of course exercised in regard to the waters which are being stocked. The department has been criticised somewhat for placing bass in a certain lake which

at one time had been inhabited by speckled trout, on the ground that it should have been re-stocked with trout instead of bass, or the trout remaining therein given the protection which would have resulted in their increase in due time. The waters referred to are waters which are being extensively visited by holiday makers. They are clamoring for fish. The residents desired that we stock with fish that would re-establish themselves in the shortest possible time, and afford sport during July and August. They said: "There may be trout in the lake, but we cannot get them; we want a fish that will bite during July and August, otherwise people will not come here; let us have bass." The council of the municipality unanimously appropriated a sum to assist in the work, realizing its importance; and bass were accordingly put in.

Of course we do not approve of putting bass into streams or small bodies of water which are inhabited by brook trout, or into waters where there would be a possibility, however remote, of restoring the trout fishing; but in large bodies of water several hundred acres in extent, in which the trout are practically exterminated, and which we wish to stock with the greatest possible expedition, I claim that bass are the proper fish. The opponents of bass may also be too apprehensive with regard to the effect on trout which the stocking of large bodies of water with bass will have. Henshall, in his "More About the Black Bass," says: "The black bass gets the best of other game fish, not by devouring the fishes themselves, but by devouring their food. For this reason, more than any other, they should not be introduced into the same waters with brook trout." On this point I should like to mention that I am acquainted with a gentleman who has a fishing preserve in Muskoka, in which he tells me he has trout and bass, and that they are thriving equally well; that the trout are not holding their own, but are increasing rapidly. He showed me last season three trout taken in his preserve which measured 19¾, 19½ and 18¾ inches respectively, the largest of which weighed three pounds. He had frequently, he said, opened bass to ascertain upon what they were feeding, and had never in a single instance found a trout. The food consisted principally of crawfish, minnows and perch, which abound in these waters. The preserve comprises 500 acres. There are no screens to prevent the trout and bass from intermingling. I have also been told that in some of the lakes along the St. John Railway in Quebec bass and brook trout have naturally and always co-existed.

There are some who look with contempt upon the black bass as a game fish. Indeed, I remember hearing a delegate at the Montreal meeting say that a man would not be seen going up a back street in his country with a string of bass. There are many, however, who consider the bass quite the peer of the brook trout. Henshall speaks of the salmon as a king, the brook trout as a courtier, and the black bass "in his wirescent cuirass and spring crest as a doughty warrior whose prowess none can gainsay. He is plucky, game, brave and unyielding to the last when hooked. He has the arrowy rush and vigor of the trout, the untiring strength and bold leap of the salmon, while he has a system of fighting tactics peculiarly his own. He will rise to the artificial fly as readily as the salmon or the brook trout under the same conditions. I consider him, inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims. The royal salmon and the lordly trout must yield the palm to a black bass of equal weight."

Parker Gilmore, an English authority, whose writings appear over the nom de plume of "Ubique," and whose statements on sporting subjects are received everywhere without question, has this to say of the black bass: "I fear it will be almost heresy to place the black bass on a par with the trout, but I am bold and will go further. I consider he is the superior of the two. He is equally good as an article of food, is much stronger, and is untiring in his efforts to escape when hooked." Many other recognized authorities might be quoted to the same effect.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to discuss the relative merits of the trout and bass as game fish. I have myself been a bass fisherman for many years, and I have enjoyed to the full the exciting sport it has always afforded, for in our cold waters the bass are most active and vigorous. I have also whipped the far-famed Nepigon, which many have declared, and properly so, to be the finest trout stream in the world; and I should not like to say that the black blass is the peer of the trout as found in the Nepigon. But I think I have supplied testimony sufficient to satisfy the most exacting sportsman that if the waters of Ontario are not being stocked with the gamiest of fresh water fishes, we are introducing the next best, and certainly one which none can honestly despise; and the only one, I may say, which under existing conditions we are able to utilize, as the Government has at present no brook trout hatcheries and no resources upon which we can draw for trout.

I shall not attempt either to discuss in detail what appear to me to be the relative advantages and disadvantages of stocking in the manner which we have been adopting and that of pond culture and the introduction of the fry. Each no doubt has its advantages in some respects, and each its drawbacks. Indeed, I think that better results could be attained where practicable by a combination of the two. Especially would this be so in the case of small lakes and rivers where a full carload would not be required, and to which a can of fry could be readily dispatched, and there are a great many such places in this Province. The work could probably also be carried on to a later period. But it is gratifying to us to know that the success of transplanting the parent fish has been demonstrated wherever they have been introduced. As I have already intimated, lakes which were stocked some few years before a department was established, now afford excellent fishing; and those into which bass have since been introduced are said by our officers to be literally swarming with the young of these fish. But pond culture would appear to be yet in the experimental stage, judging by the reports of States which are propagating in that way, and I have therefore refrained from recommending any appropriation for the construction of ponds until the results of pond culture appear more certain. Michigan, I suppose, has more nearly solved the difficulty than any other State. But even from that State I have a communication in which the writer says he has for 20 years or more given the black bass considerable attention, and that the result of his own experiment, and what he can learn from others, is that he is "not enthusiastic on the subject of raising black bass for stocking other waters for many reasons, one of them being that a given number of adult fish will not produce one half as many fry in artificial ponds as in the wild state. They spawn too late in season in the artificial ponds to be of any use. The fry must be planted before they are properly weaned, or as soon as they begin to eat, as the young bass do not take kindly to liver or other artificial food, as in the case of brook trout. There are many other reasons equally good on which to base the statement that all that has been accomplished in the experiments is to demonstrate the necessity of giving the black bass the necessary protection during the spawning season. I firmly believe that Dame Nature has done about everything that can be done for them."

In lieu of the construction of ponds, I have thought of recommending the experiment of screening off small areas at appropriate points on the shores of lakes which we are desirous of stocking, and placing therein a few breeders. The fish would then spawn naturally and without disturbance, the parent fish could be removed when desired, and the fry when old enough could swim out into the lake. The mesh of the screen could be fine enough to prevent the encroachment of other fish, and strong enough to withstand the force of the sea. The cost would be a mere bagatelle. At the end of the season the screens could be packed away for use again. An almost unlimited number of pens could be so erected. I have never heard of the experiment being tried, and I should like to hear an expression of opinion as to the idea.

I do not know that I need relate to a gathering such as this the manifest benefits which will accrue to the whole community from having our inland waters well stocked with fish. It goes without saying that every dollar spent in the work will be returned to the people manifold by the thousands of persons whom good fishing will attract.

The recently inaugurated work has been confined to those waters where tourists have congregated in largest numbers, and where the drain has been heaviest, but it may be extended until all our suitable waters are in a condition to afford the greatest amount of pleasure to the angler. This, of course, cannot be accomplished without an active public sentiment to uphold the department in requiring a strict observance of our laws. To promote the creation of such a sentiment, we have encouraged the formation of anglers' associations, as it is believed that these may exercise a potent influence in that direction. But our legislation prohibiting the taking of bass with nets, and their sale, will no doubt prove the most effective safeguard for their preservation. It has greatly removed the incentive to take the fish illegally.

Caviar.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The suggestion contained in your editorial of January 24, that our declining caviar industry may, in a measure, be revived by a resort to fish roes other than the sturgeon's, impresses me as being of such value that I am impelled to crave space for its fuller discussion. The third volume of a publication entitled "Industries of Russia," printed and published at St. Petersburg, states that the total exports of Russian caviar for 1891 were 208,865 pouds, of which only 29,699 were of sturgeon caviar. In the Ural fishery the amounts of sturgeon caviar and that of other fish produced in 1890 were nearly the same, but in 1900 were greatly disproportioned, the sturgeon output being but six per cent. of the whole, or 6,060 pouds out of 100,309, the poud being 36¼ pounds. The Baltic product in 1891 was 750 pouds, of which 500 was salmon caviar. It will be conceded that what the Russians accomplish we can, also; but their creation of a highly profitable industry out of what we discard as offal is a manifestation of superior enterprise not complimentary to our people.

The greater portion of the Russian product of caviar is from a miscellaneous variety of fish, that from the perch, roach, chub, etc., being red; that from the bream, yellow; while that from the sturgeon is generally dark, sometimes black. In the Kouban district of the Azoff Sea fishery, from 500,000 to 700,000 pounds of perch caviar is made annually, the miscellaneous fish caviars, which, besides those mentioned, are inclusive of the carp, kefali or mullet, etc., being marketed largely in Turkey, Greece and other countries of the eastern Mediterranean. There are two methods of preparing the sturgeon caviar, both initiated by forcing the roe through a sieve whereby the encompassing egg membranes are separated from their contents; in short, the eggs are shelled. In the choice or so-called fresh variety, the resulting material is slightly salted and put in tin cans in which it will not keep long save at a low temperature. The other kind, or pressed caviar, is preserved in strong brine, then put in bags and subjected for a number of days to extreme pressure, much of the moisture being by such means eliminated. This inferior caviar is put up in cans by London dealers and labeled "Russian Caviar." The American product, likewise assuming to be Russian, is prepared differently from either of the foregoing methods. About 1875 a New York dealer initiated the domestic caviar preserving industry by canning the roe and subjecting it to the same cooking process by which all tinned fruits, vegetables and meats are preserved, great heat being necessary to destroy the germs of decomposition, and such method has since been followed. As a necessary result the flavor differs from the foreign, and our product so canned would meet with scant recognition abroad, our caviar exports being salted and shipped in kegs with German salt imported for that purpose. It will thus be seen that the American palate has been educated to the appreciation of a peculiar preparation, one that is not acceptable to the lovers of true caviar, which article it nevertheless assumes to be.

Russia's chief delicacy, the supreme delight of her epicures, is the caviar of the white sturgeon in its freshest possible state. The cold storage preparation first alluded to cannot be retailed in New York at a reasonable profit except at rate of five dollars a pound, and bears the same relation to the genuinely fresh product that cold storage eggs bear to those newly laid. From the time of Queen Catherine each successive occupant of the imperial palace has been the earliest possible recipient of the first fruits of the caviar fishery; it is the Czar's perquisite, and the tribute is gladly paid. For the general marketing of this tidbit the Cossacks of the Don keep in readiness their fastest horses and speed them, burdened with the precious roe, to the nearest railway station. Tank cars are also in use which convey the fish alive to St. Petersburg and Moscow, where they are killed, and thus the dawning life they bear may reach the consumer ere its palpitations cease. Taxed with the charges of over a thousand miles of expensive transportation, the cost, except to the wealthy, is prohibitive, and this superlative quality of caviar is necessarily obtainable, outside of its district of production, only in the large cities of the empire. The other form of fresh caviar is extensively exported to Germany and elsewhere on the continent, the perversion of the American palate rendering its appreciation difficult, some of our countrymen expressing a preference for their accustomed hard grained, cooked and canned product. Such instances of palatal education are upon every hand; indeed, it has been plausibly maintained that every alimentary substance, apart from the infant's maternal nourishment, is at first accepted with indifference or repelled with aversion. It is, therefore, idle to say that the public cannot be induced to eat caviar prepared from miscellaneous fish; given time, its favor can certainly be won, for many years elapsed before the cooked caviar approved itself. If, from out the hundreds of tons of salmon roe that are annually thrown away at the Pacific Coast canneries, there was put upon the market a product labeled "Salmon Caviar," there can be no reasonable doubt that its ultimate popularity would be established. The caviar that the Russians make from the Baltic salmon is locally consumed; but if for centuries its earliest product had been annually hurried to the imperial table its fame would have greatly extended its vogue. Perhaps it would be too much to assume that the superiority of the salmon's flesh over that of the sturgeon extends also to its roe. Sturgeon meat has little of the fishy taste common to the finny tribe, and there may be some peculiarity of the creature that gives its roe a distinctive excellence. Again, it may be largely an habituation of the public palate to its accustomed delicacy that bars the adoption of a similar product. Not improbably the sturgeon caviar was the first made by reason of the great size of the fish (individuals occasionally reaching 1,200 pounds) insuring the most abundant supply, the largeness of the grains also facilitating the preparation and improving the appearance of the product. Having intrenched itself in popular favor, it is only the exhaustion of the supply that will insure the adoption of a substitute. Time was when the sturgeon of the Volga were captured for their roe and isinglass alone, the remainder of the carcass being discarded as offal, for the meat was lightly valued. Now it is otherwise, the fish has become a valuable prize, and a large roe-laden individual a veritable bonanza. While the continued observance of the admirable regulations restricting the fishery may indefinitely prolong its life, it cannot supply an ever increasing demand. As the figures herein quoted show, it is the caviar output from other fishes than the sturgeon that maintains the volume of Russian production, and but for such substitution a famine would be at hand. Such a famine now confronts us at home, for the exhaustion of the fishery is nigh, its reconstitution hopeless, and the sole alternative therefore the adoption of an analogous preparation.

The best American caviar is from the lake sturgeon (*A. rubicundus*), the next is that from the common Atlantic sturgeon (*A. sturio*), then follows that from the Pacific sturgeon (*A. transmontanus*). The extreme scarcity of roe has of late years impelled a resort to another species, the shovel nose sturgeon of the Mississippi (*A. scaphirhyncus*); its caviar is the poorest of all, being objectionable in taste and odor, and the grains small, but nevertheless has commanded recently 75 to 80 cents a pound. As the price rises the hunt for the few remaining fish becomes keener, for the reward is ample, the product of a single Delaware fish may net, at present prices, $70. Less than a score of years ago the sturgeon fishery was initiated upon the Columbia River, immense numbers of the fish being captured with great revolving wheels, the destructive engines, actuated by the current, flinging them out of the water. Many tons of fish weighing less than fifty pounds were thrown back into the stream, their bodies serving only to contaminate its waters. The story of one ravaged river may be said to be the story of all, for ere the utilization of the roe the fish, in eastern rivers, as well as the great lakes, were regarded more or less as a nuisance.

When the first shipment of American caviar was made in the late 60's to Europe, where it brought but 2 cents a pound, the delicacy was unknown and unappreciated at home. For some years the price remained at from 10 to 15 cents a pound, and the cheapness of the product tended to popularize it in Germany among people to whom the price of the superior Russian article was prohibitive. It became also a frequent feature of the free lunch counters in New York saloons, the cheaper resorts being often supplied with spoiled caviar unfit for shipment abroad. In this way the delicacy became known to the American public, and the free lunch counter should render equal introductory service with the fish caviars the manufacture of which is herein advocated.

Some effort has been made in this direction; garfish eggs have been tried, and, though of good size, are insipid and of objectionable odor. The most successful substitute yet found seems to be shad eggs, which have been mixed with the sturgeon's, but with an obvious impairment of the quality of the caviar so formed. The product of sturgeon caviar in the United States and Canada in 1898 was 2,800 kegs of from 125 to 160 pounds each. Of these, 500 kegs entered into domestic consumption, the remainder being exported, but the diminution of the product, the higher cost, threatens to extinguish next year's foreign demand.

Norwegians make cod caviar by subjecting the roe to a slight fermentation and then placing the product in tightly sealed one pound glass jars. In Germany caviar is made from the pike, pickled with salt and citric acid, then flavored with lemon and tightly sealed. Norway's development of her fish delicacy trade was well demonstrated by her exhibit at the great International Fishery Exposition at St. Petersburg last year. A tempting array of preserved preparations was displayed, crab soups as well as those of various fishes, hashed fish in thick soup, divers fish sauces, Gabelbissen (bits of a species of gurnard), smoked sprats, herrings in oil or tomato sauce,

cooked herring, fish puddings, fish cakes in wine sauce, cooked halibut, smoked and canned salmon, mackerel, baked and smoked, ditto hashed in oil, mackerel roe, fish hash with crab sauce, etc.

The variety of the foregoing preparations is sufficient evidence of the progress of this branch of fish industry; but with the view of insuring its utmost development, the Government has established a school at Bodo, a town opposite the Lofoden Islands, the center of the Norwegian fisheries. At this institution experiments are constantly under way, involving new methods of preserving fish and fish products, or of the manufacture of new compounds, the pupils being instructed as to the accepted processes, and taking part in those that are purely experimental. Some of these latter are curious; for instance, the preparation of cod heads as a simulation of canned lobster, and of cod livers as a suggestion of goose-liver paste, or *pâté de foie gras*. Neither article is as yet sufficiently tested, and, therefore, is not on the market. Cod heads have long been utilized in Norway as cattle fodder; indeed, there was formerly a herd of cows upon Cape Cod that subsisted upon fish refuse. Both instances afford evidence that the bovine, as well as the human palate, is susceptible of education, and it is to be hoped that the latter, in view of the lobster's threatened extinction, may be tickled into an acceptance of cod heads. Other preparations are fish meal from haddock, clean and white, fish tripe (stomachs) in brine, also the same smoked or dried.

This institution promises excellent results, not only from the general training of its pupils, but also in devising uses of waste products as well as improvements in existing methods of fish utilization. The question of the profitable disposition of the myriad roes, livers, etc., now wasted in American fisheries would probably be solved by the establishment of a similar experimental station upon our coast. In its absence we may trust that our manufacturers will assume its functions, the path is revealed to them, they have only to master the processes so profitably employed abroad.

A. H. Gouraud.

In Southern Waters.

The channel bass had been biting but indifferently for a week past, and with little hopes for any luck I took my rod, cast-net and tackle box and made my way to the pier. This is constructed solely for the benefit of anglers (and incidentally the profit of the owners). It runs out 200 feet into the ocean, and at high tide has seven or eight feet of water beneath it.

When half way to the end I stopped and reconnoitered for bait. Directly below me, and in about a foot of water, I saw a school of small mullet. A quick estimate of the distance, a bit too quick it proved to be, and out went the net. A "water haul," as the natives say. Imprecations and preparations for another cast. This time I was more successful, for on shaking out the net I found a dozen or so of the little fellows, averaging four or five inches in length. This size I have found by experience to be the best lure for the channel bass. Other and far better fishermen claim that a piece of full grown mullet, cut crossways and about two inches in length, is more apt to tempt the epicurean tastes of the bass; but to be expressive, if not elegant, "you must show me." Satisfied with my bait I continued my walk to the end of the pier.

As you may know to your sorrow and expense, salt water is most destructive to all articles not impervious to rust, so the first thing that I do in making my preparations is to oil all rod joints and exposed nickel parts with some good gun oil to keep them from corroding and later prevent them from being taken apart. After seating my reel and running the line through the guides, I attach the sinker, a patent diamond-shaped one weighing about five ounces. Here again do many anglers differ from me, preferring the round shape, as it allows the bait to roll with the surf, and hence, they claim, attracting the fish more than it would were it to remain stationary. This advantage is more than offset, to my mind, by the frequent recasting necessitated, which is so annoying and requires so much time. There is a swivel at the top of the sinker, and through this I run my line, without trying it, for when a big fish is hooked he can make his rushes without having to drag the heavy sinker through the water.

Next the hook. Here I pause and ask myself whether I want to take the time to land the sharks which one is almost sure to hook if fishing for bass, or let them go on their way with hook and a fond farewell. If I decide upon the former course, as I did the day I write of, I attach an O'Shaughnessy hook, called by them "tarpon," and as large as many anglers use when fishing for the "silver king." This hook has a three foot wire snell connected at both ends with a swivel to keep the line from untwisting. If a wire snell be not used the chances are ten to one that the shark, if hooked, will never be seen, for unless hooked in the corner of the mouth their teeth will instantly cut the heaviest line. The last move before making the preliminary cast is to attach the bait. The mullet, which has been kept alive in a bait pail, is hooked through the skin, just above the dorsal fin. The skin is very tough and will not tear unless roughly handled.

A cast of 100 feet, and I sat down to await developments. Hardly had the bait touched the bottom when a gentle, steady pull warned me to be up and doing. I gave him an answering pull and the sport began. The barb went deep, for as mad a rush I never saw a bass make; 100, 150 yards of line, and still he kept going. Only the high places were touched on that first rush. I had begun to fear for my rod, when as suddenly as he started he stopped. Thinking that he had expended his strength, I commenced to work him in. About 25 feet of the way were traversed, and then that heart damaging experience—slack. I thought he had left for parts unknown, and was giving him a fitting send-off, when a little jerk told me he was still there. Straight toward me he came, and as fast as he had gone out. My wrist ached from the exertion of turning that reel crank. He was almost to the pilings before he turned, and then another dash of 40 or 50 yards. His stopping place seemed to please him, for there he stayed. I could not induce him to go another foot, and so had to resort to that process known as "pumping." It would of course be impossible to reel a fish of that weight toward one, so the only alternative is to drop the point of the rod directly toward the fish, press on the leather thumb brake, and lift the point in the air; then by again dropping the point of the rod, and reeling in the slack, it is comparatively easy, by often repating this method of procedure, to work a very large fish toward the boat or pier.

Little by little I "pumped" him in, every foot of the way contested, until I could see him almost directly below me. One more wild rush and the fight was practically over, for an occasional little jerk was all the resistance offered until I had him beached high and dry. It is necessary to beach a fish of more than ten or twelve pounds, for the pier, even at high tide, is ten feet above the water. This requires the use of a gaff with a 14 foot handle, and correspondingly awkward to manipulate. If fishing alone, as was the case on this occasion, I have found it almost impossible to hold a large fish against the force of the breakers with one hand and wield a long heavy gaff with the other.

After extracting the hook, I weighed my fish. An even 35 pounds, and as he lay there in the sun he would have made a beautiful photograph. Unfortunately I have no camera with me on this trip, and so have missed many opportunities of taking good subjects that I will always regret.

The channel bass resembles in shape his fresh water cousin. He is of a reddish gold color, white belly, and has a black spot the size of a dime just above the tail. Certainly a most beautiful fish.

But there were more like him in the surf, so I hastened back to the pier.

A new bait was attached and I cast again. A very few minutes and another strike was telegraphed up the line, but different from the former. A sharp, quick jerk, the butt from me, and then a rush to the top. Clear out of the water jumped a shark, shaking his head as he broke. He looked a good bit larger than I cared to see, for I pictured myself gazing at a shattered rod minus some 200 yards of line. Contrary to my expectations he did not offer as strong a fight as the bass I had just landed. His one airing seemed to satisfy him, for down to the bottom he went, and there he stayed for some minutes, despite my efforts to raise him. Time after time I used as much strength as I thought the rod could stand, but all to no purpose. After satisfying myself that I was playing a losing game, I sat down and awaited developments that the shark should make. Eventually he started off, but very slowly. Ten yards of this and he stopped again. For over half an hour he kept these tactics up, until my patience was completely exhausted. I decided to force the fighting, even at cost of rod, reel and line; so bracing the butt of the rod under a convenient railing, and using every particle of strength at my command, I lifted. Up to the surface he came, but the second I relaxed down he went. Time after time I brought him up, but each time he went down again. Eventually it told on him, and 45 minutes from the time he was hooked he lay exhausted on the top of the water.

There was no manner of weighing so large a fish, and I was forced to be satisfied with measurements: 7½ feet from tip to tip. I had great difficulty in extracting the hook, for he had swallowed it with eight inches of the snell.

After completing this most disagreeable task, I returned once more to the end of the pier. Again I cast, and again a strike; this time a bass. And so it went for four or five hours, until I was completely exhausted, and only too glad to answer the summons to luncheon. I had taken nine bass, the smallest weighing 12 pounds and the largest 35; five sharks ranging in length from 3½ to 7½ feet.

When I remember that this was done with a six foot steel rod, and of the entire number of fish hooked only three were lost, I shall always think of it as one of the finest half day's sport with salt water fish that I have ever experienced.

It may seem to some that I have stretched a point when I relate of landing a 7½ foot shark with a No. 22 Bristol steel rod. But there were many witnesses who will verify these statements. And then again it must be remembered that all fish are not as lively at this time of year in these waters as their weight would seem to warrant.

I know of no fish as variable in their struggles against the angler as the channel bass. I have caught one of 12 pounds and from the manner he made my reel sing have estimated him at 35 or 40 pounds, and the same day have caught a 30-pounder and would have said that 15 pounds was an overestimate as to his weight. No other fish that I have ever caught, in fresh or salt water, are as deceptive as to weight, while fighting, and none of salt water so satisfying, both as to catching and eating, as the channel bass.

E. H. Moulton, Jr.

Seabreeze, Fla.

An Angling Souvenir.

Asbury Park, N. J., Feb. 2.—Leisure incident to convalescence from a tedious illness permits me once again to say a word in "our journal." The many good things which have appeared in each issue during the winter have been a perpetual feast. In truth be it said that but little of interest to the angling fraternity can be told. Our fall fishing, which we always look forward to with such interest, was nil; and so far the winter fishing follows suit. We had a few days of good whiting fishing in December; but the fish soon disappeared. Cod have been extremely scarce, and it is almost impossible to get a fresh fish; a few ling are being offered, and I was informed this morning were bringing 7 cents a pound.

I have received from my old fishing friend, Robert Large, now of Dawson City, Alaska, a most beautiful and valuable souvenir of his success in the icy regions. He left here three years ago and struck it rich and is investing his money in Vancouver, B. C., real estate. The present is a most unique thing, a large scarf pin representing a "miner's pan" crossed by a mountain trout, the whole surrounded by nuggets of gold just as taken from one of his claims. He also inclosed in his letter a leader and hook, on which he had taken a 9-pound trout. He hooked the fish while casting from a rock, and his description of the battle is most graphic. To paraphrase him: "I ran and slid over rocks and boulders, lost my hat, skinned my shins, my face and hands; was twice in water up to my armpits—but I got my fish; and the court plaster and arnica only cost me $1.10."

Leonard Hulit.

Fly-Casting at New York.

On Friday evening, Feb. 20, the Canadian Camp Fire Club will give a banquet in the Garden to some two hundred or more of its members and their invited guests. The dinner will be in strict accordance with the tenets of the club, in that it will be a camp dinner pure and simple, the only departure from the ethics of wood life being in the serving of wine and other beverages. The Canadian Club is a representative sportsmen's organization composed of campers, hunters and fishermen of this country and Canada, camp experience in the Dominion being one of the conditions of eligibility to membership. Following the dinner, the club members and guests will witness a full-dress rehearsal of the cantata of Hiawatha, and will enjoy a private inspection of the exhibits and scenic effects and features of the show.

The Anglers' Tournament programme has been prepared, starting with the black bass casting contest, on the opening night, Feb. 21, and continuing through the two weeks of the show.

Anglers' Casting Tournament—General Rules Governing all Contests.

Rule 1. All contests shall be governed by two judges and a referee. In case of disagreement the referee shall decide.

Rule 2. No one shall be permitted to enter any contest, except those "open to all," who has ever fished for a living; who has ever been a guide; or who has been engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

Rule 3. All persons competing shall pay an entrance fee of $1 for each event. No entrance fee will be required in the women's contest.

Rule 4. The order in which the contestants shall cast shall be determined by the judges. The contestants must be ready to cast when called upon by the judges.

Rule 5. The leader and fly or lure in each contest must be intact at the time of record by the judges, and the length and weight of the rod must be recorded.

Rule 6. Arrangements shall be made by the judges to accurately determine the point at which the fly or lure falls.

Rule 7. Contests shall be called promptly at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M., and closed at 4:30 P. M., and 9:30 P. M.

Rule 8. After the contestant has taken his place on the stand, which is a platform not more than 18 inches above the surface of the water, his time shall be counted from the moment he says, "Ready," and the first cast thereafter shall count. The longest cast during the five minutes succeeding the word, "Ready" shall be taken as his record for distance.

Rule 9. The rod must be held in one hand, and no rod shall exceed 11½ feet in length, except when otherwise specified. The line must not be weighted.

Rule 10. The barb and point must be removed from all hooks.

Rule 11. Trout flies on hooks not smaller than No. 12 shall be used unless otherwise specified. Leaders which must be of single gut, shall not exceed the length of the rod by more than 2 feet unless otherwise specified.

Rule 12. Time will be allowed, in case of accident, to make repairs, at the discretion of the judges.

Rule 13. The switch style of casting will not be allowed except in the class devoted to that method of casting.

Rule 14. All difficulties or disputes arising and not provided for in these rules or the rules governing each contest shall be referred to the judges, whose decision shall be final.

Rule 15. When the method of casting to be employed is specified in the rules governing an event, no other style than that designated will be allowed.

In each contest there will be three prizes, gold, silver and bronze medals.

Saturday, Feb. 21, 7:30 P. M.—Class A, black bass fly-casting contest. Distance only to count. At the discretion of the contestant a fly on No. 4 or larger hook may be used, to be furnished by the committee. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Monday, Feb. 23, 2:30 P. M.—Class B, trout fly-casting for distance only. Open to youths not over twenty years of age. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Monday, Feb. 23, 7:30 P. M.—Class C, switch trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all excepting those who have cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Tuesday, Feb. 24, 2:30 P. M.—Class D, trout fly-casting contest for distance only. Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Tuesday, Feb. 24, 7:30 P. M.—Class E, light trout fly-rod contest. Distance only. Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 60 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournaments.

Wednesday, Feb. 25, 2:30 P. M.—Class, women's trout fly-casting contest for distance only. Open only to those who have never taken a first prize in any similar club or tournament event in which there has been competition. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

In case there shall be no more than two entries for the women's contest, an additional event may be announced to take place at the time.

Wednesday, Feb. 25, 7:30 P. M.—Class G, light trout fly-casting. Distance only. Rod must not weigh more than 5 ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament.

Thursday, Feb. 26, 2:30 P. M.—Class H., switch trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. An obstacle will be placed 15 feet back of the contestant.

Thursday, Feb. 26, 7:30 P. M.—Class I, trout fly-casting contest. Forward obstacle. Distance only. Open to all. A horizontal bar or tape, under which the cast must be made, will be placed in front of the contestant at a distance of 30 feet, and 6 feet above the water level. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Friday, Feb. 27, 2:30 P. M.—Class J, light rod trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Rod must not weigh more than four ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat. Open only to those who have never cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or open tournament contest. Length of leader unrestricted.

Friday, Feb. 27, 7:30 P. M.—Class K, black bass fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all excepting those who have cast 85 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament. At the discretion of the contestant a fly on No. 4 or larger hook may be used, to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Saturday, Feb. 28, 2:30 P. M.—Class L, bait-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. Stripping the line, "Greenwood Lake style," with half-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. No limit to rod or line or reel, but cast must not be made from the reel. The longest cast forward, made within the five minutes succeeding the time the contestant announces "Ready" to count. Unless the frog falls within the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall not score.

Saturday, Feb. 28, 7:30 P. M.—Class M, contest for accuracy. Open to all. No restrictions as to weight of rod and line. The contest is to be conducted as follows: When the contestant has taken his place on the platform and has said, "Ready," he shall begin to cast, at a buoy, and after saying, "Count," or after having made five casts, the subsequent five shall be noted for record. The buoy shall be placed against the bank of the stream and 30 feet from contestant under an overhanging bush, which shall extend 3 feet over and be 3 feet above the water. The score shall be kept as follows: The buoy at which the casts are made is a semi-circular disk 6 feet in diameter. It is level with the surface of the water and marked by concentric circles 6 inches apart. The fly landing in the center counts 10, in the next space 9, in the next space 8, and so on down to 5. The highest score wins the contest.

Monday, March 2, 2:30 P. M.—Class N, trout fly-casting contest. For accuracy only. Open to all. Distance at buoys 50, 55 and 60 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. There shall be five casts at each buoy. If the fly falls within one foot of the buoy cast at, the cast shall be considered perfect; for each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of one foot from such a buoy

a demerit of one shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits divided by 15 shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent., and the highest score wins. Should the fly be whipped off, time will be allowed to replace it and one minute allowed to extend line to buoy then to be cast at.

Monday, March 2, 7:30 P. M.—Class O, light trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Rod must not weigh more than four ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat. Open to all who have never cast more than 80 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. Length of leader unrestricted.

Tuesday, March 3, 2:30 P. M.—Class P, dry fly-casting for accuracy. Open to all. The flies to be used in this event will be furnished by the committee. At buoys 35 and 45 feet. Five casts at each buoy; 30 seconds allowed to extend line. Thereafter each time fly falls on water it will be scored. Not to exceed five dry casts allowed between casts to score. Should the fly be whipped off time will be allowed to attach a new one, when 30 seconds will again be allowed to extend line.

Loose line on platform or coil in hand will not be permitted in this event.

If fly falls within one foot of buoy cast at, accuracy shall be considered perfect. For each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of one foot from such buoy a demerit of one shall be counted, the sum total of such demerits divided by 10 shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent. To the accuracy per cent. shall be added the average number of seconds the fly may float each time cast on the water, and the total shall be the score.

Tuesday, March 3, 7:30 P. M.—Class Q, light rod trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than four ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat. Length of leader unrestricted.

Wednesday, March 4, 2:30 P. M.—Class R, light trout fly-rod contest. Distance only. Open to all. Rod must not weigh more than five ounces, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for solid reel seat.

Wednesday, March 4, 7:30 P. M.—Class S, single-handed bait-casting contest for distance and accuracy. Open to all. Five casts shall be made for distance with half-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. Ten casts shall be made for accuracy—five at each of two buoys—60 and 80 feet distance from casting point.

These casts to be made with half-ounce rubber frog, and for each foot or fraction of a foot that the frog falls from the buoy cast at a demerit of one shall be counted, the sum total of such demerits, divided by 10, shall be considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 shall be the accuracy per cent.

For distance, five casts shall be made and the average added to the percentage of accuracy shall constitute the score. Highest wins.

No limit to rod or line or method of casting, but all casts must be made from a free running reel.

Should frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank, the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

Two trial casts for distance and one trial cast at each buoy may be made by each contestant before casting to score.

Thursday, March 5, 2:30 P. M.—Class T, trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Open to all who have not cast over 90 feet in any similar club or tournament event.

Thursday, March 5, 7:30 P. M.—Class U, single-handed trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all who have never cast over 100 feet. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Friday, March 6, 2:30 P. M.—Class V, single-handed bait-casting. For distance only. Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead for distance with a quarter-ounce lure, to be furnished by the committee. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall count, but will not be scored. The sum total of casts scored divided by 5 shall be the average score. Highest average wins.

Friday, March 6, 7:30 P. M.—Class W, black bass fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. At the discretion of the contestant a fly on a No. 4 hook or larger to be used; these to be furnished by the committee. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Saturday, March 7, 2:30 P. M.—Class X, single-handed bait-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. Five casts shall be made overhead with half-ounce rubber frog, to be furnished by the committee. The longest cast to count. Each contestant may make not more than three trial casts before casting to score. No limit to weight of rod or line, but cast must be made from free running reel. Should the frog fall outside the side boundaries of the tank the cast shall count, but will not be scored.

Saturday, March 7, 7:30 P. M.—Class Y, single-handed trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted.

Mr. Cristadoro's Tame Bass.

SENATOR CLAPP, of Minnesota, has a constituent in town, Mr. Charles Christadoro, who stirs the imagination with great fish stories. Mr. Christadoro is very familiar with the vicinity of Cass Lake, where Senator Clapp goes fishing nearly every summer and has been trying to have a national park located up there somewhere in the neighborhood of the Lake of the Woods, but without much success.

"The wall-eyed bass are so numerous in Cass Lake that they are tame," said Mr. Christadoro. "They come up out of the water and we give them names to which they answer."

Senator Clapp will not dispute the accuracy of his constituent's story.—Washington Post.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Feb. 11-14.—New York.—Twenty-seventh annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club. James Mortimer, Supt.
Feb. 18-21.—Newark, N. J.—Show of New Jersey Kennel Association. C. G. Hopton, Sec'y.
Feb. 20-21.—Denver, Colo.—Bench show of Colorado Kennel Club.
Feb. 23-26.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show. W. B. Emery, Sec'y.
March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Massachusetts Kennel Club.

WORCESTER, Mass.—The Massachusetts Kennel Club held its adjourned annual meeting at 476 Main street, Feb. 4, at Worcester, and the nominating committee reported a full list of officers for the ensuing year. The new membership committee reported thirty new members for the club. Last year the club held its first show in conjunction with the Worcester Agricultural Fair, but at this meeting they voted not to have a show this season, but to have one in February or March, 1904, to be held just before or after the Boston Show, so that the dogs on the circuit would be entered in Worcester.

The club seemed to think that a city of 130,000 people ought to support a good show.

Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association Show.

DETROIT, Mich., Feb. 3.—The entries for the show to be given in connection with the Sporting Goods Association has closed with 225 entries, all classes being well represented, especially setters and pointers; English setters being 45, Irish 13, pointers 32, collies 13, bull terriers 17.

Mr. John Davidson will judge all classes. There is great interest being taken in this show, and it is assured a great success, which will be a great help for a larger one next year. THOMAS BLAKE.

Points and Flushes.

A meeting of the Great Dane Club of America will be held in the Ashland House, New York, on February 12, at 8 P. M. Mr. C. H. Mantler is the secretary.

Canoeing.

Prizes or Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

American Canoe Association.

Amendments to the Constitution.

AMEND Article V., Sec. 1, by striking out "Librarian Custodian" from the third line.

Amend Sec. 2, by striking out all after the word "The" in the ninth line, all relating to the Librarian Custodian.

Amend Article VI., Sec. 5, by adding after the word "Appropriated" in the sixth line the words, "They shall receive and hold in trust all moneys received from Life Memberships, which shall be known as 'Life Membership Permanent Fund,' deposit, invest, or make such other disposition of the same as they shall deem best and pay the interest or earnings thereof over to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association on or before August 1, in each year. The principal of the "Life Membership Permanent Fund" shall not be expended except by a four-fifths vote of the Executive Committe concurred in by a like vote of the Board of Governors." (The rest of the section to remain as it is.)

Amend Article IX., Sec. 2, by adding after the eighth line, "They shall also forward the Board of Governors immediately on its receipt, the amount of any money received in payment for a Life Membership." (The rest of the section to remain as it is.)

Amend Article VI., of the Constitution by adding the following:

"Section 9. Racing Board.—Each Division in its proper turn at its annual meeting shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers, one member of the Division to serve on the Racing Board of the Association for a term of three years, or until his successor is elected. The Commodore shall be a member ex-officio, but in case of a tie, he shall not vote.

"Section 10. Duties.—It shall be the duty of the Racing Board to hold a stated meeting during the annual meeting of the Association in August, and at the annual meeting of the Executive Committee in October, but special meetings may be held at any other times and places at the call of the Chairman, to select at the annual stated meeting in October a Chairman and Clerk, whose duties shall be as in other organizations. They shall revise and amend the present racing regulations of the Association and shall from time to time make such changes therein as they shall deem best for the interest of the Association, but no amendments to the racing regulations shall be valid unless such amendments in general terms have been published in one of the official organs of the Association for at least two weeks prior to any stated meeting of the Racing Board.

"At all meetings of the Racing Board three shall be necessary to make a quorum, but in the event of the absence of any member, the Executive Committee of the same Division from which he comes, may select any other of the Association to represent him during his disability only, and in the event of a vacancy occurring the same shall be filled for the unexpired term in the same manner as the full term."

Amendment Chapter I, Sec. 2: After the second line on page 22, add, "An Active member in good standing may commute his annual dues for life by paying to the Purser of his Division the sum of fifteen dollars ($15)" (the rest of the section to remain as it is).

Amend Chapter 9, by substituting "Three" for "Two" in sub-division 8.

In accordance with Rule 23 of the Racing Regulations the following was offered:

Amend Rule 23, so as to read: "These rules may be amended by a vote of the majority of the Racing Board of the Association; notice of such change having been given in the official organs at least two weeks before the vote of the Racing Board is taken thereon."

All of the aforesaid amendments were officially adopted by the Executive Committee.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT, Commodore.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The annual election of officers of the Yonkers Canoe Club took place Feb. 5. The following were elected: J. Burton Allan, Commodore; E. M. Underhill, Vice Commodore; U. M. Van Varick, Secretary and Treasurer; Norman Taylor, Captain; W. R. Simpson, Custodian; Robert Edgar and H. Lansing Quick, Trustees.

Yachting.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—With the announcement of the approximate measurements of the new cup defender, the yachtsmen and designers of Boston are once more found ready to pay compliment to that great designer, Herreshoff. But, while the reported dimensions may have called forth sentiments of praise, it may also be taken for granted that there are few eastern yachtsmen who have not felt from the beginning that the Bristol designer would turn out something faster than he has ever produced before. It may be believed that the public has got hold of something tangible regarding the new boat's construction and dimensions, although it is not to be expected that all of the dimensions given are absolutely correct. For instance, there is probably nobody who did not believe that Herreshoff would go to greater length over all, on about the same waterline, but the question has been raised concerning the advisability of only going six feet farther than in Columbia and Constitution. It is generally assumed that when a designer increases the waterline of a yacht, he does it to increase the yacht's waterline length when under sail. Even with no increase in sail area, the longer waterline tends to make the boat faster. But, according to the revelations, not only has the over all length been increased, but the sail area has been treated in the same manner, while the displacement has been reduced. With a reduced displacement and increased sail area, it would seem that the logic should be carried out by giving greater natural stability to the form of the hull, and so, it would seem, that the report that the new yacht has less deadrise and sharper bilges may be correct. If there should have been an error in computing the frame spaces, it would account for a difference in over all length. If the actual frame spacing is 21in. instead of 20in., it would make the over all length about 45ft. instead of 138ft. At all events, Herreshoff's prowess is appreciated, and there is even more the feeling of confidence in the new boat than there was before any announcements of her dimensions had been made.

The first general meeting of the Eastern Y. C. will be held Tuesday evening at the St. Botolph Club, at which the following officers will be elected for the year: Com., Laurence Minot; Vice-Com., C. H. W. Foster; Rear-Com., W. O. Gay; Sec'y, George Atkinson, Jr.; Treas., Patrick T. Jackson; Meas., Henry Taggard; Council at Large, George A. Goddard and F. B. McQuesten; Regatta Committee, Henry Howard, O. B. Roberts, H. P. Benson and L. M. Clark; Committee on Admissions, Theophilus Parsons, James S. Colt, Charles S. Rackemann and Robert Saltonstall; House Committee, Harry K. White, F. O. North, Parkman Dexter, John A. Jennings and William B. Revere. It is expected that the proposed amendments to the racing rules, making them uniform with the rules of the New York Y. C., will be adopted.

Hollis Burgess has sold the Filibuster, which was one of the competitors at the trial races of the Bridgeport Y. C. last season, to L. G. Brandege, of Bridgeport, Conn.

H. H. Linnell, of Savin Hill, is building two power launches from the designs of Isaac B. Mills. One of these is for Mr. J. P. Eustes and the other for Mr. Fred S. Smith. Both are 30ft. in length and 7ft. beam. The

Eustes launch will have a 9 horse-power engine and the engine of the Smith launch will be 8 horse-power.

The sale of the 70ft. schooner Amorita last week to Richard Mansfield by Hollis Burgess was one of the most important made during the winter. The yacht is to be delivered to Mr. Mansfield at New London and it is expected that he will race her throughout the coming season.

The O. Sheldon Company is building a 25ft. speed launch from designs by Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., for Mr. Paul N. Goodrich. She will have a 14 horse-power motor.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the 21ft. knockabout, Friendship, to Mr. E. B. Curtiss, of the Indian Harbor Y. C.; the 30ft. auxiliary yawl, Akista, to Mr. John N. McCrae, of New York; 48ft. cabin launch, Water Witch, to Dr. Wallace C. Clark, of Philadelphia, and the gasolene launch, Stellar, to Mr. Guy C. Hardy, of Hope Sound, Fla.

Arthur Binney has turned out the lines of a fast steam yacht for Mr. Fred Wells. She will be used on Lake Champlain.

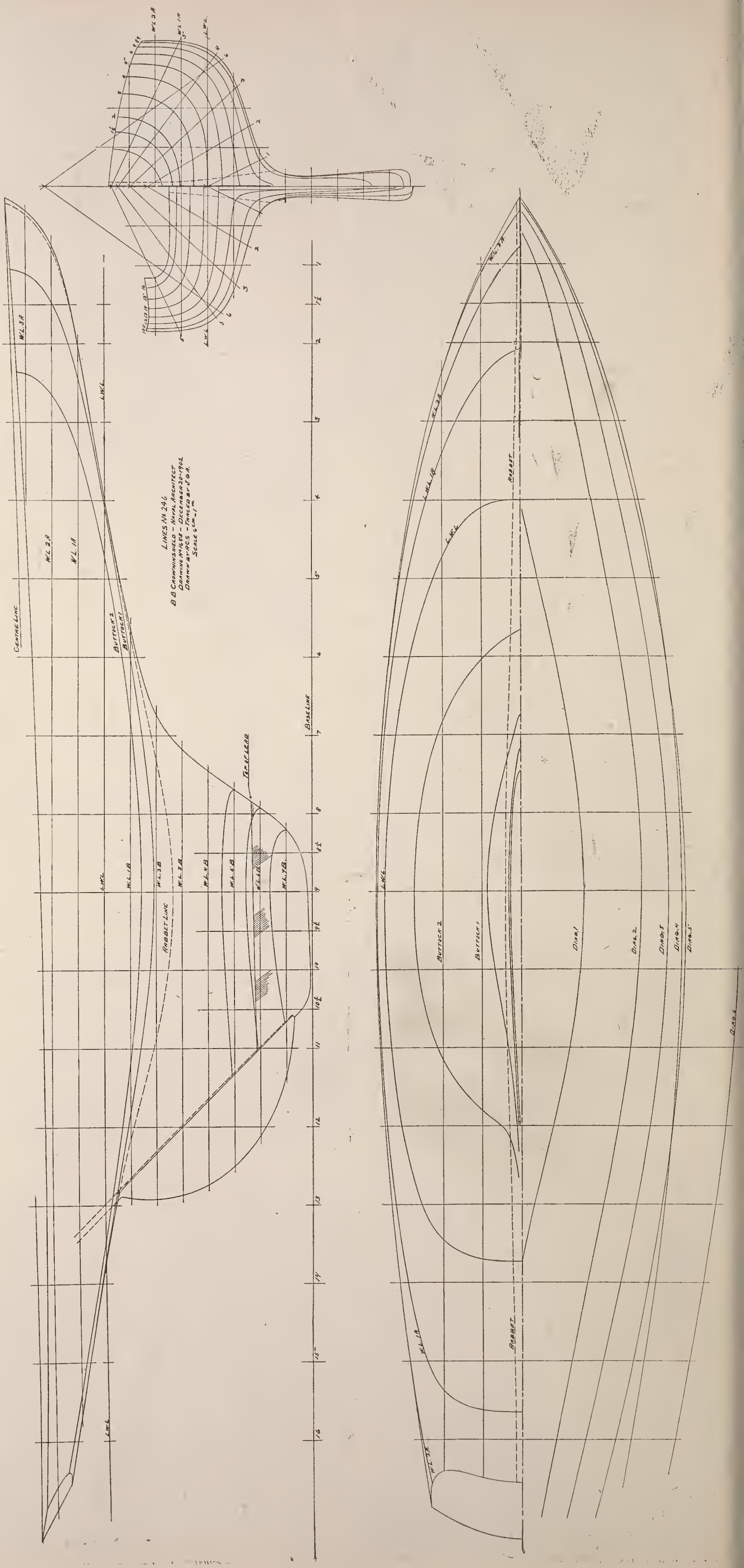
JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Design for a Swedish 5-Tonner.

MR. B. B. CROWNINSHIELD'S success in designing racing yachts has given him a world wide reputation, and in consequence he is constantly getting orders from yachtsmen who live in remote corners of the globe. His productions have been successful in Germany and Australia, and a boat built from his designs last season for a syndicate of San Francisco yachtsmen met all comers on the Pacific Coast and did not suffer defeat.

The design we publish this week is the smaller of two boats that Mr. Crowninshield designed for racing in Swedish waters next summer. The boat is designed under the Royal Swedish Y. C. rule, which is as follows: Length (in meters) times the sail area (in square meters) divided by 131. Mr. Crowninshield believes that a narrow scow of the general type of Independence will do best under this rule. The boat is being built for Mr. A. Plym, of Stockholm, Sweden. The particulars of the design follow:

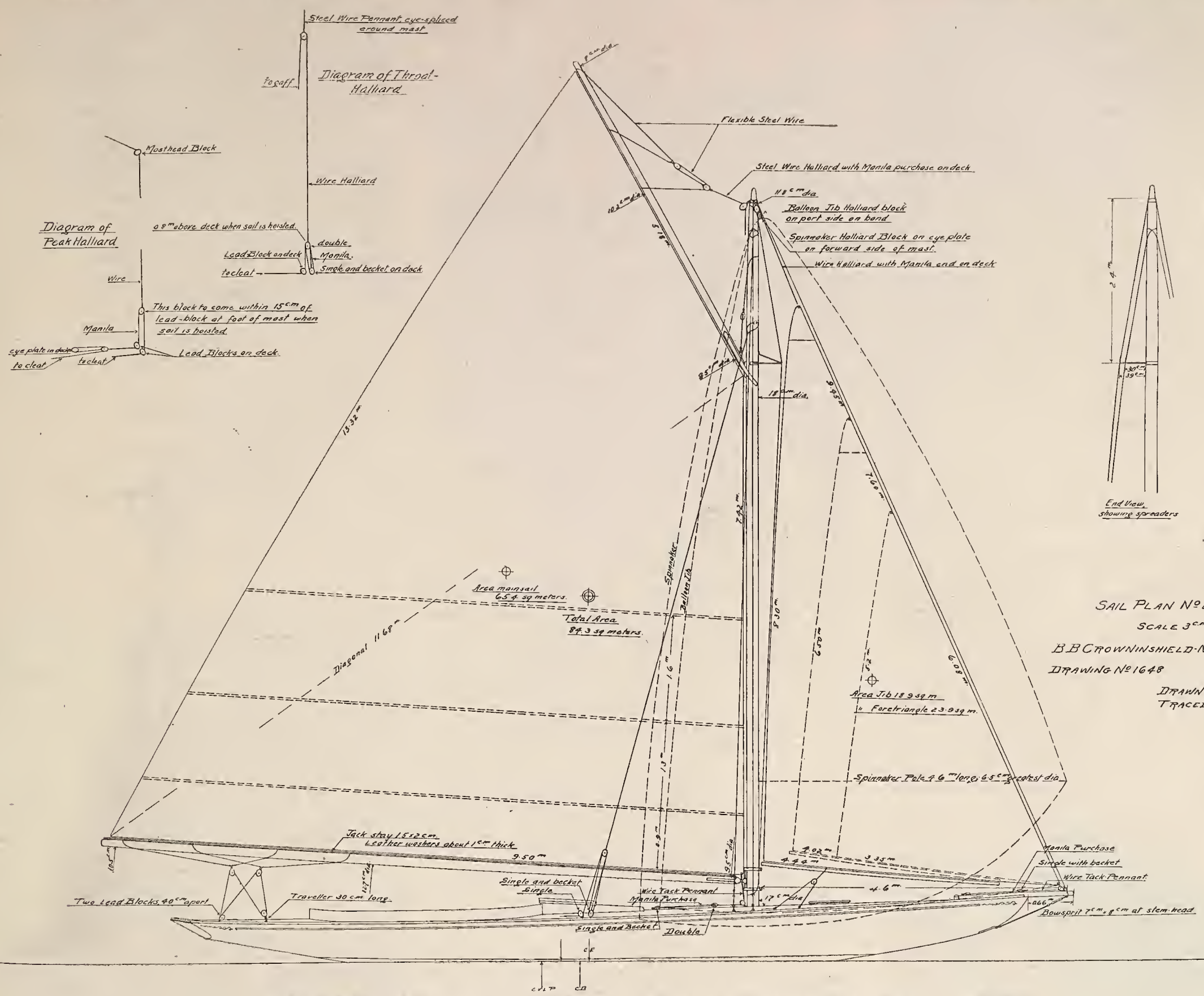
Length—		
Over all	12.85	meters
Waterline	7.3	meters
Overhang—		
Forward	2.89	meters
Aft	2.66	meters
Beam—		
Extreme	2.79	meters
W. L.	2.62	meters
Transom	1.74	meters
Freeboard—		
Stem	.952	meters
Least	.568	meters
Transom	.609	meters
Draft—		
Extreme	1.98	meters
To fairbody	.59	meters
Area—		
L. W. L. plane	15.85	sq. m.
Amidship section	1.33	sq. m.
Maximum girth of hull	5.58	meters
Displacement	4,919	kilograms
Ballast—		
Outside	2,288	kilograms
Total	2,288	kilograms
C. G. outside ballast aft of C. B.	0.19	meters
Kilograms per centimeter at L. W. L.		162.8
Kilograms to alter W. L. 1 c.m. at L. W. L.		13.92
Area—		
Lateral plane of hull and keel		7.07
Lateral plan below fairbody		4.53
Rudder	1.03	sq. m.
Total—		
Lateral plane below fairbody	5.56	sq. m.
Wetted surface	26.75	sq. m.
Area—		
Sails, actual	84.3	sq. m.
Sails, rated	89.3	sq. m.
Ratio—		
Sail area to wetted surface	3.16	
Sail area to lateral plane below fairbody	15.20	
Displacement cu. meters to cube of L. W. L.	.01235	
Displacement cu. meters to midsection x L. W. L.	.495	
Length to beam at L. W. L.	2.79	
Overhangs to L. W. L.	.76	
Ballast to displacement	.467	
Rudder to balance lateral plane.	.227	
(C. B. aft W. L.) to L. W. L.	.52	
(C. L. P. aft W. L.) to L. W. L.	.598	
(C. E. to C. L. P.) to L. W. L.	.097	
(C. E. to B. P.) to L. W. L.	.0575	



Origin of the Centerboard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It appears odd that after corrections have so frequently been made as to the origin of the centerboard, new claims for its invention, as of comparatively modern date, should be made so frequently. In October, 1893, in the columns of The Sun, it was claimed to be a "Cherry street device" of 1820. A letter in reference to this, written by myself, appeared in that paper and was copied into FOREST AND STREAM of October 28, 1893. Other references to the subject were made in your journal November 4 and December 23 of that year. The Field also about this time, and indeed previously, supplied very interesting data in reference to the subject. These different accounts have not, so far as I have seen, had their correctness questioned, and they will make interesting reading to any persons who can refer to them. I may say briefly that they show the centerboard, in some form, to have been in use over 360 years since. That Captain Schank of the British Navy built a vessel with a centerboard in Boston in 1771; that Captain Shuldham of the British Navy exhibited and lodged in the Ipswich Museum a



SAIL PLAN No 246
SCALE 3cm = 1m.
B B CROWNINSHIELD-NAVAL ARCHITECT.
DRAWING No 1648 DEC. 18, 1902
DRAWN BY R.C.S.
TRACED " "

SWEDISH 5-TONNER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR A. PLYM, 1902.

model with a board pivoted in modern fashion in 1809. It is shown that in Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Peru," mention is made of centerboard craft having been seen by Pizarro in 1535, and that again they are described in Ulloa's Voyage, 1735.

In these accounts that which seems to have been essentially a centerboard of the dagger kind, is described as a sliding keel thrust through the bottom of the vessel or raft. It appears quite reasonable to suppose that a traveled seaman like Captain Schank may have been acquainted with the methods of the primitive races, and may have borrowed his conception from them. Be this as it may, his use of the centerboard seems to have been the earliest in the United States of which there is any current knowledge, and Boston, not Cherry street, Cape May county, or Nyack, appears to have been the locality of its inception. JOHN HYSLOP.

NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 7.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Riverside Y. C. was held at the Arena, West 30th street, New York City, on Friday evening, Feb. 6, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, George G. Tyson; Vice Commodore, William A. Hamilton; Rear Commodore, Geo. J. Bascom; Treasurer, George T. Higgons; Secretary, John G. Porter; Measurer, T. E. Ferris; Trustees for term ending February, 1906, Frederick Beltz and W. A. Hamilton; Trustee for unexpired term ending February, 1905, W. J. L. Davids; Regatta Committee, Charles P. Tower, George T. Higgons and Edwin Binney; Membership Committee, Robert Rutter, J. H. McKenna and George E. Marks; Entertainment Committee, Frederick Beltz, George E. Williams and Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. H. Tyson, Jr.; Chaplains, the Rev. George C. Houghton, D. D., and the Rev. Charles F. Boylston.

At the annual meeting of the New Rochelle Y. C., held at the Hotel Manhattan on Saturday night, Feb. 7, the following officers were elected: Commodore, Charles Pryor; Vice Commodore, Evans Rogers Dick; Rear Commodore, J. C. Donovan; Secretary, William E. Moore; Treasurer, John A. Van Zelm; Measurer, F. R. Farrington; Regatta Committee, O. H. Chellborg, J. E. Stockman, L. D. Huntington, Jr., D. W. Thomas, S. M. Seaman; Trustees for three years, W. A. Stapleman, C. T. Pierson and W. M. Bazier; Law Committee, Charles F. Lambden and S. H. Seacord.

Members of the Stamford Y. C. elected the following officers at their annual meeting, held at the Suburban Club, Stamford, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3: Commodore, James D. Smith; Vice Commodore, Walton Ferguson; Rear Commodore, James S. Herman; Treasurer, Charles H. Leeds; Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Herbert Lawton; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Samuel Pierson; Measurer, L. Franklin Wardwell; Chaplain, Rev. C. M. Addison; Board of Directors, H. P. Bartlett, Albert C. Hall, George H. Hoyt, Schuyler Merritt, A. H. Scofield, E. E. Bruggerhoff, Edward C. Hoyt, Walter S. Hoyt, Alfred S. Pitt, Wallace D. Barclay.

The Nominating Committee of the Larchmont Y. C. has decided on the following ticket to be voted upon by the members at the annual meeting to be held at Delmonico's on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: Commodore, Frederick T. Adams; Rear Commodore, Frederick M. Hoyt; Secretary, A. Bryan Alley; Treasurer, William Murray; Measurer, John Hyslop; Trustees (to serve three years), Augustin Monroe and Edward S. Hatch.

At the annual meeting of the Milwaukee Y. C., held on Jan. 3, 1903, the following officers were elected: Commodore, Edward P. Vilas; Vice Commodore, Joseph E. Uihelin; Rear Commodore, Albert J. Richter; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. Charles R. Enos; Fleet Captain, Adam Strachan; Fleet Surgeon, Charles D. Collins, M. D.; Board of Directors, A. J. Richter, C. D. Collins, Harry Landauer, C. W. Beemer, Chas. R. Enos.

The annual meeting of the Atlantic Y. C. was held at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, on the evening of Feb. 9. Over one hundred members were present. The by-laws were amended, making the annual dues $50 instead of $40. The constitution was also amended in regard to the election of trustees. Three classes of two each are provided for, the first class to serve one year, the second class to serve two years and the third class three years. Commodore Tod announced that he would again offer prizes for ocean races, which proved such a successful feature in the club's racing last year.

The first race to be from Sea Gate to and around Fire Island Lightship, thence to and around North East End Lightship, and back to Sea Gate, 253 miles; the second, from Newport, at the end of the New York Y. C. cruise, starting at Brenton's Reef Lightship to and around Nantucket Shoals Lightship, and thence to Sea Gate, 297 miles; the third to be from Sea Gate to and around Nantucket Shoal Lightship, thence to and around North East End Lightship, off Cape May and return to Sea Gate, 552 miles.

The annual cruise will be given up this year and instead a week's racing will be held at Sea Gate.

The following officers and committees were elected: Commodore, Robert E. Tod, schooner Thistle; Vice Commodore, Edwin Gould, steamer Aileen; Rear Commodore, J. H. Flagler, steamer Alita; Trustees, J. Rogers Maxwell, Frederick T. Adams, Alfred W. Booth, J. Fred Ackerman, Spencer Swain, Robert P. Doremus; Secretary, Louis F. Jackson; Treasurer, Charles T. Pierce; Measurer, George Hill; Regatta Committee, Henry J. Gielow, Charles E. Schuyler, Frederick Vilmar; Membership Committee, William E. Sperling, George D. Provost, T. Alfred Vernon; Entertainment Committee, Edwin Hollis Low, Clarence H. Eagle, William A. Barstow; Library Committee, S. L. Blood, Walter H. Nelson, Franklin D. L. Prentiss; Nominating Committee, Spencer Swain, Benjamin M. Whitlock, Henry J. Robert. Charles J. McDermott, S. Edward Vernon, Walter Nelson; Chaplain, Rev. George Weed Barhydt.

Mr. W. H. Ketcham, chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Columbia Y. C., has sent a letter to the secretaries of all the yacht clubs in this vicinity urging them to co-operate with the Columbia Y. C. in forming a national motor boat racing association. The letter reads as follows:

At a meeting held on Jan. 20, at the Columbia Y. C., to which were invited representatives of a number of nearby yacht clubs for the purpose of discussing motor boat racing, time allowances and governing rules, it was the unanimous opinion of those present that a national boat racing association should be formed.

A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and set of by-laws; another committee was appointed to draw up a table of time allowances and set of rules to govern motor boat races, and a committee was also appointed to place the matter before all available yacht clubs, these committees to report at the next meeting.

The object of this association is to promote the racing of power yachts and launches, and it is hoped that the co-operation of many clubs will develop the interest in and holding of interclub races, thereby bringing together many yachtsmen interested in this sport. It was also the unanimous opinion of those present that the association should be composed of the membership of yacht clubs through regularly appointed representatives.

The hearty co-operation of your club is desired, and we beg to ask that you bring the matter before your Board of Trustees or other proper authorities, with a view of having appointed a committee which will have power to act and which will attend the next meeting to be held at the Columbia Y. C. on Wednesday evening, Feb. 25, at eight o'clock.

Mr. J. K. Dering, of Chicago, is having a stern paddle wheel launch built by the Palmer Boat Company, of Highland Park, Ill. The boat is 31ft. 9in. over all and 6ft. 3in. breadth. She will be driven by a 7 horse-power Sargent engine.

A Pleasant Three Days' Cruise.

With holidays over and the days growing longer, we yearners for the sea take heart and feel we are on the downward track to the pleasures of another yachting season. Your true yachting crank *lives* only in the season; in winter he exists. Many pleasant evenings are to be had at this time of year thinking of your good little ship and planning numerous cruises for the coming summer. Seated before the cheerful fire with his favorite pipe drawing well, the skipper's thoughts go back to last season's final cruise, and he wonders if an account of that delightful trip may not be of some interest to a few of the "fiends."

The S—— and his friend, who we will call the crew, having sent their respective families to the mountains, determined to take advantage of Labor Day coming so conveniently on Monday and go off for a three days' cruise. You all know the preliminary pleasure of getting ready for such a trip; the making lists of things eatable, drinkable, wearable, etc., the discussing of new harbors to put in at, and the final arranging of last details connected with the starting. After a long week, Saturday finally arrived and the S—— and crew met at the Grand Central Station and boarded the one o'clock train bound for New Rochelle.

The day was ideal for our use. To be sure, it had been hot and sticky in town during the morning, but those conditions only whetted our appetites the more for what was before us.

As the train left the smoky, dusty, altogether objectionable city and got out where a decent breath of air was to be had and glimpses of trees, the S—— anxiously scanned

MARGUERITE.

the sky for signs of thunder heads and tried to determine from the trees as they flew past what breeze there was and from what quarter. He finally settled to his great satisfaction that the wind was southwest and there appeared to be a decent air stirring. At New Rochelle we boarded an electric car and were whisked down to the Huguenot Club in short order.

What an expectant thrill came to us with the first glimpse of the blue water, stirred by a splendid southwest breeze and sparkling in the hot afternoon sun. Into the dinghey we tumbled, eager as two boys, and rowed with enthusiasm to the good little ship Marguerite swinging at her mooring on the channel's edge.

She is a compromise cutter, rigged jib and mainsail, 30 feet on top, 10 feet beam, with a comfortable cabin and good big cockpit to stretch out in. We had put our dunnage aboard the night before, so after hastily chucking things below, the mainsail was quickly hoisted, club flag run aloft, jib and main sheets overhauled, the S—— at the wheel and crew ready to cast off the mooring and run up jib. Getting under way from our mooring in a southwester is somewhat of an undertaking. In the prevailing summer breeze such as blew that day, our boats lie headed to the westward, while the channel runs about northeast for a short distance. To your right, 50 feet away, stretches the mud bank edge of channel, while just across it to the left a few boat lengths are moored yachts as thick as they can swing safely, so it is a case of slack main sheet well off, draw jib to windward and make her swing square around in almost her length. This manœuver was carried out and after getting by the Glen Island steamers, launches, rowboats, chain ferry, etc., we finally luffed round the red buoy outside and eased sheets for a run east'ard.

The crew took the wheel here and the S—— went below to get off the store clothes. Oh, the joy of undress, as expounded and experienced on our boat! Our full dress is a pair of old breeches and swimming shirt. Hats are discarded as soon as we get aboard, and the skipper's and crew's luxuriant locks establish the truth of the saying that the sun and air on one's head are good for the hair.

The afternoon was perfect. A glorious breeze; air clear and the Sound covered as far as one could see with yachts of every description. Passing Huckleberry Island and laying our course for Mattinicock Point, we soon met a large number of boats racing in Larchmont Yacht Club regatta, and it was splendid sport watching one after another as we ran under their lea (they were going in an opposite direction), tearing along with every rag on and all with a big bone under the bow. Where could one find a prettier sheet of salt water than the western end of Long Island Sound? To the north, rocky shores backed by the beautiful lawns surrounding magnificent summer homes, while on the south stretch Long Island's glorious beaches, with the tree-covered Wheatley hills rising to the highest land on the island. The skipper feels almost poetic over his dear Sound. We pass class after class of racing yachts, the last of which are two sloops some fifty feet on deck, which pass very close to windward of us and a beautiful picture they make. We note the helmsman of the first sitting bareheaded and attentive to leeward of the stick, carefully watching his jibs and luffing her out to every puff, while on the second boat the young fellow steering was busily talking to a group of "swells" grouped in picturesque array on the quarter, and failing to work out his craft in the constantly coming squalls that darkened the water toward Hempstead Harbor.

How discouraging this must have been to the captain and crew working for their "prize" money.

We had been boiling along in grand style since leaving Huckleberry, and were now abreast of Mattinicock and had to decide whether to square broad off for Greenwich or make the Seawanhaka Y. C. anchorage our port for the night, and as we had never put up at the latter, we determined to go there, and laid course for buoy off Center Island. Marguerite draws 5ft. with board up, and we thought best not to try "skinning" the mark, though the S—— knew there was good water nearer shore, but had forgotten the range. After rounding, we trimmed flat for beat in to the anchorage, and had as guide a large sloop, evidently making for the club. Ahead of us stretched the broad expanse of Cold Spring Harbor, to the skipper's mind one of the most beautiful indentations of the Sound. Before the hotel and Casino at Cold Spring were closed this harbor was very popular with yachtsmen, and some of our red letter days have been passed in that lovely spot. Many mornings we have watched the sun rise over the Long Island hills while anchored there. Passing through a fleet of Seawanhaka knockabouts racing off Buglight, we stood on till under Cooper's Bluff and then came about for the last board in to the club anchorage. From mooring to anchorage had taken about two hours and twenty minutes and had been a sail we will long recall with pleasantest recollections. How delightful the good pipe after a stirring run, when sails are furled, ropes coiled down and everything snugged for the night.

To us it is part of the sport to put our ship up in good fashion. All sheets, halyards, etc., stayed to a hair; pennant halyards overhauled to see the flag is properly on end; awning set firm, ready for a night squall; anchor light filled and a last try of the cable to make sure she has enough. Queer how many times a man will go through this last performance.

After everything was overhauled to the skipper's satisfaction, we dove below, put on trunks and hustled overboard and both came to the surface with surprised faces, each exclaiming over the pricky feeling we experienced as soon as striking the water. At first we thought it must be from currents possibly caused by springs, but on climbing aboard and looking in the water discovered myriads of small jelly fish that had given us little stings or shocks as we touched them. For a quarter of an hour we swam and dived, thoroughly enjoying the clear (aside from the jelly fish), invigorating water, and afterwards stretched out in the sunny waterway for a sun bath. The swimming feature is a very large and important part of our sailing and cruising. No opportunity to get overboard is ever neglected, as fortunately all of our "crowd" are equally enthusiastic about it. It is always a matter of wonder to us that so comparatively little of this splendid exercise is done by the average yachtsmen. What can give one such an appetite for breakfast as a plunge in the cool, invigorating water, and how deliciously refreshing to repeat it in the midday heat?

Putting on shore togs, we went ashore and were most courteously received by the steward of the club. After partaking of a good dinner, we listened to the music and looked at the fine pictures, books, etc. This club house is a beautiful building and grandly situated. After going aboard chairs were brought out in the cockpit and the usual last pipe indulged in. Understand, our cockpit at night is perfectly dry in any weather short of a pour. Our awning is a treasure, keeping cockpit free from dew and extending forward to mast, so slide and skylight can be open in anything but heavy rains. It is rigged with strong, light poles permanently fastened and rolls up, poles and all, in a bundle that is shoved in the lazarette out of the way.

Sunday morning found the S—— on deck by 6:30, wrapped in a bath robe and enjoying the lovely picture spread on every hand. It is his custom to always tumble out early on pleasant mornings, wrap up in blanket or robe and lie on deck in the warmest spot and revel in the pure air. This particular morning promised another fine day. The same southwest breeze had apparently continued through the night and was now sending little puffs skylarking across the harbor. There were several fine yachts close to us and a half hour was spent in the warm sun looking them over, noting each perfection of rig and hull. What a restful, peaceful scene it was, and how at such times one pities the poor unfortunates who dwell inland, or in the detestable cities.

As soon as the crew poked his sleepy head through the companionway, we jumped in swimming and floundered and splashed about like two boys.

What, indeed, keeps one young like this sport? From the moment of stepping aboard business and other cares vanish and you feel a boy again.

After a brisk rub down, we put on our sailing clothes and prepared breakfast. We like dinner ashore, when possible, but breakfast always aboard, and the first course is an orange just off the ice. By nine we were under way and decided on running round to Lloyd's Harbor. The U. S. ship "Sylph" passed close aboard on her way out and her trim man-of-war appearance excited our admiration. With the good breeze astern we soon entered Huntington Harbor and enjoyed its beauties.

Running down wind had made the sun assert himself and we brought up close to the fine beach near Lloyd's Harbor light house for another swim, as the water looked too cool and tempting to keep out of. One of the special attractions of these shores is the fine beaches. Where on our shores it is either creek-mud or rocks, here all is sand, and the water clear and uncontaminated.

What a pity the towns on the Westchester and Connecticut side are allowed to sewer in the Sound. This is doubtless the cause of changes in fish life hereabouts.

The S—— remembers an old inhabitant of Mamaroneck telling him of days when scallops were as plentiful in the harbor there as mussels are now.

After a fine swim we started for Greenwich and were able to lay our course direct, close hauled on port tack. The day, while perfect, was different from Saturday, in there being that summer haze so prevalent on the Sound. How thoroughly enjoyable was that long, lazy board, made doubly interesting to us by a brush with a sloop that had started just ahead.

She finally left us, but we felt satisfied, as she was larger and carried topsail. For over two hourse we kept on same tack, S—— and crew taking a short nap at different times. Shortly after three o'clock we passed Stamford Point, and easing sheet ran into the yacht anchorage at Indian Harbor, but the breeze was so good we decided to run out to Captain's Island before putting up for the night. Reaching there the swimming instinct again asserted itself, and taking in jib we dropped the hook and dove in. That swim will live in our memories always. We went in, came out and repeated it many times till finally the fast dropping sun warned us to be off for the anchorage. After making all shipshape, we regretfully donned shore clothes, went ashore and enjoyed a good dinner at the club. Putting on stiff shirts and collars after a day in bathing suit is a fearful grind, but we considered it a shade preferable to washing the many dishes necessitated by a dinner. Going aboard about ten o'clock we had our last pipe and turned in, soothed to sleep by the hum of the evening breeze through the rigging.

Waking at six o'clock the next morning the S—— stuck his head out of the companionway and found a

MARGUERITE.

brisk breeze stirring from same quarter and signs of a blowy day. Anchored alongside was a beautiful yawl some 70ft. on top that had come in during the evening, and for half an hour we lay on top of the cabin wrapped in blankets looking her over and enjoying the pretty scene spread on every hand. After that our usual plunge overboard and then breakfast followed by that first good pipe. The wind had been steadily increasing since sunrise, and as a long thrash to wind'ard was in store, we put two reefs in mainsail and bent our No. 2 jib. Working down the shore inside Captain's Island we found this rather short canvas, but on getting outside it began to come down in little chunks and we went along most comfortably. Made a long hitch over to the island and just before going about to the east of Mattinicock met several New Rochelle yachts bound west. By this time it was blowing fresh, with good, hard, black chunks coming off the Long Island shore; but with our reduced canvas the little hooker was banging through it in easy fashion. The New Rochelle boats all crossed our bow as we approached them, but they were lugging full sail and making poor weather of the squalls, having to continually luff out. Standing well to wind'ard of their wakes we came about and put after them, and in a short time had the satisfaction of crossing *their* bows as we split tacks working down the beach. In fact, after two hours they were miles behind us; another case of lugging sail instead of carrying it. The skipper is a firm believer in too little canvas (of course aside from racing, and sometimes then) rather than too much, and our performance that morning against larger boats carrying too much sail made him doubly satisfied with that opinion. Give him easy canvas rather than staggering along with boat on side, everything sliding down and the constant expectation of something giving way. The Sound was another picture this day. Scores of yachts were about, participating in or watching the fall regatta of Larchmont Y. C., and class after class of racing machines went by us, among them two of the 70-footers. A great sight it was to see the latter keeled over to apparently the last degree and going at steamer speed. After several hours of exhilarating windward work, we dropped our hook near one of the course marks off Howard Gould's place, and after a fine swim ate lunch and watched the big yachts turn the mark. Soon after three o'clock we got under way and headed for home, getting in in time to put things up in good shape, pack our duds and then sit down for a final smoke and talk before going ashore. In every particular this little cruise had been most delightful, and one long to be remembered.

Skipper.

"Small Yacht Construction and Rigging."

MR. LINTON HOPE'S book, "Small Yacht Construction and Rigging," which has been in preparation for some time past is now ready for delivery. The matter appeared originally in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, but before putting it in book form it has been carefully revised and added to by the author.

For years past there has been a great demand for a really good and up-to-date book on this subject, and it is with considerable satisfaction that we are able to call attention to so splendid a work. In these days nearly every yachtsman takes great interest in the building and rigging of boats, and many have actually built and rigged their own craft. In many cases, however, the amateur has no practical knowledge of what is needed, and lacking knowledge to review the work, it has been done in an improper and unsystematic manner. Mr. Hope's book, however, gives to the yachtsman just the information about building which he needs, and it will be found indispensable to the amateur. The work is written so clearly that a man having no knowledge of the use of tools or of boat building can, with its aid and a little practice, do very creditable work.

The author has taken two designs for practical demonstration, one of a centerboard boat 19ft. waterline and the other a cruising cutter of 22ft. waterline. Both designs show fine little boats which are fully adapted to American requirements. Full instructions, even to the minutest detail, is given for the building of both these boats. The information is not confined to these yachts alone; they are merely taken as examples, but what is said applies to all wooden yacht building according to the best and most approved methods.

The book is divided into two parts. Part I. treats of the building of the boats and Part II. covers the rigging. In Part I., Mr. Hope first goes into the matter of tools and then devotes a chapter to the best materials to use. In Chapter III. full instructions are given for laying off, making the molds and setting up the frames. Chapter IV. discusses the difficulties of cutting the rabbet and fairing the molds. Chapter V. is given over to timbering and planking, and in the next chapter is told how to place the floors, shelf and deck beams. The other eight chapters being devoted to the making of centerboard trunks and rudder cases, laying decks and placing coamings, caulking, stopping and painting, lead keels and centerboards, rudders, spars, deck fittings, iron work and cabin fittings, and equipment. The matter of rigging and sails is thoroughly dealt with in Part II.

The book, which is bound in tan buckram, contains nearly two hundred pages and sixty illustrations. In addition are the four large plates of designs which are printed on strong linen paper and which will stand considerable handling without injury. These are placed in a pocket in the back cover so that they can be removed whenever needed. The drawings are well executed and are very comprehensive.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. William H. Hand, of New Bedford, Mass., has completed plans for a one-design knockabout class for members of a Buzzard's Bay club. These boats, which are being built at the Newport Shipyard, Newport, R. I., are 25ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 6ft. 7in. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft. There are 820 pounds of lead on the keel and they will carry 316 square feet of sail. There is also building at the Newport Shipyard, from Mr. Hand's design, a 46ft. waterline sea-going launch for Mr. Reginald Norman, of Newport, R. I. Among the other boats Mr. Hand has designed this winter is a 40ft. cruising yawl for the Rev. William A. Patrick, of Cleveland, O., and a 30ft. double end yawl for Mr. Frank E. Wood, of Buffalo, N. Y. This boat resembles in design the old Block Island "Pinky," a class of boat famous for their sea-going qualities.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold through his agency the schooner Amorita, owned by Mr. Thomas M. McKee, of Pittsburg, Pa., to Mr. Richard Mansfield.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have chartered the English-built steam yacht Fauvette, owned by Professor J. Harvard Biles, of Glasgow, Scotland, to Mr. W. B. Bacon, of Boston. Fauvette was designed by the late Dixon Kemp and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, Ltd., at Leith, in 1892. She is 190ft. over all, 160ft. waterline, 22.7ft. breadth and 15ft. depth. The yacht has been lying at South Brooklyn since her arrival here last fall, and she will now be taken to Hoboken, where she will be refitted and overhauled.

Mr. Charles D. Mower is to have a 27ft. speed launch built at Huntington's yard, New Rochelle, from his own design. The boat will be fitted with an 8 horse-power Buffalo motor.

Messrs. Tuthill & Highby, of Greenport, L. I., are building for Mr. Oscar B. Webber a racing sloop from designs made by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. She is 44ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 6ft. 9in. draft.

On the afternoon of February 4 there was launched from the Herreshoff shops at Bristol the steam yacht built by that firm for Mr. S. R. Van Duser, of New York City. The yacht, which was named Wana, is 132ft. long over all and 12ft. breadth. The hull, which is built of wood, is completed, but the deck and cabin fittings have yet to be put in place.

The Electric Launch Company, Bayonne, N. J., is building a cruising launch for Mr. W. F. Morgan, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The boat is 60ft. over all, 57ft. waterline, 9ft. 9in. breadth and 3ft. draft. Her power will be furnished by two 25 horse-power gasoline engines and it is expected she will develop a speed of 14 miles. The boat will be very comfortably fitted below and she will be lighted by electricity. This firm is also building an electric launch for Mr. A. J. Cassatt for use at Bar Harbor. She is to be an open boat and the hull will be planked with mahogany.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, Mariners Harbor, S. I., is building a 36ft. launch for Mr. F. G. Mead. The boat, which was designed by Mr. R. N. Haddock, of Ossining, N. Y., will be equipped with a 12 horse-power 4-cycle Howard motor.

Mr. E. O. Mapes, of Minneapolis, Minn., has purchased the famous old schooner Fleetwing. The boat will receive a new main mast and a general overhauling preparatory to a southern cruise.

The auxiliary cruising yawl designed by Mr. Charles G. Davis for Dr. Richard J. Scofield, of New York City, is being built at Hanson's yard, City Island. She will be 37ft. over all, 27ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft, and will carry just over 800 square feet of sail.

In addition to the large auxiliary cruising schooner that Messrs. Gardner & Cox have designed for Mr. Wilson Marshall, they have orders for a Canada cup challenger for a syndicate of Rochester yachtsmen and a steam yacht for Mr. Evans R. Dick, of Philadelphia. The work of the yawl building from this firm's designs by Wood at City Island for Mr. Noble is well advanced. The Canada cup challenger will be built at Wood's yard and she will be raced on the Sound against Effort, Dorwina, Challenge, Mira and Mr. T. L. Park's new boat. It is very probable that she will be handled by Mr. Addison Hanan; if this proves to be the case the boat will be in good hands.

The steam yacht for Mr. Dick will be 108ft. over all, 97ft. waterline, 18ft. 9in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will be built by James Bayles & Son, Port Jefferson, L. I.

The schooner Muriel, owned by Mr. Charles Smithers, arrived at Bermuda on February 7, eighty-four hours out from New York.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The English dispatches announce that the National Rifle Association of Great Britain have fixed upon July 11 for the Palma trophy. The interest taken in this trophy on this side of the ocean indicates that a most resolute effort will be made to take it back to America, where it rested so cosily during many years.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Feb. 12.—Brooklyn, L. I.—All-day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
Feb. 12.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on Lincoln's Birthday. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.
Feb. 18.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. Alfred Griesemer, Prop.
Feb. 20.—South Bethlehem, Pa.—Live-bird shoot of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of The Bethlehems. D. S. Daudt, Manager.
Feb. 20.—Rittersville, Pa.—Morfey-Daudt match, 100 live birds, $100 a side.
Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspices of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 23.—Wellington, Mass.—Shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
Feb. 23.—Trenton, N. J.—E. C. cup contest for target championship of New Jersey between Neaf Apgar, holder, and Chas. P. Cole, challenger.
Feb. 23.—Orange, N. J.—Open shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club.
Feb. 23.—Paterson, N. J.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club; first of three-man team series of contests, 45 birds per team. Garry A. Hopper, Sec'y.
Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Feb. 23.—Lynn, Mass.—Holiday shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club.
April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.
April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.
*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The following is taken from the New York Times of Feb. 6: "Philadelphia, Feb. 6.—At a meeting in this city, attended by a number of capitalists of New York, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, the American Explosive Manufacturing Company was formed, having for its purpose the combination of all the manufacturers in this country, of dynamite, powder, and other explosives. The authorized capital of the company is $1,000,000, which, it, is stated, will be increased to $5,000,000. Samuel W. Regester, of Baltimore, is the president of the company. Other officers are: Olin Bryan and John C. Tolson, of Baltimore, and Dr. Henry D. Heller, of Philadelphia. The company is said to have obtained control of a number of plants."

Mr. Sellier Johnson, an Englishman, who, though famous as a shot, shot at Monte Carlo this year for the first time, won the Grand Prix on Feb. 2. The dispatches state that there were eleven men with a clean score after the tenth round. Mr. Mackintosh was the favorite. Mr. Robinson missed his twelfth bird. The eighteenth round ended the competition. Count Zichy and Mr. Thompson and Mr. Mackintosh missed a fair bird. Mr. Johnson killed his bird brilliantly with the first barrel, and was proclaimed the winner. He received 18,400 f. ($3,680). Mr. Mackintosh took 12,500f. ($2,500), and Count Zichy and Mr. Thompson agreed to divide 14,000f. ($2,800).

Mr. Valentine Wallburg, president of the Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club, writes us as follows, under date of Feb. 9: "Please discontinue the announcement that the Schenectady Gun Club will hold the State shoot here in June next. We are obliged to give up the arrangements on account of being deprived of the use of the ball grounds, where we proposed to have the shoot. The grounds are on an island, and the bridge connecting the mainland and all buildings thereon are to be sold for the lumber value, and the lease and franchise given up. As there is no other suitable place that can be obtained, we are obliged to give up the tournament."

We are indebted to Mr. T. L. Andrews, secretary of the Titusville, Pa., Gun Club, for a photograph of Mr. E. W. Jordan, who at the annual meeting of the club, held Jan. 26, was unanimously elected president. He states: "Our club feels justly proud of its new executive, as, beside being possessor of the club medal for high scores during the past season, Mr. Jordan shows neat balances accrued from his attendance at sweepstake shoots of both local and national importance. Our only fear is that we may lose Will, as he has had tempting offers to go on the road in the interest of houses in the sporting goods trade."

Dr. Wm. Wynn's army of friends will rejoice to learn that he is convalescing rapidly from the severe attack of pneumonia which he suffered. He was expected at his place of business on Saturday of last week, and he contemplates a visit to Palm Beach as soon as his strength will warrant taking the long journey between here and Florida. His physicians stated that when he was suffering the worst, there was about one chance in five hundred for his recovery, which expresses how close he was to the shore of the dark river.

A letter to us from Mr. R. S. Waddell, under date of Feb. 2 informs us that he has resigned his position as general sales agent of the Dupont, Hazard and other companies. He further states, "I have organized the Buckeye Powder Co. to build mills in the West, probably in Illinois. I have served twenty-one years to a day, beginning Feb. 1, 1882. I am leaving because I desire some business of my own, and not be dependent on a salary. I shall expect to keep in touch with sportsmen." We heartily wish Mr. Waddell every success.

The Boston Shooting Association will hold a shoot on the grounds at Wellington, Mass., on Feb. 23. There are nine events on the programme, four at 10, four at 15, and one at 50 targets; entrance to the latter $3.50; money divided Rose system, 8, 5, 3 and 2; sweepstakes optional. Targets 1½ cents. Lunch free. Loaded shells obtainable at the office. Mr. O. R. Dickey is the manager.

At the special shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held on Wednesday of last week, an event at 100 targets, $10 entrance, proved a special attraction. There were six entries. All the contestants were eminently skillful. The contest was close. Mr. Harold Money scored 99 out of the 100. Mr. J. Skelley was second with the excellent score of 96. Wash was third with 94. There was $51 in the purse. Mr. Money in the afternoon shot at 190 targets and scored 187 of them, making a percentage of .985.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, of New York, was a visitor in Des Moines, Ia., last week, and was the recipient of much hospitality from the trapshooters. He had journeyed from Kansas City, where he had a reception which popular men in the West receive when they visit their friends. The days were of twenty-four hours' duration. Mr. Von Lengerke reports eminent success in his business.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, left for Pittsburg on Thursday of last week, fully prepared to proceed with the season's tournament series of the Association. He had every detail so carefully prepared and accurately thought out, that at the meeting of the Association on Wednesday all his plans were fully indorsed.

An interesting ten-man team contest took place at Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo., on Jan. 31, Kansas City against the Stock Yards, the former winning by a score of 65 to 58. Each man shot at 10 birds, a total of 100 per team. The birds were good and there was a high wind, conditions which adversely affected the scores.

Col. A. G. Courtney is convalescing from a severe three weeks' attack of illness, which confined him to his home up to last Saturday. His physician has advised him that it will be fully three weeks more before he will be sufficiently recovered to stir actively about. We sincerely hope that good health speedily returns to him.

Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., writes us as follows: "I desire to say that, having received so many compliments on the souvenir published in connection with the last Grand American Handicap at live birds, I have concluded to issue another for the coming event that will surpass anything in this line ever attempted."

The secretary, Mr. Charles G. Grubb, writes us that "the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League wishes to thank Miss Annie Oakley through the columns of Forest and Stream; for the handsome prize presented to them, and trusts that they may have the pleasure of her company at some of the League tournaments.

We learn with much gratification that Mr. Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati Gun Club, is recovering nicely from the accident which he suffered a few weeks ago, aud is able to be up and about at present. It is hard to down a good man.

Mr. Chas. B. Cole, of the Trenton Shooting Association, Trenton, N. J., has challenged Mr. Neaf Apgar for the E. C. cup. Mr. Apgar has accepted the challenge. The match will be shot at the Interstate Fair grounds, Trenton, N. J., on Feb. 23 next.

In the return match between the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone League, shot on the grounds of the former at Baltimore, on Feb. 5, nine men on a side, 25 birds per man, Baltimore won by a score of 159 to 152.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, informs us that "the Interstate Association bas made arrangements to give a tournament at Huntsville, Ala., July 8, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club."

Capt. A. W. Money and Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Harold Money left New York last Saturday for Detroit, Mich., where they will participate in the tournament fixed to be held there this week.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, Paterson, N. J., informs us that the shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, fixed to be held on Feb. 12, has been declared off as a consequence of the scarcity of pigeons.

At B. S. Binn's tournament, Redfield, Ia., Feb. 4, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high average with 925 per cent., the first day, and 956 the second day. The weather conditions were very unfavorable.

Last Saturday there were fourteen contestants in the first contest of the Crescent Athletic Club shooters for the February cup, and of these Mr. Henry C. Werleman was the victor.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club will hold a regular contest at Rockaway Park, L. I., on Feb. 15. Targets, $1.50 per hundred.

Bernard Waters.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 4.—The extra shoot given by the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day was notable for the closeness of the competition and the high scores made in it. The main event was at 100 targets, $10 entrance; and this as an inducement attracted the support of the noted crackerjacks Messrs. Money, Skelley, Apgar, Glover, Welles and Floyd (Wash). The excellence of the shooting is in evidence when it is mentioned that all shot 90 per cent. or better, the winner of first, Mr. Harold Money, scoring 99 out of 100. He broke straight in several sweepstake events. Out of a total of 190 targets shot at he missed but 3, making a score of about .985 per cent. Skelley was second with 96. The shoot was a success. Mr. Wright contemplates an active season at the traps, his grounds now being quite popular. The moneys were won as follows: First, Money, $24; second, Skelley, $17.50; third, Floyd, $9.25. The scores:

H Money	1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—99
J Skelley	1111111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111
	1111111111111111111111010111111111111111111011111—96
N Apgar	1110111011111110111111111111111101110111111111111
	1111111111111111111111111101111111110110111111111—92
S Glover	1111011111111111111111111111111111111111110011011
	1111111110110111111111110101111111111111111111111—92
H Welles	1111110111111111110111111110110111111111111111
	0111111111111111111111111001011011111111111111—90
Wash	1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111
	1111111011011111101111101111111111101111111111—94

Sweepstake events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	10	20	10	25	25
H Money	10	15	25	10	19	9	..	..
Wash	8	12	23	8	19	..	..	..
Welles	9	14	21	9	..	9	..	..
Glover	8	14	..	10	..	9	..	..
Smith	7	12	10	9	..	10	12	..
Bittner	5	9	18	6	15	7	15	14
Morrison	8	12	21	7	..	..	23	24
Skelley	8	12	24	9	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	8	13	22	10	18	10	23	..
Apgar	9	..	24	10	18	6	..	..

No. 6 was at 5 pairs.

New York County Gun Club.

Rockaway Beach, L. 1., Feb. 2.—There was a slight rain and a temperature of 40 degrees for weather conditions at the shoot of the New York County Gun Club to-day. A south wind added to the speed of the targets. Mr. H. P. Fessenden acted as referee. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Schorty	21	19	22	24	Munsey	3	3	2	..
Jones	18	14	12	11	Little	10	..	..	..
Stebbins	22	19	19	..	Lutz	11	..	5	10
Keim	15	..	15	..	Hecky	..	5	..	..
Staples	22	..	16	19	Bourke	..	12	10	..

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 7.—There were fourteen contestants in the first shoot for the February cup of the Crescent Athletic Club, and the first win was scored by Mr. H. C. Werleman. The scores:

February cup, 50 targets, handicap:

H C Werleman	10	15	25	10	15	25	50
R E Whigham	6	17	23	6	19	25	48
D C Bennett	5	19	24	5	19	24	48
Dr Keyes	1	22	23	1	23	24	47
F T Bedford, Jr	2	20	22	2	23	25	47
W W Marshall	7	18	25	5	17	22	47
D B Hegeman	3	22	25	3	18	21	46
L C Hopkins	4	21	25	4	17	21	46
Dr O'Brien	5	18	23	5	16	21	44
Dr Pool	3	20	23	3	17	20	43
T W Stake	5	15	20	5	15	20	40
A W Palmer	3	21	24	3	12	15	39
H B Vandcrveer	3	15	18	3	18	21	39
J H Jack	3	17	20	3	12	15	35

Trophy, 15 targets: Marshall (4) 15, Wigham (3) 15, Bennett (2) 14, Lott (1) 13, Jack (2) 13, Keyes (1) 13, Pool (2) 13, A. W. Palmer (2) 12, Raynor (5) 12, Hopkins (2) 12, O'Brien (3) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: Bedford (1) 15, O'Brien (3) 15, Lott (1) 15, Pool (2) 15, A. W. Palmer (2) 14, Marshall (4) 13, Bennett (3) 12, Raynor (3) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: Pool (2) 14, O'Brien (3) 14, Wigham (3) 13, Palmer (2) 13, Jack (2) 13, Marshall (4) 13, Sykes (2) 12, Werleman (4) 9.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Feb. 7.—The shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club to-day was a very pleasant affair while it lasted. The birds furnished by G. A. Hopper to-day were great birds. He had gathered them since Friday around the country about Paterson, and they taxed the skill of the shooters taking part this afternoon. The 150 birds were shot off inside of two hours. A group picture was taken which we hope will turn out all right. Several other individual pictures were also taken.

The club made every endeavor to get 300 or 400 birds for to-day's shoot, but could not get one in New York city or Philadelphia. We will have men out in the country districts gathering them up for the 23d, and will have plenty for that occasion, which we expect to be a great affair, as we are getting communications every day from different clubs around the country inquiring about that part of my announcement referring to organized and incorporated gun clubs. Please change that to regularly organized or incorporated gun clubs, and the members to be bona fide members during at least three months previous to Feb. 1, 1903.

Harold Money paid us a visit to-day, and was in great form, getting here just as we were starting the 10-bird event. Mr. Edgar came along with him, but was short of practice on live birds. Capt. A. Money and Garry Hopper were in hard luck in drawing fast birds. Bunn was in fine shape. Wright, in good form, drew out on account of birds running short, to let the visitors shoot and hustle things along. Morgan is getting in shape. All are tuning up for the 23d. Keep your eye on them.

	No. 1, $3.	No. 2, $5.
Money, 30	*2220—3	0122112*20— 7
Hopper, 28	21222—5	1222020222— 8
Bunn, 28	22222—5	2221121222—10
Morgan, 29	02202—3	1022221222— 9
Wright, 28	12212—5	.....
Van Houten, 28	22020—3	2020202012— 6
Thompson, 28.	10201—3	1000122102— 6
Klotz, 28	2*102—3	2222222222—10
H Money, 31	....	2212122222—10
Edgar, 29	....	0121022*21— 7
Powers, 28	.....	20101*2222— 7

Feb. 8.—Owing to the scarcity of pigeons, the Jackson Park Gun Club has declared off the shoot of Feb. 12. Mr. Bunn will have a shoot at targets, and if possible to get live birds, they also will be provided, Feb. 12.

Dutcher.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 7.—There was a good attendance of shooters at the weekly meeting of the North River Gun Club to-day. The shooting was hard, the targets taking very irregular flights. Mr. Bittiner had, as a guest, Mr. Bert Waters, a young New Yorker who had shot but once before at the traps. He used a strange gun, which was a handicap in itself. He shot in excellent time for a beginner. With practice he will quickly develop high skill. Mr. Merrill broke 10 in the seventh event, a straight score and the best of the day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	15	10
Eickhoff	6	8	9	10	11	6	8	14	8
Richter	8	8	6	12	14	8	8	..	..
Bittiner	4	2	2	6	5	5	5	6	5
Bert Waters	1	2	3	10	10	7	..	..	..
Vasselman	4	1	3	6	..	..	..	..	..
B Waters	8	6	6	10	10	8	6	..	..
Newkirk	..	..	1	4	4	2	5	..	..
F Truax	..	..	4	10	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	..	..	6	11	11	10	4	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	9	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	14	..	8	10	8
Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	10	7
Eickhoff	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

Five pairs double targets:

Eickhoff	11 11 10 10 10	Vosselman	00 10 00 00 11
Richter	00 11 00 10 11	B Waters	10 11 00 11 00
Bittiner	10 11 10 00 10	Newkirk	10 00 10 00 00
Bert Waters	00 00 00 00 00	Allison	10 10 10 10 10

Jas. R. Merrill, Sec'y N. R. G. C.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenberg, N. J., Feb. 6.—The day was fine and the birds were good ones. The event was the semi-annual prize shoot given by the club, and also a ladies' day. In former years it was held in conjunction with the Columbia Fishing Club on the grounds at Eltingville, S. 1., but the law about pigeons in New York State has changed matters.

The prizes were toilet sets, which exceeded $100 in value, donated by the club.

Dinner was served in the large club house. Good dining is always in evidence at a Jeannette entertainment.

Mr. H. Wohlcib was the winner of first prize, he making a straight score:

J Bohling, Jr, 28	22*2021*00— 5	H Debacker, 28	0000010110— 3
W Sanders, 28	001*220210— 5	C Steffens, 30	1222222021— 9
Job Lott, 30	2222202200— 7	A Schumacher 25	1212001111— 8
C Meyer, 30	2202120222— 8	H Noble, 25	002*011101— 5
H Kastens, 28	1111212*11— 9	W P Rottman, 25	2211201122— 9
J Kroeger, 28	1201222112— 9	J Vagts, 25	2202011020— 6
F Ehlen, 25	1111021*11— 8	J C Bohling, 28	1122010001— 6
H Pape, 28	2202022222— 8	C Meyerdiercks, 28	1212000112— 7
C Interman, 28	2002020022— 5	H Rohlfs, 28	2112021122— 9
J Mohrman, 28	0011011212— 7	H Wohleib, 25	1212221221—10
N Brunie, 28	2202220210— 7	W Kattenhorn, 25	202**02000— 3
G E Loeble, 30	1222020022— 9	H Kohler, 25	0100000102— 3
J Hainhorst, 28	2220011020— 6	C Thyssen, 28	0*0*1001*0— 3
Capt Meyer, 25	2101100021— 6	J Luhrman, 25	0000202202— 4
D Mohrman, 28	00101*2121— 6		

The ties were shot off miss-and-out. Rohlfs won 9 class, Pape 8 class, Loeble 7 class, Mohrmann 6 class, Sanders 5 class.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Kastens	0	Loeble	22222211212
Krocger	20	Meyerdiercks	0
Steffens	2*	Hainhorst	10
Rottman	1120	Capt Meyer	0
Rohlfs	1111	D Mohrman	2)22
Meyer	200	J Vagts	2120
Ehlen	2010	C Bohling	0
Pape	2022	J Bohling	222220
Schumacher	0	Sanders	222222
Lott	0	Interman	0
J Mohrman	20	Noble	0
Brunie	1221121122*		

Baltimore vs. Keystone.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 5.—The return team match between the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League was held here to-day on the grounds of the former. There were nine men to each team, and 25 live birds to each man. The contestants stood at the 29yd. mark.

As a team contest it was not notable for any shooting of special excellence. Of the eighteen contestants, Mr. Budd, of the Keystones, was high with 21.

The contest began shortly after 12 M., and continued all the afternoon. A strong wind blew steadily. It carried the birds to a right quarter and partly in an outgoing direction. Many fell dead outside of the boundary line, where they were blown by the storm.

The men shot in pairs, a Baltimore Shooting Association man and a Keystone shooter going to the traps alternately, though the total score counted in the match.

The team winning two of the three contests in the series is to be the champion of the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The first of this season's races was shot on the Keystone's grounds at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on Jan. 15. Ten men were on each team, and the shoot resulted in a tie, each team killing 211 birds out of 250, from the 29yd. mark.

Several miss-and-outs were shot as preliminaries.

The match at several stages see-sawed and seemed lost in turn to each. After the first three of each team had shot, Philadelphia was 6 in the lead. Dunn, of the Baltimores, killed 17 to Johnson's 16, and this cut down the lead to 5. Ridge, of the Keystones, led Hobbs by 2 birds, and this raised Philadelphia's lead to 7. Hood Waters scored 20 to Eames' 15, which cut down the lead to 2. The seventh pair up changed the tide. Dupont killed 20 to Schwartz's 16, which put Baltimore 2 in the lead. The race was still far from being won, the conditions being so uncertain.

Old Reliable Jim Malone, captain of the Baltimore Shooting Association, shot in such style that he thoroughly defeated his opponent, Dr. Darby. The result was that Malone got 20 and Dr. Darby 12. This clinched the contest. Hicks, of the Baltimores, and Budd were the last pair to face the traps. Budd beat Hicks by a score of 21 to 18, but the Baltimore Shooting Association still led by 7 birds.

The visitors took their defeat philosophically.

The clubs agreed to hold the second shoot of the series at Holmesburg Junction, on Feb. 18.

The conditions of the next race are to be the same, excepting that the Keystone League is to have as many shooters as the Baltimore Shooting Association brings over to compete. If a fourth shoot becomes necessary by the winning of the Keystone League next time, it will be shot at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds on a date to be agreed upon.

The scores:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

German	10201110010110221221200121—17
Chew	12001102211200221202002021—16
Burroughs	11222002220112220020021102—17
Dunn	00002220222112120122222200—17
Hobbs	00101200202022102222220000—14
Waters	00221222202222022012202122—20
Dupont	02113212212210002120211111—20
Malone	21101122220211110211011110—20
Hicks	22220202022021222002220222—18—159

Keystone League.

Rothaker	22022020212222022222022222—20
Van Loon	20222220222120222202220022—19
McCoy	00222202220222222202202202—17
Johnson	20020022020021222202202—16
Ridge	00202202200022222222202202—16
Eames	01022202201220020011202220—15
Schwartz	22222210122000002222022200—16
Dr Darby	22022200022000000022220022—12
Budd	02222222222201011222220222—21—152

Forest City Gun Club.

Savannah, Ga., Feb. 6.—The shoot of the Forest City Gun Club, held in this city on Feb. 3 and 4, had some famous trapshooters as contestants.

On the first day the scores were as follows:

Event No. 1, even distance, all stand at 30yds., 10 birds, $10 entrance: Smith 10, Bradley 10, Welch 7, Du Bray 7, Wilson 10.

Smith and Bradley divided the purse of $70.

Event No. 2, cup added, allowances, handicaps 25 to 31yds., 10 birds, entrance $10: Smith (31) 9, Bradley (31) 10, Welch (31) 7, Day (25) 10, Du Bray (29) 9, Anthony (29) 7, Wilson (31) 10, Holley (25) 10.

Bradley, Day, Wilson and Holley shot the tie off, miss-and-out for the cup. Day and Holley missed their third bird, while Wilson and Bradley killed. Dr. Wilson then retired, and presented the cup to Mr. Bradley.

Event No. 3, handicap, 25 to 31yds., 10 birds, $10. The gentlemen shot from the same distances as in the sevond event: Smith 10, Bradley 10, Welch 10, Day 9, Du Bray 2, Anthony 10, Wilson 10, Holley 10.

There being six ties for first place, the shoot was continued into the next event, Smith, Anthony and Holley missing one each out of the next five birds and dropping out, thus leaving Wilson, Bradley and Welch still tied. They divided the purse of $80.

The fourth event was for the Forest City cup, allowances, handicaps 25 to 31yds., 20 birds, $20 entrance: Smith 10, Bradley 24, Welch 20, Day 14, Du Bray 12, Anthony 4, Wilson 9, Holley 25.

Holley was credited with the full number owing to being a 25yd. handicap man. He missed his first bird of the first five for event No. 3 tie. He won both the purse and the beautiful silver cup.

The fifth event was not shot owing to the lateness of the hour.

The scores of the second day's shoot were an improvement on those of the first day. The first event was the fifth on the schedule of the first day, but had to be carried over owing to the weather not permitting it to be shot, and was made a handicap match instead of at even distance, 10 birds, $10 entrance. The scores: Smith 8, Bradley 10, Welch 10, Day 7, Du Bray 10, Anthony 9, Wilson 4, Holley 10.

Event No. 6, even distance, 30yds., 10 birds, $10 entrance: Smith 10, Bradley 5, Welch 8, Du Bray 1, Anthony 5, Wilson 10, Holley 0.

Event No. 8, Sunny South cup, allowances, handicaps, 25 to 31yds., 20 birds, $20 entrance: Smith (30) 17, Bradley (31) 20, Welch (31) 19, Day (26) 15, Anthony (28) 20, Wilson (31) 20, Holley (29) 20.

Smith was allowed one miss as no bird; Holley one miss as no bird, and Day allowed two misses as one kill. Bradley, Anthony, Wilson and Holley having tied, shot off. Bradley killed his fifth bird out of bounds, Wilson withdrew without shooting and Holley killed his sixth bird out of bounds, while Anthony kept up his clean score and won the beautiful silver fruit dish offered as the extra prize.

This ended the regular schedule, and several special matches were then shot. The first was at 20 birds, $20 entrance, and had as competitors Smith, Bradley, Welch and Wilson. Smith retired on his tenth shot with two birds dead out of bounds and one miss; Bradley followed with two misses out of ten, and Wilson and Welch shot it out, the former winning with 20 clean kills.

Welch and Smith then shot a match at 25 birds, $25 each. Welch won with 25 straight to Smith's 24. A return match was won by Smith on the fifteenth bird, Welch having lost four out of bounds.

Rocky Mount Gun Club.

Rocky Mount, N. C., Feb. 3.—The Rocky Mount Gun Club held a very enjoyable and successful shoot at their grounds, near the city, last week. One of the main features of the day was a roast pig, what we Southerners call "barbecue." The shoot and dinner was given complimentary to Messrs. E. G. and John M. Ford, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mr. C. F. Seltzer, of Pottsville, Pa., who were visiting here on a ten days' quail hunt. The first event of the day was a match at 10 live birds each. The following is the score:

D D Daughtridge	1111111111—10	E G Ford	1111110111— 9
C F Seltzer	1101011111— 8	C H Harris	1111111111—10
W E Long	0111110110— 7	J M Ford	1111101110— 8

At the ending of the live-bird event, the entire party repaired to the club house and filled up on roast pig and turkey and a great many other good things, too numerous to mention, after which the event of the day, a match at 25 bluerocks, thrown from expert traps, unknown angles, was shot, with the following result:

C H Harris	0111111101111001111010011—18
C F Seltzer	1111111111111011111111111—24
W E Long	1001111111111111111010110—20
D D Daughtridge	1000011101000111101100110—13
E G Ford	1111111111101111111011111—23
J M Ford	0111111011111111110111101—21
S Robbins	1000010100011000000001000— 6
W A May	0110000000000001111111100—10
M F Parham	0100111010000111110110110—14

This ended the day's shoot, and Mr. C. F. Seltzer, of Pottsville, Pa., having broken 24 out of 25, was declared the winner, and he was heartily congratulated by all present.

The Messrs. Ford and Seltzer had some fine sport shooting quail, while in North Carolina. They all expressed themselves as being well pleased with their trip, and when they come again next winter they will be heartily welcomed by the boys in Dixie.

C. H. Harris.

Pigeon Shooting.

Argument Before the Fish and Game Committee of the Legislature of New Jersey at the State House, Trenton, N. J., Feb. 2, 1903, by J. W. Hamer, of the Riverton Gun Club.

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Committee:

Gentlemen—I receive no fee on this occasion. One of my friends has just said—jestingly, I hope—that this probably represents the value of my services before this committee. However this may be, I appear before you because I am interested in the subject and because I believe the weight of the argument will be found to favor our side of the question. I am an all-the-year-round resident, a voter and tax-payer of this State, and am therefore vitally interested with you, gentlemen, in the work of our Legislature. I am also here, as you know, to speak for this delegation of men who protest against the passage of any act which will prohibit pigeon shooting in this State, but who will gladly welcome any reasonably restrictive measure looking toward its legislative control.

Mr. Chairman, I ask you to look into the faces of this delegation of gentlemen—representative business men—and tell me if you discover there any startling evidence of brutality. They may not all be handsome, I do not claim this; but I am permitted to assure you, sir, there is not a wife-beater in the party, nor a man who would be guilty of needless cruelty under any circumstances.

For the people who are agitatiug this subject, who desire to prohibit pigeon shooting, we have the greatest respect. I do not suppose there is a man in this delegation who has not, at one time or another, been a liberal contributor to their various funds for the prevention of cruelty; indeed, I feel sure there is not a man here who would not do his utmost for the proper advancement of their most worthy cause, but—and there is a but, Mr. Chairman—there is room for a wide difference of opinion as to what constitutes actual cruelty. In my judgment there should be a broad line of demarcation between moderation and fanaticism, and I still have hopes that these antagonists may come together with some reasonable compromise measure which will enable you to properly draw that line.

As long as there is life on this planet there will be suffering, there will be cruelty. It is a part of the general plan, in the adoption of which we had no voice. There is a certain amount of suffering we must all endure, men, birds and animals alike, if we are permitted to live. To live is to suffer.

Until we become vegetarians we must take the lives of the lower animals that we ourselves may live.

The gentle housewife, who, in the performance of her duty, chops off the chicken's head, or the butcher who kills the beef to provide your dinner, is guilty of an act of cruelty; but it is the sort of cruelty, gentlemen, which was foreordained when the world began.

Whenever I have criticised another man for doing something which he thoroughly understood, but which I did not, I have found there is nothing quite so embarrassing as an ultimate ascertainment of the facts. Our friends, the enemy, have, as yet, no reason for any such embarrassment, for they have absolutely no knowledge of the facts, and I beg they will understand that I intend no discourtesy by this remark.

As an illustration of how little they know—how little they have investigated, allow me to draw your attention to this point. Almost every speaker upon their side of the question, every publication upon this subject they have ever issued, has condemned pigeon shooting for its alleged brutality, and praised field shooting as a fair and manly, humane sport.

The very bill you are now asked to consider exposes the broad and deep foundation of misinformation upon which it is constructed, for it draws the same distinction, and in express terms states that "nothing in this act shall be held to apply to the shooting of game."

Now what are the conditions surrounding these two forms of sport? I have been a devotee of both for more years than it is pleasant for me to admit. I am what our opponents would doubtless consider a hardened sinner; but upon this subject, at least, Mr. Chairman, I think I speak from actual knowledge, and I know I speak from long experience.

My estimate of pigeon shooting as conducted at the clubs—and I assure you, sir, it is a most careful one—my estimate is that about 90 per cent. of the birds are painlessly killed and quickly gathered; not within the boundary, it is true, but within 100 yards of the trap—90 per cent. These birds are dead, and unless it is a crime to kill for food, domestic birds raised for that purpose, no charge of cruelty can attach to that 90 per cent. About 5 per cent. of the birds are missed and fly away totally unharmed. Now, whatever may have been the intent, even the most violent of our opponents will not claim that an act of cruelty has been actually committed by the man who has shot at a pigeon which he has failed to hit. This, then, disposes of 95 per cent. of the birds without cruelty, and leaves still unaccounted for about 5 per cent. These are the birds which are hit, but which, being still able to fly, are not instantly gathered. Now at all properly equipped clubs there are flocks of pigeons flying around the barns; four-fifths of this remaining 5 per cent. of birds—the injured—are promptly decoyed by these flocks back to the barns, there to be instantly dispatched by attendants employed for this purpose. This accounts for 99 per cent. of the birds without cruelty, and brings us, gentlemen, to the unavoidable conclusion that there is but one per cent. of cruelty in trapshooting, the sport which our opponents condemn for its alleged brutality.

Now let us turn for a moment to the subject of field shooting, which these gentlemen praise as a fair and manly, humane sport. In the field we all know that the poor shot kills and gets very few birds, but cripples and injures a large proportion. He inflicts the maximum of cruelty by reason of his lack of skill. But let us not take the poor shot—let us instance the fairly good quail shot. The fairly good shot will kill and gather about 50 per cent. of the quail at which he shoots, he will miss about 10 per cent., but he will cripple and injure about 40 per cent. These are the birds which show little sign of injury, but which fly away to suffer and recover, or to suffer and to die, as the case may be. Forty per cent., gentlemen. Forty per cent. of cruelty in field shooting, which our friends describe as a fair and humane sport, one per cent. in trapshooting, which they arraign for its brutality. Forty to one, gentlemen; but let us not stop here. The generality of men will have ten to twenty days of field shooting as against one day of trapshooting, and in order to reach a fair comparison, you must therefore multiply this forty by ten or twenty, but what's the use? There is no comparison. The one sport is humanity itself compared with the other. Indeed, Mr. Chairman, I have for years been so impressed with the cruelty of field shooting that I have many times thought I must eventually be driven to abandon it altogether and confine myself to shooting pigeons at the trap, where I can be surrounded by all the modern appliances for the prevention of cruelty.

The attitude of these self-confessed game shooters toward pigeon shooting reminds me of the couplet regarding those who—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

Let us suppose, Mr. Chairman, that a poor shot, by practicing at the trap, where there is the minimum of cruelty—about one per cent.—so perfects himself as to become an expert in the field that he is thus able to reduce his field shooting cruelty from 40 per cent. to say 30 or 20 per cent. Has not his trapshooting experience served a good and useful purpose? Has it not in his case greatly reduced the sum total of cruelty inflicted?

These figures, gentlemen, are not mere phantoms of my brain. They are susceptible of proof, and will be corroborated by any man who will investigate. They have been confirmed by legal decision.

The celebrated case of the Commonwealth vs. Lewis in the Pennsylvania State Supreme Court (Pennsylvania State Reports, No. 140, page 265), was decided substantially upon these lines. The learned Chief Justice (Paxson) not only held in substance that there was no appreciable cruelty in trapshooting, but that the sum total of cruelty inflicted was greatly diminished by reason of the skill acquired at the trap. This decision has been looked upon as so conclusive and so fair that there appears in the thirty-third annual report of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (1900, page 17) the following words:

"Two men were arrested in the spring for shooting and wounding pigeons, and the question is often asked why we do not stop the shooting of pigeons for sport? The answer to that question is that the Supreme Court of this State has decided that shooting pigeons by authorized gun clubs is lawful, and our experience is that no reputable gun club will permit an injured bird to suffer."

There can be no harm in the killing for food of domestic birds and animals raised for the purpose.

Let me repeat this point, for it is the meat of our argument in more ways than one:

There can be no harm in the killing for food of domestic birds and animals raised for that purpose.

Every pigeon shot in a match serves a useful purpose—the killing—the sport is merely incidental. The club of which I am a member has for many years had a regular contract for the sale of all its dead birds. The flesh is used for human food, the feathers are an article of commerce.

There is one firm in this country which uses, I am informed, for millinery decorations alone, the feathers from upward of 1,000 pigeons every day in addition to an enormous quantity of those of other domestic fowl. This is a point for the Audubon Society, whose excellent object is the preservation of our feathered songsters. This enormous quantity of feathers, furnished by the pigeon shooters of this country, does more to preserve the lives of our song birds than all the members of all the societies put together. To be consistent, to carry out its stated object, gentlemen, the Audubon Society should be represented here as the champion rather than as the opponent of pigeon shooting. But, to return to our pigeons. These pigeons so killed and so used fulfill the object of their existence. They die that the scheme of life may go on. There is no waste, and where there is no waste, where is the needless cruelty?

Mr. Chairman, it has been gravely charged here to-day that pigeons are tortured in order to make them fly faster. Whatever may have been the custom in the past, allow me to assure you this custom does not now prevail at any of the clubs, and during my long recollection it never has prevailed there; and there are two conclusive reasons why it should not.

The first reason is that sportsmen, as a class, are kind-hearted men, devoted to the freedom of outdoor life—men whose blood is red, whose lungs contain oxygen—lovers of nature, worshippers of sunshine, and withal, so gentle and so kindly; so fond of domestic animals that they would not permit needless cruelty in any form. But the second reason is, after all, the material one, and the one which will commend itself to your cooler judgment.

It is that cruelty to the birds would lessen their value by diminishing their strength. Pigeon shooters want none but the best, the strongest, the healthiest birds that can be procured, and these cannot be obtained if cruelty is permitted. They therefore require that the birds shall be well fed, well housed and receive in all cases the most careful attention.

As has been brought out by the questions of Mr. Samuel P. Rotan, the gentlemen on the other side admit that the present laws provide adequate punishment for cruelty, that a pigeon shooter can be stopped if he oversteps the line. This being so, is it not rather a singular proposition to ask legislative action in such sweeping form to furnish that which is already at their hands?

In refutation of the claim that crippled birds severely suffer, it has been stated here that such birds frequently begin to eat immediately upon falling to the ground, thus showing them to be more intent upon their food than upon their suffering. Time does not permit me to cover this point further than to say that I have personal knowledge that, strange as is this statement, it is absolutely true.

I will not consume your time by repeating what has been so forcibly said by my Newark friend, Mr. J. Seaver Page, upon the subject of stealing upon deer and shooting them down, as was admitted to have been done by one of the speakers upon the other side, or of luring the bull moose by an imitation of the female's cry. No trapshooting can approach this in cruelty. Neither have I time to enlarge upon the playing of fish with rod and line, the using of live bait, or the keeping of fish alive as long as possible for the market. Field shooting and all these things, it seems to me, should be attacked before approaching a sport containing so small a percentage of cruelty as is to be found in pigeon shooting properly conducted.

Mr. Chairman, I am aware that I am talking too long, but there are one or two thoughts upon this question still in my mind which I want to transfer to yours; I hope, therefore, you will bear with me a few moments longer. I have said nothing regarding the industry which you would destroy if you were to prohibit this sport—the industry of raising and selling pigeons. There are others here who will cover this branch of the subject, and doubtless prove to you by statistics that this industry is of such importance to the State as to demand your fostering care rather than your antagonism. True, it is not a multi-millioned trust, having wealthy and influential officers, a powerful and persistent lobby and talented and expensive counsel. It is simply an humble industry conducted by the plain people—the farmers of this State—but, notwithstanding its poverty and its apparent lack of potential influence, I believe, gentlemen, you will wisely conclude that it is entitled at your hands to protection, not destruction. To prohibit this sport is to destroy this industry.

Furthermore and finally, gentlemen, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that word finally—furthermore and finally, pigeon shooting is now chiefly done under the auspices of clubs formed for this specific purpose. The club for which I speak has complied with all the provisions of the law. It has become a lawfully incorporated body of law-abiding citizens, banded together for a lawful purpose. The State in granting their charter has in effect said to them, "Gentlemen, you may do this thing; it is right; it is just; it is proper." Acting under this lawful authority, thus lawfully obtained, this club has expended over $30,000 in a property and plant for the lawful pursuit of this lawful sport. This property—this industry—this corporation of the State of New Jersey, will become absolutely valueless in the event of the prohibition of this sport. I do not believe popular clamor can have obtained any such hold. I do not believe this legislative body can be induced to take any such unfair and unwise action.

This sport has been followed without restriction up to the present time. I believe our lawmakers agree that it is a serious question to pass laws in prohibition of long-established customs of the people. The delegation I represent, as has previously been stated, will gladly welcome any movement toward a proper regulation of the sport, and are prepared to unite with their friends of the other side in endeavoring to present a bill which shall meet the objections made and yet not cause the grievous damage which would result from the total prohibition of this sport.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I thank you for your very patient and courteous attention.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The inclosed scores were made at the regular shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Feb. 7. The main events to-day were 25-target affairs, for silver cups, one a handicap cup to be won three times to retain, and the other a scratch cup to be won a like number of times. There were altogether fourteen participants in the first event, five of whom, with their handicaps of misses as breaks, made clean scores. In the second event, C. G. Blandford got one win with a score of 23, Kromer being second with 20. Scores as follows:

In extra events, Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 were made Jan. 31:

Twenty-five-target handicap event:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
D Brandreth	18	4	22	W Coleman	22	2	24
Hans	22	3	25	A Rohr	16	13	25
W Clark	17	3	20	E Becker	17	6	23
C Blandford	22	0	22	G Edgers	8	10	18
*Bruin	18	8	25	G Hubbell	14	6	20
W Fisher	20	4	24	J Keenan	18	8	25
R Kromer, Jr.	21	4	25				

Twenty-five-target scratch event: D. Brandreth w., Hans 19, W. Clark 19, C. Blandford 23, *Bruin 17, R. Kromer, Jr., 20, W. Coleman 16.

* Shot along.

Extra events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	10
Hans	8	10	..	..	..	..
Clark	6	..	..	..	..	..
Fisher	9	..	..	8	3	..
Blandford	10	..	21	7	10	..
Brandreth	7	7	..	..	..	..
Bruin	7	9	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	10
Kromer	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coleman	..	7	..	..	..	..
Becker	5	6	..	..	..	..
Bedell	..	8	..	7	7	..
Hubbell	..	..	11	9	8	..
Foley	..	..	..	6	10	3

Next cup shoot Lincoln's Day, 12th inst. C. G. B.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 31.—The second contest of the C. G. C. cash prize series had contestants, handicaps and scores as follows: Squier (20) 44, R. Trimble (21) 43, Ahlers (20) 43, Randall (18) 43, Harris (18) 42, Faran (18) 42, Van Ness (18) 42, Steinman (17) 40, Medico (16) 40, E. A. Randall (15) 39, Dreihs (16) 38, Osterfeld (18) 37, Barker (18) 36, Coleman (18) 35, J. B. (16) 35, Parker (18) 34, Corry (17) 34, Willoughby (15) 34, McB. (16) 33, Falk (17) 32, Ackley (14) 32, Block (18) 31, Roll (17) 31, Jack (15) 31, Herman (16) 30, Boch (14) 24, Watterson (14) 23.

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Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Feb. 7.—Harry W. Weidner and Harry E. Saylor, two well-known trapshooters of this city, met in a 25-target match at the Reading Base Ball grounds to-day. Saylor won the match, breaking 23 to Weidner's 22. A very large crowd of sportsmen witnessed the match, and a considerable amount of money changed hands on the result.

York, Pa., Jan. 29.—An all-day shoot was held at the grounds of the York City Gun Club to-day. There was a good attendance, and notwithstanding the fog and gloom, some good marksmanship was displayed. The principal events were as follows:

Live-bird contest for championship trophy of York county between Michael Lauber, holder, and Mac Miller, challenger, was won by Miller killing 22 out of 25 birds. Lauber killed 10 out of the 25.

Target contest for championship target trophy of York county, 100 targets, between Allen M. Seitz, holder, and Eli Spangler, challenger. Spangler broke 70, Seitz broke 40.

Target contest for the club championship target trophy, 50 targets; open only to members of the club. Nelson McSherry won, breaking 38 and missing 12. The others in this event scored as follows: Spangler 34, Morningstar 31, Sweigert 33, Alvin Reist 29, Grove 30, Miller 30, Bush 24, Seitz 24, Deardorff 21, Lauber 19.

During the afternoon a series of target events were held.

West Chester, Pa., Jan. 29.—At Plumsock to-day Daniel Regester gave a big shoot with poultry as prizes. The following well-known marksmen were present: Daniel Regester, Taylor Sellers, Clyde Rogers, W. D. Biddison, Eugene Hickman, George Baldwin, Arthur Rogers, J. G. Riggs, Taylor Biddison, John Sill, Samuel Kirk, Benjamin Holland, Clifford Thomas, Howard Green and others.

Targets were used, and the rules of the matches were miss-and-out.

The leading contest was between Clyde Rogers and George Baldwin. Each broke 12 targets in succession. Both missed the next target. The seventeenth target Rogers missed, and Baldwin was the winner. Rogers won in another contest from Eugene Hickman.

Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 5.—The Carlisle Gun Club will give an all-day shoot on the grounds, Carlisle, Pa., Feb. 23. The programme has thirteen events at targets, a total of 200 shots, at a cost of $13, two events at live birds, one at 10 birds, $5, and one at 8 birds, $4, will be shot; $5 to high average, and $3 to low average should fifteen shoot through target programme. All targets from a magautrap. Paid experts for price of targets only. Dr. J. G. Fickel, R. E. Shearer, C. F. Dinkle, committee.

Lansdale, Pa., Jan. 27.—An interesting match at 50 live birds each for $100 was shot on the grounds of the Flourtown Gun Club, Flourtown, this afternoon. It was won by Henry Hart, of Flourtown, R. Blank, of Norristown, being defeated by only 2 birds. The shooting was remarkable. Several handicap shoots were decided, with E. P. Rotzell as high gun, he killing 18 straight birds.

The scores of the match shoot follow:

H Hart.....2222022220222222222202211210222211211220022222222—44
R Blank.....2220021211222*2222202212222002111220022111111111—42

Sweepstakes: Rotzell 20, Hart 18, Green 18, West 16.

Pottstown, Pa., Feb. 2.—One hundred live birds were shot on the Shuler Shooting Club grounds this afternoon between two teams, Joe Nettles and his sixteen-year-old son, Roy Nettles, on one side, and Joe Keen and H. Seidel on the other. Each man shot at 25 birds. The score: Joe Nettles 22, Roy Nettles 24; total 46; Joe Keen 24, H. Seidel 20; total 44.

The Nettles won the $50 stake. Young Nettles killed all his birds with one barrel. DUSTER.

Dallas Tournament.

DALLAS, Pa., Feb. 6.—The tournament of the Dallas Gun Club, held to-day, was a success. No. 1 event had twenty-one entries.

The main event, a live-bird handicap, was the third of the programme. Thomas Elcy, from 32yds.; Charles Webber, 30yds., and W. P. Thompson, 28yds., tied for first with 5 straight. Dr. Weida, Norris, Pettebone, Raub and Shultz tied for second, all 30yds, with 4 out of 5, and Eley, 32yds., and Booth, Hart, Wendel, Conrad and Mason, all 27yds., tied for third with 3 each.

In the fifth event, a trap-and-handle match, each shooter stood at 21yds., gun below the elbow. There were sixteen entries at $3.75 each; four live birds per man. This event was won by Thos. Eley and Charles Webber, each killing 4 straight; second prize was divided by Schultz, Allen, Norris and Reese, with 3 kills each; third money was won by Wendel, with 2 kills out of the 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10
C D Wall	8	..	10	5	9
B B Schultz	4	8	12	..	..
J J Booth	9	6	10	..	9
Haight	5	3	9	7	..
C Norris	4	..	8	..	..
Conrad	7	..	9	3	..
Z Hess	3	5	15	..	..
T Eley	9	8	..	9	..
P Raub	7	10	..	7	7
G Dental	4	4	..	..	..
Webber	8	7	9	6	..
E Hunter	5	5	..	7	..
Weida	6	..	..	..	..
Dearfass	4	..	9	9	..
Thompson	4	..	..	..	..
Yapple	1	..	..	7	..
Pettibone	7	..	..	..	..
Heifft	8	7	..	8	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10
Reese	6	..	..	7	..
Dendal	4	..	..	..	6
Hart	4	..	10	..	..
Leavenworth	..	5	10	..	7
Hudson	..	8	..	..	7
Halleck	..	3	..	..	..
Mason	..	8	14	..	8
Hughes	..	9	..	2	..
Kane	..	8	..	..	..
Shaver	..	6	..	..	..
Davis	..	4	..	4	..
Hildebrandt	..	4	..	..	..
Thompson	..	..	6	7	..
Allen	..	..	11	..	..
Kipple	..	..	8	..	..
Fraute	..	..	..	4	..
Halleck	..	..	..	..	7

Live birds, $3.75 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

T Eley, 32.....20201—3
C Norris, 32.....11022—4
J Booth, 32.....02201—3
H Pettibone, 30.....12202—4
P Raub, 30.....12220—4
Kipple, 30.....01221—4
G Hart, 30.....02011—3
Dendall, 30.....01012—3
Dr Weida, 30.....02112—4
Webber, 30.....22211—5
Schultz, 30.....21101—4
Conrad, 30.....11020—3
J D Mason, 31.....10012—3
Allen, 30.....02010—2
Hess, 30.....00102—2
Haight, 30.....10000—1
Thompson, 30.....12111—5
Hildebrant, 30.....01001—2
Leavenworth, 30.....01111—4

Live birds, 21yds., gun below the elbow, $3.75 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

C Norris.....1101—3
Webber.....1111—4
Schultz.....0010—1
Yaggle.....0100—1
Reese.....1101—3
Raub.....0100—1
Booth.....0000—0
Pettibone.....1110—3
Haight.....1101—3
Mason.....1110—3
Eley.....1111—4
G Dendle.....0110—2
Allen.....0111—3
Conrad.....0111—3
Kipple.....1001—2
Franklin.....0100—1
Wall.....10
Hughes.....01
Trainer.....01

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Feb. 7.—Following are the scores made at the shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club to-day:

Club shoot, 50 targets: Barto 39, Young 30.

Troisdorf trophy, 25 targets: Barto 17, Young 16.

Sweepstake, 25 targets: Barto 14, Young 17. WATSON.

The programme of the Grand Carnival shoot, under the auspices of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, to be held by the City Park Gun Club, at New Orleans, La., Feb. 20, 21 and 22, provides ten events; two at 15, six at 20, and two at 25; entrance based on 10 cents per target. Added money in each event corresponds with the number of targets, $15, $20 and $25. Five hundred dollars will be added to the purses, divided Rose system. The following is taken from the programme: "First day, event 7, individual trophy shoot, open to any member of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. Second day, event 7, Three-man team from any one gun club, members of the Association. Event 8, Schmelzer Arms Company's loving cup trophy, open to all participants. Third day, five-man team race, no entrance, open to any five participants actually resident in one place, $50 to winning team, with optional sweepstake. Average prizes, $25, $15 and $10. Even events will be shot over expert system of traps; odd events over magazine trap. A handsome silver trophy will be awarded the expert making high average. Lunch on grounds each day. Grounds open for practice Thursday, Feb. 19. Mardi Gras or Carnival rates will prevail on all railroads entering New Orleans, so be sure to ask for them. Standard loads will be for sale on the grounds. Ship guns or ammunition to L. Gerteis, captain, 719 Perdido street, and apply for any information to Percy S. Benedict, Secretary City Park Gun Club, New Orleans, La.; or J. J. Bradfield, Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, Vicksburg, Miss."

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Feb. 4.—The second serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and fifteen shooters were on hand to enjoy the afternoon's shoot. Many good scores were made, though the fog was very thick all the afternoon, completely obliterating target 20yds. from trap, and necessitated snap-shooting, which some got along well with and others did not. Andrews again held the honors, though pushed quite hard by Prior, one target less to his credit. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	5p	10	15	15	5p	10	15	25	20
Andrews, 19	9	10	8	10	14	14	3	8	..	19	..
Leroy, 21	8	11	9	8	10	13	..	..	..	..	..
Howe, 19	8	11	6	9	13	12	7	9	..	21	..
Frank, 18	9	12	8	9	12	12	9	8	11	20	17
Prior, 16	8	10	6	9	13	14	7	8	13	..	17
Dupont, 16	7	11	6	8	9	9	8	..	11	17	..
Lee, 16	7	7	2	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	..
Kawop, 16	7	5	3	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pills, 16	1	2	..	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry, 16	5	10	7	6	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	6	9	4	6	10	12	4	..	..	..	..
Kneil, 16	..	..	..	..	10	15	4	8	14	..	..
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Bell, 16	..	..	..	..	11	8	6	6	9	..	..
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

Straight scores: Kneil, 16yds., 22; Andrews, 19yds., 18; Howe, 19yds., 18; Prior, 16yds., 17; Leroy, 21yds., 11; Frank, 18yds., 11.

Merchandise match, 30 singles, distance handicap:

Andrews, 19 .....111111011111111011111111111111—28
Prior, 16 .....110111011101111111111111111110—27
Howe, 19 .....111110111110111110111101110111—25
Kneil, 16 .....110000111011111111111111111111—25
Frank, 18 .....011111010111111111101101111111—24
Leroy, 21 .....010101101101111101011111111111—23
Williams, 16 .....011101110011010111101111111011—22
Henry, 16 .....001011111000110111010011111110—19
Bell, 16 .....001101110711111011001010011110—19
Dupont, 16 .....110001011011100010111011011011—18
Kawop, 16 .....101101011111101w
Lee, 16 .....000010011000001000001110000011— 9

Feb. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their Wellington grounds to-day, and though the conditions were anything but favorable, as far as weather was concerned, fifteen shooters toed the mark.

Straight scores were quite a part of the programme, Leroy securing two, both of them from the 21yd. mark; Prior one, and Kirkwood two.

Prior was high in the prize match with 26, closely followed by Kirkwood with 25. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	Av.
Howe, 19	7	11	9	6	11	12	6	9	11	..	.746
Smith, 19	7	11	7	9	12	11	9	5	..	..	.748
Leroy, 21	10	11	8	10	12	12	9	..	..	..	.824
Frank, 18	7	7	5	3	11	11	..	..	..	..	.577
Puck, 17	9	12	7	7	7	9	8	..	9	..	.680
Johns, 16	4	9	4	4	12	11	5	8	..	..	.589
Prior, 16	7	15	9	7	12	14	7	5	8	7	.728
Henry, 16	8	8	5	4	5	4	4	6	..	..	.518
Lehan, 16	3	9	5	2	8	7	5	..	..	..	.523
Kirkwood, 18	8	12	10	8	10	15	9	7	10	8	.809
Barry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	.800
Lee, 16	..	..	6	..	10	7	9	4	..	..	.600
Hodsdon, 16	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	..	.704
Fredericks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	.600
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	.500

Consecutive break match: Prior, 16yds., 20; Leroy, 21yds., 16; Kirkwood, 18yds., 16; Howe, 19yds., 13; Puck, 17yds., 12; Barry, 16yds., 10; Lee, 16yds., 9.

Merchandise prize match, 30 singles, unknown, distance handicap:

Prior, 16 .....111111111101001111111110111111—26
Kirkwood, 18 .....110101101101101111111111111111—25
Leroy, 21 .....101111111011101011111101011111—24
Barry, 16 .....001101011111111011111111110111—24
Howe, 19 .....101111110011110111010111101111—23
Smith, 19 .....101111101111011011101101111110—23
Johns, 16 .....110111101101111111011011011011—23
Frank, 18 .....110101111001111111101111101100—22
Hodsdon, 16 .....111101111111111101011000110111O—22
Lee, 16 .....001110110111011111100000100110—17
Lehan, 16 .....111001110000011110011010100001—15
Puck, 17 .....001110101001001101110110110100—16
Henry, 16 .....000011011000010100000010100001— 9

The Interstate Association Meetings.

A MEETING of the tournament committee, a special meeting of the stockholders, and a meeting of the board of directors of the Interstate Association were all held on the afternoon of Feb. 4 last in the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city.

The tournament committee went into session promptly at 2 P. M., with Mr. Irby Bennett in the chair. Secretary-Manager Shaner stated that he had made arrangements to hold the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., April 14 to 17 inclusive, and also to hold the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets at Interstate Park, L. I., May 12 to 15 inclusive. This met with the approval of the committee. Mr. Shaner also stated that he had prepared a new division of moneys for use at Grand American Handicap target tournaments. The new division of money provides two places for each ten entries, or fraction thereof, up to and including 250 entries. The manager was instructed to use the new division of money at both of the coming Grand American Handicap target tournaments. The outlook being very promising for an exceptionally large entry list at the Kansas City Grand American Handicap at targets, the manager stated that some very radical changes from the present manner of conducting tournaments would have to be put in force in order to keep this particular tournament working smoothly. The changes in question were explained at length to the committee, and they received its hearty approval. These matters will be fully covered and explained in the Association programme of the tournament.

The special rule of the Interstate Association relating to "manufacturers' representatives" was so amended that such representatives are now not eligible to compete for a division of the purses at Interstate Association tournaments other than Grand American Handicaps.

After Manager Shaner was empowered with authority to make all other arrangements necessary to the success of the Grand American Handicaps, and there being no further business before the meeting, on motion, it adjourned.

Immediately after the tournament committee had held its meeting, the stockholders went into session, Mr. Bennett in the chair. The stockholders represented at the meeting were the Le Roy Shot and Lead Works, by Mr. O. D. Delano; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., by Mr. Irby Bennett; American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., by Mr. Edward Banks; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and Remington Arms Co., by Mr. W. J. Bruff; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., by Mr. A. W. Higgins. Messrs. E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., the Hazard Powder Co. and the Peters Cartridge Co. were all represented by proxy. Mr. Edward S. Lentilhon, Mr. B. Waters, of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. W. K. Park, of Sporting Life; Mr. D. Fred Pride, of Field and Fancy, and Mr. Rider Walker, of the Sportsmen's Review, honorary members of the Association, were also present, as was Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association.

The resignation of Mr. J. A. H. Dressel as president, and also as a director, was read and accepted, the thanks of the Association being given Mr. Dressel for the faithful and energetic service he rendered the Association during his many years' connection with it.

Mr. John L. Lequin's resignation as a representative of the Hazard Powder Co., and also as a member of the tournament and cup committees, was read and accepted. Mr. Lequin in severing his connection with the Association stated that "it was with a sense of deep regret, and full appreciation of the kindness and courtesy extended him during the many years he had the honor to attend its meetings."

The action taken by the tournament committee at its meetings held on Dec. 11, 1902, and Feb. 4, 1903, was approved by the stockholders, and after some routine business, the meeting, on motion, adjourned.

The board of directors' meeting was called to order at 3:15, with Mr. Irby Bennett in the chair. On motion of Mr. Lentilhon, seconded by Mr. Higgins, Mr. W. J. Bruff was elected a director. On motion of Mr. Bruff, seconded by Mr. Higgins, Mr. Irby Bennett was elected president. On motion of Mr. Higgins, seconded by Mr. Lentilhon, Mr. W. J. Bruff was elected vice-president. President Bennett appointed Mr. T. H. Keller a member of the tournament committee, and there being no further business before the meeting, on motion, meeting adjourned.

Wabash Tournament.

WABASH, Ind., Feb. 4.—The one-day tournament announced by our club for Feb. 4 demonstrated one of two things. Either this year will be a banner year in the Hoosier State, or else we have a most popular town in which to attend tournaments. Of course, we will just claim a little of the latter reason, for this is where Hugh Clark lives, and the shooter of Indiana or surrounding States who does not know Hugh has missed something. At any rate nothing but a bunch of enthusiasts would have stayed together and shot out a programme of 210 targets in such weather as was dished out to us here to-day. However, a perusal of the scores will show that the bunch of enthusiasas were here.

Had we consulted the ground hog a little more confidingly, it is barely possible we might have changed our date, for this morning broke upon about as unfavorable a day as any man ever saw for trapshooting. The wind was blowing a gait ranging anywhere from 25 to 75 miles an hour, and was never blowing at the same gait more than a second at a time. Then the air was filled with particles of fine snow, and the sky was as dark as some of the faces of some of the cracks after they had vainly tried to break a straight. The temperature was away below the freezing point, too; but the boys had a big fire in a stove in the club house, and this, with the range that Henry Beik had set up in the same house to get the lunch, managed to keep the boys comfortable between events. Good scores? Well, I should say not, under the conditions, and the wonder is that three straights were made, Keller, Shepardson and Lamme being the only ones fortunate enough to accomplish this feat. Lamme's was a 20.

There were present from out the city Shepardson, of La Grange; L. J. Squier, of Wilmington, Del.; L. R. Keller, Max Witzencreuder, John Madden and Sam Minor, of Ft. Wayne; Chas. Lamme, of Attica, Ind.; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind.; Joseph Smiley and Joseph Littler, of Mathews, Ind.; Dr. McKay, Mr. Heintsman, Dr. Gregg and A. F. Atkinson, of Marion, Ind. These, with the home contingent, consisting of Hugh Clark, Elijah Aukerman, Otto Flynn and Chas. S. Rose, comprised the contestants who braved the weather for a day's sport on the banks of the Wabash, and the most of them shot the programme through. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	15	15	15	
Squier	9	13	13	10	15	14	13	18	13	18	12	14	12	174
Shepardson	5	11	13	14	16	14	9	20	14	16	15	14	14	173
Witzencreuder	8	12	12	14	12	12	13	22	13	18	12	12	12	172
Head	8	10	10	11	14	13	13	22	13	13	13	12	10	162
Flynn	8	11	13	12	15	13	11	16	14	16	12	10	11	162
Keller	5	13	15	10	15	13	10	21	11	15	10	13	9	160
Clark	9	14	12	12	15	13	8	19	11	11	11	10	12	157
Lamme	6	11	13	10	12	11	8	21	13	20	14	13	6	157
Aukerman	7	10	11	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rose	7	12	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smiley	5	9	11	11	..	11	9	14	6	10	..	..	..	...
Littler	6	9	13	..	17	..	11	18	9	12	..	..	..	...
McKay	..	9	8	8	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Heintsman	..	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dr. Gregg	..	8	8	..	..	..	9	..	6	15	..	10	10	...
Atkinson	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	..	9	14	..	..	9	...

As will be seen by the above, Luther Squier was high, Shepardson a close second, Witzencreuder third, with Head and Flynn tied for fourth.

WABASH.

Binn's Tournament.

REDFIELD, Ia., Feb. 4.—Owing to bad weather the attendance at Binn's tournament was light, eleven entries on the first and ten on the second day. The ground was covered with about one foot of snow, and a strong wind blew the snow so at times the shooters could not see 10yds. beyond the traps. A large tent with a stove kept the shooters and spectators comfortable. Fred Gilbert won high average each day.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	Broke.	Av.
B S Binn	5	10	8	6	8	..	..	..	12	7	11	10	...	....
J Burnham	4	14	11	7	14	14	8	13	14	8	14	13	134	.831
L L Holden	5	13	12	8	14	11	8	13	13	8	13	11	129	.816
F Campbell	9	11	12	7	12	11	8	15	14	9	15	15	138	.862
J Costello	9	11	12	9	12	13	8	14	13	9	13	11	134	.831
F Gilbert	8	15	15	10	13	13	8	14	15	10	14	13	148	.925
R R Patty	9	12	9	5	13	13	8	11	13	9	12	10	124	.775
C Black	8	10	12	7	10	9	5	13	13	8	11	10	116	.725
J W Budd	9	11	12	8	14	13	9	11	12	6	13	10	128	.850
C McDowell	8	11	9	9	7	..	6	12	14	9	11	11	...	....
R Goodwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	10	7	...	....

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	Broke.	Av.
F Gilbert	9	14	15	10	15	15	10	14	15	9	13	14	153	.956
F Campbell	8	14	14	9	14	14	10	15	11	9	13	15	146	.912
C Holden	9	15	14	8	15	15	9	13	13	8	14	12	145	.906
C W Budd	8	11	10	8	14	15	10	15	14	9	11	15	140	.875
Lyman	8	11	14	8	12	14	7	13	10	7	11	13	128	.800
J Burnham	5	11	9	7	9	9	..	9	..	9	13	12	...	....
C Black	..	..	11	9	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
J Costello	..	..	12	9	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
B S Binn	..	..	..	7	..	8	..	11	..	8	..	10	...	....
Webb	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	...	....

HAWKEYE.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot, Feb. 7, was quite a successful affair, despite some of the regulars being absent. Mr. R. L. Whitton, after some eleven years, has again taken up the sport, and shows he has not forgotten entirely how to shoot. The club congratulates itself on his membership. Shiell 18, Hitchcock 19, and Whitton 13, carried off the new 1903 medals in classes A, B and C respectively, and Hitchcock will shoot next time at 20yds. for breaking 21 in the trophy handicap event.

Following are the scores, and note a straight in the 7th, being doubles at 16yds. The eighth event was at 20yds., and the ninth and tenth the trophy handicap and club event respectively:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25	10	15	25	25
Reid	6	8	1	5	..	..	..	..	15	14
Tolsma	7	8	8	8	13	..	5	7	13	14
Shiell	..	..	7	..	..	..	5	9	20	18
Hitchcock	8	11	6	..	..	..	10	7	21	19
Warner	..	..	4	..	..	..	6	..	12	16
Whitton	2	4	3	..	..	..	..	4	11	13
Barthel	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	11	6
Chapman	..	10	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hantz	..	8	6	..	15	20	..	..	..	..

D. A. H.

Powder Winnings.

List of powder winnings at The Gun Club and Hurlingham, England:

	Gun Club. £ s.	Hurlingham. £ s.	Total. £ s.
Ballistite	6,606 15	4,485 10	11,092 5
Ballistite and Amberite	12 00	86 10	98 10
Ballistite and French T	175 00	.....	175 00
Amberite	2,632 15	1,383 00	1,882 5
Schultz	885 15	168 10	1,054 5
E. C.	316 10	348 00	664 10
Empire (shot only 3 months)	122 10	211 00	333 10
French T	163 10	95 00	258 10
Cooppal	.....	10 00	10 00
			£19,548 10

Ballistite winning more than twice as much as all other smokeless powders combined.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, famous as a shooter and successful salesman, left New York on Saturday of last week, after a stay of a few days in that effete Metropolis of America. He is westward bound, attending to business interests en route.

Rules Governing the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

MR. J. O'H. DENNY was elected chairman; Charles G. Grubb secretary.

Moved and seconded a club be formed to be called The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League.

Object of this meeting is to encourage trapshooting and fix such dates to hold shoots, so that clubs will not conflict; to have a regular programme; to divide the money by the Rose system, so that each man having the required average can share in the money; and to encourage young shooters, so that they can have a good chance. By using the inclosed table you will readily see all have a fair show, and each tournament should be largely attended by young shooters.

The Clubs comprising this Association are as follows:

North Side Gun Club, Allegheny, Pa., Louis B. Bleming, Sec'y, 702 Summerlea street; Brownsville, Pa., Gun Club, W. T. Doherty, Sec'y; Irwin, Pa., Gun Club, John Withero, Sec'y; Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club, W. R. Keefer, Sec'y; New Castle, Pa., Gun Club, James Atkinson, Sec'y; Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club, R. S. Deniker, Sec'y; Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club, J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y; Herron Hill Gun Club, Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y; Millvale, Pa., Gun Club, Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

The secretary of each club must send the names of the members of each club to the secretary of the League not later than March 15, 1903.

Each shooter will represent one club the entire season.

Board of governors, consisting of three, to settle all disputes, and their decision to be final: R. S. Deniker, John Withero, L. B. Fleming.

Four men comprise a team to shoot for trophy and prizes. L. B. Fleming and Harry Vandergrift were elected to buy trophy.

Each club to pay $5 as dues, and money to go for trophy and expenses.

Prizes: Annie Oakley, sterling silver military brushes; the Sportsmen's Supply Co., Charles G. Grubb, Agt., 1,000 loaded shells; W. S. Brown, Smith gun; J. A. Johnston, Winchester gun; Shaner, Jim Crow, Old Hoss, shooting jacket.

Tournament: North Side, April 8-9; Oct. 6-7; Herron Hill, April 22-23; Brownsville, May 26-27; Irwin, May 5-6; Sept. 1-2; Ruffsdale, June 10-11; Sept. 23-24; New Castle, June 24-25; Ligonier, July 7-8; Oct. 20-21; Beaver Falls, July 21-22; Millvale, Aug. 19-20.

Every club to have the same programme, 175 targets at 2 cents each. Money to be divided Rose system: 15 targets, 6, 5, 4, 3; 20 targets, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.

One-half cent will be deducted from every target trapped and added to each event. Any club which desires to increase the amount of added money can do so.

Two shoots for each club during the year, or less if the club so desires. Each club must be represented by four men, and have to be represented at seven tournaments to qualify for trophy.

Events Nos. 5, 6 and 7 of 15, 20 and 15 targets, is for the team shoot for trophy and prizes. Team shoot first day, 50 targets per man.

Optional with the club holding tournament as to number of days shoot is to be held.

Any further information will be cheerfully given by the secretary, Charles G. Grubb, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Kansas City vs. Stock Yards.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 31.—At Blue River Shooting Park today a ten-man team match took place between Kansas City and the Stock Yards, 10 birds per man, a total of 100 birds per team. The scores were: Kansas City 65, Stock Yords 58. There was a gale of wind, and the birds were a good lot. Following are the scores:

Kansas City.		Stock Yards.	
Sims	2022222222— 9	Stockwell	0201021112— 7
F. Cockrill	1221120212— 9	Barse	2002221202— 7
Bramhall	2022222210— 8	Overley	2202022022— 7
C Cockrill	1022011210— 7	Campbell	2002111012— 7
Glasner	1021212002— 7	Means	2220202220— 7
Carter	1002221200— 6	Stower	2020222020— 6
Frew	2200020211— 6	Waldlor	0010201201— 5
Smith	0020201202— 5	West	0200222200— 5
Millett	1100020202— 5	Stockwell	0200100102— 4
Fariman	0001100200— 3—65	Mills.	2200000002— 3—58

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Strange Sight.

TRAVELING south, one notices the lack of neatness around the homes and on the streets of the villages, and begins to wonder if it is possible to keep things in the order that they are seen in the North. The writer was on the Seaboard Air Line Railway train going south last winter, and asked the question of a Southerner, "Can a town be kept neat and clean? I have noticed today that the towns on this road are better kept than on any line South I have traveled, but still the houses need paint and the sidewalks to be paved." We were then entering the sandy region of North Carolina, where things looked very discouraging. His reply was, "You wait a half an hour, and you will see a real New England town, with painted houses, nicely kept yards, and streets in the best of order. Electric cars, electric lights, water-works, and every modern convenience. John T. Patrick, the hustling native North Carolinian whom they call the Southern Yankee because he is eternally at work and never gives up when once he undertakes it, conceived the idea that he could induce Northerners to come down to these sandhills, which we Southerners thought were worthless. We thought Patrick wanted to get even with the Yankees for getting the best of us in 1895, and was bringing them down here to starve them; but he has succeeded, with their help, in building up the prettiest town in North Carolina, calling it Southern Pines." And when the darky porter called Southern Pines we looked out, and the sight was so inviting we grabbed our grips and said to our chance acquaintance, "You are right. I want to stop and see the town and that hustling Southern Patriek."—*Adv.*

Tour to California.

UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE second Pennsylvania Railroad personally conducted tour to California for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on the Golden Gate Special, Feb. 19, going via Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Antonio and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Diego. Three days will be spent in New Orleans, during the Mardi Gras festivities. Should a sufficient number of passengers desire to travel under the care of a touist agent and chaperon, a delightful month's itinerary in California has been outlined; and a returning itinerary to leave San Francisco March 28, visiting Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs and Denver, arriving in New York April 6. Rate, $275 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, covering all expenses of railroad transportation, side trips in California, and berth and meals going on the special train. No hotel expenses in California are included. Tickets are good for return within nine months, but returning cover transportation only. For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Salmon anglers and trout fishermen who are preparing for the spring and summer campaign will be interested in the special product of gut and gut casts advertised by R. Ramsbottom of 81 Market street, Manchester, England. This gut is said to be of special quality and evenness, and all anglers know how important it is to have the best possible material in their leaders. Mr. Ramsbottom will send a special gut list on application.

The canoes, boats and yacht tenders, made by the Old Town Canoe Company, of Old Town, Maine, have long enjoyed an excellent reputation. They are built of cedar, covered with canvas, and are light, and so, easily handled. They are made in a great variety of models, which can be seen in the illustrated catalogue which the company sends free.

All anglers are familiar with the name of the Kentucky reel, and most of them have used these reels. B. C. Milam & Son, of Frankfort, Ky., who have been making them for sixty-four years, state that three years of litigation has established the fact that the genuine Kentucky reel is the Milam.

In the contest with Mr. F. Miller, of the Point Breeze Gun Club, Philadelphia, 100 birds and $100 a side, Jan. 29, Mr. Howard Ridge scored 93 to 91. He used 26 grains of Infallible powder.

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THE COLD STORAGE CASE.

THE New York Court of Appeals rendered on February 11 its long looked for finding in the famous cold storage case, and the decision goes to sustain the lower court on all the general counts. The case is familiar, but we may outline the main features to make intelligible the decision just rendered.

The action was brought in August, 1901, by the Chief Game Protector against Jacob V. Bootman and Howard R. Robinson, constituting the Arctic Freezer Company, to recover penalties for the illegal possession of a prodigious quantity of game found in their vaults in a cold storage warehouse in New York City by Protector J. E. Overton. The cause of action was based on nineteen separate and distinct counts for unlawfully and knowingly possessing game out of season, as follows: (1) 496 grouse and 236 quail, entailing a penalty of $18,360; (2) 371 grouse and 741 quail, penalty $27,860; (3) 491 grouse and 37 quail, penalty $13,260; (4) 96 woodcock, 1,168 grouse, 1,030 quail, penalty $57,410; (5) 1,563 grouse, 425 quail, penalty $47,260; (6) 3,040 grouse, 1,318 quail, penalty $84,225; (7) 422 grouse, 1,048 quail, penalty $36,810; (8) 4 ducks, penalty $160; (9) 441 ducks, penalty $11,085; (10) 432 ducks, penalty $10,860; (11) 400 ducks, penalty $10,060; (12) 338 ducks, penalty $9,010; (13) 141 ducks, penalty $3,585; (14) 808 plover, penalty $20,260; (15) 876 English snipe, 602 plover, 1,416 snow buntings, 96 snipe, penalty $74,810; (16) 288 reed birds, 3,630 plover, 1,152 snow buntings, penalty $126,935; (17) 1,336 snipe, 3,168 sandpipers, penalty $112,660; (18) 720 reed birds, 5,760 snow buntings, 1,439 sandpipers, 488 yellow legs, 150 plover, penalty $217,085; (19) 3,658 plover, 3,000 sandpipers, 4,800 snipe, 300 yellow legs, penalty $294,110. Judgment was demanded on the several counts against the defendant in the sum of $1,168,315 and costs.

The State was represented by the firm of Black, Olcott, Gruber and Bonynge, and the cold storage company by Julius Offenbach and Louis Marsh.

The attorneys for the accused demurred on the ground that the complaint did not state a cause of action, and also that the court had no jurisdiction. The case was tried before Mr. Justice O'Gorman in the Supreme Court of New York County, who held in favor of the accused on the counts from 14 to 19 inclusive on the ground that Sections 30 and 33 of the game law could not be reconciled. This, if sustained, released the plover, snow bunting, reed birds and snipe as factors in the case. He decided also that the game law extends over the entire State; that an offender against the law is liable both criminally and civilly, and that possession during the forbidden season is *prima facie* evidence of violation of the law. Both the State and the defendant thereupon appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which affirmed Justice O'Gorman's decision. An appeal was then taken by both parties to the Court of Appeals; the attorneys for the people against the findings of the Court as to the interpretation of Sections 30 and 33, and the attorneys for the accused against those portions of the decision which found the cold storage company guilty of violations of the law, the questions referred for determination being these:

First. Do counts I. to XIII., both inclusive, of the amended complaint state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action?

Second. Is the plaintiff entitled to maintain a civil action for the recovery of penalties under Section 39 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, constituting Chapter 31 of the General Laws of the State of New York, for the violation of any of the provisions of Article II. of said Act?

Third. Is the amended complaint defective because it is not therein alleged that the various birds for the possession of which the defendants are sought to be charged with penalties were taken or killed within the boundaries of the State of New York?

Fourth. Are facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action stated in counts numbered from XIV. to XIX., both inclusive, of the amended complaint, or in either of said counts?

Fifth. Can the defendants be made liable in this action under Section 33 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, as amended by Chapter 91 of the Laws of 1901, and Section 39 of said Act, by reason of the possession by them, as alleged in counts XIV. to XIX., both inclusive, of the amended complaint, of the birds described in said several counts?

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the judgment of the lower courts, answering the questions first and second affirmatively, and third, fourth and fifth negatively. It is held:

1. That the State is entitled to maintain an action for the recovery of the penalties embraced in counts I. to XIII., inclusive; that is to say, for the unlawful possession of the game birds specified in these counts.

2. That the defendants are not liable for possession of the birds named in counts XIV. to XIX.; that is to say, for the snipe and plover (the possession of which the law did not forbid), and for the snow buntings, sandpipers and birds of other species for which the law prescribed no open season.

3. The game law is not a private statute.

4. It was not necessary for the People to allege and prove that the game was killed within the State.

These questions of law now having been disposed of, the case may now be tried on its merits. The effect of throwing out the action for the recovery of the penalties embraced in counts I. to XIII., reduces the total of the penalties sued for from $1,168,315 to $318,518; but even this shrunken figure is of such magnitude as to give the case an unique place in the history of game law actions.

We print elsewhere the salient points of the plaintiff's brief as presented by Messrs. Frank S. Black and Henderson Peck of counsel.

A PERSISTENT BLUNDER.

A BLUNDER in phraseology in the New York game law has thrown out of court the cold storage case to the extent of $849,797 of the penalties sued for. This is an exceedingly large sum to be eliminated by a blunder of phraseology. It is altogether too large to leave ground for any patience with the blunderer.

The blunder was contained in Section 33 of the law as amended in 1901 and in force when the suit was brought. It read as follows:

> Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

There are two ways in which this may be construed. The counsel for the State contended that it should be interpreted to mean that two classes of birds were protected, viz, (1) wild birds other than English sparrow, crow, hawk, etc.; (2) birds for which there is no open season.

Counsel for the cold storage defendants, on the contrary, argued in their brief:

"Plaintiff's counsel seeks to construe the act under consideration as though it expressly prohibited two classes of birds, (a) wild birds; and (b) birds for which there is no open season.

"But this ignores the plain and unambiguous language of the act and the history of its evolution. In general terms the act prohibits the taking or possession of 'wild birds.' But that general prohibition is immediately followed by two exceptions which relate to the antecedent 'wild birds.' These exceptions are, (1) certain enumerated birds, to wit, the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher; and (2) birds for which there is no open season."

Whatever may have been the intention of the drafters of the section, it is quite clear that the construction of the text urged by the defendants' counsel is the only one admissible. Under this section, then, there could be no penalty for the possession of any birds for which there was an open season. For the snipe and plover and certain other birds designated the law specifically provided an open season; and as to the snow buntings and reed birds, counsel contended that as the law did not prescribe that these should not have an open season it must be assumed that they did have one. Whatever the merits of this reasoning, the Court of Appeals has sustained the contention.

Had the argument of the counsel for the State prevailed—that "wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher" constituted one class of protected birds, this class would have included game birds also. For woodcock, grouse and quail are "wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, etc." Hence we would have had a law forbidding the taking or possession of game birds at any time "except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act." That would have been a ridiculous law, because it would have made every person who killed a game bird at any time guilty of a misdemeanor. The section did not do this then, but it does precisely this now. The blunderers are still blundering and their blunders persist. The text of the section now reads:

> Birds for which there is no open season and wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crow-blackbird, snow owl and great horned owl shall not be taken or possessed at any time dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act.

Under this section every person who in the autumn of 1902 killed or possessed a game bird was a game law violator quite as much as was the killer or possessor of song birds. So long as this law remains as it is, the authorities may not consistently prosecute the song bird killers unless they shall prosecute also the game bird killers. There are fifty-one States and Territories in the Union. Most of them have a sane, clearly expressed, explicit and definite law for the protection of wild birds other than game birds. There should be some member of the New York Legislature capable of drafting such a law for this State.

WHAT CANADA MIGHT DO.

WHEN America was discovered, the elk existed all over the continent from ocean to ocean, and almost from the Gulf of Mexico to the parallel of 54 degrees. Four hundred years later it had been practically exterminated, except in the range of the Rocky Mountains and in a few localities on the north Pacific Coast. In the Yellowstone Park, where protection is found, and it is exposed only to the attacks of its natural enemies, the mountain lion, the lynx and the wolf, the elk still exists in great numbers—so great, indeed, that in hard winters many of them starve to death.

In the Olympic Peninsula there are still many elk, but the country is being settled up and is being run over by prospectors who travel up each stream and cross every range of mountains and kill the game and keep what they do not kill stirred up, uneasy and continually wandering from place to place. Not so very many years ago there were elk over the whole length of Vancouver Island and on other islands in the Gulf of Georgia. The Indians killed them for food, used the skins for clothing and in the manufacture of armor, and fashioned tools and household implements from their antlers. Even within the last forty years it has been possible to gather shed elk horns in localities where there remains to-day not even a tradition of the elk's existence. Nevertheless over the northern part of the central portion of the island, elk are still to be found, though just how numerous they are no one seems to know. The country which they inhabit is rugged, unfit for cultivation, and while overgrown with timber, this timber cannot be brought out to a market. Besides the elk, the more important wild animals of this region are deer and bear. The country has been little explored, although already the trophy hunters, eager to secure elk heads and skins, are making incursions there and finding game in large numbers, which they destroy without the slightest thought of those who are to come after them.

On more than one occasion the Government of Canada has shown great and admirable wisdom and forethought in setting aside certain regions as game preserves. There is an opportunity to make in the central mountain region of Vancouver Island a great game preserve which should stand for all time as a monument to the wisdom of the Canadian Government. It is believed that the elk found on Vancouver Island are not the same species as that found in the Rocky Mountains, and if this is true and the species is unique, it certainly is worth preserving.

The far greater interest constantly taken in game protection by English-speaking races is evidenced by the recent movement to protect South African game, and to establish in the forest reserves of the United States game refuges where no hunting shall be done; and it is highly desirable that the Canadian Government should continue the wise action begun long ago in the establishment of the Banff National Park and the Laurentian National Reserve, by establishing on Vancouver Island a preserve such as we have suggested. We may feel sure that the intelligent and enlightened residents of British Columbia would hail with joy a movement such as this, which would be likely to make the rich and beautiful Vancouver Island more than ever attractive to strangers from afar.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Night with River Pirates.

The Pittsburg coal that is sent to New Orleans now is all towed there by steamers, but years ago it was all floated there. The first steamers to take coal below Louisville began towing it only about the time I made this trip, and more or less of it was still floated until the war put a stop to it. These coal boats were very flimsy affairs, being nothing more than large boxes made of inch and a half hemlock lumber. They had square ends with no overhang, and when loaded had only one foot of a freeboard. A high wind would be likely to sink one of them. The barges that part of this coal is taken in now are quite different affairs; they are built stouter, but they only hold half as much as a coal boat does.

When we floated the coal two of these boats that held about 25,000 bushels each were lashed together and a crew of eight or ten men were assigned to each pair. The boats were moved into the current and kept there by several long sweeps that were hung on pins in the sides and ends of each boat; and when once in the channel two or three men did the steering, letting the boats move with the current, but never tried to move faster than the current did.

Each pair of boats was under charge of a captain who was the pilot; he knew every sandbar, island, riffle and towhead, and knew just where the channel ran long before getting to it.

I started on a pair of these boats in April of 1859 from Pittsburg, the boats being consigned to a coal dealer who had his landing at Bayou Sara, above New Orleans.

We had a good coal boat stage of water to start in. These boats cannot be taken down under a stage of 11 feet of water, they draw 9 feet and the river at Pittsburg is only high enough to float them when a "coal boat rise" comes. Going down on the crest of this rise we went over the falls at Louisville, then on down to Cairo, and getting into the Mississippi here steered south. Our troubles should be all over now, all we had to do now would be to keep the channel, take the right one when passing one of these islands and keep out of the swell of passing steamboats. Should a windstorm rise we would "go to the bank," tie up there and wait for the wind to fall, then go on again; but kept on in good weather day and night.

Our captain was Pinky Morrison. I had known him for years and never knew his first name; he and everyone else called him Pinky. He was a tall, rough man who stood over six feet high and had red hair. He was one of the best tempered men I have ever seen. His friends might say or do what they pleased to him, but among strangers he was ready to fight at the drop of a hat; no one who knew him, though, cared to do any fighting with Pinky.

He was a good poker player and on our way home from New Orleans by steamboat he would often get in a fight with one of the tin horn gamblers who traveled up and down the river to fleece passengers. Pinky would only use his fists; the gamblers would want to use a knife, but not on us—there were too many of us there and the boat's jackstaff stood out in the bow quite handy with its halliards all ready to be decorated with one of the gamblers when we caught him stealing cards.

I once saw one of these men with the rope around his neck ready to be sent up, when the captain begged us to let the man go; we did it out of respect for this captain. Had he tried to use force with us we would have taken him and his boat in less than five minutes; he knew that.

We had got below Natchez and were somewhere between it and the mouth of the Red River, when one morning, soon after sunrise, the wind came up strong and Morrison steered for the bank and tied up on the right or Louisiana side. The banks of the river here are low and a levee is built here to keep the river out, though just where we now were there was plenty of water behind it, the country back here being all a swamp or bayou; there was no plantation here in sight nor any signs of a house in any direction.

These bayous extended for hundreds of miles back here in some places; the ducks, alligators and a few bears had them all to themselves, it seemed. Just after dinner that day, seeing that there were no signs of the wind going down soon, I got permission to go hunting. I had seen several flocks of ducks fly over the tree tops in there and wanted to go after them.

I had an old muzzleloading double gun that had been a fine one in its day; it had lost most of its beauty now, but was a good gun yet.

I picked it up in a lot of old junk in an auction room and had got it for a song. Since then I had been offered all sorts of trades for it. New guns and five times what I had paid for it in money, but I wanted this gun myself.

I had read of English guns and their makers and this one of mine had the name of one of the most noted gun makers in England on its lock plate. It is going to have a prominent place in this narrative or else I should not take up so much time telling about it. I had brought the gun with me on this trip, thinking that I might find a chance to use it. I did.

Climbing down behind the levee I struck out across the swamp. There were strips of dry ground here now that at times would be under water, and I could only travel by following these dry strips, all else was mud or water. Between these dry places were arms of the bayou, black and silent, except where an alligator stuck his head out of the water to watch me or plunged off the log he had been lying on into the water as I came in sight of him. I knew that these fellows were in here and kept a good lookout for them, a shotgun would not be of much use to me among them; they, however, were as much afraid of me as I was of them.

I could find no ducks, they must have seen the alligators before I did and then had gone on; if they did not I would not get many of them with these fellows here as thick as they were, and after I had gone several miles back in this swamp, nearly west all the time, I thought it about time to return, and started back, but had not gone far before I found that I was lost, or at least was not going back the way I had come in. This part of the swamp was different from the part of it I had gone through coming in. It would be only a waste of time to hunt for the paths I had used before. I wanted to get out of this before dark. The trees in here, those of them that were not dead, were hung thickly with Spanish moss; the dead trees stood in the water, their naked branches hanging over it and it was impossible to see far in any direction. The river should be east of me; I wanted to get to it somewhere, then I could travel on the levee until I found the boats, if they were not in sight when I came out on the river.

Getting into a clear place I at last got a sight of the sun, then placing my back to it started to go east now in as direct a line as these swamps would allow me to go, but every once in a while I would have to go clear out of my way to get across one of them.

I had been going over an hour on my way back and thought that I must be near the river now, when, on coming around some bushes on the bank of one of these arms of the bayou I saw a cabin just across the end of the slough I was on now, and following around the bank went up to it. The cabin stood just back from the arm of the bayou in among some large trees; it stood on posts that raised it two feet above the ground, and it was about 30 feet long and half as wide. It was built of rough cypress boards and had a roof of them, out of which, at one end of it, a stovepipe stuck. There was smoke coming out of the pipe, the only sign that the cabin was occupied or that it had been used for a year. It had only one door, as far as I could see, and I afterwards found that this was all it had.

Two square holes in the wall did duty as windows, and some short logs piled on top of each other answered for doorsteps.

Going up I rapped on the door that stood partly open. A young woman dressed rather poorly in a calico wrapper and who was barefooted, came to the door. She was chewing on a snuff stick she held in her mouth. Jerking it out she began to smile and asked: "Are you lost, stranger?"

"Yes, Miss," I told her, lifting my hat. "I came in here hunting and somehow have missed my way. Would you be kind enough to direct me to the river?"

"Why, of course; it is only a mile and a half from here. Come, and I'll show you how to go to it."

"Martha!" a voice in the cabin called out, "Who is that?"

"A stranger, pap; he wants to go to the river. I'll show him."

"No, bring him in here."

I followed the young woman into the cabin and found myself in front of a man about 60 years old; his hair, which he had closely cropped, was partly gray, as were his whiskers; he wore a full beard. He was dressed in a not bad looking suit of "store clothes;" he had stolen them, probably. He was on the sick list now, being laid up with a crippled leg, his left one was in bandages from the knee down; he had shot himself when hunting, he told me. He may have mistaken himself for a deer; some steamboat watchman may have mistaken him for a burglar, though; that may have been how he got shot. From what I saw of this old gentleman later on I formed the opinion that he would rather lie than tell the truth, even if he were paid to tell it. But I have no right to criticise him for that: I told him a few lies myself.

"Sit down, stranger," he told me, pointing to an old armchair. There were a number of them, no two of them alike; they had all been broken and rudely mended again; they were of the kind that is found on steamboats; these had been thrown away, most likely, and had been picked up along shore.

I glanced around the room; the cabin had two. This one, the living room, had an old broken cook stove in one end of it, and a rude couch with a single mattress off some boat stood near it. In another corner next to the back room stood two old Yager or Mississippi rifles; their powder horns and pouches hung on the wall above them.

Half a dozen of these single mattresses off boats lay in a pile; they had probably been thrown off some steamer after someone had died on each one of them with the yellow fever. I came within an inch of dying with it myself the following year just below here; an old doctor and the Sisters of Mercy pulled me through it, though.

About everything here had come off a steamboat at some time or other; even the water buckets, and there were half a dozen of them, were marked S. B.—steamboat this or that; Martha's kitchen table had at one time done duty in a steamer's saloon as a card table.

The old man began to question me, and I told him how I came to be here.

"Well, you can't find the river yourself; it is all of four miles from here, through swamps all the way; there is no path to it from here."

"The young lady told me it was only a mile and a half, sir."

"Oh, what the devil does a woman know about it? Get us that supper, Martha. What in —— are you standing around here for? I ain't going to hurt your young man. You will be clawing around him and kissing him next. Get to —— out of this."

Martha had been standing looking on, with her hand on the arm of my chair ever since I had come. She walked off to her stove now, and I felt like knocking this old father of hers half-way over after her, but did not.

"How many men are there in your crew?" he asked.

I told him—ten men.

"Have they all got guns like yours?"

"Some of them have, some have rifles and some of us have both. I have."

So I had, but my rifle was at home in Allegheny; I did not tell him so, though.

"And the most of us have Colt's pistols, too," I added. I may as well spread it on thick while I am at it. You seem to be a past master at lying; I can do something in that line myself, I said to myself.

"What did we want with all those arms?"

"Well, I use mine to hunt with; that, I suppose, is what most of us carry them for; we are never disturbed by anyone down here." This gun of mine was the only one on the boats, and it was not there now.

"Well, when my son gets home I'll send him with you to the boats; he knows just where your boats lie; he saw them there to-day he told me."

"I hardly care to wait for him, sir. This wind may go down and if it does they will want to go on."

"Well, they won't go on and leave you here, will they?"

"Oh, no, sir; the captain would lie here and hunt for me, but I don't want to put him to that trouble. We want to get down as soon as we can. We get paid by the trip, you know, and any time that is lost we lose."

"Well, he could not go on to-day is he had you. This wind is not going down in a hurry; you will be lucky if you leave here in a week."

He did not intend that we should leave here at all. I did not know that then.

"Put your gun over yonder," he told me, pointing to where the rifles stood, and I put it along with them. Then he told me to get a flask that stood on a shelf and take a drink.

"No, sir, thank you, I do not use it."

I could use it, but I had begun to think that there was something wrong here. I might need to have all my wits about me. I might have to defend myself when his son came.

"Most boys down here drink all the whisky they can get, but you are as well off without it."

So would you be, I thought. He was half drunk now, and Martha had to get him another drink soon after this.

I had been here nearly an hour when a young man came in carrying a gallon jug. Only one look at him was needed to tell that he and Martha were brother and sister. He was about my age, 20, while she looked to be 25, but these southern women often look to be older than they really are.

"Did you get it?" his father asked the young man.

"Only half a gallon; he only had about a gallon and he would not let me have any more."

"Did I not tell you to get me a gallon?"

"Yes, you told me to get you a gallon. I have just got through telling you that he would not give it to me. Now what in the devil are you growling about? How in —— do you expect me to get what a man does not have?"

Good enough for you, I thought; you are not afraid of the old man if your sister is.

"If I were not crippled you would not give me that slack before strangers."

"Well, use common sense, then, and you won't get any slack from me," his son told him.

"Let us get supper," the old man said, and taking a pair of home-made crutches he hobbled across to the table then ready. "Come on, stranger, make yourself at home here; sit up and eat."

Martha had hot corn bread, fried bacon, boiled sweet potatoes and black coffee. I complimented her on her cooking.

"Yes, sir," she said, "I can cook if I get any thing to cook, but we don't get much here; we people in among these swamps don't live very well."

"You don't?" her father asked. "What the devil is there wrong with what you have got just now?"

"There is nothing wrong with it, sir," I told him. "I had far rather have her hot corn bread than the bread I do get every day."

"Yes, sir, and so would most of us; but if you give a woman the earth she will want the moon. Next, the devil himself could not please them. I don't try."

"You seem to have a poor opinion of them, sir. I don't know much about them."

"Well, when you get to be as old as I am, if you live that long, you will know more about them." The old gentleman probably thought then that there was no danger of my getting to be as old as he was, not if he could help it, but he "missed stays." I am still living. He is not to blame for it, though.

After supper the old man hobbled outside of the cabin; then calling his son out the two held a long talk. The young man seemed not to want to go or do whatever his father wanted done. I could not hear what it was, of course, though I could see them through the doorway, but at last the son went off, not coming into the cabin again; then his father came in.

"How soon can your son start to the river with me, sir?" I asked.

"Not before morning, now. I had to send him about some business of mine that must be attended to. This —— leg of mine prevents me from doing anything myself. You will get to your boats in plenty of time, sir. This wind is higher now than it has been to-day; it is not going down in a hurry."

It was blowing hard, that was true enough; but I wanted to get to the boats. Morrison would send the crew all over the country to hunt me if I did not get back by morning.

"Fix a bed for the stranger, Martha," he told his daughter. "Let him lie down; I am going to do it; there is nothing in this God-forsaken country to keep a man up after night here."

Then he took another drink, out of the jug this time, and while Martha was fixing my bed he shoved his rough couch that stood here over across the door, then threw himself on it. He was doorkeeper to-night.

I would not get out through that door, and there was no other one.

Martha spread down one of the single mattresses on the floor close to where my gun stood, then going into her room brought a pillow and blanket; she may have taken them off her own bed to make me comfortable. Taking off my coat and boots I lay down—but not to sleep. I did not mean to do any sleeping here to-night. I was busy thinking.

What was this old fellow's object in keeping me here? He had asked me if my boats would go on without me. It was the boats he wanted, not me. He had me—that is, if I chose to stay here. I didn't have to, though, I told myself. The door is not the only means of egress here. Do you think we Yankees, as you call us, are fools? But what do you want with those boats? These boats would be of no use to him and their crew would not have twenty dollars among them, if he meant to rob them.

This class of men made a trip; then, coming home, turned the money they had left, after paying half of it for their fare home, over to their families, if they had a family; then, if there was a "coal boat stage of water," they went again.

I only made these trips once in a while when Morrison was going down in charge; the men who had this coal were friends of my mother and they let me take a man's place in this crew and paid me his wages. I earned them. Pinky would want me with him every trip, if I would go.

But the money a gang of river pirates would get out of that crew would not pay for the powder they would burn in getting it; they ought to know that; everyone else on the river knew it. We had never been afraid of being robbed by these men. We knew they were here some where; it was talked of then everywhere on the river.

I'll get out of this as soon as things are quiet here, I told myself, the woman has told the truth, the river is not two miles off. Why that old fellow lied about it I don't know, I may find out later.

I noticed that the floor was made of loose boards. The most of them were slabs with the round side laid next to the stringers, and they were not nailed down. I can lift one of them, I thought, then drop through and go, as soon as Martha goes to bed.

Martha had been working about her stove; she now went to her father and looked at him, then coming to where I lay placed her hand on my face, then asked "Are you still awake, stranger?"

"Yes."

She looked at her father again, then sitting down on the edge of my cot; I had risen partly up now; she said, "Don't go to sleep here. You are in danger. Go to your boats. Get out of this as soon as you can. The river is less than a mile and a half from here; a path back of the house goes part way to it; follow it to the turn, then go straight ahead. Don't turn there. Leave the path at the turn. Your boats are up at the bend; go up, not down. This floor is loose, raise a board when I tell you and go; go soon. Don't forget your gun; take it."

"I am going right now, Martha. Good-by, now." And I took her hand.

She looked toward her father again, he had not moved. "He won't miss you," she said. She still held my hand. "Good-by," she said again, and in reply I drew her head toward me and kissed her. Then she got up, and taking her lamp, opened her store door to give me liquor; then going to her room door raised her hand to me and disappeared through it, closing it after her.

I pulled on my coat and boots in a hurry; then moving my bed to one side, raising up the plank next to the wall, resting it on edge, my bed held it there; then got my gun, powder flask and shot pouch; and was going to take both of their rifles and drop them into the bayou, when the thought struck me that if I did any damage here this woman might have to suffer for it, so left the guns where they were.

I dropped through the floor; then letting the plank down in its place again carefully. I crawled out from under the cabin and ran into the timber back of it, and by good luck struck the path here; it was plain enough. Bringing my gun to a trail arms—I had not been drilled to do it then "in one time and two motions at the last part of the command, which is 'Arms,'" as I used to tell my "rookies" (regular army recruits), when I put them through this very movement years after that, but I knew how to do it even then—I started off down the path on a dead run and kept it up for a few hundred yards; then stopped. Who was I running from now? A cripple who was dead drunk and could not follow me, and a woman who would not. I only wish she would, I would try to get her among decent people, I thought; she was never meant for a river pirate; their women would sooner shoot me than help me off. I examined my gun now; that young man had been working at it and he might have drawn the charges; he had taken the caps off and had let the hammers down.

No, the charges were in it yet; I had it loaded with heavy charges of powder and BB shot. I put caps on again, then throwing it over my shoulder kept on at a walk, keeping a good look out to the front now; the young man was out here somewhere, I might meet him, if I did I would not want him to see me.

Just before coming to the turn, where Martha had told men to leave the path, I heard voices off to my right. A fallen tree lay parallel with the path just at the turn; the roots were still in the ground and it was green yet; I got behind the trunk close up to the branches; then cocking both hammers, lay down. Three men came down the path and stopped just at the turn; the log lay between them and me.

It was partly light here; I could just see them. Two had guns; the third was Martha's brother, he had none; one of those rifles at the cabin was his probably; he may have been counting on having a double gun; it was here now.

I stuck my head up above the log to get a good look at them, but it was almost too dark to see them. It may have been lucky for me that it was. I would not stick my head up that way now under the same circumstances; I have followed too many Indian trails since then and know better now.

The two men seemed to be rather poorly dressed. One of them I noticed wore a high soft hat that had the crown run up to a peak a foot high, this was a popular style of hat then with river men. I saw that hat again a few hours later, and its wearer heard from me. I was not in hiding then.

One of the men asked, "Will we wait here or go on to the cabin?"

"Go on, of course," the other told him. "We won't sit here all night. Lige and Reddy won't get here before midnight. They won't look for us here. Let us go to the cabin and get a few hours' sleep."

"Yes." the young boy spoke up now, "go to the cabin, the old man has some orders he wants to give you."

"He is out of the game just now," the man with the high hat said. "He can't go, so we need none of his orders; you, of course, get your share."

"Oh, I'll attend to that," the boy told him, "don't worry about my share. The old man may be out of it, I ain't, don't forget that, will you?"

It won't need a steamboat to carry off any of your shares if you don't mean to raid us before morning, I thought; I'll try and take a hand in those shares myself.

"Well, let us go on, then," the man in the high hat said. "We can get a few hours' sleep before 4 o'clock."

That sets the time now, I thought. We are not going to be favored with your company before morning; go and get your few hours' sleep now and let me get out of this; I am in luck, I'll try and give some of you several hours in a hospital when you do come.

"That man off the boats will be there, won't he?" one of the men asked.

"Yes, the old man has him a prisoner, but the —— fool don't know it," the boy told him.

Neither do you now, I thought.

"Well, then, he may be in the road there."

"Oh, he won't," the boy told them. "He is asleep by now unless Martha has kept him up chinning to him; he is not a regular coal boater, anyhow; he is a boy from the city up there, he told us he only came on the boats for amusement; he gets a lot of it on a pair of coal boats, don't he?"

"Yes, and we will give him all the amusement he can take care of before we get through with him. Just let me amuse him; I am a first-rate hand at it," the man in the steeple crown hat said, while the others roared and laughed.

When the amusement began later on it was my turn to laugh, though.

"He has a first-rate double barrel scatter gun with him. He told us he had been out in the swamp hunting, but could find nothing but alligators," the boy says; "he is not dangerous."

"If one of them bears out there had found him he would have got all the hunting he wanted," my friend in the high hat thought. This furnished a subject for another laugh, and my friend of the altitudinal headgear added, "I only asked about him because the old man might not want him to see us; he might know us again; that is, if the old man let's him go."

"The old man ain't likely to let anyone go who finds his cabin. "Don't worry about the old man, he knows his business."

I was beginning to get uneasy here. These fellows seemed to want to stand here all night chinning, as the boy called it. Though they had been here only a few minutes yet, these minutes seemed hours to me. I never gave a thought to the danger of my being found here by them, but I wanted to get to the boats and warn Morrison. They did start, though; and as soon as they had been gone long enough to get far enough away so that there was no danger of them hearing me, I crawled over the log and standing in the path, just short of the turn, I looked up to see if I could see a star exactly in front of me that I could use as a guide; but as I did so I heard a sound that put all thoughts of the stars out of my head; I did not need them now. A steamboat directly in front of me sounded her whistle. The sound seemed not to be half a mile away.

I started now plunging through swamps and over fallen logs, not trying to get around any obstacle, but bent on going exactly straight ahead. I did not want to lose any time in here now. The men, as soon as they had got to the cabin, would find me gone, of course.

They might come back hunting me; I had no time to hunt trails now. In less than ten minutes I came out in sight of the river, and running over to the levee climbed up on it. The light of the steamer still showed far up the river, and I now saw why she had sounded her whistle. She had only given a single blast, that would mean a warning to a boat coming in the opposite direction to tell it on which side of it this one meant to pass. The other one then would answer with its whistle; but had not done so. This signal was not for a landing; the boat would have blown her private signal then, so many long and so many short whistles. Ever since I had heard the boat I found myself wondering why it had been blown. Now I knew.

Up to my left, in a small bend here, I saw my own signal. The boats lay here, and Morrison had taken one of our oars (they were timbers 15 feet long with a 10-foot plank pinned on the end of them for a blade), and had set it up with a lantern hung to the top to guide me should I come out on the levee anywhere in sight of it. I was on board of the boats in five minutes, and lost no time in telling Morrison what he might expect at 4 o'clock in the morning.

There had been nothing said by the men to indicate that we would be the object of their raid, but there were no others in this neighborhood for them to raid; it was us, of course.

"Well, we have a few hours yet to live," Morrison says; "get to bed now, all of you. I will call all hands at 3 o'clock."

It was only 10 o'clock. I was surprised at it being so early yet. I had no watch and had supposed from the adventures I had gone through to-night that it must be after midnight.

We always kept one man on watch when tied up this way, an anchor watch, though Morrison did not call it that, but that is what it was. Years after this I saw it stood many thousand miles from here, in the South Pacific. I did not have any of them to stand there then, I was a "Mister" with that even then, and my watches were all below at the engine. Morrison told the watch man to keep a good lookout to-night.

"Let him have your gun," he told me, "and I want you men when on watch to fire at anything you see moving. Shoot first; then see who it is afterwards. You need not stand a watch to-night," he told me, "you have stood yours already; I'll stand your watch myself."

I drew my BB shot, replaced it with buck shot, then handed the gun to the watch man. Our quarters on these boats were at the stern. A bulkhead ran across each end of the boat 10 feet from the end. The space at the bow was filled with coal; we used those at the stern for a "forecastle."

At 3 o'clock Morrison called all hands; and while the cook went about getting breakfast the same as if there might not be any of us left to eat it, the rest of us lay on our arms—one shotgun and a lot of "twisters." The twisters are hand spikes that are used to tighten lines with; I would sooner face a shotgun than one of them wielded by one of these men.

One man was sent up on the levee on picket to let us know when to clear the decks for action, then Morrison says:

"You had better let me have that gun to-day."

"No, I want to keep it, Pinky; I can shoot as close as you can."

"You can shoot all around me; I would be glad to let you run it; none of us here know more about it than you do, but you may get hurt."

"I'll risk that, if I get half a show at those fellows it will be some one else who will get hurt; and, anyhow, I am in no more danger with the gun than without it. I am not as good at swinging a club as the rest of you are; I can do better with the gun."

I had a reason for wanting to keep my gun, but I did not tell Morrison what it was. I had made up my mind that this brother of Martha's would not get shot with this gun to-day. If he should come over that levee, I would not fire at him; we would have him then between it and the boats and could take him and not hurt him. I meant to claim him as my prisoner; then after the fuss was over I would have Morrison let him go. But the next man who crossed that levee would get all the buckshot that was coming to him.

This was the least I could do in return for what Martha had done for me. Had it not been for her I would not be here now. True, I meant to go just as she afterward told me to go, through the floor; but had she stayed in that room another hour I would not have had a chance to go; I did not suppose I was in enough danger there to use force with her in order to leave, and had she not told me about this path, when I did find it, I should have gone over it at a run instead of at a walk, and would have taken the turn and kept on thinking, of course, that it led to the river, when it really did lead to another of these hangouts back somewhere. Then I should have walked on top of those men, and if they did not shoot me they would have brought me back to where I had left. I would have no trouble then in finding out that I was a prisoner, if I was a condemned fool.

Four o'clock came, but no pirates.

"I don't expect them much before 5 o'clock," Morrison said. "Let us get breakfast; I would as soon die on a full stomach as on an empty one, and I am not just now anxious to die on either."

We had just sat down to breakfast when the picket up on the levee gave a whistle, then ran down and came on board.

Picking up my gun I climbed out on deck just in time to see my friend of the sky-scraper hat. The hat was all of him that was in sight yet; he stood just behind the levee, which was about six feet high here, but now he raised up his head and shoulders slowly; and as he did so I sent him his share of buckshot out of the right barrel. He got it. I had not been wing shooting for the past few years for nothing; and my friend of the church steeple headgear gave a yell that might have been heard up at Natchez, then pitched backward down to where he had come from.

"Take it all," I yelled; "I am not charging you a cent for it; amuse yourself with that." Then proceeded to load again in a hurry, while Pinky yelled at the top of his voice, "Pile out here, you men; bring them rifles; get on the levee; be in a hurry, now."

This was meant for a bluff, of course, "them rifles" would not be brought on that levee in a hurry. I was wishing now that I had mine; but the "scatter gun" had done well enough so far.

I ran across the gang plank and climbed the levee. Not a soul was in sight. I had given my "master hand at amusements" too much time; I had no business to stop and load or I might have got up here in time to amuse him with the left barrel.

The brush in this swamp began about 10 yards back of the levee. I could not see behind it, but bringing the gun up I let go both barrels into it at a venture, and was answered by a single rifle shot that was fired only a short distance behind the brush, as I could see by the smoke.

I ran down and loaded again; and was in such a hurry that, as I afterwards found, I put a full double charge of powder in my left barrel. It was lucky I did not have to fire it here, the barrel would have stood it, but I doubt if my cheek would, when that butt came back on it. I drew the charge later on.

We saw these fellows no more. The knight of the sugar loaf hat had been sent on a scout to see if we were awake, while his friends had remained under cover waiting for his report. That fairy story that I had given the old man about the fabulous number of shotguns, rifles and Colt's pistols, that we had, had caused them to be cautious; they did not want to "meet up" with a coal boat crew that was armed with more deadly "weapons" than clubs. I had seen the clubs make havoc among these down river men when one of our crews had broken loose.

Morrison had the lines cast off now, and we worked out into the stream and went on; he might have gone on hours ago, the wind had gone down then, but I always thought he stayed here just to give these men a chance to attack him; they wanted a fight, he thought; he was willing to accommodate them. It turned out to be no fight at all; I did all of it myself and my share of it had not hurt me any. After we had got well under way and were out of range of their rifles, should they come back, we finished our interrupted breakfast.

"Are you going to report this, Pinky?" I asked.

"No, not to-day. What is the use of me telling a man what he knows already? The authorities know that these men are there; they can't help knowing it; I am not going to waste any time telling them."

"I am glad of that, I don't want to be tried, if that man should die."

"Well, you won't be if you wait for me to report you. And now, men, see that you never mention this affair. This is an order, remember, and you know me. I tell you now that the man who disobeys that order would have better been asleep when he did it. That boy and his gun have saved some of yous wives from

being widows to-day, always remember that."

I was not as much of a lawyer then as I am now, or think I am, and did not know but what if that man should die I might be tried and hung for this affair.

We met with no more trouble, and when we were just above Bayou Sara, our owner boarded us and told us to go on to New Orleans; he had sold the coal there. The market there happened to be bare of coal then; he had got nearly two prices for this and was in a good humor.

He paid us off now, paying us $5 extra for taking the boats to New Orleans; he need not have done it, though; we would have had to land them where he ordered.

We tied them up at the coal landing above the city; went to town and found that we were still in luck. A Pittsburg steamer lay here ready to pull out this afternoon, and we got passage on her right away. I was at home on this boat. A little more than four years before this I had shipped on her as cabin boy. I was going West to fight Indians then. I had stayed on the boat then all that summer, only to be stranded at St. Paul, when the boat lay up for the winter. The old captain and clerk were on the boat yet; they owned it between them.

An hour after I had paid my fare I was passing the office, when the clerk said, "Johnnie, I have been told that you have quit hunting Indians and have gone to hunting river pirates, how is that?"

"The pirates began it, sir; they started to hunt me; I had to shoot one of them."

"I wish it had been one dozen."

Then opening his drawer he took out the $20 I had paid him—half fare—and handing it to me, said, "You travel free on this boat, Johnnie; it is the captain's orders."

"I think I know whose orders it is, Captain Mason; I thank you for it, sir."

The clerk had done this himself. Morrison and he were old friends, and Morrison had told him about the fight.

When I and Morrison were talking about this affair the day after the fight, I asked him what he imagined these men expected to get out of us, for there was not $20 among the whole of us.

"Is there not?" he asked; "let me tell you something. I have nearly $500 right here. I brought it down to clean out a gambler, and I'll do it, too. You watch me."

He did, but that is another story, and this one is too long already. Six of them were playing, four of them passed out on the first raise and left the gambler and Morrison to fight it out. The gambler had been calling for new decks of cards every few deals to-day, paying for them, then throwing the discarded deck on the floor, and we were watching him. Morrison called him, and the gambler had four aces. This was before General Schenck invented his straight flush to fill a long-felt want; and four aces beat the deck then. That is, they generally did; but not to-day. Morrison had five more of these aces and also had fifty coal boat men at his back. He took down the money, and the gambler went ashore at the next wood yard. He had gone broke on four aces. CABIA BLANCO.

The Crowing of the Cock.

IT is said that our common barnyard "rooster" is descended from the *Gallus bandiva,* or jungle fowl of India. This is probable enough, seeing the resemblance between them. The jungle fowl (of which there are many specimens now in this country; some of them being at the "Zoo" in the Bronx, if I am not mistaken) is much smaller, but otherwise has all the general characteristics of the "rooster"—the plumage, the strut and the crow.

I have sometimes asked myself what was the origin of the habit of crowing, especially in the early morning. The popular answer to this question is, to salute the dawn, or express joy at the birth of a new day. But I suspect there was reason more than this for it. Perhaps, in addition, it was intended as a rallying call to the hens scattered among the brush, or as a challenge or defiance to another feathered knight of the spur.

Whatever may have been the origin of the habit, it is, in my opinion, at least, a matter for sincere regret that it was not left in its native jungle. There are not a few complimentary references among the poets to the "song" of chanticleer, and I will admit that on a fine clear day, in the depths of the country, it is really poetical and charming to hear it echoing from some distant hillside. But—well, I would like to ask a poet what he thought of it at 3 or 4 A. M.

I contend that as a murderer of repose there is nothing can compare with the "song" of chanticleer—not bells, not steam whistles, not the rumble of wagons, not the sound of revelry, not the cry of the milkman, nor yet of Thomas cat. Country ears, of course, are impervious to it, but to the average city ear it is a very sword.

I have had some tragical experiences of it, the which if I attempted to record, I might, I fear, fall into the use of language that would certainly bar my article from FOREST AND STREAM. But my last experience was so thrilling that I cannot resist the temptation of recording it, even at the risk of forgetting myself. Being on an outing not a hundred miles from New York, but in a section which has remained primitive in spite of the surrounding march of civilization (that is the way they express it, I believe), I put up at a little hostelry, half hotel and half farm house. It was evening when I arrived, and to amuse myself before dinner (or supper, as they called it there), I went for a stroll about the premises. Among other things, I observed that the hen-house was a considerable distance in the rear of the dwelling house. This afforded me the liveliest satisfaction, which was not diminished by the appearance of the "roosters"—great lusty looking fellows, suggesting a calliope—who with their harem began to seek the seclusion of the hen-house. If I hear them at all in the morning, I told myself, it will be only faintly, so I shall not be seriously disturbed. I took the precaution, however, to inform my landlord that if he enlarged the bipeds before 7 o'clock I would leave without paying my bill. At any rate, I thought, they will be kept prisoners.

Well, I got to bed, though not until decidedly late for those parts (having sat up over an old local history which smelt of Indians—figuratively speaking, let me hasten to add), and immediately fell asleep, lulled by the solemn sough of the elms above the roof. I could not have been asleep more than a couple of hours when I started up with fear and amaze. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" had sounded so close to my ears that it seemed the author of it must have roosted on the top of the old canopied bedstead. I listened intently for a few minutes and then the reveille was repeated, but this time it seemed a little more remote. I got up and struck a light and proceeded to investigate. Presently I found that my enemy (I use the term advisedly and not with especial reference to the present occasion) had posted himself on the branch of a tree directly outside my window. I looked at my watch. It was exactly 2:30 A. M.!

If the reader please, I will leave to his imagination the rest of the history of that eventful night, and return to the question of the origin of the habit of crowing.

Now, if chanticleer did not awake the echoes until day had dawned, it would be quite clear that his crowing was a salutation to the new day. But as I have shown, and as is a matter of common knowledge, he crows hours before dawn and sometimes, indeed, the whole night long. Has not Shakespeare, who noted everything, noted this?

"The bird of dawning singeth all night long."

A plausible theory of the origin of the habit, it appears to me, is this: Before the domestication of *Gallus bandiva*, or in his primitive state in India, he was wont with his harem to pass the night among the brush. To arouse the luxuriously disposed dames now and then or keep them on their guard against prowling enemies, is it not probable that their watchful lord and master had recourse to this habit of crowing? Of course, the habit has clung to him in domestication, but that it is dying out to a certain extent at least there appears reason to believe. Some "roosters," I am told, never crow until dawn. (I wish this kind were more popular with the farmers.) At all events let us hope that my theory is correct, and that the day will come (though, alas, we may not hope to see it) when the denizen of the city, inevitably fated to "nerves," may retire to the country without fear of having his early morning slumbers murdered by this aërial dagger from the hen-house. FRANCIS MOONAN.

Recollections of Antler.

TRENTON, Georgia, Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: My eyes have been in better condition for reading than for some time past, and I have been interested in the reminiscences of your correspondents, notably those of Mr. Venning and Mr. Roosevelt.

My own recollections reach pretty far back—in fact, to the time when flint-locks were very often seen and used, and the most of my shooting has been done with the old-fashioned muzzleloader.

Less than two years ago I saw for the first time clay pigeons launched from a trap, and being invited to join the gun club at Central Lake, where I chanced to pass the summer, I took a little old rusty muzzleloader which I had owned for near forty years, and beat the whole crowd. This I mention as showing that one who has been a fair shot at game needs not to worry much about new-fangled appliances.

And I may add that late in the 60's I looked on at a live bird match, and never wanted to attend another.

I have often been interested by the singular (to me) lack of information displayed by intelligent persons on what used to be matters of general knowledge to ordinary sportsmen. Some years ago, somebody wrote to FOREST AND STREAM asking for a description of a bullet-mold! His idea was that it was somewhat like a pair of nut-crackers. Well, perhaps some of them are, or were. But long before I learned to use a rifle, one of the favorite amusements of "us boys" was to mold bullets in the old-fashioned way. They looked so bright and pretty. And just here I can see a shadow of doubt pass over the face of my reader when I mention that I have seen a hunter mold his bullets from lead melted in a wooden ladle.

I have also known the bar lead to be cut in cubes, as near the size of the rifle-bore as possible, and then rounded with a more or less globular pebble on the heated bottom of a "Dutch oven."

Speaking of bullet molds, I recall the fact mentioned by Fred Mather in his book concerning the many men he had fished with, that he once pulled a tooth for an old French trapper with a pair of these implements. I saw the same thing done at Grand View, Tennessee. The subject was an old friend, "Antler," at that time eighty-five years old, and the opeartor a stalwart son-in-law of the old gentleman.

I had a little Lefevre gun at Grand View, and as the people thereabout didn't know much about wing-shooting, I asked one of the boys to throw up a tin tomato can. This he did, but quite too near the gun, so I threw it up myself and riddled it. After this, he was very anxious that I should do more shooting, but there was little game about. Rabbits there were, and also hollow logs in plenty, so that I think I shot but two during the five months I passed on that mountain. They were usually hunted with one or two dogs and an ax, and this boy, having in vain attempted to induce me to shoot at woodpeckers, etc., brought over one day a live rabbit for me to pop at. I was away at the time, and when I returned I promptly released it, unhurt. The boy expressed his disgust to his grandfather, but Antler said: "The fact is that Mr. T. and I are such old hunters that we'd about as lief see the game as to shoot it."

While I was at Antler's I broke the wiping stick of my rifle at about three-eighths to five-eighths inch from the muzzle. The rod had a cross-grained spot at the point of fracture, and a damp swab at the other end. It was several miles to a blacksmith's shop, and even had one been near, I should have feared to put the end of the rod in the jaws of a vise. Antler was a pretty good "gun doctor," but this state of things fairly posed him. We could not stir it that day, and the damp swab made things worse. The next morning, after breakfast, I proceeded to prepare a piece of hickory wood, about one foot long, one and one-half inches wide and five-eighths of an inch thick. Near the middle of this stick I bored a hole of somewhat less diameter than the rod, then with a saw split it lengthwise through the hole. Then I placed the end of the rod inside the hole and firmly clamped the hickory around the rod by means of screws.

Being now ready for business, I betook me to Antler's old log barn, and selecting a place where the chinking was gone from above the ground log, I poked the muzzle through, turned the hickory stick in a vertical direction, sat down on the ground and, taking a firm hold of the rifle, began to straighten myself out. Something had to come, and to my great joy it was the wiping stick. I drew the swab through the barrel, removed the hickory attachment from the rod, and went back to the house, where I found Antler sitting as usual by his big stone fireplace. And he was surprised. "Well," said he, "I'd just like to know how you got the rod out of that rifle?"

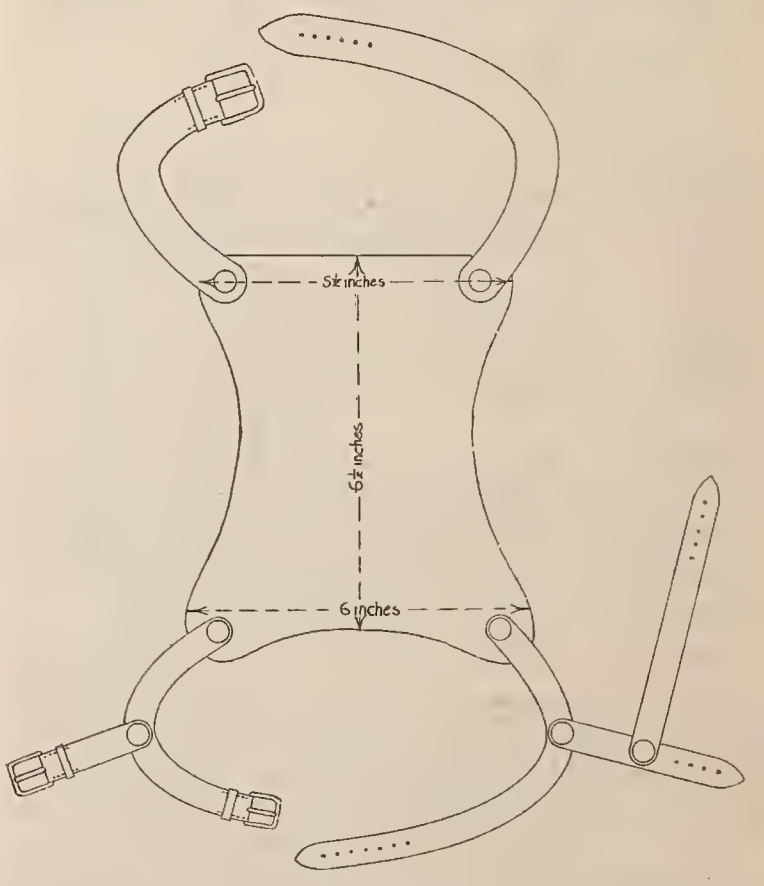
Just here I am reminded of an article in your paper not long ago entitled, I think, "How Not to Burst a Gun." I will offer a suggestion. It is well in a wild region to guard against accidents, and if the writer of that article had made fast his swab to the middle instead of the end of the cleaning line (or strap), he might have hauled it down as well as up. KELPIE.

Snowshoes.

THERE are plenty of snowshoes in the market. About every gun and hardware dealer carries a supply, and they all seem to be of one pattern. They are rather pretty to look at and on hard, dry snow they work well. My objections to them are that over rough ground they do not last. The filling is too fine and the mesh too small. The toes turn up a little, but after the frames get wet a few times they straighten. As to the filling, some dealers call it caribou and others the hide of a steer.

I have two pairs of snowshoes, one I just bought (and they are of the kind you can buy almost anywhere), I did not get them to use ,but to lend occasionally. The other pair were made by a neighbor who has experimented somewhat on such work. They are four feet and six inches long by one foot in width. The frames are made of two pieces each and turn up at point of toe about three inches, and they retain this shape. I have given them some pretty hard usage during the past six winters and they look to be good for some time to come. A day or two since I took a tramp of a few miles, using the old pair. On the same afternoon I tried the new pair for the first time, walking about one hundred yards. Both pairs were left on my piazza during the night, and as it rained the filling in both got wet. The filling in the old pair remained quite tight while in the new it was loose and saggy.

Some years ago I was talking with a Maine guide about snowshoes. This man made those he used and he said:



"The trouble with the snowshoes you buy is that the stretch is not taken out of the filling as it should be." His method of stretching was to take the hide to be used, cut it in strips and soak well in water. He then took a piece of horn (he preferred part of the blade of a moose horn), bored a small hole through it and pulled each strip of the filling through the hole. It was then fastened together and he selected three trees standing a few yards apart in the shape of a triangle. One end of the filling was fastened to one of the trees and he then walked around the others, stretching the filling as much as possible; he then cut some suitable logs and laid them across the filling, letting it dry with considerable weight on it. After drying, it was taken from the trees and soaked and the frames of the shoes filled. He said that filling, stretched in that manner, would always keep quite tight, no matter how wet it might get. I am told that the hide of a three years' old steer makes the best snowshoe filling. In such a hide there is considerable glue and a greater part of the glue should be removed by either steaming or sweating. If too much is left the filling will be brittle and liable to break when using in cold, dry weather.

As to fastening the foot to the snowshoe, I have tried various methods, and what I find most satisfactory is a rigging as follows: I use harness leather of about one-eighth inch thickness, and the buckles and straps are fastened with copper rivets. The proportions I give are for a number eight shoe, with corresponding arctic overshoe. Over toe I use a three-fourths inch strap; heel and instep strap of one-half inch. The fastening should be firmly laced with a strip of rawhide to back edge of toe opening in mesh of snowshoe. The buckles on toe and heel straps allow of the gear being adjusted to any size of foot. This rig is easily and quickly fastened to the foot. After toe and heel straps are adjusted, all there is to do is to buckle the strap over instep and the snowshoe is on and will stay on over any sort of ground. I inclose a rough drawing of this foot gear.

I have never been able so far to get just such a pair of snowshoes as I would like, and I have never tried to make a pair. I do not know where to get the material for the filling. Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know where it can be bought I would be glad to hear. I should prefer it in one piece and I would cut it up and do the stretching. C. M. STARK.

Natural History.

Squirrel Migrations.

MONTREAL, Quebec, Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in the autumn of 1856 or 1857 a migration of gray squirrels passed through North Fairfield, Vt. For several years there had been but a very few gray squirrels in that vicinity, and I don't expect to live long enough to forget this migration. This day I started with a small rifle that needed repairing to take a cross cut over to the local gunsmith, who resided in an adjoining neighborhood. The route took me through a large body of woods which was alternately maple ridge, then a swamp with a trout brook running through it, then another maple ridge with a large number of butternut trees along its edge. As I entered the woods I saw that it was literally alive with gray squirrels. They were running on the ground, up trees and jumping from tree to tree, and moving in a northeast direction. As I passed down into the evergreen swamp they were there also, and all seemed to be in a hurry, with one exception. On a short knot that stuck out from a hemlock stub that stood on the banks of the brook sat a squirrel which had evidently decided to make that its future home.

After I passed out from the large woods I crossed a strip of pasture land and then into a small sugar bush; everything was quiet there, the migration had not reached there, as it was out of the general course that the migration was moving.

I rushed into Uncle Len's shop and wanted my gun fixed at once, as the big woods were alive with gray squirrels. The old gentleman laughed at me and said that there were not a dozen squirrels in the whole township. He, however, soon put a spring into the lock of my gun, and as he had a new gun that he wished to try, he went back with me to see this wonderful sight—a litter of perhaps a half dozen young squirrels in the butternuts which my youthful imagination had magnified into an army of thousands.

I shall never forget the look on the old man's face as we apporached the butternuts. There was a pole and brush fence that came up out from the woods and ran across the pasture to a wooded ridge of hills. This fence was covered with squirrels, and they were on the ground and in the butternuts, and all on the keen jump. Uncle Len stood leaning on his gun speechless, while I began shooting, and kept it up as long as my bullets lasted, and when I left him he had not fired a shot.

This migratory horde was about two miles across, and as I have before stated was moving in a northeasterly direction. Within a few days gray squirrels were to be found all over that part of the country, and no satisfactory explanations could be given for their sudden appearance, and we accepted Uncle Len's theory "That they must have got starved out over in York State."

STANSTEAD.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby offer a hatful of apologies to the parties who have been put to the trouble of hunting up proof to set me right on a question where I never have been wrong.

Imprimis then—I have no more reason to doubt the migration of squirrels than I have that quail migrate; which is generally admitted to be true.

When the original Bobo scrap appeared it struck me as being inimitably funny: not especially the swimming feat, but the way the business part was managed by the men. If the animals were swimming toward the shore why couldn't they have waited till they crawled out on dry land and then have knocked them on the head instead of rowing out to pick them up *by the tail* and drop them, alive, into bags and baskets. If they would quietly lie there and submit to being carried home to be skinned and cooked, then I do not know the lively little animal. Nothing was said about their being killed in the water; and if they had been quieted in that way why should they all have been picked up *by the tail?* About this tomfoolery is where my doubts came in—so there!

DIDYMUS.

An Epidemic Among Crows.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., Feb. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to ask through FOREST AND STREAM if any of its readers have ever noticed any disease in the American crow which affects its eyesight?

Last winter a great many crows stayed here from early in December, 1901, to about the middle of March.

I had shot several during the winter and found that several of them had some disease of the eye. In some cases the eyes were swollen as large as hickory nuts; sometimes the trouble was in one eye only, but occasionally in both.

Along in the latter part of February I came across several crows in the woods that could easily be caught with the hand, and on examination found that they were almost totally blind. I also found several dead in the woods which had, apparently, died of starvation, their eyesight being completely destroyed.

From December 2 to December 9 of the past year the crows came here in hundreds to feed on some dead horses that were in a field about a quarter of a mile away. I shot several to see if they were blind again this year. I found that about twenty per cent. were blind in one eye, although their eyes were not swollen like last year.

Can any of your readers tell me the cause of this?

Although the crow does considerable damage to our young corn every year, I am convinced that they are one of the most beneficial birds to our agriculturists.

I am convinced also of the utility of the skunk and the fox, the skunk through the fall months destroying countless numbers of insects.

While out goose shooting last November I found where a skunk had scratched out and partly devoured a nest of snake eggs. I had never known that snake eggs were a part of their food.

The fox, although he occasionally takes our poultry, does good in the destruction of mice and other vermin that cannot be computed.

The same is true also of some of our hawks and owls, and though all the birds and animals mentioned destroy our young game birds and sometimes the old birds and their eggs, on the whole the good they do more than offsets the damage. HARRY C. CAMPBELL.

[The disease spoken of by our correspondent is not novel. It is called roup, and has been reported at several points along our Atlantic Coast; if we remember rightly, from Arlington, D. C., from New Jersey, and from points in New York State.

One of the earliest, if not the very first, to call attention to this disease was Mr. Robert Ridgway, of Washington, while the latest is Mr. Elon Howard Eaton, who tells of an epidemic of roup in the Canandaigua crow roost.

In this disease the eyeballs frequently swell to large proportions, and it is commonly said by people who find the dead birds that they have died because their eyeballs have frozen. An examination of the sick birds shows that they suffer from an acute inflammation of the pharynx and the anterior portion of the head, including nostrils and eyes. There is frequently a discharge from the nostrils, and the eyes are often blinded by a membrane extending over the cornea. Sometimes one eye is affected, but often both.

It is usually supposed that, since birds so affected lose their eyesight, they die from starvation. Mr. Eaton, however, shows that this is not the fact, for he cared for a number of sick birds and forced food down their throats, yet in almost every instance the sick birds died. Birds which survived the disease were usually those blind in one eye only, but this is believed merely to indicate that in these cases the roup was less severe, affecting the eyes in a less degree and at the same time admitting of the bird's recovery. The disease disappeared with the coming of warmer weather, and about the last of March not a single sick bird could be found in the roost. Mr. Eaton estimates that one thousand crows died of this disease in Ontario county.

How general this epidemic was in Rensselaer county in the following year we do not know, nor do we know the cause of the disease. Certainly the subject is one of very considerable interest to ornithologists.]

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Maine License.

BANGOR, Maine, Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not know whether you care for the inclosed or not, but I was so misquoted in the daily press reports of the hearing, or else not quoted at all, that I have written a partial report of what was said. This was by no means all, but all that I could find room for in my February edition, which was already overcrowded. I am also sending you a copy of the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, containing references to the hearing.

Since the hearing I have secured some important legal briefs bearing on the question, and submitted them to the committee this afternoon. How they can call the law constitutional after what I have sent them I fail to understand. H. W. ROWE.

From the Maine Sportsman, February.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a brief report of the annual meeting of the M. S. F. & G. A. The important discussion of the gathering was anent the proposition to tax non-resident hunters for hunting big game in Maine. There was the usual amount of argument in favor and but one speech against, Hon. Chas. E. Oak once more going on record as emphatically opposed to the scheme. He did not vote on the question, however, and the idea was indorsed. Had it not been for the error of the editor of this magazine in regard to the date of this meeting, the press would most certainly have been unable to report the vote as unanimously for the measure.

Later, to be exact, on the fourth of February, the Legislative committee on Inland Fisheries and Game held a public meeting in the Hall of Representatives, with a very large number present and the keenest interest manifest.

Chairman Carleton, of the Commission, flanked by his associates on the board, the veteran and beloved Nestor of Maine's piscatorial interests, Hon. H. O. Stanley, and Forestry Commissioner Ring, was present in force and with the happy confidence of sure victory. He conducted the case of the petitioners for the bill, presenting a long line of witnesses as to the need and value of such a tax upon visitors, including business and professional men and wardens, nearly all of whom replied to a list of set questions. The uniformity and similarity of most of their testimony was almost enough to make an impartial observer think some of them might have received inspiration, and from the same source.

When the remonstrants were given an opportunity the editor of this magazine waited almost till his chance was gone, hoping that some more eloquent and better informed leader would take the floor. Mr. Oak, knowing how futile opposition would be, remained in his seat, and it was left for the inexperienced journalist to enter, alone and without support, a protest against this unjust, unwise and inhospitable measure.

As briefly as possible he told the committee why he was against the tax: That it was un-American because in the nature of taxation without representation; that it was inhospitable, and would work grievous harm to Maine's fair name as a host annually of thousands of visitors; that it was unjust, because the price already paid was even more than the game itself was worth, intrinsically; it made the State a game aristocracy so far as it barred out the poor man, and such action, driving away many visitors, would work loss and hardship to those whose livelihood depended on this business; that it was further unfair, because, according to the statements and figures of the commissioners themselves, a part of the revenue so derived would undoubtedly be diverted to fish propagation; that it was unnecessary, since, if the money already at their disposal were used by the Commission wisely and judiciously, Maine would be able to sustain her glorious reputation of being the best protected game preserve in the United States; it was further unnecessary because less hunters (in the B. & A. territory, with which he was more familiar), hunting under less favorable conditions than in 1901, killed far more deer, proving them more numerous; that to tax hunters one must have the hunters to tax, and that he had found a strong antipathy among the many hundreds of visitors met during the season, who said they had rather pay an increased tax and hunt in Canada, than to submit to such an imposition in Maine. He also entered a protest against branding all western hunters as hogs and butchers, as he had met even some parties so specifically branded, and from a member of one of them he read a letter saying that their trip cost them (20 members) $2,600, of which $1,150 was spent in Maine; also suggesting that he did not mean to defend or uphold the many undesirable parties who come some from out West, some from New York and Massachusetts, and some even from Maine. Mr. Carleton conducted a sort of cross-examination, but did not succeed in shaking very materially the points made. He called up some of his paid wardens to refute some of the statements of the remonstrants, and in some instances they testified exactly contrary to what they told the remonstrant in the midst of the last hunting season.

Having the hearing well in hand, Mr. Carleton then occupied the remaining hour of the afternoon in an argument for the bill, and in denying most of what had been claimed by the opposition. He had traveled widely and had met no true sportsmen who objected—they were all "crying for it," as the Castoria advertisements say; he knew that guides and camp and hotel owners wanted it, for the man from Bangor was the only remonstrant; he referred to elaborate notes purporting to make such discrimination constitutional, and very frequently to the mass of letters for the committee to read, indorsing the plan; he called attention to the other States that have hunters' licenses, and urged that Maine was too liberal and in danger of losing its big game entirely; he called attention to the numerous petitions at hand for the law, although he didn't say much about how many wardens it took to circulate same and get the signatures; he emphasized the great need of the poor unprotected game in the North Woods, and eloquently called the committee's attention to the "only six guides the commission has been able to employ the past year to protect the game in the great North Woods," who had thus left the defenseless game without protection and traveled far (at $2 per and expenses, paid by the State) to help enlighten the committee. In short, with organization, funds, eloquence and sarcasm at his command, he proceeded to demolish the remonstrants. The committee then announced the hearing at an end, no others appearing.

The editor regrets having to give so much space to his own remarks, but has been so frequently misquoted by the press reports that he takes this opportunity to tell what he did say at the hearing, so far as he can remember.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Tuesday the Committee on Fish and Game gave a hearing on a bill to make the fishing season for trout in Hampden County the same as in the eastern part of the State, instead of grouping that county with the three other western counties, Franklin, Hampshire and Berkshire.

Former Commissioner Lathrop and one or two representatives from Springfield, spoke in favor of the bill, while Representative Garrett, of Greenfield, opposed the change in behalf of the anglers of his section. Dr. J. T. Herrick, of Springfield, who was not able to be present, sent word to the committee that he and many other sportsmen of his city were opposed to the bill, not wishing the month of August to be made part of the open season. As there are other bills affecting fishing in the western counties, the committee postponed action until hearings are held on those bills.

On house bill 39, the bill of the central committee to make permanent the present anti-sale law on woodcock and partridge, a hearing is to be held on Thursday, March 26, at 10:30 A. M. All sportsmen who favor the re-enactment of the present law, which will expire by limitation in July, should attend this hearing.

That the law has done much to increase the number of partridges in the covers of the State and has been highly beneficial in protecting our quail, as well, is the almost unanimous opinion of those best informed in such matters. Many of the sportsmen's clubs are already actively working for the bill.

An article in the Greenfield Gazette and Courier of Feb. 7, in regard to this and other protective measures, I believe voices the sentiment of sportsmen generally throughout the State, and will interest many of your readers:

"At the meeting of the Sportsmen's Club Tuesday evening, several matters of interest to the members pertaining to the game and fish laws came up. A vote was passed expressing the sentiment of the club that the anti-sale law, making it illegal to sell partridge and woodcock, should be permanently in force. It also voted to favor the extension of the closed season on deer in Massachusetts five years more. On the proposed change in the law in regard to trout fishing the club voted to favor a short, early season from April 1 to July 1 in preference to the proposed change to make the open season from April 1 to Aug. 1. It is generally conceded by fishermen that late fishing cleans out practically all the small trout, while early in the season only the larger ones are caught.

"On the proposed measure to allow the game commissioners and their deputies to search without a warrant any building not a dwelling house, where it is

suspected game is kept illegally, a vote showed that the club favored such a measure. If the anti-sale law becomes permanent this right to search cold-storage warehouses is an obvious necessity. It is said the principal violation of the anti-sale law is by the cold-storage people in the cities. The anti-sale law is one of the wisest measures the Legislature has ever taken toward the replenishing of game, and it is the wish of all sportsmen that it be continued and enforced.

"Two petitions were drawn up and signed by all the members present, showing the sentiment of the club in regard to the above measure, one of which will be sent to the Massachusctts Game Protective Association along with a check to help defray the expense of securing such legislation. The other petition will be sent to Senator Newell. Representative Garrett will also be informed of the club's action. The club voted to petition for a fish and game warden for the coming year.

"The Greenfield Sportsman's Club, consisting of over 100 members, has always been found on the right side of all legislation tending to propagate and replenish the fish and game of the State. A consignment of trout fingerlings and fry and Belgian hares and pheasants is expected in the spring. The question in regard to buying quail for stocking local covers was discussed, but it was the general opinion that quail do not survive our winters well enough to warrant such action, and it was decided to direct the efforts of the club toward propagating trout and pheasants in preference to quail.

"If all the organizations throughout the State would take such action as the Greenfield Sportsman's Club has, both in petitioning the Legislature for wise game laws and contributing funds it would be of great assistance to the Massachusetts Game Protective associations in their good work and encourage them to do their best. It is for the interest of all sportsmen to assist in this manner as far as possible."

Mr. Frank M. Chapman's lectures on birds, given under the auspices of the Massachusetts Audubon Society in the Walker building of the Institute of Technology, are drawing large audiences, testing to the utmost the capacity of the hall.

The Megantic annual dinner is regarded by sportsmen as one of the great events of the winter season in Boston, and such it proved to be on Saturday. I append the excellent report of it contained in the Sunday Herald:

It would be a cold winter, indeed, when the Megantic Fish and Game Club did not have one rousing banquet, one idealized campfire, one gathering of congenial spirits, where a judicious mixture of "grub," other things, a little seriousness and a lot of funny stories relieved the monotony of the huntless season. They had it last night at the Copley Square Hotel, and as usual enjoyed a fine old time.

Some 150 members assembled for the feast. The menu had as gamey a tinge as the laws of the State permitted, and the banquet hall was decorated with trophies of the chase and paintings of game subjects, among which were some fine examples from the brush of T. S. Steele. As is the unbroken custom, the members were furnished with the words of several topical songs of the day and sung in unison by the company. An orchestra and the Elmwood quartette furnished the music.

Parodies played a large part in this connection, one of the most successful being a version of "Mr. Dooley," wherein President A. W. Gleason of the club, filled the part of the philosophic Chicagoan, immortalized by Mr. Dunne. Another, entitled "On the Bowery—Nit," caught on, in which the beauties of Big Island and the Booming, places of renown in the Megantic Preserve, were contrasted with the famous New York avenue. "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" and the "Good Old Summer Time" furnished themes that could be twisted into hunting or fishing measures.

Henry O. Stanley, of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, was the serious visitor. His topic was presented in a sad, almost apologetic vein, but urged on the ground of necessity—that of non-resident hunting licenses in Maine, which the Legislature of that State is about to impose as a tax on sport. The proposed tax is a license costing $5 for the hunting of birds, $10 for birds and deer, $25 for birds, deer and moose. It was regrettable, but Mr. Stanley urged that the time had come to do something to conserve the game life of the State. The proceeds, which were expected to be large, would be devoted to the protection of game, so that the money could not be said to be thrown away. The licenses issued would have coupons, which when attached to game, would insure the shipping of it out of the State, a privilege now denied. Among the things instanced by Mr. Stanley as compelling this move was a growing custom among some hunters of "driving" the game; the shooters placing themselves at advantageous points and having the game of a large district driven past them by hired beaters. His remarks were greeted with approving applause by the club members.

James Russell Reed, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association; Dr. F. N. Johnson and D. J. Flanders, spoke briefly, extolling the hunting or the true sportsman, who, mindful of the rights, not only of other sportsmen, but of the community in general, was able to restrain his zeal in the forest or on the moor, deriving the higher rewards in health and renewed energy, while getting also a reasonable share of the trophies. A long line of the tried story-tellers of the club had their innings throughout the evening, and at the conclusion President A. W. Gleason, who is about to close a three-year term in office, delivered a sort of valedictory, in which he spoke of the pleasant recollections he would always cherish of his service as president of the Megantic fellowship.

One of the interesting incidents of the evening was a valentine delivered for L. O. Crane, one of the directors. Mr. Crane is a worker in club affairs, popular and something of a wag also. He sent a letter of suggestion to the dinner committee that was read, in which he urged the necessity of including pork and beans in the menu. His letter was a philological marvel that defied verbatim reporting, the choice of words being from the long-winded columns of the dictionary. As a response came the valentine—a bag of four little black pigs, that were allowed to scamper around on the banquet table for awhile and squeak a protest, and then were handed over solemnly by President Gleason to the recipient, amid shouts of laughter from his associates.

CENTRAL.

Pictures No Artist Can Paint.

THERE are many pictures no artist can paint upon which the mind dwells with never ceasing interest. In retrospection the sky is filled with countless wild pigeons, and as we stand and gaze at the rapid flight, thousands more show above the tall timber beyond the clearing, and we wonder in our boyish way where they are all bound for, and why—and we wonder still.

Then we see a sunbonnet bobbing up and down in the corner of the wood lot hard by the old log barn, and closer observation brings to view our little sister gathering nuts that a couple of frisky gray squirrels are shaking from the branches of a shellbark hickory in their efforts to gather the ripe fruit. Where are the gray squirrels? Now we are following the trail of a small nocturnal animal down through the big slash for a mile until, without warning, it disappears between the roots of the old stump and burrows beneath the sunken end of a large sycamore. Our boyish fancy paints him in inky blackness, and our spirits rise as we think of a great silver dollar, only to fall with a sickening thud when a stick twisted into his tail brings from his cozy bed of leaves a white skunk worth 15 cents.

Then again we hear, in fancy, the familiar voice of old Piper, the big black good natured brute that loves to have us stroke his head and pull his long velvety ears, and we know from the long drawn musical note that comes winding up the lane that he has struck a cold scent that will lead in all probability to a den tree, where brother 'coon is snoozing away the day after a night's ramble among the standing corn.

Then memory carries us to Nature's broad meadows, where wild ducks rise from nearby pools and, circling overhead, dive into the tree tops bedecked in variegated colors, and are lost to view in the deep recesses that border the river, and as we follow the trail that winds downward along the side of a ravine, then through bottom land to the river's brink, we are again reminded by the flapping of wings that we are not alone in our travels.

Back again to the wooded land of childhood, the carrying home of the first wild turkey; then with skips and bounds to the deer trails in the tall cane of the swamp land at the source of the Wabash, and the ride homeward with the first buck. Then time grows apace, and we are drinking deep draughts of the perfumed air of the northern pine woods, thankful there are yet quiet nooks, shady dells and unpolluted streams where Nature untrammeled reveals God's handiwork. Where the moving pictures are of flesh and blood, the background the walls of "God's first temples" and the scenery painted by His hand. Life unbounded, free, swims the placid waters, wings the pure air and skips on nimble feet. The noble buck scents danger from afar, turns like a flash and darts into cover.

Pictures on memory's pages—blessed ties that bind the present with the past.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of scenes where memory dwells,
Of tarns and fells,
Of shady dells,
And the wild life sheltered there.

Paint me a picture, artist!
A copy from Nature's mold,
Of heat and cold,
Of heath and wold,
And the soughing sounds I hear.

Paint me a picture, artist!
A copy from Nature's art,
Of the look and start,
The plunge and dart,
Of the wily white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of tracks in yielding sand.
With a master brand,
On barren land,
Paint the trail of a white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of the trail through rain and fog;
Where he leaped this log,
And crossed that bog,
Paint the trail of this white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of a tangle of birch and thorn,
Which, rent and torn
By his massive horn,
Marks the trail of a white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of a tramp in the falling snow;
As with cheeks aglow
I pant and blow
On the trail of a white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
As he ever onward flees;
With his nose to the breeze
Till lost mid the trees,
Paint the trail of this white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of a long and wearisome tramp
Back to the camp
Through the cold and damp,
From the trail of a white-tail deer.

Paint me a picture, artist!
Of the moments as they fly,
While with beck and sigh
I bid good-by
To the woods and the white-tail deer.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Game Parks and Other Things.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am an admirer of the literary products of Didymus. He writes with much elegance and is always sound; that is, most always.

His communication under the caption of "Game Parks and Other Things" in FOREST AND STREAM of February 7, is the exception, and a robust, well developed exception it is. It has in it a mild smattering of socialistic and anarchistic principles, interwoven with a false scream of the national bird, the American eagle, all as premises for his conclusions, which really are a protest against American liberty and the sacred rights of titles in property—that is, other people's property.

Let us investigate his points more particularly, if your patience will permit of it, Mr. Editor. He begins thus: "We Americans used to think the common people of England were trampled down to the condition of slaves by the lordly landed aristocracy, but what are we Americans coming to in these days of selfish millionaires?"

Bless us, isn't that comprehensive?"

"We Americans!"

Who are "we Americans" but the same "common people" of England, and several other common peoples from several other countries other than England, who ceased being "common people" just as soon as the opportunity presented itself to attain that distinction? Even common people are unlike in thought and property. I have never observed any passionate ambition on the part of the common people of England or America, be they common people high or low, to remain common a moment longer than the exigencies of the case imposed.

However, I feel certain that the common people of England used to think we had some actual slaves in this country. They were right. We had them. A distinction and a difference.

"We Americans!" How "we Americans" abhor the thought of becoming millionaires! Aye, "selfish millionaires," for they are the only people who are selfish! How Didymus and I would spurn a million, or the opportunity to acquire it! Yes, we would.

"We Americans," lovers of the common people a long distance away in England or other foreign clime, bitter haters of millionaires who buy more land than we own, admirers of common people who sell land for many times its value to the despised millionaire, do we not detest land owners after we have sold our lands and thereby abetted a "landed aristocracy?" Ahem! Certainly! Certainly! Our detestation is hereditary.

Our sires and our grandsires also had that hereditary abhorrence of other people owning too much land and other things. When the Pilgrims landed on American soil, purposing to escape the tyranny of the "lordly landed aristocracy" of England, they had within their breasts the noble, white-hot and sacred principles so ably set forth by Didymus, friend of the downtrodden.

On American soil the Pilgrims found the same abhorrent conditions which they had suffered from in England. The selfish other fellow, a red man, owned the land. What rank injustice! Alas, is not the other fellow always selfish? Gracious, yes!

The Indian, the noble red man, was quite common people, with a tendency to selfishness withal in titles pertaining to land; indeed, he was quite as offensive on this point as the "lordly landed aristocracy" of England, inasmuch as, notwithstanding his commonness, he held a monopoly of the land to the exclusion of the landless Pilgrim people recently arrived. This was, to people of acute sense of equity, an intolerable condition of affairs. It was contrary to the way "we Americans," in the persons of the Pilgrims, were trained to think, so "we Americans" forthwith took steps to remedy the evil which had grown to such direful dimensions before our arrival.

A "lordly landed aristocracy" when red in color is quite as oppressive as when it is white, but it is far less dangerout to rob it, it being both ignorant and defenseless. The common people, distinguished by owning no land, have then a much better chance to convince the unarmed other fellow, who owns the land, that his selfishness is a public calamity, and therefore must be abated. Can you guess how to do it?

Yes, "we Americans" stole the Indians' corn, killed them off in various ways, direct and indirect, and took their land to the extent of what now constitutes the United States, excepting the vast southwestern area taken from an empire called Mexico, which had become too lordly and selfish, yet too weak to remain intact in matters of real estate. That area is now known as the Mexican cession and the Texas annexation territory, in the acquisition of which rifles and knives were not unimportant factors. "We Americans" own it all now.

Our school histories deal with much length, unction and figurative rolling of eyes concerning the treachery and badness of the Indian, for he was so selfish as to fight for his home and country; but he used bow and arrow while "we Americans" used rifle and bullet, and that difference made the Indian a savage, fighting for land which "we Americans" wanted unselfishly; fighting for a fireside which could have no tender ties because the owner of it had a red skin!

It may be mentioned that to reduce the offensiveness of landed aristocracy still further, "we Americans" in 1803 acquired possession of a vast area west of the Mississippi River, called the Louisiana Purchase, for $15,000,000. We did not inquire much into the matter of title, and the Indians who inhabited that area now inhabit it no more to any great extent. "We Americans" own all that land now.

"We Americans" set some strange examples of unselfishness as common people ourselves and for other common people, also, if we accept the views of Didymus on the subject as correct.

I desire to ask Didymus, humbly and respectfully, by what right or by what authority he arrogates to himself the position to speak publicly as "we Americans?" Does he imagine that when he says "we Americans" it is really America which speaks?

Does he realize that the institutions against which he so vehemently inveighs are American which "we Americans" have built up so quickly and so grandly that they are a world wonder? Does he realize that millionaires are a product of America's unlimited resources governed by American ideas? Does he realize that millionaires are "we Americans," too, and that they have done much

to make America a world power? Does he realize how many thousands of men have profitable employment and maintain happy homes because of the millionaires?

The men who became millionaires did not attain that dreadful state by idly railing at those who possessed a greater quantity of this world's goods than themselves.

"We Americans" said to them and all others, "You are in a land of liberty. You are free to become millionaires if you have the talent, the industry and the good fortune to attain that state of prosperity."

Your millionairehood is a product of Americanism. The true Americans do not say: "We will accept all the vast benefits which you must necessarily confer on us in your long struggle to become millionaires; but after you reach that stage we will revile you as un-American, and despoil you if we safely can."

Is not the following regrettable, coming as it does from a writer so well known, so esteemed and almost always so just?

"'The public be d——d' is evidently their motto, and they seem to delight in depriving others of everything in the way of recreation. The people of North Hempstead prove that they have too much self respect and common sense to place themselves in the position of serfs for the paltry sum of $50,000, knowing that if the New York man could get control of the lake no man would dare to catch a fish, or sail a boat, or even take a bath in its waters. They are wise in holding it, for as the millionaires improve their suburban property their own will be increased in value greatly."

How does he know that $50,000 is a paltry sum for the property in question? In what way would the people be in the position of serfs if the little lake was sold? Holding property that it may increase in value by the labors of others was what the late Henry George denounced as a gross injustice, and he termed such gain "the unearned increment."

But suppose the said suburban property should increase in value till all the different owners became millionaires, what would Didymus do with the monster product of his own advice? Millionaires have been made in that very manner. Is a millionaire a public enemy?

I do not think that "the public be d——d" is the millionaire's motto, and furthermore, I question the right and the justice of Didymus in assuming to force that motto upon them. He assumes to speak for "we Americans" and also for the millionaires who have inferentially become un-American; it is, in most issues, considered unfair to be judge, jury, plaintiff and defendant. Is it not so?

Now, referring to the sale of the lake in question, the people of North Hempstead were not coy from any motive of self-respect or common sense; they simply had something to sell and wanted more money for it than was offered. It was, in its essentials, a matter of buying and selling. It was not a matter of Americanism at all.

Those who objected to the sale of it on the ground that if it became private property they could not fish in it or sail a boat on it, or bathe in it free of cost, are the people who are to be found everywhere; the people who complain loudly because they cannot get something for nothing.

There are some of "we Americans" who think they have a right to camp in Didymus's front yard, to sleep in his guests' chamber uninvited, to dig his potatoes and to reap his corn, all for their own behoof; but I dare say that, if one of we-Americans were to approach Didymus, even in the name of "we Americans," and tell him that, by owning any land at all he, Didymus, was in a way countenancing and abetting a "lordly landed aristocracy," and that he, Didymus, should immediately strip himself of his belongings and be a socialist, or otherwise to be in contempt of "we Americans," there would be something happening. He, first of all, would ask how one American was "we Americans."

I emphatically deny that the motto of the millionaires is even apparently as set forth by Didymus. Many of them have conferred great public benefits. Many are public spirited. Many are good men. They give occupation to thousands of other men. They do not rail at their neighbors.

Many men who are not millionaires confer no public benefit whatever, even to the value of their mite.

It is true that the millionaires have bought up vast areas for preserves; it is equally true that much of those vast areas were of the rugged, barren wilderness, utterly worthless and unproductive, of no value to their owners if that direful millionaire had not happened along, fancied them, and, becoming their owner, paid the prices of good land for them. Are the millionaires under obligations to outsiders for it?

That every Tom, Dick and Harry cannot then fish and shoot on preserved private lands gratis is no more pertinent to the question than that the home now owned or occupied by Didymus does not afford free domicile to every Tom, Dick and Harry who drifts aimlessly in; and yet the land was free to all once when it was the property of the lordly Indian aristocrat. The Indian was selfish.

I suppose that Didymus owns some guns and fishing tackle which he uses for pleasure. If some idler came along and rebuked him for investing in property solely for purposes of pleasure, he would sharply tell the idler the whole matter was none of his business, or some similar phrase. The millionaire has equal rights.

I think Didymus will concede that his view is a dangerous doctrine to advance, namely, that the fellow who has more land and money than we have is a bad citizen, un-American, a lordly landed aristocrat, or what you please —for then the other fellow, who has less than we have, may oust us from our belongings on precisely the same plea and justify himself therefor from our own teachings.

Touchin' on and appertainin' to the matter of a deer park, inclosed by an eastern man, he says "He has to be always on his guard, but some of his enemies say they are bound to 'git him' some day." Anarchy, bad anarchy!

Do "we Americans" approve of that? There is an implied threat of murder in the foregoing. And Didymus does not raise his voice in denunciation against the malice or the murderous threat.

I, as one of "we Americans," know very well what I would do with some of the eastern man's enemies who succeeded "to 'git him'" if I was on their jury. I thank this great American nation that the Americans have good laws governing such cases, and know what to do with men who commit cowardly murder or wanton mischief.

Isolated instances of malice or crime may succeed betimes, but only betimes, for the great progress in common sense, law and order and general goodness is constant, and life and property are more secure with the passing of the months and the years.

The great American nation was not built up by the anarchist, the murmurers, the obstructionists, the idle, the ones who seek to reap the fruits of others' labors or to destroy what others build; those who denounce because, forsooth, the world's institutions in fact do not chime with their ideas *in vacuo*.

As to millionaires pretending to be Christians, I maintain that the matter in this connection is irrelevant. There are some poor men who are religious, and yet I wouldn't care to take their notes of hand without some millionaire's indorsement. Didymus might take a similar precaution under similar circumstances. It is not nice to pose in a holier-than-thou attitude concerning millionaires. The needle and camel matter is one on which many excellent people take long chances. And the Golden Rule was not for millionaires alone.

In conclusion I will say I am not a millionaire. I would feel rich if I possessed a few hundred dollars in cash. My views therefore are unprejudiced. But I recognize that the road is as free and clear for me to become a millionaire as it is and has been for others, and if I have not the talent, self-denial and industry necessary to become one, I should at least have the good grace to be passive if I envy those who have succeeded.

The matter of what constitutes wealth is relative, not absolute. Every cross roads, village, town and city has its wealthy class and poor class, its wealthiest man and poorest man. The wealthy Indian had more horses than his horseless neighbor. It is relative everywhere.

If Didymus and I were living among the Bushmen of Australia, we, relatively, would be offensively wealthy. We would be paraded as haughty upstarts, purse-proud, and a menace to Bushmen society. On the other hand, Didymus and I would complacently view the Bushmen from our pedestal of wealth and charitably excuse them because of their excess of human nature, unless some one of them should address us as "we Bushmen" who used to pity us downtrodden Americans unasked. CHAS. DAY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Dog and the Nickel.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 29.—This morning as a friend and I were walking down one of the main streets of the city, we noticed a dog, a large, Doric, massive sort of dog, which might have been called a pointer had it not seemed to be so much something else, walking gravely and sedately down the center of the sidewalk. My friend accosted the old fellow, who seriously stopped and allowed himself to be patted on the head, retaining meanwhile all his gravity of countenance. The dog then moved on, stopping to pass the time of day with others along the street who seemed to know him. "He's going after his breakfast," said my friend. "He has a nickel in his mouth, and if you will watch him you will see him go into that butcher shop on the corner and buy five cents' worth of breakfast food of his own choosing." We turned to watch him, and sure enough, he turned into the shop, where, I presume, he got his breakfast according to schedule. They tell me this is one of the features on that part of the street every morning.

There seems something about Texas soil which tends toward the production of large pointer dogs. At least the largest pointers I ever saw were in this vicinity. For instance, there was Col. Guessaz's pointer Gess, which we used to hunt with down here five years ago. I think Gess weighed fully as much as a yearling steer, and his foot dented the earth like the tread of a mammoth. His owner once sent Gess to retrieve a jacksnipe, which apparently was done at least in regard to the initial stages of the operation, though when the dog came in there was no visible token of any existing jacksnipe. "He's swallowed the bird," said one of the party, which statement was indignantly denied by Guessaz. "Here's your jacksnipe," said the latter, and sure enough, as he opened Gess' mouth, there lay the bird within, entirely unharmed, although not even the tip of a wing or leg had been visible. I think our friendly dog this morning could almost have duplicated this feat, and surely he could have rivalled the street car conductor and handed out two dollars in change, if he had been given the chance.

So Different.

It is very pleasant here in old Santone, so pleasant and so different that one does not feel like hustling back to the dirt and cold and confusion of the North. These long, low, quiet curves of the valley of the San Antonio River, the high, sun-reached ridges which slope away from it, the gentle eminences, barely indented with wide curves, which mark the distant line of the horizon, are all so soft and easy and mild, so much in keeping with the mellow, golden light and the brooding warmth of the kindly air. It seems a country of peace and quiet, as indeed it is to-day. Yet once it was the fiercest and most turbulent of lands, from the time the Spaniards first set the "Indios reducidos" to work at building these endless serpentine ditches which wind for miles along the countryside, lined now with pecan trees thicker than a man's body. After the Spaniards had come the Indians fought them, from the Arkansas to the Sierra Madres; and then came the Americanos and fought both Indians and Spaniards, and made the land still redder with human blood. Never was a more warlike land than this which looks so sleepy now, never a soil that drank braver blood. The battered walls of the Alamo, defaced with scores of vandal's names, misused, unappreciated, sacred but so long defamed, what a hero story is theirs, here in this lazy sunlight! And after the heroes and the day of restless, individual man, came the time of "law and order," and the day of the "bad man," lapping well on to the present time. I saw a well-dressed and pleasant gentleman here the other day on the street talking with a smaller comrade. "Those two men killed Ben Thompson," said my companion. They did so because Ben Thompson, celebrated bad man, had served notice by telegraph that he was coming down to do a little personal killing on his own account. The story of how he and his friend King Fisher were killed in their little theater party here that night, by these certain citizens of sleepy old Santone, is too well known to need repetition.

You would not guess of violence to look at these hazy hills trembling in the warm sunlight, to feel the breath of the gentle airs which move so slowly and kindly across the face of the world, yet it is a bloody, fierce, volcanic little valley, this of the crooked San Antonio River. It is full of history, every foot of it, full of big associations, and full of big possibilities as well. It is the land of America to-day, and the next generation will see its final conquest, when the cactus is gone and the peach trees line the slopes, instead of the tortured mesquite and the gnarled pecan.

Never was a more anguished tree growth on earth than this of lower Texas. The shapes are always those of torture. It is the soul of the land crying out, the dumb language of the soil begging for the one boon of nature, water! All this land seems underlaid with water, too, as many artesian wells show more and more. Put water on this soil and it no longer cries out, its tree growth no longer exclaims in agony. The productive quality of this soil, when once it has the water upon it, is wonderful. A man of this town, at the edge of the corporation limits, has sunk one artesian well, which flows a vast stream of pure bluish-colored water. He has built a couple of big tanks, and has changed 250 acres of cactus into 250 acres of garden. He rents it at $23 per acre, and it cost him less than Illinois farm lands which bring $3 an acre. More and more men are sinking artesian wells at different points here and there, and a great many men are planting rice under the ditch system in eastern Texas. I notice a tremendous change in the landscape along the railways of the Southern Pacific system, all of which has taken place within the last five years, when I last saw this country. The wide, gray plains are becoming black and green under the plow.

Fortunes are being made quietly by a few of the big operators who planted ditch systems like that now going near Brownsville, under the scheme of a rice syndicate, but so far as northern standards are concerned, the face of the territory has not yet been more than touched. Chance friends along the railroad told me that the rice farmers clean up about $90 an acre, and they only work a little part of the year. Yesterday my friends began to plow their farm lands along the San Antonio Valley—in January, while all the North is shivering. Next month they will seed the ground, while Northern farmers are hauling sled loads of wood from the snow-laden forests. When the fields are being sown in the North, and the birds just beginning to sing in the trees and hedges, my friends will be cutting their first crops, and getting ready for two, three, four or five more in quick succession. I saw a man yesterday who last year raised forty tons of stock beets on one acre of irrigated ground. He fed all the beets to hogs. This man came from England four years ago. He is comfortable to-day. He had a thousand dollars capital, and no experience. He has bought his land, fenced it, put up a big pumping plant, made his living, bought more land and has $6,000 in bank to-day with which to buy some more hogs. Truck farmers sometimes take a little matter of four or five or six hundred dollars off of one acre of ground during a season, here under the sleepy sun of old Santone! It sounds like an emigration bureau, doesn't it? It is not. It is only comment on this wonderful land of American West, which seems ever ready with some new and startling sort of story.

Yesterday we saw, out in the country, a couple of Mexican families moving. Their squalor was unbelievable. Two rickety carts held their belongings, and some emaciated burros furnished the transportation. The families were afoot, and all had the silent look of patient poverty. They were moving across the face of a West that was. A bit farther on we saw some cowpunchers, or what seemed such, for they sat in cow saddles and wore chaparejos. Alas! they also wore blue jumpers, sign of a passing type; for one day the cowpuncher would have scorned a canvas jumper, even as he knew naught of wire. We drove on, and presently saw some barefoot children walking by the roadside, wearing the gay Mexican blanket about the shoulders. One or two of these children seem incongruously clad in this gaudy gear, since they were light-haired and blue-eyed, apparently of American breeding, although their little companions showed the brown blood of the Indian intermixture. "Those white ones are Castilians," said my friends. "They are poor as church mice, the proudest human beings alive." A half mile further and we saw a couple of Mexican men of the more common type, brown of skin, lean of figure, each staggering along under a back load of crooked mesquite firewood, and a head load of wide brimmed black hat with heavy corded band. It was perhaps the hat which made the heavier burden. Such a hat would cost its owner about ten dollars. It is to be doubted whether all the assets of both, outside the hat, would total so much as ten dollars.

So much for old associations in the valley of the sleepy San Antonio, where the Indios reducidos began the holy work of civilization. A half hour's ride brought us within sight of the yellow stucco walls of the new Carnegie library, sign manual of a swifter and yet more tawdry civilization. You have your choice, in this sleepy and sunny, mysterious and magical land of the sunshine. It is so different.

Lazy Days.

In such lazy days one does not care to go out and kill certain thousands of the wild creatures of the world. It is enough to watch, to ponder and to speculate. There are two classes of Northern folk who come here for the most part, the first made of persons who expect to kill a lot of game, the second of those who want to see something, they do not know exactly what. The former can, or could, easily be accommodated, the latter usually go away disappointed. San Antonio does not disclose all her charms at first de-

mand. You must wait, you must beseech, you must perchance implore. A great many tourists go away disgusted because the buildings here are of but one story, instead of twenty stories, as they are in Chicago. "Are not Arbana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, greater than this of San Antonio?" they say. Perhaps they are. Personally speaking, for this particular stage of the history of the world, all of our party seem content to let it go at that. As for the hunting, I must confess that, barring an innocent mudhen, which was easy, I have not shot a duck since I came here, and even refused to take a gun out for quail yesterday, when we went out to a ranch where those birds abound. The fields are alive with animal life, doves, larks, all manner of little singing, hopping, flying things, but we let them fly or sing or hop. The spell of sleep and sloth is too strong for us. Even Billy Kemp, down on the coast, writes that the duck flight has been very good, and that the first norther will probably mean big sport, does not seduce us to run down the road and investigate. Our trip to the coast, which was to have been to-morrow, is now to be next year. Let the ducks go this time. Perhaps, in another to-morrow, it may be otherwise.

The Moody Preserve.

I presume everybody has at one time or another heard of the famous canvasback farm of Mr. Moody, the Galveston banker, who runs an ostensible rice farm at Lake Surprise, 25 miles from Galveston. Attention is called anew to this prolific duck region by the doings there last week of a Chicago man, Mr. John W. Gates, and his friends. Mr. Gates was the guest of Mr. Moody on the preserve, and helped kill 400 ducks one day. One of Mr. Moody's market shooters —for it is well understood that he hires men to shoot ducks for the market for him—lately stated that one day not long ago 1,756 ducks were killed and shipped from this preserve, and that upon one other day 1,500 were killed and shipped. These are very large figures, but no doubt accurate. The rice farm is a myth, for Lake Surprise was never dry in the history of Texas, but the duck shooting is no myth. When I shot there with Stephenson and Griggs, before Mr. Moody took hold of the lake, only canvasbacks were killed. I do not know whether these large shipments were solely canvasbacks or not, but in any case the totals are very large.

Would Stop Duck Selling.

Lake Surprise and the Moody farm are not far from the city of Houston, and the doings on this water continue to excite the ire of many men of Houston. It is a secret, by this time more or less open, that a large petition has been raised in Houston, asking the State Legislature to stop the sale of ducks in Texas. This petition will be passed among many other cities of the State, and something definite may come of it. The recent heavy bags made by these Northern men has had much to do with this immediate action, which began within the past week.

Texas Invention.

We are accustomed to credit the ingenious Yankee with most of the inventive quality which has made America famous, but it is not well to overlook the South in certain lines. It was a Southern man, a generation ago, who began to make our first bait-casting reels. Now comes Dr. Coles, a man of Waco, with an invention in firearms which may startle the world of sport before long. In brief the Waco man has perfected an oval bore, small-bore rifle which is said to have about double the velocity of the Krag-Jorgensen. The inventor, in a personal letter received in this city, says that his invention covers a smooth bore, oval, with a greater diameter of about .35, and a lesser diameter ob about .31 The U. S. military experts are now experimenting with this arm, and until these tests are completed the inventor will not make fully public all the details.

Saving the Deer's Life.

I believe I have mentioned the pet deer Jerry, which is one of the prides of Col. O. Guessaz's household. Jerry is a tame deer, very tame, and as I have said, very omnivorous. Yesterday morning, as my friend and I sat on the gallery, we saw Jerry running about at the end of his rope, in evident distress. He was panting, choking and very much frightened, and it needed no veterinary's eye to discern that he was suffering from want of air. Running to him we cast loose his collar and sought to give him relief, all to no avail. He continued to pant and choke distressingly, and we did not expect to see him live more than a moment or so. I recalled seeing, a few moments before, a large raw potato lying on the lawn, and it occurred to me that perhaps Jerry had tried to swallow this and failed. I suggested this to Guessaz. "That's so," said that energetic individual, "that's what's the matter with him. Look here, I can feel it in his throat right now!" Sure enough, there did seem to be a sort of lump in the deer's neck, and we set to work to remove it soon as might be. Col. Guessaz tried to push the lump down, but it wouldn't go. "No use," said he; "it won't go. Now what'll I do? What'll my wife say to this? If Jerry dies I'll have to make the talk of my life to square things in this family, now you hear me. We got to get that lump out, that's all." So saying, he tried once more, the deer all the time trying to get away from the medical treatment. I suggested that if we couldn't get the lump down, we would better get it up. No use, none of us had a hand small enough to go far enough down the deer's throat, though we did our best. "I can almost reach it," said Guessaz, "but I'm shy about three inches. Now what'll we do?" There seemed nothing left to but crush the potato by the Lorenz process, from the outside, so that the deer could swallow the obstruction. Guessaz did his best, and he is not altogether weak in the hands, but at length was obliged to desist. "No use," he said, "that's the toughest potato I ever did see. I can't do a thing with it."

About this time Henry, the stable boy, a twelve-year-old, who was standing by during our operations, remarked casually and with apparent disinterestedness, "If you're trying to smash that little lump in Jerry's throat, I don't believe you kin do it. I b'lieve that lump's allus there."

It had not occurred to us that the epiglottis of a member of the deer family might be of use in its breathing operations. "That's his Adam's apple, I reckon," said Henry, calmly. I reckon it was, too. We didn't succeed in extracting the trachea of Jerry, or in getting him to swallow the same, perhaps; indeed, as I hope, did not even crush it up very much. A deer is built strange, if you are not used to such things. I am glad that we did not get Jerry's windpipe out, for like enough he needed it. In some strange way he managed to get well again, and we all concluded that he was just seized by some sudden deer panic, and had started to run without any special reason. "He often gits thataway," said Henry, the stable kid. "He pants mighty hard then." All of which is respectfully submitted for the benefit of those amateur veterinarians who may be called upon to operate upon tame deer which probably have not swallowed potatoes.

Speaking of Deer.

Speaking of deer, this region is still full of them. Our friend, Mr. Conrad Goeth, killed three fine bucks in one morning this fall, and then went home. He and a dozen others have a lease on a tract of land out at Government Cañon, some twenty miles away, where they get all the deer they want without much trouble. Old Captain Dosch, whose famous collection of deer antlers is known the country over, says that deer are not nearly so abundant as in his day, yet one should be able to kill a deer within 25 miles of town in season. Over at Uvalde, or at Cotulla, or on the head of the Guadalupe, one can get deer, turkeys, once in a while a javelina, and all the small birds he wants, not to mention the finest of bass fishing, on streams as clear and beautiful as any of our Northern trout streams. All this within 75 to 150 miles of this place. The Northern sportsman should not expect to get big shooting now right at San Antonio, but there is no better place as a headquarters point for a winter trip. If asked what is the proper outfit to bring along, I should answer, very little else than plenty of time. It is a peerless country for loafing, and the time does slip away so fast! To come here one should have a month in the clear. Then let him get a wagon and tram and start overland for the Guadalupe or the Nueces. He can have splendid sport in that way, and there is no healthier country in the world than this.

Mitchell's Lake.

A great deal of the duck shooting of the San Antonio men is done at Mitchell's Lake, about ten miles down the valley below the city. Mitchell's Lake is not a lake, but a wide and shallow surface pond, made by damming up the stream known as the Sewer Ditch, which originates in artesian wells in town. The title to this body of water seems always more or less in question, but there is no question as to the ducks, and after the happy fashion of this country, there is nearly always some sort of club which claims the lake and which is elastic as to shooting privileges. The present club does not know just how long its tenure will last, but hopes nothing serious may occur, and meantime goes on shooting. The daily limit is 30 birds to the gun, and usually there is no trouble in getting it. Mr. Goeth, one of the party who went down a few days ago, killed 16 ducks in a part of the day's shooting. Most of the birds are gadwalls, with a good sprinkling of sprigs, and a few bluewing teal. The customary method of shooting is to put on breast-high waders and wade out into the cover where the birds feed, the water there being just too deep for hip boots. Decoys are not necessary, and the only blind possible is a small and inconspicuous one, wherein the shooter, protected by his waders, sits down on a board or box submerged in the water, which thus comes up about his waist, and leaves little of his person visible to the passing fowl. Other shooters keep the ducks stirred up, and sometimes a Mexican is hired to ride about in the lake and fire a six shooter to keep the birds moving.

Blackbirds.

All the blackbirds in the world seem to have come to Texas this winter. They call them rice birds here, but they are really the crow blackbird. There seem to be millions of them. Last evening, as we drove near Mitchell's Lake toward sundown, we saw a continuous string of these birds more than two miles long, flying steadily in toward the marsh. They roost there every night, and there is no computing their numbers. The meadow larks go in flocks here, also, perhaps a couple of hundred in a flock sometimes, and the doves fly in big droves. There are two species of the dove, one our common mourning dove of the North, the other the Mexican dove or tortillita, a much smaller bird.

Michigan Wardens.

ONE phase of the discussion of the game laws in Michigan is brought to a close by the appointment of Charles H. Chapman, of Sault Ste. Marie, as game and fish warden of the State of Michigan. Mr. Chapman has been for some time Deputy Commisisoner of Railroads. Chase S. Osborne, the former effective game warden, as will be remembered, was a Sault Ste. Marie man and left the position of game warden to take that of Commissioner of Railroads. It is therefore obvious that Mr. Osborne and Mr. Chapman were personal friends, and it is much to be hoped that Mr. Chapman will share the enthusiasm of Mr. Osborne in game protection matters, and will make every use of the valuable information gained by Mr. Osborne in his long term of office as State warden. Mr. Charles E. Brewster, the able deputy under the Osborne and Morse administrations, remains in that capacity, and will, of course, be able to carry forward promptly all matters while the new warden is getting himself fully broken into the harness. It is to be hoped that Michigan will get a feasible set of fish and game laws and that the new administration will enforce them.

E. HOUGH.

HARPER BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Plank for New York.

THERE is before the New York Legislature a bill to prohibit the sale of game birds. It was introduced into the Assembly by Mr. Ruehl, and provides a new section as follows:

Sec. 38a. Game Not to be Taken for Sale.—The birds mentioned in or specified in this article shall not be taken at any time within this State for the purpose of selling or offering the same for sale; nor shall a person sell or offer for sale any such birds taken within the State by him or any other person with his knowledge.

The birds embraced in the article include all the game species.

We ought to have in New York a law forbidding the sale of game birds wherever taken. If we cannot at this time have such a statute, by all means adopt this one. A similar law has worked with most gratifying results in Massachusetts and other States. The Ruehle measure will do the same for New York. It should have the support of every citizen who can make his influence felt at Albany.

THE COLD STORAGE CASE.

COURT OF APPEALS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

The People of the State of New York, Plaintiff-Appellant-Respondent, against Jacob V. Bootman and Howard R. Robinson, Defendants-Appellants-Respondents.

Brief and Points for Plaintiff—Statement.

This action was commenced, by the service of a summons and complaint, on or about the 18th day of August, 1901, to recover penalties for the violation of certain provisions of the Forest, Fish and Game Law. The defendants demurred to the complaint and to each count of it. An amended complaint was served November 25, 1901, and to which the defendants demurred December 16, 1901. The grounds of demurrer is to the effect (fol. 70). 1. That the amended complaint, or any count of it, does not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. 2. That the court has not jurisdiction of the subject of the action.

The issues of law thus raised were tried at a Special Term of the Supreme Court, First Department, and resulted in an interlocutory judgment, dated March 4, 1902 (fol. 85), overruling the demurrer as to counts from I. to XIII., both inclusive, and sustaining it as to the remaining six counts, from XIV. to XIX., both inclusive. Both parties appealed from this judgment to the Appellate Division, First Department (fols. 4-8), and the judgment was there affirmed (fol. 190). Both parties thereupon applied for and obtained leave to appeal to this court from that determination, and also for the certification of certain questions of law for review. And the following are the questions certified:

First. Do counts I. to XIII., both inclusive, of the amended complaint state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action?

Second. Is the plaintiff entitled to maintain a civil action for the recovery of penalties under Section 39 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, constituting Chapter 31 of the general laws of the State of New York, for the violation of any of the provisions of Article II. of said Act?

Third. Is the amended complaint defective because it is not therein alleged that the various birds for the possession of which the defendants are sought to be charged with penalties were taken or killed within the boundaries of the State of New York?

Fourth. Are facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action stated in counts numbered from XIV., to XIX., both inclusive, of the amended complaint, or in either of said counts?

Fifth. Can the defendants be made liable in this action under Section 33 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, as amended by Chapter 91 of the laws of 1901, and Section 39 of said Act, by reason of the possession by them, as alleged in counts XIV. to XIX., both inclusive, of the amended complaint, of the birds described in said several counts?

Both parties have appealed to this Court from the determination of the questions so certified, and the appeals bring up for review these questions and no other. Code Civ. Proc., Sec. 190.

It is apparent that the principal if not the only question for determination is whether or not a civil action lies for the recovery of these penalties.

Point I.

The plaintiff is entitled to maintain a civil action for the recovery of penalties specified in Sec. 39, Article II. of the Forest, Fish and Game Law, for a violation of any of the provisions of that article. And counts I. to XIII., both inclusive, of the amended complaint are respectively sufficient in law.

This proposition is denied by the defendants, their contention being that no right of civil action is conferred by the statute for the recovery of such penalties. And that neither of these counts, therefore, contain a statement of facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action.

This Article II. (Sec. 20 to 39, both inclusive, of Chapter 20 of the laws of 1900, as amended by Chapter 91 of the laws of 1901) is devoted entirely to the protection of birds. So much of it as is applicable to the first 13 counts of the amended complaint reads as follows:

Sec. 20. Wildfowl, Close Season.—Ducks, geese, brant and swan shall not be taken or possessed from April thirteenth to August thirty-first, both inclusive; or taken in the night from an hour after sunset until an hour before sunrise. Ch. 91, L. 1901.

Sec. 22. Quail, Close Season.—The close season for quail shall be from December sixteenth to October thirty-first, both inclusive. There shall be no open season for quail in the counties of Genesee and Montgomery prior to the year 1903. Ch. 20, L. 1900.

Sec. 23. Woodcock, Close Season.—Woodcock shall not be taken from December sixteenth to August thirty-first, both inclusive. No person shall take more than thirty-six woodcock in an open season. *Id.*

Sec. 25. Grouse, Close Season.—The close season for grouse shall be from December sixteenth to August thirty-first, both inclusive. No person shall take more than sixty-six grouse in an open season. *Id.*

Sec. 28.—Woodcock, Grouse and Quail; not to be Possessed.—Woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be sold or possessed during the close season, except in the month of December, and possession or sale thereof during the last fifteen days of December shall be presumptive evidence that they were unlawfully taken by the possessor. *Id.*

Sec. 39. Penalties.—A person who violates any provision of this article is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is liable to a penalty of sixty dollars and to an additional penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird taken or possessed in violation thereof. *Id.* Sec. 39.

Sec. 185. Actions for Penalties by the People.—Actions for penalties under this act shall be in the name of "the People of the State of New York"; and must be brought on the order of the chief game protector or of a commissioner. Special counsel may be employed and their compensation fixed by the commission. * * * *Id.*

The first thirteen counts of the amended complaint charged as many violations of the same provisions of the statute, Sec. 28, by the possession of grouse and quail. The IV. Count, however, charges a violation of Section 20 by the possession of ducks. They are the same in form, differing only as to the number and kind of birds possessed, and as to the time they were possessed. If any one of these counts be sufficient, therefore, the other twelve are sufficient also, and this discussion may be confined to the first count.

It is therein alleged, omitting the formal parts, "That heretofore, to wit, on the 23d day of May, 1901, at the said City and County of New York, the defendants, partners as aforesaid, unlawfully, willfully and knowingly possessed four hundred and ninety-six (496) grouse and two hundred and thirty-six (236) quail during the close season for said grouse and quail respectively, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. That by reason of the premises, the defendants then and there became liable to a penalty of Sixty dollars ($60), and to an additional penalty of Twenty-five dollars ($25) for each bird, grouse and quail, so possessed, to wit, the sum of eighteen thousand three hundred dollars ($18,300), and amounting in all to the sum of eighteen thousand three hundred and sixty dollars ($18,360). That thereafter, to wit, on the 6th day of July, 1901, at the State aforesaid, the chief game protector of the State of New York, duly ordered that this action be brought, and the same was and is brought on said order by the undersigned attorneys and counsellors at law, then duly retained and employed therefor."

It is thus seen that the cause of action is stated in the language of the statute. This is all that is necessary.

Cole vs. Jessup, 10 N. Y., 104.

It is believed that the amended complaint and each count of it is entirely sufficient in this respect. There has not hitherto been any contention to the contrary. The claim being, as to the first thirteen counts, that a criminal liability only is incurred by a violation of the provisions of article II.; that a civil action will not lie. This contention arises out of the defendants' construction of Section 39, the last section of that article, already quoted above, and repeated here as follows:

A person who violates any provision of this article is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is liable to a penalty of sixty dollars and to an additional penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird or part of bird taken or possessed in violation thereof.

From this it is claimed that the penalties prescribed by this section are intended as punishment for the misdemeanor, and not to be recovered in a civil action. The language of this section does not suggest that construction, but the contrary. The intention of the Legislature is, of course, controlling.

"The intention, however, is to be sought for *in the language used.*"

Hudson Iron Co. Alger, 54 N. Y., 175.

The question arises, therefore, whether the Legislature intended, when it used the language *"is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is liable to a penalty,"* to impose both a criminal and civil liability, or the former only, for a violation of this law.

We take it that it was intended to make the offender liable to both forms of action, because:

1. This is the clear, literal import and meaning of the language used. The words, "a person who violates any provision of this article is guilty of a misdemeanor," prescribes in the shortest possible form and in the most explicit manner, that a specified act, the violation of any provision of this article, shall constitute a crime, a misdemeanor. And Section 192 of the same act prescribes that "A person convicted of a misdemeanor under this act shall, except as otherwise provided, be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars or more than the amount of penalty recoverable in a civil action for the offence committed; or by imprisonment," etc. The criminal liability and the punishment are thus completely prescribed. But the Legislature did not stop here. To the words "is guilty of a misdemeanor" are added the other words *"and is liable to a penalty* of sixty dollars and to an additional penalty of twenty-five dollars for each bird taken or possessed in violation thereof." And whereby *another,* additional and civil liability is as clearly imposed as is the criminal. Or, as was stated by Mr. Justice O'Gorman, in passing upon this question at Special Term (fol. 73), "The expression *and is liable to a penalty,* etc., in Section 39 of the act, clearly means that, *in addition* to the criminal liability, the offender subjects himself to a civil action for the recovery of the penalty prescribed."

2. The language used in this section is rarely, if ever, used in prescribing the punishment for a misdemeanor or for any crime. Not a single statute is found in which the pecuniary punishment imposed for the commission of a crime is termed "a penalty," the word *"fine"* being invariably used, so far as we have been able to discover. While, on the other hand, the word *"penalty"* has been used with equal uniformity in statutes to denote the pecuniary liability recoverable in a civil action for their violation. . . .

And the Legislature that passed the act in question here was acquainted with this use of these words in imposing a criminal, as well as a civil liability, and employed them in the same way as every Legislature before it had done. For instance, it is provided by Section 16 of Article I., for the protection of deer, etc., that a person who violates that article is guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto is liable to a *penalty.* . . .

It cannot be said that the word *"fine"* has been so uniformly used to denote the punishment in a criminal action, and *"penalty"* the forfeiture recoverable in a civil action by mere chance or accident. Nor that the invariable use of these words in that connection has no significance. The use of either of them plainly signifies, points out and determines the character of the action, whether civil or criminal, in the absence, at least, of an expressed intention to the contrary. And such intention is not indicated here. It is therefore plainly apparent from the foregoing, only a comparatively few instances which might be cited, that the language *"is liable to a penalty,"* used in Section 39 in question is not the language of a criminal statute. *"Is guilty"* and *"shall be punished"* or *"is punishable by a fine,"* etc., being the language employed in such statutes.

It is, therefore, plain that the Legislature, when it prescribed by Section 39 in question, that a person who violates any provision of this article "is guilty of a misdemeanor, *and is liable to a penalty,"* intended that the offender should be punished as for a misdemeanor, and liable to a civil action also for the penalties therein prescribed.

3. The use of different language in other Sections of the Statute, constitutes the chief ground relied upon by the demurrants to show that a right of civil action is not conferred by Section 39.

Sec. 16, Art. I., for the protection of deer, etc., provides that a person who violates the provisions of that article "is guilty of a misdemeanor, *and in addition thereto* is liable as follows:" (specifying the penalties). . . .

The use of the words *in addition thereto* in the foregoing sections, and their omission from section 39 have given rise to the contention involved here.

While the words "in addition thereto" are used in Sections 16, 69 and 99, *supra,* the other form "is guilty of a misdemeanor, *and is liable to a penalty"* is employed in Sections 39, 119 and 139 of this same act.

But this proves nothing. It indicates nothing.

It merely shows that there are two ways at least of expressing the same thing or idea. The words "is guilty of a misdemeanor, *and is liable to a penalty"* express an intent as clearly to subject the offender to both forms of action as do the words "is guilty of a misdemeanor *and in addition thereto* is liable as follows," etc. . . .

Point II.

It is not necessary to allege in the complaint in an action under this statute that the birds were taken or killed within the boundaries of the State.

Further objection was taken to the amended complaint at Special Term on the ground that it does not appear that the birds mentioned therein were taken or killed within this State. The very recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of The People vs. Buffalo Fish Co., 164 N. Y., 93, brought under this same act, is conclusive upon this point, if indeed there was any ground for such a contention before that decision. O'Brien, J., rendering the opinion of the Court, said at page 99:

"The possession of the fish or game at the forbidden season, within this State, is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor has violated the law, and the burden is then cast upon him of proving facts to show that the possession is lawful."

There is no ground whatever for the contention upon demurrer that the plaintiffs should allege that the birds were taken or killed within the State. It cannot be claimed that the statute contains any proviso or exception to that effect. The simple statement of the fact that the defendants possessed the birds at a time when the statute prescribes that they shall not be possessed constitutes a violation of Article II. and a cause of action under sections 20 and 28 of that article. . . .

Point III.

This act is a general law, constituting Chapter 31 of the General Laws of this State, and it need not therefore be pleaded in the manner prescribed by Section 530 of the Code of Civil Procedure.

It was claimed also that the amended complaint is defective for failure to make specific reference to the statute. But this is not a local statute and no reference need be made to it in such case. . . .

Point IV.

Counts XIV. to XIX., both inclusive, respectfully state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. And the Court erred in sustaining the demurrer thereto.

These counts are based on Section 33 of the act in question, and which reads as follows:

Certain Wild Birds Protected.—Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate issued under this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

These counts are the same in form, differing only as to the kind and number of birds possessed, and as to the time when they were possessed. Reference is, therefore, made to the fifteenth count as an example of all. And wherein it is alleged, omitting the formal parts, that the defendants on the 25th day of May, 1901, at the City and County of New York, "unlawfully, wilfully and knowingly possessed certain wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season, to wit, 876 English snipe, 602 plover, 1,416 snow bunting and 96 snipe, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided and without and not under the authority of any certificate issued under this act. . . . That by reason of the premises, the defendants then and there became liable to a penalty of $60 and to an additional penalty of $25 for each bird so possessed, to wit, the sum of $74,750, and amounting in all to the sum of $74,810. . . ."

No objection was taken to the amended complaint on this ground, or for its omission in any respect to follow the language of the statute. The ground urged against the sufficiency of these counts, and the one adopted by the Court at Special Term, and affirmed by the Appellate Division, is an alleged conflict between this section 33, quoted above, and section 30 of the same act which reads as follows:

Plover and Other Birds, Close Season.—The close season for Wilson (called English) snipe, yellow legs, plover, rail, mud-hen, gallinule, surf-birds, curlew, water-chicken, jack-snipe, bay-snipe or shore birds, shall be from May first to August thirty-first, both inclusive. (As amended by Ch. 91, of the Laws of 1901.)

From this it is claimed that *plover* and *snipe,* two of the species of birds mentioned in each of the last six counts of the amended complaint, have an open season. Or rather, that they have a close season, from May first to August thirty-first, and from which it is implied that they have an *open season* the remainder of the year. This section, as seen, does not in terms provide that these birds shall not be taken or possessed.

While Section 33 prescribes that "Wild birds other than the English sparrow * * * and birds for which there is *no open season,* shall not be taken or possessed at any time, * * *."

And it is, therefore, claimed that possession of plover and snipe having an *open season,* does not give rise to any cause of action under Section 33, which prohibits the possession of "birds for which there is *no open season* * * *." But this construction of the statute is too narrow.

1. The possession of two classes of birds is expressly prohibited by Sec. 33, to wit, (a) *wild birds;* and (b) *birds for which there is no open season.* It may be conceded, for the purpose of this argument, that plover and snipe, having an *open season,* are not protected by the clause prohibiting the possession of birds for which there is *no open season.* But it is prescribed that "WILD BIRDS" (other than certain birds excepted in Sec. 33) shall not be possessed. . . .

The only questions, therefore, are whether (1) plover and snipe are *wild birds;* and (2) other than those excepted by Sec. 33. And these questions are answered by a mere reference to the amended complaint. Both facts are distinctly alleged in each of these counts and admitted by the demurrer, to wit, that they are *wild birds,* and *"other than* English sparrow, etc." those excepted by Sec. 33. And the demurrer should be overruled as to this ground. . . .

Point V.

It being the paramount intention of the Legislature, as appears by both Sections 30 and 33, to protect the birds mentioned in Section 30, these sections should be reconciled so as to give effect to that intention.

It is not deemed necessary, as stated above, to reconcile the alleged inconsistency in this statute; and yet this may be done within settled rules of law. . . .

It is perfectly apparent [from authorities cited], and many others to the same effect which might be cited, that the alleged inconsistency between these sections can be and should be reconciled within settled principles of law. Thus, Section 30, which merely provides that *"the close season,"* for the birds therein mentioned, *"shall be from May first to August thirty-first,"* may be rejected altogether. Or the words *"and birds for which there is no open season"* may be stricken from Section 33. In either case the defendants would be liable under Section 39 for the possession of plover and snipe without the authority of a certificate, as *"wild birds"* other than those excepted by Section 33. . . .

Point VI.

Moreover the Court erred in sustaining the demurrer to counts XV. to XIX., both inclusive, of the amended complaint, independent of what may be said of the alleged conflict in the Statute as to plover and snipe.

Each of these counts, except the XIV., charge that the defendants possessed other *wild birds,* not mentioned in Section 30, and other than those excepted from Section 33. That is to say, it is alleged in the XIV. count that they possessed 1,416 snow buntings on the 25th day of May, 1901; in the XVI. count, 288 reed birds, and 1,152 snow buntings on the 28th day of May; in the XVII. count, 3,168 sand pipers on the 30th day of May; in the XVIII. count, 720 reed birds, 5,760 snow buntings and 1,439 sand pipers on the 31st day of May; and in the XIX. count that they possessed 3,000 sand pipers on the 1st day of June, all in that year.

There is no tenable ground upon which to claim any conflict between these sections as to birds mentioned in each of these five counts. They are neither mentioned in Section 30 nor specified by name in any other section of the act. They are, therefore, merely wild birds, other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, etc., according to the allegations of the amended complaint, and which shall not be taken or possessed at any time, except under the authority of a certificate, as prescribed by Section 33. And it is alleged that the defendants possessed them without such authority. And these counts are therefore plainly sufficient without reference to the question as to plover and snipe.

It may be said, however, without reason, that a bird, in order to be protected by this section, must be both a *wild bird and a bird for which there is no open season.* And that since there is no other expressed provision of the statute that *wild birds* shall have no open season, snow bunting, reed birds and sand piper are not within both conditions of the statute. But the statute will not bear any such construction. . . .

It is therefore respectfully submitted:

(1) That a civil action lies to recover the penalties specified in Section 39 for a violation of any provision of Article II., Chapter 20, of the Laws of 1900 as amended for the possession by the defendants of grouse and quail and ducks as alleged in the first XIII. counts of the amended complaint.

(2) That plover and snipe (two of the kinds of birds mentioned in each of the other six counts) are *wild birds* within the letter, meaning and protection of Section 33, and that their possession by the defendants as alleged in the amended complaint was a violation of this article.

(3) That snow buntings, reed birds and sand pipers are *wild birds* within this section and that the last five counts of the complaint are good as to these birds whether plover and snipe are protected or not.

(4) That the several causes of action being stated in the language of the statute are respectively sufficient in law.

(5) That this is a general public statute, and no reference need be made to it in a pleading under it.

The Detroit Show.

This has been a gala week in Detroit for all lovers of outdoor life, be it afloat or ashore, speeding the highways or lazily reclining in a boat; for the hunter and angler alike. Nor have the men proven themselves the whole thing in the adaptation of the auto, gun, rifle or rod; the interest manifested in all these things by the gentle sex of Detroit proves only more conclusively than ever that the sweet environment of home can be taken with us afield, afloat or awheel. This, the second annual show of its kind here, was a success from the start. Each afternoon and evening increasing numbers of patrons appeared and reappeared until it became a fad. Tuesday night was "Society Night." That is, it was one of them. Society began doing the show Tuesday night and was still doing it when I left, notwithstanding the fact that each day and each night provided a different variety of indecent weather, and the streets a different hue of mud and slush.

Of automobiles a lot were shown under the management of Wm. E. Metzgar. All the way from "999," the fastest thing in the word, down to the pretty little fellow that you would like to keep in your den.

Under the management of Mr. Seneca G. Lewis, of The Fletcher Hardware Company, were gathered together many exhibits of the requisites for the forest and stream. As you entered the door you came face to face with a booth of Savage rifles under the guardianship of Mr. J. E. French, who at all waking hours worked his "demonstrator" to the 'coon-capped Canuck and Jefferson avenue resident alike, and a range of samples all the way from the squatter to the parlor ornament. Mr. French and the Savage rifle both made many new friends here.

Across the aisle to the left, Missionary Caldwell held matinees and evening performances with a handsome case of Winchesters. The popularity of the rifle and Mr. Caldwell in Detroit made it a busy corner. Then came representative William C. Beers on the scene, and the receptions increased. Many of Mr. Beers' old friends will miss him in his usual haunts, inasmuch as the Winchester Company have changed his territory somewhat, giving him Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, with headquarters and *heartfelt* interests at Erie.

Pushing through a well groomed crowd a bit further and becoming one of them yourself, you brought up at the Marlin stand, and the word passed through the group, "Why, there stands 'Buffalo Bill!'" The urchin at your elbow says: "Naw, you geezer! Bill haint never cut his hair that bad." The gentleman proved to be Mr. John D. Bethel, talking Marlin rifles as though he were a part of them. There were not chairs enough to go round at this exhibit.

In dodging past "999" when it was snorting and passing through tires of the great and little kind, a place of refuge was found at the headquarters of the U. M. C. Company's generous space. Here stood four pretty white columns ten feet apart, forming a square, and looped together at the top by a bunch of electric lights. These columns contained beautifully arranged samples of the U. M. C. output in the American trade line. This was presided over by Mr. John S. Cole, Jr., at all times, and Mr. Jim Head in the evenings. Everybody in Detroit is now wearing the U. M. C. button.

And then one came to the Hunter Arms Co.'s popular gun exhibit, under the supervision of Mr. Jos. Marks, whose able assistants explained to all comers the virtues of the L. C. Smith gun.

There was no busier man in Michigan than Capt. Jack Parker, between the management of the "big shoot at Grosse Point and the handling of the Peters Cartridge end at the show, besides caring for the Parker guns there. He must have needed the "rest cure" when it was all over. The Peters exhibit was very attractive and two assistants needed their eagle eye at all times to keep many pieces of this display in the building. The Parker guns attracted much attention; the quality shown warranted it. Then one came to the Lefever Arms Co.'s stand, and stood still in admiration. This attraction was in good hands; one could hear Lefever and get gun fever easily.

Drifting about among the launches and engines and boats and seeing the Hendrix reel and tackle exhibit, a wholesome desire to go fishing possessed one and a longing for the mild days of May and June stole over one, only to be chilled by an atmosphere outdoors that made one still willing to pay two prices for coal.

At this show were seen many new devices for speed on the road and on the water—electric, steam, gas, naphtha—to be applied to anything that will go. Boats of wood and boats of steel; big ones and little ones; canoes and paddles. Of the latter class The Detroit Boat and Oar Works, under the personal direction of Mr. J. N. Dodge himself, made the finest showing. The $100 gasoline launch also excited much interest.

In the office of Mr. Champion, the head of the dog show, was shown a collection of skins from Alaska, including a monster bear skin. Here Mr. Champion also showed his collection of skins, heads and birds. Under the galleries, all around the big armory, were tastefully displayed private collections of trophies of the hunt, Indian relics and blankets. Their art in basket weaving, looms, etc., was in evidence. Everybody helped everybody else in making the whole show a whole success. Under the inspiring guidance of Mr. Lewis, what at first was looked upon with doubt, has bloomed forth an exhibition for sportsmen worth much travel and money to see; and all lovers of the automobile are under obligations to Mr. Metzgar for getting together enough attractions to suit any hobby and contract many purses and speed one on through life at almost any old gait.

And then one came to the dogs—that is, if one didn't go there first—they were heard first, that's sure. While this bench show was not held under the auspices of the American Kennel Club, it lacked nothing in the way of quality or quantity, particularly in hunting dogs. The setter class was a very wholesome lot, with the pointers a close second. In Michigan and Canada they have raised the standard of the breeding of these dogs to a high degree, and many a family pet could go away and get honors if they could be spared long enough, or if their indulgent owners knew their excellent type, as was shown by Jessie W. winning. It was only by the earnest persuasion of Mr. James Glenn, of Grosse Point, that Mr. Webber, of Ionia, could be induced to let Jessie stop following his buggy long enough to take a bath and come to Detroit and secure first in everything. She reminds one of Prima Donna, only she is better, being better in a shorter coupling. A. J. Smith, of Detroit, showed seven youngsters of one litter and secured a first, second, third and a first with them, beside the combination prize.

W. B. Wells's Selkirk Simon deserved all he got and would have had more if it had been there to get. Geo. B. Abel's Nellie would show well in any company. Among the Irish setters there were many good ones, and taxed the judge to place them right.

Mr. John Davidson, that able veteran known to our own and an older generation, held court in the ring. No one questioned this sage's decisions or advised this lover of dogs and manly men, this breeder and handler of years agone, this Scotchman who is recalled by all the old ones, including Lewis, Titus, Avent and Waters. I found him in a reminiscent mood and after he had dealt kindly with these boys, he praised the dogs he had just judged and he proclaimed them a "bonnie lot."

On Thursday night was held what is termed the Annual "Convulsion" of the Exhibitors. It consists of chartering a big electric car with a seating capacity of fifty people and with a refrigerating plant in one end. They leave Detroit at the close of the show and go north thirty miles with the right of way and fair wind to a hotel, when a meal is served that can hardly be called dinner and neither can it lay claim to breakfast, the hour being inappropriate for either. However, it is a sumptuous meal at which the Jones gun man says the Brown gun is the best in the world, and the Brown rifle man says there is no rifle like the Jones. The rivalry of trade is forgotten, and every fellow wants to take care of the other fellow's work next day, while the other fellow gets some deserved rest. At two A. M. the toastmaster calls the full ones to order (the meal having been eaten), and the speeches begin—"The great and glorious city of Detroit, from its geographical location on this vast and wondrous continet of ours, stands in the fore rank of cities, as an industrial center reaching out by railroad and steamboat to the South and West and East and North, like arteries from a pulsating heart, gleams under a sun in its architectural beauty, a gateway to the Great Lakes and all the Canadas; its vast boulevards of magnificent residences, its fine public buildings and electric railroad lines, an incomparable summer atmosphere (in summer), the home of Pingree, Maybury and Gillman" and then—"We have been welcomed to this beautiful city of yours like the return of the prodigal son; you have done everything to please us and gratify us and all that belong to us; the spirit of you Detroiters to welcome us strangers is everywhere manifest—in the hotels and in electric lights on your buildings; bootblacks and white-winged waiters smile on us and we are at home;" and then—"Over this festive board of ours now cleaned down to the ribs, the sweetmeats of eloquence all devoured by those whose exhibit is bigger than mine, I want to say a word of my neighbor over there. Of this vast gathering of selected men from the centers of industries of our country, it is fair to presume that not all who are gathered here to-night will be here next year. Some may be gathered together elsewhere; others may become presidents of their concerns and hire someone else to sit up for them, but there is one among us who will retire to fields of clover by the commands of her who rules in a greater or less degree all our destinies. Will we miss him? Ah, yes. As I feel now the tears sneaking down my nose, we will miss him. Yes—Hello! No. 1313 Main. Are you on that wire yet?" "Yes; don't disturb me now. Mark Anthony is handling a friend of mine, and I want to hear the finish." "Can't help it. Your two hours are more than up and there is a call up there for a doctor." "Hello! Central, can't I get that wire for another hour? Hello!" "Hello! No. Wire's engaged."

By noon all were in their accustomed places of business, glad discoverers of the other fellow's eloquence and thankful that he was one of the bunch.

I was informed that more people attended the show the first two nights this week than during the whole week last year. This means that in another year the Light Guard Armory won't be big enough.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 13. T. E. Batten.

Call Ducks.

New York, Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in your issue of February 7, under heading "Call Ducks," an inquiry from M. T. where eggs of such ducks can be purchased. I asked an old duck hunter whether he had ever heard of such ducks, and he informed me that Mr. Elmer Austin—stationed in winter at Zachs Inlet Life Saving Station, Long Island, or at his residence, Amityville, L. I.—has such ducks, a cross between the mallard and black. By writing to him M. T. will likely get necessary information. G. A. Orth.

Waterlily, N. C., Feb. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of the 7th, M. T. wishes to procure some call ducks—gray quackers I call them. I am glad to say I can furnish a limited number of eggs or the ducks and drakes if preferred. They are a cross between the mallard and ordinary mud duck, and almost a perfect imitation of the mallard. For mallard, black duck, widgeon and sprigtail shooting they are the best decoys I ever used. When "tied out" as decoys they are constantly calling at everything in sight—even to blackbirds.

R. B. White.

Wildfowl.

Stockton, Md., Feb. 3.—I have watched the movements of our wildfowl for years, and I often think that I have it down pretty close, yet every now and then they break away and do something very different to the law that I have laid down. The first week in January, with the weather moderate and plenty of feed, the fowl suddenly left, and that, too, in one day. There was no apparent cause for this, as the bay did not freeze over for at least ten days later. After it set in cold, a few ducks and brant stayed with us among the drifting ice. Now, last week it was as warm as spring, and up to Saturday hardly a duck to be seen. Monday the whole bay was alive with them, thousands and thousands, more than I have ever seen here at one time, and, something unusual with us, lots of canvasbacks among them. This week the shooting is fine, the fowl decoying well like fall birds. Now, where all these birds come from I cannot say. It is too early for the northern flight to move in such numbers, and there has been no storm below to drive them up, or if they were north of us there has been no storm to the north to drive them back. The movement is a mystery to me, as we never look for the biggest flight until the latter part of February. It may be we will have a warm spring, and the fowl are moving earlier; yet, even then, why should they come suddenly in such numbers?

O. D. Foulks.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Trolling for Bass.

Kalkaska, Mich., Feb. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article "Trolling for Bass" in the last Forest and Stream fits me exactly; that I mention a few remarks.

Mr. Crugar is right in his conclusions about bait-casting for bass. I find, however, that it is a form of sport not generally understood. This part of the State boasts of excellent fishing of all kinds, yet in a town of 1,400 I am the only bait-caster. My method caused considerable excitement a few years ago, when I caught large bass from a lake close to town that was supposed to have been fished (or speared) dry.

As I have done as much "thumbing the line" as the average enthusiast I am firmly of the opinion that this method of fishing for bass cannot be beaten. For speckled trout, of course, flies should be used, and often bass, especially the small mouth variety, may be taken with flies. For the following reasons I prefer casting for bass with artificial baits:

1. It is more sportsmanlike to deftly cast a spoon or frog fifty to seventy feet and hook your fish in some out-of-the-way corner than it is to impale a minnow on a hook and wait for a bite. The modern sportsman uses skill in fishing or shooting and has no dealings with the game or fish hog.

2. It is more economical; especially if one has to buy minnows and frogs of the small boy or dealer. The caster's outfit of rod, reel, line, net and a few baits will cost less than all the paraphernalia of the bait fisherman.

3. It is more successful; your fish will average larger, and although at times you will not get a long string, you will get sufficient to reward your patience and skill. The big fish is what we are all after, and the caster gets them if anyone does.

4. You are always ready for the lake or river. There is no searching here, there and everywhere for hooks and sinkers and buckets and anchors. You take your rod and tackle box from your cabinet and you are ready for the companion—that *sine qua non* for a good outing.

5. It lessens the tendency to pot-fishing. You get interested in the art of casting, such fishing requires skill and practice; soon half your pleasure is in putting the baits, and you are content to leave a few fish for another day.

A few hints to those who may wish to try this method of fishing for bass may be useful. Get the best outfit your purse allows, and it is cheaper in the end and more satisfactory. A rod need not be over six feet in length; this is the best average length; the weight about six ounces; a good quadruple, free running reel made especially for casting and holding 60 or 80 yards of line; the line should be of silk and made expressly for this kind of work; a landing net and a few good baits will complete the outfit. My own favorite baits are a bucktail with one 4/0 hook attached to small spoon, an artificial frog with two good hooks, a Payson weedless casting hook. There are hundreds of other baits on the market, but they are not necessary. Wm. Childs.

Artificial Salmon Culture in America

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue for 7th inst., Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette, of London, England, asks for some authentic information as to the results of artificial Salmon culture in America. He states that certain Scientific gentlemen in England deny that Salmon culture, by means of Hatching-houses, has been a success anywhere, so far as stocking rivers with fish or increasing the catch is concerned. These scientific gentlemen, he informs us, being convinced that the only success achieved in America, as in Europe, has been in collecting ova, hatching out fry, and planting millions of young Salmon at enormous expense, from which no practical results have been obtained, are using their influence to prevent any more of the public funds being wasted in chasing rainbows, and he wants some authentic information that will enable him to combat the statements of these gentlemen who have looked for fish and found only oodles of ova and figures of fry. If Mr. Marston will take the trouble to examine the words and figures found in the Government Reports of Canada since Fish-culture was made a Public Work—which Reports he will find in the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London—he will, if an honest man, side with the Scientific gentlemen and lend them his aid to prevent any further waste of public money.

In his Report on Salmon-culture for the year 1881, after 13 years' costly experiments with Government money, Mr. Samuel Wilmot, late Superintendent of Fish-culture in Canada, confessed to total failure, so far as Ontario was concerned, and gave up hatching any more Salmon or Trout ova in the Ontario house. His words are given *verbatim et literatim* in your last issue in Part VII. of my Reminiscences. After eight years' costly operations in the Hatching-houce on Dunk River, P. E. Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the planting of over 6,000,000 young Salmon in the rivers of that island, the result was total failure and the house has rotted down since it was abandoned in 1887. Salmon are no longer quoted in the fisheries statistics of the island.

The Departmental Report for 1874 (the year the Hatching-houses were built) shows that the Salmon catch in New Brunswick waters was 3,214,182 pounds. In 1901, the last year for which the figures are given, the catch had fallen to 1,235,350 pounds, and yet in the years between

1874 and 1901 there were planted in New Brunswick waters 120,578,000 young Salmon, the result of which was 45 per cent. less fish caught.

The catch in Nova Scotia in the year the Hatching-houses were built was 1,758,818 pounds. In 1901 the catch had fallen to 557,802 pounds, and yet, in the intervening years, 80,827,500 young Salmon were planted in Nova Scotia waters, with the result that 55 per cent. less fish were caught. This has been the result of 30 years' culture of *Salmo salar* in Canada, where the "Science" has been pursued as a Government Work. I think Mr. Marston will admit that the authorized Reports of the Department of Fisheries give "authentic information."

Let us now see, from the same authentic sources, what results have attended the artificial culture of *Salmo coregonus*. In the year 1875, when the Sandwich Whitefish Hatchery was built, the catch of Whitefish is given in the Report of that year as 5,114,600 pounds. The Report for 1901 gives the catch as 2,711,258 pounds—but little more than one-half, after 26 years' artificial culture on a gigantic scale and at enormous expense, with Steam Engines and "Glass Incubators." In the interim between 1875 and 1901 the Report tells us that 1,282,500,000 young Whitefish have been planted in Ontario waters. The hatching of *fontinalis* has virtually been abandoned in all the hatcheries—only 35,000 having been hatched in 1901.

Not having the Reports of the United States Fish Commission to quote from, the writer can only state that, as far as he has been able to learn, not a single adult Pacific Salmon has been taken from any waters in which millions have been planted since 1872, when Mr. Livingston Stone sent his first shipment of eyed-ova from McCloud River to the United States Fish Commission. Nor has he ever read or heard of an adult Atlantic Salmon having been taken from any deserted river in which the Commissioners have planted thousands of young fish in the hope of restoring it to its former opulence as a Salmon river. He is credibly informed by those best qualified to know, that not a single Salmon has ever been taken from any water in which Seth Green planted all the hundreds of thousands of fry which he hatched out. He has read, however, and conversed with American gentlemen, and the sum of his information at present is that every pound of Trout taken from streams and lakes in which they were not indigenous, has cost the planter from $2 to $5. He reads, also, that Black Bass have been a grand success in clearing Brook trout out of all waters in which they have been planted, and he reads, in your columns, that the nasty German Carp, for which there was a craze among fish-culturists 15 or 20 years ago, has proved an intolerable nuisance in all waters where better fish have their habitat.

If the writer has made any misstatement regarding Salmon Culture in the United States, he will be much indebted for any authenticated correction. As to Canada, his facts and figures rest on the Public Records.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Anglers' Tournament.

THE Anglers' Casting Tournament to be held during the Sportsmen's Exposition at the Madison Square Garden is of great interest to all anglers.

The rules governing the contest, which we printed last week, have been drawn with great care, and seem to provide for all contingencies. A provision which will do much to protect American records is found in Rule 8, where it is stated in substance that the stand for the caster shall be a platform not more than 18 inches above the surface of the water. The best of the American casting was done from a platform far above the water's surface, which, of course, would give the angler a greater range.

It has no doubt been noticed that the names of two well-known fly-casters, the Messrs. Hewitt, are absent from the list of the tournament committee. This absence is due to the death of their father, the late Abram S. Hewitt, one of the greatest men this city has ever given birth to, and one whose place cannot be filled.

Most of the twenty-five events which are to occupy the two weeks of the contests are ordinary fly and bait casting for a distance or accuracy. Class P., however, dry fly-catsing for accuracy, is new to this country, although more or less popular on the other side of the ocean. The flies to be used in this event are to be furnished by the committee. Dry fly-fishing, although more or less has been heard about it, is still little practiced in this country, and many anglers will be interested to see the work done at the tournament with dry flies.

Class V, single handed bait-casting for distance only, is to be made with a particularly light lure, weighing only one quarter of an ounce, which will be furnished by the committee. This will be interesting on account of the very unusual lightness of the lure to be cast. It is to be noticed that the announcement of Class V closes with a line and a half of type apparently referring to accuracy. This should be omitted, and the announcement should end with the words "will not be scored."

It is hoped that a number of fly-casters from Chicago and at least one from San Francisco may be present, to take part in the tournament.

A Big Muscallonge.

UNDER date of Feb. 11, a Jamestown (N. Y.) correspondent writes to the Erie Times: All local records were broken Monday evening when A. A. Walker, a well-known business man of this city, who is also one of the most enthusiastic fishermen around Chautauqua Lake, brought home with him a muscallonge which tipped the scales at 51 pounds.

The fish is undoubtedly the largest one ever taken from Chautauqua Lake, and if the records show any larger muscallonge—that is of the thoroughbred type, such as the Chautauqua Lake fish are universally acknowledged to be—caught in any waters, the fact is not known in this city.

Mr. Walker's fish has attracted universal attention in this city, where it has been on exhibition, and every fisherman, everyone here who is familiar with the fish and the fish history of Chautauqua Lake, acknowledges it to be the largest of its kind ever taken from these waters.

This one was captured near Bemus Point, late in the afternoon. Mr. Walker had sat in his fish coop from early morning until nearly four o'clock without seeing a fin. He had used all the arts of the skilled fishermen in handling decoys in hopes of attracting a fish without avail until that time, and was about to give up the effort for the day when suddenly a dark object appeared in the muddy water below. The water was so roily that it looked like a large piece of log slowly floating past. Hardly knowing whether it was really a fish or not, Mr. Walker threw his spear; it struck the monster fair in the center of the back; there was a splashing and churning of the water. The gaff hook followed quickly after the spear and within 60 seconds the largest fish ever taken from Lake Chautauqua alive was floundering on the ice beside the lucky fisherman's coop.

When the big fish was opened there was found in its stomach another muscallonge, which had just begun to digest, that when weighed tipped the scales at 5 pounds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Feb. 18-21.—Newark, N. J.—Show of New Jersey Kennel Association. C. G. Hopton, See'y.
Feb. 20-21.—Denver, Colo.—Bench show of Colorado Kennel Club.
Feb. 23-26.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show. W. B. Emery, Sec'y.
March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

New York Dog Show.

THE New York dog show this year was great of its kind, as are all New York dog shows of the Westminster Kennel Club. It had a large number of entries, 1,650, as shown by the catalogue. The quality of the dogs was of a high order. Mr. James Mortimer superintended the show, which is equivalent to saying that everything was managed to perfection. Mr. William Tallman, Brooklyn, judged all setters. Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y., judged pointers.

Pointers were quite a good lot, as a whole. There was a prevalent opinion among sportsmen that they were much better in quality than those exhibited in previous New York shows for many years past. There were three dog puppies, of which Yankee Banner won first prize. Novice dogs was a large class, 28 in all. First went to Westlake Chancellor, a good dog, but not in the first class, being rather heavy in head and shoulders, and he was not free from throatiness. Spunk's Duke, second, was faulty in head, being wide in skull. He showed some throatiness and was narrow in muzzle. Top Notch Staghorn, third, is a well made pointer, though he has thin feet. Limit dogs under 55 pounds numbered six. Young Lynn, first, is a substantially built dog, possessing a well shaped head, a well-ribbed body, and good legs. Second was won by Mason King, well made in body, quarters, legs; muzzle sharp. In limit dogs, 55 pounds and over, first was won by Mark's Rush, a well made pointer, though he was flatter in ribs than was desirable. Second went to Fair Acre Standard, a muscular dog of good form. In open dogs under 55 pounds, Duke of York was first. He is a large dog, and was shown in the pink of condition. He is well built, and possesses a deal of good pointer quality. Mark's Rush was second, and Fair Acre Standard was third. Both were winners in other classes. The winners' class for dogs was won by Duke of York and Mark's Rush. Mason's Luciel, quite a good bitch, was first in bitch puppies. There were thirteen novice bitches. Vesta of Kent was first. She is a very fine bitch, but was heavy in whelp and did not show in her best form as a consequence. Fair Acre Duchess was second. She is a symmetrical, well made bitch. King's Daughter II. won third. She is somewhat light in head; good otherwise. Limit bitches, under 50 pounds, six contestants, was won by Fair Acre Lucill. Second went to Fair Acre Pauline, light in muzzle; substantially built, and fairly symmetrical. Miss Westlake won third. Limit bitches, 50 pounds and over, was won by Westlake Surprise, a symmetrical, well made bitch, a shade light in bone. Bitches under 50 pounds, open class, was won by Westlake Ornament, an excellent, all-round bitch, symmetrical and substantial form. Open class, under 50 pounds, bitches, had four entries. First was won by Princess Alice, well shaped in head and neck, sound and well made generally. Winners' bitches was won by Westlake Surprise. Princess Alice, reserve. There were seven in the field trial class. Top Notch Launcelot was first; excepting a slight coarseness in head, he is fairly well made. Of the 77 entries, of which a few were absent, nearly every one received a prize or letters. Vhc.'s, hc.'s and c.'s were never shovelled out more bounteously, nor did they ever seem to be cheaper.

English setters were an excellent exhibit, taken as a whole. There were 29 novice dogs. Mallwyd Joe, first, is symmetrical and well made. Leather Breeches, second, is flat in ribs. Limit dogs was a good class, 16 in all. Ruinney Racket, first, is strong and well made, though not so finely turned as his kennel companion, Sirdar. Bracken O'Leck was second. He is quite a well built dog. Third went to Leather Breeches. Open dogs had 11 entries. Mallwyd Sirdar, first, is a dog of rare excellence. He is an up-standing, muscular and symmetrical fellow, and can successfully stand the most minute and critical scrutiny. Ruinney Racket was second. Ulverstone Rap, third, is about ordinary in quality. Sirdar and Ruinney Racket were first and second in the winners' class. Novice bitches numbered 13, and Kalmia Doll, first, Cole's Fairy Queen and Mac's True Blue were the winners. There were ten limit bitches, and first was won by Mallwyd Meg; second by Madcap, and third by Fan O'Leck, the latter trimly and symmetrically built. Open class bitches had eight entries. Mallwyd Queen, rather narrow in head, otherwise very sound and well built, was easily first. Mallwyd Meg and Madcap were second and third. Nellie Byers, Sport Solomon and Albert's Patch were one, two, three in the field trial class.

Irish setters were a good lot. Lord Rutland and Tim M. were first and second in puppies, and were the only contestants in the class. Novice dogs had six. MacLaren was first, Dandy Rockwood was second; he is coarse in head; is fairly well made. Shandon Tim, third, is throaty, fair in head, yet is about an average bench show winner of third. Limit dogs was won by St. Elvan, flat in ribs; head good, but not clean cut, not first rate in pasterns; head ordinarily good. Royal Grand, second, excelled the winner in every way, as did Duke of Gloucester, third. The latter is quite a good dog. In open dogs, Rockwood, Jr., was first, Longwood Link second and St. Elvan third. Rockwood was also first in winners' class; Link, reserve. Shandon Rose and Jessamine were first and second in novice bitches. There were four in the limit class for bitches, and Goldreme, a bitch light in build and badly out of coat, won first. St. Lambert Kathleen and St. Lambert Mollie were second and third. Open class bitches was won by Goldreme; Sig's Girl, second; St. Lambert Kathleen, third. Goldreme and Sig's Girl were first and reserve in the winners' class.

Gordon setters were few in number, fourteen in all. In novice dogs and bitches Ned S., coarse, yet having a certain symmetry, was first; Peter A., slack in loin, coarse head, light barrel, was second. There were five limit dogs and bitches. Elcho Clinton II. first, was a fairly good specimen; Heather Crack, second, was bad in shoulders and elbows; Florence, third, was not in good condition. There were three in the open dog class, Teddy A., Heather Crack, and Rex V., first, second and third. Teddy was throaty, straight in shoulders and stifles; ordinary generally. In the open bitch class, Lansdowne Nellie was first. She is cow-hocked, and ordinary. Winona Clinton, plain in head, surpassed the winner in many qualities. Florence, already mentioned, was third. In the winners' class Elcho Clinton II. was first; Ned S. was reserve.

Yachting.

Prize Winners in Cruising Competition.

WE are able this week to announce the winners in the cruising competition. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega, who judged the contest, spent much time in going over the stories submitted, and as all of them are to be published, those who competed will have a chance to decide for themselves how fairly the awards were made.

The list of prize winners follows:

First prize, $50, "The Cruise of the Tainui," by L. E. Marsh, Toronto, Canada.

Second prize, $30, "The Cruise of the Rambler," by William B. Cook, Denver, Colorado.

Third prize, $20, "A Charity Cruise," by William Lambert Barnard, Boston, Mass.

Special prize offered by Mr. T. C. Zerega, $10, "The Cruise of the Yacht Delight," by H. P. Vicborn, Wyandotte, Michigan.

When Mr. Zerega returned the cruises to us they were accompanied by a very interesting letter, which contains several good suggestions, and we take the liberty of publishing it in full. It reads as follows:

Editor Forest and Stream:

The stories have been awarded points in the following manner:

First for Seamanship.

Second for Pilotage (that is, for knowledge shown of waters sailed in and information given that would assist others when sailing over the same waters).

Third for Diction.

Fourth for Interest.

Fifth for Chart.

Sixth for Photographs.

Each of these qualities have been marked from 10 to 1 points, according to excellence and the total carried out. "The Cruise of the Tainui," by L. E. Marsh, having the largest total points, has been awarded First Prize.

The "Cruise of the Rambler," by William B. Cook, has been awarded Second Prize.

"A Charity Cruise," by William Lambert Barnard, has been awarded Third Prize.

"The Cruise of the Yacht Delight" is such a very plucky one, particularly the long sail from Mackinac to Port Huron, that in addition to Honorable Mention, I beg you will permit me to present a judge's prize of ten dollars to the writer.

"Some Cruises in the Lapwing" are very interestingly described and deserve Honorable Mention, also. The vessel is a very small one to have successfully covered the coast from Peniquid, Maine, to New Haven, Conn., and the pilotage hints given will be valuable to other owners of small yachts who are hardy enough to follow in her wake.

Among the other cruises submitted, "The Annual Cruise of the Goodenough," may be mentioned. It is accompanied by a very large number (97 in all) of photographs mainly of fishing incidents on the eastern shore of Lake Superior, which would doubtless interest many of your readers.

The stories with few exceptions are disfigured by the too free use of slang, and coined or local, but not correct nautical expressions. Slang when spoken may be expressive, but when seen in print reads very flat and spoils what might be in other respects a well written article.

There are also correct orders for the performance of every evolution connected with the handling of a yacht or vessel. These orders and no others should be used.

The writer has had the good fortune to sail on many yachts and has been very much struck by the great difference in the discipline on board of them. On some, where the orders were given in a careless manner, almost never twice in the same words for a given evolution, the discipline was lax and a certain slackness about the whole vessel was very much in evidence. On others, one in particular, a well-known schooner of the New York Y. C., the orders are given in correct nautical terms. The discipline is perfect, the work quickly and smoothly done, and the vessel is known as a happy ship. This is no doubt due in part, at least, to the early training as a naval officer of the owner, who is also the captain.

I therefore suggest that in future contests you make it known to the competitors that the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions will count against them in the marking. There are various nautical dictionaries that may be consulted, or, better still, there are many naval and ex-naval men in most localities who would be glad to coach the young sailors in the use of proper nautical terms.

THEODORE C. ZEREGA.

NICE, France, Jan. 28.

We regret that Mr. Zerega's letter was received after we had announced the cruising competition for canoeists, otherwise we would have incorporated in the conditions the suggestion he makes about the use of slang and incorrect nautical expressions. We hope, however, that all our subscribers will read Mr. Zerega's letter with care, for there are few yachtsmen who cannot profit by his valuable suggestions.

The steam yacht Noma, designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane, and built by the Burlee Dry Dock Company, Port Richmond, Staten Island, for Mr. William B. Leeds, was given her official trial trip on February 12. The course was from Scotland Lightship to Fire Island and return. Her contract called for a speed of 18 knots, but on the trial she developed 20½ knots. The owner, his wife and some guests will leave New York in Noma about March 15 for a nine months' cruise around the world.

Figureheads and Quarterboards.

BY CHARLES G. DAVIS.

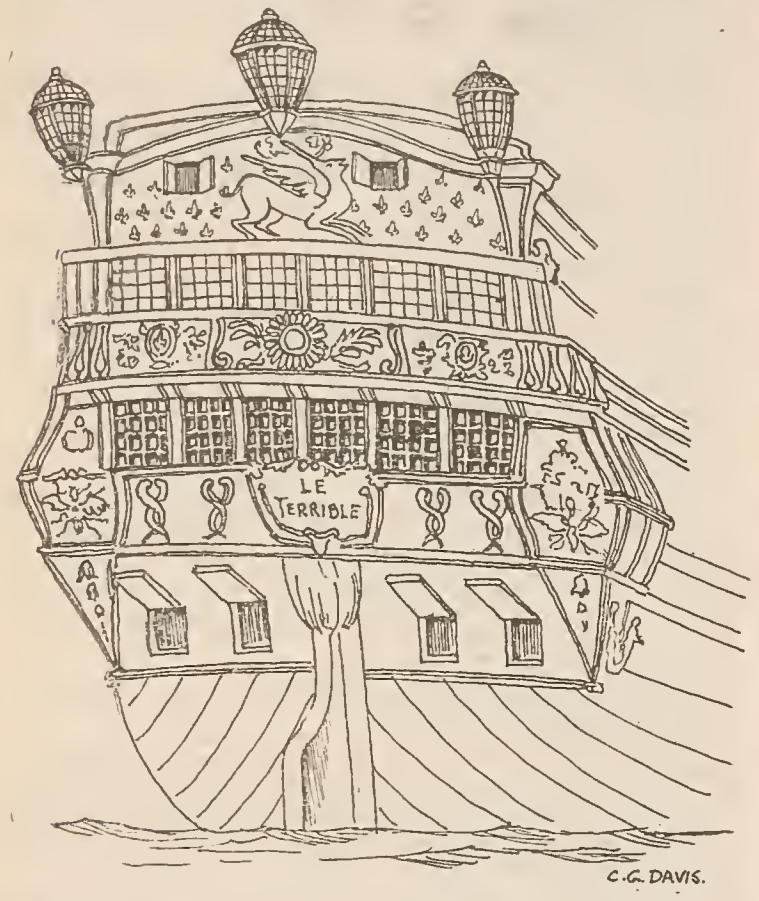
In ancient times sailors used to paint eyes on the bows of their boats, being superstitious enough to believe that the boat could then see her way safely home when storms drove them off shore out of sight of land or when night prevented human eyes from seeing the land.

Some put images of the saints on the stem or head, as the forward part of the boats were called, and imagined to that little wooden saint was due all the credit of safely arriving in their home port when storms beset them.

In times of real peril they would fall on their knees and pray to the little wooden god, whose painted eyes stared steadily ahead, no matter how fierce the storm, to bring them safely home.

Through ages the idea that the bow of a vessel is the head and entitled to due respect has survived, and while no modern sailor would think of praying to the wooden images of Stonewall Jackson or like figures that adorned the stems of modern clippers named after such notorious men as Jackson and others, yet the shipbuilder, up to a few years ago, would not think of sending out a ship without this eye-pleasing relic of barbarism.

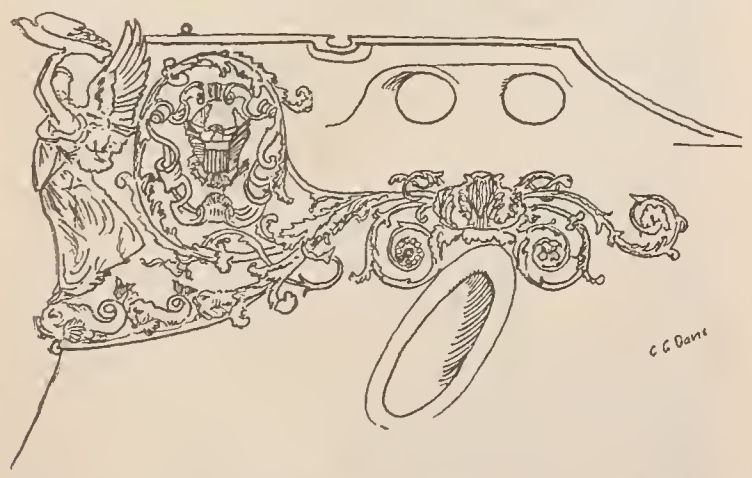
Styles of ornaments changed with the times, and while ships, like the Great Harry and La Terrible had frills



and scrollwork enough around the bow to load a sloop with and three or four balconies and rows of glass windows with coats of arms and gilt scrolls galore around the stern, we now have four-masted steel ships with practically no scroll work or anything to relieve the barren black sides but a small name and hailing port in white or gold.

Foreign shipbuilders clung to the carved images of women, cherubs and men as a figurehead long after the American builders discarded all but floral scrolls.

A number of years ago I made quite a study of the figureheads on ships, and it was then I noticed that American ships used but few images, while I got many a good



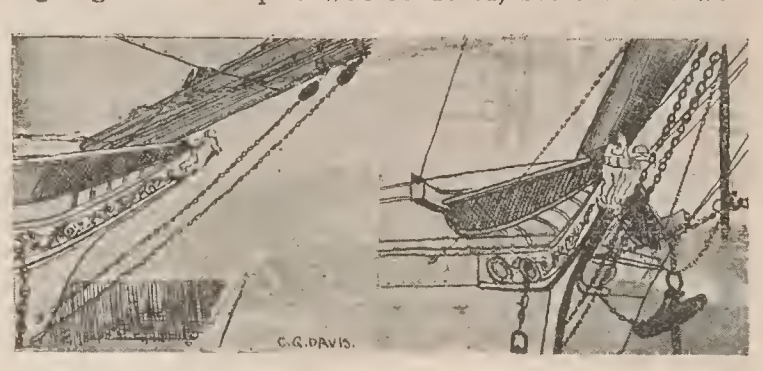
photograph of English, Danish, Spanish and Norwegian ships with figures of women, etc. One old Danish bark in particular I remember had the images of Raphael's cherubs with their elbows leaning on the stock of an anchor.

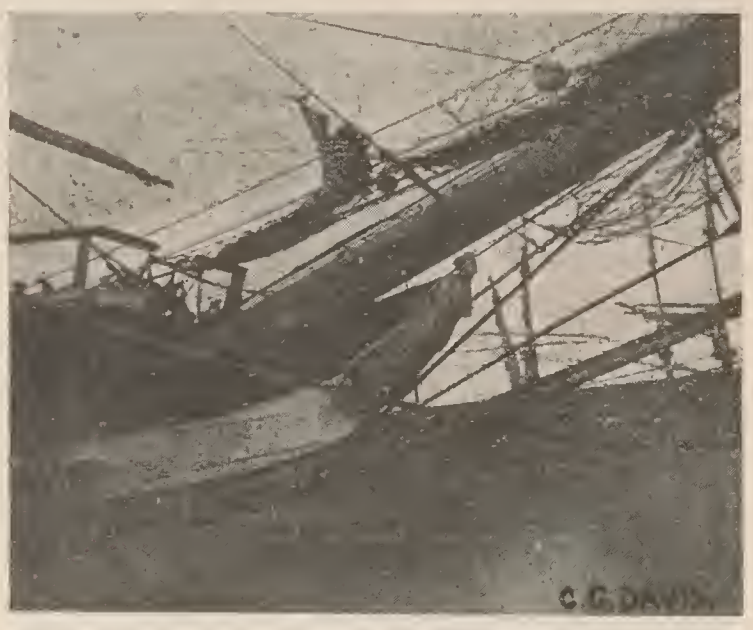
With yachts the ornamenting of the bows in an appropriate and at the same time artistic manner is a much more difficult problem.

The Aphrodite, for instance, a photo of whose head

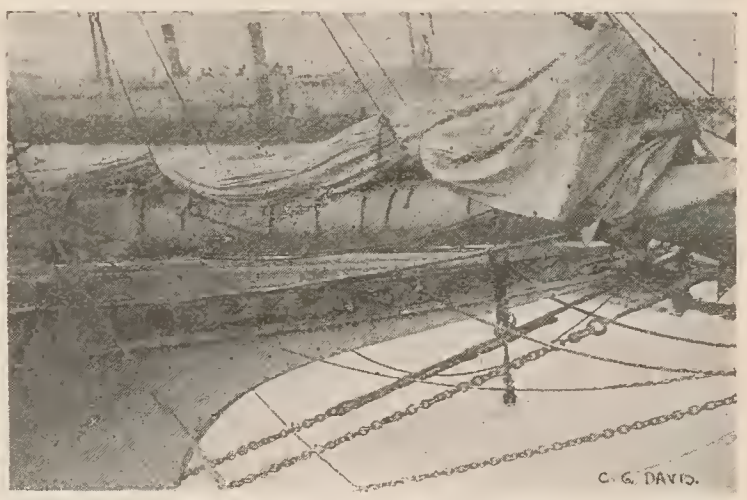
is reproduced here, seems to be rather overdone. The figure of the woman is too far out on the stem and the pose is not as graceful as the women shown on the ships' bows in the smaller photos.

The other photo shows the stem of a Chesapeake Bucky eye yacht that I ran across at South Brooklyn. The flying eagle on the tip is well rendered, but the vine work





following should trail as if flowing from the for'd end; as they are they appear curling up against the wind.



The three flying ducks, portrait of the owner and his private signal are a bit of personal conceit, yet the whole is so well rendered as to leave a pleasing impression after all. The page of numbered sketches are part of a collection extending over some twelve years. I have in my possession a box nick-named my bank that I have had since I was a school boy, and that contains hundreds of little sketches, nine-tenths of which pertain to boats and yachts. These scrolls are culled from the bank:

No. 1. Is the trail boards on the bow of the schooner yacht Shamrock. We were on the old cutter Pelican on a cruise to Marion, Mass., from City Island and stopped for a few days at New London, when the schooner came in and anchored near us. The Shamrock originally was a sloop designed by J. Rogers Maxwell with some assistance from Mr. H. C. Wintringham, naval architect, and built by Mumm at Bay Ridge in 1887. She was altered to a schooner in 1892.

The scroll is symbolic of her name, with its Irish harp surrounded with sprays of shamrock forming the main ornament in the scroll.

No. 2. Is a chance sketch that I ran across on City Island of an old delapidated smack, whose head, however, has been preserved, though the rest of the hull is badly stove up.

There is no gilded scroll work here; the chicken's head was sawed out of an inch plank and two big white eyes with black dots in the center gave sight and therefore intelligence to this homely craft.

No. 3. Is the bow of the steel American-built steam yacht El Reba, designed by the firm of Tams & Lemoine, yacht designers and brokers. The shield and tip end make a very pretty profile followed by a trailing scroll that harmonizes nicely.

No. 4. Her stern only has a dolphin to relieve the plain ribband line. Her stern is principally remarkable for the double cheek appearance caused by the outer buttock lines being lower than the center line of the stern.

No. 5. I sketched at the yard of Frank Wood, on City Island, and shows some of "Charlie" Brown's famous carving. Figurehead carving is his business. This specimen was carved on the bow of the sloop yacht Manito, designed by Wm. Gardner for Mr. Charlie Loundes, of Charleston, S. C., who died, poor fellow, soon after the yacht was taken south. Her gold stripe line ended forward in a spear head. It illustrates cutting its way ahead, while aft No. 6 trailed out in a series of leaves.

The sterns in nearly all of these sketches were drawn as I stood below them looking up, which will explain the shape in which they appear to the eye.

No. 7. Is a very simple scroll that was on a model in a designer's office where I once worked.

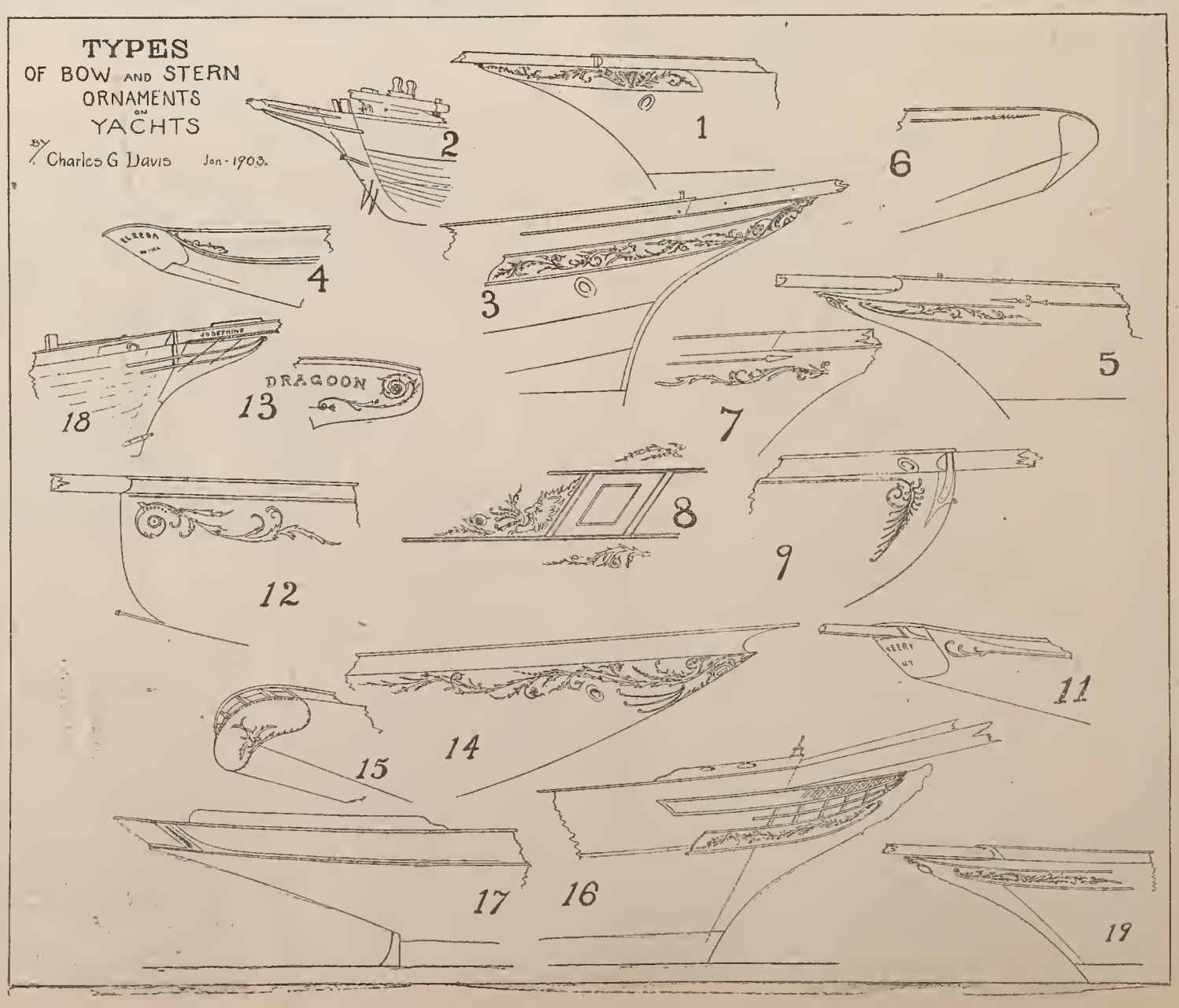
No. 8. I was struck by the fierce looking face that was worked into the ornamentation at the forward end of the scroll forming a series of imitation windows around the box-like stern of the high speed steam launch Feiseen, designed by Gardner & Mosher and built by Frank Wood at City Island. She was an extreme racing model very lightly built, double planked with mahogany outer sheathing and full of light, powerful machinery. She was sold to Mexico for a dispatch and torpedo boat, and they say the natives down there started her up one day and she got running so fast the engineers lost their heads and bolted from the engine room, where the light but powerful engines were fairly humming, they were revolving so fast, and all hands hung on to the railing on deck shouting through the megaphone as they dashed about the harbor among the shipping, to the various ships they passed: "Send a boat! Send a boat and stop us!" and that, when the Feiseen was shooting half her length nearly out of water and going 26 knots an hour, "Send a boat and stop us!" No wonder the seaman remarked, "Crazy niggers," for who could catch such a whirlwind to stop her. All they had to do was turn off the steam, but this there wasn't a man aboard would dare to do. So, in sheer desperation, they headed her straight for the shelving beach. They say she slid her whole length out of water and stayed there, a haunted monster, while the "niggers" took to their heels. Such is the story that I was told.

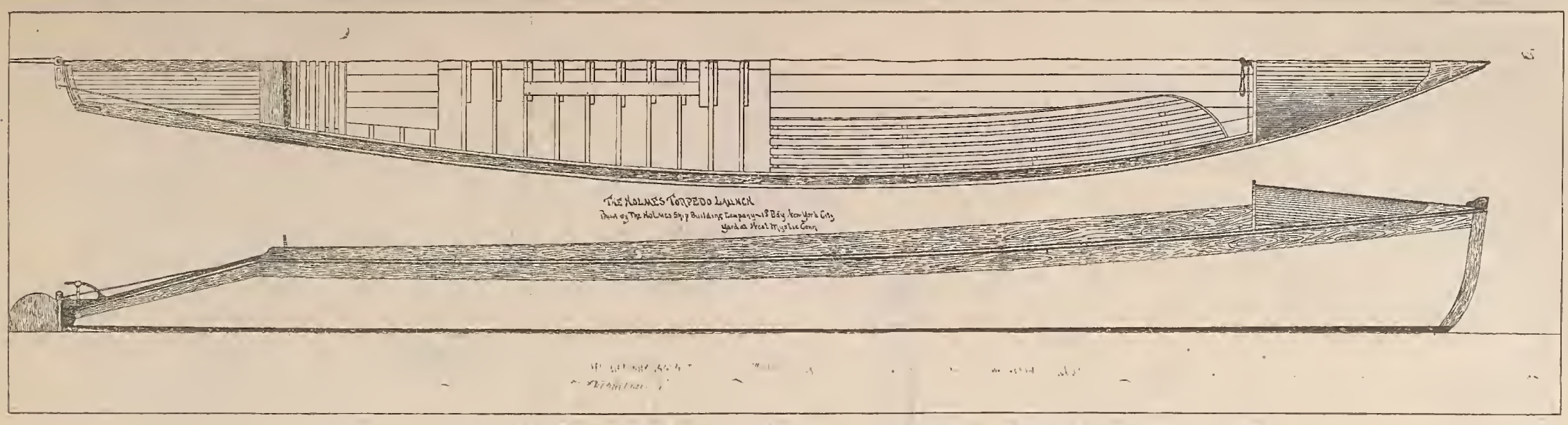
No. 9. Is a decided departure from the conventional rules for bow ornamentation. Baylies, of City Island, built this yawl, named the Veery, from the designs of Mr. Henry Gielow, naval architect. She had considerable freeboard, and it may be this scroll was introduced to try and reduce the apparent height.

No. 11. Shows the Veery's stern ornament, as odd in its design as the bow.

No. 12. Is the bow scroll of the 34 rater Dragoon, owned by Mr. F. M. Freeman. Capt. T .R. Webber, of New Rochelle, designed and built the Dragoon and also carved the ornamentation on her. This scroll is full of pleasant memories to me, as I used to race the old Dragoon, and as an ending to her eventful career I sailed her from New York to Savannah.

No. 13. Is the scroll on her transom which I sketched when she was laid up one winter. Her competitors will





27-FOOT SPEED LAUNCH—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE HOLMES SHIPBUILDING CO., 1902.

recognize this, to them, familiar sight.

No. 14. Is another one of the Larchmont Y. C.'s 34 rating class, a boat called the Vorant II., designed by Mr. Charles Olmsted, of Brooklyn, and built by him at Bay Ridge for Mr. George Tyson. She was an elaborately built craft double planked. Mahogany outside, finished in its natural red color and varnished. Her scroll work is just as elaborate as her construction. and illustrates another specimen of Charlie Brown's work.

No. 15. Is the ornament on Vorant II.'s transom; the mass of gilding in yellow, red and silver gold leaf enhanced the beauty of the mahogany planking.

No. 16 and 17 is a reproduction from a sketch made by Mr. John Harvey for me to illustrate the beauties of the English butterman schooners of the year 1850, many of which Mr. Harvey turned out at his "Sainty Shipyard," Wyvenhoe, England, before he came to America.

No. 18. Is a relative of No. 2, showing a popular style of figurehead on the small American working craft.

No. 19. Is the figurehead of the 25 rater Nameless, designed by Wm. Gardner and built by Frank Wood at City Island for Mr. C. W. Wetmore, and shows a very shippy-looking little craft.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 16.—A meeting of the Boston Y. C. will be held at the American House Wednesday, Feb. 25, at which final action is expected to be taken upon the question of amalgamating with the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. The committee appointed to investigate as to the advisability of such a move has reported favorably, and has recommended that the Boston Y. C. assume the liabilities of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., taking in its present membership, and that the Boston Y. C. accept a conveyance of all of the property of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. to it.

This is by long odds the most important yachting deal that has been proposed in Massachusetts for many years. It means that the consolidated club will start in with a membership of 721, a gross property asset of $73,370.14 and a net property asset of $44,369.32. With the advantages to be offered in the five stations of the consolidated club, it is the belief of the committee that fully 10 members will be added to the list before the opening of the season.

A new possible Seawanhaka cup challenger has been heard from. W. W. Meek will design this boat and she will be built for him by Mr. F. A. Peacock, of New York. She will be built to fit all the requirements of boats racing for the Seawanhaka cup and, if the Manchester Y. C. will allow her to compete in the trial races upon conditions that will be satisfactory to Mr. Peacock, he will enter her. If not, he will take her to Canada and race her there throughout the season. Mr. Peacock resides in Canada during the summer months and he is anxious to get a crack at the Canadians in a cup race. Mr. Meek is laying down the new 25-footer for Mr. J. E. Doherty, and has a 35-footer hunting launch in the mold.

Burgess and Packard have an order for an 18-footer for W. Caleb Loring, Jr., and a cruising 21-footer for C. W. Talbot, of Osterville, Mass. Mr. Packard has just received the appointment of Professor of Naval Architecture at the Institute of Technology. Mr. Packard's career as a student was very brilliant, and since he has been engaged at his profession he has applied his knowledge in a practical manner with much honor to himself. He has been with the Herreshoff Company and with the New York Shipbuilding Company. He looked after the construction plans of the Columbia and superintended her construction. He also worked on the construction plans of the new cup defender. He is in every way deserving of the new honors he has received.

Small Bros. have an order for a 25ft. auxiliary yawl for W. Mosely Swain, of Philadelphia, to be supplied with an 8 horse-power engine. They have an order for a 30ft. hunting launch for Mr. F. C. Plaisted, of Bangor, Me. She will have a 9 horse-power engine. A 30ft. speed launch for Mr. G. T. Sperry, of Springfield, will have an 8 horse-power engine.

E. A. Boardman has an order for a 22-footer for Mr. C. W. Whittier, a cruising 21-footer for Mr. T. W. Watson and an 18-footer for Mr. T. W. Malcolmson, of Providence.

Hollis Burgess has sold the houseboat Clarina to a corporation, which will use her for a floating hospital.

The John Stuart Company, of Wollaston, is building a 45ft. cruising launch for a member of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. She will have a 25 horse-power engine, which is expected to give her a speed of about 11 miles. Her planking will be white cedar and her cabin will be finished in mahogany. Two 25ft. launches are being built for Boston parties. A 21ft. speed launch is being built for Mr. A. G. Yongquist, of the Wollaston Y. C.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has designed a new 18-footer for Mr. B. S. Permar, to take the place of last year's champion, Malillian. The new boat is now being built by Graves, of Marblehead.

At Lawley's the 36-footer for W. B. Rogers is practically finished. C. H. Clark's 60ft. schooner is finished and will be launched the first of the week. Maj. Bent's 50ft. schooner is planked and the deck is being laid. A 25-footer for John Swift, Jr., is partly planked. Trenor L. Park's 43-rater is partly in frame. A cruising 21-footer for L. H. Spaulding is planked and the cabin trunk is being planked. Francis Adriance's 34ft. yawl is finished and has been hauled out of the shop. The 40-rater for R. H. Morgan is being laid down. The steam yacht for C. A. Fletcher is nearing completion. The plating is being put on the steam yacht for C. G. Emery. In the boat shop the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. launch is all planked. A 45ft. launch for W. F. Dreer is being laid down.

Isaac B. Mills has turned out the lines of a 28ft. waterline cruising yawl for B. D. Amsden, of the Boston Y. C., which is now being built at Hanley's. The 35ft. launch, which is being built from his design by Meek, is for Mr. George H. Street. Linnell, of Savin Hill, is building two 30ft. launches of his design. One of these is for Mr. Fred S. Smith and the other for Mr. J. P. Eustis. Sheldon is building a 27ft. speed launch from designs by Mr. Mills, for Col. Sidney M. Hedges.

At the annual meeting of the Quincy Y. C. it was proposed to take measures to have restrictions of some sort put upon the boats competing for the Quincy Cup, or have the Y. R. A. 21-footers eligible. For that purpose a committee was apopinted, to act with a like committee from the Manchester Y. C. While restrictions might be a good thing in this case, there might be some difficulty in having them adopted. A member of the Manchester Y. C., one of the owners of Lookout, said last week that there would be no restrictions, if he could help it. He is not over fond of the types of boats that have been competing for the cup, but he thinks that the cup should be taken from the Manchester Y. C. if it is to be taken, under the same conditions that it was won. He says that the Quincy Y. C. should win the cup under those conditions and then it can supply any restrictions it may think necessary.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Round the Horn Before the Mast.

ROUND the Horn Before the Mast, is the title of a new sea story recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The author of the yarn is a young Englishman named A. Basil Lubbock, a man of wide experience, who has knocked around the world a good bit and one who has tried his hand at many things. Mr. Lubbock returns to San Francisco from the Klondike and there ships before the mast on the four-masted English bark Royalshire. From the time the vessel left 'Frisco until she reached Liverpool bad weather was experienced, and the foremast hands suffered considerably from exposure and lack of proper nourishment.

The author is a man of education and refinement, but was not lacking in courage and grit, as was shown by the way he stood the hardships of the voyage. The story is very well and interestingly told, and a record of each day's happenings was kept throughout the trip. The working of the ship, the life of the men, their trials and amusements are all combined in the story; in fact, the book gives a better idea of the life on a "lime juicer" than any previous work we have seen.

War broke out between England and the Boers during the voyage, and when they learned of it from the pilot, which they picked up off the English coast, the astonishment of those on board was very great. Mr. Lublock, after leaving the ship, served in the English army in South Africa.

The story is true, and in consequence, is doubly interesting, and the author has been very modest and reticent when speaking of himself. Several splendid photographs and a number of clever sketches made by the author serve to make the book, which contains nearly four hundred pages, more attractive.

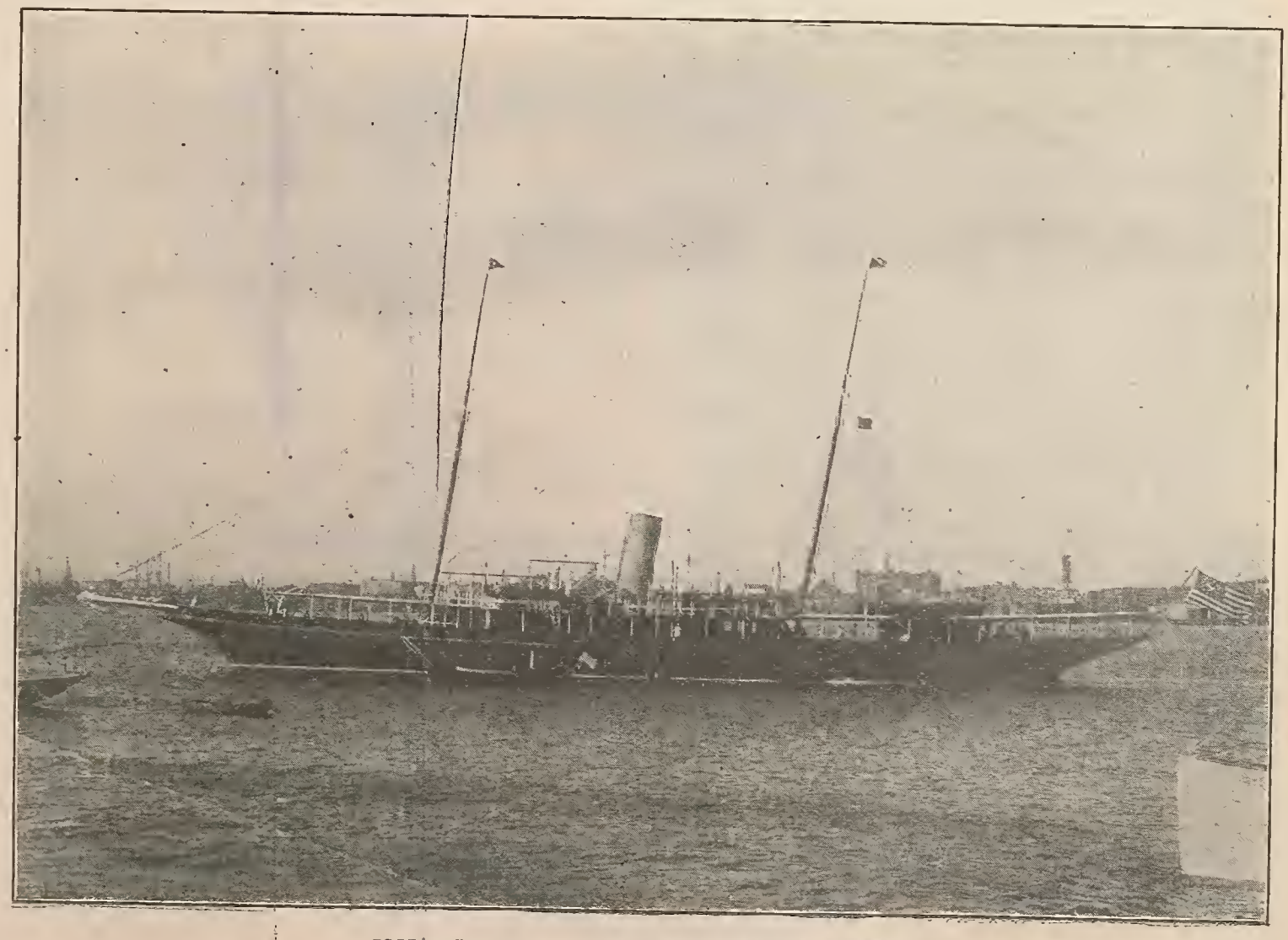
Twenty-seven Foot Speed Launch.

WE publish herewith the outboard profile and half deck plan of a 27ft. speed launch designed and built by the Holmes Shipbuilding Company, of West Mystic, Conn. The boat is 22ft. over all, 4ft. 8in. breadth and 10in. draft.

She is built to go over the water, with a stern that cannot squat or drag water. She will be equipped with two 4½ H. P. Lathrop motors coupled together on one shaft, making 9 H. P. in all. The engines will be arranged to operate separate if desired. These engines will turn up to 450 under ordinary conditions; however, in this boat we shall run them up to 600 or 650. Owing to the bad weather and the ice in the river at Mystic, the builders have not been able to complete the trials with the boat, although she has been given several tests with a 4½ horse-power Lathrop motor of the two cycle type, which is just one-half the power that will eventually be used. The first trial with the 4½ horse-power motor was made with an 18in. 3 bladed propeller, which test resulted in about a 10-mile speed—a 22in. 2 bladed wheel was then tried, and the boat developed a speed of nearly 11 miles. Running at a speed of 11 miles, the boat makes very little disturbance and she leaves the water very clean. The builders expect to get 15 miles out of the boat when she is tried with the two 4½ horse-power motors.

The Steam Yacht Isis.

ISIS was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb and built by T. S. Marvel & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., in 1902, for Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, of Boston. She is of steel throughout, and has twin screws. She is 200ft. over all, 164ft. waterline, 24ft. 6in. breadth and 11ft. 6in. draft.



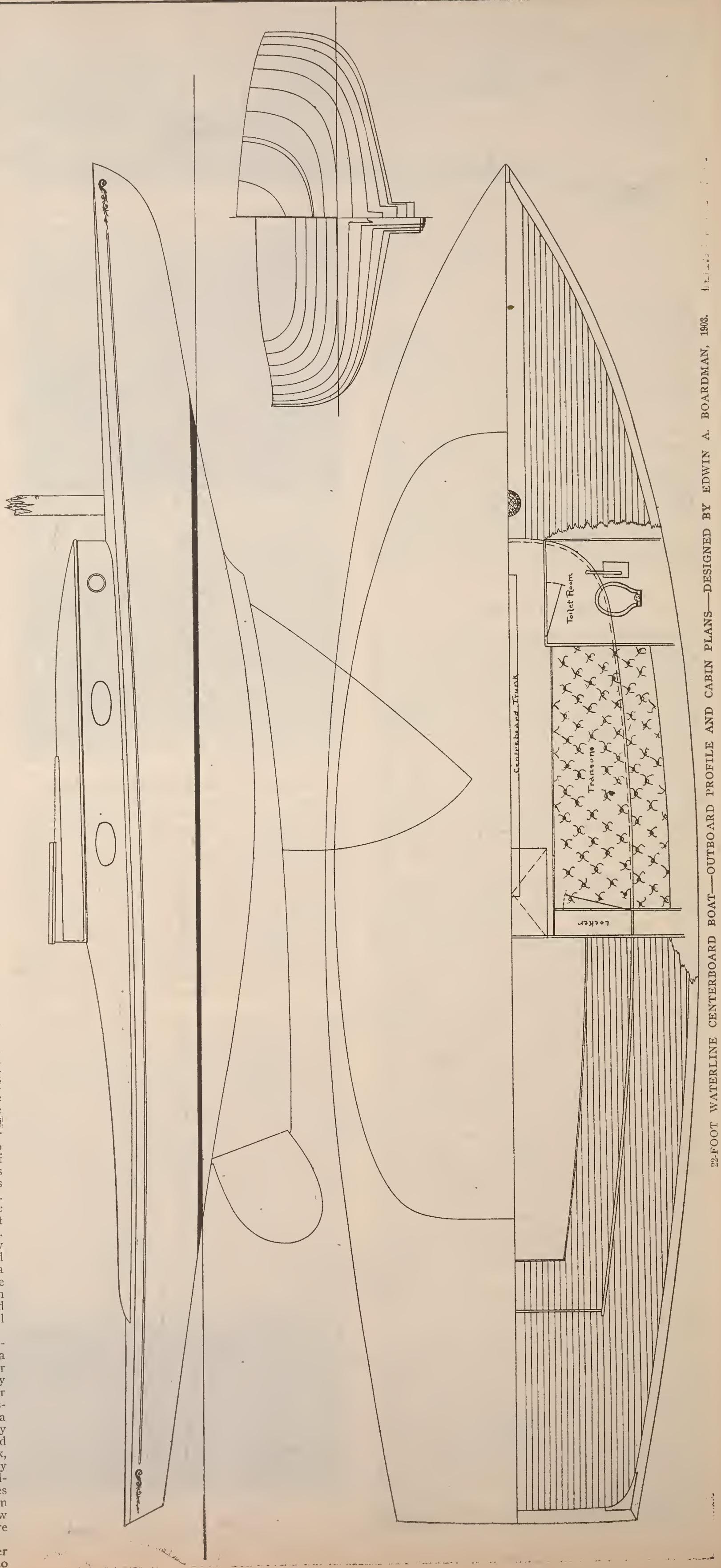
ISIS—DESIGNED BY J. BEAVOR-WEBB, 1902.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Design for a 22ft. Centerboard Boat.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Edwin A. Boardman, the Boston naval architect, we publish the plans of a centerboard boat which was designed by him to show what could be done with a centerboard boat under the restriction of the new 22ft. class organized last year in Boston. Five yachts are now building for this class, but all are keel boats.

The design shows a large shoal draft boat with good cabin room. There is nearly 5ft. headroom under a cabin house 11ft. long. The cockpit is 10ft. 6in. long and watertight. There is a waterway 2ft. wide around the cockpit and cabin house. The boat would undoubtedly be fast, particularly in fresh to strong winds. The dimensions follow:

Length—	
Over all	38ft.
L. W. L.	22ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	7ft. 6 in.
Aft	8ft. 6 in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 6 in.
L. W. L.	10ft.
Draft—	
To rabbet	1ft. 6½in.
Board down	7ft. 8 in.
Extreme	2ft. 6 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 10 in.
Aft	2ft. 1 in.
Least	1ft. 10 in.
Sail area	900 sq. ft.
Lead on keel	3,000lbs.



22-FOOT WATERLINE CENTERBOARD BOAT—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLANS—DESIGNED BY EDWIN A. BOARDMAN, 1903.

Origin of the Centerboard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of January 17 I gave you what might be termed the first chapter relating to the centerboard. Since then I have received additional data. There appears to have been a certain boy who was afterwards known as Capt. John W. Meickle, who spent the summer seasons as farm boy under Judge Wilkins. His father had been a sea captain, and an elder brother, Isaac, was then in the same business. This tended to cultivate in John a relish for maritime pursuits which resulted in his entering therein.

In after years the captain obtained command of a vessel that traded between Philadelphia and Mediterranean ports. This caused him to be engaged by Count Survilliers, better known as Joseph Bonaparte, then residing in Philadelphia, to bring from Italy his youngest daughter, Charlotte. The authorities of Naples, whether state, municipal or church, I cannot say, as in that city they are generally cooked in the same pot, were opposed to her leaving to join her father and her sister Zeniade; therefore stratagem was what the captain was instructed to resort to. In accomplishing this the knowledge that he acquired while with the Wilkins family served a useful purpose.

The plan adopted was carried out by the assistance of the mother and her chamber maid. The captain ordered his sailors to attend church well dressed on Sundays and escort home from there any female who might accept their company. He did the same and escorted home the maid of Madame Bonaparte. For two succeeding Sundays this sailor church going and Neapolitan beaux catching worked well. On the third the maid and daughter exchanged dresses. The females of Italy wear thick veils when attending church and are therefore recognizable only by other portions of their dress. The daughter was now escorted from church by the captain, the maid acting the daughter's part by demurely returning home with the mother. At a suitable time and place haste was made towards the ship which was hastily got under way. When out in the bay he encountered an almost dead calm. In the afternoon he saw the state, the city and the church pursuing him (we will suppose) each in their vessel and only about a league distant. But he had on board a Wilkins boat. He launched the favorite skiff and put two men into it; then doing the same with the yawl his vessel was towed as speedily as his pursuers could sail. This kept up until darkness set in, when a good breeze sprang up. He then took in his boats and carried every inch of sail through the night. In the morning his pursuers were all out of sight and he was nearing the birthplace of Uncle Napoleon.

In the autumn of 1823 Charles Wilkins and a neighbor concluded to take the Lawrence and make a voyage to Kent County, Delaware, there to purchase a load of peaches and take them to Philadelphia market. This was the first distant voyage of a sliding keeler for business purposes and of course causing its character to be known.

The voyagers having proceeded to the mouth of the creek named by the Swedish settlers Murder Kill met with what might be called an ocean beach experience. The channel leading into it from deep water is narrow and crooked and unmarked, therefore difficult to be found by strangers. The boat bumped on the sandy bottom half a mile out. However, three successive waves would come and float them forward a hundred feet or more and then another bump; in this way three successive waves would carry them forward and let them down alternately until the creek's mouth was reached.

The great fun of the trip compensated for future disappointment. To say that they astonished the natives is a mild expression. From every farmhouse in sight of their sails all the negroes ran toward them. They evidently believed the strange craft to be the Flying Dutchman or some other wizard and having come to plague their masters for holding them in slavery, as never before had a boat been known to sail continuously up the creek, to say nothing of the great speed. The shores were almost lined with them, and their bare heads, glaring eyes and thick, red lips were such a novel sight to our voyagers that they never forgot it. When asked about the white race, Wilkins said that their boys started also, but the negroes ran so fast that when it came to a long run after them they were nowhere. On stopping at a landing below Frederika, they learned that peaches in that vicinity were not yet ripe.

Therefore, they started home the next day, after having received a kind welcome of the farmers, who

22-FOOT WATERLINE CENTERBOARD BOAT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY EDWIN A. BOARDMAN, 1903.

had examined their boat with deep interest. This time it was the white man's turn to view the novel craft as it passed down, while the slaves were compelled to stay back and attend to their work. This circumstance shows that the centerboard was unknown in Delaware previous to this voyage. We have shown that it was not invented in Chesapeake waters, while Chapter I. disposes of the claim of New York and New England.

H. L. SHAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16.

New York Y. C.

THE annual meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on the evening of Thursday, February 12. Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard presided and a large number of members were present. The various officers and committees submitted their reports and some were read. The secretary's report showed the club now had 2,054 members and 520 boats in the fleet, making a total tonnage of 66,000.

After the reports were read several amendments to the constitution were passed for the first time; before they become operative they will have to be passed again at another meeting. One of these was to make the fleet surgeon an appointive instead of an elective office, and a committee of measurers instead of a single measurer as in the past. Dr. John McGaw Woodbury is the candidate for fleet surgeon and Mr. Charles D. Mower for measurer. Both these gentlemen will be appointed as soon as the amendment is finally passed. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Frederick G. Bourne; Vice-Com., Henry Walters; Rear-Com., Cornelius Vanderbilt; Sec'y, G. A. Cormack; Treas., Tarrant Putnam. Regatta Committee: S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and E. H. Wales. Committee on Admissions: Henry C. Ward, Frederic Gallatin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry S. Redmond and James A. Wright. House Committee: Thomas A. Bronson, Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., and Henry Sampson, Jr. Library Committee: Lewis A. Stimson, Thomas A. Bronson and Albert Bradlee Hunt. Committee on Club Stations: William H. Thomas, Henry H. Rogers, F. Aug. Schermerhorn, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, C. L. F. Robinson, Harrison B. Moore, Henry C. Ward, William Lanman Bull and J. Rogers Maxwell.

The following members were elected: George A. H. Churchill, George Elder Adams, Lieutenant Commander George H. Peters, U. S. N.; James Averill Lawrence, James King Clark, Lieutenant Henry T. Baker, U. S. N.; Lindley Murray Roe, Paymaster A. F. Huntington, U. S. N.; Albert V. de Goicouria, Horace Gallatin, Commander Charles A. Adams, U. S. N.; Thomas E. Hardenbergh, Granville W. Garth, Cyrus Edson, M.D.; Frank Merrill, Charles Henry Butler, Rear Admiral Charles S. Cotten, U. S. N.; Edward L. Ryerson, Rennie Pierre Schwerin, William B. Davenport, John Howard McFadden, Ryley Miles Gilbert, John G. A. Leishman, Jr.; Percival C. Smith, R. M. S. Putnam, Naval Commander David W. Taylor, U. S. N.; Albert Gallatin, Herbert Noble, Richard Mortimer, Lieutenant John S. Bates, U. S. M. C.; Herbert H. White, H. Hayden Sands, Paymaster Henry T. Skelding, U. S. N.; Frederick Hegel, Alfred C. Chapin, W. Frazier Harrison, George L. Duval, Charles H. Thorne, William F. Wall, Edward S. Isham, Lieutenant John M. Hudgins, U. S. N.; Gustav H. Schwab, John B. Trevor, S. B. Stevens, Lieutenant Alfred A. Kethan, U. S. N.; Lieutenant Albert W. Marshall, U. S. N.; Arthur Keeler Bourne, Frederick E. Ballard, Howland Pell-Haggerty, Charles M. Billings, Franklin A. Batcheller, W. J. Gordon, B. Drake-Smith, Edmund L. Baylies, Alexander R. Peacock, Timothy L. Woodruff and Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.

Flag members: Miss Atala W. Thayer and Mrs. Henry de Blois Gibson.

Honorary members: His Imperial Higness the German Emperor and His Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia.

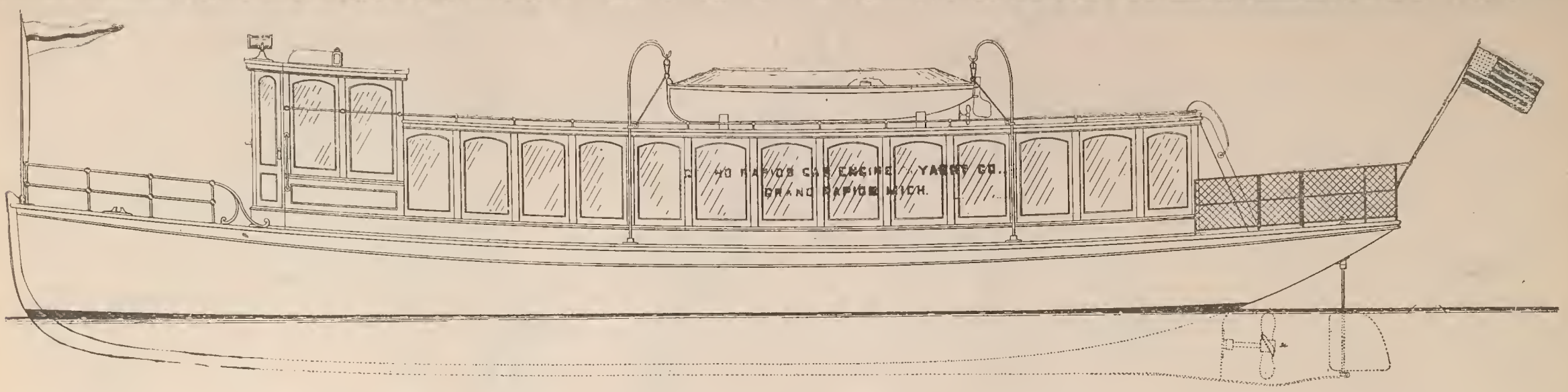
A portrait of the late F. W. J. Hurst, who was fourteen years the treasurer of the club, has been given to the club by his daughter. A committee was appointed to frame resolutions regarding the death of Dr. Morris J. Asch, for many years fleet surgeon.

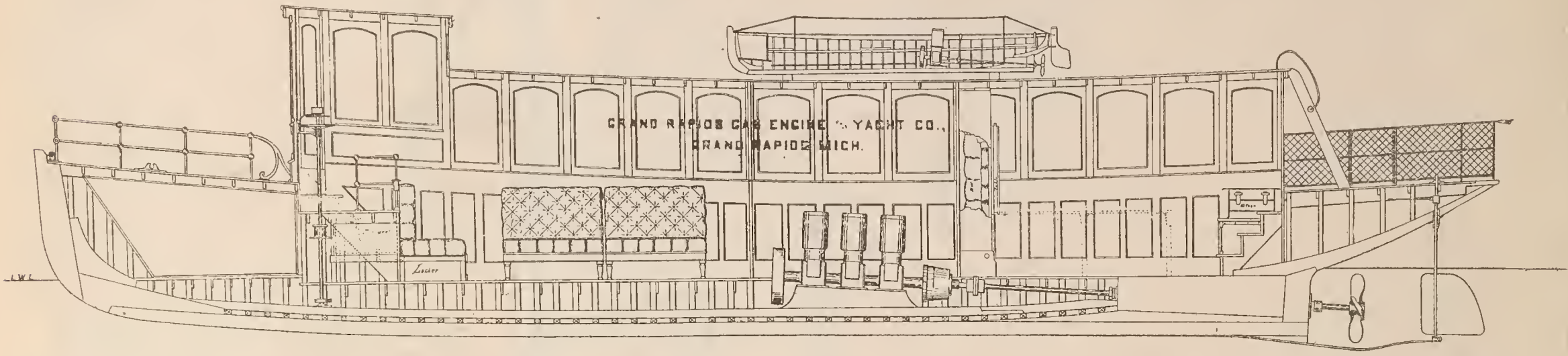
House-Boating on Lake Worth.

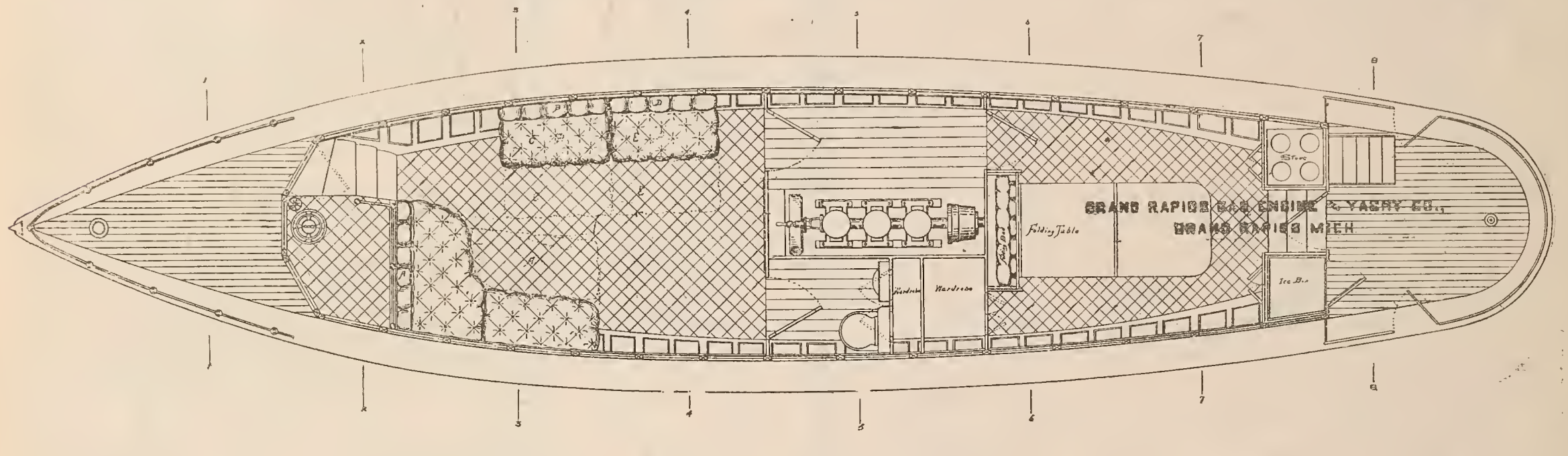
From the Florida Times-Union, Feb. 11.

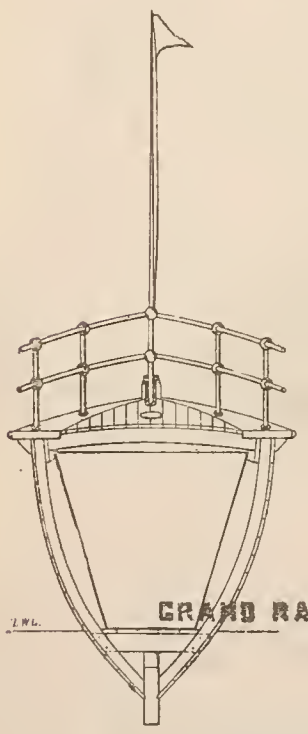
PALM BEACH, Feb. 10.—Beautiful Lake Worth at any moment during the day presents a pretty sight with the many electric launches swiftly sailing in all directions, and with a half dozen houseboats moored along the channel of the lake. At night these boats, with their electric lights and the distant lights of West Palm Beach add greatly to the charms of a walk along the lake front avenue. Surf bathing, fishing, golf, tennis, boating, hunting and the other many diversions attract with increased enthusiasm on the part of the devotees of these various forms of amusement.

T. A. Snider's big houseboat, Buckeye, which has been swinging at her cable for a week or two, near the Hotel Royal Poinciana wharf, has been chartered until the first of May by Col. Robert M. Thompson, of New York, who has for some time been a guest at the Hotel Royal Poinciana. The houseboat was tied up at the Florida East Coast Railway dock at West Palm Beach, laying aboard supplies for the trip. Colonel Thompson left with the Buckeye Sunday night for the foot of the lake, from which an early start was made









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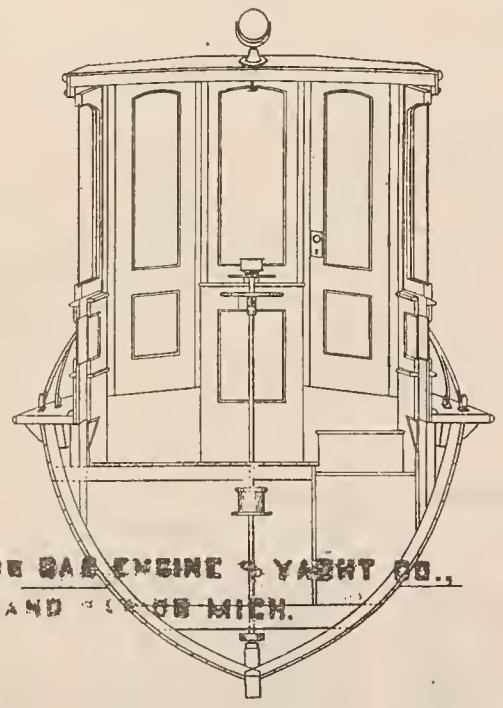

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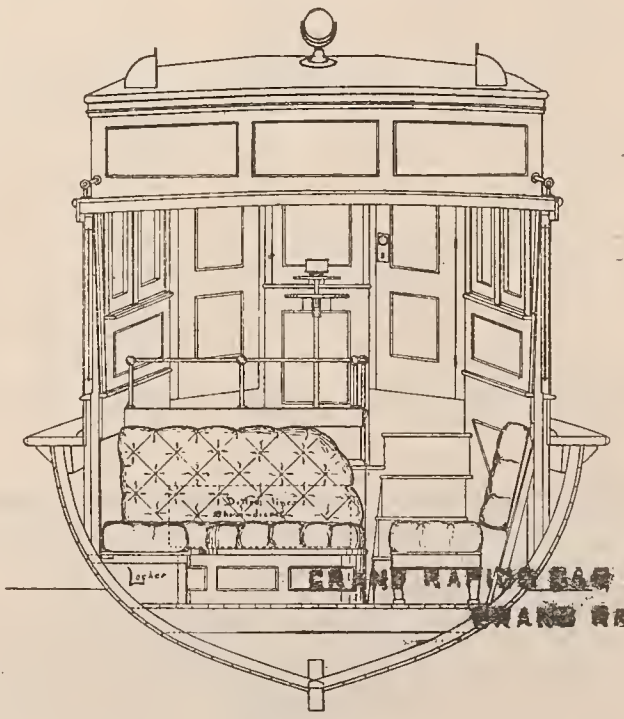

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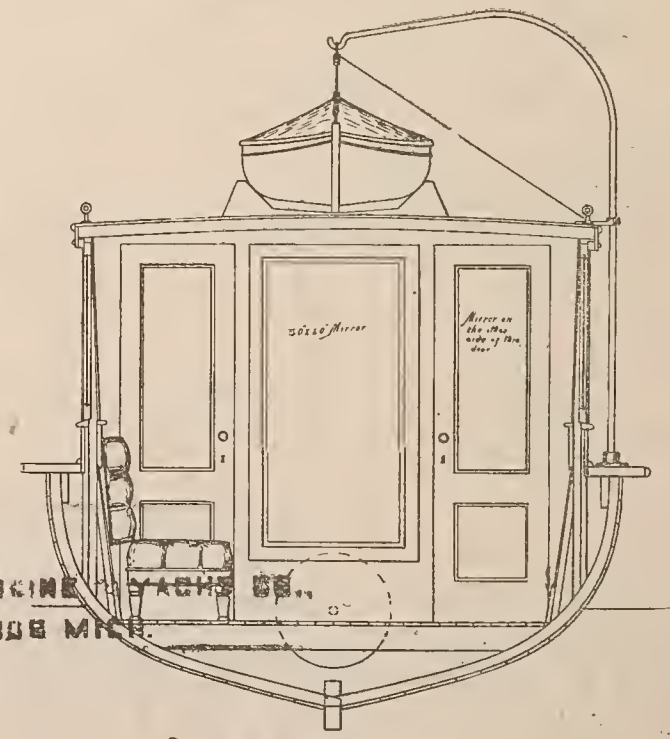

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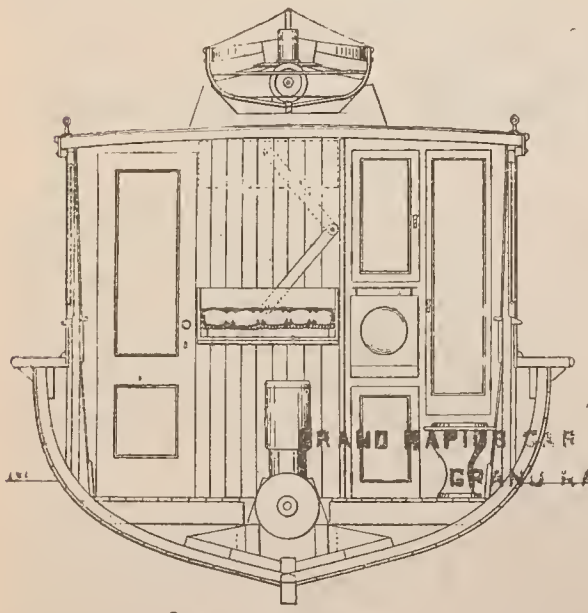

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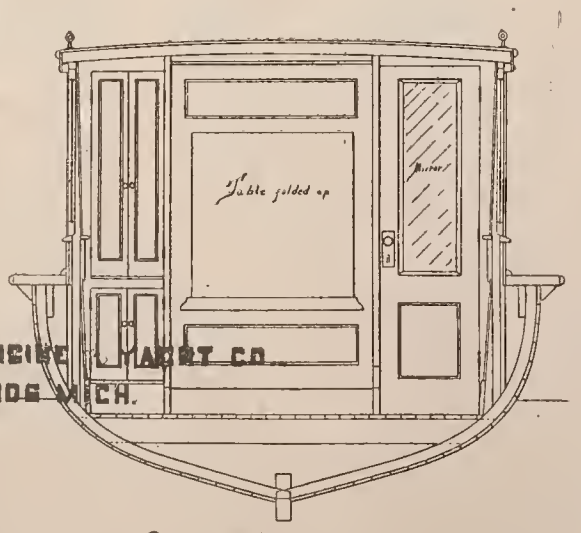

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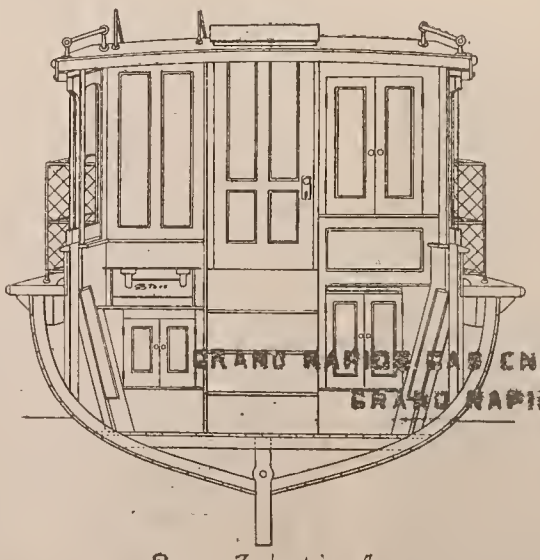

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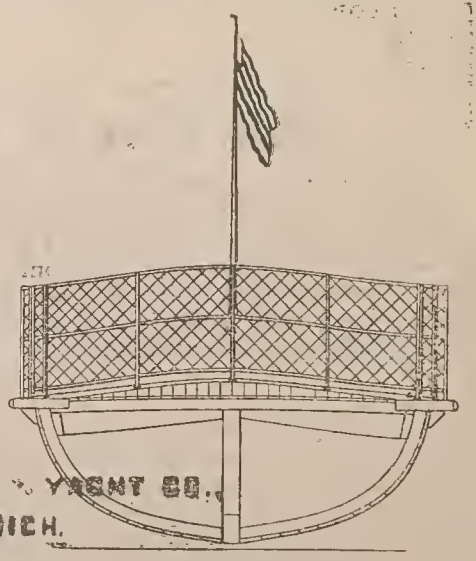


Sec. on 8 Looking Aft.

OUTBOARD AND INBOARD PROFILES, CABIN AND SECTIONAL PLANS OF 50-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—DESIGEED AND BUILT BY THE GRAND RAPIDS GAS ENGINE AND YACHT CO.

yesterday morning southward from Miami, among the reefs and keys of lower Florida. Other members of the party will join the boat at New River or Miami.

The Buckeye will be in charge of Capt. R. D. Hoke and Engineer Frank McCurdy, both of whom are experienced navigators and cruisers, thoroughly familiar with Southern waters. She is an ideal boat for use in the shallow waters of the southern coast, and is designed and equipped for comfort and convenience. She was first built in 1893 and remodeled in 1899; is 80ft. over all, by 24 beam, and furnished with a 42 horsepower Norman engine and rear wheel. There are five staterooms, with two deck iron beds, lavatory and all appointments; the coziest little saloon imaginable, forward; dining-room and galley aft, and ample accommodations for the captain and crew.

The Buckeye carries two boats and a launch; the tanks will hold over 2,000 gallons of fresh water; and the beveled gear of the crank shaft is so arranged that by a lever forward the steersman can reverse the paddle wheel while the engines are running at full speed.

Quite the most remarkable feature of this handsome boat is the roof garden on the upper deck. It is inclosed by a neat iron and wire railing, is roofed with a tight deck, and furnished with canvas curtains for bad weather. Forward is the wheel and reversing device. This deck is furnished with attractive rugs and comfortable wicker furniture, and ornamented by potted palms and bright foliage plants, and the brilliant orchid-like "air plants" in hanging baskets.

Altogether, Colonel Thompson has a comfortable, attractive and completely furnished floating house, in which life on the water with a jolly party comes very near to the ideal. Among the party will be Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Butletr, Miss Butler and Dr. Ely.

"Yeho for the houseboat," is undoubtedly one of the most popular expressions of the day. Everybody goes to the houseboat, and those who have been, and who tarry there, are sure to follow their first visit with many others.

A great many have discovered that to enjoy life is to take a trip to the houseboat, and the social gatherings there are many. There is every facility for the accommodation of those who call from shortly before the noon hour until after sunset, and until late at night, when the moon shines bright, it is very gay aboard the houseboat at the inlet.

After a delightful sail late Sunday afternoon on Lake Worth, the Countess Boni de Castellane was entertained aboard the houseboat at a "sunset tea," given by Mrs. Frederic Sterry. The event was most charming in all its details, as Mrs. Sterry's entertainments are always complete and enjoyable.

Mrs. J. F. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia, while trolling on the lake, was successful in landing a twenty-pound sergeant fish. She also had excellent luck while fishing at the inlet. The sergeant fish was still alive when the party reached the houseboat, and Mrs. Zimmerman presented the specimen to Mr. Pagan, who now has it in the improvised aquarium at the houseboat, where it is being viewed by all of the visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Elliott, of Gadsden, Ala., who are staying at Palm Beach, and who are accompanied by their son, made a visit to the houseboat. Following their name is the notation: "If you would catch fish, be a fisherman.' 'We enjoy the 'houseboat fish.'"

A 50ft. Cruising Launch.

THE drawings of the 50ft. cruising launch, which we reproduce herewith, shows one of the recent productions of the Grand Rapids Gas Engine & Yacht Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. The yacht was designed and built by this firm, and she makes a fast and comfortable cruising boat. She is 50ft. long and 10ft. breadth. The boat is well put together, only the best material being used in her construction. The trim on deck and below is of hard wood; in fact, the boat is well finished throughout.

The pilot house floor is raised so that the helmsman has an unobstructed view on all sides. Aft of the pilot house is the forward or main saloon. On each side are transoms, which extend and make wide berths for sleeping. Aft, on the port side, is the toilet room fitted with a folding basin and a patent closet. On the starboard side is the engine room. From the engine room a door leads to the after cabin, which is fitted with a folding berth. On the port side, forward, ie a large wardrobe. From the after saloon a companionway runs to the after deck, which is quite roomy. On the port side of the companionway is the ice box, and on the starboard side is the store. There is ample storage space under the after deck, and the gasoline tank is located under the forward deck.

A small power boat or dinghy is carried on davits, and when under way rests securely on chocks on the cabin house. A searchlight is carried on the top of the pilot house.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has appointed Mr. Franklin A. Plummer fleet captain.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 11. There were two tickets in the field, and the independent one received the most votes. The following officers and committees were elected. Commodore, Henry R. M. Cook; Vice Commodore, S. S. Montaine; Rear Commodore, John C. Abbey; Secretary, Charles A. Kelly; Treasurer, William Graham; Measurer, G. Ashton Kay; Race Committee, Alfred Mackay, G. Curtis Gillespie, Robert P. Orr; Membership Committee, N. T. Corey, George E. Raines, E. T. Hatch; Nominating Committee, Walter D. Haviland, A. B. Voorhees, Jr., M. J. Hanley; Trustees for three years, John E. De Mund, M. D., J. A. Voorhees, M. D., William A. Maxwell; to fill vacancies, John E. Haviland, Cornelius Fergueson, Edward Sault; Delegates to the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Alfred Mackey, G. B. Waters.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Canarsie Y. C. was held on Feb. 8 and the following were elected: Commodore, Dr. T. H. Northridge; Vice Commodore, F. F. Matthaci; Recording Secretary, Walter W. Tamlyn; Financial Secretary, George E. Winters; Treasurer, J. K. Alexander; Board of Trustees, F. G. Kalkhoff, Chairman; William G. Herx, John C. Heinemann, Charles J. Neilsen and Thomas M. Mannion; Delegates to the Jamaica Bay Yacht Racing Association, Commodore T. H. Northridge, Walter W. Tamlyn and W. C. Macy; Chairman Regatta Committee, W. C. Macy; Nominating Committee, William G. Herx, Charles B. Fitzmaurice, F. P. Mapes, W. H. Decker, E. X. Karr.

* * *

The twenty-seventh annual meeting and dinner of the Philadelphia Y. C. was held at the Bellevue Hotel, Philadelphia, on the evening of February 12. Commodore English was re-elected for the fourth time. Admirals Schley and Clark were present at the dinner. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Abraham L. English, yacht Giralda; Vice-Com., William H. Bromly, yacht Lesbia; Rear-Com., Philip H. Johnson, yacht Margaret; Fleet Surgeon, Frank I. Hearer, M.D.; Fleet Captain, Slyvanus W. Bookhamer; Harbor Master, Charles S. Warfield; Measurer, George T. Gwilliam, and Trustees, Robert P. Thompson, Colonel J. Lewis Good, J. Horace Cook, S. W. Bookhamer and Charles H. Bond, Jr., and Treas., Samuel B. S. Barth.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Seymour J. Hyde, who recently sold his yawl Albicore, has purchased from Mr. James Knott, of Glasgow, Scotland, the racing cutter Khama. The sale was made through Manning's Yacht Agency. Khama was designed by William Fife, Jr., and built by William Fife & Son at Fairlie, Scotland, in 1900. She is 58ft. 9in. waterline, 15ft. 9in. breadth and 10ft. draft. The yacht is of composite construction, having nickel steel frames and wooden planking. She carries 4,515 sq. ft. of sail under her present rig. Mr. Hyde intends leaving for England the latter part of this month, and on his arrival there will see that the yacht is put in shape for the ocean voyage. Khama will be brought across in the early summer, and on her arrival here will be rerigged as a yawl, as Mr. Hyde will probably use the boat for cruising.

* * *

Mr. William Boyce has purchased the schooner Fenella from Mr. E. J. Bergen.

* * *

Mr. W. C. Trageser is having an 85 ft. gasoline launch built by John Smith, at Nyack, N. Y.

* * *

The partnership of Messrs. Herreshoff & Wells, naval architects, has been dissolved, and the business is now being conducted by Mr. Herreshoff.

* * *

Mr. Robert W. Rathborne has purchased the 30ft. waterline cutter Saladin from Commodore F. T. Adams, Larchmont Y. C., through the agency of Macconell Bros.

* * *

The steamer Anstice that was built last year by Mr. Lewis Nixon, Elizabethport, N. J., for the Gulf Fisheries Company, of Galveston, Texas, has been purchased by Mr. R. A. C. Smith. She is 168ft. 6in. over all, 24ft. 4in. breadth and 12ft. 6in. depth. Anstice will be entirely overhauled, and is to be converted into a yacht.

* * *

Diamond State, the steamer purchased by Mr. August Belmont, as a tender to the cup trial boat Constitution, is to be renamed Satellite.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.

Second, $25.00.

Third, $15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

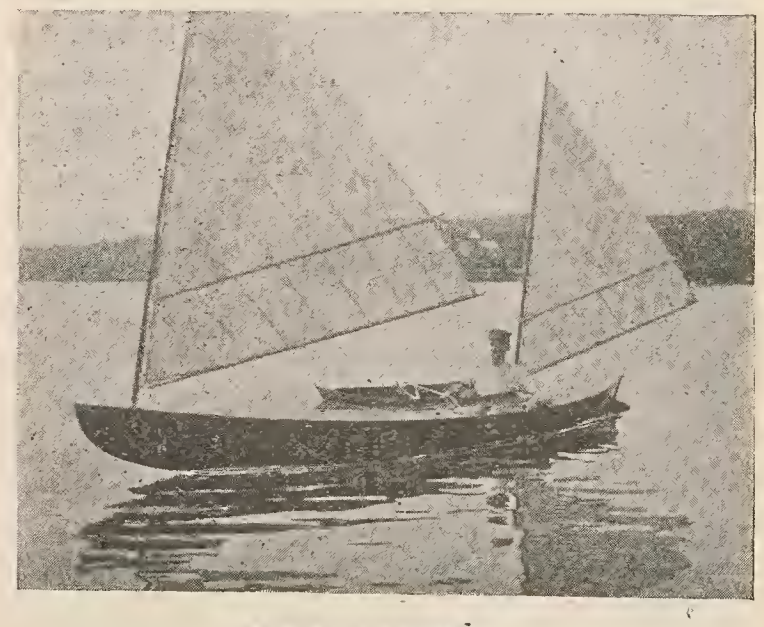
Canoe Yawl Veery.

THE accompanying photographs are of the canoe yawl Veery, built by Mr. A. A. Coburn, Worcester, Mass., for Mr. H. A. Whitney, from plans published in FOREST AND STREAM, March 30 and April 6, 1895, of a 15ft., 36in. beam one-design canoe yawl. In order to

CANOE YAWL VEERY.

afford room for two persons while cruising, the length was increased to 17ft., with a beam of nearly 40in. The moderate sail spread, a 15-pound Radix centerboard, together with the high freeboard and narrow cockpit, make the canoe practically non-capsizable with her skipper on deck to windward. The canoe is fitted with drop rudder, thwartship tiller and quick-reefing gear. Below decks there is ample room for two persons to sleep, besides stowage space for camp kit, camera and sketching materials, which make up the outfit invariably carried on board.

Veery has met her owner's desire for a safe and comparatively fast canoe, in which he and his wife,



CANOE YAWL VEERY.

also an enthusiastic canoeist, can cruise comfortably or make short excursions. The canoe is not too heavy to be hauled into the boathouse by one man or portaged by means of a roller over the low dams separating Lake Quinsigamond from a series of smaller lakes and ponds. Although primarily a cruising canoe, Veery has repeatedly beaten a so-called "Lark" skimming-dish model and a sloop yacht of about the same length, while her staunchness and ability to go to windward in a "blow" have been demonstrated on several occasions during the past two seasons.

Racing in the A. C. A.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that you have become again the "official organ" of the American Canoe Association (whatever that means), for perhaps now we may be able to get some information about what the association is doing instead of being left in the dark to guess what is going on and to guess again where we

may get any information about the officers, committees, meets, etc. It certainly seems now that since the association has tried the number of "catch penny monthlies" issued under various guises and names, and found them all equally useless, that it should settle itself down, and with the F. and S. try to improve canoeing and canoe racing.

I am glad to see we have a good commodore this year, although I suppose the racing element in the "sailors' union" will have a kick that he is not a racing man, and therefore they will not get fair treatment. That reminds me that I have not heard yet that Commodore Hyatt has been able to get any one to act for him as chairman of the Regatta Committee for 1903. What is the matter with the racing men? I think I heard them clamoring last summer at Cape Cod that they wanted on the committee two racing men from each division, one for paddlers' and one for sailors' interests. Five divisions, that would make ten men on the regatta committee. Go to, sailors, what is the matter with you? Ten men! Why the commodore cannot get even one to serve, as things look. Come, stir yourselves, get to work and do more than talk. What is to become of the Racing Board, the newly devised nurse for racing? Who will go from the divisions in November to legislate for us if we cannot get anyone to serve on the race committee for one year, and you expect the racing board to serve for three years?

It is getting late in the season; the committee should have been appointed in November last, but still everything is sleeping. International racing we may have, but if the racing men here and the commodore of the A. C. A. do not do something, we will be caught napping, and it will serve us right if we should lose all we raced for. ILKA.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Feb. 18.—Allentown, Pa.—Two days' target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. Alfred Griesemer, Prop.
Feb. 20.—South Bethlehem, Pa.—Live-bird shoot of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of The Bethlehems. D. S. Daudt, Manager.
Feb. 20.—Rittersville, Pa.—Morfey-Daudt match, 100 live birds, $100 a side.
Feb. 20-21.—New Orleans, La.—First tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association; Carnival Week, under auspiees of the City Park Gun Club; $500 added. Percy S. Benedict, Sec'y.
Feb. 22.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club.
Feb. 22.—Jersey City, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. James Hughes, Sec'y.
Feb. 23.—New Haven, Conn.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the New Haven Gun Club.
Feb. 23.—Edgewater, N. J.—Shoot of the North River Gun Club.
Feb. 23.—Wellington, Mass.—Shoot of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Manager.
Feb. 23.—Trenton, N. J.—E. C. cup contest for target championship of New Jersey between Neaf Apgar, holder, and Chas. P. Cole, challenger.
Feb. 23.—Orange, N. J.—Open shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club.
Feb. 23.—Paterson, N. J.—Washington's Birthday shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club; first of three-man team series of contests, 45 birds per team. Garry A. Hopper, Sec'y.
Feb. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—Ossining Gun Club's Washington's Birthday shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Feb. 23.—Lynn, Mass.—Holiday shoot of the Birch Brook Gun Club.
Feb. 26.—Stuttgart, Ark.—Arkansas State championship, under auspices of the Stuttgart Gun Club.
March 4.—Edgewater, N. J.—All-day shoot of the North River Gun Club. Jas. R. Merrill, Sec'y.
March 12.—Carlstadt, N. J.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot.
March 16-21.—Houston, Tex., Gun Club's all week shoot; $500 added money. S. J. Smith, Sec'y.
April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.
April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.
*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournamcnt. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman. Sec'y-Treas.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, See'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Paterson, N. J., writes us concerning the live-bird shoot on Feb. 23, as follows: "The Jackson Park Gun Club will guarantee $175, provided that fifteen or more teams enter. The prizes: First, $100; second, $50; third, $25. Entrance $12 per team. Birds extra. Rise, 28yds. Clubs should send in their applications at the earliest possible moment, and not later than Feb. 21. None but bona fide members of at least three months standing will be permitted to shoot on the teams. Sweepstake shooting will be also on the programme."

The programme of the State championship shoot, to be held on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association, Interstate Fair grounds, Feb. 23, provides six events, four of which are at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance; one at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance. No. 4 is for the E. C. cup and New Jersey State championship between Mr. Neaf Apgar, holder, and Chas. B. Cole. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock. Class shooting, moneys divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shells may be obtained on the grounds. Mr. J. R. Taylor is the general manager.

Mr. H. W. Brown, the secretary, writes us as follows: "We have just organized the Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club for the protection of fish and game. To show you the interest taken, I will say that we have two hundred members, with no signs of abatement. The club intends to employ a special game protector, also to own their shooting grounds, and to put up a substantial club house. The club will be a candidate for the 1904 shoot.

The New Haven Gun Club, through its secretary, Mr. John E. Bassett, announces a Washington's Birthday shoot for Feb. 23. There are fourteen events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 210, with a total entrance of $15.63. There is $25 added money. Refreshments free to shooters. Loaded shells for sale. Targets, 1½ cents.

The Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., announce a holiday shoot for Feb. 23. Shooting commenees at 1 o'clock. In informing us of the foregoing, the secretary, Mr. C. B. Axford adds: "All shooters are welcome, as a meeting of same will be held at 3 P. M. to further the trapshooting interests."

Mr. James Hughes, secretary, Jersey City, N. J., writes us that "the Hudson Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Feb. 22. We will try to give everybody a good time. There will be two sets of traps. The handicapping will be distance, and will be done by the shooters."

We are indebted to Mr. Frank E. Butler for an excellent photograph of himself. Mr. Butler is one of the most popular professiona. shooters. Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley), now the star lady in the Western Girl, is now en route with that company to California.

The North River Gun Club, Edgewater, N. J., announce a shoot on their grounds, to be held Feb. 23, commencing at 1:30 P. M. Also an all-day shoot for March 4, the principal event of which will be 100 targets, handicap, $5 entrance, targets included.

Secretary-Manager Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., under date of Feb. 12, writes us that "the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Akron, O., on Sept. 2 and 3, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club."

The Freeport, L. I., Gun Club, on Feb. 12, defeated the Mineola Gun Club in the final contest for the team trapshooting championship of Nassau county. The scores were: Freeport 115, Mineola, 95.

Seeretary S. J. Smith, writes us that the Houston, Tex., Gun Club "has arranged for an all-week shoot commencing March 16; $500 added money for three days targets, and balance of time for sweepstakes."

Elsewhere in our trap columns this week we publish a communication from Mr. Paul Litzke conecrning date and plaee, etc., of the Arkansas championship, to be shot at Stuttgart, Ark., Feb. 26.

At Bay Ridge, L. I., in the contest for the February cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club on Feb. 14, Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., scored a win with a total of 48 out of a possible 50.

Mr. Howard Ridge, of Philadelphia, defeated Mr. James Cowan at Narberth, Pa., on Thursday of last week, in a match at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, $100 a side. The score was 89 to 88.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, we are informed, has accepted a position with the Remington and U. M. C. companies, for which he will travel after March 1.

Mr. Harry Kirkover, of Fredonia, N. Y., famous as an expert amateur trapshooter, was a visitor in New York last week.

Mr. John S. Wright will hold an all-day shoot at J. H. Outwater's shooting grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., on March 12.

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will hold an open team shoot on their grounds, Saturday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ridge—Cowan.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 12.—At Narberth, Pa., to-day, Mr. Howard Ridge defeated Mr. James Cowan. The conditions were 100 birds per man, $100 a side, 30yds. rise. The scores follow:

H Ridge .....2222122222222222*112222—24
2220*222*2221222222222222—22
2*2222221220222*2222222—22
22222222222220222102002222—21—89
J Cowan .....2222202222212222222*2222222—23
22022*2222222220*20222022—19
10212222212022222122111211—23
12222122222022222202222222—23—88

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Feb. 14.—The attendance at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day was well attended. The weather was pleasant for this season of the year. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	10	10
Glover	13	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eickhoff	8	11	16	11	7	11	7	7	..
Riehter	11	..	20	12	12	..	..	..	..
Morrison	11	13	..	8	13	..	..	..	..
Gillerlain	8	..	9	10	3	11	..	6	..
Bittner	7	6	..	..	2	..	4	4	2
Vosselman	8	..	15	10	7	..	..	..	..
Fisher	7	..	17	11	7	..	..	..	8
Truax	12	..	..	10	..	7	..	6	..
Sanders, Sr.	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Newkirk	6	..	7	6	6	..	..	5	..
Sanders, Jr.	5	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Annett	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Douglass	11	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	..	10	17	11	..	..	..	..	9
J Morrison, Jr.	..	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Lincel	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	7	6

JAS. R. MERRILL.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Feb. 13.—The Lincoln's Birthday shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was well attended. There were twelve events shot, the scores of which follow. The club will hold a shoot on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 23, commencing at 1 o'clock. All shooters are welcome. A meeting will be held at 3 P. M. to further trapshooting interests:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	5p
Lane	8	8	..	6	6	2	6	..	..	..	..	..
Handy	2	3	3	6	4	3	..	2	..	..	2	1
Seeley	12	4	8	8	7	11	9	13	..	..	9	3
Carlough	14	9	12	13	14	12	13	12	14	..	9	6
Huck	14	12	11	10	14	12	..	..	..	..	8	9
Paul	11	10	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Axford	13	13	..	14	13	11	10	..	13	10	..	..
Just	..	..	6	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	11	10	13	13	10	11	..	..	..
Abbot	..	..	..	6	8	8	6	5	..	..	..	..
Van Tassel	..	..	..	8	6	5	6	6	6	..	..	..
Stumpf	..	..	..	5	..	6	4	4	8	..	..	..
M Lane	..	..	..	1	0	1	2	..	..	..	..	..
Farnum	..	..	..	9	6	5	4	6	3	..	..	..
Jeanneret	..	..	..	11	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	1	3	5	3	2	..	..	..
Wise (re-entry)	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carlough (re-entry)	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	12	..	..	..
Gempp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	..
Dr Brooks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.6	6	..	..

Dover—Newton.

Dover, N. J.—The shooting match on the R. & B. grounds between the Dover and Newton gun clubs was well attended. The scores were low. The Dover contingent won by 1 bird, as the following scores will show:

Newton.		Dover.	
J Von L'ng'ke.	01101101111— 8	Hinchman	1101010001— 5
Kyte	1111111110— 9	Baker	1111111111—10
Malone	0011011101— 6	Cook	1001111011— 7
Carr	0110011111— 7	Taylor	1111110011— 8
Brickner	0101100101— 5	Johnston	0100101111— 6
Simpson	1011110001— 6	Conway	1011111101— 8
McCluskey	1110000111— 6	Shaw	0110010011— 5
Woodruff	1010011101— 6	Fanning	1100101010— 5
Hunt	0011011111— 7	Munson	1011001111— 8
Smith	0101111111— 8—68	Phillips	1011111011— 8—69

West—Conway.

Mt. Freedom, N. J., Feb. 14.—In a match at 25 live birds, $25 a side, between Messrs. West and Conway, both of Dover, N. J., the former won by a score of 20 to 17. The scores:

West .....020122*2222220212222022221—20
Conway .....2201000222100122220202212—17

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 14.—The regular weekly shoot of this club to-day was attended by ten men. The scores are low—with one or two exeeptions—which is partially due to the fact that for several weeks past the targets have been in such a frozen condition that to break them at all it was neeessary to shoot very quick. The targets to-day, however, were a fresh lot, but some of the boys found it difficult to slow down again, and as a result the scores are not up to their average.

Mr. Marshall is a new man at the game, this being his first experience in trapshooting. He did as well as the average beginner, as his scores will show. Dr. Nesbit, too, did very well, considering that he has not shot until to-day for about two years.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25		
Adriance	18	19	22	21	21	125	101
Travers	18	21	16	15	..	100	70
Spencer	20	16	18	14	..	100	68
Hew	13	11	17	15	..	100	56
Wicker	12	15	14	21	..	100	62
Colt	18	15	19	18	..	100	70
Marshall	..	5	3	7	8	100	23
Claymark	..	19	12	22	..	75	53
Nesbit	..	12	10	14	..	75	36
Smith	..	7	8	11	15	100	41

SNANIWEH.

Rockland Military Academy.

NYACK, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The first spring shoot of the Rockland Military Academy Club occurred to-day before a large number of spectators, with the results given below. Although this was the first time the members have been together since the hunting season closed, good scores were made in both preliminary and regular matches.

The next meet will be on the afternoon of Feb. 23.

First event, 10 targets:

Ray	0001011011— 5	D Lydecker	1011101010— 6
Frost	1111010010— 7	Creighton	111111011— 9
French	1111011110— 8		

Second event, 15 targets:

French	101110111101111—12	D Lydecker	000011100010011— 6
Frost	110100111010001— 8	Ray	011111111110010—11
Creighton	101111011111111—13		

Third event, 25 targets:

Creighton .....0111111110111111111111111—23
Frost .....1111001001111110111111111—20
Ray .....1111111110110111101111111—22
French .....1111111001101111001110111—19

E. E. FRENCH.

Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—The Keystone Shooting League had a light attendance at the holiday shoot to-day at Holmesburg Junction. There were two sweepstake events on the programme. In the first event Coffin and Daudt made straight scores.

First event, sweepstake, 10 birds, handicap:

Budd	2102111112— 9	Daudt	2222222222—10
Coffin	2122212111—10	Jacobs	1011110222— 8
Hothersol	0210222011— 7	Williams	22201*2002— 6

Second event:

Budd	1121212212—10	Daudt	2222222202— 9
Coffin	1111201122— 9	Jacobs	2111111001— 8
Hothersol	21*01w		

Mr. E. A. Mulliken, of Boston, in the contest for the president's cup, at the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, Palm Beach, scored 10 straight.

Detroit Tournament.

BEGINNING on Saturday night and ending Tuesday morning incoming trains bore evidence in the way of gun cases that trapshooting at both live and inanimate targets is as popular as ever. Shooters came from all directions, north, east, south, and west, and in many cases from afar. While Detroit is reckoned a Western city, the East was well represented, and it was pleasant indeed to note that as live pigeon shooting each year seems to be contracted to a more circumscribed territory, the interest in target shooting events is as manifest as in the live-bird contests.

Capt. Jack Parker and his associates, Messrs. J. L. Head and A. D. Caldwell, deserve great credit for bringing together such an aggregation of talent as was here present. From what could be learned from the results of this meeting, all were glad they came, and went home satisfied, though in some cases wiser and a few dollars to the bad. This, however, is an old-time sort of a result; in lots of cases it was looked for, though never expected. Any attempt at thrashing out the merits and demerits of this roster of gun graduates would be unfair at best. The various scores tell the tale—results, cold, remorseful and warm, delightful results are what go on the books.

Tuesday and Wednesday were target days, and it would have been hard indeed to bunch into forty-eight hours more thorough disagreeableness in the line of weather. La grippe immunes were the only ones safe abroad; yet all took chances.

On Wednesday the weather went Tuesday one better, and it rained on seven inches of melting snow. By Thursday, the opening day of the live bird events, a series of snowbanks, lakes and mud heaps confronted the shooters, and in arranging the necessary three sets of traps at the safe distance from each other it was necessary to place one set in a plowed field—that field will not need to be plowed again.

At the center traps a substantial building stands, made comfortable inside by the presence of a stove. Tents were provided for comfort at the other two sets of traps, but it would have taken a lot of civil engineers and bridge builders to have made the walking good between them.

Conditions made high scores nearly impossible. A white bird crossing a snow bank is hard to see, but a dark bird scudding along over mud that matched its color to a nicety, under the murky heavens, was a corker. I think Fred Gilbert got one of them, and he knows.

Capt. Money's suspicions of his own prowess under these conditions caused him to wade near the dead line on his twenty-sixth bird to determine whether or not he had made a kill, and then he needed assistance to find a stone-dead bird.

Then, too, they were a freaky lot of birds. Four out of five of them needed the scare lines to make them move; then would come one than would fool the amateur and made wise the "old ones."

Griffith was there, and "quietly" performed his able part.

Gilbert was always in evidence, but much concerned as to whether or not his broken gun stock would hold together.

Tom Marshall appeared with a smooth face and suave manner. Tom's friends best showed their affection for him by prodding him when he was "up."

Harold Money was out of form. His "governor," Capt. Money, however, showed form enough for a whole family, and displayed at the traps an ease and grace difficult to imitate by those many years his junior.

J. A. R. Elliott played his usual rag-time with his gun, nine out of ten times using only one load.

Mr. Werk's doings with a gun show him still a fighting factor at the traps.

Young, of Columbus, showed that he is always to be reckoned with in a shooting match.

Alex. Tolsma's one year in the shooting ring has made the handicapper do some gerrimandering in order to produce good returns for all.

Methodical Bill Crosby was there, and every body that had any money up knew of his presence before and after; and he didn't soil a collar either.

Jim Head looked nice in his new jacket, but his gun stock would slip on it.

Watson, the "little and mighty," played a leading role at one time handsomely.

Roll shot in good form, as did many others, and I think everybody voted this meeting a full-fledged success.

Under all the trying weather conditions and slow birds, harmony and good fellowship existed. Repartee was rampant at times, and in this none would have been more missed than Tom Marshall and Harold Money.

First Day, Feb. 10.

The Grand Sportsmen's Expert Championship contest was the main event of to-day. It was won by the expert, Mr. W. R. Crosby, with a score of 44 out of 50. Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was second with 43, while Harold Money was close up to the leaders with 42. Watson, of Pittsburg, was high average for the day with 148. The programme was eight target events, entrance $2 and $2.50; $10 added to 20-target and $15 added to 25-target events. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	25	Broke.
Gilbert	17	18	17	16	18	18	17	21	142
Crosby	18	15	19	16	18	16	22	22	146
Elliott	15	15	15	15	19	17	22	21	139
H Money	18	18	19	16	16	17	20	22	146
Squire	17	13	13	17	16	16	19	22	133
Griffiths	18	15	14	17	14	16	19	21	134
Howes	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	...
Head	14	14	18	15	19	16	15	19	130
Clark	16	17	14	17	18	17	19	14	132
Burnside	13	17	19	15	15	17	21	20	137
Marshall	18	12	13	17	16	15	16	23	130
Young	18	17	19	17	18	17	20	21	147
Rhoades	12	13	17	13	15	19	21	19	129
McGuire	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	...
J Johnson	12	16	18	14	16	16	..	..	...
Wiggins	8	16	18	16	17	10	21	20	126
Caleb	16	14	14	18	19	19	20	22	142
Tripp	14	14	15	16	15	12	19	19	124
Bates	20	17	18	16	19	15	17	15	132
Weatherhead	18	18	17	17	18	16	18	21	143
Renich	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	...
Vous	15	11	18	17	17	19	21	17	135
P Wilson	16	17	18	15	20	16	16	20	138
Le Compte	14	18	19	18	16	14	20	21	140
Catton	13	13	10	15	14	..	..	..	...
Guthard	16	16	16	17	16	17	..	..	...
Simmonds	17	20	14	15	17	18	17	19	137
Bahney	14	16	16	12	14	18	16	16	122
Toll	17	18	14	15	19	19	18	22	142
Dr Wilson	16	14	18	14	14	13	..	..	...
Upton	15	14	12	12	17	11	..	..	...
Scott	18	15	18	18	16	16	..	..	...
Jarvis	15	16	15	13	15	16	19	17	126
J J	13	13	16	..	14	..	..	..	...
Beut	18	17	12	16	19	15	..	..	...
Burmeister	14	16	16	14	18	16	16	12	122
Hicks	14	14	14	20	18	13	13	..	...
Barto	17	17	13	19	17	16	19	18	135
McLauren	14	18	12	14	10	..	17	..	...
Chapman	14	17	16	9	19	16	18	15	124
Capt Money	16	17	15	13	16	15	..	..	...
Daniels	14	17	14	16	15	..	..	..	...
Hantz	14	16	18	15	15	..	18	..	...
Vermylea	18	18	15	17	16	20	19	16	139
Hawthorne	13	17	17	13	14	..	..	..	...
McMackon	16	18	12	14	17	15	22	17	131
D Bates	13	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...
Osmund	14	11	15	..	17	17	18	..	...
Watson	20	19	19	19	17	17	21	16	148
Dreichs	17	17	15	12	17	20	21	19	138
B Call	15	17	13	14	17	16	..	..	...
E C Clark	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	20	20	...
G Stanley	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	24	...
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	22	19	...

Championship event: Crosby 44, Gilbert 38, H. Money 42, Squires 41, Griffiths 40, Head 34, H. M. Clark 33, Burnside 41, Marshall 39, Young 41, Rhoades 40, Wiggins 41, Caleb 42, Tripp 38, Bates 32, Weatherhead 39, Voris 38, G. P. Wilson 36, Le Campte 41, Simmonds 36, Bahney 32, Toll 40, Jarvis 36, Burmeister 28, Barto 37, Chapman 33, Vermylea 35, McMackon 39, Watson 37, E. C. Clark 40, Dreihs 40, G. Stanley 32, Parker 41, Elliott 43.

Second Day, Feb. 12.

Mr. Tom Marshall, famous for success in the annals of the Grand American Handicap and other great contests, was high for the day with a total of 141 out of 160. The scores in the eight programme events, 20 targets each, $2 entrance, $20 added, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
Gilbert, 21	18	18	20	18	18	14	16	16	138
Crosby, 21	17	19	18	14	16	15	15	16	130
Watson, 20	16	13	15	19	18	15	17	17	130
Elliott, 20	17	18	17	18	16	15	12	20	133
H Money, 20	15	19	16	17	19	17	14	18	135
Young, 20	14	18	17	17	16	16	16	16	130
Weatherhead, 18	17	16	17	15	14	19	15	14	127
Toll, 19	17	14	14	12	16	16	..	..	...
La Compte, 19	12	14	16	14	16	18	14	17	121
Caleb, 19	18	17	18	14	16	14	18	17	132
Squier, 19	17	12	16	14	13	18	18	18	126
Roll, 18	17	17	16	14	19	17	17	16	133
Scott, 18	16	17	17	16	13	11	16	14	120
Burnside, 18	15	19	16	17	14	13	12	12	118
Voris, 18	16	15	13	14	18	17	15	16	124
Vermylea, 17	18	15	12	16	17	15	16	17	126
Clark, 17	17	17	14	17	16	15	15	17	128
Guthard, 17	15	16	18	16	17	12	1	14	119
Bates, 17	14	16	18	18	18	16	18	18	136
Barto, 17	14	15	15	16	14	13	10	13	110
Simmonds, 17	19	15	18	12	14	17	14	15	124
Marshall, 17	17	20	20	15	18	17	17	18	142
Rhoades, 17	18	16	18	17	17	15	15	17	130
Head, 17	17	13	16	14	16	13	17	18	124
Pa Wilson, 18	13	18	16	16	18	16	18	16	131
Johnson, 16	17	18	18	18	17	19	14	16	131
McMahon, 16	16	12	13	10	17	16	14	10	108
Wiggins, 16	19	19	19	15	20	17	15	15	139
Dr Wilson, 16	15	14	13	13	15	16	12	17	115
Upton, 16	14	9	16	13	17	17	13	13	112
Burmeister, 16	17	16	18	17	13	19	17	15	132
Chapman, 16	17	17	15	18	16	14	18	16	131
Bent, 16	18	18	17	10	17	15	16	16	127
Driehs, 16	14	17	14	18	17	14	13	16	123
Jarvis, 16	16	16	17	18	15	15	17	17	131
Parker, 17	17	18	14	18	15	17	19	17	135
Hautz, 17	15	18	14	13	18	16	..	18	...
McGuire, 16	17	17	16	15	14	14	.	..	...
Bliss, 16	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Griffith, 18	15	17	19	17	17	14	17	13	129
Short, 16	12	17	14	10	..	..	..	..	...
Armstrong, 16	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bahmy, 16	17	15	16	16	13	18	16	17	128
Daniels, 16	17	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
Capt. Money, 16	13	16	19	16	..	..	..	..	...
Crooks, 16	17	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Renwick, 16	17	18	18	18	16	18	19	17	141
Call, 16	16	15	16	16	17	..	15	15	...
J. J., 16	12	14	17	14	11	17	14	..	...
Gale, 16	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Galt, 16	..	..	..	10	16	..	13	..	...
Fasef, 16	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
McPhon, 16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stanley, 16	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	...

Sportsmen's Handicap.

Messrs. Renwick and Bates tied on 88 in the Sportsmen's Handicap. The scores:

Gilbert, 21.....18 18 14 16 16—82
Crosby, 21.....14 16 15 15 16—76
Watson, 20.....19 18 15 17 17—86
Elliott, 20.....18 16 18 12 20—84
H Money, 20...19 19 17 14 18—85
Young, 20.....14 16 16 16 16—78
Weatherh'd, 18.15 14 19 15 14—77
Le Compte, 17.14 16 18 14 17—79
Caleb, 18.....14 16 14 18 17—79
Squier, 19.....14 13 18 18 18—81
Roll, 18.....14 19 17 17 16—83
Scott, 18.....16 13 11 16 14—70
Burnside, 18....17 14 13 12 12—68
Vous, 18.....14 18 17 15 16—80
Vermylea, 17...16 17 15 16 17—81
Clark, 17.....17 16 15 15 17—80
Guthard, 17.....16 17 12 11 14—70
Bates, 17.....18 18 16 18 18—88
Barto, 17.....16 14 13 10 13—66
Simmonds, 17..12 14 17 14 15—72
Marshall, 17...15 18 17 17 18—85
Rhoades, 17....14 17 15 15 17—78
Head, 17.....14 16 13 17 18—78
G Wilson, 18...16 18 16 18 16—84
Johnson, 16....18 17 19 14 16—84
McMahon, 16..10 17 16 14 10—67
Wiggins, 16....15 20 17 15 15—82
Wilson, 16.....13 15 16 12 17—73
Upton, 16.....13 17 17 13 13—73
Burmeister, 16.17 13 19 17 15—81
Chapman, 16...18 16 14 18 16—82
Bent, 16.....10 17 15 16 16—74
Dreihs, 16.....18 11 14 13 16—72
Jarvis, 16.....18 15 15 17 17—82
Parker, 17.....18 15 17 19 17—86
Griffith, 18.....17 17 14 17 13—78
Bahmy, 16.....16 13 18 16 17—80
Renwick, 16....18 16 18 19 17—88
Reed, 17.....15 16 .. .. ..
Simpson, 16....13 .. ..
Roach, 16..... .. 16 .. .. ..
Campbell, 16... .. .. 14 15 15
Clayton, 16..... .. .. 12 15 10

Third Day, Feb. 12.

The third day had a programme of live bird competition. The birds were not a good lot, and the scores were high.

The first event was at 6 birds, $6, high guns, moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. The scores follow:

Stroud .....212212—6
McCall .....222202—5
Reardon .....112112—6
Morris .....100121—4
Robbins .....222220—5
Wiggins 02212
Voris 12101
Clark .....221222—6
H Bates .....222222—6
Young .....122221—6
Hicks .....200202—3
Griffith .....122212—6
Bahney .....221221—6
Barto .....122222—6
F Stanley .....221212—6
Frederick .....022222—5
H Money .....200222—4
Capt Money.....221222—6
Rhoades .....220222—5
Roll .....122202—5
E C Clark.....220120—4
Marshall .....222222—6
J Chapman.....201222—5
Weatherhead .....022222—5
Head .....222222—6
Le Compte .....022111—5
Simmonds .....121112—6
Albon .....122121—6
Scott .....121220—5
Gilbert .....222122—6
Crosby .....112221—6
Burnside .....212110—5
Burmeister .....221121—6
Clayton .....222210—5
Campbell .....022021—4
Merrill .....222222—6
Elliott .....212112—6
Willie .....002111—4
Cuffee .....222221—6
Upton .....222222—6
Wilson 2202
Weck .....222120—5
Cantelon 12010
J Mercier .....222222—6
McMackon .....220210—4
Jarvis .....101122—5
Stolts .....202222—5
Armstrong .....222222—6
McLaren .....210212—5
Pa Wilson 2220
Toll .....212201—5
Crooks .....012000—2

Event 2 was at 9 birds, $9 entrance, 22, 18, 15, 12, 10, 8, 6, 5 and 4 per cent. division, high guns. There were many straight scores, as the record will show, as follows:

Burnside .....122021110—7
Burmeister .....102222122—8
Clayton .....211101212—8
Campbell .....111112222—9
Merrill .....220222202—7
Willie .....012220111—7
Coffee .....222122220—8
Upton .....222200122—7
Dr Wilson.....122122222—9
Werk 100
J Mercier.....202222110—7
Toll .....211122222—9
Marks .....211122121—9
Watson .....212221212—9
McCall .....211022102—7
Reardon .....121121211—9
Stroud .....221222122—9
Robbins .....202122222—8
McLaren .....222222222—9
Stolls .....220220002—5
Jarvis .....012221122—8
Armstrong .....210121222—8
Crooks 200
McMackon .....220202111—7
Elliott .....111111112—9
Morris .....221112201—8
Wiggins .....122112112—9
Voris .....221222210—8
H M Clark.....220222201—7
H Bates .....222022212—8
Young .....222222222—9
Hicks .....222020020—5
Griffiths .....212212111—9
Bahney .....212222122—9
Barto .....222110222—8
F C Stanley.....120120222—7
Frederick .....222012222—8
H Money .....222222202—8
Capt Money.....212222222—9
Rhoades .....222222222—9
Roll .....112122211—9
E C Clark.....110220210—6
Marshall .....122222222—9
J Chapman .....122222202—8
Weatherhead .....122222120—8
J Head .....222202102—7
Le Compte .....021111112—8
Simmonds .....222212121—9
Scott .....120011211—7
Gilbert .....211222222—9
Crosby .....121121111—9

The Gilman & Barnes International Live-bird Trophy contest was an event which excited the keenest of interest. Bates had two wins on it, and Gilbert was the holder, so that much depended on the performances of these two great artists of the scatter gun. Bates missed his seventh, Gilbert his tenth, over which there was some rejoicing. The conditions were 15 birds, $15; $50 added; high guns; three moneys for every ten entries. The ties were shot the next day. F. Weatherhead, of Red Oak, Ia., won it. The scores:

Elliott, 32.....112101112221012—13
Head, 29.....122202211200210—11
Morris, 27.....000
Wiggins, 28....211121212112221—15
Voris, 29.....22222221200
H Clark, 28...202112222222222—14
H Bates, 31....222220222222202—13
Burmeister, 28.222211202102220—12
Clayton, 28....212021101122121—13
Campbell, 27...112221222222220—14
Merrill, 29.....222222222222022—14
Willie, 27.....112112222222122—15
Coffee, 28.....221222222222222—15
Werk, 28.....201212202
Stroud, 30.....011102211
Young, 30.....221221222202020—12
Hicks, 28.....022022022202
Griffith, 31....222121222222222—15
Bahney, 28....222112222122122—15
Barto, 30.....122222222222212—15
Frederick, 29..212022122020
H Money, 30..220221020
Capt Money,28.122112212222122—15
Rhoades, 30...222222222222222—15
Roll, 30.....221122222122122—15
E C Clark, 29.012201021
Marshall, 31...222212222222022—14
Weatherh'd, 29.111121211222222—15
Le Compte, 29.012122210
Gilbert, 32.....121212212011211—14
Crosby, 32.....212222211222212—15
Burnside, 30..222112221022022—13
Toll, 29.....121222122222222—15
Cantelon, 28...211210221212122—14
Slow, 28.....112101121121201—13
McCall, 29....211100212110
F Stanley, 26..222122122211002—13
McLaren, 27...000
D Bates, 28...221102221121210—13
Marks, 29.....222220121211222—14
J Mercier, 27..211012011
Simmonds, 30..121211121221122—15
Scott, 28.....12121101110
Upton, 28.....122220222222222—14
Dr Wilson, 28.110111212221112—14
Robbins, 27....020
Reardon, 29...211222212222020
Jarvis, 27.....222222211211122—15
Armstrong, 27.222222111012222—14
McMackon, 26.212011212212221—14

Fourth Day, Feb. 13.

The Sportsmen's Grand Handicap Trophy was the event of the day. There were forty-two contestants. The conditions were 25 birds, $25 entrance, $200 added, high guns, three moneys for every ten entries.

H M Clark, 28.....222222220122222222222222—24
Capt Money, 28.....012221121102022210
Rhoades, 30.....010220
Young, 30.....122020210020212222220212 2—19
Werk, 28.....212121112102121012220
Voris, 29.....222222222212212222212122 2—25
Scott, 27.....212122111220112120 0
Upton, 27.....022202110112
Dr Wilson, 28.....22200221121220
Stroud, 30.....222222220022222222202222 2—22
Merrill, 28.....222222201222202102222
Gilbert, 32.....212222222221022211122112 2—24
Burmeister, 28.....021122121022222122022
Barto, 30.....212210220122222202
H Money, 30.....221222022222222022222222—23
Willie, 27.....222122102120222221222222—23
Simmonds, 30.....121121122112121220221222—24
Chapman, 27.....121120222112122222222202—23
Weatherhead, 29.....212222112222222211222222222—25
Cantelon, 8.....100211222212211111122221—23
Donley, 28.....112212012110112012
Toll, 29.....222220222222212212222222—24
Marshall, 31.....222222220220222200
H Bates, 31.....222222222202022222022202—22
Head, 29.....211121222012122120220222 2—22
Reid, 27.....222222222222222202202222 2—23
Robins, 27.....201200
Griffith, 31.....222222222222222222222222—25
Coffee, 28.....202222222222001
Jo, 27.....122022011021
Watson, 29.....210222202202
Elliott, 32.....222211210110
Bahney, 28.....222202222222020
McCall, 27.....201212120122222102
Wiggins, 28.....202112121222202111110
Roll, 30.....222222212112222222112202—24
Reardon, 29.....1220111210121120
Hill, 29.....222222002221202
Burnside, 30.....012112210221212 0
Jarvis, 27.....2220200
Le Compte, 27.....120202121122202
Clayton, 28.....222212212222121222202201 11—23

Weatherhead, Griffith and Voris were tied for first honors at the end of the shoot, and after the contest had narrowed down to them the work of deciding the winner of the cup was begun. Both Voris and Weatherhead missed the forty-first bird, and when Griffith scored the forty-second he was awarded the trophy. The three men divided the first money.

Unique Live Bird Shoot.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—An interesting and novel tournament at live birds was held at Dupont Park, St. Louis, Feb. 8. It was a continuous match, representing two-man teams, in which eighteen men started, the survivors each time repeating the original race until but one was left. The races were each at 10 birds per man, there being three of these, and finally a miss-and-out between the last two men up. It proved an event of much interest, which brought out the best crowd of the winter, and was not decided until the firing of the last gun. C. W. Scudder had donated a sterling silver loving cup as the reward of the race, which finally went to Mr. F. C. Riehl. The ground was covered with snow, and the birds were unusually good, which made shooting difficult in the bad light, and many good shots did not average up to their accustomed form.

A miss-and-out was also shot at live birds, and during the day others shot at targets from the magautrap. Scores:

First race:

Orvis .....22222222220 —10
Mermod .....2222221222 —11
Spencer .....11220*0120 — 7
Riehl .....2222222222 —10
Sims .....2222001200 — 6
Kenyon .....2222222202 — 9
Scudder .....2222020012222—10
O'Trigger .....0221220220210— 9
Blake .....220*120021 — 6
Dr Clark .....2012122222 — 9
Brook .....2212211201 — 9
Rack .....2012212022 — 8
Jonah .....2221001122 — 8
O'Neil .....0100121212 — 7
Thompson .....0001200012 — 4
J Cabanne.....2022222022 — 8
Taylor .....1102011000 — 5
D Cabanne .....1221211222 —10

Second race:

Cabanne .....210*111121— 8
Jonah .....2222121211—10
Brook .....2220021022— 7
Riehl .....1220222222— 9
Dr Clark .....0222122122— 9
Orvis .....2220022222— 8
Kenyon .....0222012101— 7
Scudder .....*121120112— 8

Third race:

Scudder .....2022010112— 7
Riehl .....222*112212— 9
Dr Clark .....2121212220— 9
Jonah .....2222222222—10

Final. Riehl won cup:

Riehl .....22222—5
Jonah .....22220—4

Extra, miss-and-out:

Scudder .....1212*—4
Brooke .....12122—5
O'Neil .....22122—5
Blake .....12111—5
Dr Clark .....22122—5
Spencer .....22122—5
Riehl .....21122—5

KILLMORE.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Feb. 14.—McCoy killed straight in the club handicap. Budd scored straight in the officers' handicap. Tuesday of this week a match at 100 birds between Jas. Cowan, of the Glenwillow Gun Club, and Howard Ridge, of the Keystone Shooting League, and a big programme at sweepstake events have been prepared to be shot in the afternoon. The scores follow:

Club handicap:

Budd, 29.....2112122202— 9
Rothacker, 29.....22*2222222— 9
McCoy, 29.....2222222222—10
Russell, 28.....1222022211— 9
Geikler, 28.....2222220222— 9
Harrison, 28.....2111112202— 9
Coffin, 28.....1212110222— 9
Fitzgerald, 28.....1121120122— 9
Morris, 27.....2020221*22— 7

Officers' trophy:

Budd, 29.....1212111222222122—15
Rothacker, 29..2220212002222222—12
McCoy, 29.....2220222222222222—14
Russell, 28.....2122222220222*2—13
Geikler, 28.....2222222022222022—13
Harrison, 28...1221112221212122—15
Coffin, 28.....1222121212222202—14
Fitzgerald, 28..1202211*1210112—12
Morris, 27.....2200020020020200— 6

Miss-and-out event, 32yds. rise: Coffin 5, Morris 4, Budd 3, McCoy 2.

Miss-and-out event, 35yds. rise: Coffin 4, McCoy 3, Morris 1.

Buffalo Bill Gun Club.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Feb. 10.—The monthly trophy shoot of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club had contestants and scores as follows:

Carter .....11111010111111111111111110—22
Starkey .....11011111111111101110111101—21
Kelly .....10001001101111100001001 11—13
Sorenson .....10101011111101101111010011—19
Van Doran .....11011101111010110111010011—19
Winkowitch .....11001111111011101111111111—21
Dolson .....01001110110111111111111—20
Miles Marcott .....11101111110101111111111—22
Milton Marcott .....11111111011101111111111—23
Cohagen .....11001111111101101001110 11—19

GEO. L. CARTER, Sec'y.

Sunny South Handicap.

Brenham, Tex.—The Sunny South Handicap, which began Jan. 26, closed Jan. 31, after a week's run. The attendance was not as large as was expected; but, with the local gun club, there were rarely less than twenty men at the traps in any event, either during the live-bird part of the programme, or the bluerock events.

There were many extra events both at live birds and at bluerocks; in fact, so many that you would scarcely accord space for the scores, and we shall confine our report to the official programme, except in one or two instances of special interest:

Following is a list of those in attendance, with their address: Chas. B. Spicer, St. Louis; O. C. Bottger, Ollie, Ia.; J. T. Rosser, Fayetteville, Ark.; R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; J. H. Bottger, Ollie, Ia.; Max E. Hensley, Battle Creek, Mich.; F. G. Weatherhead, Red Oak, Ia.; R. F. Weatherhead, Tabor, Ia.; H. E. Bonebrake, Weatherford, Oklahoma; E. Howard, F. M. Faurote, Dallas; L. I. Wade, Nacogdoches, Tex.; C. D. Ellison, Paris, Tex.; J. M. Hughes, St. Louis; Maurice Kaufman, New Orleans; Adolph Topperwein, San Antonio; M. E. Atchison, Giddings; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Geo. W. Bancroft, Orange, Tex.; H. M. Jackson, and J. A. Jackson, Dr. Hill, Austin, Tex.; F. A. Black, Cameron, Tex.; Dave Curran, Enuis, Tex.; Bryan Heard, Theo. Behring, Cleveland and Cadwell, of Houston, Tex.

The programme was open to the world, and the Sunny South Handicap shoot opened Monday morning with four target events aggregating 80 bluerocks—which were not a part of the programme—and resulted in the following scores of those who shot the entire 80: Heikes 66, Faurote 69, Howard 52, Hughes 70, Crosby 75, Weatherhead 73, Bottger 65, Heard 71, Gardiner 55, Spicer 67, Graber 53 out of 70, Lockett 62.

Live Bird Events.

Eight live birds, $5 entrance, 30yds. rise, four moneys, high guns: Weatherhead, Crosby, Heikes, Gardiner and Wade, 8 each; Tucker and Bottger, 7; Howard and Hughes, 6; Graber and Spicer, 5.

After this event, a race was shot at 25 bluerocks, $2.50 entrance: Heikes scored 24, Faurote 22, Howard 16, Hughes 24, Crosby 22, Weatherhead 23, Bottger 15, Heard 21, Gardiner 11, Spicer 18, Wade 23, Mittendorf 15.

A hard shower drove the shooters into the club house, and shooting was suspended for the day.

Tuesday's Shoot.

The second day of the shoot opened with a 12-bird event, $8 entrance, four moneys, high guns. Scores: Faurote 11, Bottger 11, Heikes 11, Heard 8, Howard 8, Crosby 12, Hughes 10, Weatherhead 12, Wade 10, Gardiner 11, Graber 10, Spicer 12.

The next was the preliminary handicap, 16 live birds, $10 entrance, class shooting. Scores: Weatherhead and Wade 16 each; Howard, Heikes, Hughes, Bottger, Spicer, 15; Heard, Faurote, Graber and Kaufman, 14; Gardiner, 13; Tucker, 12.

After this event Adolph Topperwein, the world's champion with a rifle, gave an exhibition, breaking hazelnuts, oranges, Irish potatoes, shooting coins thrown in the air, killing a live bird released from the trap, with a .22cal. Winchester, snuffing a cigar in Faurote's mouth, shooting shells off his fingers and drawing a picture on a piece of tin of an Indian head.

Sunny South Handicap Event, Wednesday.

Sunny South Handicap, 25 live birds, $20 entrance, 26 to 31yds., four moneys, class shooting. There were twenty-two entries in this event, and in addition to first money the winner received a handsome silver trophy, valued at $100: Heard (27yds.) 24, Heikes (30) 22, Hughes (28) 22, Weatherhead (27) 23, Tucker (27) 22, Whitmore (26) withdrew, Faurote (29) 22, Crosby (30) 22, Wade (28) 23, Howard (27) 22, Bottger (27) 24, Spicer (28) 19, Gardiner (30) 21, Mittendorf (26) 21, Graber (27) 22, Lockett (26) 20, Hill (27) 23, Bancroft (26) 18, Kaufmann (28) 22, Atchison (27) 23.

This event was not concluded Wednesday afternoon, and on the twentieth round, Heikes, Atchison, Bottger each had a chance to tie Heard, who had finished with 24, but Thursday morning the birds were hard, and Heikes and Atchison each missed a bird, and Bottger and Heard tied for the cup. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Heard lost his eleventh bird, giving the cup to Mr. O. C. Bottger, of Ollie, Ia.

Thursday night Mr. J. S. Williams, caterer to the shooters at the grounds, and saloon and restaurant keeper uptown, gave the shooters a banquet, which included all kinds of edibles, and Champion Bottger furnished the champagne for the occasion, which cost more than the purse that went with the cup. Hon. Ben S. Rogers made the presentation speech. The cup, surmounted with two American flags, occupied the center of the long table, and it was long past midnight when the crowd dispersed.

Thursday's shoot closed with a 10-bird extra and a miss-and-out extra, $5 and $2.50 entrance respectively.

In the 10-bird event Wade, Kaufman, Atchison, Spicer and Curran each made a straight, Faurote, Heard and Tucker each scoring 9; the others withdrew, as it was high guns.

Heikes Wins a Handsome Trophy.

In a miss-and-out match for a handsome silver cigar case trophy, surmounted by two bird dogs and a match holder, worth close to $50, Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., won it on a score of 10 straight at 30yds.

Friday's Shoot.

Friday's programme included nine events, $18 entrance, 180 bluerocks, and of those who shot through this programme, following are the scores. In this event the professionals shot from the 19yd. mark, the amateurs from the 16yd. mark: Heikes 151, Faurote 151, Wade 151, Hughes 140, Crosby 146, J. A. Jackson 154, Behring 145, Curran 145, Cleveland 122, Gardiner 112, Weatherhead 146, Heard 124, Hill 129, Atchison 158, Black 148, Kaufman 159. E. Howard (Bonebrake) 143.

In a match between Heard and Curran for $20, 50 birds, Heard won on a score of 43 to Curran's 42.

Saturday's Scores.

The last day of the shoot, Saturday, opened with the preliminary handicap at bluerocks, 25 birds, $2.50 entrance. Scores: Heikes 22, Crosby 19, Faurote 22, Wade 21, Hughes 21, Jackson 23, Atchison 21, Curran 16, Kaufmann 18, Gardiner 15, Weatherhead 20, Heard 20, Bering 19, Lockett 16, E. Howard 21, Cleveland 17, Spicer 16, Bottger 17.

The Sunny South Handicap, bluerocks.

The Sunny South Handicap at 100 bluerocks, $10 entrance, handicaps 14 to 20yds., five moneys, class shooting, with a handsome $75 silver cup to winner, was won by W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., on a score of 96. The birds were very erratic, and a strong wind blew across the traps. Following are the scores: Heikes 77, Crosby 96, Faurote 81, Wade 73, Hughes 91, Jackson 82, Atchison 87, Curran 73, Kaufmann, 81. Gardiner 65, Weatherhead 85, Heard 79, Bering 80, Lockett 77, Howard 79, Cleveland 73, Spicer 57, Bottger 70, Tucker 68, Graber 75.

The shoot closed with a 10 live-bird event, extra, $5 entrance, three moneys, class shooting, the scores being as follows: Cleveland 10, Atchison 9, Heard 8, Weatherhead 8, Wade 10, Heikes 9, Kauffmann 10, Smith 7, Gardiner 9, Tucker 8, Bering 7, Crosby 10, Graber 10.

Manager Alf Gardiner and President Fred Martin, who were running the shoot, did it in a satisfactory manner.

Weatherhead killed 59 out of 61 live birds, and won high average.

Geo. Tucker.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 7.—The fifteenth contest for Troisdorf medals resulted in a win for Maynard, who was carried into the club house on the shoulders of some of the members after making his good score. He is one of our oldest members, and is severely handicapped by having crippled hands. Le Compte, one of Kentucky's crack shots, was a visitor, but could do nothing at 18yds. Gambell hobbled out to the score to-day and managed to break 43, his last string of 20 being straight. Maynard was winner in Class A, Watterson and Falk tied in Class B: Scores: Maynard (18) 46; R. Trimble (21) 44, Gambell (19) 43, Ahlers (21) 42, J. B. (17) 42, Falk (17) 41, Watterson (15) 41, Block (17) 41, Coleman (20) 39, Medico (18) 38, Le Compte (18) 38, Ackley (15) 37, Barker (18) 37, Harris (19) 36, McB. (17) 35, Nye (18) 34, Roll (18) 34, Corry (16) 33, Faran (19) 33, Randall (20) 32, Steinman (19) 31, Herman (16) 31.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 12.—The prize shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, held on Lincoln's Birthday, was well attended considering the number of other shoots held about New York on that day. The main event was at 25 targets for a carving set, handicap allowance added to the scores. The result was as follows:

Borland, 9	1111011101100011101111111—25
Hopkins, 1	1111111111011111111111011—24
Remsen, 1	1101111111111111011111111—24
Wright, 9	1111100110100011100001001—22
Van Sicklen, 9	0011111011101110110111111—25
Ruyl, 9	1100000111101111011010101—24
Hitchcock, 9	1000101101111101101111110—25
Newton, 0	1111111101101101100110110—18
Bergen, 7	1110111100111110110101110—25

Ties:

Borland	0011011110110011111111111—25
Van Sicklen	1111111111011011111111011—25
Hitchcock	0111011110100111011111111—25
Bergen	0001111111101110011111111—25

Miss-and-out:

Borland	0	Hitchcock	111111
Van Sicklen	10	Bergen	111110

Ten sweepstake events were shot, in which the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	20	10	10	10	15	15	10	15
WBorland	6	4	16	5	3	..	8	8	6	8
Wright	7	6	12	7	4	6	9	9	7	8
Remsen	10	..	..	..	10	9	15	14	10	14
Hopkins	10	8	17	8	8	9	13	..	10	13
Bergen	10	8	..	6	8	..	12	9	10	9
Hatfield	8	7	12	..	5	..	..	6	8	..
Ruyl	7	..	..	..	9	..	10	10	7	..
Van Sicklen	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	7	..	17	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Van Sycklen	6	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Hitchcock	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 4 and 6 were at 5 pairs.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 12.—The Holiday shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was one of the largest held by that organization. The holiday cup and a trophy were won by Mr. W. W. Marshall with a score of 49. Messrs. T. W. Stake, A. W. Palmer, Edward Banks, R. E. Wigham and Henry Kryn also won trophies. The scores:

Holiday cup, 50 targets, handicap:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
W W Marshall	7	42	49	A W Palmer	3	38	41
Dr Raynor	10	39	49	L C Hopkins	4	36	40
F T Bedford, Jr.	2	47	49	E Banks	0	40	40
L M Palmer, Jr.	3	45	48	F D Mead	7	32	39
R E Wigham	6	40	46	H M Brigham	0	38	38
T W Stake	5	40	45	C J McDermott	6	32	38
D V Hegeman	3	41	44	H C Werleman	10	27	37
J C Faulkner	6	38	44	A B Rhett	8	27	35
Dr Pool	3	39	42	E H Lott	2	32	34
H Kryn	4	37	41	C A Sykes	4	30	34
H Vanderveer	3	38	41				

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Marshall 25, Raynor 25.

Second shoot-off, 25 targets: Marshall 25, Raynor 20.

Chapman trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Hopkins (4) 25, Marshall (7) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (3) 25, Wigham (6) 25, Hegeman (3) 25, Kryn (4) 23, Brigham (0) 23, Faulkner (6) 23, A. B. Rhett (8) 23, Werleman (10) 22, Bedford (2) 22, Sykes (4) 22, Dr. O'Brien (5) 21, A. W. Palmer (3) 21, Lott (2) 21, Pool (3) 20, J. Rhett (10) 20, Stake (5) 20, Vanderveer (3) 20, E. L. Rhett (5) 20, McDermott (6) 20, Mead (7) 20, Raynor (10) 19, Banks (0) 18, Marshall won in the shoot-off.

Marshall trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Pool (3) 25, Werleman (10) 25, Palmer Jr. (3) 25, Wigham (6) 25, McDermott (6) 25, A. B. Rhett (8) 25, Stake (5) 24, Bedford (2) 24, Keyes (1) 24, Sykes (4) 24, Mead (7) 24, Lott (2) 22, Hopkins (4) 22, Banks (0) 22, Brigham (0) 22, Hegeman (3) 22, Kryn (4) 21, Meeker (5) 21, Faulkner (6) 21, O'Brien (5) 21, A. W. Palmer (3) 20, Vanderveer (3) 19, E. L. Rhett (5) 17.

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Pool 25, Werleman 25, Wigham 25, McDermott 25, Rhett 25, Palmer Jr. 25

Second shoot-off, 25 targets: Palmer Jr. 25, Wigham 25, Rhett 25, Werleman 20, Pool 19, McDermott, withdrew.

Third shoot-off, 25 targets: Palmer Jr. 24, Wigham 23, Rhett 23.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap: Stake (5) 25, Kryn (4) 23, Wigham (6) 22, Bedford (3) 21, Lott (2) 21, Sykes (4) 21, Banks (0) 19, Faulkner (6) 15, Vanderveer (3) 14, McDermott (6) 14.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: A. W. Palmer (2) 15, Meeker (3) 13, Brigham (0) 12, Kryn (2) 11, Stake (3) 11, Banks (0) 9, Notman (2) 9.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Banks (0) 15, Meeker (3) 15, O'Brien (3) 14, A. W. Palmer (2) 14, Notman (2) 13, Keyes (1) 13, Bedford (1) 12, Kryn (2) 12, Hopkins (2) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Banks 13, Meeker 10.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Wigham (3) 14, Bedford (1) 14, Kryn (2) 13, Stake (2) 13, McDermott (3) 13, Vanderveer (2) 13, Banks (0) 12, Faulkner (3) 11, Sykes (2) 11, Lott (1) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Wigham 12, Bedford 12.

Second shoot-off, 15 targets: Wigham 15, Bedford 14.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Banks (0) 15, Kryn (2) 15, Vanderveer (2) 13, Lott (1) 12, Bedford (1) 12, Wigham (3) 12, Sykes (2) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Kryn 14, Banks 15.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: Wigham (3) 15, Bedford (1) 13, Kryn (2) 13, Banks (0) 12, Lott (1) 11, Vanderveer (2) 10.

Feb. 14.—The attendance was about average. Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., scored a win on the February cup to-day:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	To'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	To'l.
F T Bedford	44	4	48	C Sykes	34	8	42
W Marshall	37	10	47	A Palmer	37	4	41
L Hopkins	38	8	46	H Werleman	24	16	40
H Vanderveer	38	8	46	D C Bennett	28	10	38

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap: W. W. Marshall (3) 14, A. W. Palmer (1) 14, F. T. Bedford, Jr. (1) 14, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 14, F. B. Stephenson (0) 13, L. C. Hopkins (2) 12, G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (1) 11, H. C. Werleman (5) 10.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Bedford (1) 14, Vanderveer (2) 12, Marshall (3) 11, Palmer (1) 10.

Trophy, 15 targets: Vanderveer (2) 15, Bedford (1) 14, Sykes (2) 13, , Palmer (1) 12, Hopkins (2) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 11, Werleman (5) 10.

Trophy, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (0) 14, Marshall (3) 14, Bedford (1) 14, Palmer (1) 14, Hopkins (2) 14, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, Vanderveer (2) 12, Sykes (2) 11, Bennett (3) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 15, Palmer (1) 14, Hopkins (2) 13, Bedford (1) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 10.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 12.—There were a total of thirty shooters at the shoot of the Fulton Gun Club to-day. In the 100-target event, June was high with 89, this including an allowance of 4. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
June	..	..	..	12	9	15	11	12	13	..	13	11
Skelly	..	10	13	14	13	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
May	..	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	..	..	13	..	..	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Schneider	7	9	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	5	7
Hesse	..	..	..	12	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Wells	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	12	12	11
Dr Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	..	10
Staples	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	11	..
Dudley	..	..	..	14	11	14	9	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	12	..	..	7	12	10	..	..	13	..
Hearne	8	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gotter	..	10	11	10	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Banta	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..
Sakker	10	..	..	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	7	..
Sitzler	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	..	..	13	..	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	5
Mertin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	9
Davis	..	..	..	9	8	8	..	..	..	8	..	..
Eickhoff	..	..	..	10	9	8	8	7	13	..	10	6
Zitzler	..	5	5	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	8
Bittner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10
Lyon	..	..	..	6	3	..	6	..	6	..	..	..
Vosselman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	3	..	..
Giles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8
Billerlain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4

Handicap, 100 targets: June (4) 89, Skelly (1) 86, May (15) 86, Glover (2) 85, Schneider (12) 85, Hesse (10) 84, Wells (3) 80, Dr. Gardner (10) 80, Staples (13) 80, Dudley (3) 79, Morrison (15) 79, Haws (25) 78, Hearne (15) 77, Gotter (10) 77, Banta (10) 77, Sakker (15) 73, Sitzler (35) 73, Woods (18) 71, Mertin (12) 68, Davis (16) 67, Eickhoff (12) 64, Zitzler (20) 55, Hughes (18) 54, Bittner (20) 52.

W. G. Hearne, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

Ossining, N. Y.—The appended scores were made at the Lincoln's Day club shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Feb. 12. The scores made were excellent. The first main event was for the handicap cup, which must be won three times to hold. Five were tied for this cup from the shoot held on Saturday, Feb. 7—Hans, A. Rohr, Bruin, J. Keenan and R. Kromer, Jr. It was decided that the shoot-off would be under original conditions governing the handicap. Only Hans and Rohr were present to shoot off, and Rohr won out by going straight again, with his handicap. Later Bruin put in an appearance and made a straight also, so he is elected to shoot off against Rohr's straight score for the first winning for the next shoot, Feb. 21.

Ties to-day with straight scores for the handicap cup: A. Rohr, G. D. Hubbell, P. B., D. Brandreth and I. T. Washburn. On the shoot-off, original conditions, Washburn and Hubbell again tied, agreeing to shoot off on the 21st inst.

Mr. Washburn, or rather, Ike, has been in Virginia for the past few months, shooting quail, the shooting at which has kept him in good clay bird form. In the event for the scratch cup he broke 24 out of 25, finishing the day with an average of 92 per cent. Ike is running for president of the village this spring, and we, as fellow club members, hope his winning streak will continue through the month of March.

Everything points to a good big shoot here on Washington's Birthday. Our shoot was the first one advertised for the 23d, whether or not that will influence any shooters to come here.

The new upper part of the magautrap is installed and works fine.

We shoot rain or shine.

Handicap cup, 25 targets: E. Bell (1) 22, J. C. Barlow (3) 19, I. Washburn (3) 25, A. Rohr (13) 25, Hans (3) 23, C. Washburn (13) 17, D. Brandreth (4) 25, G. Hubbell (6) 25, W. Coleman (2) 21, P. B., (5) 25, *Bruin (8) 25.

Shoot-off for 7th inst.

Shoot-off: I. Washburn (3) 25, G. Hubbell (6) 25.

Scratch cup, 25 targets: E. Bell 22, J. C. Barlow 19, I. Washburn 24, A. Rohr 7, Hans 20, D. Brandreth 14, G. Hubbell 21, W. Coleman 20, P. B. 18, C. Blandford 22.

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	15	25	20	Targets:	10	10	10	15	25	20
Hans	10	9	8	..	21	11	Ball	..	8	7	..	..	..
Coleman	7	7	..	..	..	8	Blandford	..	..	10	15	..	18
Hubbell	4	..	..	..	19	..	Barlow	..	..	6	12	..	w
I Washburn	..	10	8	..	23	15	C Washburn	..	..	..	5	..	..
Fisher	5	7	..	11	..	..	P B	..	..	..	..	20	13
Rohr	..	5	..	..	..	..	D Brandreth	..	..	..	..	..	13

No. 6 was at 10 pairs.

C. G. B.

Arkansas Championship.

Fort Smith, Ark., Feb. 13.—The members of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association are to be given an opportunity to test their championship ability at both live birds and targets at Stuttgart, Ark., Feb. 26. On this date there will be an open contest for the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship, at 25 live birds, and an open contest for the Association target trophy at 50 targets per man. In each instance the entrance will simply be price of birds, but an optional sweep will doubtless be run in connection with each event. The contest will be conducted under the auspices of the Stuttgart Gun Club, and visiting shooters are assured of courteous treatment, as this club never does anything by halves. Aside from this, their equipments are first class in every respect, as the shooting grounds are located on the open prairie, so that the pigeons are sure to get the benefit of any wind that may prevail, and in target shooting a sky background is assured—both very desirable features.

Those desiring to participate in the live bird event must send a forfeit of $5 to C. D. Conroy, Stuttgart, Ark.

Paul R. Litzke.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Letter from an Old New England Gentleman (72 Years Old) to a Person Inquiring About the South.

Pinebluff, N. C., May 19, 1902.—Mr. Allen Tibbit, Manager of the Industrial Oil Co.: Dear Sir—I have a copy of your letter that you sent to J. T. Patrick. I thought I would like to write you a few lines and let you know what I think of the place. I think we have the finest spot on earth for the use that you want to put it to for fruit and chickens. I have just started me a little place to do a little in that line for my own use. I have a hundred fig trees and about the same in peaches. I am going to put out a few grapes. I have got now a lot of cuttings that are coming along well. We have the best water in the world, clear as crystal, right out of the sand. I have fifteen hens and a rooster, and they drink a two-quart pail full of it every day. That speaks well for the water. Twenty-three chickens, all smart and healthy. Do not forget to come and see us. I am in the new part of the city. I will send you a plan that I made fifteen years ago, and I would like to see a company that would take hold and carry out the plan. We have the oak land, with the pine—that is what we want for shade for the hens and chickens. I let my hens and chickens go out all around where they are a mind to. From our brook we can run water anywhere with little cost. I came here one year ago the 25th of this month from Revere, Mass., and I brought money enough to come and carry me back, but I liked it so well I did not go back. I have put me up a small house. I have the land paid for, and do not owe but $4.75 on house, and I am an old man, seventy-two years of age. I have earned my own living, and when I get my place all done, it will be a pretty place. I picked strawberries this morning to give me good breakfast and dinner, and also lettuce that I raised this spring.

Let us see or hear from you again. Yours with respect, E. Pike, Pinebluff, N. C.—*Adv.*

Three-Day Tour to Washington.

UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally Conducted Tour to Washington leaves Thursday, Feb. 26. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations and transfer of passenger and baggage, station to hotel in Washington, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, Ebbitt, Shoreham, Cochran, Gordon, Barton or Hamilton Hotels. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, National or Colonial hotels, $2.50 less. Special side trip to Mt. Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Florida—Thomasville—Augusta.

Atlantic Coast Line's famous trains, 8:55 A. M. daily. "New York & Florida Special," 2:10 P. M. week days. Apply at office, 1161 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

If you want to know all about pheasants, quail and game birds write to the Hub Poultry Co., Boston, Mass.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE MASSACHUSETTS COMMISSION.

IF we were asked to point to a State in which the protection of game and fish had in marked measure popular indorsement and appreciation, we would without hesitation name Massachusetts. The protective work of the Commission and its agents is there conducted not as in some cases in opposition to a public sentiment, but with the intelligent support of the community. When such a condition prevails half the battle has been won.

This is not to say that the game and fish laws are universally lived up to. On the contrary, there are frequent violations. But the violations serve to demonstrate the condition of public feeling; since, instead of being condoned by indifference or shielded by sympathy, such offenses are reprobated by the sentiment of the community, and are put on a plane with the infractions of other statutes. It is in the nature of this public attitude toward the enforcement of the laws that we may look for a true indication of the actual condition of game protection in Massachusetts as administered by the present commissioners of fisheries and game.

Of not less importance in estimating the character and service of the Commission is the relation existing between it and those individual sportsmen and organizations of sportsmen most concerned for protection and most active in the work of keeping up the game supply. The fact is highly significant that we find a hearty cooperation with the Commission on the part of such men —to name only a few—as Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; Mr. Paul Butler, of Lowell, and Mr. Chas. Dimick, of Cambridge; and such organizations as the powerful Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association and the clubs throughout the Commonwealth which are associated with it, and the Rod and Gun Club of Boston, one of the simplest, most direct and business-like game protective clubs in the country. That these, and in fact all who are sincerely interested in the cause and honestly laboring for it, are working hand in hand with the Commission and gratefully acknowledge the cooperation received from the Commission and its agents, is the strongest possible evidence that the Commission is serving its purpose.

In view of these facts it is difficult to account for the measure which has been introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature to abolish the present Commission of Fisheries and Game and to substitute in the place of it a new commission of six members, who shall meet once in three months, and shall serve without compensation, except that the chairman and secretary and a superintendent, who may be members of the board, shall receive such compensation as the Governor and counsel may determine.

The abolition of the board and the substitution of a new one are extremely radical measures, and such as should not be resorted to unless some sufficient reason demands them. The only reasons we have heard advanced by the promoters of the movement for a change is that the present commission knows only about lobsters and concerns itself with the protection only of lobsters, neglecting the general fish and game interests of the Commonwealth.

It would be difficult to devise a charge more preposterous than this. The Commission, it is true, is engaged in the enforcement of the short lobster law, and has done excellent work in this field. But that is only a part, and comparatively a minor part, of the service. Of the 156 arrests made last year, 57 were for Sunday shooting, 34 for illegal fishing, 10 for shooting song and insectivorous birds, 8 for using ferrets, 15 for illegal shooting, 4 for snaring, 5 for selling game and 1 for killing a deer, while 20 were for violation of the lobster laws. As a matter of fact, never before the coming into office of the present Commission was the game of Massachusetts protected so thoroughly and efficiently in all parts of the Commonwealth as it has been by them in the past and is to-day. Measured by actual results, the service is most commendable, and Commissioner Collins and his associates have fairly won and should be given a vote of confidence. We believe that they do enjoy the confidence of all who are cognizant of their official record; and we cannot believe it possible that the Legislature will consider such an unwise measure as is this scheme of dispensing with public officials who have so conspicuously demonstrated the value of their services. The interests of game and fish protection in Massachusetts can best be advanced by keeping them in the same experienced and capable hands.

ABOLISH SPRING SHOOTING.

IT is well recognized that two causes exist for the extraordinary diminution of our wildfowl during the last few years. The chief of these is unquestionably overshooting. The other is the settling up of the country and the consequent contraction of their breeding grounds east and west. Yet the wildfowl, being gregarious, congregate—when found at all—in great numbers, and people now say of the ducks that they can never be exterminated, just as they used to say that there would be wild pigeons, or that there would be buffalo, in the time of our children's children. But within the recollection of many men both buffalo and wild pigeon have been exterminated, as has also one species of duck; while another, the wood duck, is growing so scarce that serious alarm is felt for its continuation as a species.

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature by Senator E. R. Brown amending certain sections of the game law so as to provide that wildfowl shall not be taken in the State from January 1 to September 15, both inclusive.

Senator Brown has more than once before introduced bills to the same general effect, and while there seems little doubt that the State, as a whole, is in favor of a law prohibiting the spring shooting of wildfowl, it is nevertheless the fact that the residents of one section of the State—Suffolk county—have been able to stave off the greatly to be desired action by the Legislature.

That spring shooting should be forbidden is quite generally acknowledged; and the reason for forbidding it is merely that the season for the shooting of wildfowl is too long and that under present conditions so great a number of birds are killed each year that the supply of fowl is constantly being reduced, and there seems a prospect that before long some species of our ducks will be exterminated. The question is one of public policy. Wildfowl are a valuable possession to the State, and it is desirable to keep up the supply. The State passes laws forbidding the dynamiting and the netting of trout in brooks and rivers, for the reason that these methods destroy more fish than the supply will stand, and therefore are injurious to the public. The same reasoning applies to spring shooting.

As things stand at present, wildfowl are shot from the last of August to the first of May, or during eight months of the year; in other words, during the whole time that these migratory birds are with us. Over all the southern States the shooting goes on through all these months, and except when the birds are absent from the northern States, it is continuous there as well.

The wildfowl which pass through the State are more valuable to it alive than dead. At certain seasons many men earn a living by means of these birds, and they afford sport to a far greater number. To have them still further reduced in number would be a misfortune. They should be protected, in order that as many of them as possible may return to their northern home to reproduce their kind, to return in the fall accompanied by hordes of young birds.

If spring shooting were abolished many of these wildfowl would breed within the State. Remaining undisturbed through the summer, they and their broods would act as decoys in the autumn to bring down great numbers of migrating fowl, and would give to sportsmen and professional gunners far better autumn shooting than is had at present. The experience of Jefferson county—where the shooting of fowl in the spring has been forbidden—offers an object lesson to the rest of the State which we may well heed.

We continue to shoot ducks in the spring largely because we always have shot them at that season, yet there is a growing sentiment in favor of shortening the shooting season, and the proper way to shorten it is to cut off two or three months from the end of the winter and the spring. It is generally recognized that by the month of February the birds soon to start on their northward journey toward their breeding grounds are mated, and it is obvious—for reasons of sentiment if for no others—that birds which are mated and about to breed ought not to be shot.

The growth of the feeling against spring shooting has been continuous within the past few years. One or two of the Canadian Provinces prohibit the practice, while two of the New England States also forbid it, and there is a strong feeling in at least two others that it should be stopped. Several of the western States protect ducks and geese in the spring, and others while protecting ducks permit the shooting of geese.

It is recognized that the inhabitants of Suffolk county, a large number of whom depend to a greater or less extent on the duck shooting through the winter and spring, will feel themselves to some extent injured by the abolition of spring shooting. But, on the other hand, the inhabitants of all the rest of the State have for many years been injured by this practice. We believe that the abolition of spring shooting throughout the whole State will prove to the Long Islanders a blessing in disguise, and that after the law shall have been in force for a few years they will be among its strongest advocates. It cannot fail to greatly increase their supply of wildfowl, and will give them such shooting as they used to have in the good old times.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVES.

THERE are in the Adirondacks sixty hunting and fishing preserves, aggregating 789,993 acres. They are for the most part well wooded areas, and included within their boundaries are many of the choicest waters of the North Woods. So far as the protection of the forests is concerned, Superintendent Fox points out, the preserve lands are in good hands. In the very nature of the case, the owners find it to their interest to preserve the woods, and under private control these hundreds of thousands of acres are administered as wisely, and will be preserved as long and as carefully and advantageously with respect to the conservation of the water supply, as they would be if the State owned and cared for them. In fact, experience has demonstrated that the preserved lands are protected far more efficiently, as to immunity from fires, than are the State lands. "In 1899," says Col. Fox, "the dry season in which forest fires were raging in the Adirondacks to an unusual extent, it was noticed that there were no fires on the private preserves, aside from incipient ones that were extinguished before any serious danger was incurred."

This is an illustration of the familiar rule that the individual owner will care for his property while the people will let the public possessions go to destruction. It is not an argument for giving over the North Woods into private control; it is a teaching that forest fires and the consequent destruction of public property may be reduced by the adoption for public lands of the system which has been efficacious for the preservation of private woodlands.

THE APPALACHIAN PARK.

IT is announced in the press dispatches from Washington that there is little prospect that the Appalachian Park bill will pass the House at this session of Congress. This will be a severe disappointment to the very large number of friends of this bill who had hoped that the Fifty-seventh Congress would surely establish this Park and appropriate the money for the purchase of the lands for it.

The Appalachian Park has many friends and no enemies; but, though a measure which all acknowledge to be excellent, it still has in Congress no active enthusiasm behind it. As a result, it has been put aside in favor of measures in which there are more or less politics, and for the present will fail.

The bill is of great interest to all residents of the Southern Atlantic seaboard, is warmly advocated by the President, the Secretary of Agriculture and the United States Forester, and has the support of the best people everywhere, but it is not backed up by public sentiment so strongly as it should be, and a further campaign of education is required to bring about its passage by Congress.

Reports of phenomenal scores of wildfowl come to us from Rhode Island, where the shooting has been done at night. That State is one of the few in which night shooting is not under the ban of the law, as it is almost universally condemned by the sentiment of sportsmen.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Camping Near a Minnesota Lake.

The place where we made our camp was on a ledge of the steep bluff that led down to the lake. There was a great deal of underbrush that we had to clear away, but when at last we set up our tent poles and stretched the brown canvas over them, we were sheltered from the wind and driving rain that we knew was sure to come. Our camp furniture consisted of five fur rugs, half a dozen blankets, two cots, two big army chests, and an oil stove.

When our things were dumped from the baggage car on to the platform of the little station a good two miles from our camping ground we tried everywhere to get a wagon of some kind to haul our stuff, but without success. There was nothing left for us but to pack the things ourselves. We were all of the morning and part of the afternoon doing this, but at last the bundles and boxes were all carried to the place we had selected as a camping ground. But Heard and I were nearly exhausted from the work, so we dropped upon the long grass beside our camp equipage and ate the lunch we had brought along. Then we turned over on our backs and enjoyed a pipe in solid comfort. When the muscles are tired from good healthy outdoor work, and you lie on your back looking up at a blue sky with a pipe between your teeth and a cool lake spread out at your feet, the world does not seem such a bad place, after all.

"I don't think we damaged the canoe any when we dropped it," said Heard. Getting up he looked over the canvas canoe. "No," he added, contentedly, "she's all right."

We knocked out our pipes and went to work clearing away underbrush, and in two hours had our camp pitched and were getting supper. We found two boxes that would just do for chairs, and we made some backs and nailed them on. One of the army chests we used as a table and the other as a storing place for provisions. It was a very home-like looking camp, indeed, and things looked neat and clean. A cool, fresh breeze was sweeping across the lake into our faces, and the little American flag we had run up was snapping like a pistol as it tossed and unfurled.

"Don't think it's likely any microbes will collect into a disorderly mob around here," said Heard, as he looked things over with complete satisfaction.

The June day was drawing to a close by the time we had finished supper and washed up the dishes. The sun had sank so low that the island west of us nearly hid his kindly old face from view, and the long, dark green shadows of the bluffs were reflected in the water. The face of the waters commenced to take on the colors of the sunset sky, and these were most beautiful indeed. The breeze had quite died away and it became so calm that the little flag hung limp and lifeless from its staff. We lit our pipes and smoked in silence as we watched the dusk gather upon the further shore. We could hear the distant quacking of ducks from the direction of the railroad bridge. This bridge cuts across a corner of the lake to the west, and near it grows wild rice in abundance.

"Let's take the canoe and go over and see the feast," said Heard, starting down the hill. I followed him down and we untied the canoe and paddled until we got within cover of some tall reeds. Then we waited. Suddenly we heard the "quack, quack" quite plainly. It came from somewhere about two hundred yards to our left. We paddled ahead slowly. I peered between the reeds and could just see the railroad bridge not far in front. We were going very slowly now, and the water slid noiselessly under us and a reed would scrape upon the canvas side of the canoe. We stopped paddling and let the canoe drift. I looked at Heard and he silently shook his head. We were both looking carefully for ducks, but not a duck could either of us see. I gave a little push with my paddle. The canoe moved softly ahead into a little open place among the reeds. We could see three fat ducks diving for wild rice just in front of us, and several on each side of us had their heads under water or were holding their bills in the air. Heard and I sat like statues, and the canoe drifted quietly toward the ducks. For a full second nothing moved, not even a reed. Then suddenly there was a startled "Quack, quack-k-k!" This was quickly followed by a great whirr of wings and over a hundred ducks rose from the water and into the air and went sailing away into the invisible distance.

"We're Indians," said Heard, as he commenced filling his pipe. And so with our pipes burning a cheerful glow we rowed back to camp. It was quite dark by the time we secured the canoe and climbed the hill to camp. Bright stars were shining and whip-poor-wills were calling in the woods.

That night when we turned in we fell asleep almost before our heads touched the pillows. But we sank to peaceful slumber with a fine sense of knowing that our hard work of establishing a camp and packing huge bundles of canvas and boxes of provisions for two miles was a thing of the past.

When I awoke the next morning, Heard was still sleeping quietly. Golden sunlight was stealing in through the flaps of the tent and a beam was playing across the foot of my cot. I dressed without waking my campmate and ran down the hill and jumped into the canoe and pushed off. It was a most beautiful morning, with a fresh wind sweeping across the great lake and clear skies overhead. I paddled over to a point of reeds near the island and there threw in my hook and line. How the fish bit that morning! And how I pulled them in; small mouth bass, and sunfish, and pike! The green tree line on the shore sparkled with dew as the bright sun touched it, and the reeds looked dusky golden. In the bottom of my canoe lay a dozen sparkling beauties. It was all so beautiful and so real that I was lost in a day-dream when I heard a shout from the shore, and looking back toward the camp I saw Heard running up the little flag. "Bang!" went his revolver in a morning salute to our colors.

"Get anything?" he called.

"No," I shouted back. "Haven't had a bite even."

"Come back," he called.

Slowly I paddled back to shore. Heard met me at the water's edge.

"Strange you didn't get anything," he commenced quite seriously. "What kind of bait did you use?"

"Worms," I replied, holding up my string of beauties.

Heard gave a warwhoop and danced up and down the shore in joy.

"I'll fry some for breakfast," he said, "while you go over to the farmer's and get some cream for the coffee."

The day before we had noticed a farmer's place a mile from our camping ground and just across the railroad track. So I started off with a glass jar to bring some cream. When I looked back I saw Heard busy cleaning my fish. It was a fine walk through the woods, and it was still early, not later than six o'clock. Birds were flitting about among the trees and sending call after call to their mates, and a gray squirrel went clattering up a tree beside the path. When I climbed over the farmer's fence I saw him just going into his barn. He was rather surprised to find that anyone was camping on his side of the lake, as he said that most of the campers used the other side, as it was more populous, and they liked the presence of neighbors. But I told him that this was just what we didn't want. He gave me the cream, but refused to take any money for it, and made me promise to come over and get some every morning as long as we stayed in camp. I told him I would do so if he would promise to let us take him out fishing in our canoe and so allow us to return the kindness. He seemed very much pleased with this and said he would come over that afternoon if we didn't mind. He showed me around his place and gave me some radishes to take back with me for breakfast. Before I left I made him promise to keep our camping place a secret, and this he said he would do.

When I reached camp Heard had a fine breakfast all cooked and on the table. I have eaten many a breakfast that I consider good, on dining cars and steamships, in great country houses in old Maryland, and in famous eating houses in Washington, where Senators and Cabinet officers smacked their lips in appreciation, but none of these, I think, could compare with our first breakfast in camp.

"Where did you learn to cook, Heard?" I asked.

"I never learned," said Heard, innocently.

"Indeed," I said. But the breakfast was too good and I was too hungry to talk, so we ate in silence, and when at last we could eat no more I went over and laid down upon the rugs and rolled a cigarette. Heard did the same, and we smoked in silence and looked out over the water below. Only the day before we had left behind us the vast city, with its hustle and roar and crowding life; its smoke and grime, and its narrow, dark streets. This morning we were in the boundless wilds, with God's illimitable skies over us and the clean, pure soil under us; taking our breakfast from the clear lake and eating it out in the open air and sunshine. We were indeed Nature's children, and Mother Nature was showing us her most beautiful side; the one all her town children love best but which so many of them never see.

It is not every year that one can spend two months camping upon the shore of a fresh water lake. But each of the sixty days was a golden one, even when the sky was gray and there was no sun. One morning we awoke to find the sky overcast with black clouds edged with light brown. However, there was no wind, and the lake was quite smooth, so we pushed off in our canoe for the island to fish. It was cool and the fish bit fast. We caught several bass and a pike, when the sun burst through the clouds and it looked as though it was going to clear up and be a fine day. But the fish didn't seem to bite at all in the sun, and Heard said that we had better paddle to a new place. We both took the paddles and sent the canoe along the edge of the island until we had circled around to the other side. We found a place where the trees overshadowed the water, and by the time we had dropped in our hooks the sun again disappeared and a light wind sprang up from out of the west. Almost as quick as our hooks entered the water we each had a bite and when we hauled them in we found we had hooked two beautiful bass three or four pounds in size. While we were admiring their beauty as they lay gasping their life out in the bottom of our canoe, a sudden gust of wind whirled us half around and whipped the water into spray about us. Great round drops of rain splashed against the sides of the canoe and plowed up the water. It had suddenly become quite dark. The lake turned into huge waves and our light canoe was tossed about like an eggshell and nearly swamped.

"Shall we land on the island?" cried Heard. "Or shall we head for camp?"

"Head for camp," I answered, doing my best to keep the wind and waves from beating us against the rocky edge of the island. We both worked with the paddle, and the great waves rocked us up and down and the wind drove the spray into our faces. By the time we rounded the island and started across the lake toward camp the rain was falling in torrents and the waves were so high that our canoe was in danger of filling every minute. The white spray was flying from the paddles every time we lifted them in the air, and the wind caught off my hat and blew it half way across the lake. That was the last I ever saw of it. Half a mile in front we could see the dark green bank with the woods behind it. A vivid flash of blue lightning showed along the edge of the shore and then seemed to leap toward us. Simultaneously came a loud peal of thunder. The wind and rain seemed to increase tenfold there, and the waves tossed our little canoe from one to the other, as though they were playing ball with us.

"Do you think we can make shore?" asked Heard.

"God knows," I answered him. "Do your best."

Heard shook his head and smiled.

"Rough water," he said.

We were both doing our very best, but we could make very little headway. But at last the tree line in the distance seemed to come nearer, and we could see our tent and the little American flag tossing and struggling in the wind. Just then a big wave broke over us and left three inches of water in the bottom of the canoe.

"One more like that and I see our finish," said Heard, as he bent grimly to the paddle.

Ten minutes later we ran the canoe ashore and carried it to a safe place. We were so exhausted by the struggle with the storm that we could hardly drag ourselves up the steep bluff to camp. When we reached the tent we found it open in front as we had left it. The wind and rain had beat in through the open flaps and drenched everything in the front of the tent. I hauled down the flag and carried it in with me, and Heard lit the oil stove and closed and fastened the flaps. The wind howled and roared around the tent, and outside the vivid flashes of lightning were glaring on the face of the waters and showing along the edge of the island. The rain came against the roof of our tent with a noise like a waterfall, and the flame in the oil stove would flicker suddenly and go nearly out. It was the worst storm of the year, and it lasted until nearly night. In the meantime, Heard and I prepared and ate a good dinner and smoked many pipes.

"Got anything to read?" asked Heard.

I went over to a pile of books and papers and found "Little Rivers," by Henry Van Dyke. So all that afternoon Heard and I lay upon our warm rugs, and smoked many pipes, and fished the streams of faraway Scotland with Mr. Van Dyke, while outside the wind and rain beat against the canvas walls of our tent.

That gray solitude of the far North, where the woodland caribou has his home, could not have been more lonely than our lakeside camp. No one ever found us out; and we enjoyed the quiet life, and the fish, and the living things of nature undisturbed. One day was much like another, and yet we found that time did not hang heavy upon our hands, and that each day came to an end hours too soon. One day toward the end of our stay Heard and I paddled up the eastern channel between the island and the mainland. As we drifted slowly along I saw something red among the green of the bushes on the island.

"What is that, Heard?" I asked, pointing.

Heard looked hard at the island. Then he shook his head sadly.

"It means," he said, "that our stay here is nearly over."

"What do you call them?" I asked. "You know—the leaves that turn red first?"

"I forget," said Heard, sullenly. "Besides," he added, "I don't want to remember. I wish leaves never turned red."

In spite of the loveliness of autumn I, too, felt like Heard in regard to the leaves turning. If one stays in the city all the long hot summer one is glad to see the leaves commence to turn red and gold and brown, because then he knows that soon the days will become cooler and life more pleasant. But if one has spent the summer upon the shores of a fresh water lake in a tent and a canoe, he will regret to see the summer slipping away and the bright coat of fall announcing the approach of winter.

We stopped paddling and let ourselves drift and dream. It was cool enough for the fish to bite well, but we had not brought the rods along and we didn't feel like doing anything but dream. The woods along shore seemed to be cleaner than they had been earlier in the season, and the skies were so clear and the water so smooth and deep and also clear that we seemed to be floating in midair.

"Shake it off," said Heard. "What's the good of sitting here like two fools because summer's gone? Anyhow, we've got to go back to the city to-morrow. Let's go over in the reeds and look for ducks. I saw a flock fly over in that direction this morning. We'll try to come back here and do some shooting in a few weeks."

Heard dipped his paddle into the water so vigorously that he splashed me from head to foot. Then I came to life and splashed him, and we both felt better. In a few minutes we were among the reeds, just as we had been the first evening we set up our tent. We stopped and listened. Again we heard the "Quack, quack, quack" of the ducks. It was a very satisfied sound that came to our ears, and we knew that they were having a grand banquet off the wild rice. Heard stopped paddling and held up his hand. I looked in the direction in which he was staring and saw a wonderful sight. Among the reeds and in the open water between were hundreds of ducks; the place was black with them, and as many more must have been hidden from sight.

"I don't believe anyone ever shoots here," said Heard, suddenly. "Let's go away."

So back we paddled to camp.

"Never saw anything like it," said Heard. "Great Scott! man, we'll get hundreds of them. How I wish it was the middle of September!"

Why," I said, "I thought you were wishing a little while ago that September would never come."

"Was I?" said Heard, innocently. And then he commenced getting dinner and refused to say anything further upon the subject. All the same he looked very eager about something.

That evening we sat up until after midnight because we fully realized that this was our last night in camp. We talked of all the things that had happened since we had first stretched our canvas over the tent poles, and of the many things we had left undone. We planned to come back every year and camp in the same old place; but we never did. We went to sleep without saying "Good night."

The next morning we dropped our tent and made it into a large square bundle. A wagon came to carry our stuff to the railroad station and we helped the man to load it. The little flag was still flying, and when I lowered it Heard fired all seven chambers of his revolver in a last salute. The sky and water were as blue as blue could be, and the little island was still green, and everything was so fresh and beautiful that I hated to look at Heard and give the word to start. When I did look at him he was frowning and blowing the smoke out of the empty chambers of his revolver.

Robertson Howard, Jr.

Coahoma's Lament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being in a meditative mood to-day, I feel an impulse to commit to paper some of my philosophical reflections. Whether they shall ever challenge the attention of your readers is a possibility that at present must linger in the "womb of time."

I have been thinking of the passing of the forests. In the older States of the Union this is a *fait accompli*, and has long since ceased to be a subject for philosophizing, where the great majority of the inhabitants have never seen a real forest and have no idea what it is. But in those regions that are still in a transformation stage from a partial wilderness condition, the rapid strides that the transformation process has been making during the past few years is a subject for painful reflection by those to whom a love of the woods has become a "second (or first) nature."

This state of things in this "neck of the woods" has become painfully evident to the writer. With every succeeding year a change in the stage settings discloses additional wide expanses of ugly "deadenings" and "new grounds," inclosed in wire fences, where formerly one could roam unimpeded in the "forest primeval."

A dozen years ago one could find unbroken forests within a dozen miles of this place wide enough and deep enough to get lost in if so disposed; and to-day I might try in vain to lose myself in a circuit of fifty miles or so. Even Bob Bobo's famous bear grounds are being intersected by railroads and desecrated by timbermen and sawmills. And of all the incongruous mixups that the devilish ingenuity of the Moloch of commerce has devised to grieve the souls of nature lovers and banish the genius of the ancient woods, the modern sawmill, with its scattering village of ugly and vulgar board shanties, its piles of sawdust, its ox teams and log wagons, its hideous noises and its barbarous mutilations of dame Nature's dearest children, the trees—all of this impudently squatted down in her very lap, is the most devilish and exasperating.

Very soon Bre'r B'ar will be elbowed out of his ancient heritage, and must forever depart hence to join poor Bob in the "happy hunting grounds" of the "great beyond." It seems in accord with "the eternal fitness of things" that they should all depart together.

To those of us who have spent the greater part of our lives in the woods or immediate proximity thereto; whose earliest childhood reminiscences of keen delight are associated with the woods; who, when yet too young to handle a gun, toddled at the heels of father or elder brother, to "turn the squirrels" and pick them up in glowing triumph when they fell out of the treetops and came rattling down through the branches with a lound thump on the ground; who have gone step by step through all the gradations of the long single barrel, the first bird, the first squirrel, the first wild duck, etc., to the full maturity of sportsmanship and the modern breechloader—to us whose souls are saturated with a love of the woods, their rapid recession beyond the horizon of our lives leaves a vacuity behind that nothing can fill, a hunger that nothing can satisfy.

It was the fortune of this writer during last summer to revisit the home of his childhood, after an absence of thirty-four years; and amid all the changes that had occurred he found the little patch of woods still remaining in the corner of a field, and went to the spot where, more than fifty years ago, he killed his first bird. Under the guidance of an elder brother the long single barrel shotgun was laid over a big stump and a little pewit flycatcher fell before the trigger pulled with trembling hand.

In looking back through memory's store house, over all the more prominent incidents of game killed through a somewhat lengthened career as a nimrod, that little "peewee" towers up above everything else ever killed by the same hand, as the largest figure in the picture. But this is "by the way."

When this writer has occasionally visited the East, he has beheld with sensations of pleasure the highly cultivated farming country, with its well kept fields, trim looking farm houses, neat barns, and everything tidy and well ordered; also the beautiful city parks, with their broad smooth driveways and commodious walks, their fountains and flower beds, etc.; all of this has had a very pleasing effect for a while; but when the novelty wore off the all-pervading sense of artificiality has palled upon the appetite, and there has been a longing for a touch of nature in these pretty scenes, a yearning to get away from these fine pictures of man's most finished handiwork, and once more plunge into the inmost recesses of a southern canebrake, where, as Horace Kephart once felicitously remarked, "When a man enters he is alone with his Maker."

It is related of General Grant that once when he was sojourning for some weeks in a Chicago hotel, and was fed upon all the delicacies that the market afforded, one day he strolled into the kitchen and asked the chef if he could give him a plain dish of pork and beans; which being supplied with, he sat down at a kitchen table and ate with much satisfaction. And so it is with those accustomed to the woods as their daily fare; the fine parks, etc., do well enough for holiday occasions, but let us get back to the woods as soon as the holiday is over.

But alas and alack! Where shall we find any more woods in reach?

Mr. Hough's account of his tramps through the forests of New Brunswick carries at least the gratifying assurance that such forests do really still exist. And while we may never expect to go there, and if we should do so, there is the prospect that we might have to sleep in the snow and live on moose tracks, yet the possibility of being able to find a forest where one can get lost—"Some vast wilderness of boundless contiguity of shade"—which is still accessible to the enterprising spirits, carries a certain measure of comfort to the heart of forest lovers in its bare contemplation.

But how long will the forests of New Brunswick last, and even those of Labrador, before the devouring march of greedy "Industrial Progress?" In England there are extensive tracts that are still denominated "forests," whereon not a tree is now growing. How long before the United States will be thus denuded, and our forests become merely a reminiscence?

With the strides we are now making in that direction the goal will soon be reached unless a remedy is found.

With the slow-moving methods of past generations, and the abundance of leisure incident to redundant populations, in the countries of Europe tree planting became a custom that is still kept up, accentuated by the prevailing laws of primogeniture by which the same estates remain in the same families for indefinite generations. Likewise the governments, being long admonished by the necessity of such action, have done a great deal for the preservation of their remaining forests, and the rehabilitation of their denuded lands with new forest growths.

We Americans have paid little heed to these lessons so dearly learned in the countries of our forefathers. Possessing a land so lavishly endowed by nature with all good things, we have acted as if nature's storehouses were inexhaustible, by inordinate and irrational prodigality in the use and abuse of her gifts. America has astonished the world by her giant strides in industrial progress. Her citizens have developed a degree of energy finding expression in audacious enterprises that has caused the older countries to stand aghast and "view with alarm" our threatened mastery of the industrial world. All of this flatters our vanity as a nation, and prompts us to a disregard of all conservatism as being "old fogy."

But when we come to look down beneath the surface, to search out the underlying principle that is the proximate cause and generator of all this demonstration of vigor, what do we find? Do we find the actuating motive power something to be proud of, something that carries conviction to sober minds of a long continuance of our vaunted "prosperity" by well ordered conservation of our resources, to be transmitted to our sons unimpaired?

We find nothing of the kind. What we do find as the all-impelling motive of our wonderful activities may be summed up in the one odious word—"greed."

If there is one trait that characterizes modern Americanism in its industrial aspect, it is that which manifests itself in the restless impatience to realize immediate profits; to absorb everything in sight before it can be appreciated by our neighbor; to rush headlong in this scramble of getting, regardless of to-morrow, regardless of any consideration for others' claims upon nature, regardless of everything except gratifying this all-pervading, all-dominating, insatiable and brutalizing spirit of greed.

Witness the buffalo that have been swept off the face of the earth to put a few transitory dollars in a few transitory pockets; the wild pigeons that have gone the same way, and all other game that is fast going the same road; the milliners' shops that have become charnel houses of our pretty and innocent birds, while our women heedlessly decorate themselves with their mutilated remains, as tokens of an unholy alliance of greed and silly vanity; and finally the forests, the remnants of which having taxed nature's energies for centuries to build up, are falling before the axes of greed in a few decades—axes, by the way, that were ground in legislative halls for the most part.

Let some public spirited individuals move for a forest reserve to be established somewhere and enlist the sympathies of some Congressman or legislator with a soul above mere expediency and an insight into the future needs of the country, and straightway there are arrayed against it the lumber "interest," the pulp mill "interest," the logging "interest," the railroad "interest," and the Lord knows what other "interests," all bent on satisfying a present appetite of greed. Powerful lobbies are formed; "log rolling" is resorted to; the friendly legislators grow lukewarm, and the measure quietly sleeps "in committee," while the Moloch of greed is devouring the last remnants of our forests, unrestrained by God or man.

What is it all coming to? Is there "salt" enough left to save the nation from this universal efflorescence of greed?

I believe it rests with the women of the land to stay the march of destruction. They are the "salt of the earth," and it is a truth that amounts to a truism that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

If the women of the land can be aroused to a sense of the appalling evil to be combatted and made to realize that it is work for them to do—the men are too busy "grinding axes" and cutting down trees. The women can do the work if they will. But first of all let them heed the Scriptural admonition—"If thy bonnet offend thee (or thy neighbor) pluck it off and cast it from thee."

COAHOMA.

An Indian Chief.

BROWNING, Mt., Feb. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read the biography of the White Calf in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and heartily indorse the same. I am grateful to the FOREST AND STREAM for its kind words on the departure of my old time Indian friend to the land of his belief, where it is to be hoped there are no scheming officials to torment him in the hereafter.

It seems but a span of time, now over thirty years ago, when I was a young man, that I met the White Calf while I was on a buffalo hunt with the Cut Hands hunting party. The White Calf—then a middle aged man—ran and killed three cows with bow and arrows while I ran and killed five cows—of which I gave him three—with the old cap and ball six shooter. Since then we have always been friends, and through all those long years we have had much to do with one another in a business way, and, to his credit be it said, a cross word has never passed between us.

In later years, when he began to have talks with the Indian agents, he became interested along those lines in the behalf of all the Indian people, seeking justice in the light in which he understood it himself, and always in behalf of the white man as well as the red man. He always counselled patience, peace, law and order. He really was an ideal leader, giving his whole time and thought to his people. He was a good judge of human nature, and many times have I sought his opinion and asked his impressions of the new agent to his people, in which he rarely failed to be correct. Time proved to me his rare judgment of character. Perhaps there is no white man that was as well acquainted with the White Calf as I, except H. A. Kennerly. In sorrow or happiness he always came to see me. Sometimes he would sit about and smoke all day, saying nothing. I would tell my wife to say nothing to him, as he was like a white man, thinking. Then he would tell me of his people's troubles, or sometimes of his fears and hopes for the far away future; for when the buffalo had gone he could see no future for his people. One day he came to me in much trouble and begged me to go to the land of the Flatheads with him and that we both select there a piece of land for a home, saying that with the cold winds of this prairie country it was useless to try to make a living by farming and stock raising, as he and his boys had tried hard to do it and had failed. For a long time after this he was not satisfied with me for not going there with him. Our talk began as soon as my work was done, and it was 2 o'clock that night before it ended, my wife, who was interpreting, having got so sleepy I had to stop.

One would have thought the White Calf would have been very bitter toward the white people, as I remember a good many years ago Baptiste Champine told me the story of his brother being killed by the whites in or near Fort Benton, and his son, the Crossed Gun, was killed at Cut-bank by a white man.

It never seems to occur to the average Indian agent that to do good work he must become a student of Indian human nature. It is needful that an agent understand the Indian along the lines that the old southern white man understood the negro, and he could handle him, much to the mystification of the average northern white man.

CHAS. AUBREY.

Dad's Vacation.

GEORGE BATTEN IN "BATTEN'S WEDGE."

HARVARD COLLEGE, Cambridge, Mass., June — Dear Dad:—College closes to-morrow. I think that I have passed all my exams, and that I shall start from here to-morrow night a Harvard Senior. I am going to join the house party at the lake. Am looking for a great time and a rest, which I feel I so sadly need.

By the way, won't you kindly add—say fifty—to my allowance this month.

You should take a good, long vacation. Say what you will, when I get into business, I do not propose to work so hard as you have and do.

Your affectionate son,

NEW YORK, June — My Dear Son:—Home again and glad to be here. Say what you will, home is best, after all.

Vacations are needful; as necessary to the busy man as food or sleep. They freshen one up and get him close to nature.

The birds sing, the trees sough and whisper to the passing breeze. Mother Earth gives out her daily exhalations, views from mountain tops are inspiring, and the air, laden with the odor of the pine, makes one feel that his breathing capacity is entirely too limited.

Brooks sparkle and glisten and ramble through thickets of rhododendrons or by banks of azaleas. The sportive trout lugs and pulls, cuts and dashes hither and yon, whilst the saucy jay seems to be laughing at your efforts to get that little fish out of the water, and the catbird meows and scolds at your intrusion into the secluded green depths where he has chosen to make his home, or the sunlight dances over the lake where little waves dance and gleam like myriads of stars. Your fight here with a four-pound bass starts the perspiration from every pore, and sends your pulses up several beats to the minute. When at last he is actually in the boat, you feel as though you had really accomplished something.

Perhaps on mountainside, through broken and twisted forest, giant trees hurled to earth by the angry winds, with straining nerves and tendons, and aching muscles and joints, climbing over rocks, up glens and gorges, tempted at times to use your rifle for an alpenstock, or to throw it away and return, suddenly, as you round the shoulder of some peak, your guide whispers—rather hisses — "There!" and there, sure enough, across that apparently uncrossable chasm, a little higher up, are the sheep that you have toiled so hard to get within sight and range.

Now, steady, thumping heart; keep out of my throat, and give me a chance to breathe. Curse my hand; it shakes! You feel almost faint, but with a supreme clutch at your nerves, bracing feet and arms, you slowly raise your rifle until the sights are in range. Never before did rifle crack so loud and its pealing report go echoing over hill and across valley and back again, until

it seems as though your shot had awakened an army. See that beautiful creature start, making two or three convulsive leaps, then give up, stagger, and tumble down into that awful chasm at your feet.

A sickening feeling comes as you feel sure that, after all your toil and good shot, your specimen will be torn and knocked to shreds before the carcass finds a resting place somewhere amongst the jagged rocks below.

The climb down, your joy at the discovery that, after all, your fears were groundless, the supper at the camp fire; the contemplative pipe, as you review the incidents of the day, and in vision see that superb head and horns mounted and in the library at home.

Home? Yes, home. Home is best. I love the children's good-night kiss, the books, the cheerful fire, the evening talk with wife and grown sons; that old chair in which grandfather sat when I was a boy, and father when I was a young man; this old room with all its memories, sad and sweet—every object in it seems to have a personality and to be a personal friend.

My poor old dog—you are glad to see me home. Companion of so many walks and wanderings over fields and through woods and meadows. You recall early mornings in stubble fields, whirring wings and quick, double reports of shotgun, and "good shots," and dinners with boon companions, where Mr. "Bob White" was the *pièce de résistance*, with a glass of Burgundy, old and red and mellow—the only wine worthy to accompany you.

Yes, son, I have had my vacation. I am glad that I had it, and I am still more glad to be at home.

More Frills and Further Furbelows

Without the tabu life in Samoa would have been far less tolerable. I used to sit on my veranda and look at my own and personal tabu with unflagging interest, for it was as easy to see as though it were built of rock and rough-cast and existed as a solid physical entity. It was only a moral obligation, but it was there none the less positively for all that, and the eye could see it distinctly. Physically the Consulate and its compound were marked off by a fence and hedges which cut it out from the town green or malae of Vaiala. Outside these physical obstacles, and far more potent, was drawn my tabu at such a distance (the measure of the longest reach of a single arm), as would prevent any acquisitive hand from reaching through the slats of the picket fence and plucking any blossom from the few straggling plants which were able to maintain some sort of growth in the salty gusts of the never-ending trade wind.

I had seen the tabu drawn about the premises and I never failed to admire and at the same time appreciate its force. It had been set about me by Le Patu, the chief of Vailala, who had the power to make such a proceeding efficacious upon any piece of ground, on any movable property, even on any person found and being within the well-marked confines of his chiefly sway. It was simple in the extreme. In the first days of my residence, through a talking man, I called the chief into conference. The proceedings were conducted in strict accordance with the Samoan etiquette belonging to such conventions of the truly great. The resources of my household were drawn upon to prepare the bowl of kava for the chief to drink, and after the formal quaffing of the beverage the further rites of hospitality involved the presentation from my larder of a tin of corned beef and four hard tack. When Le Patu had unhesitatingly incorporated unto himself this slight two-pound snack, we were ready for business, just as formally as in our legislative bodies business may proceed after the chaplain has done his little stunt. I told the chief that it was essential to my comfort that my island neighbors should keep off the premises except upon invitation. I went on, and it was really unnecessary under the circumstances, to explain that I was not in fear of having things stolen or that I doubted the probity of his people; my sole object, as I informed him, was to secure privacy. All the apology for my request was in truth immaterial, for my experience with the Samoans convinced me that they do not steal, not at least in relation to such movables as are regarded by them as having the nature of property. The distinction is a very valid one in Samoan custom. A single instance will serve to elucidate it. Any Samoan visitor to my cook-house would feel entitled to eat as much as he pleased out of an open tin of beef or salmon, for it is food and not subject to individual ownership. My experience is consistent that the amount which any Samoan, high or low, old or young, might be pleased to eat out any such food within his reach would be bounded by the well scraped sides of the tin. Yet if there were such a tin of food on the shelves, but unopened, it would be recognized as property, my property until I had had it opened, and therefore not to be touched.

At any rate Le Patu took it all in good part. He could recognize, even if he could not sympathize with my desire to have my real estate to myself. It was all perfectly simple. "E lelei," he said; "'tis well; I shall place upon thee the tabu of the sea and the tabu of the shore and the tabu of the thunder." It was really most terrifying, this invocation of the powers, the majesty and might—and all the hoodoos—of earth, air, fire and water to serve the purposes of a "Keep Off the Grass" sign. Indeed, I almost felt like a lamb led to the sacrifice, and could sympathize with a burnt offering. "Thou shalt be Sā," he concluded. Sā means holy, and so far as the jurisdiction of Le Patu extended I must be considered holy from that time forth. From the brook of the Fu'esā to the fence which divided Litia Coe's premises from the British Consulate at Matautu Point my holiness extended. Even that limited holiness is something in these days of carelessness.

Having settled my personal holiness and the comprehensiveness of the tabu, the rest was easy. Within a few minutes of the departure of the complaisant chief there appeared upon the malae the figure of Manongiamanu, whose name being translated means the Perfume of Birds, the head tulafale and chief orator of not only Vaiala but he whole Vaimaunga district as well. He wore his stiffest and showiest lavalava of tapa; he carried the six-foot rod of his office and the flyflapper, which was an equal part of his professional regalia. Out in the broad sunlight he stood and emitted one long and not unmusical cry. Tanoa in my cook-house shoved his frying pan over to a cold lid of the stove, caught up his rod and flyflapper and took the attitude of a corresponding statue in the middle of the bed of radishes behind the Consulate and separated from the malae by a low hedge. There they stood in a sun glare hot enough to curl their skin up at the edges and kept the proper poise of high officials who weigh well their words. This long wait is a strict requirement of Samoan etiquette. From the houses the people strolled out with floor mats and found seats upon the ground under the shade of the fringe of trees. Talolo, most irresponsible and carefree of mortals, accommodated himself with a seat straddlewise on the monument of his great-grandfather under the big mango tree. Then Manongiamanu made his set speech, declaring the tabu on all my belongings; Tanoa made the formal reply; the deed was done and Tanoa could return to the cook-house and pick up the interrupted preparations for dinner. After that the compound was free of visitors except those of such high degree as to be above all plain ordinary tabus, a rank which Talolo claimed for his own at once. But the others felt the sacredness of the inhibition. They might troop over the green or along the beach road laughing and chattering, but the moment they struck the outer edge of the tabu they sobered down and went along as demure as so many sheep. Indeed, it turned out to be a little too comprehensive, for I had to have an amendment expressly lifting the tabu from the wreck relic of the Trenton's mast that lay at the foot of the flagpole on the beach side of the road. This was the favorite seat of the Vaiala children, and I did not wish to forego their songs and merriment in the brilliant moonlight evenings.

It was this tabu that kept little Fuatino sitting in the road an hour or more one morning. Long before I had seen the child come gaily skipping across the green turf behind the house and out into the roadway. When she suddenly checked her happy pace and plumped herself down in the centre of the road exactly in front of the gate, I gave it no attention, for there was always much in the doings of the island folk that seemed utterly irreducible to standards of impulse with which I was familiar. Samoans who passed along the road gave her room, riders turned out for her, a procession going up the coast to Matafangatele escorting another new wife for Asi made a detour about the little figure in the sand. Finally the feeling of that sportive mite of a child sitting out there in the torrid sunlight got on my nerves. I woke Tanoa up, for when there was nothing in the way of domestic duties to busy himself with Tanoa would sleep on the veranda close alongside where I might be at work, always waiting for the occasion to arise for him to make a few more speeches on my account. Oh, we lived in a flood of oratory!

"Tanoa e!" I asked the ever faithful attendant as soon as he got his eyes open, "why is that child sitting there so forever in the road under the sun and the wind blowing on her?"

"Tama'ita'i e!" he replied. "The child is the girl Fuatino of the Vaenga Family, and forever she sits in the road under the sun and the wind blowing on her; I know not why."

Then to the forlorn little figure:

"Fuatino e! It is forever thou art sitting in our road under our sun and our trade wind blowing on thee. Now therefore the Tama'ita'i has the will to know why it is."

"Sefe'au," piped the childish treble.

"Tama'ita'i e!" said Tanoa in his deeper voice; "it is an errand."

"Then do, for goodness sake, find out what it is," I replied, for it nettled me that my inattention had subjected the child to so long a baking.

With his rod and flyflapper Tanoa went out to the little slip of a girl with all the demeanor of one performing a solemn rite. For two or three minutes they spoke together, and then Fuatino scampered off, no doubt glad to be released at last from her long wait. Then Tanoa in her place leaned upon his staff until I happened to think that I should give him leave to address me. Divested of his oratorical trimmings the errand was that the tutunga bark had already been soaking long enough in the fresh water and in the salt and back again in the sweetwater pool, and that Fa'afili and Salatemu had sent Fuatino to tell me that it was now time to begin the making of cloth.

All this delay had been due to the tabu, which I had forgotten; thus it will be seen that there were some disadvantages of a close season on one. That child on a perfectly legitimate errand had to wait my pleasure before she could deliver her message under penalty of the fierce moray in the lagoon, the swarms of aitu in the woods and the deadly thunder.

In the press of other cares the cloth making had slipped my mind. But Tanoa's announcement of the message which Fuatino brought from the woman of Vaiala reminded me that so far my explorations of the art and mystery of dressmaking in the jungle had come to a stop with no more accomplished than the securing of the raw material. The implements of the Samoan dressmaker are the axe, the club and the pot of paint. So far my investigations had led me no more than past the axe stage. With more to see I started off for the village, and Tanoa lent his escort to give the procedure the official character with which he clothed every act of mine.

Across the malae and beyond the fence, in war a rampart and in peace a check on pigs, we found a path that wound in and out on slippery causeways between luxuriant beds of broad-leaved taro, now overhung with the dripping sheen of the banana leaves and now a tangle for the feet with prickles of the fleshy leaves of the pineapple. After many twists and turns of this going we came out upon a grassy spot surrounding the principal pool which, with its tributary bogs, has given to the Vaiala malae the name Lelepa, or "The Ponds." There was found assembled the womankind of Vaiala sitting at ease under the grateful shade of a mighty talie tree. Then it dawned on me that while Fuatino had been sitting in the road awaiting my pleasure every wheel of Vaiala progress had rested at a standstill pending the expression of my august pleasure. But when my arrival had been welcomed, and a clean mat had been found on which I might sit with the chief women of the town under the talie, Fa'afili lost no time in setting industry into action.

At a word from the women and girls, even such a wee infant as my bullet headed doll Apikali, plunged into the water, wading or swimming according to the measure of their stature, and the waters of the pool were stirred into a merry froth. From the bottom were brought up mushy masses of pulp which, after a vigorous squeeze, were tossed from hand to hand shoreward and deposited in a heap on a mat upon the bank. All this wading and grubbing of the bottom had roiled the water and made it more and more difficult to find and fish up the pulp rolls. Finally the last girl had made her last plunge under the surface for one of those long stays under water which cause the onlooker to fear that it is a case of drowning. When she emerged to shake the water from her eyes and reported that the bottom was clear, Tofi had finished her reckoning and found that every roll of bark that had been sunk in the pool had been accounted for by its corresponding mass of pulp upon the bank. This sum total she announced in a set speech addressed to Fa'afili, Salatemu and myself, who alone sat dry upon the mats beneath the talie tree. The rest of the women had sought out convenient places to drain and were busy wringing the water out of their hair and dripping garments.

This brought it around to Tanoa to make a speech, that being the rank and station in life to which he had been born. In my name he dealt out praise in some cases and in others reproof for the manner in which the work had been done. During this outpouring of oratory Tofi was sorting over the lumps of pulp and holding each in turn up to sight. Then in obedience to directions from Tanoa she passed the lump to one or another of the women who were helping her, and several piles were made. When all had been passed upon there was one heap which was composed of about half the lumps of pulp and included all the best. The other heaps were smaller and of inferior grades. When this assortment had been made Tanoa made yet a further speech, in which he said that out of my loving disposition and from a desire to reward merit I was graciously pleased to give to Fa'afili a heap of pulp containing ten rolls of bark; to Salatemu nine, and so on down the scale, making some appropriation for each of the Vaiala families. This I regarded as only one more instance of the ornateness of Samoan speech making until I was made aware that so far as Tanoa and the women of Vaiala were concerned it was all taken in earnest, for at the end of his speech Tofi ordered four of the girls to pick up by its corners the mat which held the largest pile of all and carry it at once to my house.

All at once I became aware of the situation. Because I had gone to the forest with the party that collected the bark, although simply as an inquisitive outsider, the women of Vaiala had regarded the results as my personal property, had done all the work for me alone and were now going to be quite grateful to me for taking to myself rather more than half of what they had gathered and were accepting as a bounty from me the piles of inferior bark which I had assigned to them through my agent, Tanoa. He was right in what he did, they were acting quite in accordance with the etiquette to which they were born, it was I myself who was out of harmony with the situation.

Tanoa was peculiarly destitute of any sense of humor which might have saved him from these predicaments into which he was forever leading me. He piously conducted all my affairs with the most scrupulous regard for every last nicety of Samoan etiquette. Then when he had landed me in some situation which was an utterly impossible one for me, no matter however feasible for a Samoan woman, the look of pained surprise that came over his face was indescribably killing (yet his heart would have been broken if I had so much as smiled) when I had to undo his best efforts. His heart was too entirely dog-like—and that is the highest degree of faithfulness—ever to permit me to hurt his feelings, yet his situations were often positively ludicrous. I wonder now what he thought I was going to do with all that mess of pulp dumped into my house! He ought to know that I knew nothing of the art which should transform it into the light and snowy tapa, yet that made no difference to him. I was entitled to precisely so much of it and he looked upon it as his bounden duty to see in this, as in everything, that all that was coming to me came.

This tender regard for the prerogatives of the rank to which the Samoans agreed I was entitled was most amusingly exhibited by Tanoa on another occasion, and it was not until some time later that I became aware of just what he had done. One day the Queen, Tui Masiofo, came to pay a call in such solemn state as was thrown about her by driving up in the royal rockaway with its Fiji boy driver. Wishing to offer the lady's Majesty the honors due the precarious throne on which the United States were agents in keeping her unwilling husband, I sent Tanoa for the box of cigars. From the box he laid the first cigar on my work table, handed the second to his Queen and the third to my good Tonga. Her Majesty bit off the end of the cigar and I sent Tanoa for a light. After an interval he returned to his place behind my chair, and in the conversation I failed to notice that Queen Tui was having no better than a dry smoke. It was only when her call was finished and I saw her take a light from her Fijian before getting into the Rockaway that I recalled that Tanoa had brought no matches when I had dispatched him for a light. Tonga was convulsed with an unholy glee and it was not easy to get from her the explanation. Tanoa, it seemed, stuck on a point of etiquette. He knew that I would not dream of lighting the cigar which he set before me; in fact, he would have thought it a distinct loss of "mamalu" or the dignity of the position if I should by such an act put myself on the plane of the Samoan women in the use of tobacco. Such being the case he was not going to allow Tui, Masiofo and, queen though she was, to seem to outrank me on my own veranda. Therefore the queen had to postpone the smoke. Tonga's glee arose from the fact that she was a Mata'afa partisan anyway, was in Apia more as a hostage than anything else, and was tickled over the joke on the queen. While Tanoa was a Malietoa man to the core, yet he had been one of the party when Tui had gone to her own home in Rarotonga to show off her royal relatives and had failed so conspicuously to deliver the goods.

But this is wide enough of the Vaiala dressmaking. As soon as I saw what was intended, I called back the girls who were carrying off my share of the pulp and instructed Tanoa in the main outlines of another speech for him to make. The sum and gist of it all was that I gave up all my share to the women of Vaiala who had done the work. He could do all the oratorical stunt about it that he wanted, but in the course of his remarks he was to make that idea plain. The upshot was that Tofi made a speech of unbounded gratitude in acceptance of my munificence and said further that in recognition of my desire to know more of their arts Fa'afili would pick out the best of the bark and under my superivsion make me a piece of tapa with explanations and illustrations of how it was done.

I could have had no better preceptor, for Fa'afili was a very keen woman, quick to understand what was wanted and simple in her way of making it plain. This is not merely my own judgment of the woman, for it is a matter of history that it was the shrewdness of Fa'afili and no other that saved to her countrymen a large amount of valuable land in and about Apia when the Land Commission was investigating titles.

In the great house on the malae behind the Consulate my instructor installed the implements of her dressmaking craft, the log and the club, and invited me to see how she went about the work. Here we spent several busy days in a sort of manual training school of savage arts in which I was the pupil.

When last I had seen the rolls of bark they were neat bundles coiled upon themselves like a watchspring and held in place by lashings of fibre. Since then they had been put to soak in fresh water, in salt and back again in fresh, until they had lost all resemblance to their former state. Now each lump was a mushy, pasty, sticky mass. Yet Fa'afili showed me that in the agglutination of decomposed vegetable tissue there was something that was not altogether slime, that it had consistency and that it could be pulled out by washing away the debris in a bowl of water. This proved to be the lace-like bast or inner bark which remained intact, despite its delicacy, through the whole operation or wetting which had set it free from the layers of the coarser and older outside bark. The first thing to do was to wash out this bast and to rid it of every trace of the rotted tissue. As soon as each piece of bast had been cleaned it was put to soak in a bowl with the steadily increasing supply of material until the last lump of pulp had been worked over.

Fa'afili next took a handful of this bast, still mucilaginous with the sap despite the long soaking and the several washings. Before her was a large log with a smooth surface, one that had evidently been prepared with great care and had been long in use, for the timber was thoroughly seasoned and the surfaced side bore a high polish. Her lump of bast she squeezed as dry as was possible without applying a twist; that, she explained, should never be done, for it would break the fibre. When she felt that she could squeeze out no more of the water, she patted the lump evenly upon her surfaced log and went to work with the club. This beater is one of the treasured possessions of every housewife and one that she will rarely consent to part with, for it represents long and patient toil to make, and each person has her own set of opinions as to just what kind of scoring makes an efficient tapa beater. They are all made of ironwood, a timber dense enough to turn an axe; they are a little more than a foot in length, have a rounded handle and a square section through the part with which the beating is done, each side of the square being about two inches. Each of these beating surfaces is scored with lines of cross-hatchelling which ranges from very coarse on the first face to very fine on the last, or according to the individual fancy of some women the last or finishing face is marked with a series of very fine parallel lines running the length of the instrument. Patting the lump of bast with her right hand and clubbing it with the beater in her left, Fa'afili hammered it out into a long strip with the coarse face of the beater, making it cover a space about a foot square. I have neglected to ascertain whether the left hand is regarded as the better in this work, yet my observation went that most women employed the left. When the bast had been beaten long enough with the coarse face of the beater, Fa'afili folded it up square as one would a pocket handkerchief and beat it all over again with the next face of the beater. It is the merriest sound in the South Seas, this clatter of the beater on the log when the women are beating tapa. Fa'afili and I were not the only ones thus engaged, all Vaiala was making its new gown for the approaching wedding and we were all at work together. Insensibly the strokes of the beaters fell into unison, unconsciously the tempo would be increased until the clatter would become a din and then break off in unrhythmical confusion to the accompaniment of peals of laughter from every house. Sometimes all hands would set out to beat some rude sort of tune. I added to the orchestration the "Anvil Chorus," to them a novelty and well appreciated. The sound of the tapa beating the Samoans call "tutu." The name suggests itself the moment one hears the sound.

With each beating the film of cloth was seen to grow longer under our hands, longer and finer and more lacy as the finer faces of the beater were used. After coming out from under the fourth beating the web that Fa'afili, with the not unpardonable, certainly not unwomanly, pride of one who has done well a good thing, held up to my view was a strip about a foot wide by rather more than a yard in length. It was as fine as a very sheer cambric and very filmy. More than anything else it resembled a lace scarf, but the mesh was irregular, devoid of pattern, and interrupted here, there and everywhere by gaps and interstices.

Before so dainty a tissue could be used for clothing, even in the South Sea where the garb is above all things airy, it was clear that there must be several further operations. The first of these is bleaching.

As the film comes from the beating it is generally yellowish in streaks and patches. The Samoan women have not been behind the women of other lands who spin flax and are therefore spinsters; they, too, have discovered the sovereign properties of the grass for bleaching. When each film had received its beating it was taken in hand by Apikali, tiny though she was, yet none too young to help her elders, and with great care the small damsel spread the delicate tissue over smooth grass, weighting its edges with chunks of stone to prevent the eager wind from carrying it away to some other village down to leeward where less thrifty housewives might reap the fruit of our labor.

There proved to be bast enough for several days' beating. After it was all beaten out it took at least a week to bleach it to the snowy whiteness which it must possess and then yet more days of hanging under cover in the full wind in order to supply a much desired blue or skimmed milk hue to the white. Fa'afili had a reputation as a cloth maker that must be sustained, and in addition she had the desire to set a high standard for me in case I should ever feel called upon to make cloth after I had left my ready friends in Vaiala. For these reasons we took no short cuts and skimped none of the work.

While the cloth is bleaching itself white and airing itself blue this is a natural chapter division in the history of how Vaiala got its wedding gowns. They have been advanced a long stage from their place on the spindling saplings in the forest, they have passed largely out of the stage of the raw material, but there is a good deal yet to do before those new gowns are made. Still, the delay will do no harm, it will but serve to call attention to the fact that even among the savages a new gown is no light and trifling procedure; above all things it demands ample consideration.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Natural History.

Our Wood Inhabiters in Winter.

II.—The Ruffed Grouse.

VIGOR, strength, alertness, the power to withstand the rigors of our northern winters, which, with their snows and sleets, bury the ordinary supply of food beyond his reach, all these qualities the ruffed grouse possesses. They are qualities which have been transmitted through a long line of ancestors, and have, perhaps, been accentuated by continued residence amid inclement surroundings; but he has them all in a high degree; he *must* possess them in order that he may exist, for if he were not always wary to avoid, and quick and strong and crafty to escape the enemies which encompass him on every side, he would be destroyed, and what a calamity his extirpation would be!

I venture to make the assertion that not one of all our wood inhabiters, not one of all our other birds, if they were to pass away, would be so greatly missed.

The ruffed grouse occupies an unique position among our birds, in that it is a permanent resident in the coverts in which it was born, for it rarely wanders far from them, and when it does it is usually in search of food, and it returns to them when proper conditions prevail.

Like many other species it is known in different sections by a variety of names, and most of them are absurd misnomers. For instance, it is called in some portions of New England the birch partridge and gray partridge; in Massachusetts it is simply called partridge; in New York, grouse, or wood fowl, or pheasant; and in Pennsylvania the pheasant, grouse and ruffed grouse, the latter of which appellations is the only proper one.

While in Ohio a number of years ago I found a nest of this species beneath an old fallen trunk of a tree, the bark of which I was for at least fifteen minutes knocking off in searching for beetles and other insects, during which time the old bird remained on her nest without moving, and only left it when my foot almost touched her. As she was the first I had seen in that section, I inquired, when I returned to the farm house where I was stopping, if there were many grouse in that neighborhood.

"Grouse?" repeated my host, arching his eyebrows with surprise. "Why, sir, we don't have any grouse at all here; none nearer than the prairies out west." I have always noticed that western people speak of localities as being "out west," and have wondered what they do in California and Oregon.

Knowing that he meant the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, I replied that I did not mean prairie hens, but partridges as we call them in New England.

"Partridges, certainly," he replied. "We have heaps of them. Don't you hear them whistling in the fields?"

"Whistling! Partridges do not whistle," said I. But instantly remembering that the "quail" of New England is properly enough in the west called "partridge," I hastily contined: "That is, the partridges I mean, which live in deep woods, have a ruff of black feathers about the throat, and the male stands on old logs, and drums."

"Ah, you mean the 'pheasant,'" replied the man, recognizing the bird from my description. "Nothing like calling things by their proper names. Yes, there are a right smart lot here some seasons; in others they are scarcer."

I have stated that the ordinary supply of food of the ruffed grouse, such as the checkerberries and their leaves, the partridge or eye berries, various seeds, acorns and beech nuts, is often buried deep in the snow and the bird is occasionally forced to go on "short commons" in consequence, but he is not obliged to starve so long as there are any yellow birches or other deciduous trees to bud, or if there is an apple orchard accessible.

The grouse, on flying into a tree, alights on a limb close to the trunk, where for a short time it stands upright and perfectly motionless; this, apparently, is owing to its habits of caution, for until it has thoroughly reconnoitred its surroundings, until it is certain it is not pursued by one or more of its many enemies, it does not change its position in the slightest degree.

In ascending into the tree from the ground, the bird makes but little noise, the thundering whirr with which it flushes before the sportsman being entirely absent. I have repeatedly seen them fly into trees, they having come perhaps from a considerable distance, but their flight was almost perfectly noiseless, and for the time being I could hardly realize they were the grouse whose flush-flight I knew so well.

When they are satisfied that there is no danger of being molested, they begin to move about on the branches, and the rapidity and ease with which they climb about on the bud-bearing twigs is astonishing; one would hardly believe that birds of their build could move about on the limbs so freely.

The buds are picked off by the bird seizing them in its beak and twisting the head sideways; the celerity with which they obtain a satisfactory supply is remarkable, their crops being filled in a short quarter of an hour.

The yellow birch seems to be a favorite tree with them, but if an apple orchard is to be reached, they quickly find the fruit buds and regale themselves greedily.

So destructive have they been in some localities that farmers and orchardists have raised vehement protests against their being protected by law. I have heard a great many complaints from Nova Scotia farmers, whose orchards are often near the forests in which the grouse make their homes, at the havoc worked by these birds, and dire threats uttered for their destruction.

In other sections also the bird seems to be disapproved of by orchard growers. A correspondent of a New Hampshire agricultural paper says: "Mr. George T. Patch, of Hollis, recently informed me that he examined the stomachs of two partridges shot in his orchard and found in one 636 apple buds, and in the other over 500. At that rate, how long would it take even one partridge to destroy the prospect of fruit in an orchard of ordinary size.

"There is a small orchard of young trees near my residence, protected by a forest on the west side, some ten rods distant, from which the partridges make their evening visits at this season of the year, and they are so shy it is next to impossible to get a shot at them. What is to be done? If there is a law protecting partridges, I move it be repealed."

The number of instances in which any considerable injury has been done by these birds is so small that there is no danger of their being by public opinion generally threatened with destruction; in fact, there is a question that the bird does any injury to the fruit trees by removing some of their buds, the opinion held by some fruit-growers being that the trees are benefitted by losing a share of their superfluous buds, the crop on the following year being composed of better, larger and more perfect fruit.

In traveling over the snow the grouse moves rapidly and with ease. All who have seen its tracks have noticed that the toe prints are very broad, and that if the tracks are in damp snow there are impressions of something resembling comb-teeth on each side of the toes.

These marks are caused by the strong, horny scales which in winter are much broadened and elongated; these pectinations seem to have been furnished by nature to facilitate the movement of the bird over the snow: by their aid he walks on snowshoes, as it were, and we can readily see what an assistance they are to him. We may follow these tracks readily, confident that there can be no question as to their identity. I have often trailed the bird for long distances and almost invariably flushed him, unless a hungry fox had followed him before me, in which case a mass of draggled feathers and blood stains on the snow told too well the story of the tragedy that had been enacted. Generally, however, the sharp lookout that the grouse keeps enables him to foil the designs of crafty Reynard, and one may readily see that the escape has been made by the print of the wings in the snow as the bird sprang into the air and flew away to a safer retreat.

The habit of the ruffed grouse of diving into the deep snow is well known; this is done as a protection against the severe cold which often prevails in our northern forests, the fleecy covering affording a warm and effectual place of refuge.

After entering the snow the bird tunnels through it a short distance, and we may never expect to find it at the point where it makes an entrance. I have followed the general direction that was taken by the bird when it entered the snow and have found its point of exit to be several rods distant, the melted snow of the walls of its lodging place showing the effects of the heat of the bird very plainly.

The "drumming" habit of this species has been described by many ornithologists and in a variety of ways. By most writers the habit is supposed to be followed only during the mating season, but it is not so restricted, for I have heard the tattoo in about every month of the year, even at night and in the coldest weather of winter. On one occasion, as I was camping in the wilds of Nova Scotia in December, when the weather was so cold that my mustache was filled with frost as I lay on my couch of balsam boughs, and the water in the bucket in the tent was thickly skimmed with ice, I heard at daybreak one morning the rolling beat of a grouse within ten rods of our camp, and so unsuspicious was he that he kept on his drumming log for several hours, although my two guides and I were noisily moving about the camp-fire, chopping wood and preparing breakfast. In fact, he even drew near and wandered about the vicinity of the tent during the day, seemingly glad to have our companionship.

On another occasion as I was tenting on one of the tributaries of the Miramichi River in New Brunswick, an old male grouse that we had heard drumming near by, after a short time became aware that we were friendly, upon which discovery he became a daily visitor at our camping place and even ate pieces of biscuit that we threw on the ground before him. This was not an altogether novel experience to me, for I have found that, although after the grouse has been hunted, it is one of the wildest and most difficult of approach of any of our game birds, if unmolested it is unsuspicious to a remarkable degree, and will often permit a person to approach it as unconcernedly as would a domestic fowl. It is often seen in small bevies about the old farms and pastures, and in Nova Scotia I have actually found them gleaning buckwheat and rye fields. Although, as a rule, the ruffed grouse can seldom be relied on to fill the game bag alone, there are exceptional occasions when a good bag may be made; if unbroken broods of well grown birds are found in suitable covers, particularly, large patches of berry bushes in the fall in which the grouse luxuriate on the ripened fruit, very satisfactory shooting may be obtained. The best work in grouse shooting that

I ever witnessed was done by a sportsman who shot seven birds successively without a miss. The cover was located on a hillside and consisted of a low growth of birches, blackberry bushes and a few small scrub oaks and alders. The sportsman stood in one spot and the birds, when flushed, flew down the hillside toward a thick swamp at the bottom. Of course, it was an exceptionally good position that he occupied and his shooting was beyond compare, but even at that one cannot expect to see twice in a lifetime so many of these swift-flying birds fall to a single gun without a miss.

The Little Blue Snow Bird.

As we pass from the heavier timbered woods out into one of the open stretches which frequently occur in all our northern forest lands, we come upon a scattered flock of these lively, nervous little birds, the junco or blue snow bird. Busily engaged they always are, for the seeds of wild weeds and other plants upon which they subsist at this season of the year are not over-abundant, and to obtain enough food to support life they must always be industrious.

Notwithstanding that they do not in winter fare very sumptuously, they are always bright and seemingly cheerful and contented.

Their song is not at all presumptuous, consisting, as it does, of a twittering chirp similar to the sound that may be produced by striking together a couple of small pebbles in the hand, but it is uttered frequently, and often by a half dozen birds at a time, and a flock of these little sparrows in consequence give a life and animation to our woods in winter that is excelled by no other species. They do not confine themselves to the woods, however, and we find them fluttering about the fields and pastures in the search for food, and when the weather becomes more rigorous they become so familiar that they visit the gardens and farm yards, where they share with the poultry the cracked corn and wheat screenings that may be thrown out to them.

Although the snow bird is a northern species, it finds congenial conditions in high altitudes, nesting in the mountainous regions as far south as Virginia. I have met with specimens in the White Mountains in New Hampshire in the summer months, and have found its nests in the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it is a common species in the summer, breeding freely about the farm houses and among the scattered settlements. It nests on the ground, but sometimes departs from this habit, for, according to Dr. Brewer, it has been observed in repeated instances to nidificate within outhouses. In a woodshed connected with a dwelling house he saw several nests built within reach of the hand, and in "places where the family were passing and repassing throughout the day." The nest of the little junco is often despoiled by a variety of depredators. In Nova Scotia I have frequently found its nest in the grassy bank around a farm house, where only by the greatest of good fortune the eggs are hatched and the young are reared, for the domestic cat has no hesitation in rifling the neat little structure, the callow young of the snow birds constituting a welcome *bonne bouche* for the feline marauder.

I was once quite interested in watching the growth of a nestful of these little birds, visiting it sometimes two or three times a day. The nest was built in the turf of the bank which surrounded the wood yard, and was not two rods from the door of the farm house at which I was stopping. Near the bank was an enormous pile of cordwood, beneath which I one day discovered that an enormous spotted adder had its home. It was the largest one of its kinds that I had ever seen, and I tried in every possible way to capture it, but it had all the cunning that is attributed to the species, and it always escaped me.

One morning as I was standing in the doorway I heard the twittering expostulations of the parent birds, and hastening to the nest I found that the young birds had disappeared, the last one probably being in the mouth of the adder that glided under the wood pile as I approached.

The birds were well avenged a short time after; for by rare good fortune I caught the snake one day in the orchard a safe distance from his usual lurking place, and with a club I quickly put an end to his bird-destroying proclivities.

The juncoes, like other ground nesters, also suffer from the depredations of marauding birds. On one occasion I found the nests of four pairs of this species, all of which contained young. They were built in the sides of an old abandoned lumber road which ran from, or to, the Magalloway River in Maine. I discovered them in the morning, and in the afternoon when I returned through the same path every nest was depopulated, and near by a pair of Canada jays were lurking in the trees, shouting defiance at us, while surrounding them were the afflicted snow birds, which were uttering their cries of complaint and sorrow. I emptied both barrels of my gun in the direction of the jays, and I think they have eaten no young birds since that time.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Migration.

WHAT is the total significance of the migratory instinct?

If its manifestations were known to be confined to periodical and systematic movement, following the procession of seasons or crops, there would be little to wonder about. But there is a migratory instinct which is manifested at but rare and irregular intervals. Moreover, it is not confined to beasts and birds, but from time to time it actuates men and tribes of men. The Israelites were not all oppressed, since after they left Egypt many of them longed for its fleshpots; but when one started the rest followed. The Crusaders were not all animated by perfervid religious zeal, the spirit of adventure, or other motives of sufficient strength to carry them across Europe; but the spirit seized them all and held them to the enterprise. And the children Crusaders were animated by no motive whatever, and yet the spirit seized them and was stronger in them than in the grown people, since, when their parents sought to stop them, they drooped and died. And in the case of animals it has more than once been observed that irregular migrations were not occasioned by any natural circumstance, such as famine or other calamity. I remember a very interesting article on the subject which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some years ago, by a man who evidently had given considerable attention to it, and who described among other occurrences of like character a striking migration, upon a day certain, of the bears from the State of Maine. The story makes one think of the journey in the wilderness. The same thought comes to me when I recall the story of the Gadites, which my stepmother told me a few years ago upon her return from a trip to Jerusalem, and which was told to her by members of the European colony there, missionaries, visionaries, etc.

It will be remembered by the Bible-reading FOREST AND STREAM family that the Gadites were a tribe of Israel who were carried into captivity by Tigloth-pileser II. into Assyria, some of them as far as beyond Nineveh, and to what is now the eastern boundary of Kurdestan, and were not heard from again. A short while before my parents were at Jerusalem, a remnant of the descendants of these very Gadites straggled back to Jerusalem, possibly over the trail their ancient ancestors had traveled 2,750 years before, a journey of about a thousand miles. Their account ran that one day the men working in the fields, certain of them, felt the irresistible impulse to go back to Jerusalem. They went into the towns and found the same feeling existing there; and off they started, those among them who were most influenced, without much provision for the journey, and, after a great many privations, those who survived and persisted came back "to their own land," as they expressed it, footsore and weary; just, I imagine, as Colonel Bobo's squirrels were footsore and weary when they had harkened to "the Voice" and accomplished their journey. And they were a queer lot of Jews, too, for the Gadites were warriors and shepherds and nomads from the beginning, and had so remained throughout, and had no trace of the typical mercantile countenance which has belonged to their brethren since the time of the crucifixion and before. They were workers, farmers, artisans, one being a stone mason.

It is curious to observe that in considering the subject the mind contemplates men and animals indiscriminately, as though, as to this matter, there is no distinction worth while the making.

The question is, is this an extra or super-sense, or is it merely a sporadic throwing back to a rudimentary periodic migratory instinct?

If it is bottomed on the *periodic* instinct, that which, at certain times, says "Go north" and, at certain times, "Go south," then it is a latent tendency (such, for instance, as is my tendency to kill, which breaks out under certain exciting conditions). And yet there are some manifestations of even that instinct, systematic though it be, which may seem to point to the existence of a sense above our perceptions and beyond our ken. Take the case of the seals. Each year a certain spot is appointed, somehow, for their breeding ground, and from all over the Arctic Ocean the seals will be found moving toward that point. Sealers carefully observe the direction in which they are traveling at a certain point and sail onward a number of miles and take another observation, and where the two lines of direction converge, up there in the north, in due time will the seals and their breeding ground be found.

Is there an annual seal congress which picks out the next breeding ground, and is the latitude and longitude thereof then sent around to the constituents by pelagic telepathy?

Or is it that there is a sense we do not know about yet; for the most part inert, yet manifesting its power at either frequent and regular periods or at infrequent and irregular periods, according to the needs of life, of preservation, of species preservation? And that, sometimes, this sense works the destruction of species?

Once a mania, a perverted instinct, took possession of the virgins in Venice. They began committing suicide. There would soon have been none left but for the Doge, who issued the Draconian decree that thereafter the bodies of all suicides were to be dragged naked through the city. The poor girls could not stand that, and so gave up the practice. But suppose the impulse had been too strong for that or any other remedy. Suppose all the children again started off on a crusade, this time for Nova Zembla. And that they kept on.

How was it with the wild pigeons? Does anyone believe that they were all killed and eaten? Or that they were exterminated by disease, or holocaust, or cataclysm? The last place I heard of them, in any numbers, was in Canada. Suppose the Voice called them away from the 32-at-one-shot creatures, and the netters, further and further into the frozen North. May they not have flown, gathered together in one old-time cloud, in all their pristine innocence and gentleness into the hereafter—into the limbo of extinct species?

GEORGE KENNEDY.

FEEDING THE GULLS, OSWEGO RIVER, OSWEGO, N. Y.

Crossbills at Work.

IN the low trees among which the crossbills spent their day it was possible to see at close quarters their method of dealing with the fir-cones and extracting the seed. Many of the cones had fallen and were lying on the ground. These the birds carefully searched for. Half-a-dozen, both red and green birds, would descend on to the bed of pine needles and inspect the cones. We do not remember to have read any account of crossbills working on the ground. They are less parrotlike than when in the branches, for they hop instead of creeping like a parrot. But if a cone is searched where it lies, the bird throws one foot over it just as a parrot does, rests its breast across it, and thrusts its mandibles very deliberately into the interstices, just like a parrot feeding.

Often the bird picks up a cone in its beak and flies into a low branch of a pine to extract the seeds there. When feeding on the tree itself, the bird holds the cone firmly in one foot, trying not to detach it from the bough, and tries every side, sometimes hanging head downwards, sometimes tail downwards, and, if the cone becomes detached, keeping its grasp and fluttering down through the pine tufts till it can catch hold of one with its disengaged foot. This constant fluttering and falling would break stiffer and closer feathers than those of the crossbill. As it is, the looser ones give way, while the stiff tail and wing feathers do become ragged and broken. While the flock are at work the grove is quite silent except for the constant fluttering and the falling of the cones which they have detached by accident or finished searching. So close were the birds that they could be seen "husking" the seeds when extracted, and it was noticed that their beaks showed various degrees of length and crossing of the mandible. In more than one the tips did not project beyond the depth of the other mandible, and it was only when the bird looked "full face" at its visitors that the crossing was visible. About one-sixteenth of an inch was the average overlap.

The difficulty of extracting the seed by any other means than those provided by the peculiar bill of these birds must be very great. So tough and rigid are the *louvres* of the cone that, unless they gape from ripeness, the seed cannot be extracted without the greatest difficulty even with a strong knife. Beyond the fortification of these rigid *louvres* of wood, the seed itself lies in a special little socket, in the very core of the cone. According to Yarrell, the bird first opens its beak until the points do not cross, this being possible because the mandibles have some lateral play. It then pushes this in like a wedge, wrenches the mandibles crosswise again, and so prying open the crack, extracts the seed. The seed itself lies at the base of a little wing, like that of a small dragon-fly, and the birds manage to extract this without breaking it, or the light husk which envelops the kernel. They could be seen "husking" this, and pushing the "wing" and the husk out of their mouths with their tongues, just as a parrot does. The kernel, when extracted, is no larger than a mustard seed, and tastes like a morsel of Brazil nut flavored with turpentine. The crossbills evidently consider it very delicious, and would not taste buckwheat seeds, which were inserted into cones as an experiment. The resinous dainty had more attention than the peaches ripening in numbers on walls close by.—London Spectator.

Pheasants, Ducks, Migrating Squirrels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The FOREST AND STREAM copies from the Utica Observer a complaint of, let us hope the editor, and not the former, of the damage that is being done by the English pheasant; they are stealing all the chicken feed. This is a terrible state of affairs—for the chickens. Some farmers I have in mind would get around this trouble by feeding both pheasants and chickens. The average farmer where I was raised did not begrudge a little chicken feed, even if the birds and not the chickens got it. I have seen one of these farmers carry out feed or send me out with it to leave it where Bob White could get it. Let those New York farmers feed their pheasants until the law is off on them a year or two from now; then they will have them to shoot if they want them, if not some of their friends will no doubt be glad to do the shooting for them. What those pheasants have eaten will never be missed, when the farmer comes to balance his books at the end of the year. It may happen that the birds may repay that farmer next summer for their feed; they may clean up a lot of insects for him that otherwise would destroy something for him that is of more value than chicken feed.

It is curious how soon these birds find out that we are not going to shoot them. Our ducks here furnish a good example of that; a week before the season closes it is almost impossible to get within gun shot of them; a few weeks after the law is on they could be killed with a club.

A good many of them nest on the peninsula across the harbor from Erie, and come out on the bay to feed in shallow water. I have often paddled a small boat almost on top of a flock of them before they would fly, and if I lay down in the boat and let it drift down to them I could get close enough to throw water on them.

That squirrel migration across the Mississippi River actually took place. I was on the river at the time coming up from New Orleans on a boat; and although I did not see it I was told all about it. Whether any one caught them by the tails or not I do not know. They would have to be pretty well water soaked before I would catch any of them now. I once took a contract to get a lady a pair of young red squirrels; she wanted a male and a female; I got her four of them, but they left my hands in the hospital for a week afterwards.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

[Cabia Blanco tells us that this is Comanche for "White Pony."]

The Flying Squirrel.

THIS beautiful species is extremely variable; and several species are recognized by most writers on natural history. Mr. J. A. Allen, in "Monograph of North American Rodentia," recognizes one species with two varieties. "There is," says Mr. Allen, "no break in the sequence from north southward, either in size, color, or other characters, by which the group can be subdivided either specifically or varietally."

As the flying squirrel is nocturnal in its habits, there are many gaps in our knowledge of its ways and methods of life.

On the evening of January 28, 1903, while observing the gambols of two flying squirrels kept for exhibition in the front portion of Mr. Carl Merkel's drug store at Charles City, Iowa, I observed an attribute of this species which I had never known before, and which I am not sure has ever before been published.

The two little animals were exceedingly playful, one of them especially. This one often amused itself in various ways, and would glide over the surface of the smooth polished *perpendicular glass* of the large show windows (perhaps 6x12 feet in size), and again would stop and remain stationary for a little while on the glass. At other times it would move slowly and leisurely. At all times, however, it lifted each foot from the polished surface by a quick, jerky motion, as though attached to it by suction, which it doubtless was.

It would be interesting to hear, through the pages of FOREST AND STREAM, from others having personally observed the habits and ways of this beautiful little animal.

CLEMENT S. WEBSTER.

CHARLES CITY, Ia.

Purple Sandpipers?

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., Feb. 20.—On the 18th, when the thermometer was 12 degrees above zero, about 100 snipe were seen in a bunch trying to feed along the beach. The birds were short necked, very dark backs and short bill. They uttered a sort of tweet, tweet, as they ran around on the icy beach It was a very unusual sight at this time of year. I would like to know what kind of snipe they were. A.

[The description is, of course, too vague for us to identify the birds. We suggest that these may have been purple sandpipers (*Tringa maritima*), a seacoast species of north distribution found only very rarely as far south as New York.]

The Ohio Wild Bird Law.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer, Feb. 1.

BENJAMIN NELSON, a well-known Fifth street merchant was found guilty by a jury in Squire McElfresh's court at Winton Place yesterday of exposing for sale an American "wild bird other than a game bird," and was fined $50 and costs.

This is the first trial and conviction under the new law, which was passed by the last Legislature forbidding the sale of American birds of song and plumage for millinery purposes.

About two weeks ago the State Game Warden sent out orders to his deputies to seize all birds exposed for sale in millinery stores. Following this order, raids were made in Columbus, Toledo and this city.

About a dozen downtown millinery establishments in this city were visited by Deputy Game Warden Charles I. Ryan and his assistant, Mr. Hennessy, and in each of the places birds which were offered to them for sale were seized, to be held as evidence. Warrants were sworn out later before Squire McElfresh, at Winton Place, and all the defendants gave bonds for their appearance.

It was decided by Chas. J. Fitzgerald, attorney for the Cuvier Club, and the State Game Warden to try each case separately. Mr. Nelson's case was selected as the first case to be tried, and after several continuances, the case was definitely set for trial by jury yesterday.

Meanwhile the Toledo cases had been tried and disposed of in the Common Pleas Court of Lucas county. That court held that any birds seized under the new law could not be confiscated as are game birds when offered for sale out of season, though they might be held as evidence. The court also ruled that milliners who came into possession of birds before the law went into effect could not be held. Upon this latter ruling the Toledo defendants escaped punishment, each claiming that he had possession of the birds before the law went into effect.

The Cincinnati defendants placed considerable dependence and confidence in the finding of the Lucas county Common Pleas Court, but this finding was entirely upset by Squire McElfresh yesterday on his charge to the jury. As Squire McElfresh interprets the law the possession of or offering for sale of any American wild bird other than a game bird is a violation of the law, and this finding, if sustained by the upper courts, means that the sale of birds for any other than scientific purposes in Ohio must cease.

Nearly all the prominent downtown milliners were present at Mr. Nelson's trial yesterday. Attorney Nichols, for Mr. Nelson, sought to have the case dismissed on the ground that the affidavit upon which the defendant was arraigned was faulty. This motion was overruled, and Deputy Game Warden Ryan was called for the State.

He related how he and his assistant, Hennessy, had called at Mr. Nelson's store, and asked to be shown some birds for decorative purposes. He selected from a number of dead birds two birds dyed red, and one which proved to be a black tern, which he still held as evidence. He gave receipts for the birds he had seized, and told Mr. Nelson for what purpose he had seized them.

The cross-examination sought to show that the black tern, or what remained of it, was not in fact a bird, but the plumage of one. Assistant Deputy Warden Hennessy corroborated the testimony of his superior. Prof. Charles Dury, the naturalist and taxidermist, qualified as an expert, and pronounced the bird offered in evidence a black tern. The cross-examination was again directed to show that what was offered in evidence was not a bird, but the plumage of one. Answering the question of a juror, Prof. Dury testified that the plumage offered in evidence was what was once a live bird.

With this testimony the State closed its case. The defense then moved to instruct the jury to acquit on the grounds, first, that the bird submitted in evidence was not a bird, but only the part of one, which is not mentioned in the statute forbidding the sale of birds; second, that the State had failed to prove its case because the affidavit charged that the defendant had offered for sale three birds, while only one was offered in evidence; third, that the State had failed to show that the birds which were seized were in illegal possession of the defendant. This latter ground was the one upon which the Toledo defendants were dismissed, but Squire McElfresh overruled the motion to dismiss. The defense then raised the point that the bird tern is not mentioned by the statute in the list of wild birds which must not be offered for sale. Mr. Fitzgerald read the statute which, after naming a number of native wild birds, says, "or any other wild bird other than a game bird." He contended that this provision included the tern, and he sought to recall Prof. Dury to prove that the tern is "a wild bird other than a game bird." This was bitterly contested by the defense as unlawful, but Mr. Fitzgerald produced an authority allowing his motion, and it was granted. Prof. Dury then testified that the tern is "a wild bird other than a game bird," which brought it clearly within the meaning of the statute.

In his charge Squire McElfresh instructed the jurors, and cautioned them to bear in mind that the fact that the birds may have been in possession of the defendant before the law went into effect must cut no figure in the verdict. He told them that if they found that Mr. Nelson had offered for sale any "wild bird" or "the plumage of any wild bird other than a game bird," they must find the defendant guilty.

The jury was out about five minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty. Squire McElfresh read the statute, which fixes the punishment at not less than $25, nor more than $200. He then assessed a fine of $50 and costs, which will aggregate over $100. The defense fought for a stay of execution, which was protested against by the State on the ground that the Squire had no such power. Mr. Fitzgerald insisted upon execution being taken at once and sending the defendant to jail if the fine was not paid. The defense dared the State to go to such an extreme. Squire McElfresh finally allowed the defense ten days to prepare a bill of exceptions, and agreed to hear arguments on the motion Wednesday morning.

He allowed Mr. Nelson to go without requiring a new bond. This over, the defense demanded the birds which had been seized by Deputy Game Warden Ryan, but Attorney Fitzgerald refused to allow him to give them up, saying that they will be offered for evidence in the Common Pleas Court, to which the finding of the jury will be appealed. There were intimations of an action for damages by the defense.

Considerable bad feeling was shown on both sides, and the prosecution of the other cases that are pending may develop something more than warm words.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Ontario Fish and Game.

A paper read by Edwin Tinsley, Secretary and Chief Warden of the Ontario Game Commission, before the North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

SINCE our last meeting good progress has been made in the great public work in which our Association is actively engaged. It gives hope for the future for game protection, when so many States are abolishing the barbarous practice of spring shooting, and prohibiting the sale of many valuable and decreasing species of game. Recent action has been taken to procure concerted measures for the better protection of two of our most valuable and vanishing game birds, the woodcock and wood duck, so far, I regret to say, without any appreciable results. Sportsmen in general are interesting themselves in the most important matter. Any measures must be general to be effective in perpetuating these species. It would be of no avail to have close seasons for these grand birds in the northern portion of this continent for several years, and allow unrestricted slaughter in the South.

There has been considerable controversy during the past year as to the right or wisdom of the system of non-resident licenses. The license system is the only measure that will enable sportsmen of moderate means to indulge in field sports in the future. The acquisition, by wealthy men, of immense tracts of the best game lands of our respective countries proves how rapidly and dangerously we are approaching the undesirable systems of European countries, in which fish and game are exclusively for the favored few. Had more respect been paid to the laws of nature in the past there would have been far less of the public domain in private preserves, from which the general public are debarred. Vandals, who claim to be sportsmen, are largely responsible for the increase of private preserves, and also for the necessity of a stringent protective system. This class—I cannot truthfully call them men—who during the tourist season invade a neighboring country or State and form pools, the apology for a man catching the most fish during the day takes the results of such pooling, immense quantities of fish being daily left to rot on the shores or dumped into the waters. There are others who during the close seasons abuse the privileges accorded men, as tourists, by shooting everything in sight, from the poor little fawn to the lordly moose, in a spirit of sheer destructiveness, leaving the carcass to rot. Surely the State or Province would be more than justified in requiring a license fee from these characters to pay the costs of the espionage their wrong doing had necessitated. States or Provinces do not allow strangers to enter their respective timber lands and take their timber without paying an equivalent therefor. The same rule applies with equal force to game and fish, both being valuable assets of the States or Provinces, the same as timber.

The protection of fish and game should be self-sustaining. This can only be accomplished by those doing the hunting and fishing paying the cost of the sport provided for them. This, as a rule, would have the beneficial effect of keeping the public domain for the public, and make the task of buying or leasing large portions of public lands for private preserves more difficult. In justice to those hunting on non-resident licenses, they should certainly be allowed to take home at least part of the game killed by them. I am more than ever convinced that the general adoption of licenses for shooting game is the only means of insuring even a moderate supply of game in the future. Those who object to paying a reasonable license fee are not sportsmen, but belong to that numerous class who are always on the alert to procure something for nothing. If all hunters and tourists had in the past honestly obeyed the game and fish laws of our respective countries, the system of licenses would not have been necessary, and the expenses of espionage would not have to be provided for. All who have given the question of fish and game protection the consideration it deserves, will admit that the fish contained in our magnificent lakes and rivers, and the game of forest and field is a most valuable heritage left us by nature for the purpose of being used wisely and well for the benefit of all. Nature makes few mistakes and intended her laws to be observed, and exacts severe penalties for the violation of them.

It is well known that large portions of the United States and Canada are not adapted for agriculture, or even for grazing purposes. The rocks may be rich in mineral deposits that may in due season be discovered, the valuables extracted, the mines deserted and afterwards unproductive for all time. But, on the surface of these rocks, and in the lakes and rivers intervening there exists a perpetual and natural productive source of wealth in fish and game. We are told that good government consists in doing the greatest good to the greatest numbers. Then it is evidently the duty of our respective Governments to introduce measures to perpetuate a valuable heritage in the interest of the majority, and wisely prevent its total destruction in a few short years, to satisfy the greed and rapacity of a few.

If the wild lands composing the public domains are to remain open to the public in our respective countries and the game protected, an equitable system of hunting licenses has become an urgent necessity and will be found to be the only practicable solution of the problem of game protection. We who have enjoyed for many years the pleasures and healthful recreations in field, forest and streams should consider it an imperative duty to do all possible to enable posterity to have the benefit of such health-giving and manly recreations. It is the duty of the State to perpetuate all that has a tendency to make manly men of the rising generation, men who will uphold the honor and dignity of our respective countries.

I take the liberty of saying—without fear of contradiction—that the inherent love of field sports so long prevailing in Great Britain has been a powerful factor in creating that grand empire on which the sun never sets. No other country has produced such offshoots, with their glorious love of liberty, viz. your own United States, Australia, New Zealand and last, but not least, our own Dominion. We should endeavor to imbue our sons with the love of nature, educate them in nature's complete work, by taking them with us on our annual outings, teach them to do that which is just and right to God and their fellow men, and become the peer of any man on earth.

Open Season for Moose, Caribou and Virginia Deer in Ontario, 1902.

Previous to 1896 there was no resident license required from residents of the Province to legally enable them to hunt and kill deer, the law allowing each hunter to kill two deer. In the remote districts we had no means of knowing whether hunters killed two or twenty-two, so long as they were able to get the deer out of the woods to the respective shipping points. The Ontario Game Commission, perceiving the urgent necessity of restricting the shipping facilities, advised the Legislature to pass the present effective license and coupon system, making it illegal for common carriers to transport any deer, moose or caribou, or any portion of same, without having attached one of the two coupons issued with each license. This change has the twofold effect of affording more protection for the deer and has more than provided the cost of such protection. Notwithstanding the very large number of deer killed in the northern portion of the Province, we have good ground for believing that they are not decreasing. During the open season of 1901 the Canadian Express Company carried the large number of 2,372 deer, being an increase of 878 compared with open season of 1900. The number carried by the Dominion Express Company in open season of 1901 was 129, making a total of 2,501.

The Canadian Express Company during the open season of 1902 carried 2,286, 86 less than last year. The Dominion Express Company carried 240, being an increase of 1,111 compared with 1901, being a total of 2,526 an increase of 25 over season of 1901. The above figures convey an imperfect idea of the number of deer killed annually in the Province, full one-half of those procuring licenses having their deer conveyed from the woods to their respective homes by teams. There being nearly 10,000 hunters hunting under licenses and settlers' permits, each being allowed to kill two deer, it is safe to assume that at a very low computation 10,000 deer are killed in Ontario during the open season, in addition to those killed by Indians and settlers in unorganized districts, who are allowed to kill for their own use during the whole year. I feel justified in saying that not less

than 12,000 deer are annually killed in the Province. A few years will determine whether the natural increase of these beautiful animals will equal the demand, without further legislative restrictions. The past open season for moose and caribou, being the first open season—with one exception—for these animals for many years in the Province. I am glad to say that many of those taking advantage of the open season succeeded in securing very fine heads; the Dominion Express Company report having carried 40. Indians and settlers in unorganized districts being allowed to kill one moose each for their own use during the open season, would no doubt increase the number killed to at least 100. Many of those successful report killing moose in close proximity to railway or water transportation facilities, and with little work or trouble, nearly all of the moose hunting being done on the mere fringe of the moose grounds of the Province, few of the hunters going far enough back to caribou grounds. With the completion of the various railways under construction, in connection with the present facilities, moose can be procured with less expense and trouble in Ontario than in any other portion of the great American continent.

The Game Commission is badly handicapped in the protection of the king of all game animals, to which the following lines have been so aptly written:

TO HIS LORDSHIP.

Deep in the silent forest where oft I've chanced to roam,
The monarch moose inhabits, it is his woodland home;
By silent lake at morning, by calm at night,
Majestic stands his lordship, stands motionless in sight;
The north wind to him is music, the tall pines are his friends,
The rivers madly rushing o'er the rocks and round the bends,
Seem to him a heavenly blessing, seem to him the work above,
Of a kind and thoughtful father, and His beings He doth love.

The Government kindly allows Indians and settlers, as before stated, living in unorganized districts of territory, to kill game at all seasons, for their own use. Instead of this leniency having the desired and intended effect of benefitting their families, it has resulted, with few exceptions, in creating a worthless class of loafing poachers whose services are utilized by unscrupulous owners of timber camps, and hotel keepers, to supply them with illegal game. There is not much satisfaction in sending Indians and half-breeds to jail. The fines for illegal possession are so light that owners of camps can well afford to pay fines and continue to feed their men on moose meat instead of beef. While Northern Ontario, with its immense stretch of woods, lakes and rivers, its invigorating and bracing climate, seems to have been specially provided by an all-wise Creator to be a breathing place for the inhabitants of the pent up and overcrowded cities and towns of the United States and the Dominion, I regret to say that many of the so-called tourists to whom the privilege of enjoying this great health-giving country are so freely extended are a disgrace to the country from which they emanate. Several cases were reported to me by deputy wardens during the past tourist season of finding many carcasses of both moose and deer that had been shot in sheer wantonness and spirit of destruction, no portion of them being taken or utilized by those doing the miserable and illegal work. I allude to this matter at some length for the purpose of procuring the active assistance of all respectable tourists in suppressing such vandalism in the interests of all concerned. If in consequence of the abuse of these privileges more restrictive measures become necessary, those obeying the laws will be punished to the same extent as those causing further restrictions. The prohibiting of tourists and guides having firearms in the woods during close seasons and making it imperative for all guides to be licensed will be the most effective.

Wolves.

One hundred and eighty-one wolves were killed during the past year in Ontario at a cost to the Government and municipalities of $2.715. The $15 bounty, I trust, will be effective in the near future of ridding the Province of these destructive pests, with the exception of the extreme northern portion of it.

Acclimating Foreign Game Birds.

The more consideration I have given this matter the less sanguine I become. English and Mongolian pheasants may be well adapted for private preserves, where they can be fed during the winter. The fact of them being ground feeders, and to some extent semi-domesticated, makes it impossible for them to become a factor in the game supply on public lands. Pheasants would have a poor chance in farming districts depleted of woods; in fact, pheasants require similar grounds to those suitable for wild turkeys. Wild turkeys some years ago were found in large numbers in western Ontario. They have disappeared with the woods, and so would the pheasants.

The experiments with capercailzie and black game in Maine have not been successful. No other game birds can be introduced, suitable to our climate, that will compare with our ruffed grouse and quail, and certainly no other game birds so able to take care of themselves. But even these hardy birds cannot hold their own in the fight with nature in her angry moods. A severe winter with the snow crusted or an unusual wet and cold breeding season these plucky birds are unable to contend with. It seems to me we should pay more attention to the material we have suitable to our respective countries than to waste time and money on foreign birds.

I am not aware that the propagation in captivity of our native game birds has been undertaken to any large extent or in an intelligent way. I am not sure this can be done to any large extent, but feel convinced that the establishment of quail breeding farms on a large and intelligent plan would do much to insure a supply of breeding stock after bad breeding seasons, and be a prolific source of profit to those engaging therein. E. Tinsley.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Horrible Destruction of Duck Egg.

Certain of the daily newspapers of Chicago were yesterday very much exercised over the story which comes from St. Paul, where some fifty earnest young men have been meeting with the purpose of saving the American game. The chief feature of this story, and that which most worked up the daily press of this city, was the report made by Dr. Harry Lee, of Chicago, to the effect that the destruction of the ducks of the entire Northwest was threatened by reason of certain nefarious practices of Chicago and other sportsmen who annually go into that country with the deliberate purpose of collecting duck eggs. The dispatch states that these gentlemen bring back duck eggs from the Northwest in all sorts of packages, it being even stated from one source that suit cases are sometimes used for this purpose. "These men, for the most part," states the dispatch, "are disguised as traveling photographers, and their camera cases are used for carrying the eggs. One of the gang, the smoothest and most successful, travels as an evangelist, and makes Devil's Lake and Sweetwater Lake his headquarters. He inquires solicitously after the spiritual welfare of the farmers, and, like his companions, is armed with a fake camera. This, when filled, he takes to the railroad depot, where the eggs are shipped to Chicago, labeled 'negatives, handle with care.'"

Methinks that not since the days of Chops and Tomato Sauce has anything so startling as this come to the notice of the public. It is to be regretted that we are not advised what use is made here in Chicago of these illicit duck eggs surreptitiously removed from the far Northwest. Are they perchance used for the purposes of albumen, or are they devoted to the ignoble function of the omelet in these days of high-priced hen products? We should be glad to have further information upon this head. I trust there is no truth in the report that Chicago sportsmen, evangelical or otherwise, are in the habit of carrying eggs in their suit cases, at least at the time said cases are occupied by their evening or other clothes. I am sure that the leaders of society in this city will indignantly repudiate this assertion.

Illinois Game Law.

Mention has been made of the different game law bills presented at the present session of the Illinois Legislature. Of these, that introduced by Mr. Wheeler on Jan. 21, has been printed and referred to committee, and seems as likely as any others to become a law in part or in whole. It is not known who framed this bill, but Representative Castle is represented to be in favor of it, and as Mr. Castle is known to be a sportsman, it is possible that he has had something to do with some of the suggestions. This bill, as one or more introduced earlier in the session, makes an open date on woodcock and doves on the first day of September. This means no woodcock for Illinois, and some shooters oppose it for this reason. The matter would seem unimportant, as that particular bird cuts small figure here. The chicken date, Sept. 1, nominated in this bill is the one which is apt to prevail in Illinois. The writer would be glad to see all upland shooting begin in this State on Oct. 1, but one is apt to be a good deal older before he does see this state of affairs.

A very bad feature of the Wheeler bill is that it offers one or two loopholes. For instance, Section 1, relative to wildfowl, says it shall be unlawful to hunt any wildfowl, "except coot or mud hen," between sunset and sunrise, or to hunt any wildfowl, "except coot or mud hen" at any time between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of September. Of course, to any thinking sportsman acquainted with the practical conditions of the country, it would be obvious that this means to have no duck law whatever. The man who will hunt coot or mud hen all through the summer and far into the night is apt to shoot almost anything else which comes his way. This is the worst feature of the Wheeler bill.

There is to offset this blunder the very wise provision of Section 2, which includes wild ducks and all other wildfowl in the clause which prohibits the sale of Illinois game. Of course this does not prohibit the sale of game from other States, and of course also a good deal of Illinois game will sneak in under cover of other States; yet we have never before stopped the sale of ducks in Illinois. So much for the outcry raised over the Powers boys' butchery on their private marsh. There is little doubt that they have done sportsmen a good turn in thus beginning the movement to stop the sale of ducks in this State.

The Wheeler bill advances some good law when it declares in Section 11 that the "ownership of and title to all wild game and birds in the State of Illinois is hereby declared to be in the State," etc. This may be hard doctrine for the gentleman who has been in the habit of believing that the wild game and birds belonged to himself whenever and however he could get them.

This bill provides for a State Game Commissioner under salary. It further provides for ten game wardens to be appointed by the commissioner, under approval of the Governor, who shall have no employment or business except that of their warden's duties, and who shall be appointed "for efficient service only, regardless of political influence." This sounds very ideal. In addition to this executive staff of the game warden, a deputy warden is to be appointed for each county. This part of the law is wise, practical and good. We need a bigger and stronger executive arm for the enforcement of our laws. A poor law well enforced, is better than a good law left unenforced.

Of course this system of paid wardens implies the principle of hunting licenses. Section 25 of this bill makes it obligatory for any resident of Illinois who shoots in the field to take out a shooting license which will cost him $1. All non-residents will pay a license of $10. This law appeals to some of those who consider it class legislation to charge a non-resident license unless a resident license is charged. The discrepancy between the prices of the two is something which we do not hear mentioned in this objection of discrimination. I think it hardly need be said that if the $1 shooting license clause remains in the bill, it will certainly fail of passage in the Illinois Legislature. Country members will hardly dare vote for that $1 shooting license. It would set too heavily on that well-known factor in game legislation known as the "poor country boy."

The quail season provided in this bill runs from Nov. 1 to Dec. 1, and I believe that it is wise in so far as it stops the quail season at Dec. 1, which is the closing date on other sorts of game. A more ideal quail law from the sportsman's standpoint would be one beginning Nov. 15 and ending Dec. 15. There is much virtue, however, in uniform shooting dates. If we cannot have a shooting season of thirty days in the fall, or sixty days, then let us confine it to ninety days; and I think a few years later we shall not regret having done so, even if we do curtail a few of the pleasures in one or other of our favorite forms of field shooting. Most of this comment has been advanced earlier in discussion of our outlook in legislation.

It is not known at this writing just what chance the Wheeler bill has of passage, but the impression here is that it is as well backed as any. I have written Mr. Castle, urging his immediate attention to the clause in regard to coots and mud hens, which surely ought not to be left in any game bill. In one or two particulars, as may be seen by reference to the above, this is a loophole law, and as such faulty and deplorable; but perhaps it is not yet too late to mend one or two of these loopholes. The measure repeals the game laws of 1889, 1885, 1891, 1899, and all amendments to these laws made at its date from 1885 to the present. It would therefore, if passed, represent the game law of this State. Upon the whole it would be a distinct advance over any game law we have ever yet had. It does not dare to come out and recommend the abolishment of spring shooting, but closes the season on wildfowl April 15, and on the plover family and snipe April 25.

Wisconsin Fish Laws.

Feb. 14.—Wisconsin is discussing all sorts of things in regard to the game and fish laws in the present session of the Legislature. The market fishing element is well represented. Another sort of fishing is also represented in a bill which would permit the use of nets for catching carp, suckers, etc. It is true that the net must be "used in the presence of a warden," and that, under the terms of the bill, any game fish found in the net would have to be "returned to the water." As it happens, I have in a late issue of the Forest and Stream mentioned one instance of how a precisely similar law would and did work in Illinois. The fine specimens of game fish do not always find their way back to the water, but to the table of certain interested parties of more or less political pull. I venture the assertion that this might be the case in Wisconsin. It would be impossible for all the wardens in the State of Wisconsin to watch one-tenth of the nets which would be put in operation under the terms of this law. It is a loophole law, the same as no law at all.

Another matter taken up in Wisconsin by this Legislature is the question of our friend the carp. It seems that Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Ravenal, of the U. S. Fish Commission; Mr. Lydell, of Michigan, and other experts are quoted in friendly terms as to this much-hated nuisance of our Western waters. Dr. Bartlett's warm personal friendship for the carp is too well known to need repetition, but these are his words, quoted to members of the Wisconsin Legislature: "Small sunfish and minnows I have found do more to destroy young bass than anything else in the world. I took occasion when carp were first brought upon the market to be present while hundreds of carp were opened, to see if I could find in their stomachs anything which would indicate that they took the fry or spawn of other fish. I cannot say that I have never found the spawn of other fish in their stomachs, but when I have found such spawn it has been of such nature as led me to believe that it was such as floated to the surface of the water, and that the carp took them in in that sucking motion that it has going around on the surface of the water. The voracious habits of the black bass requires a large quantity of coarse fish as food, and I believe as firmly as I am standing here that had the carp not been introduced in the State of Illinois that the bass would have been gradually taken out entirely from our list. As it is now, I want to repeat the statement that we have more black bass than ever, and our carp certainly have increased in a greater ratio than ever before."

The Wisconsin anglers will do well not to be misled by these enthusiastic and apparently well grounded statements of Dr. Bartlett. It is not the case that we have more bass all over the State of Illinois than we had before the introduction of the carp. The contrary is true. This fish has nearly ruined the bass fishing in such streams as the Kankakee and other tributaries. The black bass are perhaps more abundant than ever along the Illinois River, and some of the lakes and bayous of that district. This fact is due to the continual seining and planting of young bass, and not to the presence of the carp themselves, as can easily be seen, and as Dr. Bartlett ought to be shrewd enough to guess without aid or suggestion from an outsider. The simple truth is that this imported nuisance will ruin our streams and ruin the fishing unless eventually measures are taken to counteract the destruction which it creates. As to its eating spawn of game fish, that is not the charge laid against it. The charge is that it multiplies from its own spawn so rapidly that it practically takes possession of a stream. Swarms of these scavengers keep a bass stream continually stirred up, muddy, roily and distasteful, so that the game fish simply leave it as completely as though their spawn were eaten up. The habits of the carp are more like those of a hog than of a fish. We don't need him, and we don't want him, and Wisconsin will do mighty well to do everything to keep the carp out of her streams, and not to tolerate the thought of its ever being introduced

into them. In the name of all good angling, let us have at least a few Western waters left free from this absurd and pestiferous imported nuisance.

Other changes which are contemplated in the Wisconsin fish laws will prohibit ice fishing from shanties in the winter, will prohibit the use of set lines, will establish a close season on pike from the first of January to the first of June, and on bass from the first of January to the first of July. It is not known what outlook these different measures have for carrying.

During the past year there were confiscated in Lake Winnebago and the Fox River 250 nets which had been used by market fishers. Fifty of these nets were 300 feet long and 12 feet deep. Nothing less prolific than our friend the carp would serve to furnish continual food for these big engines of destruction.

Best Places for Ducks.

It seems that the new rice region in eastern Texas is attracting a great many ducks along the coast. There is a big club which shoots on the marsh about a dozen miles from Liberty, Tex. Further westward, Port Lavaca, is a capital place for a hunt, and I hear big reports of the shooting there this week. Perhaps the best points are on the big King's Ranch, toward Brownsville, or the live oak flats below Uvalde, where there are literally millions of ducks right now. This is getting toward the famous Laguana de los Patos, where not long ago one gun killed 325 redheads in one day. That ought to be enough. The great trouble about a trip down into that country is the difficulty of killing few enough ducks to sit well with one's conscience. I presume that is the best part of the sporting country of the Southwest to-day.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine's Plan to Tax Hunters.

From the Springfield Republican.

IN response to my request that Chairman L. T. Carleton of the Maine Fish and Game Commission furnish a concise statement of the principal arguments for the proposed taxing of non-resident hunters, he submitted the following, writing from Augusta, Me.:

In reply to your esteemed favor of the 18th relative to the proposed license law for hunting big game in Maine, I beg leave to say that "we are confronted by a condition, not a theory." It costs us to operate our fish hatcheries and feeding stations $23,000 a year, in round numbers, leaving us but about $2,000 out of our appropriation for warden service. It will cost as much in the future to operate these hatcheries as in the past. It is absolutely impossible to get a larger appropriation from the State of Maine for warden service. The condition is, that we can get no better protection unless we have this law, and that our game will rapidly disappear and soon become a thing of the past unless more money is had for warden service, just as surely as dead deer and dead moose bring forth no increase. The carcasses of 108 moose, mostly cows, which had been illegally killed, were found by wardens during the past year and reported to this office. Following the lead of about every other State and country that has big game to protect—in order to get better protection and save our game, I advocate a license law. The sentiment of the people of Maine is strongly in favor of such a law, and I have no doubt it will be passed by the incoming Legislature practically unanimously. Very sincerely yours, LEROY T. CARLETON, Chairman.

Mr. Carleton's ideas on this subject are, of course, entitled to respect and consideration, but there is naturally considerable objection to the proposed legislation from many of the non-residents who are accustomed to take their outing in the Maine woods. The writer has made many such trips, and is convinced from personal observation and investigation that the administration of the game laws of Maine, if not greatly improved, will be even more to blame for the expected decrease of deer and moose within her borders than the continued exemption from taxation of sportsmen from outside the State could possibly be.

Chairman Carleton asserts that the Maine Fish and Game Commission cannot secure an increase of the $25,000 allowance for fish and game protection which his State allows. This seems ridiculous, in view of the fact that several million dollars are left in the State of Maine every year by visiting sportsmen. There is no reason, in my opinion why the State should not furnish an appropriation of $100,000 at least, and it would thereby be a gainer in many ways. I believe that if Mr. Carleton and his adherents are truly anxious to save their game they should begin such preservation by enacting stringent laws and enforcing them upon the residents of Maine. They must know it to be a fact, as do all of us who visit the Maine woods, either frequently or infrequently, that the first thing nine men out of ten, residents of the State, think of after they have shot deer, is how many dollars they can get for them. Generally speaking, the people of Maine themselves do not appear to care a picayune for the preservation of game, from what is commonly called a sportsmanlike view. Many would probably be sorry to have the large game seriously depleted, because it would be harder for them to get fresh meat to eat, in season and out of season, and they would lose their present revenue from marketing the results of their hunting trips.

I think more deer are killed illegally and sold by Maine residents than are transported beyond the borders of that State by outsiders. It seems to me that one deer to each person, residents as well as non-residents of Maine, is ample, unless it is desired to encourage pot-hunting, and, moreover, if Commissioner Carleton and his associates desire to take measures which will retard the extinction of deer and moose they ought to secure the enactment of laws similar to those which the State of Massachusetts has regarding partridge. If the exposure of deer or moose for sale by the marketmen of the State and sale by all her residents were prohibited, and such measures strictly enforced, the large game of the State would be given a new and lasting lease of life. As it is now, the marketmen in Bangor and other large Maine cities often have more deer and moose offered them than they can accept.

If a tax is imposed on sportsmen from outside of the State, it seems entirely unreasonable that residents of Maine should not pay as well, and that all who enter the State should pay it. At least only those who secure game should be called on to add to the State's treasury. To an outsider it appears that the people of Maine are anxious to have sportsmen from outside the State pay not only for the game which said sportsmen go after, even if they do not secure it, but for all the game which the inhabitants of the State slaughter, in season and out of season. I say out of season advisedly, for I believe that many communities in the State know no game laws practically. That is, whenever wild meat is wanting it is secured, regardless of close or open season.

E. M. W.

Bear Bounties and Others.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Feb. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping (editorial) from the Manchester (New Hampshire) Mirror of February 12, on the failure of a bear bounty bill in the New Hampshire Legislature:

"We are sorry to see among the measures killed in the House of Representatives our old friend Bear Bounty Bill, for if there is anything which this agricultural, mountainous, forest-bearing State that has just elected a granger Governor is in duty bound to do it is to encourage the cultivation of bears by paying a bounty on their ears. Theory and experience unite to show the wisdom of such a course. The bear is indigenous to New Hampshire. As we remember, natural history teaches that he originated here, near what is known as Bear Camp Station in the town of Ossipee. Be that as it may, this was his habitat long before we robbed the Indians of their fishing grounds and let loose among them Hannah Dustin and other strong-minded women of her day. At the least he is a time-honored institution and for that reason should be venerated and protected. He is more than that. He is useful, handsome and healthy. He feeds himself and chews his own food. He clothes himself and his coat is warm when he is done with it. He is entertaining and there is much chaw to his meat. He is sociable or savage as occasion requires, and the sportsman can tell as many lies about catching him as he can about the capture of any other beast on the farm. He never has the mouth disease. He never begets feeble-minded children for Billy Ahern to build asylums over. He never sells his vote.

PUTTING OUT DECOYS ON AN IOWA SLOUGH.
Photo by J. P. Bicknell.

He is a good citizen while he lives and when he dies his carcass is cheap at nine cents a pound and his hide brings big money. All this in his uncultivated state. And he yields to civilized treatment more readily than the best of Filipinos.

"At one time, for a series of years, the State encouraged him by paying a bounty of ten dollars on his ears, and with this inducement he multiplied himself rapidly, became domesticated and educated, raised six pairs of ears each season and went down from the mountains to show them to the selectmen of Carroll county, whose drafts upon the State treasury in his behalf or in behalf of his supposed captors amounted to thousands of dollars each year and steadily transformed the hunters of Albany and Bartlett into capitalists.

"It cannot be said with truth that under the bounty stimulus the bear became as multitudinous as the hawks, of which Natt Wentworth shot 4,789 in one day on his farm in Hudson in one day, or the woodchucks, which came over to the Haverhill intervales from Vermont in such hordes that Bill Whitcher's ancestors had to take him out of college to keep tabs on the animals and calculate the amount of the bounty at ten cents each; but, as we have said, he multiplied and prospered and populated many a deserted farm and put money in the purses of many an honest agriculturist, and was one of the best crops harvested.

"But the bounty was repealed and then he began to dwindle and diminish and disappear; to shed his ears down to a single pair, to lose his courage and slink away from the haunts of man and to cease to yield either fur or fat at a rate which if continued will soon extinguish him altogether.

"The bounty should be restored. It is good for the bear, for the hunter, for the farmer, for all concerned. The untimely fate of the bill is to be mourned."

This recalls a story told me recently by our State Treasurer. Some years since a stranger came into the office of the treasurer and stood for some time, then said: "Say, is this where you get the bounty on bears?" The official replied: "The selectmen of the town where the bears were killed will, on presentation of the ears and noses of the bears, pay the bounty." The visitor pondered for a while, and then said: "Say, I am the chairman of the selectmen in my town and I have four bears which I killed there. Can I pay myself?" He was told to make out a bill in proper form and hand it to the town treasurer. More pondering and then: "Say, I don't know how to make it out. Won't you do it for me?" This was done, but the visitor still lingered. After a time: "Say, Mister, you have used me first rate." And then another pause, and he dived into his pocket and pulled out a bottle. "Say, can't I sell you some bear's grease?"

We have had bounties on bears, foxes, woodchucks and hawks. One by one they have been repealed and none are now in force, unless it be a recent attempt to put one on hedgehogs.

There seems a difference of opinion as to the wisdom of bounties. For my part, I think it would have been well to let the law remain as it was on bears and hawks. The latter do a great deal of damage to both game and poultry. When such a bounty was in force the small boy and also some who had ceased to be boys, were much interested in the hawks. When a hawk's nest was located (and they worked hard to find them) perhaps they did wait until the eggs hatched. Then usually the whole of that hawk family was wiped out. As to foxes, the average farmer (unless he be a fox hunter) would be glad of a bounty on them. The fox hunters were generally opposed to such a bounty and by their efforts it was repealed.

As I understand an effort is now being made for more stringent laws as to trapping of foxes. There is a sort of a law to this effect now in force. It says: "No one shall set traps except on his own land or land he has leased." Practically no attention is paid to it. It is very easy to get permission from the average land owner and for no consideration whatever to set fox traps. The trapping goes on. Some foxes are caught and also dogs and other animals.

C. M. STARK.

A System of Game Protection.

A Letter to President Alex. Starbuck, of the Cuvier Club, Cincinnati.

DEAR SIR—I am honored by your invitation to submit an opinion as to the "best method of protecting game." The best method, I take it, would imply the least friction, the greatest gains, the widest privileges and the most satisfactory general results. Will say that modifications of my plan will apply to fish also.

In formulating governing rules, the several questions of sport, money profit, and food supply have to be considered, while landowners' rights have to be respected. Any encroachment upon inherited or vested rights, especially those of long standing, will naturally be resented. Preferred classes must not be recognized.

Laws governing trespass are as old as the hills. Under their operation a man's house becomes his castle, and his broad acres an eminent domain. Should he take life in their defense he is absolved. But it so happens that the farmers and foresters, who are, perhaps, the most of all interested in the whole subject of game and its protection, because it is on their premises where game is harbored and propagated, have been very little consulted hitherto either in framing the game laws or in the matter of taking game from their premises. Indeed, they have scarcely been regarded as a party to the arrangement.

My first move would be to place them where they belong, and where their fences and boundary lines show they belong, to the manor born and as lord proprietors in fee, recognizing their rights to exclude undesirable and unknown persons, as I do their rights to dispense or decline hospitality. As at present situated, when they are intruded upon, either by sportsmen or wardens, they are much in the same plight as the mine owners, mill operatives and storekeepers and contractors, who find themselves confronted and dictated to by walking delegates. They submit to pressure or to intrusion through undefined fear of reprisal or of some penalty for infraction of laws which they may know nothing about; or, if read in the law, they are ready to evade it when they can because they recognize its injustice. Such unwilling subjects can hardly be classed as earnest game protectors, especially as they do not see what there is in it for them.

Now, laws, for whatever purpose enacted, cannot remain effective unless they are backed by popular sentiment; they become a dead letter, and our game laws, as they stand, are not sensible. They are ambiguous, discriminating, defective and unsatisfactory. Hence, traversing the protective efforts of the past half century and penciling out their defects and shortcomings, as embodied in the formulating codes, I conclude that the best manner to guard, preserve and increase the game is:

1. To make every landowner the custodian of his own property, as far as may consist with the established common law, just as the Federal Government has assumed charge of vast tracts of wild land of late for the purpose of conservation.

2. To encourage him to enforce the law of trespass against persons entering his premises with firearms unless they have permits to shoot.

3. To make trespassers amenable to the nearest magistrate or court of justice.

4. To devise and grant such permits as will involve a contract between the landowner and the shooter for a stipulated sum per diem, or for a share of the game killed, on the same principle that parties cultivate crops on shares.

5. That there shall be a legal limit as to sex, size, age and the number of creatures killed, with heavy penalties for infraction.

6. That States shall waive their ownership of *feræ naturæ*.

7. That game killed or acquired by one's labor or effort is as much the property of the possessor as any other portable property or commodity acquired by one's own efforts, and may be sold, eaten or given away as he may elect.

8. That game may be shipped from place to place, in and out of the State, when suitably tagged with name of shooter, shipper and common carrier and a mention is made of the place where shot and the owner of the place.

9. That discrepancies between declarations and contents of packages shall be heavily penalized when evil intent is proven.

10. That shooting shall be suspended on Sundays and other designated weekly intervals.

11. That informers shall have one-half of all fines collected and paid into the county treasury.

12. That landowners shall be their own game wardens, and that every man shall be a legally constituted spy upon his neighbor to carry out the law, and that it shall be his duty, under penalty for neglect, to report delinquencies or infractions.

13. That no odium shall attach to informers as violating honor, friendship or etiquette of vicinage or of the woods.

On such basis, I believe a code of game laws would win the good will and energetic support of every loyal sportsman, guide, musket shooter, shipper, cold storage man, restaurant keeper and consumer, and that no code of laws formulated on any other substratum will. Had such a code been put into force a quarter of a century ago, with less in it for the sportsman and more for the rest of mankind, there would be few preserves under wire these days belonging to individuals whose wealth can command and insure what the laws have denied to them.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. HALLOCK, M.A.

The Adirondacks.

From the report of William F. Fox, Superintendent of New York State Forests.

Private Preserves.

In the Adirondack region there are sixty preserves, with an aggregate acreage of 780,993 acres held as private property by sportsmen's clubs or individuals. The boundaries of each preserve are posted at intervals of forty rods with printed notices warning people that it is private land on which no trespassing, fishing or hunting will be permitted, the posting of such notices being required by the law authorizing the establishment of private parks or preserves. The club or individual is not necessarily the owner of the property; in some instances the land thus occupied and posted is leased, the exclusive fishing, hunting and camping privilege having been obtained through some such arrangement with the lumber company or person in whom the title is vested. Some of these preserves are situated, partly or wholly, outside the Adirondack Park, and hence the acreage just mentioned exceeds that given in the table showing the classification of lands within the park.

Throughout all the private preserves the land is well wooded, and each contains some lake, pond or fishing stream. The forest on some of these holdings is a primeval one, untouched by axe or fire. On several of the larger preserves the owners are conducting lumbering operations; but as the cutting is done under a conservative, intelligent management, and is restricted to soft wood species of medium diameter, a large revenue is derived from the property without impairing its capacity for future production. Then again there are clubs which own large tracts that have been lumbered; but as the logging was done fifteen years or more, at a time when the lumbermen took the large timber of one species only, these forests retain much of their primitive condition.

The private preserves in the Adirondacks, with a slight exception, have been established within the last sixteen years—most of them within eleven years—and the comparatively sudden exclusion of the public from its old camping grounds has provoked a bitter hostility on the part of the hunters, fishermen and guides who formerly ranged over this territory. The sportsman who returns to some favorite haunt only to find himself confronted with the words "No Thoroughfare" turns back with a resentful feeling, while the guides, who were wont to conduct their patrons wherever game was plentiful, view with threatening looks the hired gamekeepers that guard the forbidden lands.

On the other hand, the owners of the preserves point to the protection of the forests, fish and game afforded by them, and to the large number of guides and woodsmen to whom they furnish constant and lucrative employment. In 1899, the dry season in which forest fires were raging in the Adirondacks to an unusual extent, it was noticed that there were no fires on the private preserves, aside from incipient ones that were extinguished before any serious danger was incurred. This was due to the large number of forest patrols employed by the owners of these tracts.

It is not necessary that the State should purchase these private holdings in order that the tree growth may be protected; for the owners can be relied upon to preserve the forest conditions that are so essential to the enjoyment of their property. The acquisition of these high-priced lands may be safely deferred until the rest of the Adirondack Park has been bought. But the tenure of title to these private preserves is not permanent like that of the State Preserve; these properties change hands frequently; public sentiment is always gratified when any of this territory is opened to the people; and so it would be well if the State kept a fund on hand, available at all times for the purchase of such tracts whenever any portion is thrown upon the market.

Adirondack Private Preserves.

The ownership and acreage of the various preserves is as follows:

Adirondack Club.—McIntyre Iron Co., owner, 59,300 acres.

Adirondack League Club.—Hon. Warren Higley, President, 79,172.

Adirondack Mountain Reserve.—William G. Neilson, President, 25,912.

Adirondack Forestry Association.—Gen. Hazard Stevens, Oscar B. Ireland and George E. Terry, trustees, 4,358.

Altamont Club.—Union Bag and Paper Co., owners, 4,595.

Ampersand Preserve.—Santa Clara Lumber Co., owners, 32,407.

Anthony Ponds.—Harper Brothers, owners, 7,221.

Bog Lake Camp.—Charles A. Tatum and Edmund C. Converse, owners, 5,618.

Brandreth Park.—Franklin Brandreth, Ralph Brandreth and Gen. E. A. McAlpin, owners, 27,298.

Camp Arbutus.—Archer M. Huntington, owner, 1,699.

Childwold Park.—Henry G. Dorr et al., owners, 13,090.

Caughnawaga Club.—William H. Clark, President, 8,838.

Cutting Preserve.—Frank A. Cutting, owner, 7,510.

De Bar Mountain Park.—William Rockefeller, owner, 11,675.

Deer Lick Rapids Club.—7,500.

Everton Park.—Wm. Rockefeller et al., owners, 20,000.

Fenton Game Preserve Association.—Leased land. Charles Fenton, Secretary, 60,000.

Follensby Pond Preserve.—Titus B. and Ferris J. Meigs, owners, 4,855.

Forest Park and Land Company.—Wm. W. Durant, President, 4,838.

"G" Lake Preserve.—E. Z. Wright and John D. Collins, owners, 480.

Granshue Club.—Charles R. Holmes, President, 8,752.

Grasse River Outing Club.—Charles E. Brown, President, 5,520.

Hamilton Park.—Hon. William C. Whitney, owner, 61,066.

Hamilton Lake Preserve.—John A. Starin, owner, 3,202.

Hollywood Club.—Dr. C. C. French, President, 2,360.

Horse Shoe Forestry Company.—Augustus A. Low, 27,431.

Inlet Club Preserve, 6,700.

Kamp Kill Kare.—Hon Timothy L. Woodruff, owner, 1,030.

Kildare Club.—Ehrich Brothers, owners, 8,536.

Knollwood Club.—Louis Marshall et al, directors, 450.

Lake Placid Club.—Melvil Dewey et al., owners, 2,148.

Lake Reserves.—Dr. William Seward Webb, owner, 8,470.

Litchfield Park.—Edward H. Litchfield, owner, 12,427.

Long Lake Preserve.—Raquette Falls Land Co., owners, 2,200.

Lloyd Triangle.—Theodore Page et al., owners, 3,600.

Massawepie Club.—Hon. A. P. Hepburn, owner, 1,720.

Mat-a-Mek Preserve.—Hon. Ashbel P. Fitch, owner, 1,854.

Meacham Lake Preserve, 5,580.

Mohegan Lake Camp.—J. Pierpont Morgan, owner, 1,551.

Moose Pond Preserve.—Hon. George R. Finch, owner, 800.

Morehouse Lake Club.—W. W. Mosher, President, 1,500.

Nehasane Park.—Dr. William Seward Webb, President, 42,848.

North Woods Club.—James Yalden, Secretary, 4,583.

Paul Smith's Preserve.—Paul Smith's Hotel Co., owners, 18,484.

Pine Lake Club.—Watson D. Dunmore, President, 987.

Pleasant Lake Club.—Thos. H. Wagstaff, President, 1,000.

Pleasant Lake Preserve, 8,750.

Putnam Preserve.—Dr. Charles P. Putnam, owner, 2,960.

Read and Strong Park, 7,375.

Rockefeller Preserve.—Wm. G. Rockefeller, owner, 52,335.

Sabattis Park.—Charles R. Christy, owner, 1,633.

Sagamore Park.—Alfred G. Vanderbilt, owner, 1,530.

Santanoni Park.—Hon. Robert C. Pruyn, owner, 11,205.

Saranac Club.—Jonathan J. Broome, President, 267.

Stillwater Club Preserve.—J. H. Rushton, Secretary, 20,000.

Upper Saranac Association.—Dr. Samuel B. Ward, President, 2,751.

Vilas Preserve.—E. A. Carpenter, owner. 18,075.

Wilderness Park.—W. S. DeCamp, owner, 29,567.

Wilmurt Club.—Hon. Titus Sheard, President, 1,655.

Zack Lake Preserve.—Raquette Falls Land Co., owners, 1,725.

Total acreage, 780,993.

The total area of the private preserves as given here is much less than that shown in the list published by the Forest Commission in its annual report for 1893. This decrease is due to large sales made to the State and to the lumber companies. Since 1896 the State has purchased 75,000 acres of the Nehasane Park Association, 35,932 acres of the Adirondack League Club, and 30,000 acres from the owners of the Santa Clara Preserve.

In addition to the preserves mentioned in the foregoing list there is a large amount of forest property in the Adirondacks composed of small holdings—from five to one hundred acres each—on which cottages, or "camps," as they are called, have been erected. These summer residences, with their pretty boat houses and other buildings, are often located at sightly points on the lakes—particularly the Raquette, Saranacs and St. Regis—where they form a never failing source of interest to the tourist, as they represent large expenditures of money, and are models of good taste combined with solid comfort. They furnish employment at high wages for a large number of people—"house guides," servants, and men on private launches—and contribute in various other ways to the prosperity of the region. Together with the "camps" on the larger private preserves there are at present 419 of these summer residences in the Adirondacks, costing from $5,000 to $100,000 each, in which the investment for buildings, exclusive of land, amounts in the aggregate to $3,846,500.

If there are any to whom these figures may appear unduly large, their attention is respectfully called to the beautiful and costly summer homes near Raquette Lake owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Hon. Timothy Woodruff, and the late Collis P. Huntington; to the forest villas on the St. Regis Lakes of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, F. W. Vanderbilt and H. McK. Twombly; to the expensive, tasteful "camps" on Upper Saranac Lake belonging to Hon. Levi P. Morton, Isaac Seligman, the Messrs. Swenson, Mr. Julius S. Bache, Dr. L. E. Holt and Mr. D. H. Kahn; to the bulidings of the Knollwood Club on Lower Saranac; the numerous fine cottages of the Adirondack Club on Little Moose, Honnedaga, and the Bisby Lakes; the houses of the Saranac Club on the Bartlett Carry; the large number of beautiful cottages at Lake Placid and Keene Valley; and the extensive buildings on the private preserves of Hon. Robert C. Pruyn, Dr. William Seward Webb, Mr. William Rockefeller, Gen. E. A. McAlpin and Mr. A. A. Low.

Guides' Yarns.

How often during our hunting trips do we come across a guide who has a high sense of the ludicrous, and who will not hesitate, should a chance present itself, to test in many ways the hunting qualities of those who have hired him. One guide in particular with whom I have hunted on several occasions was chock full of yarns which he would spin in the evenings over the campfire, and always at the expense of some of his previous employers, who evidently had not been very well posted in hunting lore or woodcraft.

His pet joke, which he always told with the greatest gusto, knowing, I suppose, from past experience, that it would fetch down the house (or tent), was related of two young Englishmen who were just fresh from the old country and out for their first hunting trip in the Rockies. One of them, intending, I presume, to write up an account of their trip for some sporting magazine, kept a diary, and in it faithfully recorded the events of each day.

They had been out two days, and at nightfall arrived at the base of the mountain on which their guide (whose first name is Archie) intended they should do their hunting; the tent was pitched and everything put in order for the morrow. At daybreak next morning Archie was astir preparing breakfast, and happening outside the tent to wash out the frying pan he scanned the mountain for game, and in a few moments descried an animal which he knew to be a bear moving about on a bluff nearly three-fourths of a mile up the mountain. He re-entered the tent and to his two companions, who were still asleep, he broke the news as follows:

"Boys (sniff, sniff), I smell a bear. Boys (sniff, sniff), I smell a bear!"

At the mention of bear the two Englishmen, who had been partially aroused by Archie's call, tumbled out in a hurry, and, without waiting to don their clothes, rushed outside. The guide followed them and began sniffing in all directions. At last, turning his face toward the bluff on which he had seen the bear, he said: "He's up in this direction, gentlemen."

In a moment one of them had spotted him, and hastily dressing themselves they started with Archie in pursuit of the bear and eventually succeeded in killing it. They talked all day about the splendid nose their guide possessed and in the evening, when recording the events of the day, the following entry was made in the diary: "A most wonderful thing happened to-day; our guide positively smelt a bear over half a mile from camp." Then followed an account of the killing. FRANK RAMSEY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part VIII.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page* 111.)

"Though sluggards deem it but an idle chase,
And marvel much that men should quit their easy chair
The toilsome way and long, long leagues to trace;
Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated Ease can never hope to share."

—Byron.

THERE may be some persons now living who remember the vast flights of wild pigeons that used annually to visit the New England States and the Canadian Provinces. Whence they came, whither they went, or where they lived, the Octogenarian does not know, nor is he aware of any *Savants* who explain these things satisfactorily. They tell us how many feathers there are in the tail, how many quills in each wing and descant learnedly on its head, bill and feet; some go so far as to assure us that all the numerous varieties of pigeons that are shown by fancy breeders are descended from the wild blue rock and wood pigeons; but about the immense flights that were common a century ago, whence they came or whither they went, the *Savants* are eloquently silent. The great American Ornithologist, J. J. Audubon, has described flights of wild pigeons he saw in the Western States that stagger the credulity of thoughtful readers. These flights, he tells us, often exceeded half a mile in width, and occupied hours in passing spectators, who noted and timed their passage. So compact were the masses that, during the time of their passing, the rays of the sun were intercepted and a partial darkness caused. Where such myriads found food on their passage; where they bred and found food for their nestlings and themselves, the writer has never been able to learn, and all the *Savants* he has consulted are as ignorant as himself. But there would seem to be a close connection between the food supply and their annual migrations; the failure of the former would seem to be the cause of the total cessation of the latter. Whether those migrations still continue in Kentucky and Louisiana, which States were formerly visited by them in such incredible myriads as Audubon describes, the writer does not know; but in the New England States, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where they formerly came in vast numbers, a wild pigeon is now a curiosity.

The boyhood of the writer passed in what is now the considerable town of Sackville, but which was then a

wide expanse of scattered farms, extensive marshes and uncleared woodlands. One of his earliest memories is the immense flights of wild pigeons which annually visited the neighborhood. Though these came in immense compact masses, they soon broke up into numerous large clumps, which spread all over the surrounding country. These, again, divided into smaller flocks in search of food, until every county in the Province had its quota of wild pigeons in great numbers, as long as the wild berries, acorns and beech nuts supplied them with food. But, so far as the writer is aware, they never nested nor reared their young in New Brunswick, nor did they depart in flights large enough to attract attention. The number trapped, shot or otherwise killed in the Provinces was infinitesimal compared with the vast numbers that were scattered over every place where clearings and settlements had been made. In short, the wild pigeon was as great a puzzle and reproach to Ornithologists as the salmon family is to Icthyologists.

In his boyhood fowling-pieces were rare in agricultural regions. Old army muskets were almost the only fire-arms possessed by farmers. Double-barreled guns were shows and the percussion lock had not then evolved; old flint and steel locks were the only ones known among even the most advanced sportsmen of those days. The mode of taking wild pigeons was very primitive and economical; but, at the same time, very effectual. The haunts of the birds were always in woods near to cultivated fields, and the few trees left in these fields were generally crowded with birds. Passing flocks resorted to them as resting places, and large numbers were taken in the primitive traps that supplied the place of powder and shot. A square about ten feet long by eight wide, and fourteen inches deep, was dug in the neighborhood of these trees or of the bordering woodland, the bottom beaten hard and smooth. This excavation was covered by a light frame of four small, straight saplings of spruce or fir, halved at the corners and strongly nailed. A lighter pole stretched across the middle and strongly secured by nails, gave the strength required. This frame was made eight or ten inches longer and broader than the hole it covered, and stretched over it was a piece of netting; or sometimes light laths, about two inches apart, took the place of netting, if this last was not easily obtainable. Some wheat, oats, corn or buckwheat was then scattered liberally over the bottom of the excavation; one edge of the frame was raised about four feet by a light prop, to which was fastened a strong cord extending to a brush covert some 100 yards distant. The *Sportsman* had not long to wait before the hole was full of pigeons; a smart jerk released the prop, and the frame fell before the birds could escape. The meshes or slats were full of extruding necks; a slight twist of each caused a speedy and painless death. Though seemingly cruel, this mode of capture was really more humane than shooting among a flock, since only those killed could be secured, while all the wounded escaped to die a lingering and painful death. The netter pursued his game only when it was needed for food, and a single spring of his trap often procured more birds than he and his neighbors needed for the time.

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Not until his fourteenth year did the Octogenarian become the proud possessor of a single-barreled flint-lock gun. In the few years that had elapsed since his boyhood, the flights of pigeons had become much smaller and more scattered; but they were still numerous enough to offer fine shooting to the ambitious schoolboy, and were not beneath the attention of older sportsmen. Meantime, the Sackville home had been changed for one on the banks of the Miramichi. This bustling town was a great change from the quiet agricultural village; the numerous ships in the river, some discharging their coal ballast, others taking in cargoes of square timber to the chanties of the sailors with the chorus, "O, heave cheerily, men"; the busy shipyards lining the shores to Chatham; the sawmills that were just being introduced in the North; all combined to make Miramichi, next to St. John, the most stirring place in the Province. The lumbering business was then in its most prosperous days in the northern counties; sawmills and deals were then almost unknown. Square timber—pine and birch—was the great export, while shipbuilding was the great mechanical industry on the Miramichi. The three great commercial houses which controlled, if they did not monopolize, business in the northern counties, built their ships; loaded them with pine timber; sailed them to England and sold both ships and cargoes at a large profit. Then was seen what is now only a memory in the minds of the few Octogenarians still left in the United States and Canada—large rafts, often an acre in extent, of the finest "punkin pine," with small villages on them, floating their way down all the large rivers of North America. This side the Rocky Mountains such pine is now seldom seen; the supply, both in the United States and Canada grows less year by year, and the great steam sawmills will soon exhaust what little is left. None of the present generation and but few of the past, ever saw a "stick of square timber"; while the use of the broad-ax is a lost art among lumbermen. It was quite an art, which involved some science, to line out and hew a large pine tree so as to keep the most cubic feet possible in the square logs. The deft use of the broad-ax was not acquired without much practice, while some never could acquire the knack of "hewing to the line." When the pioneer steam sawmill was erected in Newcastle, the first use of it was to square the huge pine logs with saws instead of axes. With two saws in the gate the sides were dressed in less time than it took the hewer to place his log on skids, while the slabs furnished fuel which the axes wasted. This innovation and improvement aroused all the conservatism of beery-brained British prejudice. The first cargo of saw-dressed timber, both pine and birch, though of superior quality, depreciated in price, because the accustomed marks of the broad-ax were absent. The saving of labor was so great that the shipper was loath to revert to the ax, when the ingenious Yankee foreman of the mill passed the saw-dressed logs to another carriage and by means of a huge plane, worked by steam power, imitated on each of the four sides the marks of the broad-ax, and thus removed the stupid objection of the British purchaser. Unfortunately, this conservatism and senseless prejudice have since cost Great Britain her manufacturing supremacy. Instead of adopting the labor-saving machinery and machine tools which American ingenuity and enterprise have since invented and utilized, the British workman has shown the caliber of his beer-soaked brain by smashing the ingenious and beautiful automatic machines that have enabled American workmen to quadruple the output of their labor. Even now trades-union rules allow an English mechanic to operate only a single machine tool, while the American workman attends to three or four, according to the work he is doing. The consequence is that all those articles which, in the writer's boyhood, were staple manufactures of Great Britain, and for which she had then a virtual monopoly, are now made in the United States, and are underselling the English manufacturer in his home and Colonial markets.

But to return from this long digression. In this favored locality, on the banks of the Miramichi, there were great facilities for hunting, shooting and fishing. Moose and caribou were seldom disturbed, except by Indians, who were then more numerous than they are at present. The great river and its tributary streams and lakes were then full of the finest salmon, bass and trout, while extensive marshes, within easy walking distance of the town, abounded with ducks, curlew, plover and snipe. The coverts in the neighborhood of these marshes were alive with woodcock and the woods with ruffed grouse, still erroneously called partridge, both in Canada and the United States. The few sportsmen then in the town were merchants or professional men, whose youth had been passed in England, Ireland and Scotland, who brought with them to the wilds of New Brunswick that love of sport which distinguishes the Briton wherever he is found. The facilities offered by the numerous timber-ships, which generally made two round voyages during the season, enabled sportsmen to get good dogs, and the towns of Chatham and Newcastle had the best breeds of pointers and spaniels then in America. The marshes, with their plover and snipe, afforded fine ground for the former, while the coverts and woods amply repaid in woodcock and grouse, the active ranging of the busy spaniel.

With what pleasure does the writer recall his first exploits with his old single-barrel flint-lock gun! Within a mile of the town was a large extent of scrubby land on which the wild blueberry grew in profusion. From the time these ripened until frost set in, this "barren" was the feeding-place of the small flocks of wild pigeons which then annually visited the northern parts of the Province. A few dead trees, mementoes of the great fire, still stood scattered over this tract, offering good resting-places for the birds. Concealed within shooting distance of these trees, to bag a dozen or two of pigeons in an afternoon, was simply a matter of patience, and no better practice could a youthful gunner ask than these stupid birds afforded. Of the marshes, his recollections are not so satisfactory. Stands of Plover and whisps of Snipe were easily found, but shooting on the wing is an accomplishment not speedily acquired by schoolboys with single-barreled guns. With what admiration and envy did he see good Dr. Benson with his double-barreled "Joe Manton," send in his beautiful pointer to flush a whisp of snipe, knock down one with each barrel, and "hie on" the dog to find the stragglers, which his educated eye had marked down hundreds of yards up wind! Better success attended the writer's youthful efforts with a stand of plover; there is generally a considerable number and they offer a better mark to the novice than do the four or five snipe usually found in a whisp. After the pigeons had departed, the broods of grouse were well-grown in September, and as each brood generally keeps together until disturbed and scattered by the gunner, the novice can have no better sport; nor, indeed, can the veteran sportsman, who confines himself to shooting on the wing. But truth must be told! The ruffed grouse is too good a bird for the *cuisine* to be left behind when it can be bagged. The writer has yet to find the sportsman who turned his back on a brood of grouse because they were treed by his dog before he got in a shot. For himself, he freely confesses that if he ever left a grouse outside his bag, the reason was he failed in his efforts to get it inside.

Like all other things, this school-boy life came to an end. The pleasant pastimes of boyhood had to give place to the sterner duties of life, and so the scene changed from the banks of Miramichi to the busy and crowded streets of the city. The tastes for fishing and shooting still clung to the apprentice, whose greatest grief was that he had little time to indulge them. Still, all his holidays were spent in exploring the marshes and lakes within walking distance of the city of St. John. About two miles distant were the marshes of Little River and Red Head, which at that time were the resort of ducks, plover and snipe; while the bordering woods afforded fine coverts for hares, woodcock and grouse, and offered good sport to the few citizens who then sought their recreation with rod and gun. To my great surprise I found that the small towns of Chatham and New Castle had more sportsmen and better bred and trained Pointers and Spaniels than the Capital of the Province. The few that were owned in the city came from Halifax, or were brought from England by Officers of the Garrison, and no efforts seemed to be made to keep the breeds pure. An English setter was unknown in New Brunswick in those days, and the few owned in Halifax were kept more for show than for service. The absence of quail and partridge in the Maritime Provinces accounts in great measure for the neglect of this finest of field dogs. The stronger and more hardy Pointer was better fitted for the marshes and the Spaniel for the coverts of grouse and woodcock. Of late years a few dogs of undoubted good breeding have been brought from England and the United States; the late Bench Shows in the city had prize-winners in Pointers, Setters, Spaniels and Cockers. The abundance of quail on the stubble and of pinnated grouse on the prairies of the United States, and the recent importation and naturalization of the English pheasant and partridge in the public and private reserves of the Middle and Western States, have made English and Irish Setters favorite field-dogs in America. But the Octogenarian regrets to learn that, with English birds, has been imported the perverted English idea of Sport. If this vitiated taste spreads beyond the small circle of multi-millionaires to which, fortunately, it is at present confined, there will soon be no use for field-dogs in the States; nor, indeed, for the genuine Sportsman either. Since this deplorable change in the Englishman's idea of sport, an equally lamentable degeneration has taken place in English breeds of Sporting Dogs. Foxhounds, Greyhounds and Beagles are still carefully bred and trained, each for his particular work; but Pointers, Setters, Spaniels and Cockers are now bred more for show than for service. Every few years a new *fad* is started, and a new strain with a new color is the *sine que non* of dog-fanciers. Gordon Setters., Clumber Spaniels, Black Cockers, must now have "black and tan" markings or they are *taboo* at the bench shows. Even the old gray and rusty Scotch Collie has been made to take on the fashionable black and tan trimmings; but, with the change of his coat, the writer is credibly informed, he has lost much of that instinct and keen intelligence which made him invaluable as a sheep and cattle dog. Thank good St. Hubert, the old liver-hued Pointer has remained true to his colors, his instincts and his training; as has the Irish Setter, which, so far, absolutely refuses to be black'd and tan'd, and whose purest strain still shows the bright bay coat and feathers which mark the breed. But, alas! Even these fine dogs are now bred more for show than use, and their training is a matter of less importance than their marks and points, for which they take prizes at Bench Shows without the slightest regard to their usefulness in the field. Gillies on the moor have replaced the old Pointers; beaters at the battues now do the work of the old Spaniels; stalkers on the hills have banished the old Deerhounds, and only the Setter is now used by Sportsmen of the old school for Quail on the stubble and for Partridge among the turnips; and even he must be of the fashionable black and tan, or the still more recent Belton blue. The old strain of Spanish Pointer still resists all efforts to give him a black and tan or Belton blue coat, though he has been bred through all gradations of liver and white, brown and orange. But Setters and Spaniels have been *differentiated* into as many colors as there are strains. Among Setters at Bench Shows we now see the old English black and white Setter bred into all black, all white, black and tan, and blue Belton, and all these claim prizes, not for their qualities in the field, but simply for their "marks." But for the great triumph of *fin de siècle* fancy breeding we must look among the Spaniels. A description of the last Bench Show held in New York is now before the writer. Among the Spaniels shown were: "English Water Spaniels, Irish Water Spaniels, Clumber Spaniels, Sussex Spaniels, Norfolk Spaniels, Black Field Spaniels, Blenheim Spaniels and Cockers." Of all these Octogenarian has seen only the Old English, the Irish Water, and the Clumber Spaniels; the latter a short, thick, clumsy brute that showed his mongrel origin in every point. What he was ever bred for, or of what earthly use he can be, when the old, purely bred English dog can be had is, to quote Dundreary, "One of these things that no f'lah can understand." In this Show were entered Retrievers; Curley Coated Black Retrievers, Flat or Wavy-Coated Retrievers, Black-and-Tan Retrievers and Other Retrievers." Whether these were all distinct breeds from different stocks, or merely different strains from the same stocks, or from what stocks the race of Retrievers comes (if there really is such a race) the Octogenarian confesses his dense ignorance. But he begs leave of all and sundry to record his belief that, while Pointers, Setters and Spaniels can be as easily broken to retrieve as any other breed of Retrievers, the presence of the latter, either in the open or in covert, is only a useless nuisance to the gunner. But what may we not look for when the *fin de siècle* woman enters her horses for the blue ribbon of the turf; her dogs for the first prize at the bench show, and strives with male sportsmen (?) for the honor of being "first gun" at English and American battues, where the quality of the Sport is measured entirely by the weight of the Bag?

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When the writer was in Minnesota some 30 years ago, he had the pleasure, new to him, of shooting pinnated grouse (or prairie chickens, as they were there called) over a couple of finely bred and highly trained Pointers. If not the best part of this fine sport, to the writer a very large part of it, was to watch the natural sagacity of the dogs, improved by fine training. They showed almost human intelligence in their quartering of the ground and working in concert. To see one come to point as soon as the other found, and hold it until the birds were flushed, was, to this writer's notions, the highest kind of sport the gun can give its votary, and the Octogenarian recalls with delight the finest gunning he has ever had the good fortune to enjoy, since, in his early manhood, he tried to shoot Snipe over the best Setter that ever ranged the marshes of Hampton and Gagetown. The few gunners now living, who have seen the late Col. Otty's "Nell" at work in Red Head or Hampton Marshes, will appreciate the added sport a good dog gives to mere shooting. Nell was old, but her wonderful sense of smell had suffered no dullness from age. She was still strong and active and though totally deaf, her phenomenal sagacity made up for this loss, which she seemed perfectly to understand. She never ranged out of sight, and while her nose was for the birds, her eye was always on her master, whose every sign and gesture was watched for, understood, and instantly obeyed. She had been trained in England; her education was perfect and her almost human intelligence left little for her master to do but make two signals, one "to heel," the other "hie on." Her "down charge," her "point" and her "draw" were pictures. She would stand at point, rigid as stone, until waved on, and she seemed to regret a missed bird more than her master. Of the few who saw Nell at work, still fewer remain; of those who have shot over her, besides the writer, only Dr.

Langstroth and Joe Dalzell are left, and though both have owned good dogs since, they will readily admit that Nell's sagacity and fine action in the field could not be surpassed and have rarely been equalled. Good Old Nell! The fortunate man who owns your peer may well be a proud man! The Octogenarian has never seen field-dogs at work in England; but he is assured by those who have, that Setters there follow their instinct and training, and "set" close to the ground when game is winded. All those he has seen in America, even when trained in England, as Nell was, either stood rigid on all fours or raised one paw like the Pointer, as Nell did. He is credibly informed that this change of habit is almost universal in America, and that most American Setters "point." Any reason for this change of instinctive habit he has never heard.

The Octogenarian learns with grief that in the Western States *nous avons changé tout cela,* and that the *jeunesse doré* now use ponies and flunkies to shoot grouse. The *Sportsman* shoots from the pony's back, while his "guide," on another pony, hands him a loaded gun, taking the discharged one to reload. If this is true, there will soon be a "Shooting Trust," as there is an Angling Trust, and none but Millionaires can go-a-gunning, as none but they can go-a-fishing for salmon with rod and line. The writer recently read with pain in a periodical devoted to American Sport, unaccompanied by a single word of deprecation, a long description of a *battue à la English*, in the private preserves of an American Millionaire, which had been well stocked with imported and acclimatized English Pheasants and Partridges. In all particulars was the perverted English idea of sport followed with slavish accuracy, even to the flunkies in livery to carry and load the guns; the drivers with sticks to beat the coverts and drive the tame birds towards the Sportsmen and Sportsladies—to coin a word not yet, thank God, in the dictionaries—even the lunch *al fresco* and the "bags" made by the females of the party. The number of pheasants killed was given and the party had what the admiring editor of the Sporting Mag. called a "good time," and parted with lively anticipations of the same kind of sport next autumn. To the growing class of real sportsmen among Americans, this must be sad reading; but its saddest feature is that it is printed in an American Sporting Organ without a single word of deprecation or denunciation, and the whole disgraceful thing called a "good time!"

The word *battue*, adopted into English from the French tongue, has, unfortunately, the highest idea of sport the average Englishman can form. It is thus described in the dictionaries: "The surrounding of a preserve by a number of men, who, by cries and beating, drive the game towards the sportsmen." Whoever has seen an English battue can add to this correct general description the following details: In these preserves pheasants and partridges are bred as domestric fowls are on a poultry farm. They are regularly fed to keep them from straying out of bounds in search of food; they are carefully guarded by gamekeepers, who protect them from hawks and foxes, polecats and poachers, until they are full-grown and strong of wing. When the opening day comes—generally the first of October—the host and his guests who have been "invited for the shooting," sally forth, clad in the orthodox "shooting-coat and leathers," and are posted in places usually allotted by ballot, so that all may have a chance for the "hot corners" and best stands. An army of beaters with sticks now enters at one end of the preserve, and in a long line, drive the half-domesticated birds towards the concealed gunners, each of whom has his flunkey in livery to carry and load his guns. Neither the beaters nor the flunkeys show the intelligence of well-trained Pointers and Spaniels, and the crackest of the "crack shots" are far inferior to the ordinary expert at an American "pigeon shoot." They achieve the acme of skill, and the *ne plus ultra* of sport when they bring down a pheasant with each barrel; but he is a perfect Nimrod—a marvel of marksmanship—who can snatch the second gun and wound or knock some feathers from another "rocketer" before he has flown out of range. After a morning of this *sport*, with only the exercise necessary to move from one covert to another, the "shootists" adjourn to an elaborate lunch, at which the women (should those who take part in such *sport* be called ladies?) preside. The afternoon is spent as was the morning, in shooting half-tame birds again driven to the sportsman by beaters. Some thousands of birds are slain; the bulk of these are sold in the London markets to help defray the expenses of the battue. After the *sport* the flunkeys and beaters are sent over the ground to kill with their sticks and put out of pain the hundreds of wounded and maimed birds that the *muffs* have all but missed, among which are often found as many hens as cocks, and these go with the rest to swell the "bag" and the financial returns of the sport. This is a fair description of what is now considered sport in England; at which old gunners, who, in their youth, were accustomed to carry and load their own guns; to shoot over pointers or setters, and to walk miles after their game, look with a sorrowful shake of the head at changes which have left them so far behind the age.

That this description is not in any way exaggerated, will be shown by the following item from a late issue of the London Field: "A story which will go straight to the hearts of shooting men is told of a clerical gentleman who was invited to join a shooting party. In the course of the day the host felt himself prodded in the back, and turning round found the amiable cleric poking at him with the muzzle of his gun. His look of interrogation was met by the question, 'Can you tell me how to let down these beastly things?' pointing to the hammers of the gun, which were at full cock and loaded." How exquisite is the satirical humor of Sir Conan Doyle, which is doubtless pointed at this kind of sport, in his serial "The Adventures of Etienne Gerard," now appearing in the London Strand Magazine: "It was during this time that I hunted the fox in their company, and showed them that amidst all their sportsmen there was not one who could outride a Hussar of Conflans. When I galloped back into the French lines with the blood of the creature still moist upon my blade, the outposts, who had seen what I had done, raised a frenzied cry in my honor; whilst those English hunters still yelled behind me, so that I had the applause of both armies. It made the tears rise to my eyes to feel that I had won the admiration of so many brave men. That evening there came a packet under a white flag addressed 'To the Hussar Officer who cut down the fox.' Within I found the fox itself in two pieces as I had left it. There was a note, also; short but hearty, as the English fashion is, to say that as I had slaughtered the fox it only remained for me to eat it. They could not know that it was not our French custom to eat foxes, and it showed their desire that he who had won the honors of the chase should also partake of the game. It is not for a Frenchman to be outdone in politeness, and so I returned it to those brave hunters and begged them to accept it as a side-dish for their next *dejeuner de la chasse.*"

Deplorable as is this declension from the old ideas of sport on the part of Englishmen, it is much more lamentable that American millionaires have not only adopted the low and vulgar notion that the quality of sport is to be measured by the amount of slaughter accomplished; but have sought to improve on their English models and render the sport still more brutal by encouraging women to take part in the cold-blooded murder of half domesticated birds which these ladies (?) have probably fondled as nestlings and fed as chickens. *Chacun à son gout* should, perhaps, rule in sport as in food and wine; but the true sportsman will pity this depraved taste as the *gourmet* does that of the honest Scot who prefers brose and haggis to *dindon aux truffes* or *galantine aux béchamel* and small-still whisky with the reek of the peat, to Amontillado or Veuve Clicquot. Wherein lies the sport of the battue, in which stupid flunkeys and beaters take the place of finely-bred and highly-trained dogs, is hard for the Old-time Sportsman to understand. The brutal desire to kill in vast numbers, with the least trouble and without skill, must be the predominating feeling, since at the battue the quality of the sport is always measured by the quantity of the game killed. In point of excitement and skill there must be more of the former in watching a flock of wild pigeons settling under a trap, and more of the latter in jerking the prop clear of the frame, than in passively waiting for tame birds to be driven towards sportsmen concealed in "hot corners." In point of humanity the trap is infinitely beyond the battue, for no wounded and mangled birds escape from it to linger out a painful death, or to be brutally dispatched by the sticks of hired flunkeys and drivers, who, so far as excitement makes sport, have the cream of it at the end, in gratifying precisely the same vulgar and brutal sentiment. That women can not only take part in such demoralizing sport, but profess to enjoy it, is one of the strangest and most lamentable traits in the *fin de siècle* leaders of fashion; and, alas! the "girl of the period" is proving herself an apt pupil of this unfeminine taste. Strange indeed is it to find, in democratic America, that those who are loudest in expressing contempt for "an effete Aristocracy of Rank," should seek to introduce its worst traits into their own Aristocracy of Wealth. Well may the moralist exclaim, *O tempora, O mores!*

V.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Trouting in Northwestern Waters.

Some years ago I lived for a time in the extreme northern part of the British Columbia seaboard region, close against the Alaskan boundary, and when I first went there I was told by the old timers that if I would catch trout I must catch them with worm or beef or venison bait, and that I must discard and weed from my mind the memories of those pretty little feather lures so dear to the heart of the angler.

Being fresh, and tender-toed, I hearkened and said nothing, but pondered deeply on the ways of the fickle trout. Then, after a while, I, like Thomas of old, doubted; and the more I doubted the madder I got, for again and again, straight-laced Reason would whisper that the old-timers must be right; that they knew the ways of the far North trout; that the same tradition was told the length of the Alaskan coast, and that I, with an overweening sense of my skill as an angler, would get ignominiously skunked and put to shame the first time I tried to catch fish with feathered mockeries. Still, hoping against hope, I ever hoped I would yet succeed in refuting the tale, and covering myself with glory in defiance of the old-timers.

As the season was yet too early for fishing in that country, I had much time to think over all these matters, and to get a wholesome and most unholy hunger for trout; so that by the time June had arrived—which is as early as fishing can be done there—I was then to try conclusions with the trout.

Some time during that month, the United States Survey ship, C. P. Patterson, arrived at Fort Simpson, and a few days after her arrival, Lieut. C. C. Marsh, of that vessel, and I made up a trip to a small lake a few miles away. Choosing a fine day—when fine days do come in that North Coast country they are delightful—we took a boat and sailed down coast to where the stream flowed into a small bay of the sea. Here was erected a saw mill, operated by means of a large overshot, driven by water flumed from the stream. After a chat with the genial millman, we turned upstream and walked to the lake, about a mile from the mouth, and as soon as possible began operations. Soon we began to fear that the old-timers were right about the fly, and after a couple of hours' assiduous trial with all flies known to us, both as being good takers in the southern part of the Province and in the east, we dejectedly sat down in the shade of a tree to eat our lunches. After eating and smoking, and incidentally killing about a million black flies, we walked to the outlet and got a skiff which was tied there, owned and used by the mill owner about his work on the lake. Paddling in this to various parts of the little sheet of water, we again tried our skill, but to no purpose; so after two or three hours of disappointing work, we pulled into the landing and again rested.

Now up to this time we had tried principally light-colored and bright flies, such as coachman, post-boy, ibis, professor, etc., and as I lay there on my back dreamily smoking and perfunctorily killing an occasional insistent fly, I bethought myself that it would be well, before acknowledgment of defeat, to try something of a darker shade.

Ransacking my book, without a word to Marsh, I extracted a little fly which had been despised as utterly worthless in the past—a dark green body with dark turkey wing on No. 8 Sproat. This I tied on, and going to the edge of the swift water, where it broke away from the lake, I cast, at once hooked a fish, and set the pool alive with a score of others. They were not large, about half a pound, but gave us good sport for a while, Marsh hunting out and getting to work with a similar fly. Anything larger than No. 8 was worthless, and Nos. 9 or 10 hooks were better than No. 8. When we left for home we were happy, and vowed that now we had discovered the proper lure, and had annihilated the pet fiction of the old-timers. We would soon return for a happy day on the upper end of the lake. This second visit was destined never to be made together, bad weather, work and other things combining to interfere with our plans until the ship had departed.

During this interval I had made use of the knowledge gained on our first visit, to tie several flies of various patters, all of which turned out well, and which I describe here for the benefit of any brother angler anticipating a trip to Alaska or North British Columbia, so that he need not load his book up with useless creations which may be ever so good in other places.

No. 1. Body dark green, no hair, ginger hackle, wing, brown mallard wing covert. Nos. 2 and 3. Brown and ginger palmer, both with peacock body. No. 4. Green dragon. Body flat, silver tinsel, wound on bare shank, rib with dark green embroidery silk, followed with black hackle; partridge hackle under wing; wing brown mallard wing covert, with two strands of blue and yellow macaw. Tail three strands of same feather as mallard wing.

All should be tied on No. 9 or 10 Sproat. The last is a most effective fly, but is more expensive than the others. A few March-brown, blue-dun and hare's-ear may be added, and the bee fly. It will be noticed that there is an entire absence of red or white in the make-up of the list, but with the ones named the angler will be fit for any ordinary trout fishing in the North.

Some time after the outing I have just described I again visited the lake. This time alone. However, upon arriving at the mill, I found that institution idle, and the owner's brother ready to go with me for the fun of the outing. He took a rifle, but no rod, despising that sort of hunting. Well, that was a pleasurable day! And one that I shall long remember. First of all, the September sun was warm, not hot. The air was soft and balmy to a degree I have never experienced elsewhere. The lake was devoid of fishers other than ourselves, and its surface was just dappled with a soft, persistent breeze, while the clumps of willows and dark green firs cast patches of shadow in places for the delectation of ease-loving trout and ardent angler alike. On shore two fine dogs, part hound, sniffed each thicket as they lounged along in chance of scenting a stray deer, meanwhile keeping a watchful eye on their master of the mill, who idly pulled the boat just clear of the lilies. We had skirted one side of the lake, about one and one-half miles long, and were coming down the further side, catching trout at intervals, when a whimper from the dogs in the woods on the side we had just fished caused us to stop and listen. Then came another undecided sound, followed by a bay from both, a smashing of limbs and brush, and a beautiful buck deer sprang off the low bank into the lake. Then it was the fun began! Dropping the rod, I grabbed a rough paddle, and dug in for all I knew at the stern, while my companion strained at the oars. Crossing a quarter mile of water was soon accomplished, and a shot fired at the deer just as he was reaching shore again, he having turned upon seeing us. This shot missed, but a second, fired just as he reached cover, wounded him. In a few moments the dogs had again driven him into the water, and fearing he would sink if shot again, we pulled up alongside him and threw a rope over his horns; then, thinking to easily dispatch him, I reached down and tried to plunge a knife into his throat; but I found that, wounded as he was, he was quite as handy with those knife-like hindhoofs in the water as on shore, for at the first prick of the knife he reached up and cut the back of my hand severely. A shot then ended the argument, and we towed the animal ashore. Then I began to think of my tackle, and found that in the haste I had thrown the rod down, leaving the flies to trail in the water, and upon reeling in, we discovered a fine trout attached to the end fly. He had hooked himself firmly and remained so through the affray with the deer. It being now well on in the afternoon, and feeling satisfied with our fishing, to say nothing of the deer, we pulled the skiff to the landing, and an hour later were at the mill, where the deer was skinned and the fish divided. There were seventy-five nice fellows from one-half to one and one-quarter of a pound. After bidding good-by to my hospitable hosts, and taking a quarter of fat venison, I started for home in the little decked canoe with my plunder, there to further divide with neighbors the welcome fruits of a successful and delightful outing.

It was when on this fishing trip that I caught a trout which gave me a surprise. He was about a pound weight, and as I was taking him off the hook I noticed something which I took to be a bit of dead weed hanging from his mouth, but which, upon being pulled, proved to be the tail of a full-grown white-footed mouse, and attached to the body of the late lamented owner, which was firmly lodged in the fish's gullet, being too large to be entirely swallowed, the bulk of the body resting between the jaws of the fish, while the head had just begun to show signs of gastric action. Yet gorged as had been the fish, he had risen and taken the fly savagely. I dropped him overboard as a pirate, a criminal, and a glutton insatiate.

British Columbia. Mazama.

The Sportsmen's Show.

THE ninth annual Sportsmen's Show opened in Madison Square Garden, this city, February 21, and will continue until March 7. The dominating feature of the exposition this year is the Indian play Hiawatha, which is enacted by a troupe of Ojibways from the north shore of Lake Huron. The central portion of the immense floor space has been converted into a lake, containing in the center an island; and in the background, rising from the lake, there is a highly realistic wildwood with majestic mountains in the distance. The principal incidents of the play take place on the island. Hiawatha has been sung for several summers by these Indians in the open air on the shore of a lake near Desbarats, Ont., and as here presented it has the pleasing character of a finished performance.

The orchestra and chorus is large and magnificently trained, and is in itself a most important feature of the show. Several soloists, eminent as artists, have also been engaged to sing at the afternoon matinees and evening performances, so that in its musical features it has entertaining possibilities of a high and refined order.

The lake is also utilized afternoon and evening for fly-casting competitions, the programme of which has already been given in our columns.

The various game regions are well represented by the delegations of guides, whose characteristic cabins and accoutrements have unfailing attraction for all who have seen the real thing in the woods.

The districts represented are New Brunswick and the Canada-Pacific country, Maine, the Adirondacks, Virginia and Montana and Wyoming.

The trade exhibits are as follows:

Von Lengerke & Detmold occupy a big space on the main floor at the left of the main entrance. The exhibit of this firm consists principally of the Racine Boat Company's output, all in charge of Mr. Gus Grieff.

Another important exhibit is that of Abercrombie & Fitch, the makers of everything for camping and camp life.

Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co. are showing for the first time in this country the Rebla gun; also Empire powders and fencing swords of all nations.

Savage rifles are on exhibition in all grades, in charge of Messrs. French and Savage, Jr.

Mr. Paul North has a booth exhibiting Chamberlain Targets and a new hand device for throwing them.

A. H. Funke's exhibit of Mannlicher repeating rifles is a full and interesting one.

The Stevens Arms Company is showing complete samples of their entire output. The Hollenbeck guns can be seen there.

Siegel-Cooper Co. make a fine display of their sporting goods department.

The Pneumatic Mattress Company have on exhibition every device for comfort, afloat and ashore.

Mr. Marble himself is in charge of the Marble Safety Ax Company's exhibit; they have a big line of specialties for use in the forest.

Charles A. Strelinger & Co. make a good showing of their engines.

The Standard Marine Engine Company have three different designs and grades of power on the main floor.

The Lozier Motor Company's exhibit is an important feature of the show. This is true of the Western Gas Engine Company.

Among other important engine and motor companies represented are the Buffalo Gasoline Motor Company, the Eagle Gas Engine Company, the Toquet Launch and Motor Company and the Norwalk Motor Company.

The Old Town Canoe Company, of Maine, have a pretty exhibit. So have Palmer Brothers.

The well-known taxidermist, Mr. H. L. Rand, of Worcester, Mass., has on exhibition some beautiful specimens of his work.

At the space of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company can be seen some particularly interesting pictures of game scenes in the west and northwest.

The Old Hickory Chair Company show some comfortable devices for camp life.

THE Canadian Camp-Fire Club's dinner, an event which was coincident with the opening of the Sportsmen's Show, was given in Madison Square Garden on Friday evening of last week, and it was a function of great magnitude. About 300 members and their friends, gentlemen and ladies, had a most enjoyable time. There was quite a bit of camp life realism in the surroundings. The great stage scene at the west end of the amphitheatre portrayed a section of the wilderness; canoes on the lake and the lake itself were something like a part of camp life conditions, and the crisp, cool air of the garden was a reality. The long table, horse shoe in shape, had its head at the Madison avenue entrance, the sides sweeping far down toward the other end on each side of the lake. Many distinguished members and guests were present. Dr. G. Lenox Gordon presided. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton was tosatmaster. After dinner several speeches were made in felicitous vein, mostly of camp-fire themes. Rev. Leander T. Chamberlain, D.D., specially distinguished himself as an entertaining after dinner speaker.

Fly-Casting at the Sportsmen's Show.

The Anglers' Casting Tournament opened Saturday evening, February 21, at 7:30 o'clock, and will continue every afternoon and night until the Sportsmen's Show closes, on March 7. It is in charge of the following gentlemen, who compose the Tournament Committee: Charles A. Bryan, Charles R. Flint, Robert B. Lawrence, Frank Bailey, W. K. Park, N. S. Smith, D. T. Abercrombie, C. G. Levison, J. S. Parlee, W. D. Cloyes, G. H. Gerard, W. F. Kimber, G. B. Hayes, H. W. Van Wagenen, Robert Lefferts, Lody Smith, T. A. Knapp, Harry Palmer, H. L. Cadmus, and J. E. Bulwinkel.

The Opening Event, Feb. 21.

The first event was Class A, black bass fly-casting, distance only to count; flies on No. 4 or larger hook, at the discretion of the contestants; open only to those who had never cast more than 75 feet in any similar contest in either club or open tournament; weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Three prize medals, gold, silver and bronze. Harold G. Henderson won. The judges and referee were: A. B. Douglass, J. B. Carville and Milton H. Smith. The score, in feet and inches: Harold G. Henderson, 73 feet 4 inches; W. D. Cloyes, 70 feet; V. R. Greenwood, 68 feet 6 inches; W. K. Park, 67 feet 8 inches.

Monday Afternoon, Feb. 23.

Class B—Trout fly-casting for distance only. Open to youths not over twenty years of age. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Three prize medals, gold, silver and bronze. The score in feet and inches: J. H. Cruikshank, 76 feet 4 inches; R. F. Cruikshank, 69 feet; W. H. Cruikshank, 63 feet 3 inches. Carroll Henderson, Jr., cast 63 feet and B. C. Ritchie 44 feet.

Monday Night, Feb. 23.

Class C—Switch trout fly-casting contest. Distance only. Open to all excepting those who have cast more than 75 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. An obstacle was placed fifteen feet behind the contestants. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Three prize medals, gold, silver and bronze. The score, in feet and inches: C. G. Levison, 63 feet 6 inches; H. G. Henderson, Sr., 59 feet; E. J. Mills, 59 feet; D. T. Abercrombie, 49 feet 6 inches. Cast-off: Mills, 71 feet; Henderson, 59 feet.

Winter Care of Tackle.

"IT'S a source of great surprise to me," said a veteran angler, "to find that some men have any tackle at all left over from the preceding year, when I see the careless way in which they treat it. Rods are dumped hastily into some garret corner, often dry and hot enough to warp a telegraph pole. Lines still wet from the last day's fishing are tossed into an envelope to mildew or are left to rot on the reels. The reels themselves, put away damp, uncleaned and without oil, are, of course, bound to rust and give poor service the following season. Hooks are tumbled in with the damp line, the steel to corrode, the gut to dry and crack and split. When the unfortunate, who thus leaves things to care for themselves, loses a big fish on the opening day of the next year's sport by the sudden parting of a rotten line, he breaks into a torrent of abuse directed against the innocent tackle maker, and goes straight to some shop to buy a complete new outfit, declaring that last year's stuff is never good any way.

"Now, all of this can be, and should be, avoided. An hour or so of care at the end of the season will insure the preservation of rod, hooks and lines. Every rod joint should be carefully straightened before it is put up for the winter. The tips, especially, are bound to be more or less set from the constant downward strain. The remedy for this is to lay them on a flat board and tack leather strips across, holding them down to the plane surface. By keeping them damp a few days you can readily warp them into proper shapes. Next give a good rubbing down with a mixture of powdered pumice and sweet oil to take off the cracked and broken surface of the old varnish, and then two thorough coats of thin varnish, allowing plenty of time for the first coat to dry before applying the second. You must always look to see that the guides and whipping are complete and in good order, and repair any frayed or loose ones before putting on the preservative. This dressing fills all the pores of the wood, and shuts out all decay. Then lay the rods and their cases on a shelf in some room of moderate temperature. Standing them against a wall is a bad practice, as it tends to bend and set the wood.

"Reels must be carefully taken apart, cleaned of all rust and grit and oiled. Lines should be removed from the reels, first wiped off with a damp cloth, and when dry with an oiled one, and then wound on a flat bit of board. Hooks should always be dipped in oil before being stored away, and grease will also keep the gut snells moist and pliable.

"Artificial flies require more care than all the rest of the output put together. A whole army of buffalo bugs, moths and shiners are on the lookout for the soft feathers and silks. Take every one out of the book, and after laying in the sun for a few hours to kill any chance germs or eggs, wrap in camphorated paper or in plain tissue paper and sift thoroughly with powdered camphor gum. Then pack them away in a red cedar chest if you have or can procure one, and no prowling vermin will destroy that outfit.

"With such care taken in time the angler will find at the opening of the next season that he has saved many a dollar, and all of his outfit is as good as ever, and some of it even better than when it was new, because of the seasoning."

A Fishing Rights Case.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 13.—A case which has attracted considerable attention among sportsmen in this vicinity was tried in county court here this week. In the town of Trenton, about 25 miles north of this city, are the summer homes of a large number of city people. Among them is one owned by C. A. Nicholson, of Utica. In proximity to the village of Trenton is a well-known trout brook, known as the Birdsall. Mr. Nicholson recently leased of the owner of a farm, Jerome B. Watkins, the right exclusively to fish in the brook where it traversed his farm. One evening last summer Mr. Watkins surprised a man named Lewis Pittock in the act of fishing on the preserve, and notified Mr. Nicholson, who eventually brought suit. Mr. Pittock did not catch a fish on the premises but he dropped in his hook and line several times. The jury in the case decided in favor of Mr. Nicholson, awarding him damages in the sum of $5. The case was brought largely as a test, and other owners of summer homes in Trenton and vicinity were much interested in the trial.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Didymus vs. Day.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose I ought to feel as badly squelched as a mouse that an elephant has trod on, but I don't. My eloquent antagonist has his opinions, and in spite of his terrible sarcasm I still hold mine. He is so extravagant in assuming that I object to all land ownership that I consider it a waste of time to answer it. My text was the selfishness of multimillionaires who "want the earth" and are going to have it if money will do the business.

If my fierce opponent had eliminated "Didymus" and "we Americans" his tirade would have been nearly one-third shorter and that much valuable space have been saved for a better purpose. I must, however, admit that if "we Americans" had not occurred twenty-seven times and "Didymus" nearly as often, his arguments would have been quite weak.

If he will look up the Litearary Digest of February 27 he may see by the savage editorials of various papers that in my estimate of the selfishness of millionaires I do not stand alone. DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Feb. 21.

Massachusetts Ice Fishing.

FOXBORO, Mass., Feb. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In many Massachusetts towns pickerel are the only game fish to be found. Many of our best pickerel ponds are almost depleted by the fish hog (usually from another town), who covers the ice with traps, and, with the help of hired men and boys, catch and carry away every fish, large and small, and feed them to their swine or sell them for any price they can get. Such practice must soon spoil the summer fishing in any pond.

A bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature to permit any town to restrict fishing through the ice, for such a term of years, not exceeding five, as the town may determine.

If enacted, this will give towns so troubled a chance to prevent the destruction of the pickerel fishing by its inhabitants.

Date of hearing before the committee has not yet been fixed, but if those interested will send a postal to the "Town Fish Committee, Foxboro, Mass.," notice will be given when the date is fixed. ROBERT W. CARPENTER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Feb. 23-26.—Boston, Mass.—New England Kennel Club's nineteenth annual show. W. B. Emery, Sec'y.
March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Run to Cover.

The Closest Fox Hunt on Record.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE last week of January (holiday week, you know) was a great day for fox hunters in old Virginny, especially around Roxbury. All the old mawms and aunties of the households were glad to see the young folks home again from school and business, and they did enjoy to see them get together with the hounds, everyone mounted, and hear the old cow horn sound once more. Just listen to Lizzie Cross:

"Lor' sakes! de likes of dat don't happen ebery day, use me! I reckon ebery old fox on Peach Hill knowed he was in for a run dem days, and no gittin' around it. Seems like no mo' dan yis'day sence dem hunters follow dat far cry hereaway. Dem Batkins boys chase one old red more dan half a day and neber cotch him; had fine pack of hounds, too. Golly! how dem holumdays gone by! Kiah! Reckon ole fox lief as not dar wouldn't be no holumdays? Same time dem Quinton boys got brush O. K. Run him into brier patch down by de spring whar I libs. My eyes! dat was a fox. Neber saw old fox behave like dat ar one! No, sah! Not nohow. What you tell me? You all neber hyar 'bout dat finish? Neber hyar 'bout dat foolishness? Don't say a word, child. I'se movin' on ye!"

But Lizzie hadn't a word to say. The recital was too much for her modesty. She just led her interested listeners up to the climax of expectation and left them in suspense. It remains for a correspondent of the Richmond News-Leader to tell us all about it. He was an eye witness to the transaction:

It was all that old colored woman's own foolishness, he plead. She was standing in the door of her house when the fox, almost exhausted, ran into a thick brier patch close by. By this time the dogs had come to a loss. Mr. Bowles and several others were soon up with the pack. Then poor Lizzie Cross, who is one shade darker than charcoal, 4 feet 2 inches high, and about 9 feet around, came waddling out as nimbly as a Muscovy duck. She was clapping her hands and calling to the excited huntsmen, "Come here; come here; dar he, dar he!"

"Where?" was asked.

"In dem briers dar; I's dun seed him go in; he ain't dun come out."

Soon the place was crowded so thickly that the hounds could not get the fox out. Unexpectedly, Lizzie appeared on the scene. "Wait dar, gemmuns, I is comin' wid Bruiser (an old shaggy shepherd). Sic him dar; sic him dar!"

In went Bruiser! Out came the poor frightened fox

with his tongue hanging straight out, and ran directly to poor Lizzie. Her screams would have drowned the sounds of a fog horn. The terrified dame started to turn and run, but she fell. The fox, being closely pursued by old Stonewall, took refuge in the folds of Aunt Lizzie's dress. One of the huntsmen rode up quickly and reached the poor darkey before the pack of hounds did. This timely assistance alone saved her life.

"Boss, is you dun cotch him?" were the first words said after recovering from a cold shower bath, which had to be used to restore her to consciousness.

A Dog that Longed for His Old Home.

A FEW days ago a half-starved, exhausted setter dog strayed into West Springfield. His body was gaunt, his eyes glassy, his legs tottering. A man possessed of the innate necessary requirements for membership in the society with a long and much-abused name was attracted by the dog's appearance. He noticed on examination that the dog wore a collar bearing the name "Benjamin Pepper, Hartford, Ct." The man took the dog home and gave him a square meal and lodging, and in the meantime communicated with the man in Hartford whose name was on the dog's collar. A prompt reply came, and the following story was disclosed: "During the blizzard of 1888 the dog was given shelter in the home of Mr. Pepper, where he had been duly adopted. In time the creature became greatly attached to his new quarters. Last summer the owner of the dog gave him away to a man in New Hampshire, 200 miles distant from Hartford. His dogship, however, chafed under his new ownership. One day the animal, with a most determined air, left his new home and started southward. From that day until he appeared in West Springfield, the dog was heard of no more. At last faithfulness is to be rewarded, and the dog will doubtless live and die in the home of his former owner at Hartford.—Springfield Republican.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

We wish to call attention to the insertion of condition IX. in the announcement of the Canoe Cruising Competition. The publishers of FOREST AND STREAM were prompted to make this addition at a suggestion made by Mr. Theodore C. Zerega (who judged the last cruising competition) in a letter which we published last week. In this communication, after criticising the stories submitted, he adds that almost all the articles were disfigured by the free use of slang and incorrect nautical expressions. To avoid any such unfortunate condition in the future the publishers felt justified in incorporating condition number nine in the prospectus, for it no way affects the fairness of the competition, as the cruise must be taken between May first and November first of this year.

The A. C. A. Committees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM February 21, 1903, an article pertaining to the affairs of the A. C. A. signed Ilka, and am pleased to see it published, and I assume that Ilka is a member of the A. C. A. I think it would vastly further our interest if our members took the same interest in affairs that Ilka does; at the same time I wish to criticise to a slight extent the article referred to.

Ilka is correct in his statement as to chairman of the "Regatta Committee." It seems most difficult to find an ex-racing man in the Atlantic Division who will carefully fulfil this position.

I am also informed that the chairman of the Camp Site Committee and the chairman of the Transportation Committee are having difficulties in filling these committees.

In regard to my not belonging to the racing element in the Sailors' Union, would say that this is true; but that I will endeavor to procure a "Regatta Committee" who will be absolutely fair with the racing men, and I promise to be fair also.

Other committees of the A. C. A. are at work, and it is time that a "Regatta Committee" is in action.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT,
Commodore A. C. A.

OSSINING, N. Y., Feb. 19.

The Cruise of the Mosquito.

BY HULBERT FOOTNER.

IT was Fourth of July morning; the Hudson lay like a sheet of dusty glass in the sun and the further shore was almost indistinguishable through the hot haze. The long, slim canoe, which we had dubbed Mosquito and painted a beautiful bottle-green, was cleaving the oily surface noiselessly, and the hearts of the crew were light with the prospect of two weeks' entire freedom and strange adventures to befall. The mate knelt in the bow, striving manfully to accustom his bones to the strange demands of his position, his bare arms pinking rapidly under the kiss of the sun; baggage was piled amidships, including many goodly things for the refreshment of the inner man, and the skipper sat upon the stern deck and surveyed the course.

We had left Coxsackie, whereto we had taken passage to avoid the tides and squalls and railroad trains of the Lower Hudson, a few hours before, feeling abundantly able to cover the twenty-five miles to Albany before night; but, alas! the humiliating confession must be made, we had done no more than ten before the sun and ebb tide (which he had not escaped after all) had taken all the steam out of our strokes, and we were even now thinking how pleasant it would be to have a tow through the heat of the day.

To that end, we hailed a couple of steamers from midstream, but they did not appear inclined to stop for us. Most inconsiderate, we thought, on a holiday, too, when good will should be in the air. But by and by we came upon a barge moored to a wharf, and about to return to Albany with a load of excursionists. We promptly made fast to the stern, and this was the beginning of our first adventure.

Now excursion barges are not remarkable for speed; I suppose this one made about eight miles an hour; it would have looked slow enough from the shore, but to us in a frail canoe dangling at the stern, with the wake of the clumsy vessel pounding our bows and threatening to capsize us momentarily, the rate was nothing less than terrific. If the barge was moving at eight miles an hour, the water was thrown back of her stern at about the same rate, making our gross progress through the water about sixteen miles an hour, which is pretty good for a canoe. Our line got jammed; and in order to be able to let go at a moment's notice, the mate had to unloose it and hang on by main strength. We determined not to let go the rope until we were actually in the water. The skipper balanced in the stern and tried to steer—tried, because the Mosquito acted exactly like a gamy fish with a hook in its gills, darting first to one side, then the other. Over and over we'd go, till just as we thought it was all up with us, off she'd shoot to the other side. Our tow line was not long enough, and it was impossible to keep her straight.

The barge was crowded as only excursion barges can be. Those hanging over the stern amused themselves by jeering us, and even peppering us with buns and bits of ice. We were much too busy to think of returning their fire, and it was hard to preserve our dignity. Others seemed to think we were there for the express purpose of filling their pitchers with water, and were quite indignant at our refusal. We would have liked to have had a drink ourselves. I suspected we worked harder for those two hours than if we had paddled, but the excitement of the strenuous ride was fine, and we were able to camp in sight of Albany after all.

On a trip like this there is generally a day when one thing after another goes amiss, and this is the time that proves the temper of the crew. Our run of hard luck struck us on the first night out. In the first place we delayed too long in choosing a camping ground, and darkness commencing to fall, we had to go ashore where we were, and it was the worst kind of a mudhole. Then when the fire was lit a swarm of gnats descended on us, and in combating them the skipper kicked over the soup. We had a miserable supper and a great struggle to put up the tent in the dark, and when we finally managed to turn in, dog-tired and cross, our troubles were not over even then.

Toward morning we were awakened by the steamer Adirondack passing up the river. It was raining hard, and our feet were in a pool of water. We swore at each other for pitching the tent over a hollow, and drawing up our knees prepared to go to sleep again, when suddenly the flaps parted inward and a wave which looked enormous to our dazed senses lifted up and fell on us, followed by half a dozen others. We leaped to our feet, and found that half the tent was pitched in the river; the waves were the rollers from the Adirondack. All the day before the tide had run strong against us, and when we had naturally come to the conclusion it never ran the other way, it had risen in the night and tried to drown us. We decided that tide had a personal spite against the crew of the Mosquito.

That was a miserable morning; everything was soaking wet, and after our sodden breakfast a heavier shower than ever came up. We embarked in the midst of it, and it was a notable sight to see the millions of fat drops plumping themselves all over the face of the river. But the cursed tide was now running out again like a mill-race, and mackintoshes hurt out sun-burned shoulders cruelly. With the greatest efforts we could scarcely make any headwy, and coming to a wharf presently, we hung on to rest for a while, almost ready to give up.

We enviously watched a launch breasting the current easily. "If we were only hitched on behind!" we exclaimed to each other, and at that very minute, as if in answer to our prayer, the launch ran smack aground. You may be sure we did not take long to go to her assistance. We found a crew of eight men on board and seven of them giving orders. It immediately became apparent that the gentlemen had been celebrating the holiday not wisely, but too well. The eighth was even now fortifying himself in the cabin against the horrors of a watery grave. Of course with our light craft we could do nothing to help them, but we hung around and added our voices to the seven already talking, and when the launch finally slid off the stones, the grateful gentlemen gave us all the credit for it and immediately offered to tow us up against the current.

The sun came out, and our troubles were over. One of the crew took up a position on the stern of the launch, and with the kindest intent bombarded us with bottles of beer. His aim was bad, and we nearly capsized trying to catch them; but fortunately some came fairly aboard. Whenever we became thirsty during the rest of the trip we always thought regretfully of those bottles of beer lying at the bottom of the Hudson. As it might be supposed, our friends steered as straight as they would have walked on land; zigzag is the word to describe our course. When the channel marks indicated the right bank we hugged the left; when we should have stayed on the left we straightway crossed to the right. However, the Providence who is supposed to look after jovial gentlemen brought us to Albany without further mishap.

The next three days were occupied in passing through the Hudson and Champlain canal. One might think that seventy miles of such a narrow, sluggish waterway would become monotonous, but such is by no means the case. There was more variety than on any part of our trip. You obtain an intimate personal view of the country from the canal; you have plenty of company, and may talk to passers-by on the banks. You look up and down the village streets and into the very doors of the houses, as it were, and all the time the banks are moving past at a most encouraging rate, whereas on a big piece of water you scarcely seem to progress at all. Lastly, as we told ourselves over and over, there was no tide with a grudge against us.

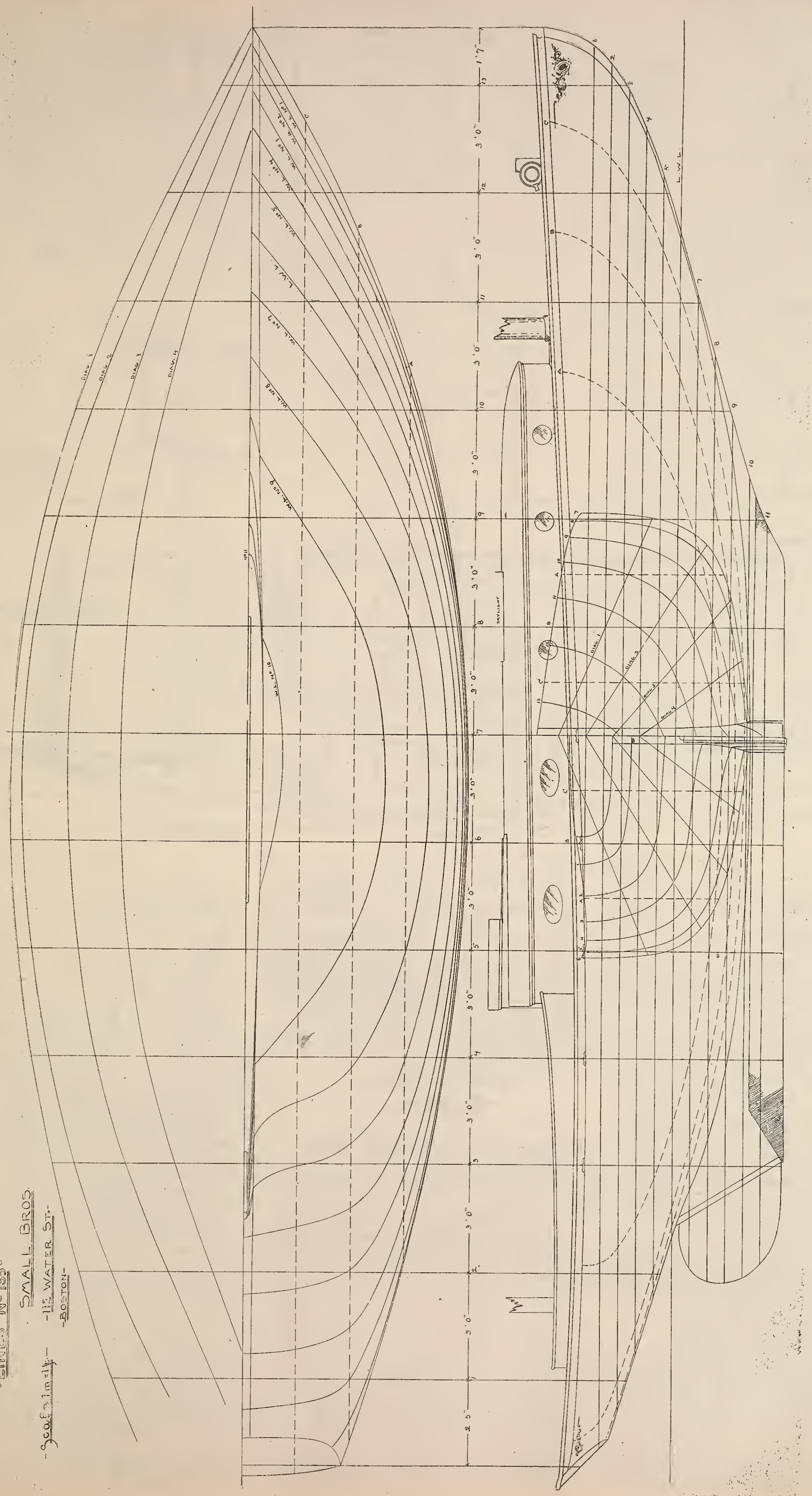
When we wanted a change of exercise we landed, lit our pipes and trudged along the tow-path towing the Mosquito. We could always find a good camping spot on the bream side (opposite the tow-path). In many places quantities of berries hung over the water waiting to be picked; the numerous locks provided a spice of excitement, especially when the lock tender proved ill-tempered at having to exert himself for so small a craft, and let the water in too fast; and altogether we enjoyed the canal mightily.

The population took the greatest interest in our progress. They could not understand why two fellows should work so hard just for fun, and when they saw us towing our boat they openly jeered. I suspect they thought it was like a man inviting his horse to sit in the buggy while he took the shafts. The same volley of questions was fired at us twenty times a day: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "How long have you been?" "Do you camp out nights?" etc., etc. It became very difficult to answer the twentieth civilly. The children used to gather around us and ask if we didn't have any home.

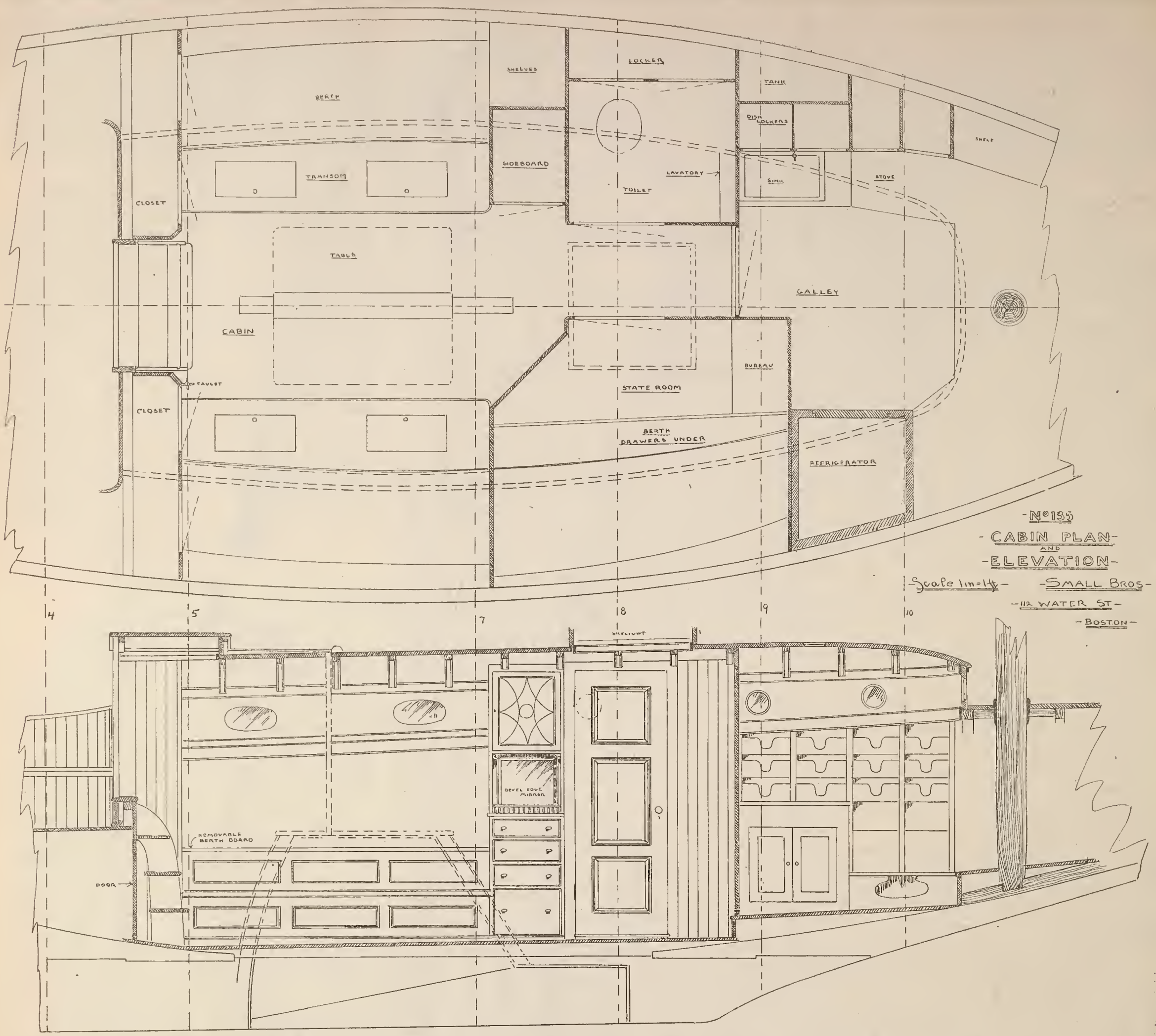
The last day on the canal was spent in the most luxurious pleasure. A litle steam yacht picked us up early in the morning, and all day we swept between the banks lying at our ease in the canoe smoking and watching the scenery, which was at this end of the canal very beautiful. The country was hilly and broken and quite unspoiled by ugly towns; the canal wound in and out like a river, and numbers of lofty pine and elm trees hung over the water. At noon we prepared quite an elaborate collation while still under way, and ate in style spread out on the suit case between us. People who witnessed these proceedings from the bank were greatly amused. Afterward we wrote postal cards to our friends, dating them "Canoe Mosquito, En Route," and when at last the owner's wife and her two pretty daughters brought their fancy work out on the after deck of the yacht and fell into conversation with us, our cup of happiness was full.

Forward in the little yacht things were not progressing so smoothly. The owner was engineer, his son pilot and there were frequent clashes of authority between the parent and the navigator. The old canalers who have a childish jealousy and fear of steam craft, would begin shouting to us to slow up while we were yet an eighth of a mile away, and as we passed their barges as like as not they would slyly try to shove us up on the bank. This led to frequent engine room signals, but the engineer was disposed to question the pilot's wisdom, and instead of obeying the signals, he would stick his head out of the engine room window and carry on an argument. Once right in the middle of such a discussion the yacht ran up on the bank, much to the delight of the passing canalers. The crew of the Mosquito earned their tow on this occasion by pulling the larger craft off the mud.

Next morning we proceeded up Lake Champlain under our own power. We were much disappointed with our first sight of that famous body of water; the lower end is no wider than a river, sluggish and foul with marshy banks. For mile after mile under a blazing sun we sought in vain for a place to go ashore; every



28-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR STANLEY H. ELDRIDGE, 1903.



28-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR STANLEY H. ELDRIDGE, 1903.

likely spot was overshadowed by the sign of one Mr. Koch, forbidding us to land at the risk of terrible penalties. We began to wonder if Mr. Koch owned the whole lake shore, but at last, a fine breeze sprang up from astern, and under two umbrellas, which we had brought for the purpose, we soon left the inhospitable shores behind.

When the water became clear we refreshed ourselves with a swim, and later we paddled some miles further in the cool of the afternoon through the most beautiful scenes. Great rocky birch-covered heights now rose abruptly out of the water on either hand, and the narrow lake lay deep between under the sunset glow, all as bright and still as if an enchantment had been cast on the scene.

We met an ancient keeper making his rounds from light to light in the tortuous channel, rowed by his buxom, rosy daughter, and they were the only living things we saw. Presently we found an ideal camping spot on the Vermont shore, and neither the mate nor the skipper will be likely soon to forget the lingering beauty of that evening. We pitched our tent facing the west, and after supper as we smoked at the door the first crescent of the moon shone like a diadem on the brow of the hills across the shadowy lake.

Each day we saw Champlain under a new and lovelier aspect. Once it lay in light silvery mist under a cool sky, and we paddled thirty miles. The next two days, by which time we had entered on the widest part, the sun shone gloriously, and a spanking breeze came out of the north, kicking up a nasty head sea. At first we tried to face it, and the wind and sea were as exhilarating as champagne, but we were nearly swamped and just got ashore in a sinking condition. So we idled in our pine bush camp or explored the country for supplies while the wind blew, and then made a dash up the lake in the calm evenings. Another day it was squally and full of risks. Here the coast formed a succession of deep bays, and cutting across from point to point more than once a squall struck us in the middle several miles from land, and we passed an anxious ten minutes.

A volume could be written in enthusiastic praise of Lake Champlain without exhausting the subject. All the diverse beauties of the most famous spots are here gathered together; it is alternately a tortuous river, a deep-sunken mountain lake, a wide blue inland sea. In places lofty mountains rise sheer out of the water, then green and level farms stretch inland, then the shore line is broken by deep, mysterious, far-reaching bays, fringed with undisturbed pines. One picture that lingers in our memories is of a sheet of water sparkling in the sun, stretching fifteen miles across to Burlington and as far as the eye can see to the north, while on the further shore rise the Green Mountains, hazy in the distance, and on our left hand the Adirondacks lifting shoulder above shoulder.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Yachting.

Design for a Cruising Yawl.

In this issue there appears the complete plans for a 28ft. waterline centerboard cruising yawl that was designed by Messrs. Small Brothers for Mr. Stanley H. Eldridge, of Boston.

The boat was designed for use on the Maine coast, and the owner specified that the boat should be able, roomy and comfortable, with a fair amount of speed. As Mr. Eldridge makes Yarmouth his home port, the draft of his boat was limited to 3ft.

The dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	40ft.	0in.
L.W.L.	28ft.	0in.
Overhang—		
Forward	5ft.	7in.
Aft	6ft.	5in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	12ft.	4in.
L.W.L.	11ft.	10in.
Draft—		
Extreme	3ft.	2in.
Board down	7ft.	0in.
To rabbet	2ft.	1in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	10½in.
Aft	2ft.	9in.
Least	2ft.	5in.

Sail area—

Mizzen	207 sq. ft.
Main	667 sq. ft.
Jib	196 sq. ft.
Total	1070 sq. ft.

The cockpit is 10ft. long and water-tight. Below there is considerable room under a low cabin house, which is 18ft. in length. The companionway leads directly into the main saloon. Wide transoms extend along either side of the cabin and behind are berths. The board between the transoms and the berth is removable, and in this way two persons can comfortably sleep on each side. Aft on each side of the companionway are good sized clothes lockers. On the port side forward is a sideboard. The centerboard trunk only comes up about three feet above the cabin floor, and the cabin table is hinged to it.

Forward on the starboard side is a stateroom with a bureau on the forward end. A skylight gives ventilation to the stateroom and passage. Opposite the stateroom on the port side is the toilet room fitted with a patent closet and folding lavatory. There is also a locker for linen. In the galley, which is unusually large and well equipped, there is full headroom. On the port side is the store space, sink and lockers for stores, china and cooking utensils, and there is a large refrigerator on the starboard side. In the forecastle there are folding berths for two men.

The construction plan gives a good idea of the substantial way the boat is put together, and with reasonably good care she should last for an indefinite period. The sail plan is moderate and well distributed, and the boat should be easily handled by two men under ordinary conditions. The waterway around the cabin house is 2ft. 3in. wide, which gives ample room to move about. A boat will be carried on the davits when cruising.

The construction plan will be given next week.

The following sales have been made through Manning's Yacht Agency: Gasoline yacht Adrienne to Mr. John Hyslop; gasoline launch Emon to Mr. J. H. Robinson, and the gasoline launch Jo to Mr. George F. Robinson.

* * *

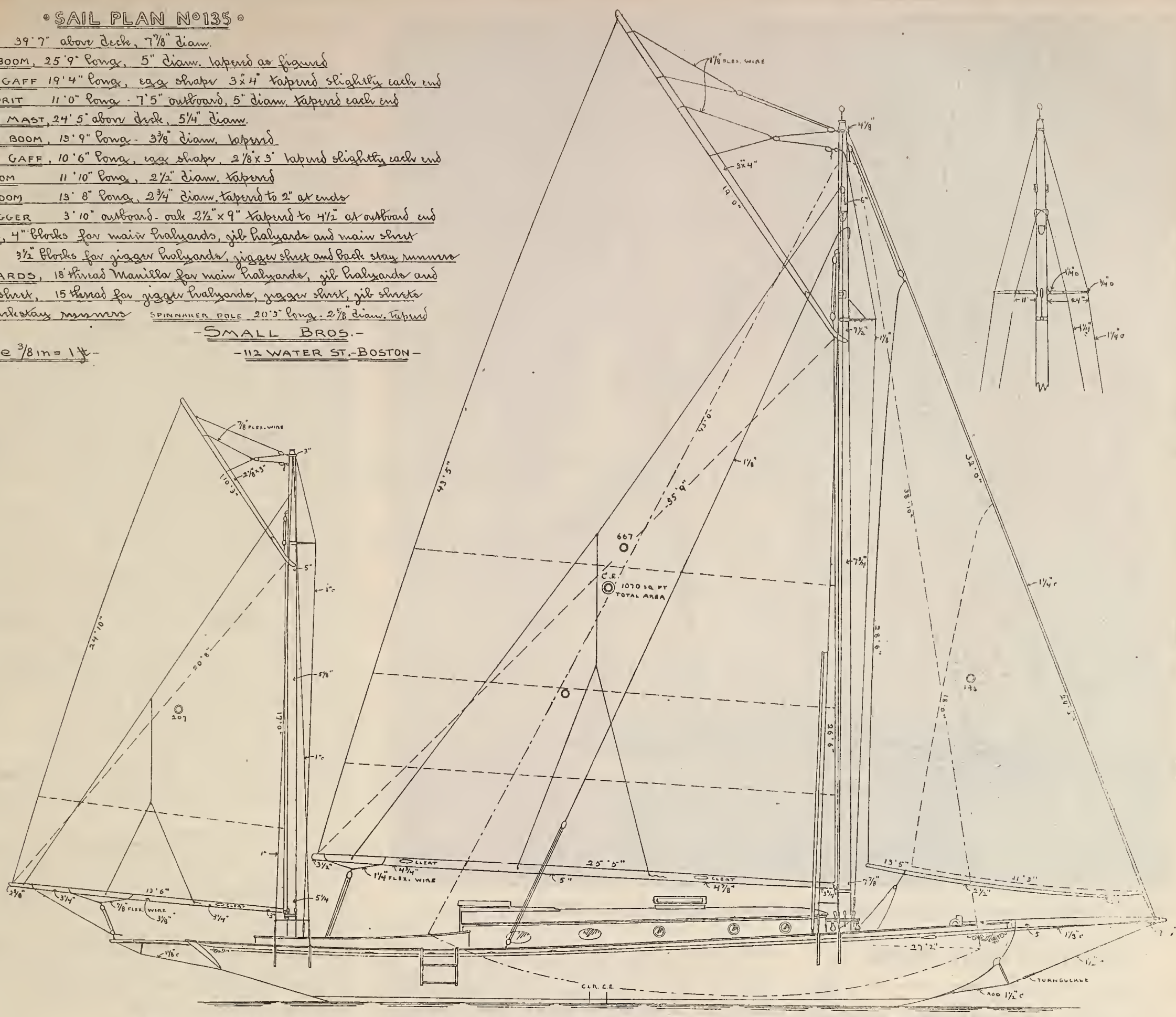
Mr. Gustav E. Kissel, of New York, has purchased the steam yacht Katrina.

SAIL PLAN N°135

MAST 39'7" above deck, 7⅞" diam.
MAIN BOOM, 25'9" long, 5" diam. tapered as figured
MAIN GAFF 19'4" long, egg shape 3"x4" tapered slightly each end
BOWSPRIT 11'0" long - 7'5" outboard, 5" diam. tapered each end
JIGGER MAST, 24'5" above deck, 5¼" diam.
" BOOM, 13'9" long - 3⅜" diam. tapered
" GAFF, 10'6" long, egg shape, 2⅛"x3" tapered slightly each end
JIB BOOM 11'10" long, 2½" diam. tapered
BOAT BOOM 13'8" long, 2¾" diam. tapered to 2" at ends
OUT RIGGER 3'10" outboard - oak 2½"x9" tapered to 4½" at outboard end
BLOCKS, 4" blocks for main halyards, jib halyards and main sheet
3½" blocks for jigger halyards, jigger sheet and back stay runners
HALYARDS, 18 thread Manilla for main halyards, jib halyards and main sheet, 15 thread for jigger halyards, jigger sheet, jib sheets and backstay runners SPINNAKER POLE 20'3" long - 2⅝" diam. tapered

-SMALL BROS.-
-112 WATER ST.-BOSTON-

-Scale ⅜ in = 1 ft-



28-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR STANLEY H. ELDRIDGE, 1903.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—The 60ft. schooner Savonara, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney for Mr. C. H. H. Clarke, of Philadelphia, was launched at Lawley's last week. She was christened by Mrs. Clarke. As soon as the weather is more suitable the riggers will get to work on her, and she will be in readiness for an early trial. The Savonara is a fine, wholesome schooner and is in line with Mr. Binney's fine ideas in the design of cruising yachts. She has somewhat of a heavy appearance, although her lines cannot be said to be other than graceful. She has a good freeboard, which, with her fairly easy underbody, will make her a most comfortable craft in heavy weather. Below decks there is a great quantity of room, and, altogether, she looks the fine, sensible cruising yacht.

As was expected, both the Boston Y. C. and the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. agreed upon consolidation at the meeting, which was held last Thursday evening. The meetings of each club were held in the American House, the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. gathering in the big dining hall upon the first floor, and the Boston Y. C. meeting upon the second floor. Both meetings were called for the same hour. It took only five minutes for the members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. to decide upon consolidation, but considerable more time was needed before the Boston Y. C. took the final vote. There was some opposition to the adoption of the flag of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., as agreed upon by the committees of both clubs. The majority of the members, however, believed that the matter of flag was only for agreement on amalgamation, and so the vote was passed.

When the vote had been passed, a committee of the Boston Y. C. was sent to inform the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. of the action taken. This committee informed the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. members that, under the terms of agreement they were now members of the Boston Y. C., and were requested to adjourn to the meeting room above to enter upon the business of the consolidated club. At the same time the committee was making its announcement in the lower hall, an envoy of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. informed the Boston Y. C. that the Hull club had agreed upon the terms of amalgamation. In each case the announcement was received with great applause. When the meeting of the Boston Y. C. was again called to order Vice Commodore welcomed the new members.. Louis M. Clark addressed the meeting upon the prospects of the new club and then the consolidated club proceeded to business. It was voted to appoint a committee to prepare a revision of the constitution, and it was also voted to appoint a committee to prepare a list of nominations for office. It is expected that the next meeting will be held very soon.

The agreement of consolidation is substantially contained in the following votes passed by the Boston Y. C., which coincided with those passed by the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C:

Section 5 of Chapter IV of the by-laws is hereby repealed, and in its place is substituted the following: "The distinguishing signal of the club shall be the present signal of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C."

All the present members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. (except the Dorchester division hereinafter mentioned) are hereby made members of the Boston Y. C., and shall be and are entitled to all the privileges of the club, at annual dues of $25 without the payment of any entrance fee, said members to rank in said Boston Y. C. according to their standing as to date of election in the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

Pending the adoption of a revised constitution and by-laws, to be reported by a committee, said committee to be duly appointed at this meeting, the following provisions as to members and classes thereof, annual dues and rights to vote are hereby established:

Regular Members—These shall be at present regular members of either of the consolidated clubs who shall pay annual dues of $25; also all life members of either of the consolidated clubs.

Class A—These shall be all those who were, prior to the consolidation, regular members of the Boston Y. C.. and who shall pay annual dues of $10. They shall be entitled to the general privileges of the club, but to the house privileges of the City Point and Marblehead club houses only.

Dorchester Division—These shall be all those who were, prior to the consolidation, members of the Dorchester division of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. They shall be entitled, on payment of annual dues of $8, to the same privileges heretofore enjoyed by them.

Honorary Members—These shall be all those who were, prior to the consolidation, honorary members of either club. They shall enjoy the privileges of the club, but shall have no interest in its property, and shall not be entitled to vote or to hold office.

Members of Class A may at any time become regular members upon certifying their intention to the secretary, and paying the full annual dues of $25.

Members of the Dorchester division may at any time, upon election, become regular members upon certifying their intention to the secretary, paying the initiation fee and the full annual dues of $25.

Only regular members, life members and Class A members shall be entitled to vote.

The Boston Y. C. hereby assumes and agrees to pay all debts and liabilities of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

At Lawley's the 36-footer for Mr. W. B. Rogers has been finished and is ready for launching. Maj. L. S. Bent's 50ft. schooner is receiving the cabin work. The deck has been laid on the 25-footer for Mr. J. C. Swift and the cabin work is going in. The cabin work is being finished on the cruising 21-footer for Mr. L. H. Spalding. Mr. Trenor L. Park's 43-rater is in frame. The keel of the 63-rater schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond is being turned out. In the west shop the steam yacht for Mr. C. A. Fletcher is receiving her engines and the joiner work is being installed. The work of plating is still going on on Mr. C. G. Emery's steam yacht. In the boat shop the engine has been put in the new launch for the Boston Y. C. The 75ft. steam yacht which was designed by Mr. Arthur Binney for Mr. F. H. Wells for use on Lake Champlain is being laid down.

At Meek's yard, North Weymouth, the Y. R. A. 25-footer for Mr. J. E. Doherty is being set up.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy has sold the 21ft. knockabout Apache, owned by Mr. L. C. Wade, to Mr. J. Willis Martin, of Philadelphia.

At the Marblehead Yacht Yard the Elton 40-footer is planked and the deck laid. The engine has been installed and the interior joiner work is being finished. The keel of the new cruising 25-footer, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. L. C. Wade, will be run this week. A 25ft. speed launch is nearing completion and a mahogany launch for Mr. Joseph Battles has been started. Mr. Stearns has an order for a towing launch for Mr. Franklin Dexter. This yard, in connection with Messrs. Gardner and Cox, has sold the 60ft. steam yacht Rocket to Mr. F. W. Hoyt, of New York; and, in connection with Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, the 35-footer Umbrina to Mr. Childs, of New York. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Larchmont Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, New York City, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Frederick T. Adams, schooner Sachem; Vice-Commodore, Morton F. Plant, steamer Parthenia; Rear Commodore, Frederick M. Hoyt, cutter Isolde; Secretary, A. Bryan Alley; Treasurer, William Murray; Measurer, John Hyslop; Trustees, to serve three years, Augustin Monroe, Edward S. Hatch. A large number of the members were present, and some amendments to the racing rules were adopted.

KHAMA—ENGLISH RACING CUTTER RECENTLY PURCHASED BY SEYMOUR J. HYDE, NEW YORK Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have a lot of work in their office. Among the new boats designed by them this winter are the following: A 75ft. waterline twin-screw launch for Mr. M. J. Foster; she is 91ft. over all and will be driven by two gas engines; a 55ft. waterline launch for Mr. George W. Childs Drexel; this boat is 63ft. over all and two Standard gasoline engines will furnish the power; a twin-screw steam yacht 108ft. over all for Mr. Evans R. Dick; a 35ft. waterline cruising yawl building by Wood at City Island for Mr. Noble; a trial boat for the Canada cup races for a Rochester syndicate; this boat will also be built at Wood's yard; a 35ft. waterline racing cutter for Messrs. Addison and Wilmer Hanan, and an auxiliary three-masted schooner for Mr. Wilson Marshall. She will be 187ft. over all and 135ft. waterline. They have also gotten out plans for two other launches, one steam and the other gasoline, for yachtsmen whose names cannot yet be given out. The steamer Anstice, which was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for the Gulf Fisheries Co., has been sold through their brokerage department to Mr. R. A. Smith, who has had her sent to the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co. to be converted into a yacht from the designs of Messrs. Gardner & Cox. The brokerage department have chartered to Mr. Clarence Mackay the steam yacht Colonia for the season; the schooner yacht Kiwassa has been sold to Mr. Henry A. Rusch, N. Y. Y. C.; the steam launch Rocket, of Boston, to Mr. Frederick M. Hoyt, rear-commodore of the Larchmont Y. C. Messrs. Gardner & Cox have also sold two 15-footers—the Manhasset Bay raceabout Mist, which has been sent to Hong Kong, China, and the Atlantic Y. C. knockabout Pebble, sent to Santiago, Cuba.

Many new boats both large and small are building at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Morris Heights. Cherokee, the steam yacht built for Mr. S. H. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg, is completed. She is of composite construction and her owner will use her in the Thousand Islands. Inia, the 103 foot steam yacht, building for Mr. Henry F. S. Davis, is practically finished. Corinthia, Mr. J. A. Mollenhauer's new 100-foot twin screw steam yacht will be ready for launching early in the season. The finishing touches are being added to Aria the 165-foot steam yacht that was built for Mr. Edward H. Blake, of Bangor, Maine. Niagara IV, the high speed steam yacht for Mr. Howard Gould, will be launched early in April; she is 112 feet long over all. The work on Velthra, Mr. S. Parker Bremer's 110-foot twin screw steam yacht is well advanced. She will have a speed of twenty miles and will be used for daily trips between Boston and Manchester. Mr. Alfred Marshall's 100-foot high speed yacht will be ready for delivery early in the spring. The 65-foot steam yacht for Mr. Walter E. Duryea is nearly ready and will be turned over to her owner shortly. She will have a speed of 12 miles and is for use on the St. Lawrence River. Scioto, the steam launch building for Mr. R. H. Gilbert, is already planked; her owner will use her on Lake George. Work is well advanced on the 65-foot auxiliary cruising yawl building for Mr. J. H. Smedley, of Detroit. She will be equipped with a 25 horse power gasoline engine. Among the smaller boats building by this firm are the following: 40-foot launch for Mr. Walter Jennings; 35-foot cabin launch for Mr. Charles M. Morgan; two 30-foot hunting launches for Mr. John W. Gates; 30-foot launch for General J. A. Johnson; 21-foot launch for Mr. W. J. Gamble; ; two 24ft. tenders for Mr. W. R. Nelson; 30ft. launch for United States Engineers; 45ft. launch for Mr. V. M. Beolchi; 30ft. cabin yacht for Mr. Chas. G. Whitney; 25ft. launch for Mr. T. H. Meyers; auxiliary yacht for Mr. J. H. Ross; 25ft. launch for George Poppert; 16ft. launch for Mr. Kyrle Bellew; 28ft. launch for Mr. D. G. Reid; 33ft. launch for Mr. E. M. Hyde; 33ft. launch for Florida Quarantine service. In addition to these boats a number of yacht tenders are being built. Alterations are being made on Haida ex Elsa, the auxiliary steam yacht owned by Mr. Max C. Fleischmann.

The Electric Launch Company, Bayonne, N. J., is building a high speed gasolene yacht for Mr. F. G. Havens, of San Francisco, Cal., from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She is 65ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft. Her speed will be fifteen miles an hour. This firm is also building an auxiliary cruising yawl for Mr. R. W. Smith. She is 60ft over all, 40 ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 3ft. draft. She will be fitted with a 14 horsepower 4 cylinder Globe motor. The electric launch building from designs by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, for Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, is well along. She is 37ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 6ft. 2in. breadth and 2ft. draft. She will have a speed of 13 miles. Mr. George Bullen, of Chicago, has ordered an electric launch for use on Oconomowoc Lake, and Mr. L. A. Parkhurst is having an electric launch built for use on the same lake.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, of Mariner's Harbor, S. I., is to build a 70ft. steam yacht for General B. M. Whitlock.

Dr. M. R. Peck is having a cruising launch built at Hanson's yard, City Island. She is 50ft. long, and will be driven by a 20 horsepower gasolene motor, and will be lighted by electricity.

Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnson, who has been the manager of Manning's Yacht Agency for several years past, has severed his connection with that firm and has now started in business for himself in the same line.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have sold the British-built steam yacht Wanderer, owned by Mr. C. F. L. Robinson to Mr. Henry A. C. Taylor. The same firm has chartered the steam yacht May, owned by Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer to Mr. C. Ledyard Blair.

Capt. Tom Webber is building at his yard in New Rochelle a racing sloop from his own design, for Mr. James Baird, of Philadelphia.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

San Francisco, Feb. 9.—The weather was good yesterday at Shell Mound Range. The Germania Club announced their programme for the year. Cash prizes to the amount of $435 have been offered. In addition, valuable prizes are offered by individuals. The proceeds of this shoot are to go toward the expense of the club's representatives in entertaining their fellow shooters and friends at the next National Bundes shoot in 1904. Scores of the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot, re-entry match: A. Gehret 224, 223, 217, 223; Martin Blasse 225, 221, 207, 205; F. P. Schuster 219, 217; D. B. Faktor 219, 218, 224; Wm. F. Blasse 210.

Club trophy: F. E. Mason 227, G. Tammeyer 229, Martin Blasse 220, D. B. Faktor 218, A. Gehret 216, F. P. Schuster 209, G. Mitchell 203, Wm. F. Blasse 203.

Silver medal: G. Mitchell 203, 195.

Gold medal: F. P. Schuster 219, P. A. Becker 204, 201, 178.

Pistol and revolver, club trophy; pistol: W. F. Blasse 80, B. Jonas 74, J. Kullman 82. Revolver: J. W. Tompkins 75, J. R. Trego, J. Kullman 82.

Pistol re-entry: J. Kullman 83, Dr. D. Smith 80.

Revolver re-entry: J. W. Tompkins 80, 77, 76, 73; J. R. Trego 85, 85, 81; F. Kruckel 75, 65; P. A. Becker 90, 88, 84, 91, 86, 89, 90.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, A. Gehret 225; second champion class, J. D. Heise 217; first class, John Gefken 211; second class, Wm. Morken 211; third class, A. Goetze 178; best first shot, A. Gehret 24; best last shot, F. E. Mason 25.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion medal and first class not filled; champion highest score class, D. B. Faktor 446; second class, S. Heino 430; third class, H. Bornholdt 355; fourth class, August Goetze 400; best first shot, John Lankenau 24; best last shot, D. B. Faktor 24.

Independent Rifles, monthly medal shoot: Sergt. C. Schneider 48, J. S. Jones 52, C. Schmidt 37, R. V. Bither 38, J. H. Kuhlke 45, F. Skowran 19, C. H. Kornbeck 53, H. Marzolf 43, C. Hering 39, W. Gaetjen 23, A. Dietrich 40, C. Schilling 45, Sergt. C. Andrews 55, J. Behlmer 34.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: G. H. Bahrs 419, E. Thode 591, H. Huber 664, A. Hohmann 687, C. F. Rust 720, J. Woebcke 1051, F. P. Schuster 1060, J. D. Heise 1100, H. Huppert 1262, J. Gefken 1487, J. Lankenau 1548, D. Salfield 1554.

Roeel.

The Championship Hundred Shot Gallery Match for 1903, open to everybody, will be held under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, Zettler Bros.' gallery, 159 W. 23d Street, New York. The shooting days are: Saturday, Feb. 28, from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M.; Monday, March 2, from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M.; Tuesday, March 3, from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M.; Wednesday, March 4, from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M.; Thursday, March 5, from 10 A. M. until 6 P. M.; Friday, March 6, from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M.; Saturday, March 7, from 10 A. M. until 10 P. M.

All shooting must be off-hand. The distribution of prizes will take place at the banquet on Saturday, March 7. In all cases of dispute the decision of the shooting committee shall be final. The well-known rules will govern this tournament.

100 Shot Gallery Match for 1903—Entrance fee $5; 100 shots to be fired in 20 scores of five shots at any time during the tournament; the regular twenty-five (¼-inch) ring target to be used. The shooter making the highest score will receive first prize at his option, and so on.

The Championship Match of 100 shots on the in-door range having been omitted from the programme of the National Sportsmen's Association's Exhibition, the Zettler club wishes to offer all rifle shooters a programme attractive, liberal and under good management. The programme gives a list of all conditions, events and prizes, and can be obtained of Zettler Bros.

The United States Revolver Associations' first match of the series of championship matches, will be held in New York. The competitions in New York City will be conducted under the auspices of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, 2628 Broadway, in the evenings of March 4 to 7, inclusive, when the gallery will be open from 7:30 to 11:30. For further information address the secretary-treasurer, A. L. A. Himmelwright, 121 Liberty Street, New York.

The revolver and rifle tournaments to be held in connection with the Sportsmen's show will be held from the opening to the closing, Feb. 21 to March 7, inclusive.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

Feb. 26.—Stuttgart, Ark.—Arkansas State championship, under auspices of the Stuttgart Gun Club.

March 4.—Edgewater, N. J.—All-day shoot of the North River Gun Club. Jas. R. Merrill, Sec'y.

March 19.—Carlstadt, N. J.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot.

March 16-21.—Houston, Tex., Gun Club's all week shoot; $500 added money. S. J. Smith, Sec'y.

April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring. tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.

April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Three-day live-bird and target tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30—Newport, R. I., second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis. Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Dr. Ashley A. Webber, whose fame as an expert with pistol and shotgun was international, died at his home, 168 North Sixth Street, Brooklyn, on Feb. 17. He was best known to fame as an expert revolver shot, excelling in skill at the long ranges of 50 and 100 yards. His home contains dozens of trophies won in competition with the most skillful contestants. He attained high skill with the shotgun. In the Grand American Handicap of 1900, shooting under the name of Dr. Casey, he was one of eight to kill 25 straight, and lost a bird in the shoot off through the oversight of using his gun unloaded. In the sweepstakes and trophy competitions about New York, he was a skillful and successful competitor. His fondness for field sports was as great as his fondness for trapshooting. He was quite an all round athlete, excelling as an oarsman, sprinter, jumper, etc. The exactions of his profession in the last two or three years were so great that they precluded participation in his favorite sports. He was a member of the dispensary staff of the Eastern District Hospital, Brooklyn. He also was a member of the Seawanhaka Boat Club and Hanover Club. Bright's disease was the cause of his death.

The following interesting clipping treats of a matter of more than passing importance. "Nebraska's crack shots are rejoiced to hear that Kansas City's team wants to try them on again. Chris Gottlieb, one of the best men on the Kansas City team, has been visiting Frank Parmelee, and he says that his team is anxious to come up here and try conclusions once more. Seven times now have teams from these two cities met, and the Omahans have won six of the seven shoots. All were fifty-bird races but the last two, which were twenty-five each. The local men have jumped at the offer of the Missourians, and the match will probably come off in March. It is remarkable how close the total scores have always been in these races. Of five races at Kansas City, Omaha has won by two birds twice, by five once, by seven once and by eleven once. That is a small number out of several hundred birds trapped."

The holiday shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club was well attended on Monday of this week. The shooting contingent was out in force, thirty shooters, all told. It was the largest ever held as to total amount of shooting. The Holiday Cup and three trophies donated by Messrs. T. A. Stake, L. C. Hopkins and F. C. Bedford, Jr., respectively, afforded ample incentive to compete. The Holiday Cup was won by Mr. A. R. Fish, with a straight score of 25. Dr. F. C. Raynor won the Stake trophy. Mr. G. G. Stephenson, Jr., won the Hopkins trophy after a long struggle in shoot offs; he made one straight score of 25 without any allowance.

A correspondent informs us that "The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., is preparing to hold its second annual tournament on May 30 next. High average prizes in cash will be offered as well as other attractive features. No pains will be spared to make the shoot run as smoothly as possible. The fact that this shoot will occur just previous to the inter-State tournament at Wellington, Mass., should insure a good attendance. Programmes will be ready about April 15, and may be had by addressing J. S. Coggeshall, Secretary, Box 19."

On Saturday of last week in the inter-club 5-man team shoot, at Philadelphia, there were entries as follows: Delaware County Country Club, Frankford Gun Club, S. S. White Gun Club, Century Wheelmen, Highland Gun Club, Independent Gun Club and Florists' Gun Club. The conditions were 50 targets to a man, 16 yards' rise, 25 targets over the Sergeant system and 25 over the magautrap. The scores were: Florists, 195; Highland, 190; Independent, 182; Frankford, 178; Century, 169; Delaware, 166; S. S. White, 166.

An exchange states that "Carl Von Lengerke, for years one of the crack shotgun artists of the world, has been in Omaha during the last week and has been over at the cross-river grounds almost every day, startling the natives with his expertness at the trigger and traps. Von Lengerke has twice held the coveted honor of being runner-up in the Grand American Handicap events, though he has never succeeded in taking top honors."

From a local paper we take the following: "Because of the death of Max Condit the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, of which he was a member, will not take part in the shoot at Ossining Monday. The club will attend Mr. Condit's funeral in a body and will send a floral tribute in the shape of a large 'blue rock,' made from flowers of suitable colors."

In a team race at Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 14, four men to a team, 25 live birds per man, Elliott, Hearn, O'Brien and Cockrell against Gottlieb, Bramhall, Riehl and Smith, the result was a tie, each winning a race. The results were: First race, O'Brien's team, 82 to 83. Second race, O'Brien's team, 84 to 74. The tie was not shot off.

The grand averages for 4 days' targets and live birds, made at the Detroit tournament, Feb 10-14, are as follows: First, Griffith, 93 1-3 per cent.; 2d, Gilbert, 92 2-3 per cent.; 3d, Weatherhead, 91 2-3 per cent.; 4th, Simmonds, 91 per cent.; 5th, Bohncy, 87 1-3 per cent.

In the shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, held at Guttenburg, N. J., on Feb. 20, Mr. D. Mohrmann, Class B, was the only contestant who made a straight score in the club event. Mr. G. Grieff won Class A, Mr. A. Schumacher won Class C, Mr. J. Hainhorst won the challenge medal contest.

The programme of the first annual tournament of the Houston (Tex.) Gun Club, to be held March 17 to 19, provides $500 added money. The grounds will be open on March 20 and 21, preliminary to the Texas State Sportsman's annual shoot, at Brenham, Tex., March 23-26.

In the team contest between the Keystone Shooting League and the Baltimore Shooting Association, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., on Thursday of last week, Keystone won by a score of 164 to 150. There were eight men on a side, 25 birds per man, or 200 to each team.

In the match contest at Rittersville, Pa., Feb. 20, between Mr. T. W. Morfey, of Dover, N. J., and Mr. D. S. Doudt, champion wing shot of the Lehigh Valley, Morfey won by a score of 86 to 73, each contestant shooting at 100 live birds.

Mr. Isaac Budd, at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, Feb. 21, made straight scores in the club handicap and the officers' trophy contest, 25 in all, and then, by way of continuation, won a miss and out alone.

Elsewhere in our trap columns is a communication from the Oneida County Sportsman's Association, in which is set forth its willingness to undertake the responsibilities of the New York State shoot.

In a team contest, ten men on a side, All-Nebraska against Omaha, 25 birds per man, the former won by a score of 216 to 212. A return match may be shot in April.

The energetic and popular T. W. Keller, of New York, but of the world in regard to friends, was laid up from business last week, due to a severe attack of la grippe.

Mr. H. Justins, of San Francisco, Cal., where he is famous in sportsmen's affairs, arrived in New York on the Etruria from England on Monday of this week.

Mr. John Wright announces that he has found it desirable to change the date of his shoot from March 12 to March 19. It is to be held at Carlstadt, N. J.

Owing to the fact that Monday of this week was a holiday in New York, several communications are in consequence crowded over till next week.

Mr. Luther Squiers, of Cincinnati, and Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, Campello, Mass., were visitors in New York early this week.

The annual meeting of the Emerald Gun Club will be held on March 12, at 9 Madison Street, New York.

Omaha and Kansas City will try conclusions again in a team race, in April, at Grand Island, Neb.

The shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was postponed from Feb. 17 to Feb. 23.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, Feb. 21. In expectation of the shoot we are to hold on the 23d inst., there was not a very good attendance. A. Rohr and M. H. Dyckman, with their handicaps in the Handicap Cup event, made 25, Rohr getting 25 on the shoot off to Dyckman's 24; this gives Rohr two wins for the cup; he has to win it but once more to hold it permanently. In the Scratch Cup event, E. Ball got a win with 23 out of 25; this makes one win each for Ball, Washburn and Blandford. There is some talk of the gun club holding the State shoot for 1903, owing to the Schenectady Gun Club being unable to get suitable grounds. We will send a representative to the meeting of the N. Y. State Association at Rochester, March 7, and make a try for it anyway.

	Handicap Cup. Broke.	Missed.	Total.	Scratch Cup.
D Brandreth	16	4	20	22
Bruin	11	8	19	..
E Ball	17	1	18	23
A Rohr	12	13	25	12
G Hubbell	17	6	23	..
M Dyckman	21	4	25	20
*C Blandford	22	0	22	..
W Colman	..	..	..	20
A Bedell	..	..	..	20

*Shot along.

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	5p	25	Targets:	10	15	5p	25
D Blandreth	9	9	..	17	C Blandford	9	12	..	..
Bruin	7	..	5	..	W Coleman	8	..	5	..
G Hobbell	..	..	5	..	A Bedell	9	..	..	..
M Dyckman	7	..	5	..					

Owing to the death of the captain of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, Max Condit, the shoot for the Inter-county Cup, which was to be held here the 23d inst., will probably be postponed. The Poughkeepsie Club will please accept our sincere sympathy. We realize that they have lost a warm friend and thorough sportsman.

C. G. B.

New York State Shoot.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Notices having been sent out to the effect that the Schenectady Gun Club cannot handle the New York State Shoot, the Oneida County Sportsman's Association will undertake the convention and guarantee a satisfactory shoot, trapping birds at one cent each.

Oneida County Sportsman's Association,
C. R. MIZNER, Secretary.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 11.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their Wellington grounds to-day, and 26 shooters kept scorers and trapper busy till darkness prevented target from being seen, and many of the attendants were compelled to go away kind of half filled as far as their trapshooting wants were concerned. Straight scores were at high rates, similar to shells and ammunition at present, though Perkins, Leroy and Dennison managed to secure one each, the former's being at 15 and the two latter's at 10.

Perkins led in the prize match with Dr. Gleason one target to rear, ready to take advantage of any slip and shooting a strong uphill race from the start. Leroy, Woodruff and John were next in line one target to the good, of another Brockton representative, Leonard, with 20. In the consecutive match Perkins came very near clipping the record to date, but grassed a nice 20, and still hopes for more. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Per
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	10	Cent.
Howe, 19	6	6	10	10	9	8	.654
Perkins, 19	6	6	14	15	9	..	.768
Leroy, 21	10	7	12	8	13	..	.768
Dennison, 18	8	10	12	11	8	..	.667
Keller, 16	3	3	6	7	10	..	.447
Woodruff, 17	8	6	12	9	12	6	.707
Prior, 16	2	2	0	2	..	..	.120
Worthing, 16	7	7	12	8	11	..	.693
Muldown, 16	4	4	3	6	6	9	.427
Lee, 16	2	2	7	9	3	2	.334
Gleason, 16	9	4	12	1	14	..	.739
Barry, 16	7	8	11	9	9	7	.680
Leonard, 16	9	8	13	12	8	..	.763
Hodsdon, 16	6	6	9	6	10	3	.534
Henry, 16	..	..	10	8	6	..	.534
Puck, 16	..	..	5	9	5	..	.424
Gilbert, 16	..	..	5	5	6	..	.356
Francis, 16	..	..	11	9	4	..	.534
Linfield, 16	..	..	8	6	5	..	.423
Porter, 16	..	..	7	11	8	7	.600
Nye, 16	..	..	10	7	..	..	.567
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	7	11	..	.600
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	7	8	..	.500
John, 16	..	..	..	10	11	..	.700
Fisher, 16	6	3	..	..	8	5	.440
Williams, 16	..	..	..	..	..	4	.400
Fred, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	.600
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	5	.500

Consecutive Break Match—Perkins 19 yds., 20; Gleason, 16 yds., 14; Leroy, 21 yds., 12; Dennison, 18 yds., 12; Leonard, 16 yds., 10; John, 16 yds., 10; Muldown, 16 yds., 9; Barry, 16 yds., 9.

Perkins, 19	11111111111111111110110011101 00—24
Gleason, 16	10110111101100001111111111111—23
Leroy, 21	01100110110101011111111110011—21
John, 16	10111110110001101011111111100—21
Woodruff, 17	10111001010101111101101011111—21
Leonard, 16	11101111110011101010111000 01—20
Howe, 19	10110011011111011010111001001—19
Dennison, 18	11100111001111101001110010011—19
Kneil, 16	01001010011101101010101111111—19
Porter, 16	10101111101101110011011010001 1—19
Dickey, 21	10011010001011011110100110111—18
Frank, 18	00011100101011110111111010 100—18
Barry, 16	11100010111100101110011010110—18
Keller, 16	10110000011100111110010110110—17
Hodsdon, 16	10111100000001101010011011110 1—16
Spencer, 18	11010110101001011100101101000 1—15
Henry, 16	10010110010101100111000011001 0—14
Puck, 16	11011100100110101100001001000—14
Francis, 16	01011110110001101010010100000 0—13
Muldown, 16	10111001000100100000110110010—12
Lee, 16	00111000111011110100000010000 0—12
Gilbert, 16	01000110010100011000001101001 0—11
Linfield, 16	00001110011010010101000001100 0—11

BOSTON, Feb. 18.—Cold weather and lots of it was what was most in view at the fifth serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club, held at Wellington to-day, and just 8 snooters braved the zero day to indulge in their favorite pastime of trap shooting. The consecutive break match was hardly worth calling one, Gleason being high with 8, which does not show any Fred Gilbert shooting, but then we had just as much fun, and all were more than satisfied with their afternoon's sport. Gleason was high in the prize match, closely followed by Kirkwood with 20, not a high score to look at, but circumstances alter cases. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Frank, 18	4	6	3	7	3	3	7	6	5	7	4	..	..	..
Hollis, 19	4	6	6	5	4	..	..	7	5	5	..	..	..	..
Prior, 15	7	4	8	6	7	7	6	5	5	6	5	8	4	4
Kirkwood, 18	4	4	7	4	7	7	6	6	6	8	6	5	4	5
Woodruff, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	6	5	5	..	8
Gleason, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	4	5	2	5	7	9
Frederick, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Event 14 was 21 yards.

Consecutive Break Match—Gleason 8, Prior 7, Kirkwood 7.

Prize Match, 30 Singles; Handicap Distance.

Gleason, 16	10001001110100111111110111111 1—21
Kirkwood, 19	11100110101110001011111110110 11—20
Frank, 18	01111011000001111001101101011 1—18
Hollis, 19	10011101111100111000110100010 1—17
Prior, 16	10000111011010100011101110100 1—16
Woodruff, 17	11010100001110100011010101010 1—15

Keystone—Baltimore.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 19.—The Keystone Shooting League administered a sharp defeat to the Baltimore Shooting Association on the grounds of the former, at Holmesburg Junction, to-day. The conditions under which the race was shot were eight men to each team, 25 live birds per man, thus making 200 birds per team. Keystone killed 164, Baltimore 150. This was a margin of 14 in favor of Keystone. Messrs. C. German, H. Ducker and E. Russell killed 23 each, high scores of the contest. This contest of the series establishes a tie. The shoot off is expected to take place some time next month. The scores:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

C German	22211222212202122212212*—23
A R Middleton	02010112021212021220021 01—17
J Dunn	02202222222222*0000020100—14
J W Chew	12020*01002000122201000 01—11
J Gifford	21211210220122211210012 21—21
Hood Waters	12012022122121222121012 22—22
J R Malone	12022112011100111221220 02—19
H Ducker	11111112112011212112111 20—23—150

Keystone Shooting League.

J Rothacker	02202222202222202202020 220—18
F M Hobbs	20222222222022220220202 202—20
H M Sarg	21222222222220*22202222220—21
H W Van Loon	222*012222222220*2222002—19
F Schwartz	12211021212212121222112*220—22
F Leonard	22222200202020122220 2*222—19
Ed Russell	22122220222222222222220—23
Ed Johnson	22222222202222*2222220222—22—164

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—After a let up in the zero weather and what looked like a fine day for shooting, a blizzard sneaked on Highland Park, and caught quite a bunch, but didn't stop them from shooting. Some good scores were made, but it was hard work to keep it up. Two tied in Class B and also in C, necessitating another 25 stunt in the cold.

Nearly everyone had trouble with their guns. The trap seemed to object to working on such a day, but it all only added to the big jolly time in the little club house.

Following are the scores, the 3d event at 20 yards, the 8th and 9th the trophy and club events respectively, and the 10th the shoot off:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	25	25	25
Marks	3	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tolsma	9	12	7	14	..	..	..	19	17	15
Guthard	8	9	6	7	4	..	..	7	8	14
Hitchcock	7	..	7	..	4	5	6	14	17	13
McAdam	2	5	5	..	4	4	..	10	5	11
Whitton	..	3	1	3	3	..	..	14	5	10
Ford	..	..	..	..	6	5	9	12	17	19
Shiell	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	15	16	13
Bent	..	14	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	14

Trap at Allentown.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—The cold weather and stormy winds of the past two days interfered to a considerable extent with the shooters at the two days' tournament held at Griesemersville. The attendance of the second day was much larger, and the contests were livelier and more hotly contested. The local sportsmen entertained a number of visitors from New York, New Jersey and Philadelphia. The scores of Wednesday's events are as follows:

Wednesday, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	25
Apgar	6	12	9	16	12	9	8	12	12	12	14	16
Squire	8	4	12	15	12	11	12	10	11	8	15	17
Schneider	4	3	3	8	7	7	12	9	7	8	10	11
Butler	4	5	5	12	7	5	8	9	5	8	12	10
Glover	6	10	11	12	8	11	9	14	12	12	13	14
Coleman	8	8	8	11	10	9	9	14	12	10	14	15
Trego	6	9	8	7	10	7	12	12	13	9	14	19
Schlicher	7	11	11	15	11	11	8	16	12	11	16	20
Bray	6	8	8	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schools	5	3	7	5	8	8	7	6	..	..	..	..
Maurer	3	7	7	7	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kramlich	8	11	11	9	6	10	8	13	8	9	14	15
Heil	7	9	10	12	5	11	9	13	..	..	..	..
J E Frederick	7	10	11	10	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..
Wertz	7	10	10	10	10	6	10	9	11	7	..	..
F Wertz	6	8	10	16	9	9	13	14	6	..	..	..
Sked	4	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ritter	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	10	6	6	7	13	11	8	8	..

Thursday, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	20	20	10	15	20	25
Apgar	7	10	12	14	8	13	17	18	8	13	17	24
Squire	6	13	11	14	8	11	20	17	10	13	16	22
Schneider	6	9	11	12	7	10	15	14	9	13	12	..
Butler	3	10	10	12	5	6	10	19	10	4	11	13
Daudt	4	8	6	10	4	9	15	13	10	13	10	20
Coleman	9	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trego	8	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schlicher	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bray	8	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kramlich	6	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J O Jones	6	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The following events were at 10 targets:

Croll	6	9	8	10	8	10	7	5	10
Jones	8	8	6	7	8	9	9	8	9
Desch	7	5	7	8	9	8	7	9	8
Weiler	7	5	6	7	5	4	10	6	8
Schlicher	10	9	10	6	7	8	10	7	9
Morrow	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bray	6	7	8	7	7	8	8	10	7
Coleman	8	9	6	7	10	9	7	9	8
Trego	8	9	7	9	9	9	8	10	10
Kramlich	8	9	8	9	8	9	10	8	10
Englert	..	9	9	8	9	9	8	7	10
Steckel	..	..	6	9	5	8	6	..	..

Howard Schlicher, of Allentown, made the best average of the two days' shoot, and was awarded the first prize, a gun case.

Fred Coleman, of Heggins, Pa., made the second best average of the shoot and won a shell case.

C. F. KRAMLICH, Manager.

All-Nebraska vs. Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Feb. 14.—Nebraska at large proved too strong for Omaha at large, in a contest of skill at the traps on the grounds of the Omaha Gun Club, winning by a score of 216 to 212, only four birds in the lead, yet more than ample to decide the issue. This is the second victory of All-Nebraska over Omaha, the first one occurring in March last, and was close, though not so close as the last one, it being determined by a lead of seven birds.

The match to-day was close from start to finish, and the possibilities of winning or losing were not exhausted till the last pair had contested.

The return match is fixed for April 3, at Grand Island, and it is possible that targets instead of live birds will be used.

Dan Bray, of Syracuse, killed 25 straight, and held the individual honors for the highest score. Next came Sievers, of Grand Island, and Hindmarsh, of Lincoln, with 24 each. Frank Fogg of Omaha, and B-27, of Herman, tied on 22, each from ancient rivalry endeavoring to excel his opponent. C. Lewis, of Omaha, defeated Geo. Simpkins, of Lincoln, by a score of 21 to 19. The team captains, Townsend, of Omaha, and Carter, of North Platte, tied on 20. Loomis, of Omaha, and Linderman, of Weeping Water, tied on 23. Hindmarsh's opponent, Brewer, of Omaha, scored 19 to the former's 24. The others were: Sievers, of Grand Island against Burgess; Illian, of Albion, against Rogers; Schroeder, of Columbus, against Grant; Williams, of Lincoln, against Jones; Bray, of Syracuse, against Dick Kimball.

The birds used were unusually fast. There was not a single "no bird" in the lot. The day was a good one for shooting. Weather cold, but not punishing. Wind just strong enough to make it interesting; and the constant cloudiness prevented too much brightness.

Five hours were devoted to the live-bird race, commencing at 10:30. Afterward three target sweepstakes of 15 targets each (entrance $1.50 each) were shot. Carter, of North Platte, captured the first; B-27, of Herman, the second, and Townsend, of Omaha, divided the money with Carter in the third. The scores in the live-bird race were:

		All Omaha.	Nebraska.
Burgess, Omaha	2222020*20222222222222—21		
Sievers, Grand Island	22222222222220202222222222—		24
Rogers, Omaha	2*22222222*2202222222022—21		
Illian, Albion	*22*0222222*2222*1222121*—		19
Brewer, Omaha	22*2212100222110120112011—19		
Hindmarsh, Lincoln	2222122111221*22112212111—		24
Schroeder, Columbus	12012201122222222221200202—		20
Grant, Omaha	0222202022*2*222220222222—19		
Loomis, Omaha	0222*22222222221111212222—23		
Linderman, Weeping Water	22222022222222222222*2222—		23
Townsend, Omaha	12222022202220220*2221222—20		
Carter, North Platte	22202222022222*20222122*22—		20
Simpkins, Lincoln	22220222220022220220202—		19
Lewis, Omaha	*22222022222202222222220222—21		
Jones, Omaha	20222222022222292222222222—23		
Williams, Lincoln	22222022202222022222220022—		20
Bray, Syracuse	22222222222222222222222222—		25
Kimball, Omaha	2222222*2222*222222222222—23		
B-27, Herman	22222022*22202222222222222—		22
Fobb, Omaha	222222222222*220222220222—22		

All-Nebraska.		Omaha.	
Sievers	24	Burgess	21
Illian	19	Rogers	21
Hindmarsh	24	Brewer	19
Schroeder	20	Grant	19
Linderman	23	Loomis	23
Carter	20	Townsend	20
Simpkins	19	Lewis	21
Williams	20	Jones	23
Bray	25	Kimball	23
B-27	22—216	Fogg	22—212

Trap at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—One of the many "get ready" shoots being held these days in Kansas City and vicinity, occurred Saturday, the 14th, at the Dickey Bird Park. A good deal of informal practice work was done, but the feature was a team series, in which the final and deciding heat was omitted for lack of time.

The event, therefore, was a pair of races between teams of four men to the side, each shooting at 25 birds. Each team got one heat, and the rubber was not shot. The top work was done by O'Brien and Riehl, who each scored 48. One team was captained by Ed O'Brien, and the other by J. W. Bramhall.

First Shoot—O'Brien's Team.

D Elliott	1111111111011111111010110—21
T Sims	0110110111111011000111111111—18
O'Brien	1111011111111111011111111111—23
F Cockrill	1111000010111111111111111111—20—82

Bramhall's Team.

F Smith	1100101011110110011101111111—17
F Reihl	1111111111111111111111111111—25
Gottlieb	0101110111111111111111111111—22
Bramhall	1101111110111100110101111—19—83

Second Shott—O'Brien's Team.

D Elliott	1111111010111101100111111—20
T Sims	0011101110110110111111111111—19
O'Brien	1111111111111111111111111111—25
F Cockrill	1111010111111111111011100111—20—84

Bramhall's Team.

F Smith	1001011011110100111011011O—15
F Reihl	1111111101011111111111111111—23
Gottlieb	1111111011011101111111010—20
Bramhall	0111100111110011100101111O—16—74

Practice, 25 bird races: O'Brien 21, 23, 25, Reihl 19, 23, 21, Cockrill 19, 24, 22, Elliott 21, 20, 20, Bramhall 18, 22, Hearn 18, 20, Killey 21, 22, Gottlieb 21, 18, Smith 19, 18, Menona 20, 17.

KILLMORE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., Feb. 20.—The snow added to the difficulties of shooting; the cold air added to the abundance of cool temperature, and the birds flew in the flewiest manner. Mr. D. Mohrmann won Class B with the only straight score made. Mr. G. Grieff won Class A in the shoot off with Steffens. Schumacher won C class with 4 out of 11, beating out Luhrman in the tie. Hainhorst won the club challenge medal.

N Brunie, 28	12121*2111— 9	C Thyssen, 28	2101220222— 8
H Pape, 28	12121*1110— 8	H Rohlfs, 28	2111011111— 9
J Bokling, Jr., 28	2022111111— 7	H Luhrman, 25	...0100122**0—4
C Steffens, 30	2122210101— 8	C Meyerdiercks, 28	2011010000— 4
J Hainhorst, 28	020*021112— 6	A Schumacher, 25	211000001*— 4
G Grieff, 30	2222122*20— 8	D Mohrmann, 28	2122121222—10
C Bittner, G. 28	*11*011020— 5	Intermann, 28	2012122221— 9
J Kroeger, 28	1212*22111— 9		

Challenge Medal—15 birds.

J Hainhorst, 28	120101122221l*—12
H Pape, 28	121*20*01011111—10

Several miss and outs followed the main events.

Main shoot:

Steffens	1120*—3	Hainhorst	22112—5
Bohling	21200—3	Mohrmann	02222—4
Pape	12102—4	Meyerdiercks	12022—4
Rohlfs	12011—4	Sanders	20100—2
Thyssen	21024—3	Luhrman	10222—4
Schumacher	21201—4—21	Bittner	00100—1—20

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, Feb. 22.—At the shoot of the Hudson Gun Club the day was very cold; snow deep. Twenty-six shooters took part. The team race between the Hudsons and the Carlstadts was won by the Hudsons. This team did it: Schorty, Staples, Dudley, May, Fairmount, Duke, Pearsall. The Carlstadts: Von Lengerke, Krug, M. Rasmus, C. B. Smith, P. Rasmus, J. Vohrs and Gemp. Dudley won high average with 90 per cent. Wells and Staples tied with 81 per cent. Schorty was next with 78 per cent., and May was last to get in with 76 per cent. Scores:

Events:	1	2	*3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	20	20	25	25	20	20	20	20	20	15
Schorty	7	14	13	20	21	15	16	18	17	16	7
Von Lengerke	7	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Dudley	9	17	16	21	..	18	17	20	18	20	..
Wells	8	17	16	18	20	16	16	16	15	17	..
May	8	16	17	17	17	13	17	16	16	16	8
Vohrs	4	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Gillies	3	8	11	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	3
Smith	8	14	14	16	16	15	16	14	14	15	6
Jenkins	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Pearsall	6	12	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
E Pearsall	3	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
P Rasmus	9	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
M Rasmus	8	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gemp	4	11	11	13	20	12	..	..	..	..	..
Krug	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Staples	8	13	16	..	..	17	16	17	18	16	..
Hausman	..	17	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duke	..	19	14	19	15	14	14	13	..	..	..
Malcomb	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Allen	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	16	13	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..
Fairmount	..	..	16	17	18	13	13	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	21	21	15	15	14	..	..	..
Hearn	..	..	..	18	18	16	14	17	17	16	..
L Perry	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	12	..	..
Muller	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	6	5	..	..

*Team race.

HUGHES, Sec'y.

Max Condit.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 21.—Once again has that grim harvester—death—entered our ranks and carried off one of our number. After an illness of less than two weeks Max Condit, at the age of 42 years, succumbed to-day to that dread disease, typhoid fever. Mr. Condit was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. He was one of its charter members, and largely to his efforts, be it said, the club owes its present high standing. Up to within a few weeks of his death he had acted in capacity of captain. He was a conscientious, hard working member, always having the interest of the club at heart, and by his death is left a vacancy in the club that can never be filled. Those who were fortunate enough to be intimately acquainted with him have lost a good companion and a loyal friend. Mr. Condit was well known in shooting circles outside of Poughkeepsie. He was an expert trap shot and as such naturally had a wide circle of friends in the shooting fraternity that will be pained to learn of his demise. He was a true sportsman and a gentleman of such sterling merit that it was an honor to be known as one of those he called his friends. He leaves a widow to mourn his loss, and for whom the tenderest sympathy is felt in this, her hour of bereavement.

Gone to a land, from whence none returneth,
Together no more shall we roam.
Deep into our hearts our anguish burneth,
By effort we suppress a moan.
No more on earth shall we meet thee,
No more shall thy kind face be seen;
But, dear friend, we shall never forget thee,
Thy memory shall be ever kept green. W.

New York State Shoot.

The following circular letter has been sent to the parties directly concerned:

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The Schenectady Gun Club has been obliged to give up the State Shoot this year on account of not being able to secure grounds for the tournament, as was arranged for. It is, therefore, necessary to call a special meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, to select another club under whose auspices the next convention can be held. You are hereby notified to send a delegate or appoint a proxy who will be present at a meeting to be held at Rochester, N. Y., on March 7 next, at Hotel Eggleston, Main street, at 3 o'clock P. M., for the above purpose. The representatives of ten clubs are necessary for a quorum. It is with deep regret that the directors of the Schenectady Gun Club are forced to take this step, and hope that some club will come forward and successfully carry on the tournament. Address all communications to Yours respectfully,

VALENTINE WALLBURG,

President Schenectady Gun Club and of New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, 234 Union street, Schenectady, N. Y.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the **Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.**

Granger Tournament.

GRANGER, Iowa, Feb. 14.—The one day tournament held by the Granger Gun Club, had 13 entries. The weather was cold, with a strong wind blowing from left to right across the traps. About 12 o'clock it began to snow, so a ttimes it was quite difficult to locate the targets after they had left the traps.

One event at 7 live birds, entrance $2.50, was shot in the afternoon. C. L. Holden won high average.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	15	15	10	5p	15	5p	15	25	5p	15	10	15
Jim Costello	3	12	13	8	7	12	7	6	6	12	9	9	22	9	14	5	11
R Costello	6	9	7	6	6	14	2	6	3	9	6	11	..	7	..	..	..
Budd	9	13	13	9	7	10	9	9	8	8	6	12	19	..	..	..	..
C L Holden	8	13	12	7	8	13	11	8	7	12	6	15	21	7	13	5	10
F Campbell	9	13	14	7	7	15	13	8	8	14	5	9	19	7	9	6	12
E Layman	8	11	13	8	8	9	13	9	5	8	5	9	18	6	12	..	..
F M Winfrey	4	4	10	2	5	8	8	3	4	10	..	..	..	2	..	5	2
A E Costello	..	..	9	..	6	8	10	7	6	8	6	8	..	..	..	..	..
J R Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	11	18	..	11	..	..
Rittger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	2	..	13	5	..	..	..
Keuhl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Webb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Stoner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..

Shooting at 225, Holden broke 176, Campbell 175, Costello 165, respectively, .787, .777 and .733 per cent.

Live bird event, 7 birds, $2.50 entrance, three moneys.

A E Costello	0001100—2	J Costello	0001111—4
C W Budd	1111111—7	Winfrey	0000100—1
J B Stoner	1101011—5		

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 14.—The third contest for the Cincinnati Gun Club's cash prize contest resulted as follows: R. Trimble (21) 47, Kaintuck (18) 45, Ahlers (20) 42, Maynard (17) 42, Leever (16) 42, Don Minto (19) 41, Gambell (18) 40, Falk (17) 39, Roll (17) 39, Gross (20) 38, Corry (17) 38, Nye (18) 38, Herman (16) 37, Barker (18) 37, Butts (16) 37, Medico (18) 36, Faran (18) 36, E. Trimble (17) 35, McB. (16) 35, Block (18) 34, Ackley (15) 33, Boyd (16) 33, J. B. (16) 32, Miller (15) 28, Watterson (14) 22, Linn (14) 24.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tours to Los Angeles on Account of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

For the Presbyterian General Assembly at Los Angeles, Cal., May 21 to June 1, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged three trans-continental tours at extraordinarily low rates. Special trains of high-grade Pullman equipment will be run on desirable schedules. A Tourist Agent, Chaperon, Official Stenographer, and Special Baggage Master will accompany each train to promote the comfort and pleasure of the tourists. All Sunday travel will be avoided.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is the only railroad that will run tours to Los Angeles on this occasion under its own Personally Conducted System.

NO. 1. ASSEMBLY TOUR.

Special train of baggage, Pullman dining and drawing-room sleeping cars will leave New York May 13, going via Chicago, Denver, and the Royal Gorge, stopping at Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, arriving Los Angeles May 20; leaving Los Angeles, returning, June 1, via the Santa Fe Route and Chicago; arriving New York June 5. Round-trip rate, including transportation, Pullman accommodations, and meals on special train, $134.50 from New York, $132.75 from Philadelphia, $128.75 from Baltimore and Washington, $120.00 from Pittsburg, and proportionate rates from other points.

Tickets for this tour, covering all features until arrival at Los Angeles, with transportation only returning independently on regular trains via going route, New Orleans, or Ogden and St. Louis, and good to stop off at authorized Western points, will be sold at rate of $109.50 from New York, $107.75 from Philadelphia, $104.75 from Baltimore and Washington, $98.00 from Pittsburg; returning via Portland, $11.00 more.

NO. 2. YELLOWSTONE PARK TOUR.

Special train of baggage, Pullman dining, drawing-room sleeping, and observation cars will leave New York May 12, going via Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Salt Lake City, with stops en route, arriving Los Angeles May 20; returning, leave Los Angeles June 1, via Santa Barbara, San Jose, San Francisco, Seattle, and St. Paul, with stops en route and a complete tour of Yellowstone Park; arriving New York June 23. Rate, including all necessary expenses except hotel accommodations in Los Angeles and San Francisco, $253.00 from New York, $251.25 from Philadelphia, $249.25 from Baltimore and Washington, $244.00 from Pittsburg, and proportionate rates from other points.

NO. 3. HOME MISSION TOUR.

Special train of baggage, Pullman dining and drawing-room sleeping cars will leave New York May 13, going via Chicago and Santa Fe Route, Grand Canyon of Arizona, and Riverside, arriving Los Angeles May 20, leaving Los Angeles, returning, June 1 via Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Royal Gorge and Denver, arriving New York June 11. Rate, including all necessary expenses except hotel accommodations in Los Angeles and San Francisco, $159.00 from New York, $156.75 from Philadelphia, $152.75 from Baltimore and Washington, $144.50 from Pittsburg, and proportionate rates from other points.

Tickets for this tour, covering all features until arrival at Los Angeles and transportation only returning independently via direct routes with authorized stop overs, will be sold at rate $121.00 from New York, $118.50 from Philadelphia, $116.00 from Baltimore and Washington, $110.00 from Pittsburg; returning via Portland, $11.00 more.

The tours outlined above have the indorsement of the officers of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and are designed to meet the requirements of those attending the General Assembly as well as those desiring to visit the Pacific Coast at a minimum expense.

Detailed itinerary is now in course of preparation. Apply to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

A Practical and Ingenious Plan to Encourage Diversified Manufacturing Along the Seaboard Air Line.

The Seaboard Air Line Railroad's Management with its wide awake General Manager, Mr. Barr, who is constantly devising new plans for the development of their territory, and the latest is certainly an ingenuous enterprise to say the least. They are having erected a large building that is to be fitted with power, and they propose to give floor space and power free of cost to skilled artisans in the Northern and New England States who will come down and start manufacturing enterprises of various kinds.

This offer is to be specially made through physicians North so that a preference may be given men who ought to come South on account of the health of a consumptive wife or child, and there are thousands of just such cases, and while the railroad is no doubt doing its work on account of the great benefit the stockholders will derive from it, yet it is worthy of the highest praise, for it will be the means of saving the lives of a great many persons who would otherwise have to stay up North and die. At a recent meeting in Boston, Mass., of the American Invalid Aid Society, composed of several hundred of the most prominent persons in that section, when the announcement of the Seaboard Air Line's plan was made, a shout of approval was given. It may not be the intention of the road to advertise its business, yet this enterprise will do more to inform the public that there is such a railroad as the Seaboard Air Line in the Southern States than any other one thing they can do, and there is no question but what it is going to bring to the line a large number of small manufacturing enterprises and at the same time call the attention of large manufacturers who may be seeking new fields in which to work.

The building is being erected at Pinebluff, N. C., and it is to be under the care of the Company's Agent, Mr. J. T. Patrick, whose headquarters are at that place.—Adv.

Florida—Thomasville—Augusta.

Atlantic Coast Line's famous trains, 8:55 A. M. daily. "New York & Florida Special," 2:10 P. M. week days. Apply at office, 1161 Broadway, New York.—Adv.

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There is a certain bird which is called the phœnix. This is the only one of its kind, and it lives 500 years. When the time of its dissolution draws near that it must die, it builds itself a nest of frankincense and myrrh and other spices, into which, when the time is fulfilled, it enters and dies. But as the flesh decays a certain kind of worm is produced, which, being nourished by the juices of the dead bird, brings forth feathers. Then, when it has acquired strength, it takes up the nest in which are the bones of its parent, and bearing these, it passes from the land of Arabia into Egypt, to the city called Heliopolis. And flying in open day in sight of all men, it places them on the altar of the sun, and having done this, it hastens back to its former abode. The priests then inspect the chronological registers, and find that it has returned exactly when the five hundredth year is completed.

—ST. CLEMENT.

SOME EARLY SIGNS.

THOUGH the calendar may tell us that spring has come, it sometimes strains our credulity a little to believe the statement. Too often the ground is white with snow, or if bare, rings like rock under the tread, while across streams and swamps and wet places run bars of ice which bind river and brook and marsh in an impenetrable armor.

This last first of March was different. Though the gale roared with proverbial fury, the sun shone bright and warm, and under the shelter of a lee it was pleasant to rest in the sunshine and gaze over the dull brown landscape, which a few weeks will transform to the loveliest green, dotted at first with the pale blossoms of bluets, sometimes standing so thick that it seems as though a piece of the cloudless sky had been transferred to the meadow, and for a moment one may actually imagine that he is looking at the sky's reflection in a little piece of water. Now the view shows but a monotone; sodden fields are brown, stone walls and rail fences gray, and alders and willows along the brooks that traverse the landscape are brownish gray. Yet if one can see the willows in mass, or can look over a wide extent of swamp where soft maples grow thick, the tips of the willows are seen to be turning green, while the maple twigs show a touch of red, which a few warm days will make almost brilliant.

In the depth of the swamps along the brookside, and wherever the mud is deep, the conical cap of the skunk's cabbage now shows an inch or two above the ground. Often it points directly to the sky, yet often again it is turned and twisted, its peak directed toward any point of the compass and its purple or yellow streaked glossy sheath unbroken by any hint of expanding bud. The skunk's cabbage is an humble plant, held in contempt by those who know it best, yet there have been known to come from the cities in early spring women of wealth and position—those belonging to the class to which the daily papers apply the absurd title "society people"—who, looking at the skunk cabbage, believed it to be a rare and beautiful plant, and grubbed up its roots and carried them back to cultivate in their window gardens in town.

To the sportsman the skunk cabbage is well known. He remembers how in the happy days gone by, when there were really birds, the timid woodcock was often routed out from his midday nap under its broad leaves; later in the season he has started the roaring partridge from covers where it abounded; and later still has killed Bob White, whose little crop was distended with its round berries. For some people the skunk cabbage has many associations.

On this first of March, 1903, that humble plant seemed the only sign of spring discoverable. The birds were few and only those of winter; an occasional group of half a dozen crows flew sadly across the dull brown fields and over the gray woods, with hardly spirit enough to call to one another at intervals. Along the brush-grown country lane a few scattering tree sparrows and blue snowbirds made themselves evident, flitting silently and furtively along in advance of the pedestrian. In the depths of the wood a downy woodpecker swung from tree to tree, clambering swiftly upward along each trunk stopped on, and apparently finding nothing to arrest his attention. Have he and his kind destroyed during the winter the eggs and larvæ of all the noxious insects in this bit of forest?

Could one have spent a day in the swamp with net and collecting can, no doubt an aquarium might have been stocked from the mud and water now just freed from its bondage of ice and snow. The turning over of stones would have revealed multitudes of frogs and newts and salamanders and all the marvelous brood of things—unseen by the average man—which during the long nights and cold days of winter sleep safely buried out of harm's way.

If on that day there was little of spring to be seen, at least one felt that nature was on the verge of a great change. In the protruding cap of the humble skunk cabbage could be read prophecies of the future: Warm winds, bright sun and gentle showers; green fields, opening flowers, the arrival of a horde of birds, brilliant in plumage and melodious in song. All these things the skunk cabbage foretells, and we may rejoice at its first appearance.

THE PLANK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

WE invite special attention to the extracts elsewhere printed from the report of the Massachusetts Commission, not alone because the showing there made demonstrates what was said in these columns last week respecting the condition of the fish and game interests of the Commonwealth, but because as well the discussion of the game supply affords such an instructive commentary upon the anti-sale of game system so long advocated by this journal.

When in 1894 the FOREST AND STREAM first submitted to the sportsmen of America its now famous Platform Plank—"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons"—Massachusetts was accounted one of the last States in which the system would receive support; for the Boston market was then, as it had long been, denominated the dumping ground of game which the laws of other States made unsalable in the close season. Boston was a depository for the game of the whole country, and in particular for the game of Massachusetts. The open sale meant, in hard, cold fact, the snaring of Massachusetts grouse for market in season and out. And so firmly were the market interests intrenched that the probability of a changed situation appeared extremely remote.

But three years ago the change came. Sportsmen and game dealers united in the indorsement of a measure which forbade absolutely, the year around, the sale of woodcock and ruffed grouse, or, as it is familiarly termed, "the old partridge." For the three seasons during which the law has been in operation, it has been well observed; and the results have been all that were expected. The partridge has been restored to sections where, under the open market regime, it had been snared practically out of existence. The general statement which the Commission's report makes of the improved grouse supply is substantiated by a mass of testimony from individuals, adducing experience and observation to show the restocking of Massachusetts' partridge covers; and the chief factor which is recognized as having contributed to this result is the enforcement of the rule that the bird shall not be made merchandise of.

The law will expire by limitation in July, but everyone is convinced of the wisdom and necessity of extending the system, and a bill is now before the Legislature to that effect. A hearing on the measure was held on Thursday of last week. It was remarkable for the large attendance from all parts of the Commonwealth, for the lively interest manifested, and for the unanimity of indorsement of the present law, and the determination that the system must be continued.

That which rendered the hearing most noteworthy and significant lay in the character of the attendance. If any need were to give the lie to the charge sometimes heard that the anti-sale law is class legislation, material to refute the assertion would have been found in abundance here. It was a remarkable hearing, writes one who was present, and distinctly emphasized the change in public sentiment that has taken place in the past three years. Not only did numbers of Representatives in the Legislature from various sections of the State speak for their constituencies in favor of the bill, but ex-Senators and ex-Representatives were numerously in evidence, as well as citizens interested as sportsmen or otherwise in the preservation of game birds. There was a slight difference of opinion as to the time the close season should cover, but this was only an incident, for the controlling desire for the main object of the bill—the prohibition of the sale of partridge and woodcock—was so strong that it was not difficult to bring all into line for the support of the bill introduced by the central committee of the sportsmen's clubs.

There was no opposition, and really not time enough to hear the indorsement of half of those who had traveled long distances in some cases to add the weight of their influence.

The gathering was notable for the large number of sportsmen present who were evidently not men of large means. This seemed to indicate that they appreciate what it means to them to have good hunting at their very doors, so that they can enjoy a day's outing with dog and gun as well as if they were millionaires.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

A ROUGH, mountainous country, unfitted for settlement, destined to be given over for all time to the wolf and the bear, and without value or benefit to mankind, save for the peltry and venison and lumber to be got out of it. This might well have been an early day estimate of the Adirondack region. That it would ever become the wealth-producing district of to-day could not then have been dreamed by the shrewdest and most prescient. The privilege of breathing fresh air was not then at a premium. The inhalation of balsam was not then something men would pay for. To kill a deer, to catch a trout, was not then a privilege for which the devotee was willing to travel hundreds of miles and pay hundreds of dollars in fares, board and boat and guide hire. The great health-seeking, sport-loving, pleasure-making army was unknown in American society. We may regret the shortsightedness which failed to foresee the new conditions; we may hardly censure our forebears and impute it to them as blameworthy that in their day and generation and according to their lights they were not more provident and conservative of the woods and the waters; and did not more intelligently serve in their turn as trustees for those who should come after.

The Adirondacks of to-day, in one phase of their commercial aspect, are admirably described in the statistical exhibit prepared by the Superintendent of Forests, Wm. F. Fox, and extracted in another column from the report of the New York Commission. There are here impressive figures. The volume of summer and autumn tourist business in the North Woods is measured in money by the millions of dollars. The hotels, with their accommodations for 27,500 guests, and the private camps and cottages represent an investment exceeding $10,000,000. The 13,000 persons employed in various capacities in caring for the 193,000 hotel guests, boarders, cottagers and campers earn more than $993,000 in wages; the sums received for railroad and steamboat transportation are put at $875,000, and the revenue for board, carriages, boats, etc., is more than $5,000,000.

LARGELY through the efforts of the Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, the Committee on Public Lands of the House of Representatives recently made favorable reports on two or three bills affecting the forest reserves. The most important of these measures is that authorizing the President, in his discretion, to designate certain areas of the forest reserves, which shall thereafter be game refuges, within which the destruction of mammals, birds and fish shall be governed wholly by regulations to be established by the Secretary of the Interior. The session is so far advanced and there are so many legislative matters which for one cause and another are hanging fire, that at present there seems no prospect that this most important measure will become a law. It is bitterly opposed by at least one Congressman, who is the advocate of the sheep men, and who appears to hold the present prosperity of these people—many of whom are not even his constituents—superior to other people who are, even though the region over which the sheep feed shall become by their devastation a desert. To him the horseman, the cattleman, the rancher and the forester are all as nothing, provided only the sheep men are protected. These sheep men, by the way, are having a pretty hard time in these days in some parts of Wyoming, and it will be interesting to watch the progress of the contest that is going on between these destructive nomads and the hard working people who have established permanent homes in that State.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Trip to Wyoming.

ON September 21, 1902, four determined sportsmen boarded the Chicago flyer of the New York Central Railroad en route for the happy hunting grounds of Wyoming. The party consisted of Mr. A. Kuttroff of New York, Mr. Carl Kuttroff of Stuttgart, Germany, Mr. Carl Buenz, and Dr. A. Caillé, both of New York.

Mr. K., alias the "Governor," carried the wampum belt, and the time-tables. He went hunting to recuperate from the exertions of managing a large business, and because he was flush, having just received his salary as director of various charitable institutions. His brother, alias "Big Germany," a retired army officer, had come here to "do" America, and we think he got his money's worth. Mr. B, alias "the Count," a noted German diplomat, who had personally conducted Prince Henry, and who was convalescent from the many dinners, went hunting for the purpose of casting off fourteen pounds of superfluous adipose tissue which had accumulated under the process. The Doctor went hunting because he doesn't know any better, having been raised in Iowa on the banks of the Mississippi, where his blood became tainted with forest and stream. Moreover, he is out of a job in the summer, as he has the knack of patching up his patients to last to Thanksgiving Day. He wasn't sufficiently steeped in crime to entitle him to a regular "alias," but on rare and festive occasions when the relations betwen him and the "Count" became delightfully strained, owing to a difference of opinion on the Monroe Doctrine, or the immortality of the soul, the Count would raise a warning finger and say in an impressive voice, "Beware, Iowa!" whereupon the Doctor invariably tendered a long-drawn peace protocol in the shape of a mild "Perfecto," and the affair ended in smoke, much to the satisfaction of the peaceful members of the party.

The Chicago flyer is a "cracker-jack," but a passenger who will stand on the rear platform of the observation car will be underground or under dust long before the train reaches the nearest suburban graveyard. Should this meet the eyes of the directors of the road we would suggest crude petroleum for the roadbed, as we want to go hunting again some day. At Chicago we were taken in tow by three of the loveliest men in creation, the Messrs. Miller and Mr. Poucher, business friends of our Governor. They gave us the freedom of the city and the courtesies of the Chicago Athletic Club and of the slaughter houses. At the Armour Company's establishment, where everything is saved but the squeal, we saw eight hundred hogs killed in one hour, and observed their progress and evolution into sausage, deviled ham and other delicacies. We think it unnecessary, however, that the hogs should be dropped alive into the scalding-vat, in which we have seen them swim about. Should this meet the eye of the jolly pig-sticker, he might oblige the pigs and do his work a little more thoroughly, even though Sarah Bernhardt, when she witnessed the slaughter, called it "grande and magnifique." The trip from Chicago to St. Paul, and from St. Paul to Livingston, Montana, over the Northern Pacific R. R., was uneventful. The train service and accommodations were very good. After crossing the Mississippi we traversed twelve hundred miles of prairie, into the region of the Bad Lands and the cowboys. Many of the railroad towns are prosperous in appearance. Others are simply a string of saloons with highfalutin names. The cowboys are either in the saddle or in the saloon. Their vault from the saloon to the saddle is less imposing than vice versa. At Livingston, Montana, we met our guide, D. B. Sheffield. It did not take us long to size him up as the right man. He has seen the ups and downs of life. He has been Indian scout and deputy sheriff and has hung seven desperadoes. He is a great hunter, and he hunts like an Indian scout day long without resting. He is passionately fond of Turkish cigarettes, which he calls "coffin-nails."

Ben had arranged to attend to the outfitting. Therefore, we had brought only our personal effects, and guns and ammunition. For the eight-day trip to our permanent camp, at Buffalo Fork, Snake River, Wyoming, we took a warm suit, an overcoat, and Arctics. We stopped over night at the local hotel in Livingston, and the next morning we took the local train for Cinnabar. Our train-ride was enlivened by the presence of the jolly delegation of Heinze politicians whose good humor was only exceeded by their capacity for fire-water and chewing tobacco. We were pleased to meet and make the acquaintance of Dr. Way, a local dentist, who left us at Jackson's Lake, and got two fine elk heads in that neighborhood all by himself. At Cinnabar we met the outfit, one spring wagon for the tenderfeet, two large transport wagons for tents, provisions, etc., eighteen horses, Jim the cook, Ed the packer, and two additional Wyoming guides, Smithy and Collins. We also took along three bear dogs. We soon came into the region of the sage bush and crossed into the Yellowstone Park.

At the Mammoth Spring Station, we were hospitably received by Major Pitcher, the reservation commandant, to whom we had cards and who introduced us also to Gen. Cobbé, of the United States Army. Our guns were sealed and we wended our way with a hearty "Good luck" from the Major. It is not the intention of the writer to describe the Yellowstone Park. Favored by the finest of weather, we traversed the hundred-mile park, getting into a higher altitude all the time until we finaly reached the great Continental divide, at an altitude of almost 9,000 feet. We crossed the divide three times, and drank water from a brook which flows in two directions, and ultimately reaches the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. We met only one large hunting party coming out of the woods, and exchanged courtesies. This party had been very successful in getting game, and had a number of magnificent horns to show up. We afterwards learned that we had met the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of New York, who is well known in this section as an advocate of outdoor life. We also exchanged greetings with a small party from the East who were traveling to Jackson's Lake. Two ladies in the party wore knickerbockers and rode astride, and had Nature's red roses on their cheeks from the exhilarating exercise.

We saw the spouting geysers by the hundreds, and boiling geysers and mud geysers in close proximity to hot streams and cold streams where the speckled trout wink the other eye and won't bite, else they might have been caught and boiled without taking them off the hook. We were lost in admiration of the beauties of the Yellowstone Lake region, with the green foothills, and the rocky iceclad mountain-peaks of the Teton Range in the distance. We camped wherever we found good drinking-water, and at night the horses were hobbled and allowed to shift for themselves, feeding on the succulent grass for which Wyoming is noted. On our long tramps, we sang and whistled and joked and acted for all the world like four overgrown schoolboys. The Count would frequently entertain us from his fund of personal reminiscence. He had traveled in all parts of the globe and had met Bismarck and kings and queens, and all kinds of big people. The Count is a most entertaining raconteur, and he is a great lover of the United States, its people and its institutions. Big Germany is a gentleman of quiet tastes, who had seen service in the Franco-Prussian war. He was the best shot of us all, and what he did not know about the guns and the ammunition of all nations and of all times wasn't worth knowing. But when it came to sizing up the potential energy of a beautiful hand in cards, he was "vis a vis de rien," and if we had played for money he would have been compelled to pawn his watch and wearing apparel at the ranch of Hell-roaring Jack, which was the first ranch we struck after leaving the Park. Our Governor, on the other hand, was not averse to a little game of cards, and his score was as high as the electric peak of the Rockies. He usually acted as the moderator in our party. He never lost his patience, and his authority was never disputed. But he also had his failings. He could tell in the darkest night the time of day by pressing the button of a fine repeating watch, and he would urge us to get up and wash up in icy water long before the coyotes about the camp had got through howling for breakfast.

At Jackson's Lake we settled down for a few days. It was at this camp that we first had occasion to admire and praise the culinary art of our cook, Jim. Heretofore he had regaled us with tin-can fodder and the eternal sowbelly. Now the menu ran as follows: Trout, venison, partridge, rice, prunes, French potatoes, Spanish pancakes with maple syrup, coffee, tea. Oh, such food, and oh, such appetites! We certainly loved Jim. His good-natured "All together now" will never be forgotten, and if Jim would only leave whisky alone in the winter he would be fit to walk right into the halls of Congress.

At Jackson's Lake the party had its first general cleansing bee. A small army tent was rigged up as a bathroom and barber shop, with a real live fire to make it comfortable, and each man trotted out his rubber bath-tub. Iowa had the best tub, because it was a corrugated, straight-front affair, it could stand on its own bottom, and held water without coaxing and swearing, and without slobbering all over the ranch. The other tubs had the falling sickness, and would neither sit up nor stand up. They were measly, flabby tubs, had probably been fed on the bottle, and had had no tonic management during childhood. They would lie right down and go to sleep, and slobber all over. Their owners, finally, spotted a trail to the Snake River, and performed their ablutions there, while His Excellency so far suppressed his dignity as to get on a friendly footing with a common tin washboiler. In due time we broke camp again and traveled south for two days, finally reaching the permanent camp at Buffalo Creek, Snake River. It was an admirable spot for a camp. To the right was the creek, which gave us the best of water, and beyond the creek were the green foothills of the mighty Teton Range. To our left was a mile of prairie, with other hills and the happy hunting-grounds beyond. We now got into hunting trim, warm clothes, warm gloves, lumbermen's socks, hob-nailed shoes, and we split into two parties. Ben and Smithy started out with the Count and the Doctor; Collins guided Big Germany and the Governor.

First day's hunt: Party No. 1 saw six elk and came home empty-handed. Party No. 2 missed an elk, but Big Germany shot a coyote at long range, making a record shot.

Second day: The Count missed a bull elk and started a herd of about four hundred elk, who passed us in full view, flying down the mountain, a most magnificent sight. Toward evening the Count killed a fine twelve-prong elk with a single shot at 150 yards range.

Third day: Elk were seen by both parties, but were out of range.

Fourth day: From 3 p. m. to dusk elk whistled and bellowed all around us. The woods were full of elk and elk music. We jumped bunch after bunch without getting a shot. However, at 4 p. m. the Doctor secured a fine head at 200 yards range by a regulation shot. The animal ran a hundred yards and started to go for us as we approached. He was killed by a second shot. At 6 p. m. on the way home Big Germany killed at long range a magnificent great elk with fourteen prong horns, and at the same time the Doctor got his second elk, a twelve-prong animal, by a shot through the neck and another through the chest. Both animals were standing on the brow of a hill and showed no fear nor inclination to run.

The fifth day was spent in photographing and skinning the animals, and no live animal was seen on that day.

On the sixth day our Governor had his inning, and secured a very fine twelve-prong animal. Two more days were spent in this neighborhood, but the animals were shy and wary and would not break from cover.

Elk are found in this region in the green timber, in the fallen timber, or in open places called parks. The hunting is done on horse or mule and is mostly up and down hill work. The inclines are often steep, and it requires a sure-footed animal to get over the ground. In many places we traveled over snow. To be ten and twelve miles from camp after dark, and to find your way over a number of steep ridges, and through almost impassable fallen timber, and dense underbrush, is a proposition which is trying, to say the least. But Ben knows every inch of the ground, and safely brought us back to camp every night without a mishap other than a few bruises and scratches and broken eyeglasses, which are a nuisance on a hunt. His horses and mules are wonderfully trustworthy and broken into the business.

During our stay in this camp we had a few visitors. A squaw-man with his Indian wife in a red petticoat came to our camp for meat, and two game wardens looked us up to see that we had licenses and that we obeyed the law. The deputy warden was polite and mannerly, but His Royal Nibs, the chief, a big six-footer, with guns all over him and an ingrown nail in his conscience and a streak of yellow in his nature, was not so pleasant. He remarked that Wyoming was not hankering after sportsmen from the East, but he could not explain why under those circumstances they accepted forty dollars license from each sport and his logic was seven pounds lighter than a straw hat. He soured on us from the start. In vain the Count tried to explain to him that he was only a fly-speck on the wheel of time. In vain Iowa invited him into the tent to partake of good cheer and stay till after tea. We hope that he will continue to prosper and leave us his skull when he no longer needs it, as we are anxious to secure that ingrown nail. Should this meet his eye we expect him to take us good-naturedly and have a hearty laugh over the matter, for we want to go hunting again some day and are not yet ready to be done up by mistake and meet our ancestors in heaven.

Our experience with the game warden need not deter others from coming here to hunt. In a few years at the utmost elk will be scarce or extinct unless the Government should see fit to protect them by restricting a certain territory so that the animals will have a winter range for feeding where they will not be molested. As it is, elk are slaughtered summer and winter, and thousands die from starvation every winter. Elk are killed for meat, for horns, and for their teeth. The teeth bring from two to twenty dollars a pair, according to size and color.

Bear are plentiful here, but the proper time to hunt them is in May. Our bear dogs were not in action at any time, because we found no bear tracks in the neighborhood of the carcasses of our slain animals.

We now moved our camp once more, and traveled north to spend the balance of our time fishing and hunting for ducks and geese and partridges near Jackson's Lake. This country is truly beautiful. The foothills of the grand Teton Range with its eternal ice and bold crags, dip into the clear water of the lake which abounds with fish, large and small. The writer and his friends had a glorious time trolling for fish with a No. 6 spoon hook. The trout caught weighed from one to twelve pounds, and we caught more large than small fish. The largest trout caught measured twenty-seven inches, and we also caught four land-locked salmon in this lake just at the inlet of the Snake River. Ducks are plentiful. Geese and loons are frequently seen, but are foxy and very difficult to get. There are a great many hawks throughout this neighborhood. Mountain sheep can be had here, but it takes a living skeleton to outclimb them. Antelopes are further south. The quaking asp with its variegated autumn leaves gives character to the scenery.

During our stay here we had an increase in the family in the shape of a little eleven-year-old girl who was brought to our camp from a neighboring ranch where she lived alone with her father. We were requested to take her to Chicago and leave her in care of a rich Chicagoan who had been in this neighborhood on a hunt and had offered to give the child a city education. Little Catharine is the daughter of a ranchman who was at one time the companion of a Mr. Hamilton from the East who was accidentally drowned at Jackson's Lake on a return trip from an antelope hunt. We agreed to see the little one safely to Chicago, and under the fatherly care of the Governor, who always had a piece of chocolate handy when the child appeared homesick, and the jolly friendliness of the Count, she was content and happy to remain with us. Ben rigged her up a "chambre séparé" in the tent, and in the morning the Doctor was handy in grooming her into shipshape, braiding her hair and otherwise attending to her little wants. She was dressed in overalls and rubber boots, and her frail body was not well protected in cold weather. But we were finally able to replenish her wardrobe from our own stores and make her comfortable.

We were due at Livingston on October 23, and broke camp for the eight-day home trip at the proper time. On our way home we stopped one night at the Allen Ranch, where we each had a comfortable room and a real bed which was quite a treat after our camp life. We traversed the Park again, taking a more easterly road and saw hundreds of elk, some coyotes, and many ducks, birds and geese. We visited the Cañon of the Yellowstone, which is a sight so beautiful and grand that it alone is worth the trip. In due time we arrived at Livingston without a mishap and in the best of health.

On our hunt we bagged six elk, one coyote, four mink, and any quantity of fish and small game. We saw fully six hundred elk during our trip. As regards our guns it may be of interest to know that we had one 9 mm. Mauser, one 8 mm. Mauser, one 33-caliber Winchester, and one German triplet gun (two barrels for shot and one rifle barrel combined). Big Germany and the Count had a telescope attachment for their guns, but, whisper it softly, it was no good for game shooting. We also had shot guns. We discovered a peculiarity of the black-tailed deer, inasmuch as they always wiggle their tails before they intend to run. Therefore, the best time to shoot them is before they wiggle their tails. We throw this out as a hint for the benefit of other sportsmen. We were disappointed in not getting bear, but we each ordered a silver-tipped

grizzly bear skin to be sent with our trophies, and unless this article is read by some members of our respective families, our loved ones will revel in the possession of a bear skin that "Pop shot." At Livingston we made the acquaintance of a prominent business man, Mr. Miles, and his "silent partner." This silent partner is a petrified man who was found in the mud flats of the Missouri River by a cowboy, and is supposed to be the petrified body of an ex-Governor of Montana who disappeared suddenly. There is a bullet hole in the head and the arms are tied with thongs. The entire body is of stone or concrete; and is almost absolutely true to nature. It will be exhibited at the St. Louis World's Fair, and it is well worth seeing at two "bits" a see. In discussing the anatomy of the human body, the Doctor demonstrated to his companions that three spans of the hand will reach from the chin to the pubic arch. The "silent partner" was not up to the standard in this, as well as in a few other anatomical landmarks; but as a work of art he is a howling success.

As stated before, our trip was devoid of accident, although the Doctor had elaborately prepared himself for all kinds of surgical emergencies. At Livingston, however, we struck a snag. The Count received a small cut in the face from a razor in the hands of a local barber, and the bleeding from this little wound was so profuse that the services of three local practitioners and two apothecaries were needed on the spot to cheek the hemorrhage. In this emergency, of course, Iowa was nowhere to be found, and so missed the chance of his life of getting an official decoration. The presence of our noted German was recognized whereever we went. In the woods a ranchman traveled miles to shake the hand of "Prince Hohenlohe"; and at the railroad station at Gardiner a delegation of Germans were waiting to shake hands with "Prince Henry"; and in Livingston a patriotic Austrian butcher whose elegant shop we inspected as we strolled through the town, was so delighted when our Count's cognito was revealed to him on the quiet by the foxy Ben that he presented each one of us with a fine Bologna sausage, which we devoured, all but the string, in a neighboring restaurant, where we were able to get ale and crackers. Before traveling East we visited the mining town of Butte, the noisiest place outside of New York. The miners work in three shifts of eight hours each, and the town is open all night. The political fight between the Heinze and Clark factions was at its height when we were there and good whisky is 25 cents a drink. We were shown through one of the mines and descended twelve hundred feet. Before we entered the mine we were required to sign a slip exonerating the company in case of accident. After we were shot down twelve hundred feet and had stumbled over any quantity of dynamite in our passage from one ledge to another, we were able to understand why the company had taken such interest in our welfare.

We also visited the various smelting works. Butte is a great town, not one blade of grass grows anywhere, coppery water from the mines flows all over, and little boys in the streets, instead of playing "craps" as they do in New York, hunt up old tomato cans and dip them into the copper water for pastime. After a little while the can comes out the color of an Indian. On our way East we were delayed five hours by a hold-up, the engineer was killed, and the express car blown to pieces by dynamite, and rifled. The passengers were not molested.

We stopped at Livingston long enough to gather up little Catharine and her satchel. She was now in regulation dress, and had already acquired the jaunty walk and manners of little girls. We delivered her in good shape to her protectors in Chicago, and some day perhaps this little waif will shine in the drawing-rooms of fashionable people and will be presented at court.

After taking in a theater and the Horse Show at Chicago, we boarded the Pennsylvania Limited, and got to New York over a track saturated with crude oil and lined with hundreds of coal trains heading East. Everything has its end, and so has this trip and this story. But the Livingston sausage had two ends. Here are a few parting reflections.

If you are downcast, go hunting.

Ditto if you are jolly.

If you are thin and lean, go and out-climb the mountain sheep.

If you are fat, purchase a pound of Carlsbad salt and go to Wyoming instead of to Carlsbad.

If your wife or daughter has nervous prosperity, take her along. Ben Sheffield has accommodations for man and beast, both sexes, and Wyoming is Nature's sanitarium.

A. C.

Adirondack Summer Business.

From the report of William F. Fox, Superintendent of New York State Forests.

THE business done each season by the hotels and boarding houses in the Adirondacks contributes largely to the development and prosperity of northern New York, fairly approaching in its magnitude that of the great industries which are dependent on the forest product of that region. In the management of this business employment is furnished to thousands of people, trade is stimulated by the large purchases of supplies, building operations increase the demand for skilled labor, while the railroad and steamboat lines reap the benefits accruing from the large passenger and freight traffic. Of more importance, however, far greater in its humane aspect than mere commercial advantages, are the sanitary benefits afforded by the Adirondack forests to the thousands who there find relief from disease and enjoy a new lease of life. The healthful climate is due largely to the pure air which, carried by mountain winds over great forest areas, is freed from dust, smoke and miasmatic influences, while in its course it is charged with balsamic exhalations that carry healing to the lungs of invalids.

The statistics published in the annual reports of the Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium show a remarkable percentage of cures effected in patients suffering from incipient consumption; and a large proportion of the population in some of the Adirondack villages is composed of people who enjoy comparatively good health in that climate, although they could not live long elsewhere. Of this class many find employment in various vocations, while others, whose incomes will permit, maintain a permanent residence there without engaging in any business or occupation.

Summary of Hotel Capacities in the Adirondacks.

Clinton County, 2,153; Essex County, 7,799; Franklin County, 4,626; Fulton County, 410; Hamilton County, 2,395; Herkimer County, 2,415; Lewis County, 510; Oneida County, 180; St. Lawrence County, 1,223; Warren County, 2,151; Lake George, 3,640; total, 27,502.

In August the hotels and boarding houses, with few exceptions, are filled to their utmost capacity, and the total just given—27,502—indicates closely the number of guests in the Adirondacks at that time. With these figures must be kept in mind, also, the equally large capacity of the private "camps" and cottages, each occupied during the season by some family and its guests. But the summer boarders are coming and going from June to September, staying on an average about two weeks each. In the White Mountains, an exhaustive census of the summer people and the hotel business shows that sixty-two per cent. of the arrivals remained less than one week. A careful estimate of the total number of summer visitors from the beginning to the end of the season, as reported by the Adirondack hotels and boarding houses, to which are added the occupants of private camps, shows that 193,681 people went there last season for recreation and health. This includes, also, the sportsmen who went there in May for the fishing, and in October or November for deer shooting.

That this number is not an overstatement is evident from the information kindly furnished this office by the general passenger agents of the New York Central and Delaware and Hudson railroads, from which it appears that 225,000 passengers were carried on the Adirondack divisions during the summer season. These figures do not represent the entire passenger traffic during that period, but the difference obtained by deducting from the total summer traffic an amount equal to that of the winter months, the difference evidently showing the number of summer boarders, hotel employes, and sportsmen on their way to and from the woods.

The following statistics are based on the returns made to this office by each hotel and boarding house in the Adirondack region:

Volume of Adirondack Business.

Capital invested in buildings, furniture, boats, horses, carriages, etc., not including land:	
Hotels and boarding houses	$7,037,923
Private camps and cottages	3,846,500
	$10,884,423
Number of male help employed—clerks, porters, cooks, bell boys, musicians, boatmen, stablemen, drivers, laborers, etc.	3,461
Number of female help employed—waitresses, chambermaids, cooks, laundresses, musicians, telegraph operators, typewriters, etc.	9,846
	13,307
Total wages paid	$993,530
Total number of hotel guests, boarders, fishermen, hunters, and occupants of private camps or cottages	193,681
Cash received for board, carriages, boats, etc.	$5,213,210
Cash received for railroad and steamboat fares	875,000

It is not claimed that the foregoing figures are absolutely correct, as the statements made by some of the hotel proprietors and boarding house keepers in filling out their returns were at times somewhat confused and indefinite; but they will give a fair idea of the stream of wealth that flows into northern New York each summer, and which conduces so materially to the development and prosperity of the State. It is well to note, also, that a good share of the patronage comes from people who reside in other States, and that the profit derived from their business furnishes a revenue that is especially valuable in that respect. And the continuance of this business, with all its accruing benefits, is dependent on the preservation of the Adirondack forests.

The average wages received by the employes, and the average amount paid by guests, may seem too small unless one keeps in mind the short season during which it is necessary for the Adirondack hotels to employ their help, and the short stay of a very large proportion of the summer boarders. In connection with the preparation of these statistics the following letters containing interesting and valuable information were received:

Gen. Pass. Agent J. W. Burdick, of the Delaware & Hudson Co., writes: "A careful examination of our passenger traffic statistics made with reference to ascertaining, as nearly as possible, the number of passengers carried and the revenue derived from strictly pleasure and recreation travel to the Adirondack region (in which are included Lake George and Lake Champlain) during the season of 1902, discloses that this traffic approximates closely to 175,000 passengers and $475,000 passenger revenues to the company. We estimate that about 60 per cent of this traffic originates in other States. These estimates do not include the freight and express companies' earnings.

"It is apparent to those who have kept in touch with the remarkable development of the health and pleasure resort region of northern New York during the past ten years that the State has in that country an asset of almost incalculable value to its citizen in its power to attract revenue to its farmers, its merchants and its hotel and transportation interests. As one who in connection with his avocation has made a life study of the best means of developing health and pleasure-travel resorts, I would suggest that the best investment the State could make in this direction would be the construction of a model system of highways through its Adirondack domain, affording means of easy communication between points of interest to the tourist, somewhat after the policy adopted in Switzerland, in the Austrian Tyrol, in the mountainous tourist region of Norway and through the White Mountains of New Hampshire. If this were done it would result in a great increase of travel, not only from other States, but from Europe as well, and I believe that the roads could be properly maintained by tolls without further expense to the State than their initial cost."

Gen. Pass. Agent George H. Daniels, of the New York Central, writes: "Our auditor has made an examination of our reports, and approximates the following figures covering business for three months of the summer:

	Passengers.	Railroad fares.
Adirondack section	100,000	$400,000
Thousand Island section	50,000	160,000
Niagara Falls	160,000	170,000
Catskill Mountains	85,000	155,000
	395,000	$885,000

"This information, of course, can only be given approximately; but this will afford an opportunity for the people to get some idea of the development of the Adirondacks and other resorts, and what it means to the transportation and hotel interests in the State at large. A large amount of this business comes from outside the State.

"The aggregate number of tourists carried by all lines, and the amount of money spent by them for railroad fares, hotel and boarding accommodations and incidental expenses, amounts to a large revenue to the transportation lines and residents of the State. It is worthy to be recognized as a business, and its possibilities of development should command attention."

The large amount of summer business done in the Catskill region, as indicated by the figures in Mr. Daniels's letter, is also worthy of consideration in discussing the great advantages accruing to our State from its forest districts.

Natural History.

Protective Coloring.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your number of Jan. 31, Mr. Francis Moonan quotes Mr. Paul Fountain in a discussion of the question, "Is protective Coloring a Myth?" in which Mr. Fountain pronounces an adverse decision on the question. Mr. Moonan thinks that Mr. Fountain "has made out a very strong case" in his argument contra, but also thinks "he has not gone deep enough or far enough."

While Mr. Moonan's observations on the question at issue are interesting, and true as far as they go, it strikes this writer that neither has he "gone deep enough or far enough" in handling his subject.

The difficulty in the case of Mr. Fountain, and perhaps of Mr. Moonan also, is that the subject is contemplated from a fundamentally wrong standpoint. Mr. Fountain still adheres to a view that was once universally held, but which has now become obsolete among the generality of advanced thinkers and educated people; which is, that nature, as we find it, with all of its vast array of ramifications, interrelations and variations, was foreordained and prearranged, and has crystallized in its present forms and attitudes for all time, which forms, indeed, have been maintained from the beginning of mundane affairs; that all terrestrial existences were so arranged by the Creator with a view to perfect harmony throughout, and the inharmonies we observe in nature's domain are not so in reality, but only so in appearance, as a result of the dullness of our perceptions, etc. Moreover, the most important feature in the scheme was the homopocentric idea, that everything was so arranged with a special view to man's presence and dominion over all.

This doctrine of foreordination was preached by Col. Alexander several years ago under the symbolism of the "blue print" theory.

All of the obfuscations and perplexities in the interpretation of nature's ways disappear at once when we dismiss the Hebraic theory of sudden creation with its homopocentric implications, and fully grasp the ideas of life development that are now generally accepted by the enlightened world as axiomatic, that of the gradual evolution of all life forms, under the controlling law of "the survival of the fittest."

The keynote to a comprehension of the whole situation is to be found in the recognition of the principle that everything to be found in the animate world, is as we now find it, simply a result—a result of the action of a multitude of agencies of environment during countless generations of development.

The rattlesnake's fangs and venom were developed without reference to the destinies or fortunes of man, but purely for the snake's purposes; so were the claws of the feline families and the talons of the hawks. The pulp that surrounds the peach kernel was not evolved especially for the delectation of man's palate, nor the meat that envelops the egg germ for his nutriment, but for that of the embryonic chicken. Myriads of these things grew and perished long before historical man appeared on the scene.

Any sportsman who has looked in vain for a covey of partridges before a pointer's nose, on nearly bare ground, or has had a coiled rattlesnake pointed out to him and looked straight at it for five minutes before he could see it, must recognize the existence of protective coloring in these and many other cases,

The cases where protective coloring is conspicuously absent are no argument against its development where its existence is obvious. Such cases mean simply that protective coloring in those objects was not necessary to survival, or, that the colors were developed ages ago, under very different environment, when more essential to survival.

But there are other influences besides protection that have exerted much force in the development of colors throughout the animal kingdom, all tending to the welfare of the various species involved.

The predacious beasts of the feline family, as well as many venomous serpents, are accustomed to lie in wait for their prey or creep stealthily upon it, the ferocious outburst, "the fatal roar and rush" noted by Mr. Fountain, coming only when the victim has come within easy reach. In these cases colors assimilating to the surroundings give an obvious advantage to the pursuer. Another powerful influence in the development of colors in the field of ornamentation is the principle of "sexual selection," resulting in many cases in gorgeous colors in the male, with more or less faint reflections in the female by inheritance.

As regards the colors of eggs, as Mr. Fountain has pointed out, the fact that many of them are contained in conspicuous nests that advertise their presence, precludes the protective function of coloration, therefore protective coloring has not developed in those cases, which is manifestly true, but does not disprove it in other cases where its existence is equally manifest. The parents themselves seem to supply such measure of protection as is necessary to survival of the species. In those eggs, such as fishes', as well as many kinds of seeds, that are especially liable to destruction, nature has made lavish provision in multitude, for the survival of sufficient numbers. When we scrutinize the phenomena of nature and endeavor to assign reasons for this or that development in living forms, we can only hope to do so in a comparatively few cases of unusual plainness, or, in a general way, reasoning by analogy from the known to the implied; bearing in mind that our period of observation on nature's processes is a mere speck of time, so to speak, at the latter end of incalculable ages during which these processes have constantly progressed with the exceedingly slow movement that characterizes nature's secular operations of vast duration, many of these agencies that shaped the results we see having long ago passed out of existence, or ceased to operate on these particular objects that present to our observation apparent anomalies.

Until a few decades ago mankind looked at nature through spectacles that distorted everything most fantastically, all views and beliefs on the subject being based upon the unquestioned assumption that all the objects in our contemplation in the entire universe were suddenly created out of nothing a few thousands of years ago; that our little planet was the "universe," with the sun, moon and stars as mere adjuncts, and that man was the great central figure, with reference to whom all things were created.

Under these notions that have now happily become antiquated and are fast fading away before the light of modern knowledge, that were the concept of ages of ignorance and were perpetuated under the tyranny of dogmatic teaching, it was necessary that the entire scheme of nature should be in harmony therewith. Hence innumerable difficulties and perplexities, in reconciling palpable anomalies that arose on every hand; as the existence of a great many agencies that are inimical to man's welfare, such as venomous serpents, numerous deadly poisons, insect pests, nettles and thorns, and ferocious beasts; also the manifestation of harshness, cruelty and suffering, that are all pervading in nature's processes—the strong everywhere preying upon the weak and inflicting unnecessary pain, "vivisection" being the predominant feature throughout nature's vast machinery for perpetuating life through the means of death. Those sentimentalists who are waging clamorous war against vivisection in the interests of science and for man's great benefit, probably have not reflected that none of nature's children are permitted to die a peaceful death, but in the ordinary course of nature all must die by natural vivisection or something nearly akin to it.

The old school of cosmogonists had nothing better to offer by way of explanation of the all prevalent evils that pervade the whole of nature's domain, than that it was "all for the best if we only had eyes to see it rightly," and that everything was designed for the good of man, etc., in spite of the dictates of our reason; thus appealing, as the court of last resort, to—Ignorance.

COAHOMA.

Ducks Killed in a Storm.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Feb. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday night of last week, Feb. 16, the north end of Currituck Sound and Back Bay, Virginia, was visited by a genuine western tornado, destroying some human lives and much property at Mundens Point, Virginia.

The storm did not stop at the destruction of men and houses, but killed over five hundred redhead ducks. How such a thing could be possible seems very strange to me. They were first found floating on the flat beach by Life Saving Crew No. 5, between No. 5 station and the Princess Anne Club. On the sand beach about half way from the bay to the ocean, something over five hundred were found, but there were probably many more killed, as some have been found since washed ashore from the ocean. This is a hard story to believe, but any "doubting Thomas" may be convinced by asking any man within 20 miles of that place, as they were gathered up and sold or eaten by many different people. I should like to hear through FOREST AND STREAM if any such things ever happen in the West during the severe storms that visit that country.

Ducks of all kind are still abundant at Currituck and we will no doubt have good shooting up to the last day, March 31.

Our gunning season opens next year on November 1 instead of November 10, as formerly. There is another change in our new laws which I think will help to keep our ducks with us longer. The battery shooters are not allowed to sail after or disturb the ducks after the batteries are located, but are compelled to anchor and "pick up" in rowboats. This will give the game a chance to remain in the Sound instead of being compelled to go over into the ocean as now. There are no other changes of importance.

MORE ANON.

[The destruction of the redhead ducks by the storm is interesting, and would seem to require explanation. We have never heard of anything precisely similar in the case of ducks, but a few years ago something quite like this is reported to have taken place in almost the same locality with swans. In other words, a considerable number of swans—twenty or twenty-five, if we recollect aright—were picked up apparently drowned on the outer beach, at no great distance from Currituck light house.

The destruction of these swans seemed to be explainable in this way: They had gone out to rest on the ocean, and a sudden wind raised a high and breaking sea before they attempted to take wing. It is a familiar fact that swans rise from the water against the wind and at a very acute angle, running along the surface and striking the water with their feet and the tips of the wing for a considerable distance. It is perfectly conceivable that, in a high sea, swans attempting to rise would, before getting far above the water, be met by a coaming wave and crushed down under it to the water again. This might do them no especial harm the first, second or fifth time it took place; but if continued long enough would undoubtedly drown the birds.

Something of this sort may have taken place with these ducks. A sea made up of short waves would perhaps knock them down again and again before they had risen much above the water; or, again, it is conceivable that the wind was too strong to permit them to rise at all, and that they drowned by being overwhelmed in a choppy sea. A fresh water duck which rises from the water by a sudden spring would not be exposed to such a danger. It is well known that most ducks do not like exposure to the wind and to a heavy sea, and that rough weather causes them to seek a lee if possible.

We should be glad to hear the views of correspondents on this matter.]

Ungracious Didymus.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Let me express the opinion that friend Didymus is slightly ungracious in his acceptance of that squirrel story. Now, as I very well know, that story is a direct importation from Sander's Third Reader of forty years ago. Already the story begins to show the inroads made by such doubting Thomases as Didymus. In those old days, when the migrating army came to any considerable stream, they scattered in the wood and each returned with a piece of bark which they cast into the water and jumping upon it hoisted their tails and sailed across. What a pity it is that the squirrels should have abandoned this very pretty part of the performance and in so short a time, and all because of the tendency of rude doubters. If we are to continue to oppose our own experiences and observations to written history, we shall soon have no written history left.

Didymus has admitted that squirrels migrate. If they migrate they must cross streams, and having dropped the bark part of the tales, they must swim, and all the rest follows as a matter of course. Anyone who has ever gathered a live animal or bird out of the water from a boat will wonder how so many bags and baskets could be filled in that way. How a squirrel would dodge and twist and how the boatman would grab and miss and grab and miss again. By the time he had picked up one squirrel the rest would be several miles up stream. Of course the exhaustion of the squirrels will be pleaded, but a squirrel that can't give one kick just as you reach for it is very far gone, indeed, and would soon drown, in which event they would sink in most cases. A dead squirrel does not float like a dead duck. But this only shows the fallacy of reasoning as opposed to history.

Didymus puts me in mind of the prompter of a certain clergyman who, knowing his weakness for drawing the long bow, had appointed one of the deacons to cough when he got to putting it too strong. One day he was telling the story of the foxes and stopped to remark that "in those days foxes had tails forty feet long." The deacon coughed and he promptly took off ten feet. The deacon coughed again and another ten feet was dropped; another cough and another ten feet followed, but still the deacon coughed. The clergyman looked perplexed and said: "I can't do more. It would never do to have foxes without tails." Does Didymus expect the squirrel to give up his whole beautiful tale in the short space of forty years? If he coughs again, give him a broadside of Sander's Third Reader.

This squirrel story seems more suited to the pages of the Youth's Companion than to those of stately old FOREST AND STREAM, but it enables us to "touch hands," which is the main thing.

E. P. JAQUES.

DURHAM, Kansas.

Bird Destruction in Egypt.

IN a recent number of the Journal of the Khedivial Agricultural Society, Dr. W. Innes calls attention to the continuous diminution in numbers of some of the useful birds occurring in the neighborhood of Cairo, Egypt. Certain species are being wantonly killed off in such numbers that serious injury to agriculture is likely soon to be felt. Many species of birds, and especially the birds of prey, are highly beneficial. Yet these last, particularly, are growing scarce. Another species which has been totally exterminated is the so-called cattle-egret. A few years ago this species was abundant in marshy territory, and was often seen following the plow of the husbandman in search of the insects which he turned up. Dr. Innes says "This bird was so common in the past and did so much good that many travelers confounded it with the sacred ibis of ancient times. Although its flesh is poor this bird has not escaped so-called sportsmen who kill it simply for the sake of killing." Dr. Innes urges the authorities to take immediate steps for bird protection, declaring that if something of this sort is not done, and efforts made to renew the supply of these insect eaters, other and expensive methods of destroying noxious insects must be taken.

Death on the Telegraph.

BOURNEMOUTH, England, Feb. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am no electrician, and I write under correction with reference to your interesting notes that have lately appeared in your most attractive paper—how singular that there should be no sporting weekly on the same chatty lines in this country!—on birds being killed by joining two telegraph wires. But, seriously, would either the current be powerful enough to kill them, or, even if it were, would their bodies short-circuit so as to divert the current from its easier course along its own wire? I doubt, but I am ready to be convinced.

F. G. AFLALO.

[We are as much in the dark as our correspondent on the point about which he inquires. Birds are commonly killed by flying against telegraph wire, but we should shardly suppose they could short-circuit them.]

Cats Eat Mushrooms.

IT is not generally known, we believe, that the domestic cat will eat and is fond of mushrooms. A correspondent who observed a cat eating raw mushrooms last summer, afterward tried the experiment of offering the fungi to seven or eight cats, and tells us that all of them seemed very fond of them.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Massachusetts Game.

From the Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game.

Status of Game.

THE information that comes to this commission from many sources is substantially unanimous in proclaiming that game of nearly all kinds has been more abundant this year than for a long time. With almost no exception this is the testimony given by the deputies throughout the State, who not only have the opportunity to become familiar with local conditions but some of them travel extensively, visiting all parts of the State, and by observation and conversation with sportsmen gain a comprehensive general knowledge of game conditions throughout the Commonwealth.

The increase of game birds and animals hereafter to be noticed in some detail is attributed in large part to the vigorous enforcement of law in recent years; for it goes without saying that the best laws ever enacted are of little or no efficacy unless they are enforced in a manner that will compel respect for them.

While the increase in the partridge and quail is remarkable, and really without parallel in the history of the State, it is also true that there has been a gratifying addition to the numbers of other species which are protected to a less degree than the partridge and the woodcock.

Sea and Shore Birds.

Taking the State and the season as a whole, there has been at least an average abundance of sea and shore birds. The flights hve not always been satisfactory in certain sections, and possibly this condition may have continued in exceptional instances for the season or thereabouts. On the other hand, birds have been reported unusually abundant in some localities, notably so in Quincy Bay and contiguous waters, and the chances for good shooting were said to have never been better.

Partridge, Woodcock and Quail.

Such a vast amount of material relating to the increased abundance of partridge and quail is available that much of it must be excluded from consideration here for the sake of brevity. In the multitude of testimony under this head, condensed though it may be here, there is incontrovertible evidence of the effect of the non-sale law on partridge and woodcock, even to the extent of probably causing an increase in quail, which has been one of the most remarkable incidents in the recent history of game in this State. When the non-sale low was enacted the pot-hunter's vocation was largely circumscribed if not abolished. As a consequence, the quail, or Bob White as this species is familiarly called, shared in the good fortune more specifically intended for his bigger congeners, the partridge and woodcock. For, while the quail could still be sold seven months of the year, the hunting of this species alone was scarcely sufficient to prove a paying attraction to the market-hunter, debarred by law from selling partridges. As a result the hunter for revenue only has, as a rule, found it necessary to seek other employment that keeps him out of the covers, and Bob White has undoubtedly benefited from comparative freedom from the persistent attacks of the market purveyor, who, while formerly chiefly intent on bagging partridge, was not averse to adding to his game bag every one of the smaller birds that he could gather in. Comparative immunity from the attacks of those who did not hunt for sport but for the market, and took the last bird in a covey if possible, together with the rather favorable weather conditions of the past two winters, have combined to bring such an abundance and wide distribution of quail in this State as has not been known before for many years, if ever. In enumerating the causes of this desirable condition mention should not be omitted of the public spirited work of many clubs or citizens, who have liberally contributed for the purpose of having quail imported into this State from other sections of the country. But, while freely conceding the value and importance of what has thus been done, it may justly be said that this is only a continuation of the effort along the same line that has been carried on for a number of years, without ever producing the conditions that happily have existed this year, and, to a slighter degree, in 1901. This seems to suggest that other causes have contributed chiefly to the increase noted, as well as to the fact that

Bob White's whistle has been a common note this year in the Berkshire hills and fields, where, heretofore, the quail has been rare or entirely absent. It may never become an important factor there, but its appearance in that section of the State is noteworthy.

The woodcock, though breeding here to a limited degree and reported more than usually plentiful in some sections, is not anything like generally abundant; indeed, it has been very scarce in most sections of the State. The effort to protect it here from the market-hunter is a most commendable one, and should be continued. The fact that it appears within our borders chiefly as a migrant and that it is deprived of reasonable protection in some of the States where it winters, furnishes additional reasons why all that is practicable should be done here to save from extinction this interesting and valuable species. The example of this State and other game-protecting States cannot fail to influence action where it is most needed, and we cannot be insensible to the position Massachusetts takes in this matter, in view of what her action may mean to other commonwealths.

In many towns on the coast and adjacent thereto the quail is the one species of land game bird, other than the shore, marsh or beach varieties, that is relied upon to furnish sport, for neither the partridge nor the woodcock occur in those places in sufficient numbers to be an important object for the pursuit of the hunter. So near to extermination had the partridge been brought in these localities, because of insufficient protection, that it has failed to gain satisfactorily in numbers in recent years, for the simple reason that there were few if any breeders left there to renew and increase the stock—an instructive lesson of the danger incurred in allowing this species to be again exposed to such conditions as brought this result.

Fortunately, however, the condition above referred to is limited, and many of the eastern covers afford excellent partridge shooting. Here the increase of this bird compares favorably with any part of the State, and notably demonstrates the remarkable local habits of the species.

Not for many years have game birds been so plentiful in the central section of the State. This is substantially the unanimous testimony of experienced men, both hunters and deputies, many of whom declare emphatically that they never before have seen quail so abundant and never expected to see so many partridge as were in the covers this autumn. Thus, while the conditions may not equal those in Massachusetts in 1634, when William Wood declared in his "New England Prospects" that partridges and heathcocks were so numerous that "he that is a husband, and will be stirring betime, may kill half a dozen in a morning," still, more satisfactory results have been obtained than could have possibly been anticipated three years ago.

Pheasants.

Although pheasants may not yet be classed as game birds of this State, in the sense that they can be legally hunted and killed, their prospective status as such entitles them to special notice in this report, not only because the State has taken a large interest in the propagation of the Mongolian pheasant, but also because the effort made has met with such marked success recently that this beautiful game species gives promise of occupying in the future a very prominent position among the birds of the Commonwealth that attract the hunter's skill and furnish him with an additional choice article of food.

The reports received this year show conclusively that the pheasant is doing well in all sections of the State, and the very encouraging statements sent to us last year are duplicated or excelled. There is reason to believe it is breeding successfully in those localities where it has been placed; also that it has lived through the winters as well, apparently, as our native game birds. As a rule, it rears large broods, 10 to 18 chicks, and the young birds have every appearance of strength and hardiness. There seem to be few losses in the wild state, outside of those caused by enemies, and, although some birds may be killed by foxes, hawks, owls, etc., and also by hunters who have a disposition to ignore the law, the species seems to have acquired a foothold. Therefore, aside from the fact that there is less wild land here and more hunters in a given area, there is no apparent reason why the Mongolian pheasant should not do almost as well here as in Oregon, where it is concededly the foremost game bird of the State.

Deer.

There is cumulative evidence that the deer is becoming more common in this State than was probably deemed possible only a few years ago. And it is a remarkable fact that, even now, many are disposed to believe that the wild deer reported to have been seen from time to time in various localities must be animals which have escaped from parks or reservations. In a State populated as Massachusetts is, it is not, perhaps, remarkable that the occurrence of wild deer here and there, often in close proximity to large towns, and indeed almost within sight of the gilded dome on Beacon Hill, is something difficult to either believe or understand. There is, however, indisputable evidence of this, and, although this animal is not yet deemed sufficiently numerous to justify the hunting of it, there is a strong probability that, with continued protection for a brief time longer, the hunting of it for a few days each fall may be permitted without the risk of exterminating a species which should be kept in the State's covers as long as practicable. Without protection extermination will follow with certainty and expedition.

Complaint has been made by several persons of damage done to fruit trees and growing crops, and inquiries have been received by the commission asking if the State would pay for the alleged loss.

There seems to be a division of opinion, among those presumably conversant with the habits of the deer, regarding the destruction caused by this animal in Massachusetts. However this may be, we are not aware that provision has ever been made by any State to pay for alleged damages of this nature by deer, and information has come to us that some of the public-spirited farmers of this State have emphatically declared they were opposed to anything that would permit the killing of these animals, and preferred instead to submit to any small loss that came to them. It is too much to expect that all should take a similar view under trying circumstances, but the fact that some prefer small loss to killing the animals indicates the esteem in which the deer are held by a few, at least, who may have most cause for complaint.

A mass of data is available showing the occurrence of deer in various sections of the State, from Cape Cod to the Berkshire Hills.

A deer was rescued from drowning in Barnstable Bay late in November by Capt. F. W. Dexter, of the naphtha launch Quartette, of Lynn, which at the time lay off Barnstable Point Light engaged in herring fishing. The animal was kept for nearly a week, until the vessel returned home, when Capt. Dexter reported having it on board to the commission, and Deputy Burney was instructed to take charge of its liberation. This was a most remarkable case. The deer had evidently been driven into the water by either dogs or men, and was swimming straight out to sea when seen. Capt. Dexter deserves commendation for his humane treatment of the animal, which had to be rubbed to restore its exhausted energies, after being taken on board the Quartette, and also for his courtesy in promptly reporting it after his arrival.

It is regrettable that this deer, the preservation of which reflected so much credit on Captain Dexter, should have been killed by John T. Collins, of Maplewood, on Dec. 11, only a few days after the animal was liberated by Deputy Burney, who not only brought Collins into court to answer for his violation of law, but quickly recognized the animal by a scar he had noticed when he took it from the Quartette.

The Belgian Hare.

The Belgian hare may apparently be now safely classed with the game animals of the State, although it is too early yet to speak with certainty of the results attending the efforts of the commission to stock the State covers with this large species of rabbit, alike important as a game animal or a food product. There appears to be ample evidence thus early that the Belgian hare, notwithstanding adverse predictions regarding it, may prove to be a very desirable addition to the game fauna of the State, if it succeeds in maintaining itself in spite of foxes, hounds and other species that may prey upon it.

A Morning with Old Squaws.

ORIENT POINT, Suffolk County, N. Y.—I have no great story to tell about the hundreds of canvasbacks and other aristocratic ducks which fell to our guns (like the Power brothers), but just a simple tale of what three of us enjoyed with the "old squaws" one morning in January, 1900.

On the evening previous it was arranged between Fred Terry (a cousin), Walter, my son, and myself that the next morning, everything being favorable, we would take a rowboat, battery and decoys and go to the feeding grounds of the above mentioned trash ducks, as some call them, three miles away. About four o'clock the whir-r-r-r of the alarm clock startled us from our dreams, and a half hour later we were bolting pancakes, sausages and hot coffee. The air was keen, crispy and pretty still—this latter being just what we wanted. The exercise at the oars while on our way to the grounds kept our blood warm and our cheeks glowing.

We got our decoys out just as the sun was peeping above the horizon and straggling birds began to show themselves. (I like nothing better than straggling birds if they will straggle often.) Now, it is known that the best shooting is the first hour in the morning—so that the first man in the box has the best show for a good bag. While each of us was trying to induce the other to get in first, several shots were lost, so that finally my son entered the box and Fred took the oars and rowed me to the beach (about twenty-five rods away, where I sat me down to watch the hits and misses). The birds came only occasionally, generally one at a time, and Walt. took care of them pretty well. After he had five dead ones lying around he signaled Fred to come and take his place in the box. Fred came, but as he had never been in a box he could not be induced to get into it until I had warmed the place for him. It was of no use to argue, so I hopped over into the ticklish thing and laid me down. Once in a while a duck came and sometimes I hit and sometimes I missed until I had three lying on their backs. Up to this time not a single duck except squaws had been seen. While watching and waiting I discovered, three-fourths of a mile away, two coots, and those birds came straight to their doom. The foremost duck I covered with the right barrel, and, as I thought, dropped it dead, when the other, at the report of the gun, swung off to the left and hustled; but it was of no use, for my left spoke and he fell dead. I then looked at the first duck and was surprised to see it making off in great alarm, with its head at least a foot high, looking back at me, first one side then the other. My gun is not a repeater, so I had to break it and slip in another shell in the left barrel. The duck was well away by this time, but I drew bead on it and when the gun spoke the duck's journey was done. Now my score was even with my son's, and I remembered that it was cold, too.

The boat was called in again and now our modest Fred consented to get in the warm place I had made for him. The first two or three birds which came went away much faster after he spoke to them. Then he did better and winged two, and later killed one dead. One of his cripples Walter killed. Up to this time we had just a dozen birds. Walter now got in and killed five more. Later I took his place and killed one. The sun was past its zenith now and the flying was about over, and besides we felt a kind of gnawing under our waistcoats on account of our early breakfast and other things; so we concluded to take up and strike for home, which we reached about 3 P. M.

Eighteen ducks with three guns is not great shooting, truly, but we enjoyed the shooting and also our dinner when we got it. Yes, indeed! UNCLE DAN.

The Massachusetts Sale Law.

BOSTON, March 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hearing on Thursday before the Fish and Game Committee on the anti-sale law for partridge and woodcock, was a notable one. A few less than 100 sportsmen representing every county, and at least 75 towns and cities were on hand to put in a word for the bill. The number was so great that the committee found it necessary to abandon the room in which such hearings are usually held and secure a larger one. The Central Committee held a meeting at 9:30 in the room of the commissioners, and outlined a plan of procedure for the hearing. It was agreed by all that no witness should be allowed to take more than from three to seven minutes, for the reason that all those attending would want a chance to say a few words, and many had come a distance of from 50 to 200 miles for the purpose of giving testimony. I venture to say none of your readers ever attended a hearing where there was more unanimity of sentiment or where everybody went away with more satisfaction on account of having had his chance to express his opinions.

The Central Committee had arranged that Herman S. Fay, Esq., should conduct the hearing, which he did with tact and good judgment. Chairman H. A. Estabrook, of Fitchburg, the first witness, testified to the good results of the present law and the putting out of business of certain pot-hunters, of whom he had knowledge, and one of whom had admitted that he had sent 800 birds to market the year previous to the enactment of the anti-sale law. Mr. I. O. Converse, president of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, and Prof. E. A. Kirkpatrick, an instructor in the State Normal School at Fitchburg, also testified in support of the bill. Representatives E. W. Boise, of Blandford; George Thayer, president of the Ashland Gun Club; Herbert Thayer, of Franklin; Representative Garrett, of Greenfield, and half a dozen other members of the House from different parts of the State, stated that their constituents were unanimous for the bill. Mr. A. M. Kimball spoke for the S. Acton Gun Club, Mr. A. C. Sylvester for the West Attleboro Club, ex-Senators Gray, of Walpole, and Patch, of Roxborough, spoke for their sections. Mr. Herbert E. Tuck, of the Central Committee, represented the sportsmen of Haverhill. Hon. Salem D. Charles, of Boston, spoke as a representative of the State Association, the Worcester Fur Club and the Central Committee; Representative Pingree for Georgetown and Groveland Fish and Game Associations; Capt. John Percival for the newly organized club of Sandwich.

Your readers will remember that in the hearing three years ago opposition came from Worcester in the shape of a bill to make sale illegal only during the time when shooting was prohibited—this was designated by our champion on the committee, Representative Hunt, of North Attleboro, "the bee in the honey." This bill had for its champion a man no less distinguished than ex-Congressman Walker.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney gave testimony before the committee that this year there would be no opposition from Worcester, that all sportsmen in the heart of the commonwealth are in favor of continuing the present law. The speakers were all brief and pointed in their remarks, and several of them elicited hearty applause from the audience. This was especially true of Game Warden Jessop, of Tewksbury, whose wit "brought down the house" several times.

House Chairman Kimball, of the committee, who presided, requested Mr. Fay to endeavor to condense his final argument into ten minutes. He spoke seven minutes, and on closing the chairman declared his speech "very handsome." When the call came for remonstrants no one arose.

We confidently expect a favorable report from the committee, and hope it will be unanimous.

More than 75 towns and cities have sent in petitions for the bill, signed by selectmen, mayors, aldermen, etc., and prominent citizens generally.

On Tuesday, March 3, hearings will be given on House bill 646, to strike out the word "marsh" in the present law on "shore, marsh or beach birds," and extend the shooting season from July 15 to Aug. 15.

Also on House bill 648, which is designed to open shore shooting on the first of March instead of May 1, as at present.

On March 5 hearings are appointed on House bill 649, to open trout fishing in the western counties April 1 instead of April 15, and to close on Aug. 1 instead of July 15, as now.

On House bill 856, to make the legal limit of length in the western counties 5 inches.

On House bill 857, designed to prohibit the sale of trout, except those usually termed "domestic trout."

On March 10, House bill 642, for further extension of "right of search" by wardens without a warrant. This bill is so framed as not to apply to dwellings.

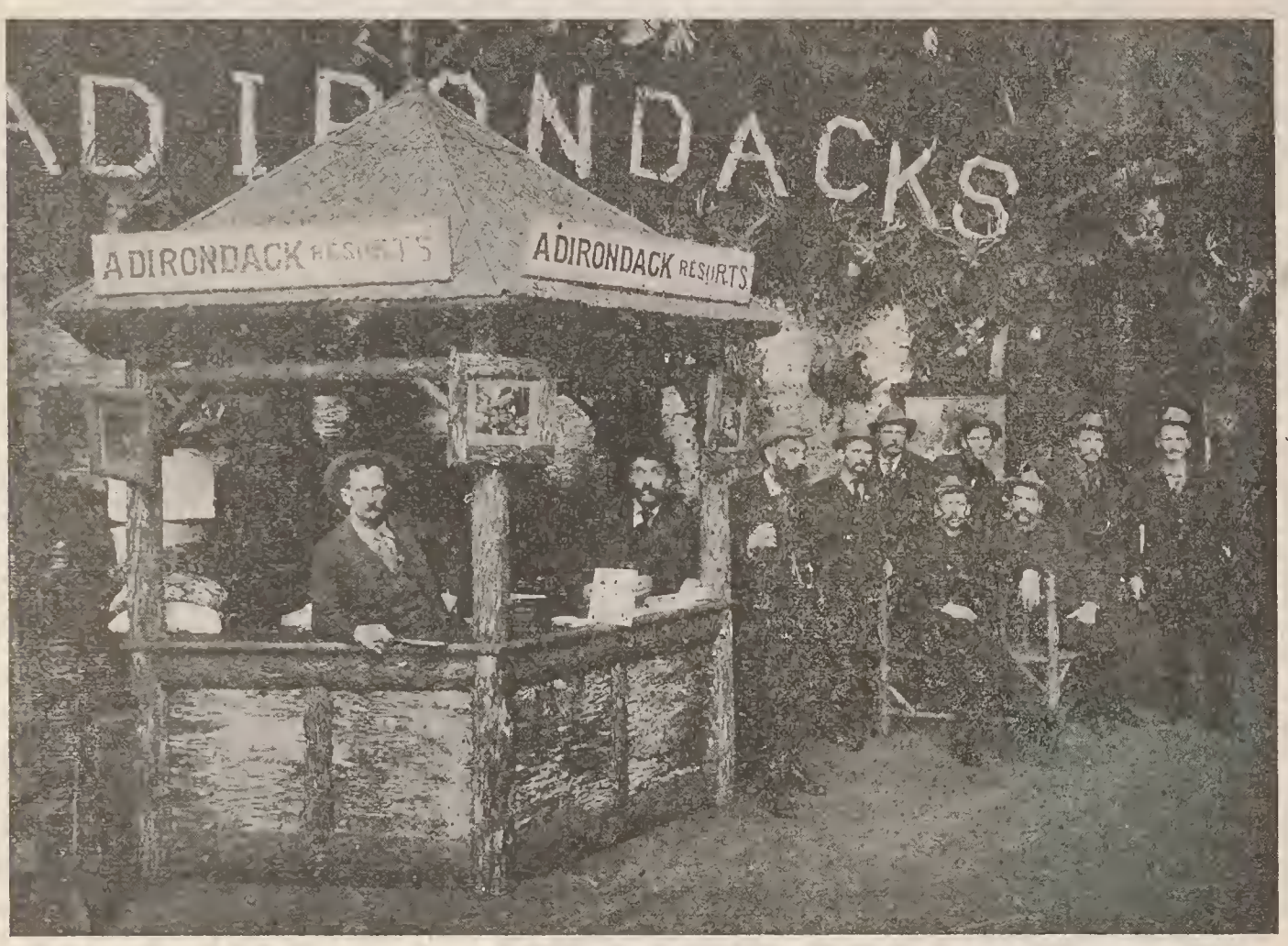
Also on House bill 644, regarding search for lobsters—to add the word public before "suspected" in the present law, so as to read "may search in suspected public places."

On March 12 will occur the hearing on the bill for the reorganization of the fish and game commission. The following concerning deer is from the Boston Herald:

"There is a bill before the committee on fisheries and game, the title of which is to provide for the better protection of deer. At the hearing given on the matter some time ago there was evidence submitted which raised a doubt in the minds of some of the committeemen whether or not it wouldn't be a good idea to pass a law for the better protection of farmers. Strange as it may seem, the protective laws in relation to deer have resulted in so increasing the species that in certain sections of the State, particularly in Worcester County, and further west, the crops have been damaged by the depredations of the animals. The law at present is regarded as being pretty severe. Under it a farmer is liable to prosecution if he chases a deer out of his cornfield, for the law expressly stipulates that whosoever hunts, drives, chases, etc., one of these animals shall be subject to a fine. The plan now is to keep the law on the statute book substan-

tially as it is, and to enact legislation which will give the farmer whose crops are destroyed by deer an opportunity to recover damages from the commonwealth."

Prof. Frank M. Chapman, in his lecture in the Walker Building yesterday, outlined a theory as to the migration of birds that may be new to some of your readers. He announced as his opinion that migration began in the south rather than in the north, as primitive birds originated in the tropical regions. A crowding near the center of food supply resulted in some of the primitive creatures seeking food at the edges of their zone of existence. As flying became more



ADIRONDACK GUIDES
At the Sportsmen's Exposition.

natural, they were able to migrate further and further with safety, so they could easily find a nesting place, to which they annually repaired, returning later to their normal zone.

Saturday evening there was held at the Copley Square Hotel a meeting of the Clearwater Club, of which one of the vice-presidents of the State Association is president.

The occasion was a reunion of those who made the trip to Clearwater Pond for salmon fishing last May.

It was on this trip that Dr. John S. Phelps caught what is believed to be the second largest fresh water salmon ever taken with light gear in this country.

Among the guests were Mayor Boothley, of Portland, and D. J. Flanders, general passenger agent Boston & Maine Railroad.

At the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, to be held March 16, one of the speakers is to be Prof. R. L. Garner, known the world over as the student of the language of monkeys in the jungles of Africa.

HENRY H. KIMBALL, Secretary.

Sportsmen's Show Exhibits.

WE note the salient features of the exhibits of sportsmen's goods and appurtenances:

The Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., display a fine oak gun case containing samples of their art in rifle building and a range of quality within the reach of necessity and up to that of extreme luxury. They have added to their calibers by showing No. 1 .22, the new feature of which is the box magazine. The magazines can be loaded and carried in the pocket. Messrs. Bamberg, Savage and French are in attendance, and always ready to show and talk Savage rifles.

J. H. Lau & Co., the American agents for Ballastite powder, are showing for the first time in this country the new Reblé gun, made in Liege, Belgium. Mr. Harry Welles is in charge of this exhibit.

A. H. Funke shows a new single trigger shotgun made by the Acme Arms Company. An innovation in low grade guns. A safety is so arranged that the simultaneous discharge of both barrels is made next to impossible.

A new model of the Mannlicher rifle is shown of 9mm. .345 caliber which can be loaded as a single or repeating rifle carrying five cartridges, which dispenses with the box magazine formerly in use. Mr. A. H. Funke is in daily attendance.

Abercombie & Fitch make one of the most interesting exhibits of the show. Everything that can be used by the camper or explorer is seen here—clothing, shoes, packs, pack-saddles, cooking utensils, canvas water buckets, sleeping bags, snowshoes, hand canoes, grates for log fires, devices for every comfort asleep or awake. Their new voluminous catalogue contains cuts and prices of all these things; then, too, they have added a new and important department to their business of which they are justly proud, that of fishing tackle. Of rods they show "Tamachif," for fly-casting and in bait weights; the "Bic," another pretty piece of bamboo, in weights of from four to nine ounces, is one of their prizes; "Kosmic," for salmon fishing, 17-21 ounces, 15 feet long, are seen here, as are all the accessories for the angler. Another important feature of this exhibit is the imported compass seen here for the first time; it is so constructed that by the rays of the sun the time of day can be taken as well as correct orientation be assured. The shape and size is that of an ordinary watch.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, as eastern agents of the Racine Boat Company, occupy a space of eight hundred square feet of floor room, showing complete boats of this company's output. The full cabin auxiliary cruising-cat-boat, whose commodious quarters can only be seen by climbing a ladder, is well worth the effort. It is 26 feet 5 inches over all, 20 feet on waterline, 8 feet 6 inches beam, 30 inches draft of hull, 450 feet of canvas area, 5½ horse-power Aux gasoline motor. Natural wood finish. The new model 18 foot gasoline launch is built for pleasure purposes; it is fitted up in most elaborate style. Oak and walnut is alternately used in the deck and locker finishings; it is upholstered in red plush. Mr. Walter J. Reynolds, of Racine, and Mr. Oscar Grieff, of New York, are in charge.

Reeves & White, of Port Richmond, show a complete line of the Truscott boats. A Truscott 25-footer finished in cherry and nickel-plated trimmings is shown, geared with a six horse-power engine. Pretty plush cushions are provided for the seats. A new model 21 foot launch is shown called the "Compromised Stern." A three horse-power cylinder engine shoves it along. A canopy covers the whole deck; the furnishings are of corduroy. Rowboats are in evidence, and many of them are decidedly handsome. Motors of different degrees of strength are shown at this pretty exhibit, as are search lights and other accessories for aquatic sport.

The Toquet Launch and Motor Company exhibit a launch built for speed. It has a modified torpedo stern.

A GROUP OF MAINE GUIDES
At the Sportsmen's Exposition.

The idea embraced in the model of this launch is to do away with squatty stern and to go over rather than through the water. The keel is of oak, while the rest of the boat is mahogany. Length, 25 feet, 5 foot beam. A five horse-power, two cylinder motor sends it along with but 27-inch draft at the blade. The fittings of this launch are in perfect keeping with the rest of it. The speed is recorded at 10 miles per hour. Mr. F. E. Toquet and L. C. Duebois are in attendance.

The Lozier Company show a pretty cruising launch of the torpedo stern type, which is not a new design for this company, they having advocated this style of launch successfully for some seasons past. It is 36 feet long and the waterline is apparently the same. The deck and house are mahogany. The extensions can be converted into sleeping bunks. This boat is particularly complete in wholesome detail. Other models and sizes are shown in completion. A line of separate motors built by the Lozier Company are on exhibition.

The Marble Safety Axe Company are here with their interesting line of sportsmen's accessories. They consist of belts, holsters, game bags, cartridge belts, hunting knives, safety pocket knives, hatchets and belt axes. An automatic gaff hook is shown. They have also added to their big line the "Garrison gun cleaner." The cleaner proper is in four parts, made of a rough material that will hold a rag in position. When closed the parts come together, forming a whole not unlike a hickory nut. By a lever at the handle, the parts so spread that it can be regulated to fit breech and muzzle alike, thus easily adapting itself to the choke bore.

H. L. Rand, of Worcester, Mass., the inventor of the oval glass in taxidermy, makes one of the prettiest displays to be seen. He shows a handsome mallard duck suspended on an oak background under the cover of glass, a pair of ruffed grouse on bird's eye maple, nicely framed; the black grouse, snipe feeding, with a marine view in water colors, as a background; quail feeding in winter, woodcock boring, and many other handsome pieces for dining room decorations. Mr. Rand himself is in charge.

The Siegel-Cooper Co. have on show articles of all kinds from their sportsmen's goods department, comprising everything for outdoor life afloat or in the woods or fields. Their big catalogue is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it embraces the needs for indoor amusement as well.

The Pneumatic Cushion Company show by their vast exhibit that all their output is not embraced in their title. A brass bedstead is shown with the air mattresses and cushions. Air hassocks are here not easy to stumble over, as they are so readily moved by the foot; cushions are made by this company for the upholstery of boats and houses. One can rest on air anywhere. One of the latest things shown by them is an air cushion to be used by the duck hunter or the fisherman; a head rest in a battery or a life preserver in case of need. When it is not inflated it can be carried around the neck or packed in a quart measure.

The Chamberlain Target Company, in charge of Mr. Paul North, show, in addition to their targets, a new and simple device for throwing targets by the hand. It works on the same principle as throwing an apple from the end of a stick. It can be operated by a child.

The Stevens Arms Company and the Hollenbeck Gun Company both show samples of their output.

The Old Town Canoe Company, of Maine, show a number of canvas-covered canoes. They are made with cedar ribs and planking in natural wood finish. They are very attractive. They are from 15 to 20 feet in length.

There are a number of interesting exhibits of motors and gas and gasoline engines, made by such concerns as Chas. A. Strelenger & Co., of Detroit, the Standard Marine Engine Co., of Jersey City, the Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co., the Eagle Gas Engine Co. and the Norwalk Motor Co. The Old Hickory Chair Company show some unique and comfortable articles of furniture for outdoor life.

Legislation at Albany.

Special Correspondence FOREST AND STREAM.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 24.—The present session of the Legislature differs in no essential respect from its predecessors in regard to the number of bills introduced amending the fish and game laws. Thus far twenty odd measures have made their appearance in the Senate, dealing with this subject, while in the Assembly over two score have been presented. While a few of the Senate and Assembly bills are duplicates, in most instances they are wholly dissimilar, proposing widely different changes in existing law.

Much conservatism has marked the course of the fish and game committees of the two houses in disposing of the many bills submitted for consideration. But four have been reported out by the Senate committee, while in the Asembly only seven bills have managed to get on the calendar.

Two bills have passed the Senate. One is Senator

CANADIAN GUIDES
At the Sportsmen's Exposition.

Armstrong's, adding a new section to the fish and game laws, Article II, to be known as section 27-b. It provides that grouse and woodcock killed in this State shall not be sold or offered for sale at any time or place throughout the State, and makes possession presumptive evidence that the birds were killed in this State.

The other bill passed by the Senate is one of Senator Townsend's popularity known as the black bear bill. Since its introduction it has undergone amendment several times, and in its present form is less drastic than originally. At the outset the measure was opposed by the North Woods guides, and it is not altogether certain that they are satisfied with it in its new shape. The bill adds a new section, section 11-a, and provides that wild black bears shall not be taken or possessed from June 1 to September 30, both inclusive. No person is to be permitted to take more than one bear in an open season, and no traps, snares, spring guns, pits or other devices to entrap or entice bears shall be made, set or used, nor shall black bear be taken by their aid or use. The bill goes on to provide an additional penalty of $250 for each wild moose or part of such animal taken or possessed in violation of sections 1 to 11, inclusive of Article I, of the game law. At present the penalty is $100. Another amendment contained in the Townsend bill provides that any person convicted of a misdemeanor for a violation of section 11 of Article I shall be punished by imprisonment for a term of not less than three months, nor more than one year. The penalty for violation of section 11-a is placed at $25. The bill is now in the Assembly committee, where a similar bill of Assemblyman Evans likewise reposes.

The Senate has progressed to committee of the whole Senator Baily's bill, amending section 114, so as to provide that the supervisors of the counties of Queens, Nassau and Suffolk may respectively pass laws regulating and controlling the taking of fish bait from or in the salt water of such counties, and prescribed what violations shall be punishable as misdemeanors.

Another bill amending the game law which has made partial progress through the Senate is one of Senator Elon R. Brown's, to stop spring shooting. It is regarded as one of the most important general bills affecting game proposed this season. The idea of the bill's sponsor is to protect winged game at the season just prior to breeding time, and thus, as hoped, ultimately increase their number. It is probable that arrangements will be made to have a hearing on the measure before the Senate committee on March 5, in order that all interested may have a chance to express their views before it is advanced to final passage. The bill provides as follows:

Section 20. Ducks, geese, brant and swan shall not be taken from January 1 to September 15, both inclusive, or possessed from March 1 to September 15, both inclusive.

Section 20-a. Ducks, geese, brant and swan shall not be taken in the county of Jefferson from January 1 to September 15, both inclusive.

Section 103. Ducks, geese, brant and swan shall not be taken from January 1 to September 30, both inclusive, or possessed from March 1 to September 30, both inclusive, except if lawfully taken they can be possessed in the city of New York during the open season thereof; or taken in the night before sunset and daylight.

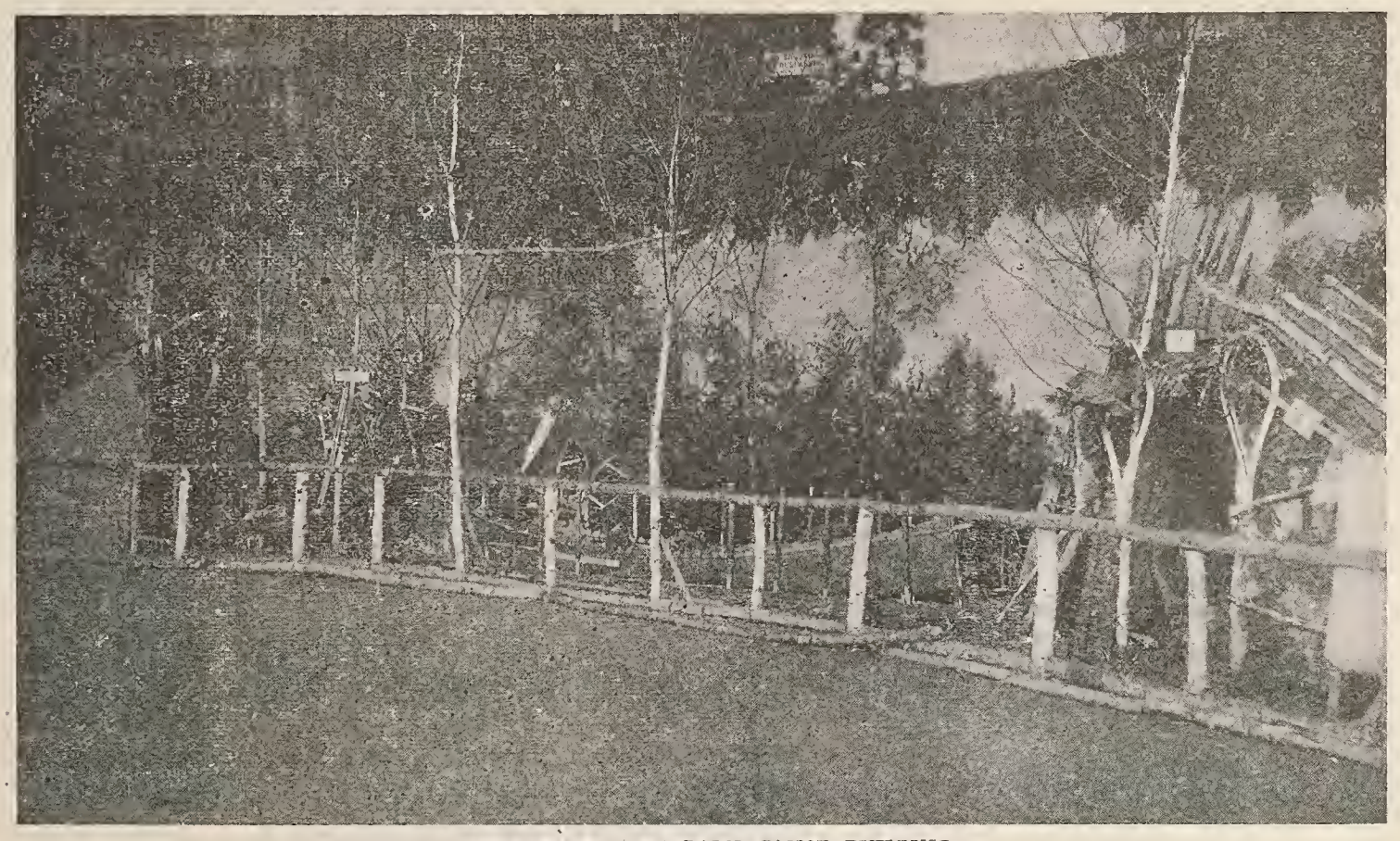
But one bill has passed the Assembly—Assemblyman Reeve's, amending section 109 so as to provide that trout shall not be taken or possessed from August 31 to the last Friday in March, both inclusive, instead of to March 28, inclusive, as at present. This bill is on the order of third reading in the Senate, and is identical with Senator Bailey's bill, which is in the Senate committee.

The following bills have been advanced to third reading in the Assembly:

Assemblyman Denison's, amending section 3 so as to provide that there shall be no open season for wild deer in the counties of Oswego and Rensselaer, and in all that portion of Oneida, Lewis and Jefferson counties lying westerly of the Utica and Black River Railroad from Utica to Ogdensburg.

Assemblyman Cowan's, amending Article II by inserting a new section, section 29-a, which provides that woodcock, grouse and quail shall not be taken in Delaware, Ulster, Schoharie, Green and Sullivan counties, in or out of season, for the purpose of selling or offering to sell the same; nor shall any person sell or offer for sale any such woodcock, grouse or quail taken at any time in such counties by him, or by any other person with his knowledge. The bill also amends Article III by inserting a new section, section 43-a, which provides that trout shall not be taken from any of the streams in Delaware, Ulster, Schoharie, Greene and Sullivan counties, in or out of season, for the purpose of selling or offering to sell the same; nor shall any person sell or offer for sale any such trout taken, at any time in such counties by him, or by any other person with his knowledge.

Assemblyman Allston's amending section 176 so as to provide that special game protectors, when regularly in the employ of boards of supervisors or incorporated associations for the protection of fish and game, shall have all the powers of a regular protector.



NEW BRUNSWICK BARK CANOE BUILDING
At the Sportsmen's Exposition.

The following bills are on the order of second reading in the Assembly:

Assemblyman Cadin's amending section 59-a by providing that tip-ups and set lines may be used in fishing through the ice in the waters of Cross Lake, in the counties of Onondaga and Cayuga.

Assemblyman Doughty's legalizing and confirming leases for the cultivation of shell-fish heretofore executed by State authorities except in Kings county.

Assemblyman Moran's amending section 80-a so as to provide that it shall be lawful to fish for and take with fyke nets, in Cayuga Lake and tributary streams from October 1 to April 30, both inclusive, bullheads, eels, suckers and dog fish, so far as affects that part of the lake north of Canoga Point and of the N. Y. C. & H. R. railroad bridge. In that part of the lake south of this point it shall be lawful from May 15 to July 15, both inclusive, to fish for and take fish, except bass, with spear or gill net, the meshes of which net shall not be less than two inch bars; provided that but one person shall spear from a boat and but one gill net shall be used by any person.

REAL INDIANS BUT PAINTED SCENERY
At the Sportsmen's Exposition.

ALBANY, March 1.—The Fish and Game Committees of the two Houses of the Legislature are reporting out a few of the many measures awaiting consideration, but are not displaying any great anxiety to favor most of the pending bills.

Two bills are on third reading in the Senate—Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 124), providing that grouse and woodcock killed in this State shall not be sold or offered for sale in the State, and Senator Elon R. Brown's bill (Int. No. 301), to stop spring shooting of wildfowl. The latter bill was sent back to committee, however, for a hearing, retaining its place on the calendar.

Senator Townsend's bill (Int. No. 138), for the protection of bears, has passed the Senate and reposes in the Assembly committee.

The following bills are on the order of second reading in the Assembly:

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 427), fixing the close season for deer, black and gray squirrels, hares and rab-

bits, and grouse, woodcock and quail in Orange county.

Assemblyman Cadin's (Int. No. 215), permitting the use of tipups and set lines in Cross Lake, Onondaga and Cayuga counties.

Assemblyman Moran's (Int. No. 470), relative to fishing for non-game fish in Cayuga Lake and tributary streams.

Assemblyman Reynolds' (Int. No. 550), making the close season for woodcock, grouse and quail in Rensselaer county from December 1 to September 30, both inclusive.

The following bills are on the order of third reading in the Assembly:

Assemblyman Doughty's (Int. No. 613), providing that there shall be no open season for English pheasants prior to 1905.

Assemblyman Fowler's (Int. No. 116), for the protection of fish in Chautauqua Lake.

Assemblyman Fowler's (Int. No. 160), fixing the close season for skunk, muskrat and foxes in Chautauqua county.

Assemblyman McNair's (Int. No. 549), fixing the close season for black and gray squirrels from December 1 to September 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Bridgeman's bill (Int. No. 479), to allow the spearing of fish in the creeks of Otsego and Orleans counties, has passed the Assembly and is in the Senate committee.

Assemblyman Denison's bill (Int. No. 371), providing that there shall be no open season for deer in that portion of Oneida, Lewis and Jefferson counties west of the Utica and Black River railroad from Utica to Ogdensburg, has passed the Assembly and is in the Senate committee.

Assemblyman Reeve's bill (Int. No. 182), providing that the close season for trout on Long Island shall be from August 31 to the last Friday in March, has passed both branches of the Legislature and is now before the Governor.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Illinois Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 20.—A member of the House of Representatives who is somewhat interested in the matter of protective legislation, dropped into the FOREST AND STREAM office to-day. He was asked some leading questions in regard to the Wheeler bill, which is referred to in these columns. The gentleman in question stated that the FOREST AND STREAM view of the situation was fairly correct, and that the lower part of the State would now, as in the past, no doubt be opposed to any sweeping changes in the game law. "The Wheeler measure is in some ways an ideal law," said he, "but unfortunately in politics, as in all other walks of life, we cannot always live up to ideal standards. The main thing in getting game legislation is to do what we can. The sportsmen would like to see a great many changes, but I think I may say there will always be the same opposition which has met us in the past, and which arises at the instigation of men who care nothing whatever for the wild game of the country and nothing for the unselfish side of protective measures. As to the fate of the bill I cannot say, but it will undoubtedly meet a considerable fight on the floor of the House."

The representative above quoted asked what if any would be the fight made upon this measure by the South Water street lobby. I doubt if anyone can answer this outside of Springfield. That the lobby will be there goes without saying. That clause stopping the sale of Illinois ducks will never go through without a hard fight on the part of South Water street.

On the whole, there is no special reason for self-congratulation on the part of the sportsmen of this State at the present writing. It is true that the old Illinois State Sportsmen's Association never cut much real figure in protective legislation, although it did a great deal of talking and took itself with a great deal of seriousness, no doubt honestly believing that it had very much weight in the affairs of the State councils. Yet now that this association is practically dead—killed by no more severe blow than that which cut off its live bird shooting—we have practically no body of sportsmen in this State which takes the least concerted interest in matters of State legislation. One or two sportsmen in any State usually take the practical lead in such matters. This is the case in Michigan, in Minnesota, and to some extent in Illinois. I know of one or two gentlemen in this State who do not care to have their names mentioned, who have always been agencies of strength at Springfield, and who have stood out for good game laws. I certainly hope more from the influence of these few individuals than I do from that of all the sportsmen's associations of the State of Illinois. It all comes down to the statement that as sportsmen we do not after all want to protect the game so much as we want to protect ourselves.

A Woman Warden.

It seems that Miss Emma Kellogg, a young lady of Colorado, is in search of the office of deputy game warden for the counties of Routt and Rio Blanco, two of the best game counties in Colorado, and covering a region where it may be supposed considerable opportunity for a game warden exists. Miss Kellogg will have the best wishes of the gentlemen of Colorado. She seems to be not without qualifications, it being asserted for her, perhaps by her press agent, that at one time she lassoed a young bear and took it home alive. There are elements of improbability in this story, which, however, ought not to be unduly pushed into prominence. It seems that Miss Kellogg is in the habit of hunting mountain lions, deer and elk, and that upon one occasion, when treed by an elk, she dropped lightly out of the tree upon the back of the irate animal and, grabbing him about the antlers, rode him for a considerable distance through the forest. I do not find a similar experience chronicled regarding any of the State wardens of our Western districts. Commissioner Lovejoy, of Illinois, never rode a live elk, and neither did Sam Fullerton of Minnesota, or any of the other gentlemen engaged in this line of industry. They might consider it undignified. The feat on the part of the Colorado young lady warden may be condoned upon the ground of youth and enthusiasm. If Miss Kellogg wishes to be game warden there would seem to be no reasonable doubt of her attaining her purpose.

The New Minnesota Game Measure.

It is something of a relief to turn from the confusions and bickerings of some of our Middle West States in game law matters to the clear headed methods of our sister of the Northwest, the State of Minnesota, which has so long been a model in game law matters. I hardly think it likely that there will be a multitude of game bills of diverse and conflicting natures in the Minnesota Legislature. They have a way out there of trusting these things very largely to the conservatism and wisdom of the State game and fish commission. In this way they get good laws, and they enforce them. I imagine that the advice of the State executive agent, Mr. S. F. Fullerton, has been very largely followed in the drafting of the bill just at hand. In a personal letter received to-day, Mr. Fullerton remarks that this bill will be introduced in both the House and Senate, and he believes that it will pass virtually as printed, as the sentiment of the State is very strong in favor of giving the commission everything they want. There may be some demur over the appropriation, which reaches the snug sum of $50,000. Upon the other hand the revenues from licenses, etc., of the commission are stipulated to go into the general revenue fun of the State. Even with an appropriation of $50,000, Minnesota would not have so large a fund as was probably used by the State of Wisconsin last year, it being believed that the latter State had $70,000 at its disposal, gathered from the different sources provided by law.

Mr. Fullerton says: "You will see several new features in this law which we do not have in our old law. It embodies two of my pet hobbies, making it an offense to buy game as well as to sell it; and allowing non-residents coming here and paying the license fee to take home some of the game they are fortunate enough to get. I believe that this is nothing but just to the men who come and pay a license fee of $25. They are generally a class of good citizens, and while we have run across some of the other kind, I believe they are the exception and not the rule.

"You will see we have adopted the coupon system, and also a general license law for residents, as well as non-residents. The resident license under this bill will be $1 and the non-resident $25. This, I believe, will give the little $2 Higginses and the 50 cent Smiths a chance to 'test the law' and expend their 'fund,' etc.

"We have cut fifteen days off our trout season, making it end on the 15th of August instead of on the 1st of September, as a great many of our trout spawn about that time. Then we cut fifteen days off our quail season, making it open on the 15th of October instead of on the 1st. I think, however, it will be extended fifteen days into December, making it the same length as under the old law, but running between different dates.

"We have gone over the old law entirely and strengthened it to meet the requirements of several of our judges who have passed on its constitutionality. We have tried to frame it so as to stand the test of the courts, and so that every layman can understand it.

"You will also see that we have cut off all shooting before the 1st of September. Woodcock and upland plover hunting were only used as a blind heretofore. They could be shot on and after July 4, but now no one will have that for an excuse."

Mr. Fullerton, in closing his personal letter, mentions a big haul which the wardens of Minnesota have just made from a commission man, Ertz. Mr. Ertz is charged with dabbling in illicit game for two or three months, and the wardens now think they have him where he can't get away. This incidental comment is pretty good answer to the charges of double dealing which have been made by a Chicago paper against the game commission of Minnesota.

Review of the Bill.

A careful review of the Minnesota measure above referred to shows that it embodies all the modern and accepted ideas in regard to game protection, and that it has avoided practically all the dangerous loopholes which render practically void so many of our recent and proposed game laws. The Minnesota game law is in advance of the time, but not in advance of Minnesota. It is a matter of shame that Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan cannot show the same sense, simplicity, straightforwardness and get-thereness which has so long been visible on the part of the State of Minnesota.

The fundamental law of this measure is specified in the statement that the fish and game belong to the State, and that no person can acquire property in it at any time, except that he may use it under certain conditions as expressly specified.

The above is the great law of the State, which says that it is greater than the individual. The law of sport is immediately thereafter recognized in the section which provides that none of these specified birds or animals may be taken in any way except by shooting them with a gun held to the shoulder of the person discharging the same.

Night shooting, sink-box shooting, and other destructive devices are prohibited. The farmer is taken care of under a section which prohibits any person from going into growing or standing grain without express permission.

Any game had in possession contrary to law is declared contraband and subject to immediate seizure upon discovery by any of the peace officers of the State.

Section 20 is a very interesting one. It changes the old law which made it legal to sell at auction confiscated game. It answer beyond peradventure the unjust charges made by the so-called sportsmen's publication above mentioned. In short, it instructs the game and fish commissioners to give any confiscated game to the charitable institutions of the State. This closes a loophole which, under a dishonest administration, might work to the detriment of the game laws. It is a loophole which has been, under early administrations in this State, the cause of a great many instances of crooked work. It is quite in keeping with the progress of Minnesota to see this clause proposed for her statute books and at the hands of these very officers who would be most benefited by the old law, were they indeed the dishonest persons which they have been accused of being.

The tag and coupon system qualifying the possession of game and making such possession legal under different conditions is a good idea. It is precisely the same idea which has been advocated for the control of the trusts, which some people think threaten the interests of this country. In short it is the remedy of publicity. The State comes out openly and says that it owns the game; that sportsmen may have it under certain conditions; that there must be no trickery about the possession of this game; that everything must be open to the public, so that there may be no mistake. In short, it is the intention of this measure to lift all the veil of secrecy, deceit, treachery and ill doing which have only too often, in different parts of the Union, rendered our game laws practically inoperative.

The establishment of the resident license brings Minnesota into line with two other Western States which have proposed the same thing. This is no doubt a sop to those who cry that the non-resident license is "unconstitutional." This resident license clause will probably defeat any game law in Illinois. It will not defeat a game law in Minesota. They all seem to have the peculiar quality of believing in game laws in that part of the world. They do a little thinking and really try to protect the game and not to protect themselves. It is just the other way here in Illinois.

The non-resident license of $25 is the same figure established by other States which have big game, as well as birds in sufficient numbers to invite sportsmen tourists.

The clause permitting a licensed hunter to take home some game with him is one which testifies to the common sense of the framers of the law. To pay a license and then not be permitted to bring out any of your game is a hardship against which the sportsmen of the country rebel more than they do against the license fee itself. The section rendering it a misdemeanor for transportation companies to handle illegal game is one which might mean nothing in another State, but is apt to mean something in the State of Minnesota.

The "stop the sale of game" idea we find, of course, in Minnesota, for Minnesota was one of the first to realize its wisdom. This is modified in one clause, section 56, which forbids the sale of any trout or bass at any time prior to January 1, 1908. This puts the evil day off for a time at least, and by that time another law may continue the motion in that regard.

Another, a more liberal, and as it seems to me, better clause of the law, is the one which extends the moose season from ten days to twenty days, the dates suggested being November 10 to November 30. A ten day moose season is practically prohibitive. The season of twenty days amends the matter very nicely, and the other phases of this law sufficiently protect moose and caribou to enable the stock of game to stand a twenty-day season. It is not likely that any more moose will be killed under this law than under the old law, but more will be killed legally.

Sweeping Six Inch Limit.

Another interesting feature of this law is that prohibiting the having in possession of any fish, except minnows for bait, which are less than six inches in length. This is broad, simple and definite. You cannot have little bass, little trout or any other little fish in possession if they measure less than six inches. This ought to stop the destruction of sunfish and little perch around the summer resorts, something which is an abomination in the eyes of all thinking observers. The leaving of these little fish in the lakes and streams around the summer resorts would offer better food to the big fishes. The latter will also be protected by section 59, which forbids the sale of any fish taken in a county which has a population of 150,000 or over. This is meant to protect Lake Minnetonka, White Bear and others of the summer resorts lakes near the big cities, which of late have been practically fished out by market fishers who supply hotels.

The foregoing is but the most casual review of the measure proposed, which is full and explicit in all regards. It will serve to show how thoroughly the State of Minnesota is in touch with modern ideas of game protection and how much she is in earnest about having a good law and enforcing it. The likelihood is that this measure will be accepted almost without change. It is a law which works no hardship to any right-thinking man. It means that the State of Minnesota will have for yet a little while her wild fowl and wild game. To be sure we outsiders will have to put up our $25 to go and enjoy this pleasure. It is better to do that than to go to a State and find nothing there to enjoy. Moreover, I think that after awhile we will come to the idea that it is pretty near right to pay the price for a seat if you want to stay in the theater. The show is open throughout the glorious fall months in Minnesota, and for one I would rather pay $25 for a continuous performance of that kind than $3 a night for anything you can get in the city. Good luck to the Minnesota law.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When your tale's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—
Don't you fill the whole blamed paper
With a tale which at a pinch
Could be covered in an inch!
Boil her down until she simmers,
Polish her until she glimmers.
When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Broadbills at Larchmont.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One Saturday early in the month I was at the club house of the Larchmont Yacht Club and noticed from the window what appeared to be an enormous mass of sea weed extending almost across the Bay. The weather was thick and it was snowing a little. On inquiry I learned that this was a great flock of ducks, and, looking through a glass, could see what they were for myself. People told me that the feed at the bottom of the bay was good, and that the birds had come there, at first a few, but gradually in increasing numbers, until now the flock had assumed this size, and must have contained thousands of birds.

It struck me as quite unusual to find ducks in such great bodies so near New York City. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Day with the Tyee.

FEW sportsmen in the East are familiar with the greatest game fish of Puget Sound, the "tyee" or "king" salmon. This superb fish, which is known in British Columbia waters as the "spring" salmon, frequents the tide-rips of Puget Sound during the entire year, the best fishing, however, being in the months of August and September. During the winter, the "tyee" follows the schools of herring into the numerous land-locked harbors and small bays, and it is generally May 1 before he appears on his summer feeding grounds in the swift current off Point Defiance, seven miles from Tacoma, Washington.

About May 1 the herring, for some reason unknown to fishermen, suddenly leave winter quarters and appear in countless thousands in the Narrows, off Point Defiance. Here the waters of Puget Sound rush through a narrow passage about four miles long, varying in width from one to two miles. The incoming flood tide pours around Point Defiance, forming an immense eddy, or mild form of whirlpool, about 300 yards wide by 500 yards long. On the outside edge of this eddy, the water banks up two to three feet high and rushes with tremendous speed for the opposite shore, while the inside quieter waters run in the opposite direction. The herring frequent this eddy and the gamy "tyee" does his best to "decrease the surplus population." The "tyee," owing to his habit of pursuing his prey in such swift currents, is an immensely strong fish. The extreme breadth of his shoulder forms a hump just back of his head, and his undershot jaw gives him the expression of a fighting bull-dog, as indeed he is, for he never gives up while life lasts. His back is dark green with black spots, like a trout, tail comparatively thin, and forked. In weight he varies from 5 to 72 pounds; a specimen of this size having been captured off the mouth of the Fraser River, British Columbia, by an English sportsman, with rod and line. This record salmon now adorns the walls of the Museum of Natural History, Victoria, B. C.

The largest specimen I ever saw caught at Point Defiance weighed 67 pounds, and was landed with a stout hand line by a Siwash Indian and his fat squaw. They, not daring to land him in their shallow dug-out canoe, towed him around against the tide for about an hour, until he was completely exhausted, and then attempted to land him on the beach. During this operation the squaw, who was gaffing the fish, lost her balance and fell out of the canoe into three feet of ice cold water. As she fell, with the true sporting instinct of the Indian, she grabbed the salmon around the middle, and the air was filled with fish and squaw alternately, until her husband Bruce caught her by the back of her dress and pulled them both ashore. The squaw at once sat down on the fish, and as she only weighs 350 pounds, the king of the "tyees" met his Waterloo.

I shall endeavor to point out in this article the best means of capturing this fish. The Indians, who live by the proceeds of their fishing, use a thick hand line, at the end of which they attach a wire three feet long, terminating in a large salmon hook.

Before attaching this wire to their line, they run it through a herring, and fasten it on by a few skillful turns of a thread around the herring's gills. This is a most difficult knack for a white man to learn, as unless the herring moves through the water in an absolutely lifelike manner, the tyee will refuse to even look at it.

About 30 feet above the hook the Indian ties a stone as large as a croquet ball for a sinker. As this stone frequently catches against the side of the canoe during one of the salmon's terrific rushes, "halo fish" is the inevitable result. "Halo" is Siwash for "nit."

Four years ago a typical old sportsman named Howe came to the conclusion that he would invent an artificial bait to take the place of the ill-smelling herring. Acting on this idea, he made a darting spoon, shaped a little like a down-east bluefish squid. It is made of thin brass or silver, four inches long by one inch wide, very highly polished. The end nearest the line is round and spoon-shaped, with the bowl up. The end nearest the hook is pointed and turned down in the opposite direction. The hook is either soldered on this end and attached by a rivet to the middle of the bowl, or hangs free from the under side, in which case the shank is considerably shortened.

I am of the opinion that the short hanging hook is the most effective, both for its hooking qualities and the lack of a lever furnished the fish. The line is attached to a swivel hung from the upper side of the bowl of the spoon about one inch from the end. This gives the spoon a peculiar darting motion, sideways, and up and down like a wounded herring, and, as the spoon should always be kept very bright, the resemblance is startling.

I use an 8-foot split bamboo rod weighing about 12 ounces; a Vom Hofe reel carrying 600 feet of 18 thread tarpon line; a lead sinker shaped like a boat's keel, weighing 16 ounces, in the top of which are set two brass staples, and in the end a wire clip; a 4-foot piano wire leader completes the outfit. The line is passed through the staples in the top of the sinker and fastened in the clip, 30 feet from the spoon. When the salmon strikes, he disengages the line from the clip, the sinker slides down to the leader and you can handle your fish with perfect freedom.

Our camp being located just under the 300-foot bluff of Point Defiance, we are on the ground, so need lose no valuable time. At 3:30 A. M. my fishing partner Jack rouses me with the cheering assurance that "The tide is running in and the Siwashes are coming in their canoes." A cup of strong coffee and a sandwich, and we are off to the fishing grounds. I handle the oars for the first hour, and Jack seats himself with his back to me and pays out line until the 100-foot mark is reached, being designated by a red silk thread wound around the line at that point.

Jack's position in the boat is the only one to assume, as the tyee strikes like an electric shock, no nibble nor uncertain twitching, but a mad rush in the case of a large fish of 15 pounds and upwards, or a succession of short vicious rushes, in case the fish is under that weight. The experienced tyee fisherman can always tell by this initial rush whether the fish is a large one or not.

Suddenly the reel hums and Jack says, "I've got him fast, about 10 pounds I should stay, stop rowing."

First the fish sounds, the water being some 3,000 feet deep, no anxiety is felt on that account. Then comes a period of the sulks, during which there is "nothing doing," it being impossible to gain an inch of line, but gradually Jack works him to the surface and we see his black back. The tyee is slowly shaking his head from side to side like an angry dog; just here he sees the boat for the first time. Whirr! Pop! very much like the sound of a rocket, a disgusted fisherman on the stern seat looking at his dangling spoon, and the usual comforting, "You checked him too hard; don't you know he had just begun to fight," from the oarsman.

Before Jack's hour is ended he strikes another; this one he handles as if it had a tissue paper mouth, and the result is that after 17 minutes of careful work an 8-pound tyee is gaffed by me, and we change seats. My turn nets me one 13-pound fish, which fights like a fiend for 15 minutes and suddenly gives up. When landed the cause is apparent; he is surrounded by a ravenous school of dogfish, which have literally bitten his back fin off as neatly as if cut by a knife.

By this time we are getting hungry, and the tide is beginning to slack, so we go back to the tent where we eat, smoke, and sleep, until 4 P. M., when the Indians once more appear on the scene, each buck having his squaw to do most of the paddling, as well as acting as ballast. As the average squaw weighs anywhere from 195 to 500 pounds, they certainly fill the bill in this last respect. They are also the ugliest specimens of the gentler sex that could be imagined.

Now is the real time to fish for tyee, from 4 to 8:30 P. M., with a rising tide, which should flood about 9 at night. We have fair success during the afternoon, until 6:30, when the fish begin to bite as if they meant it. No sooner is one landed, or, more often, lost, than another is hooked.

Just as the last streak of the sun is visible, I strike what feels like a water-soaked log. The line runs out to the 300-foot mark on the first rush, then follow a series of short, determined runs, until 500 feet are gone. At last his strength yields to the strain, and I slowly work him to the surface. Here he sees the boat, I give him free rein, and once more 300 feet separates us. From now on the trouble really begins, and it is fully 20 minutes later before I see that swirl near the boat that indicates he is once more on the surface. Now is the critical moment, his rushes have worn the hook loose in his mouth, and Jack is shaking with excitement as he slips the gaff under his broad side. The fish is so worn out that he lies on his side almost without motion. Jack gives one vigorous twitch, and the 22-pound tyee is our meat.

During the afternoon we have caught several "silver" salmon. They differ materially from the tyee in many respects. They have a straight back, no black spots on either back or tail, and are totally different in fighting qualities. The tyee fights deep and never jumps unless foul-hooked; the "silver" is 5 feet in the air the minute he strikes, and continues to jump and twist until he is lifted into the boat perfectly helpless, owing to 4 feet of wire and 20 feet of line being wrapped around his gills. We are careful to have no reporter present to record our remarks on such an occasion, as no one would be benefitted spiritually by them.

There is another salmon, of which I have only caught one specimen. It is called the "jack" salmon, and is identical with the tyee except the tail, which is far shorter in proportion to the length of the fish. The flesh is much harder, and to say that a "jack" can fight but mildly expresses it. My 12-pound fish towed me two miles before I even saw him, I being under the impression that I was fast to a 45-pound tyee.

This reminds me of an experience of the veteran Howe, which was witnessed by Jack and me late one September afternoon. Old Howe always fishes alone, using a holder for his rod and a heavy drag on his reel to keep the line from running out. When a salmon strikes, the whirr can be heard by all the boats within half a mile, as he uses a rachet drag like a policeman's rattle.

I was fishing with Jack one evening when we heard Howe's reel talk in no uncertain tones. "He has another," said Jack, "let's watch him land it."

"How big is he, Howe?" said I; "Oh! about 10 pounds," said the old man. Here the reel began to whiz, and I could see Howe's eyes beginning to pop out.

"That's no 10-pound fish, Howe," I shouted. "I should say he weighed 50," said the old man in a strained voice; "he has 500 feet out and is going yet."

Finally he checked the fish, and sitting in the bow began to work him slowly to the surface, we then being only 50 yards distant.

Suddenly, 15 feet from the bow of Howe's boat, there appeared an enormous mastiff-like head as large as a ten-gallon keg, and an immense fox seal, sometimes called sea lion, shook the water off his whiskers and gave vent to a series of roars, which, to say the least, were not assuring.

Slowly that ancient fisherman drew forth his clasp knife and cut the line, and the seal promptly disappearing with a $1.50 silver spoon fast in his jaw. He had swallowed the original salmon in one gulp, and would have made short work of the boat if Howe had attempted to land him.

I would advise anybody coming here to fish to make arrangements to come in August or September, as the salmon are more plentiful and the weather perfect.

Such a trip as I have endeavored to describe will never be forgotten by anyone accustomed to the small fish of the average eastern waters.

P. V. CAESAR.

TACOMA, Washington.

Salmon Culture in America.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., Feb. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading the very sensible contribution of "An Old Angler" in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, I decided to send you a copy of a personal letter that I wrote Mr. Marston in regard to the same article to which "An Old Angler" refers. I am led to do this because, while the remarks of "An Old Angler" apply very forcibly to the propagation of Atlantic salmon, the Pacific salmon side of the question is entirely left out.

Allow me to add that I am very sure that Mr. Marston will have no objection to my sending you this copy of my letter to him. LIVINGSTON STONE.

My Dear Mr. Marston:

No very extended effort has been made in the United States to stock rivers with salmon, in which, to use the language of your letter, "it has become practically or actually extinct." This has been for the simple reason that the condition of such rivers, by reason of mills, factories and the like, has made it impossible for the salmon to breed in them, or even to ascend to their breeding grounds. Stocking such rivers would be obviously a wasted effort.

There are salmon hatcheries in the United States, both on the Atlantic coast rivers and on the Pacific coast rivers, but the salmon of the Atlantic rivers had become so diminished when the era of artificial propagation began that the hatching of Atlantic salmon has never reached very extended dimensions. Efforts have been made to stock the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware and the Susquehanna with these salmon, but owing to the conditions above mentioned, these efforts have not been successful and have been practically abandoned.

On the other hand, the hatching of the Pacific salmon has been conducted on a very large scale, though with the object mainly of keeping up the supply of the natural salmon rivers on which the hatcheries are located, it being impracticable to try on this coast the experiment of stocking rivers in which the salmon have become extinct, because there are no salmon rivers here in which the salmon have been exterminated. In regard to the results of this work, it can be safely said that the fishermen, the cannerymen, the fish commissioners and the enlightened public are unanimous in the belief that the accruing benefits have been enormous.

To begin with the Sacramento, the southernmost salmon river on the Pacific Coast, allow me to inclose an extract from the U. S. census on the subject, which, as you will see, credits the McCloud River Hatchery alone (Baird Station, U. S. Fish Commission), with benefitting the community to the extent of $310,000 in three years. Let me add here that when the writer started this hatchery in 1872, there were but four canneries on the Sacramento, and the salmon were rapidly diminishing in the river. A few years after the hatchery was established, there were more salmon than ever in the river, and the number of canneries was greatly increased.

Going further north to the Rogue River, Oregon, we find that Mr. George Hume, operating a large cannery near the mouth of the river, has been enabled by the help of a private hatchery to keep up the supply of salmon, notwithstanding the enormous depletion of the river made every year by his cannery.

Coming to the Columbia River, further up the coast, we find that the hatcheries have kept up the supply of salmon, notwithstanding an annual draft on that river by the canneries that in a brief time would exterminate the salmon in the finest salmon river in the world.

When the writer first went to this river in 1877 to establish the original hatchery of the Columbia (now the Clackamas Station of the U. S. Fish Commission) there were twelve hundred miles of drift nets in the lower Columbia alone, for furnishing the canneries with salmon. Since then the nets have multiplied, and there are, added to these, the destructive wheels and other murderous devices for exhausting the river of salmon. Nevertheless, the supply neither fails nor diminishes. No reasonable person could believe for a moment that this enormous draft on the salmon supply could be maintained every year unless the hatcheries turned in their millions of young fish also every year, to offset this prodigious drain on the river.

Everyone has heard of the wonderful salmon fisheries of Alaska, of which the Karluk fishery of Kadiak Island is the most famous. Here the writer saw 153,000 full-grown salmon caught in one day in July, 1888. That one day's catch filled, in round numbers, a million cans. There is a hatchery here, but it cannot be quoted yet as evidence of the benefits of artificial propagation because it has not been in operation long enough, but it is a significant fact that the cannerymen who are ranked among the shrewdest business men of the country, have expended on the hatchery a hundred thousand dollars of their private funds. Although this is by no means proof positive of the benefits of a

hatchery, it shows what sound business men think about it.

Asking your pardon for making this letter so long, I will bring it to a close by saying that there is hardly an intelligent and well informed man in the country that is not convinced that the artificial hatching of salmon is contributing immensely toward keeping up the supply of salmon in the United States.

Very truly yours,

LIVINGSTON STONE.

Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.

Part IX.

BY THE OLD ANGLER.

(*Continued from page* 172.)

WHAT is that wonderful faculty of Memory which we share with lower animals? Some of these would seem to possess it in a higher degree than many races of men, or, indeed, than some individuals of the most advanced races. This faculty of Memory, according to the most advanced Science of this Twentieth Century, is a function of the gray matter of the brain. How it acts, or what sets it in motion, science saith not; but every man, educated or ignorant, who has paid the least attention to the vagaries of his Memory, knows that it depends not on the Will, which it often defies and generally in proportion to the strength of the efforts made to coerce it. Everyone accustomed to introspection knows how many and how various are the strings to the harp of Memory, and how powerless is the will alone to make any one of them vibrate. These strings are generally more responsive to a scent or a sound than to sight, which, it might be supposed, would link us more closely to the past. But, as a matter of fact, blind men have generally better memories than those whose sight often disturbs, even while it supplies thought. A sound or a scent causes some string of this marvelous instrument to vibrate, and immediately the whole harp is in full diapason. Scenes and faces long forgotten or overlaid start up before us, as the association of ideas brings out layer after layer of that wonderful palimpsest on which is recorded the whole of our past life, and which, as a sounding board, responds to the vibrations of the various strings with which, in some mysterious way, it seems to be connected. The strangest and most wonderful thing in connection with Memory is the fact that after the grand climacteric is passed, the impressions made by recent events are soon forgotten; failing memory is one of the most annoying accompaniments of old age. The impressions made on the palimpsest of boyhood, youth and early manhood, though overlaid by those of after life, come out much more clearly and in more vivid colors when the proper harp-string is made to vibrate. For the practical purposes of life, old age requires the memory of recent years much more than that of boyhood and youth, which, whether pleasant or painful, can be of no practical assistance when we are striving to remember where we laid our glasses, or put that paper on which important results are pending.

This train of thought came unbidden; how suggested I know not. Perhaps by the taste or smell of the very inferior tobacco in my pipe, which, thanks to the "Tobacco Trust" engineered by the Multi-Millionaires, is more and more adulterating our cigars and usurping the place of the pleasant *perique* with which we solaced the cares of middle life.

But by what mysterious association of ideas this train of thought was connected with good old Doctor Benson, of Chatham, who, with his guns and dogs, brought from England the traditions of generations of Sportsmen, who can say? The "sub-conscious mind"—that psychological assumption by which *Messieurs les Savants* think they explain all the mysteries of psychomachy—must have been active and the palimpsest of Memory restores to the Conscious Mind some terms with which the good Doctor graced his stories of youthful sport in the English Shires. How careful he was to impress on his admiring listeners the great importance of using the proper terms when talking of Shooting and Hunting and Sport! Whether these terms are yet in use in England the writer cannot say; but he knows he never heard them in the United States, nor indeed in Canada, except when used by Englishmen or Irishmen who were old men when he was a youth. A nide of pheasants; a covey of partridges; a brood of grouse; a stand of plover; a whisp of snipe; a bevy of quail; a flight of pigeons; a plump of ducks; a flock of geese; a siege of herons; a drove of turkeys; a muster of peacocks; a building of rooks; a skulk of foxes; a skurry of hares; a clutch of rabbits; a bunch of deer; a gang of elks, are some of the terms Memory recalls, coupled with a mental vision of the stout old Doctor in shooting-coat and gaiters, with his pointers at his heel.

This picture of the Doctor, the first gunner the Octogenarian ever saw in field with trained dogs, recalls his mode of shooting, which was that also of Governor Sir Edmund Head, whom the writer saw years after shooting Snipe on the Gagetown Marshes. In the open, after snipe or plover, they both fired always from the hip. In covert of course the gun went to the shoulder to avoid bushes and branches; but what is called taking aim—shutting one eye and running the other along the barrels until the breech, sight and bird are in line—they ignored entirely. When old Grouse drew in, and young Ponto, her pup, was backing her staunchly, he followed the bitch's heels. With gun resting on his hip he advanced with the dog until the birds rose, when, with eyes of faith on the nearest, he fired, and turning the muzzle to the next, with the finger of hope he pulled the second trigger. Of course he often missed killing both birds, but very seldom did he miss the first. The dogs dropped and the Doctor reloaded before stirring from his tracks, when a wave of the hand was all the dogs needed to seek dead and retrieve the dying.

The writer is informed that neither in England nor in the States are Pointers or Setters now broken to retrieve; that various strains of half-bred dogs called Retrievers are considered the "proper caper" by up-to-date sportsmen. What the *raison d'être* of this may be, the Octogenarian humbly confesses he is too much behind the age to understand, and possibly he is too stupid to comprehend if it were explained. In his old-fashioned ignorance he thinks that the most essential part of the education of Pointers, Setters and Spaniels is teaching them thoroughly to seek dead, retrieve the wounded and bring both unbroken to hand. Why a third dog should be employed for this the writer has never heard explained, and he searches his past experience in vain for a sensible reason. He has seen both Pointers and Setters to whom retrieving dead or wounded birds came as natural as ranging and pointing. He has owned Spaniels that, as Retrievers, could not be beaten, not even by the best retriever he ever saw, which was a cross between a Scotch Collie bitch and an Irish water-spaniel. On land or water this dog was perfect in retrieving, but for other field-work he was only a makeshift. While the Octogenarian is a stickler for pure breeding, he has seen things about dogs that knock all orthodox theories higher'n a kite. The best partridge (grouse) dog he ever saw was a *full-blooded Mongrel*, a *thoroughbred cur* of no strain at all—or rather of all strains. He was simply a country cur, with no points either in shape or color to attract notice; but his intelligence was phenomenal. That he could reason from cause to effect and from means to the end sought, I am as firmly convinced as I am of my own reasoning power. This dog seemed to understand much of ordinary conversation, and often laid plans to evade what he overheard. If he heard anyone say, "It is time the cows were in," he would set off for the pasture adjoining a wood, in which they were often scattered; collect and bring home every cow in the herd, leaving the calves, yearlings and steers. He really seemed to understand the ways and habits of grouse better than his master who was shooting them. He rarely failed to find the tree into which the flushed birds took refuge, and he "gave tongue" until his master joined him. He would infallibly retrieve a dead bird, and a wounded one seldom escaped him; yet he had never been taught more than to bring a stick thrown into water. The rest was the result of his own reasoning—inherited instinct had nothing to do with it—for there was not a strain of sporting dog in his pedigree for generations back. *Messieurs les Savants* tell us that animals, no matter how intelligent, do not reason. The writer knows of nothing that can be more distinctive of the difference between instinct and reason than the power of adopting means to a desired end. There was, for some years, on this farm, an old mare, "Maud A," who had a record on the Canadian Turf Register of 2:28. She has been dead two years; but when living neither fence, bars nor gate could confine her to a field she wished to leave. If there were bars, she would slip them with her teeth as readily as a man. If they were tied, as they often were to outwit her, she would, after trying them, walk leisurely along the fence and select, with great judgment, the panel with the lightest rails. Taking the top rail in her teeth she would throw it to the off side as cleverly as a man could do it; the next rail she would lift up and drop at her feet; the next on the off side; when three were down she would jump the remaining ones and go where she wished; but always brought up in the best meadow. This was not an unusual thing, but a daily practice when she chose to change her pasture. I think she had a sense of humor, for she would lay back her ears, show her teeth and run at the person who sought to catch her; but she never bit nor kicked, and would always yield quietly when seized either by tail or mane. The doctrine of "innate ideas" in human psychology was exploded by Locke and Reid in the early part of the eighteenth century, and I suppose if the *genus homo* has them not, they can scarcely belong to the *genus equus* or the *genus canis*. But where the *Savants* are concerned you "can't always just exactly tell," for they are seldom consistent and never logical. If the facts do not dovetail into their theories, so much the worse for the facts! But these refuse to "down," and if the adaptation of means to an end in a new emergency is a proper test of reasoning power, sooner or later *les Savants* must revise their conclusions.

The late Col. Otty, of the Old Guard of old-fashioned Sportsmen, related to the writer the following incident illustrative of his Setter Nell's discriminating intelligence and readiness of apprehension. In stalking a plump of ducks he threw off his hat in his endeavor to steal a shot. After making a wide circuit he found the birds hopelessly out of range. Wishing to avoid the difficulties experienced in his advance, he sent Nell back for his hat, simply pointing to his bare head and waving her back. She understood perfectly and returned with the hat in which was a dying rail he had shot at sometime previously and, as he thought, missed. Now, Nell must have winded this bird on her way back, retrieved it, and failing to get both it and the hat in her mouth, must have placed the bird in the hat and thus brought both to her master. With all deference to the *Savants*, instinct will not explain this. It is as clear an act of reasoning out a new problem as is the well-authenticated feat of the Lurcher that was unable to leap a stone wall handicapped as he was with a wounded hare. After several failures to reach the top, he ran along the wall until he found a drain opening at the foot which would suit his purpose. Having found one, he thrust the hare in with his nose until it was so tightly wedged in the opening that it could not escape; the dog then jumped the wall, pulled the hare through and carried it home. Another equally well-authenticated occurrence is related in the "Notes of a Naturalist," lately published in England. Two brothers were duck shooting. A plump was feeding along the sedgy shores of a small pond. At one end of this the gunners separated, each following opposite shores. They left their hats at the parting spot, the better to stalk their game. They did not get within range until the lower end of the pond was reached, when both fired and shot several birds. Their Spaniel retrieved these and was then sent back for the hats. The brothers watched Leo attempting to get hold of both hats; in seizing the second he always dropped the first. He stood as if considering the problem; then placing one hat on the other he thrust it down with his nose and carried both hats to his master. If the reasoning faculty was not displayed in thus adapting means to the end sought, perhaps *les Savants*, who deny that animals reason, can give some rational explanation of the thousand and one well-authenticated cases in which horses and dogs, and even goats and pigs, adapt means to ends. All general readers will recall many of these which the writer does not cite lest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM should ring the chestnut bell; its columns for years past have teemed with instances of animal intelligence which instinct alone will not explain.

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How many readers of FOREST AND STREAM ever owned or ever saw a genuine old "Joe Manton," with its flint cock, steel-faced hammer covering the pan, and gold-bushed touch-hole? Those who have will recall its highly finished locks; its beautifully engraved plates and trigger-guard; the fine finish of its stock and damaskened barrels, and will readily admit that no better workmanship is produced to-day either in Europe or America. The Octogenarian never saw but four of these famous guns, and these were all owned by gunners on the Miramichi. Doctor Benson had two; James Matheson, a Scotchman, and Thomas Vanstone, an Englishman, each had one, which were prized as the apples of their eyes. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of all these pioneer sportsmen of New Brunswick are living, and perhaps some of them may have these very guns preserved as curiositics. The writer remembers distinctly when the first percussion guns were imported from England; not even the advent of the breechloader created such interest among sportsmen. The conversion of a flint gun into a percussion was easily and cheaply done by the local blacksmiths, who, in those days, were gunsmiths and locksmiths as well; percussion cocks being for sale in the stores. With the percussion gun came Ely's wire cartridges, long since displaced by loaded shells containing powder, shot and cap, which the advent of the breechloader made possible, and greatly enhanced the pleasure of gunning. This has been followed by the magazine rifle and shotgun with hammerless locks; but whether these last are *improvements* the writer cannot say, never having used either. But those who have used both complain that something goes wrong with each of them at the very time when their best action is most required—the cartridges jam or the ejector won't work! Whether these latest improvements are not largely responsible for the great increase of deadly accidents with which the daily press teems, is another question on which the Octogenarian will not venture to speak *ex cathedra*—they have all come to the front since he was laid on the shelf. But having followed the evolution of the gun from the flintlock muzzleloader of his youth to the magazine revolvers, rifles and hammerless breechloaders of the present day, he has noted that a great increase in accidents has followed every improvement. It may be that these have fostered recklessness, and that most of the accidents are caused by carelessness amounting to stupidity. What can be done with that large and seemingly increasing class of sportsmen who leave loaded guns and pistols within the reach of children and fools; or with that still larger class of idiots who "didn't know it was loaded"? The Octogenarian trusts that he has not grown heartless nor cynical; but he must confess that when he reads or hears of gunning accidents caused by climbing a fence with the gun cocked; or pulling it forward by the muzzle; or using the cocks as a hook to pull down the branches of an apple tree; or pulling a loaded and cocked gun across the thwarts of a boat, he merely asks, "Did it kill him?" and he feels a suspicion of regret if it did not. Such fools are sure to kill themselves sooner or later; the sooner they do it the less chance they will have of shooting their companions. In cases of mistaking a man for a bear or a deer and shooting him, it should be made a capital offense with imprisonment for life. Society has a right to protect itself from such idiots, and the only way to do this effectually is to put them where their idiocy can do no further harm. Cases of "didn't know it was loaded" should be punished by flogging—first the idiot who left it loaded in the reach of children and grown fools of his own caliber, and second the fool who handled it without ascertaining whether or not it was loaded. This last fellow should be flogged every time a gun or pistol was seen in his hands. But even with all these precautions "the crop that never fails" will always be a large one, and some of these fools will "get in their work" in spite of all that common sense can do to eliminate them.

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When wild pigeons were still plentiful in Sussex, about 45 years ago, the writer and one of his angling friends drove from St. John and put up at the comfortable Inn then kept by the late Hugh McMonagle at Sussex Corner. There are many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who will remember this fine Sportsman of the Old School, and one of the Fathers of the Turf in Eastern Canada. My friend, though a good angler, was a novice with the gun. After a long tramp to the Salt Springs, in the course of which we saw some flocks and many scattering plumps, within range of which we found it impossible to get, we separated; agreeing to meet at the Springs at four o'clock and return to the Corner. The writer got but a single shot at a passing flight, bringing down only four birds. Small, scattering plumps were passing to and fro, often alighting on trees, but they had grown "gun-wise" and were too wary to allow an approach within shot. After many fruitless efforts and several hours' tramping through rough clearings on the edge of dense woods, I gave up the chase and made a bee-line for the high road, which was reached about half a mile from the springs, toward which I hastened, being late for the appointed meeting. To my surprise my friend met me, carrying four pigeons but no gun, and presenting a most sorry and woe-begone figure. He was completely wearied out, and told a most piteous tale, which elicited only roars of laughter where he looked for sympathy. The tale was too ridiculous to hear without laughing by any one with the least sense of humor. He had shot two birds, and had stalked quite a large plump resting on a withered tree; there were, he said, at least a hundred birds, beautifully disposed among the leafless branches. Under cover of a clump of alders he had got near enough for a long shot and fired. He was sure a dozen at least fell to the ground. Hastening to recover all he could, he started for the tree; to help his speed through the bushes and underwood, he laid down his gun and the two birds he had previously shot. In searching for the dead and wounded he circled the tree several times, but four birds were all he could find out of the dozen he was sure he saw fall. On returning for his gun, to which

he said he took a "bee-line," he could not find it; the more he searched the more confused he became. It seems incredible, but he assured me he spent over an hour and a half, and left no foot of ground unsearched until he was satisfied that someone had stolen his gun and game. He then gave up further search and started for the rendezvous at the springs. He made what he thought another "bee-line" for the road, through a piece of scrubby wood. Here he completely lost himself and wandered in a circle for another hour; but at last he came to an opening from which he saw the road not a hundred yards off and within a short distance from the Springs. As I was not there, he concluded I had kept the appointment, and not finding him, had gone back to the Corner, whither he was following when we met. At the end of this pitiful tale it was impossible to repress another roar of laughter, which exasperated him into a tirade of abuse that would, under other circumstances, have ended then and there the friendship of years. But the humor of the thing was too rich to leave room for offence, and after a few serious words, set us both off into paroxysms of laughter. After some questions he assured me he could take me to the foot of the tree from which he had shot the four pigeons he carried.

"In that case, we'll soon have your gun again; lead on." After tramping through pastures and stumps we entered the scrub and soon came within sight of the tree.

"Show me the clump of alders from which you fired?"

"That I cannot do. I tried in vain to find it when searching for the gun. But there's the tree I fired at."

"Well, Will, it is most unfortunate the Countryman carried that off as well as your gun. We can, however, do without its help; but not so well. How far do you think it was from the tree?"

"I should say not more than 100 yards—perhaps less."

"How far from the alders did you lay down the gun and the birds?"

"I haven't the remotest idea. I was after the dozen birds I shot."

"Well, come with me."

Starting from the foot of the tree, I told him to walk round it in a circle to the right, while I did the same to the left. As we passed in circles, widening by only a few yards, of course it was a simple question of time to find the gun if it had not been removed, which was so improbable that I dismissed the idea from the start. I had not circled the tree a dozen times before the gun and the two pigeons lay before me. Calling my friend, whose circle had taken him to the opposite side of the tree, I pointed to the gun, and asked him if he could now locate the alder from behind which he had fired. He looked round a moment, then walked straight to it. Had he used any system in his former search he could not have failed. Dear Old Will! He crossed the Divide ten years ago. May the turf lie lightly on his head! Though an indifferent gunner he was a good angler, and many times since his *res gestae* with the pigeons have we fished together on the Nepissiguit and the Southwest Miramichi, but through many years of close intimacy we never came so near a quarrel as when his sorry plight, his pitiful tale, his lost gun and his four pigeons excited my irrepressible laughter.

The tendency to travel in a circle, which all but experienced woodsmen do when lost, is explained by the right leg making a longer stride than the left; but it is astonishing how often this involuntary and unconscious difference in the stride brings an active walker back to his starting-place when lost amidst unfamiliar scenes and objects, which to him present no diversity of aspect. The writer does not know to whom belongs the credit of discovering that a watch will answer as a compass in an emergency. Point the hour hand directly at the sun, and half the distance on the face between that hand and the figure 12, counting backwards, will point nearly due south. I do not understand the *rationale* of this and will be obliged to any learned *Savant* who will enlighten me through FOREST AND STREAM, but actual trial with a watch that indicates twelve when the sun is on the meridian, shows that it always works out correctly. The old Indian signs of the moss growing thickest on the north side of trees, and the tips of the spruce trees inclining to the south, are not to be depended upon except by experienced woodmen, and more often lead an inexperienced person still further astray.

The Milicete Sachem Gabe seemed to have the same instinct which leads a dog or a horse home by the straightest route. He could not explain it, did not seem conscious of any mental effort, and he only wondered that everybody could not do the same. I have tried in vain to get him to explain how he knew the direction of our camp when miles from it—after having made many turns on the winding waters of the South West. The only explanation he could give was—"Must be there, 'cause ain't anywhere else." The *philosophy* of this may be questionable, but its *logic* cannot be assailed. V.

The Gut Crop of 1902-3.

MANCHESTER, England.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reporting upon the gut crop for 1902-3, I have to announce about an average production—i. e., about 18,000 pounds, Spanish weight, which, allowing about 5,000 strands to the pound weight, represent a gross total of about ninety millions.

One notable change this year is the largely diminished supply of the ordinary qualities in the shorter lengths (7 to 10 inches), but as these are mainly purchased for the American market, the English trade will be but slightly affected by that circumstance.

The supply of the heaviest salmon gut is even less than last year, which was a very limited quantity, and before the end of the season will be next to impossible to obtain.

The Italian crop of "Grecia" is again most excellent, and anglers will have less cause for complaint than usual as to the supply of the finest qualities.

With an average crop prices may be expected to rule as about last year, though the demand is steadily increasing for gut by the hospital authorities for surgical purposes.

ROBERT RAMSBOTTOM.

Fly-Casting at the Sportsmen's Show

THE fly-casting tournament that is being held every afternoon and night in connection with the Ninth Annual Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden, this city, has been a very interesting affair to those who are fond of angling, while the crowds that have filled the great arena every day and evening have given the casting more attention than might have been expected. So far all of the events have been for fly-casting, except Saturday afternoon's contest, which was for distance only, open to all comers, half-ounce rubber frogs being used, but casting from the reel prohibited. The women's trout fly match was declared off for want of a sufficient number of contestants, and the beautiful trophies offered the winners in this event are still the property of the association. The events of Saturday afternoon and night were the banner ones of the tournament, so far, from the point of the number of entries, there being eight or ten, respectively.

In last week's FOREST AND STREAM the results of the first two matches were printed, and our record for this week closes with the event held Monday night, March 2. The results of subsequent events will be given in these columns next week.

Tuesday Afternoon, Feb. 24.

Class D—Trout fly-casting for distance only. Open only to those who had never cast more than 60 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. Weight of rod and length of leader unrestricted. Three prize medals—gold, silver and bronze. Judges, E. A. Sellux and A. B. Douglass; referee, E. J. Mills.

	Feet.
W. B. Cloyes	79
Will K. Park	73
W. T. Morrison	65

G. H. Gerard cast 63 feet in this event.

Tuesday Night, Feb. 24.

Class E—Light trout fly-rod contest for distance only. Rods were limited to five ounces, but those having solid reel seats were allowed three-quarters of an ounce. Open only to those who had never cast more than 60 feet in any similar contest, in either club or open tournament. Three prize medals—gold, silver and bronze. The judges were P. J. Tormey and E. J. Mills; referee, Milton H. Smith. There were eight entries, and V. R. Grimwood won. The score, in feet and inches:

	Feet.
V. R. Grimwood	76 0
R. F. Cruikshank	68 6
W. H. Hammett	66 0

J. H. Cruikshank and J. D. Foote tied with casts of 62 feet 6 inches, and Will K. Park cast 64 feet, G. H. Gerard 65 feet, and H. G. Henderson 52 feet 6 inches.

Wednesday Afternoon, Feb. 25.

The event scheduled for this afternoon was Class D, women's trout fly-casting contest for distance only, and open only to those who had never taken a first prize in any similar club or tournament event in which there had been competition. No limit to weight of rod or length of leader. The prizes were similar to those in the other contests, and three entries were necessary. As that number of contestants of the gentler sex did not put in an appearance, the event was declared off.

Wednesday Night, Feb. 25.

This event was Class G, for light trout rods of five ounces or less, with an allowance of three-quarters of an ounce for those having solid reel seats; distance only to count, and open only to those who had never cast further than 75 feet in any club or open tournament contest similar to those held at the Garden. There were three prize medals—gold, silver and bronze. J. H. Cruikshank, who took the silver medal last night, was high man in this event, with 74 feet to his credit. The judges were W. D. Cloyes and P. J. Tormey, while E. J. Mills was again the referee. The score:

	Feet.
J. H. Cruikshank	74
R. F. Cruikshank	65
W. H. Hammett	64

J. D. Foote was one foot lower on the scale than Mr. Hammett.

Thursday Afternoon, Feb. 26.

This was another switch trout fly-casting event, for distance only, open to all-comers, with no restrictions on the weight of rod or length of leader. A net was lowered fifteen feet behind the contestant's bridge. The judges were W. D. Cloyes and H. G. Henderson, while Will Park was referee. R. L. Leonard won the gold medal. The score, in feet and inches:

	Feet.
R. L. Leonard	95 6
H. W. Hawes	87 0
E. J. Mills	83 0

Thursday Night, Feb. 26.

Class I—Trout fly-casting, distance only to count, and open to all-comers. Thirty feet in front of the contestants and six feet above the water a horizontal bar was placed, under which all casts were made. No restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader. The judges were P. J. Tormey and Milton H. Smith, while W. D. Cloyes acted as referee. The gold medal went to A. B. Douglass, E. J. Mills won the silver medal and R. L. Leonard captured third. The score, in feet:

	Feet.
A. B. Douglass	64
E. J. Mills	61
R. L. Leonard	60
H. S. Henderson, Sr	52
M. C. Hazell	38

Friday Afternoon, Feb. 27.

The event scheduled for this afternoon was Class J, for very light trout fly-rods, distance only to count. There was a limit of four ounces on all rods, but those having solid reel seats were allowed three-fourths of an ounce. Only those who had never cast further than 75 feet in any similar club or open tournament contest were eligible to enter. No restrictions on the length of leader used. The judges were W. D. Cloyes and E. J. Mills, with A. B. Douglass as referee. J. H. Cruikshank won the gold medal, W. H. Hammett the silver medal and G. H. Gerard was third. The scores, in feet and inches:

	Feet.
J. H. Cruikshank	71
W. H. Hammett	65
G. H. Gerard	64

The scores of those who failed to win places: Robert Cruikshank, 62 feet 6 inches; S. Demorest, 56 feet 6 inches.

Friday Night, Feb. 27.

Class K was for black bass fly-casting, distance alone to count, with no restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader, and open to all save those who had records of 85 feet or over in any similar club or open tournament contest. Flies on No. 4 or larger hooks were permitted. The judges were G. H. Gerard and Milton H. Smith, and the referee was R. F. Cruikshank. The winner of the gold medal was E. J. Mills, silver medal A. B. Douglass and bronze medal P. J. Tormey. The score, in feet and inches:

	Feet.
E. J. Mills	80 6
A. B. Douglass	78 0
P. J. Tormey	76 0

The other contestants and their scores: W. R. Prior, 75 feet; V. R. Grimwood, 74 feet; W. H. Hammett, 67 feet 6 inches.

Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 28.

The first one of the bait-casting contests brought out seven men, despite the fact that the weather of the afternoon was extremely disagreeable. Distance alone counted, and any person could enter. Neither was there any limit placed on rod, line or reel, but casting from the reel was barred. Lines were stripped, Greenwood Lake style, with half-ounce rubber frogs, which were furnished by the committee. When the contestant signified that he was ready, he was timed; and his longest cast in the following five minutes counted as his score. He was required, however, to keep his bait within the side boundaries of the tank. The judges were G. H. Gerard and Mr. Cruikshank. D. Brandreth, of Ossining, won the gold medal, C. G. Levison, of Brooklyn, the silver medal, and the bronze medal went to J. D. Foote, of this city. The score in feet and inches:

	Feet.
D. Brandreth	77 0
C. G. Levison	72 0
P. J. Marsh	67 0
J. D. Foote	67 0
Cast-off:	
J. D. Foote	65 0
P. J. Marsh	61 6

The other contestants and their scores: L. S. Darling, 65 feet; E. J. Mills, 64 feet; Milton H. Smith, 56 feet.

Saturday Night, Feb. 28.

This contest, which was Class M, was the most interesting one that has so far been held during the Sportsmen's Show, but it was unfortunate that it could not have been held in the afternoon, as the light in the Garden was not strong enough for the judges, the referee and some of the contestants to see the fly as it fell on the dark water. The fly-casters who wear glasses—and a good many do—were handicapped not a little in this respect, for the water in the lake seemed very dark under the evergreens along the edge, and constant attention alone enabled the judges and the referee to locate the fly as it fell on or near the buoy. This event was open to all comers, with no limits on rod or line. When the contestant signified that he was ready to score, he began to cast at the buoy, and after saying "Count," or after having made five casts, the next five casts were recorded. The buoy was placed against the side of the lake, ten yards distant from the bridge and under a bush. The casts were scored as follows: The buoy was a semi-circular disk six feet in diameter, marked with circles six inches apart. A fly dropping in the central circle counted 10, in the next circle 9, next 8, and so on down, the lowest count being 5. The highest score won the gold medal. This went to D. Brandreth, while A. B. Douglass captured the silver medal, and H. J. Henderson, Sr., the bronze medal. The judges were Milton H. Smith and P. J. Tormey. H. W. VanWagenen was referee. The score:

	1st Cast.	2d Cast.	3d Cast.	4th Cast.	5th Cast.	Total.
D. Brandreth	7	4	6	8	8	33
A. B. Douglass	7	4	5	0	6	22
H. J. Henderson, Sr.	4	5	7	0	6	22
Cast-off:						
A. B. Douglass	0	6	0	7	10	23
H. J. Henderson, Sr.	0	0	9	5	6	20

The score of the contestants who did not win places follows:

	1st Cast.	2d Cast.	3d Cast.	4th Cast.	5th Cast.	Total.
R. B. Lawrence	9	0	6	0	0	15
D. T. Abercrombie	5	0	6	0	0	11
C. G. Levison	6	0	0	0	0	6
J. D. Foote	0	0	0	0	6	6
W. D. Cloyes	0	0	6	0	0	6
F. M. Spiegel	5	0	0	0	0	5
H. G. Henderson, Jr.	0	0	0	0	0	0

Monday Afternoon, March 2.

To-day's contest was Class N, trout fly-casting, for accuracy only, and open to all comers, without restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader. Five casts were required at a buoy moored 50 feet distant from the bridge, five at a second buoy 55 feet distant, and five at a third buoy 60 feet away. The method of scoring was this: If the fly fell within a foot of the buoy cast at, the cast was considered perfect, while for each foot or fraction in excess of a foot from the buoy a demerit of 1 was counted. The sum total of such demerits, divided by 15, was considered the demerit per cent. The demerit per cent. deducted from 100 represented the accuracy per cent., and the highest score won. For flies whipped off time was allowed for replacing them, and one minute for extending line to the proper buoy. The prizes were the same as in the preceding events. The scores in total follow:

	Per Cent.
P. J. Tormey	99.0
Dr. J. G. Knowlton	98.6
H. G. Henderson, Sr.	98.4

The other contestants and their scores: J. G. Foote, 98 per cent.; A. B. Douglass, 97.9 per cent.; G. H. Gerard, 97.5 per cent.

Monday Night, March 2.

Class O was open to all who had never cast further than 80 feet in any similar club or tournament contest, without restrictions on length of leader, but rods were limited to four ounces, those having solid reel seats being allowed three-fourths of an ounce. Distance only counted, and light fly rods alone were permitted. Three prize medals, gold, silver and bronze. The judges were V. R. Grimwood and W. D. Cloyes, and J. H. Cruikshank was referee. The scores of the winners, in feet and inches:

E. J. Mills.....75.6
J. D. Foote.....61.6
Dr. J. G. Knowlton.....58.6

H. J. Henderson, Sr., cast 58 feet.

Massachusetts Fish Stocking.

From the Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game.

Output of Fish.

THE most important incident in the distribution of fish, considered from the standpoint of numbers as well as an innovation in the fish-cultural work of the commission, was the planting of 6,000,000 shad fry in the head waters of rivers of this State. The first lot of 3,000,000 was put into Assawompsett Pond, the source of Taunton Great River, on May 24, 1902, and four days later 3,000,000 more were planted in Furnace Pond, the head waters of North River.

These consignments were received from the United States Fish Commission, by one of its cars, and the fry were in excellent condition when planted.

The trout fry put out in the spring numbered 1,010,000. This is a record on trout fry, and exceeds the output of last year by nearly 16 per cent. In addition to these plants 4,000 yearling and 65,000 fingerling brook trout, and 1,000 brown trout fingerlings have been put into the streams, while 6,500 rainbow trout fingerlings, 1,000 landlocked salmon fingerlings, 125 adult brook trout and 2,750 white perch have been used to stock ponds, while 8,500 brook trout fingerlings have been reserved to increase the brood stock.

This brings the total output to 7,091,375, and the fact that so many of the salmonidæ species were either fingerlings or yearlings when put into State waters gives a larger importance to this work than the figures would seem to indicate.

When considering the output of fish mention may properly be made of the distribution of large quantities of landlocked smelt eggs in various ponds and lakes. Thus other thousands of fish have been added to the interior waters.

Several ponds have been stocked with landlocked smelt. The object of stocking these ponds with smelt was, primarily, to provide a natural food for landlocked salmon. It is altogether probable, however, that the smelt may prove a desirable food for other species, notably bass, perch and trout. It is also a fine food fish, and, although it is diminutive in size, it can furnish some sport, if very fine tackle is used. The method of stocking was simply to transfer eggs from the streams that empty into Lake Quinsigamond to the ponds mentioned. Nothing more is required.

Pond and Brook Fishing.

The notes extracted from the reports of deputies in various parts of the State indicate unmistakably the influence of artificial stocking with fish, and the regulations imposed by the commission under special acts. An increase of fish is noted in a large majority of cases, and since the restoration of life in our inland waters is almost wholly dependent upon fish-culture and the enforcement of protective laws, the importance of those phases of the commission's work will be apparent. If, instead of being more or less barren and unattractive, our ponds and streams can be brought to a condition which will cause them to yield large quantities of food, in addition to furnishing much healthful recreation, it is difficult to over-estimate the public benefit to be derived from the change.

Among the statements made, those relating to the pike perch are peculiarly noteworthy. In introducing this species into our ponds in 1900 and 1901 there was of necessity an element of doubt concerning it. No one could say with certainty that it would live in the ponds, with their conditions of temperature, etc., while it was impossible to be free from apprehension of the effect of predatory attacks by other species, notably the pickerel. If, then, the statements made concerning the pike perch can be fully credited (and we see no reason for doubting them), there is reason for much encouragement, so far as its introduction is concerned; for not only is it a good food and game species, that attains a considerable size, but it is prolific and can be bred in large numbers. When adult fish become reasonably abundant in our ponds it will be easy for the commission to collect all the pike perch eggs it needs, and then many millions of fry can be produced from Massachusetts fish for stocking the ponds. While this result may not be realized immediately, it is far from visionary to expect it in the not distant future.

We had a call from Capt. Pellier Johnson the winner of the Grand Prix de Monte Carlo, on Tuesday. The gallant officer had just returned from the sunny South, with all his honors thick upon him, and he was in high spirits, and looking exceedingly fit after the excitement he had recently gone through. He told us that after he had killed 19 consecutive birds, and all depended upon his last shot, he never felt so cool and confident in his life. Some extraordinary yarns have appeared in some of the papers concerning Capt. Pellier Johnson; so it may interest our readers to learn that he is a nephew of Sir John Henry Johnson, of St. Osyth's Priory, Essex. He was formerly in the 9th Lancers, and served in India, where he distinguished himself at polo, pig-sticking and flat racing. He was at one time Master of a Scottish pack of foxhounds, was one of the international team of clay bird shooters in the Anglo-American contest at Hendon, and it need scarcely be said he is a first-rate hand at driven partridges and rocketing pheasants.—Shooting Times.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

March 4-7.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Show of Duquesne Kennel Club, of Western Pennsylvania.
March 10-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Show of Rochester Kennel Club.
March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Risks to Retrievers.

EVERY humane sportsman, before sending a gallant retriever to fetch a duck that has fallen on thin ice, into a cold torrent in winter, or into the sea when a hurricane is blowing off the shore, should pause to consider the danger of so doing. The wildfowler's sport is rough work. He has to put up with much hardship, much exposure to the wet; long are his stalks, elaborate his schemes to get within range, many his disappointments, and when at last he succeeds in achieving a brilliant shot, perchance killing a much coveted wild duck, his anxiety to secure the prize on which he has expended so much energy of brain and body is but natural. Rather would he never shoot a duck again than lose his dog, but it is during that moment of intense excitement, when the bird falls, that he may not realize the danger to his dog till too late, and then, unable to render any assistance, be constrained to witness a struggle that can have but one termination.

A retriever that has once become a really keen water dog will never give in till death overtakes him. In vain may his owner use both whistle and voice; but, with his bird in view, the dog only understands such sounds as notes of encouragement or direction, and cannot be blamed under the circumstances for believing that he knows better than his master, and so onward he bravely struggles and, game to the last, meets his doom. I lost the best and most faithful retriever I ever had over a wretched golden-eye—a story I never like to tell. Suffice it to say that, although a duck may fall on ice strong enough to carry a horse and cart, unless the bird drops quite dead, it may, as it flaps away from the dog, lead him to a spot that is a certain death trap. I had had a lesson, but, despite all subsequent care, both a daughter and granddaughter of my old favorite—the former twice, the latter once—had similar narrow escapes. Both inherited the reckless dash, determination, fidelity and love of water work for which the breed was famous. In her third season the daughter walked perfectly to heel in partridge shooting and under ordinary circumstances; but one winter's day I shot a cock pheasant that rose out of some scrub by the river side and fell on the ice at the far side of a pool about fifty yards wide. Before the keeper or I had time to check her, the retriever cleared the scrub at a bound, and, with a drop of about eight feet, fell clean through the ice. Return she would not, despite all our exhortations, but struggle on toward the bird, breaking the ice as she went. Sometimes the ice gave way easily enough, sometimes she hung on it a long time before it broke; but she got her bird, and then, instead of returning by the passage she had made, attempted to take a fresh and shorter route to the bank. All we could do now was to encourage her and break the ice in front of her with what stones we could find. At last she got ashore, much exhausted and without once having lost hold of her bird. All is well that ends well, but we had been very near witnessing her death.

The second time she was in danger it was under different circumstances. The river was in heavy flood, fragments of ice were coming down, and the bird was a mallard. It fell into a great swirling eddy at the bend of a pool. I was not present, and the keeper sent the retriever for the bird. The mallard was only winged, and again and again, as she was on the point of seizing it, it dived. For twenty minutes this went on and then the keeper, seeing her danger in the icy cold water, endeavored to get her out. But, as in the case of the pheasant, she refused to leave her game and nearly an hour passed before she came ashore with her bird, so exhausted that she could scarcely walk the half mile home. Rubbed thoroughly dry and placed in hot blankets before the fire, she recovered, but she had not been far from her end. These adventures had no effect on her spirits and she retained her courage and perseverance to the end of her days.

The granddaughter's peril was of a different nature. It happened one Christmas eve on the Argyllshire coast, and a hurricane blew off the shore. Squalls hurtled down the glens—mere deep fissures between precipitous mountains—with fearful force. They smashed as they met it the surface of the sea, whirling high aloft dense, spiral, alabaster-like columns of spindrift, which seemed as though they rose to greet the angry, low-flying scuds above. Such a storm as may not be seen twice in a lifetime, but it was the storm that induced me to tramp many miles to a certain part of the coast where wildfowl must, in such a gale, either seek shelter or be driven out to the broad Atlantic. In a cleft among wet seaweed at the extremity of the most projecting promontory in the vicinity the retriever and I crouched, the while my gillie paraded the coast with a gun and put the fowl on the wing. For a time the drive was most successful, and I bagged a number of birds of various kinds which fell within such easy reach that there was no risk in sending the retriever for them. But at last the danger and temptation came. With a long shot I winged a scoter, a duck of which I had for years striven to obtain a specimen. Rapidly seaward amid the foam the bird drifted and swam away; but the retriever had seen it fall, and plunged. The danger was obvious, so by firing the other barrel in an opposite direction, and raising a sham hunt ashore, I managed to slip the lead on. Had the retriever followed the bird, never should I have seen her again. Seaward would she have swam with the scoter ever before her like a will o' the wisp, till, whether she gripped her game or not, return would have been impossible.

Such has been my limited experience, but I am convinced that similar cases are not uncommon, and that, especially in hard weather, the sportsman does well who first carefully considers the safety of his dog before attempting the recovery of his game.—Arthur Crawshay, in London Field.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. and its Finances.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time has arrived when the members of the American Canoe Association must consider the financial condition of the organization and plan for the future. The Association has an island in the St. Lawrence River, a beautiful spot and one that should always remain a mecca for the tired brain worker and the canoeist. Some other way, however, has to be devised by which funds are to be obtained to meet the expenses than is now used. During the last five years the amount turned in to the Board of Governors in each year has been:

1898, C. V. Schuyler, Sec'y-Treas.	$110.00
1899, C. P. Forbush, Sec'y-Treas.	49.00
1900, Herb. Begg, Sec'y-Treas.	——
1901, Herb. Begg, Sec'y-Treas.	21.00
1902, F. J. Burrage, Sec'y-Treas.	——
Total	$180.90
Or an average per year of	36.18

Now the fixed charges on Sugar Island are as follows: Taxes, wages caretaker and safe deposit rent alone, $40.80, or more than the average receipts for the year.

Add to this expenditure expenses for underbrushing, register for island and the other little expenses that come up naturally and you add $15 or $20 more per year that must be met.

It does not answer the question for one or another administration to say if such and such a thing had not happened we would have made a better return. The facts stare us in the face that our expenses are greater than our receipts.

What are we to do about it? Does this mean the Association is bankrupt? It would look so. But it is not so, for the balances of the divisions last year as per 1902 Year Book aggregated $664.46. In other words, over $600 was carried over into 1903. Why should not a portion of this be available to meet the expense of preserving the real estate of the Association? Our members pay for dues every year about

$1,200. This amount is ample to meet all of the legitimate expenses of the Association. Under our present system, however, with our pursers changing each year, many men do not send in their dues because they do not know to whom to send. Some pursers forget to send bills and many men lapse and drop out. Can this condition be improved under the present system? I think not, for a purser hardly knows the routine of his office before his term is up and a new man comes in. What can be done, then? I believe the only way to meet the question and solve the problem is to have a paid secretary-treasurer and have him collect the dues of all members. He then once a month could return the 70 per cent due to each division and the endless settling, correcting and squaring of the purser's accounts and then returning them back again to be settled, corrected and squared again two or three times would be eliminated, the officers of the general association and of the divisions could tell exactly how they stood and the Association's finances would be in a businesslike shape. I should like to have an expression of opinion from the members, for "in the multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A. 47.

The Cruise of the Mosquito.

BY HULBERT FOOTNER.

At last early on a Sunday morning we entered the Richelieu River, and immediately passed the Canadian boundary marked by a little shanty on the shore. All day the river was full of sailboats and rowboats conveying family parties, and the first thing that impressed us about the Canadians was the greater eagerness with which they amused themselves. This was especially true of the quaint little village of St. Johns, where the whole population was abroad in crazy old rigs or on the river in canoes. Stout old men were paddling with as much zest as the youngsters. We were no longer looked upon as freaks; the Canadians took it as a matter of course that we should go cruising.

We had to enter a short canal at St. Johns to carry us around several dams in the river, and it took the mate the greater part of the afternoon in unwinding red tape to secure the necessary papers—another phase of the Canadian character!

We camped on the canal bank that night, and reached Chambly, the end of the canal, early the next morning. Montreal is only fifteen miles from this point by rail, whereas by water we had still ninety miles to cover. There are eight successive locks at Chambly, and as luck would have it a tow of some twenty barges was descending and an equal number coming up. Seeing that it would be all day before we could get through, we hired a native to carry the Mosquito around the locks on his cart, and her poor old bones were subjected to a sad shaking. As we jogged down the towpath to our eyes the most inextricable confusion of barges and ropes and horses prevailed, with men rushing to and fro bawling in mixed French and English like lunatics; but in reality the barges were being handled with both skill and dispatch. It was a most picturesque scene; the clumsy, snub-nosed barges crawling past each other and bumping in and out of the locks; the skippers leaning on the tillers and shouting all the news since they had last met to their friends bound in the opposite direction; the crews busy with lines and poles; the drivers calling to their straining teams.

Entering the river again, we found ourselves in the heart of French Canada. For the whole length of the Richelieu the character of the country never changed. A road followed either bank, dotted with bare little farmhouses set no further apart than in a village, with their fields stringing out behind, so that each farm which may be several miles deep, has a river frontage. Towering stone churches, with zinc steeples, marked the hamlets which usually faced each other on the river, and it was a matter for wonder that a country so poor could support so many and such fine churches. Each place bore a saint's name—St. Athanase, St. Ours, St. Marc, St. Polycarpe, etc.

At evening we went ashore to ask for supper at a farmhouse. Our linguistic experiences were amusing. Each person assured us he could "Spik Anglis," but it generally resulted that those two words comprised his whole vocabulary. The skipper knew a little French, and given time could arrange a passable sentence in his head, but he could not unfortunately arrange for the replies, and the flood of French that poured forth floored him completely. As for the mate, he was quite ignorant of the language, and was persuaded of the absurd idea that it would be easier for the French to understand a kind of pigeon English than the language properly spoken.

But we fell in with a most hospitable family, and sat up on a kind of second-story platform conversing with the farmer while his wife prepared "jambon et oeufs" for us below. Heads of the neighbors might be seen at the surrounding windows, and the farmer hailed one coquettish damsel in a red wrapper, whom he assured us had been to "Les Etats Unis" and could speak the language. Presently she sidled bashfully over toward us and sat within a window opening on the platform. "You spik French?" she asked the skipper. "Non. Parlez-vous Anglais?" he asked in turn. "No." "Too bad! Too bad!" we both softly sighed, and that was the end of a promising flirtation.

But this very difficulty of communication made supper the merriest of meals, and our mutual delight when we succeeded in making each other understand was simply childish. The chairs were low, with high, narrow backs, and every time the mate or the skipper leaned back to laugh he promptly fell over, amid general laughter. They brought out the best in the house for our entertainment.

Next morning we rose from our tent to find it drearily raining. We were disconsolately making breakfast over a smoky fire, when we perceived a tug coming around a bend in the river, towing the barges we had passed in the canal the day before. In fact, we had passed and repassed them several times en route, and had made friends with some of the skippers who had repeatedly invited us on board. They were approaching at a good rate, for the current was considerable, and it was a race to see if we could get ready before they passed. Abandoning the breakfast, we threw everything in the canoe, and by making a great spurt just managed to catch the last barge as it swept by. Our friends were glad to see us, and climbing on board we pulled the Mosquito up after us, and turned her over on the deck.

All day it rained steadily, culminating in a tremendous storm toward evening, and we thanked our lucky stars for the shelter. We lay on the roof of the cabin under an awning, and all the young fellows on the tow "came over the lines" and smoked and drank a kind of raspberry water, such as the French are partial to, and told stories on our deck. We heard a great store of experiences "on the boats," and boatmen's balls and wakes ashore. Young canalers are like any other sailors; they balance the enforced tedium of long voyages by riotous times in port.

Our hosts, Jean and Emile, were young French Canadians, who, in the temporary absence of their father and mother, were running two barges lashed together, which they proudly claimed were the finest on the route, and we could readily believe it. Jean was the skipper, a sturdy, square-built fellow, alert and active when the boat got in a tight place, talkative and humorous over his pipe when things were going easily. Emile was crew and cook, softer than his brother and less robust, fond of a dish of tea and the rocking chair in the cabin. He was a bit of a braggart, and subject to considerable chaffing from the others.

When we reached Sorel, the town lying at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence rivers, late that afternoon, the weather still showed no prospect of mending, and Jean and Emile urged us to go on up to Montreal with them. After debating a while we decided to do so, and when we had explored the muddy village a bit, another and a stronger tug took us in tow, and presently we swept out into what is in many respects the noblest of American rivers. We could not sufficiently admire the awe-inspiring sweep and volume of that vast green water, and only the cry of dinner could tempt us off the deck.

The cabin was delightfully cosy after the cold and wet above; it was not only neat and spotlessly clean, but luxurious withal, and a triumph of ingenious arrangement. One-half formed the living room and the remaining quarters were kitchen and stateroom respectively. The articles in those three tiny rooms would make an incredibly long list, and yet it was not in the least overcrowded. There were berths and shelves and cupboards in the oddest corners; there was room for both a sofa and a mantelpiece; the stateroom not being big enough for a full size bunk, there was a little hole extended under the deck for feet; even the stairs of the companionway lifted up, showing cupboards below.

Emile's dinner was uncommonly good, and we sat long over our pipes, becoming better acquainted with our hosts. Afterward, between two showers, we paced up and down the deck for an hour, watching the water swirling past, the moon striving with heavy clouds, the dark masses of the shore, the tug breathing heavily on the end of the long steel cable which hung in the water of its own weight, and the piercing lighthouse rays.

I suspect our hosts thought we were out of our wits to take so much unnecessary exercise, but we got rare enjoyment out of that tramp in the dark.

The cabin of the other boat was set aside for our use. This was the newer boat, and the cabin served ordinarily for the mother's sleeping room and the parlor. Its elegance surprised us; the floor was covered with a velvet carpet, paintings hung about the walls and a profusion of ornaments stood on the mantel. There were plush-covered chairs and a wicker rocker tied with a great bow of satin ribbon; there was actually running water and the bed was hung with lace curtains. For a finishing touch, there was suspended from the ceiling a wonderful piece of fancy-work with satin streamers; on it was embroidered "Good lok." On the whole, our stateroom that night was finer than the bridal chamber on a Sound liner.

Next morning the barge was moored at Hochelaga, and the gray walls of Montreal stretched before us grayer than ever in the rain. We still had four days remaining of our vacation, and as we could go no further up the river on account of the current, we had first to find a good camping spot in the neighborhood. We launched the Mosquito again, and bidding good-by to Jean and Emile, crossed the river to Longueuil and made our way by Herculean exertions up the current past St. Helen's Island to a tiny islet opposite the center of the city, but near the other shore. Here we pitched our tent for the last time.

Every day we paddled to the nearer shore and walked across the magnificent Victoria Jubilee Bridge, which is two miles long. This was the most direct way, for the terrible St. Mary's current, which we could not hope to cross, lay between our island and the city. It rained a good part of the time, and our costume consisted generally of ragged maskintoshes, disreputable hats and brilliant bandannas. This, with our brick-red complexions, made us striking figures in the streets of the Canadian metropolis, as we sauntered about seeing the sights. On the last night, after having seen everything, we blew in what remained of our funds for dinner at the Queen's Hotel. Our costumes excited considerable attention; however, they did not attempt to put us out.

A. C. A. Membership.

F. Valdemar Henshaw has been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

The American Power Boat Ass'n.

ON Wednesday night, February 25, a meeting of the new Motor Boat Association was held at the Columbia Y. C., foot of West Eighty-sixth street, New York City. Representatives of many yacht clubs were present and the committees that had been appointed at previous meetings to frame by-laws and racing rules made their reports. Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., submitted the report on the constitution and by-laws and Mr. Henry J. Gielow read the report on classification and rating. This report has ben prepared by Mr. Gielow with great care and we publish it in full. A system of time allowance was also compiled by Mr. Gielow, but it is too elaborate to be published.

Racing Rules.

RULE I.

Management.

All races and all boats sailing therein shall be under the control and direction of the Race Committee of the club giving the race. All matters shall be subject to their approval and control, and all questions and disputes which may arise shall be decided by them.

Their decision shall be based upon these rules, but as no rules can be devised capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, the Race Committee should keep in view the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair sailing and superior skill and speed. The decision of the Race Committee shall be final, unless, upon the application of the parties interested, or for other reasons, they choose to refer the questions at issue for the decision of the Executive Committee of the American Power Boat Association, whose decision shall then be final.

No member of any Race Committee shall take part in the decision of any question in which he is directly interested.

A member of a Race Committee, who is the owner of a boat sailing in a race, shall not act upon the committee in the management of such race.

RULE II.

Application.

1. The rules shall apply only to boats sailing in a race.
2. Boats shall be amenable to the rules after the preparatory signal has been given.

RULE III.

Measurement.

Boats shall be rated for classification and time allowance by a rating, which shall be determined by taking 15 times the cube root of the square root of the load water line multiplied by the horse power and divided by the area of amidship section.

$$\text{RATING} = 15 \sqrt[3]{\sqrt{\frac{\text{L.W.L} \times \text{H.P.}}{\text{MS.}}}}$$

The result is the measurement for classification and time allowance.

2. Load Waterline.—Shall be the distance in a straight line between the points farthest forward and farthest aft where the hull, exclusive of the rudder stock, is intersected by the surface of the water, when the boat is afloat in racing trim, in smooth water, with not more than two persons aboard when the measurement is being taken, stationed amidships.

If any part of the stem, stern post or other part of the boat below the load waterline projects beyond the length thus measured, such projection shall be added to the measured length; and a form resulting from the cutting away of the fair line of the stem, stern post or the ridge of the counter, for the apparent purpose of shortening the load waterline, shall be measured between fair lines.

3. Midship Section.—To be expressed in square feet, and is to be obtained as follows:

With the boat in same trim as when being measured for load waterline length, take the beam (B) of the boat at the water surface at a point 55 per cent. from the forward end of the load waterline. Divide B into five equal parts or stations, and at the first inboard station from either end measure perpendicular from the water surface down to the under side of the boat's planking (C). Then C multiplied by B will give the midship section.

If the measurement for C is taken on the inside of hull, the thickness of planking of boat must be added, allowance being made for the angle at which C intersects the bottom planking.

4. Horse-Power.—The horse-power of all motors shall be obtained as follows:

Steam.—To be calculated by standard formula for indicated horse-power.

Electricity.—To be calculated at the rate of 950 watts to equal one horse-power.

Gasolene Explosive Engines.—To be calculated by multiplying (A) the area of one piston in square inches by the number (N) of cylinders, multiplied by the stroke (S) in feet, multiplied by the number of revolutions (R) per minute, and divided by a constant (C) of 1,000 for four cycle, and 600 for two cycle engines.

$$\text{Horse Power} = \frac{\text{A.} \times \text{N.} \times \text{S} \times \text{R.}}{\text{C.}}$$

R to be taken from maker's or owner's written certificate; which shall be subject to verifications by the Assoeiation's measurer.

5. Should a boat, after having been officially measured, discharge or take on any dead weight or ballast or make any alterations in trim, she shall not be allowed to start in a race without a remeasurement, or without notifying the Race Committee, in writing, that such changes have been made, together with a request for remeasurement.

6. If through protest the measurement of a boat be called in question, the Race Committee shall direct the measurer to remeasure such boat, and the result as reported by him shall be final. The usual fee for measurement shall be collected from the owner, if the measurement be found to exceed the measurement filed, and from the person protesting, if not.

The owner of a boat so protested shall present his boat for measurement immediately after the race, when so required by the Race Committee.

7. Any boat whose official rating has not been filed with the Race Committee prior to the start of a race, shall not be eligible to compete. The official certificate of measurement shall be shown to the Race Committee upon request therefor.

RULE IV.

Classification.

All boats shall be classified by their rating, and shall be divided into classes, as follows:

First Division.

First Class (A)—All over 50ft.
50ft. Class (B)—Not over 50ft., and over 40ft.
40ft. Class (C)—Not over 40ft., and over 32ft.
32ft. Class (D)—Not over 32ft., and over 26ft.
26ft. Class (E)—Not over 26ft., and over 21ft.
21ft. Class (F)—Not over 21ft., and over 17ft.
17ft. Class (G)—Not over 17ft.

Second Division.

First Class (H)—All over 50ft.
50ft. Class (I)—Not over 50ft., and over 40ft.
40ft. Class (J)—Not over 40ft., and over 32ft.
32ft. Class (K)—Not over 32ft., and over 26ft.
26ft. Class (L)—Not over 26ft., and over 21ft.
21ft. Class (M)—Not over 21ft., and over 17ft.
17ft. Class (N)—Not over 17ft.

2. All cabin boats and boats with standing awnings shall be classed in the First Division.

3. Hunting launches and open boats shall be classed in the Second Division.

4. Any boat appearing alone in her class may enter and compete in the next larger class in her division, at the minimum limit of that class, provided that notice of her intention so to

do has been given to the Race Committee at least five minutes before the hoisting of the starting signal of the class that she enters.

RULE V.

Time Allowance.

Time allowance shall be calculated on racing measurement according to the appended table.

RULE VI.

Ownership.

1. Each boat entered for a race must be the bona-fide property of, or under charter to, the person in whose name she is entered, who must be a member of a recognized yacht club.
2. A person chartering a boat shall be considered as the owner.
3. No boat which has been chartered shall be entered for a race, unless she has been chartered in good faith for a period of not less than thirty days.
4. No two boats owned wholly or in part by the same person shall enter in the same class.

RULE VII.

Entries.

1. All entries shall be made in writing, and shall be signed by the owner or his representative, giving the name of the boat, class, rating, and racing number, and must be lodged with the Race Committee not later than forty-eight hours before the time of starting, exclusive of Sundays, unless otherwise ordered by the committee.
2. The Race Committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.
3. The Race Committee may, if they consider it expedient, reject any entry.

RULE VIII.

Instructions.

1. The owner of each boat entered for a race shall he furnished at the time of the entry, or as soon thereafter as possible, with written or printed instructions as to the conditions of the race and the courses to be sailed.
2. The Race Committee may change the courses or amend the instructions, provided notice of such change is given to each boat before the preparatory signal is given.
3. In the absence of the owner, the delivery of instructions to any person on board a boat shall be considered sufficient.

RULE IX.

Life Buoys.

Boats in all classes shall carry two serviceable life buoys on deck.

RULE X.

Fittings, Water and Ballast.

1. Floors shall be kept down and bulkheads left standing. Doors, galley fixtures and fittings shall be kept on board, and one serviceable anchor and cable shall be carried.
2. Trimming by dead weight shall not be allowed, and neither water nor ballast shall be taken in or discharged on the day of the race.

RULE XI.

Crews.

1. The total number of persons on board a boat shall not be less than two men.
2. No person shall board or leave a boat after the starting signal has been made, except in case of accident or injury to a person on board.
3. All boats must carry as one of its crew a member of a recognized yacht club.
4. The owner of every winning boat shall, before the awarding of prizes, file with the Race Committee a certificate stating that the rules have been obeyed. Such certificate shall include the names and addresses of the members of the crew.

RULE XII.

Numbers.

All boats shall carry racing numbers, which shall be placed so they can be easily seen by the Race Committee as the boats approach the line.

RULE XIII.

Postponement.

The Race Committee may postpone a race, should unfavorable weather or other circumstances make a postponement advisable. A race postponed or resailed shall be considered a new race.

RULE XIV.

Starting and Finishing Signals.

1. The starting signals shall be as follows:
Preparatory—Blue Peter.
For Class A and B—Three red balls.
For Class C and D—Three white balls.
For Class E—Three blue balls.
For Class F—Two red balls.
For Class G—Two white balls.
For Class H and I—Two blue balls.
For Class J and K—One red ball and one white ball.
For Class L—One white ball and one blue ball.
For Class M—One blue ball and one red ball.
For Class N—One red ball.
Special starting signal—One red ball, one white ball and one blue ball.
Each starting signal shall be dropped at the expiration of the starting interval.
The intervals shall be five minutes between the setting of each two signals.
The club burgee shall be hoisted at the expiration of the starting interval of the last division.
2. The signal to denote the conclusion of the race shall be the lowering of the club burgee.
3. Attention to these signals shall be called by whistle or gun from the Race Committee's boat.

RULE XV.

Start and Finish.

1. All starts shall be flying, and shall be "one-gun" starts. Each boat in a class shall be timed from the starting signal of that class.
2. The time of finish of each boat shall be taken when the point marked by the fore flag staff crosses the finish line.
3. If any start, if the point marked by the fore flag staff has crossed the line before the signal for the start in her class is given, she must return and recross the line.
A boat so returning, or one working into position from the wrong side of the line after the first starting signal has been given, must keep clear of, and give way to all boats in the race.
A boat shall not after crossing the finishing line interfere with any boat still in the race so as to affect the time of such boat at the finish.

RULE XVI.

Marks.

1. A mark is any vessel, boat, buoy or other object used to indicate the course.
2. All marks, except Government buoys, used as marks, shall fly the club flag, or show a ball in the club colors.
3. Should any mark be absent or moved from its proper position during a race, the Race Committee shall, if possible, replace it or substitute the Committee boat with a mark ball hoisted, and call attention by gun or whistle. Failing thus to re-establish the mark, the race may be ordered resailed or not, at the option of the Race Committee.

RULE XVII.

Changing Course.

Should the Race Committee deem it desirable on account of the direction of the wind, or other cause, to order the course sailed in a reverse direction from that specified in the instructions, flag "B" hoisted five minutes before the Blue Peter (the preparatory signal), shall be the signal for so doing.

RULE XVIII.

Anchoring.

A boat may anchor, but must weigh anchor again and not slip. A boat shall not warp or kedge, or make fast to any buoy, pier, vessel or other object, except for purposes specified in the following rules:

RULE XIX.

Running Aground and Fouling.

A boat running aground or fouling a buoy, pier, vessel or other object, may use her anchors, warps, etc., to get clear, but may not receive any assistance, except from the vessel fouled. Any anchor or warp so used must be taken on board again before continuing the race.

RULE XX.

Accidents.

Every boat shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, and if in the judgment of the Race Committee she shall thereby have impaired her chance of winning, they may order the race to be resailed between such boat or boats and the winner in the class.

RULE XXI.

Sounding.

No other means of sounding than the hand lead and line shall be employed.

RULE XXII.

Right of Way.

1. When two boats are approaching one another, so as to involve risk of collision, one of them shall keep out of the way of the other, as follows, namely:
(a) When two boats are meeting end on each shall alter her course to starboard.
(b) When two boats are crossing, the one which has the other on her own starboard side, shall keep out of the way.
(c) Where by any of these rules, one of the two boats is to keep out of the way, the other shall keep her course and speed.
(d) Every boat which is directed by these rules to keep out of the way of another boat shall, if the circumstances of the case admit, avoid crossing ahead of the other.
(e) Every boat which is directed by these rules to keep out of the way of another boat shall, on approaching her, if necessary, slacken her speed or stop or reverse.
(f) Every boat, overtaking any other, shall keep out of the way of the overtaken vessel.
(g) In obeying and construing these rules, due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation and collision, and to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the above rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger.
(h) A boat under way, in taking any course authorized or required by these rules, shall indicate that course by the following signals on her whistles or siren, namely:
One short blast to mean, "I am directing my course to starboard."
Two short blasts to mean, "I am directing my course to port."
Three short blasts to mean, "My engines are going at full speed astern."
2. Overtaking.—An overtaking boat shall, as long as an overlap exist, keep clear of the boat which is being overtaken.
3. Passing and Rounding Marks.—Should, however, an overlap exist between two boats when both of them are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside boat must give the inside boat room to pass clear of the mark.
A boat shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap and thus force a passage between another boat and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.
4. Definition of Overlap.—An overlap is established when an overtaking boat has no longer a free choice of which side she will pass.
5. Altering Course.—When of two boats one is obliged to keep clear, the other shall not alter her course so as to involve risk of fouling.
6. Bearing Away.—A boat shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to starboard.
7. Obstruction to Sea Room.—When a boat is approaching a shore, shoal, rock, vessel, or other dangerous obstruction, and cannot go clear by altering her course without fouling another boat, then the latter shall on being hailed by the former at once give room.

RULE XXIII.

Protests.

1. Notice of intention to protest that a boat has violated these rules may be given during a race by displaying flag B of the signal code, and keeping such flag flying until answered by the Race Committee with the answering pennant.
2. Protests must be filed in writing with the Race Committee before six o'clock P. M. of the day succeeding the race, exclusive of Sundays, and must be signed by the owner or his representative.

RULE XXIV.

Disqualification.

1. Every boat must go fairly around the course, and must not touch any mark, but shall not be disqualified if wrongfully compelled to do so by another.
2. If a boat in consequence of her neglect of these rules shall foul another boat, or compel another boat to foul any boat, mark or obstruction, or to run aground, shall be disqualified and the owner shall pay all damages.
3. The Race Committee shall, with or without a protest, disqualify any boat, should it come to their knowledge before the awarding of prizes that she has committed a breach of these rules.

RULE XXV.

Awarding of Prizes.

1. Prizes shall be awarded in all classes in which one or more boats sail the course. Should a boat sail alone in her class, she shall be entitled to a "sail-over" prize of one-half the value of the regular prize.
2. If a winning boat be disqualified, the prizes shall be awarded the next boats in order of standing.

RULE XXVI.

Suspension of Rules.

The Race Committee shall have power to suspend any of these rules, by stating their suspension in the instructions for the race, or by agreement with the owners of the competing boats.

RULE XXVII.

Amendments.

Amendments to these rules may be adopted at any meeting of the Association by a two-thirds vote of those present, in person or by proxy, provided due notice has been given in the call for the meeting.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Point-o'-Woods Y. C., was held at the New York Athletic Club, New York City, on the evening of Feb. 14. The election of officers resulted as follows: Commodore, A. M. Ryon; Vice Commodore, J. Dempsey; Rear Commodore, H. Brewster; Secretary, John Holley Clark; Treasurer, D. H. Phelan.

The Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. has elected the following officers: Commodore, William Crossman; Vice Commodore, Lester H. Riley; Treasurer, H. C. Pryer; Secretary and Fleet Captain, Lancaster Morgan; Trustee, E. C. Griffen.

The Flushing Bay Y. C., which was recently organized, has elected the following officers: Commodore, J. G. Schmelzer; Vice Commodore, Henry Ashmore; Rear Commodore, Frank Place; Treasurer, Eugene Wright, and Secretary, Frederick R. Lacey. The club starts with some twenty chartered members, and they will probably make their headquarters at College Point, L. I.

At the annual meeting of the San Francisco Y. C., which was held at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on Feb. 11, over one hundred members were present, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, R. S. Bridgman; Vice Commodore, A. C. Lee; Port Captain, W. G. Morrow; Secretary, Hillyer Deuprey; Financial Secretary, A. G. A. Mueller; Treasurer, F. A. Robbins; Measurer, F. H. Muchmore.

At the beginning of last season there were 113 members, while at the present time there are 237 active members. The club's fleet consists of thirty-seven boats.

The California Y. C. has laid out a very complete series of events for the coming summer. The season will open on April 18, and on the next day the fleet will cruise in the channel. On May 3 the yachts will cruise in the channel. The 9th and 10th will be ladies' days, with a cruise to Paradise Cove. May 16, preparations for annual dinner race; May 17, annual dinner race. The 29th and 30th of May will be devoted to the first big cruise of the season, when the yachts will sail to Vallejo. On the 31st the owners' cup race will be run from Vallejo home to the club house; June 6 and 7, cruise to Sheep Island; June 14th, class flag race; June 20 and 21, cruise to Redwood City to meet the South Bay yachtsmen; July 4, Wallace trophy race; July 5 to 12, cruise up the river; July 26th, yawl race; Aug. 8, cruise to California Cove; Aug. 9, annual clambake and games at California Cove; Aug. 23, handicap anchor race; September 5, 6 and 7, cruise to Lakeville; Sept. 9, interclub regatta; Sept. 20, Vincent cup handicap race; Oct. 3 and 4, cruise outside the Heads; Oct. 17 and 18, cruise to McNear's and return; Oct. 24 and 25, closing days.

The Building Committee of the California Y. C. hope to have the new club house completed some time during the summer.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Excelsior Y. C: Commodore, Lewis Lawson; Vice Commodore, Olaf Harrison; Rear Commodore, M. N. Cormack; Treasurer, Edward De Vos; Secretary, John M. Russell; Measurer, Richard Stapleton; Trustees, Morris Kaplin, Lewis Lawson, Angus Darroch and Edward De Vos.

Mr. Charles P. Tower is to succeed Mr. John F. Lovejoy as Chairman of the Larchmont Y. C. Regatta Committee, who has resigned.

Seventy-five members were present at the annual meeting of the Hartford Y. C., which was held at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, Conn., on Feb. 12. The following officers were elected: Commodore, Colonel Louis F. Heublein; Vice Commodore, Charles A. Goodwin; Rear Commodore, Walter S. Schutz; Secretary, Joseph Merritt; Treasurer, E. Hart Fenn; Measurer, Harry B. Snell; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. F. Axtelle; Trustees for three years, Thomas H. Smith and William B. Davidson; Regatta Committee, Harry B. Snell, Chairman; Charles A. Goodwin and Charles B. Wyckoff; Delegates to Yacht Racing Association, Harry B. Snell, Walter Pearce, Charles B. Wyckoff and Charles A. Goodwin.

The secretary's report showed the club had 331 members, and that there were 125 boats enrolled in the club fleet. The reports of the other committees indicated that the club was in a very prosperous condition.

The club has two houses, one in the city of Hartford and another at Fenwick, on Long Island Sound. The house at Fenwick is splendidly conducted, and visiting yachtsmen can secure meals at the clubhouse and supplies for their boats. Fenwick is one of the few accessible places with a good harbor on the north side of Long Island Sound, and cruising yachtsmen should avail themselves of the privileges so generously offered by the Hartford Y. C.

The Manchester Y. C. has announced that the trial races for the selection of a challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup will be held off the southerly end of House Island, Manchester Harbor, on Wednesday, June 10; Friday, June 12; Saturday, June 13; Monday, June 15, and Tuesday, June 16.

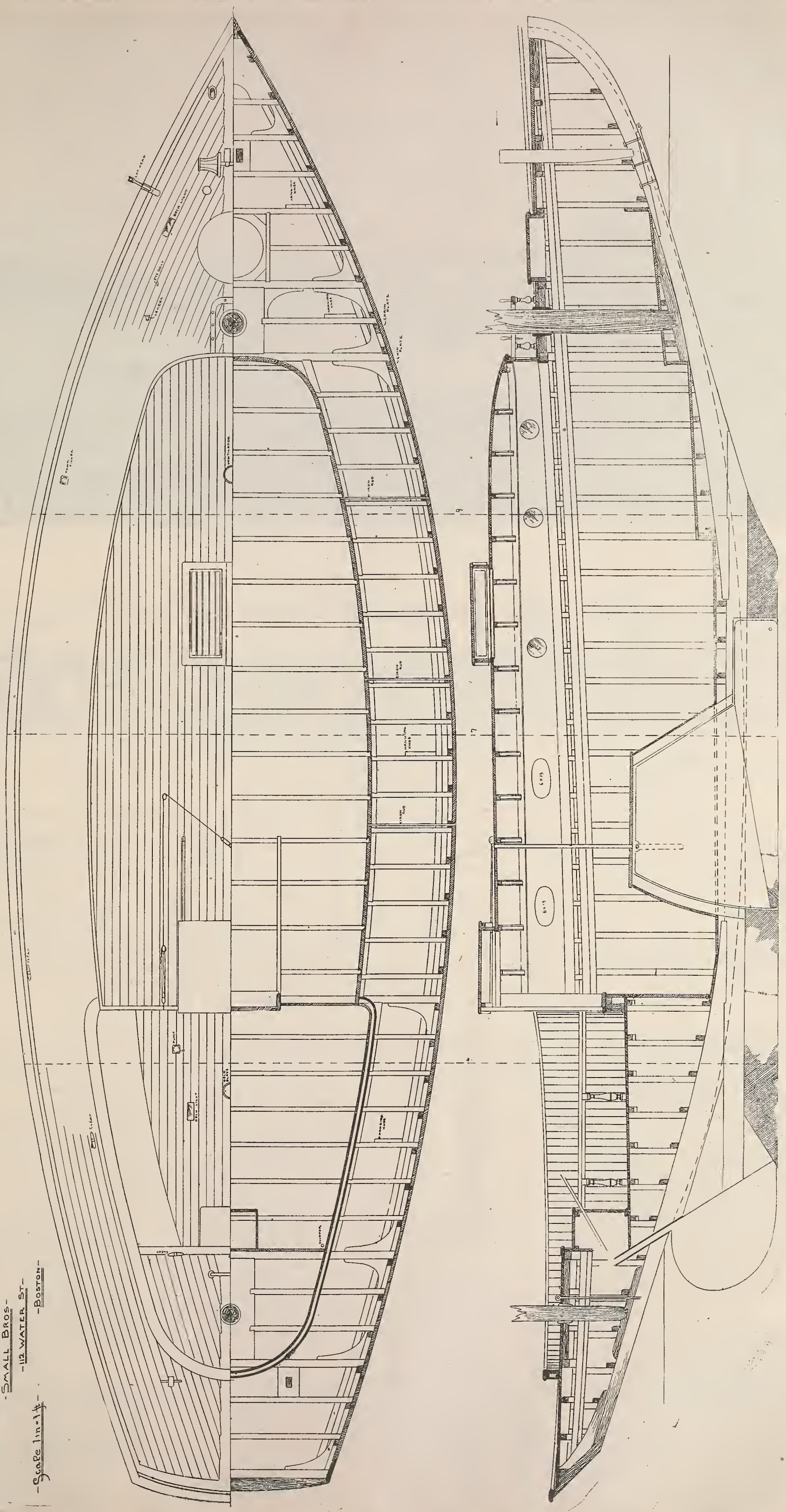
The Seawanhaka Cup Committee of the Manchester Y. C. is composed of Mr. Arthur M. Merriam, Chairman; Mr. H. B. Pearson, Secretary, No. 85 Water street, Boston, Mass.; and Mr. Edwin A. Boardman.

At a meeting of the Bergen Beach Y. C., the following committees and officers were appointed: House Committee—E. Arbour, Chairman; G. H. Hopper, H. B. Hall. Entertainment Committee—Dr. George Cooper, Chairman; W. Lachiotte, A. Miller, Louis Ashaur, George Beyers. Membership Committee—C. R. Fitzmaurice, Chairman; B. T. Morrett, C. H. Eagle, W. Patterson. Regatta Committee—J. H. Green, Chairman; C. H. Loper, T. R. Dennis. Fleet Captain, C. R. Fitzmaurice; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. George Everson. Delegates to Yacht Racing Association—C. R. Fitzmaurice, W. L. Allen.

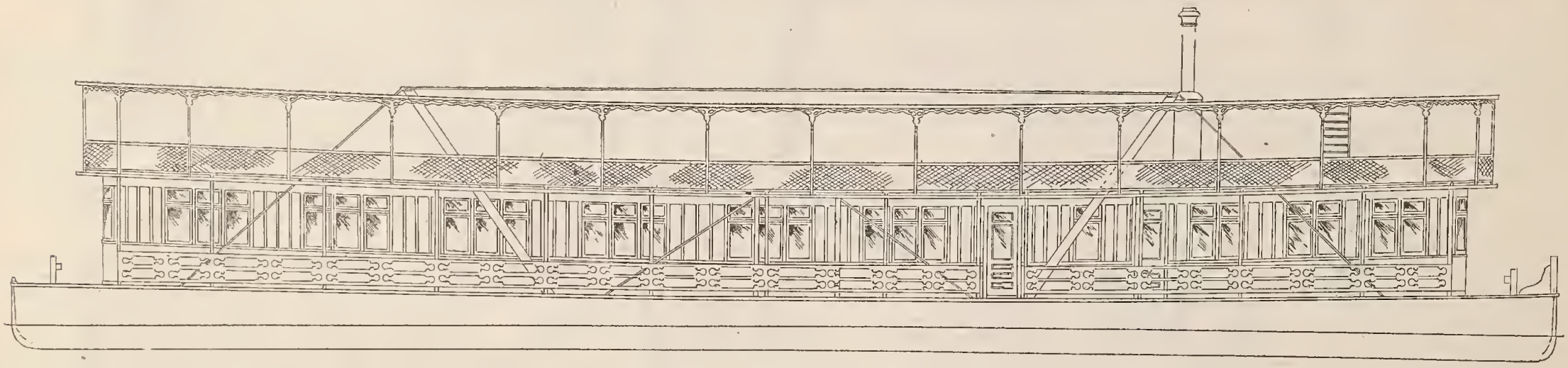
A meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held at the club house, 12 West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on February 24. Some changes in the club's measurement rule were considered, but after a long discussion it was decided to allow the rule to stand without any change.

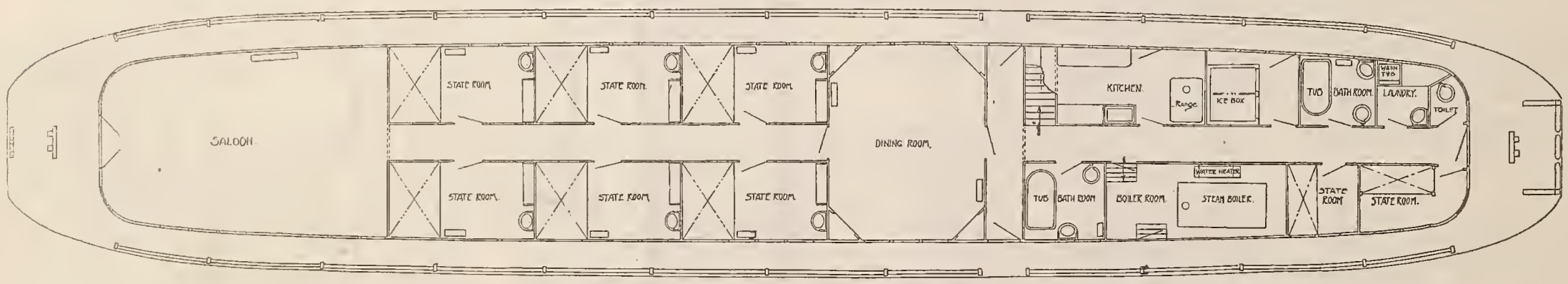
In addition to the eight boats for the Red Bank Y. C. one design class and the houseboat for Mr. Rudolph Schneider, the Metropolitan Boat & Launch Co., of Astoria, is building a 22ft. stern wheel launch for use on Great South Bay; a 24ft. clipper dory for Mr. J. W. Alker; a 22ft. clipper dory for Mr. Frank W. Towle, and five one design catboats for members of the Nonowantug Y. C. These latter boats were designed by Mr. Frank Nichols.

Mr. Charles G. Davis has prepared the plans for a 40ft. flush deck launch for Mr. G. Ashton Kay. The boat will have 6ft. headroom under the flush deck, and will be equipped with a motor of the owner's design.



28-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING YAWL—CONSTRUCTION PLAN—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROS. FOR STANLEY H. ELDRIDGE, 1903.





HOUSEBOAT IDLER—OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—OWNED BY LAFAYETTE LAMB, ESQ.

The House-Boat Idler.

FEW of the men in the East who are interested in houseboats, realize to what extent this mode of life is enjoyed in the West. It would be difficult to find a lake or river in the West where there is not at least one houseboat and in most cases several are to be found. The boats are of all sizes and types built to meet the owners' means and requirements.

On the Mississippi River and its tributaries there are great numbers of houseboats, and we have been fortunate enough to secure the plans of one of the largest and best equipped among them. The houseboat in question is known as Idler, a most attractive name by the way, for a craft of this type. She is owned by Mr. Lafayette Lamb, of Clinton, Iowa, who, together with his family and friends, make the boat their home for several months of the year.

Idler was designed and built to meet the owner's needs, and she has proved to be a very suitable craft in every way. She is 116ft. 6in long, 20ft. 6in. breadth and draws 1ft. 9in. The boat has no propelling power of her own, and has to be towed from place to place. To look at the photograph it will be seen she has two small stacks aft, which would lead one to think she had propelling power, but the port stack is the one used for the little boiler that makes the steam for the electric light plant, and also heats the boat by steam, drives the pump that filters the water and also heats the water for bath rooms and state rooms. The stack on the starboard side is the smoke vent from the kitchen stove.

On the lower deck there is a passageway 2ft. 6in. wide, all around the cabin house, which enables one to walk entirely around the boat. There is ample deck room forward and aft for the handling of hawsers and anchors.

Forward is the main saloon or living room, 22ft. long and about 14ft. wide. In this room there are fourteen windows and a double door opening on the forward deck. Heavy rugs, Oriental hangings and wide divans make this room very comfortable and attractive. A passageway 3ft. wide leads aft to the dining-room. There are three staterooms on each side of the passage. These staterooms are 6ft. wide and 11ft. long and are all of the same size. Each room is fitted with a double bed, hanging closet and a set marble basin with running water. A steam radiator furnishes heat in case it is needed, and the three windows in each room give ample light and ventilation.

The dining-room, which is 12ft. long and 15ft. wide, is located amidships. There are three windows on either side, and in each corner are china and silver closets. Just aft of the dining-room is a transverse passageway 3ft. wide. This passage enables one to go from one side of the boat to the other without going forward or aft, and it also divides the owner's quarters from the kitchen, boiler room and servants' quarters.

Extending aft from the thwartships passage is another passageway 3ft. wide. On the port side of this is a bath room 6ft. square fitted with a porcelain tub, set marble basin and water closet, all of which have running water. Aft of the bath room is the boiler room, 6ft. wide and 14ft. long. Still further aft are two staterooms, one 5ft. by 6ft. and the other 5ft. by 8ft.

On the starboard side of the passage is the staircase to the upper deck. Just aft is the kitchen 6ft. wide and 11ft. long. Adjoining the kitchen is the larder, 6ft. by 7ft. In this room there is a large refrigerator capable of holding a good supply of ice. Further aft is another bath room 5ft. by 6ft., fitted very much the same as the other. Next comes the laundry with set tubs and wash basin, and at the extreme end of the passage is a toilet room.

The upper deck is 18ft. wide and is unobstructed for nearly 80ft. of its length. This deck is entirely roofed over, and canvas screens protect one from rain, wind or the slanting rays of the sun.

It is here that those on board spend much of their time, and the many rugs, comfortable chairs and hammocks make it an ideal loafing place.

Four boats are carried on the davits, and when not in use are swung inboard and rest on chocks on the roof over the upper deck.

In order to move Idler from one place to another, Mr. Lamb had a stern wheel steamer built, which is called Wanderer. She was built solely for the purpose of propelling Idler about. Wanderer's bow is made fast to Idler's stern, and the latter is pushed ahead. In this way the heat and smoke is avoided, although in some instances it is necessary to tow Idler instead of pushing her.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales: Sloop Umbrina, owned by Mr. Charles L. Eaton, to Mr. W. H. Childs; launch Zolfo, owned by Mr. F. B. Van Doorn, to Mr. Roland S. Kolb; sloop Ashumet, owned by Mr. Roland S. Kolb, to Mr. Edgar A. Ill.

The steam launch Eagle has been sold through Manning's Yacht Agency by Mr. H. N. Brooks to Mr. J. J. Slater.

Mr. George C. Thomas is having an auxiliary yacht 110ft. long built at Baltimore. The new boat will take the place of the cruising yawl Natka.

Mr. George Crouse Cook, naval architect, has associated himself with Captain Howard Patterson, presi-

dent of the New York Nautical College. Mr. Cook will continue in the field of general ship designing, and in addition to this will have a department devoted to yacht designing and brokerage.

* * *

The English built auxiliary Sea Belle has been purchased by Mr. N. L. McCready. The yacht will come across in the early spring. Sea Belle (ex-Waverley, ex-Norseman) was designed by Mr. St. Clair Byrne and built by Laird Bros. at Birkenhead in 1875. She is built of iron and is schooner rigged. She is 124ft. long and 20ft. breadth.

* * *

Messrs. Rogers & Bro., of Bay Shore, L. I., are building for Mr. C. M. Covell, of New York City, an auxiliary sloop. She is 52ft. over all and 16ft. breadth, and will be fitted with a 12 horse-power gasolene motor.

* * *

Mr. Herman D. Wells, formerly of the firm of Herreshoff & Wells, has gone into partnership with Mr. Henry C. Winteringham. The firm will now be known as Winteringham & Wells.

A Rhyme of the Vasty Deep.

(After a Course of Kipling.)

A TWIN-SCREW brig, with an A1 rig, was the good ship Bolivar,
All spick and span, from the donkey-man to the bilge on the capstan bar;
She was pully-haul, with a ten-foot yawl, and a regular chantey crew,
And right avast at the mizzenmast, the scarlet bo'sum flew.

And, oh! dear lad, what a time I've had collecting sailor slang.
And weaving it into the strangest songs that ever a sailor sang;
Well, they mayn't be true, but they seem to do, for the checks are large and fine;
There's nothing like cheek when your fame's unique, and the pay's five dollars a line!

We had hugged the shore for a week or more, till on the seventh night,
From out of the gloom the thwartship boom of the Deutschland loomed in sight;
And inch by inch, as she dipped her winch, and her fulmar flying high,
Through the sleet and mist, with a forward list, she strove to pass us by.

"Full steam ahead!" our captain said—and we heard the pennant crack—
With a twist of the heel he put the wheel abeam on the starboard tack;
With bilge in hand, he took his stand abaft on the taffrail hatch,
And the Bolivar, like a shooting star, began to snore and ratch.

So away we went, with our fo'c's'les bent, and our hawsepipes smoking free,
While the kentledge on the kelson shone atop of the topmast tree;
On the poop abaft, where they force the draft, the coal chutes glimmered white,
And we spliced the guys to the cathead ties, and made the doldrums tight.

And never a word we spoke, but heard the bull-mouthed breakers call,
While close behind the sou'west wind went yammering down the pawl;
The garboard strake was all ashake where the spinaker-thrust comes through,
And still avast, at the mizzenmast, the scarlet bo'sun flew.

And they piled each grate with the best Welsh slate, till the gunwales almost broke—
You could hear them hum like a distant drum as the gurry-butt gave the stroke.
Then the halliard peak began to leak, and the engine room grew hot,
For the bobstays jammed, McAndrew damned, and the captain slanged the lot.

* * * * * * * * *

And inch by inch, while she dipped her winch, and her fulmar flying high,
Through the sleet and mist, with a forward list, the Deutschland passed us by.

But oh! dear lad, what a time I've had collecting sailor slang,
And weaving it into the strangest songs that ever a sailor sang;
Well, they mayn't be true, but they seem to do, for the checks are large and fine;
There's nothing like cheek when your fame's unique, and the pay's five dollars a line!

—Syren and Shipping.

"What was that noise, Katie?" shouted the lady from her boudoir. "Oh, mum, it was only the baby crawling under the piano, and he hit himself mum," replied the girl. "Dear little boy! Did he hurt himself, Katie?" "No, mum; sure it was the soft pedal he hit, mum."—Yonkers Statesman.

First Chauffeur—"Whose make is your machine?"
Second Chauffeur—"Well, about one-third the manufacturer's and two-thirds the repairer's.—Puck.

"We have before us this morning this: 'Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!'"—Our Dumb Animals.

"I nebber kin figger it out," said Uncle Eben, "how some o' dese folks dat talks so much about 'spisin' wealth kin be so willin' to borry two bits?"—Washington Star.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

A Nation of Marksmen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the days of Agincourt and Cressy those victories were the fruit of the marksmanship of the English bowmen. The archer with his long yew bow and cloth yard shaft made the English army what it was—invincible.

The French had good reason when singing their litany in church to include in same, "From the arrows of the English may the good Lord deliver us."

History is repeating itself once more, and the battles of the future upon land will be won by the men behind the rifles. Close formation and point blank volleys are things of the past. Smokeless powder and long distance rifles become of no immediate practical value in the hands of the inexperienced soldier.

The English grew into the use of the long bow as did our Minute Men and Green Mountain Boys grow into the use of the rifle, but under differing surroundings. The English boy was at an early age through the stimulus of prizes, encouraged to shoot with the bow at a mark erected on the village green. Days of merry-making always included the sport of archery upon the programme, and even was the practice at archery made compulsory by law.

Our forefathers virtually plowed with one hand and held a rifle with the other. The seal of Minnesota shows a husbandman at the plow, his rifle and powderhorn upon a nearby stump and skulking redskin in the distance. It was force of circumstances that made marksmen of our forefathers, defense against the Indians and wild beasts, and the necessity of supplying the larder from the forests. During our Civil War, soldier for soldier, we had no such marksmen in the ranks as in the Revolutionary Wark. Times had changed, men were recruited from the city and the workshop, and not as of yore, from the frontier, where stood a rifle ready for instant use behind each door.

The late Boer war was an illustration of pitting men unused to a rifle against those who understood the arm and were as familiar with it as a schoolboy with his jackknife.

Now, as a general rule, a few days' hard drilling will turn an awkward squad into some semblance to a military company in carriage and step, but it means months of incessant labor to make marksmen of those unfamiliar with the rifle.

Compulsory practice with the rifle has been successfully carried out in Switzerland, but it would not apply to the United States. The love of the rifle must be brought about in some other way.

Now, as a suggestion. Make a reward sufficiently inviting and there are those who will strive for it. Let us suppose that a yearly distribution of, say, $100,000, were made in prizes; $50,000 to the marksmen of the year; $25,000 to the second best; $15,000 to the third, and $1,000 to the next ten in rank. Whether the amount of $100,000 per year was made up out of the United States Treasury or came from other sources, makes no difference. The question is, what would the effect be upon the country after ten consecutive years of such prize offering?

I think every village in the country would have its rifle range, and few of the youths who could give the time to practice but would become applicants and contestants for the prize.

The primary contests would be shot at the home villages or cities. The winners would in turn contest among themselves within a certain district, and the successful one in each district be delegated to the final contest, to be held at some central point. Here, under conditions that could admit of no charge of partiality, would the final contest be held. Targets at fixed and unknown distances, moving objects, etc., would call into practice the very highest skill of the marksmen. The prizes would certainly be more tempting than a marksman's badge or a silver cup. In these days of $1,000,000 salaries and "melon-cutting" dividends in Wall street, perhaps a $50,000 prize might not tempt some of our gilded youth to forego the golf stick and the tennis racquet for the rifle. Yet, when you come to think of it, there are those who, with perhaps a little truck farming to help out, might worry along peacefully with a prize of $50,000 in cold cash to their credit in the bank. So the grand prize of $50,000 with the great majority of young men might be considered a tempting prize, enough so to warrant an investment in a rifle and ammunition and the giving over of a part of Saturday to the weekly practice.

There is many a "hundred thousand" that goes to make up the quota of a "billion-dollar Congress" that is spent for purposes far less meritorious than prizes for rifle proficiency among the youth of the country.

What would be the effect of a plan of this kind being carried out after say, ten or fifteen years? That's the question. We hear of Peace Congresses, International Arbitration, Total disarmament, etc., etc., but we see no diminution of the standing armies and navies of the world. Improvements in war materials go on. We no sooner improve the unpenetrability of armor than some new shell is perfected with superior penetrating powers, and so the race goes on. Guns that carried 12 miles now carry 21. Not content with fighting above the water, the sea warfare of the future seems destined to be fought out beneath the waves. Rifles of greater penetration and carrying power are being successfully put forward. All this would seem to prove that for some years to come the theory will be held that the one best equipped on a war footing in time of peace will be virtually guaranteed from neighborly interference. And if all this be so, this country must keep abreast with the times. Her ships must be second to none, and while our standing army need be kept to a minimum, yet like the Spartans, every man in the Republic should be a brick, he should become expert in the use of a rifle, and if the time ever came when his country needed him, he could step into the ranks a soldier requiring but a minimum of preliminary drilling to bring to a plane of soldierly prefection.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Annual Championship Matches.

THE annual indoor championship matches of the United States Revolver Association will be held this year in Boston, Chicago and New York. The conditions are as follows:

Indoor Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced, so that the 8-ring is 2¾in. in diameter; arm, any revolver not to exceed 2¾lbs. in weight; maximum length of barrel, including cylinder, 10in.; trigger pull not to be less than 2½lbs. Sights must be open in front of the hammer, and not over 10in. apart; ammunition, any suitable gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee $5. No reentries. Prizes: First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 425 or better.

Indoor Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 20yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced, so the 8-ring is 2¾in. in diameter; arm, any pistol; length of barrel not to exceed 10in.; trigger pull not less than 2lbs. Sights must be open in front of the hammer and not over 10in. apart. Ammunition, any suitable gallery charge approved by the executive committee. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee $5. No reentries. Prizes: First, a silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, the cup to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor not a prize winner making a score of 435 or better.

The ammunition in both these events must be smokeless for all calibers, except .22cal. rim-fire, in which the regular black powder cartridges may be used.

For the dates on which the competitions are to be held in Boston, and other details, address E. E. Patridge, 9 Fairmount street, Medford Hillside, Mass. Similarly, for full details in regard to the competitions in Chicago, address E. L. Harphan, 409 Ashland Block, Chicago.

The competitions in New York city will be conducted under the auspices of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, at their gallery at 2628 Broadway, near 100th street, on the evenings of March 4, 5, 6, and 7. The gallery will be open from 7:30 until 11:30 on each of the evenings named. Arrangements will be made so that competitors may have preliminary practice at a nominal cost.

For any further details in regard to the matches, address A. L. A. Himmelwright, secretary-treasurer, 121 Liberty street.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on Feb. 15, the following scores were made. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, Standard target; tricky wind:

Hasenzahl	86 84 84 83 83	Payne	82 82 80 80 77
Roberts	86 81 80 79 76	Odell	81 81 80 80 79
Hoffman	85 83 80 76 76	Trounstine	81 74 74 71 63
Gindele	85 82 81 78 77	Bruns	80 74 73 .. ..
Nestler	84 81 80 76 75	H Uckotter	75 71 71 71 68
Lux	83 81 78 76 77	R Uckotter	69 67 61 59 57
Freitag	83 79 78 73 73		

Honor target: Hasenzahl 23, Roberts 20, Hoffman 25, Gindele 26, Nestler 20, Lux 27, Freitag 23, Payne 20, Odell 22, Trounstine 21, H. Uckotter 21.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

March 19.—Carlstadt, N. J.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot.
March 16-21.—Houston, Tex., Gun Club's all week shoot; $500 added money. S. J. Smith, Sec'y.
April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.
April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.
*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30—Newport, R. I., second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreibs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis. Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Philadelphia Record states that the Weidman Shooting Association, of Yardville, has been incorporated in the Secretary of State's office at Trenton. The object of the Association is to promote live-bird and clay target shooting events. The trustees are: William B. Weidman, George B. Gray, W. H. Mount, G. E. West and G. H. Allen, of Yardville.

We are informed that in the process of reorganization the Dupont Powder Company has entirely abolished a number of its business agencies, of which one was filled many years by Mr. W. L. Colville, whose territory as a Dupont representative included New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Mr. H. B. Cannon has severed his business connection with the Remington Arms Co., with which company he has been associated about twenty years. He will engage in business in Wall street in a high and responsible capacity. He will first take a six-weeks' trip abroad, chiefly in the Mediterranean.

The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, was won by Mr. Chas. P. Cole, who defeated the holder, Mr. Neaf Apgar, by a score of 45 to 44. Each contestant shot at 50 targets. The match took place on the Interstate Fair grounds, Trenton, N. J., Feb. 23.

In the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Feb. 28, Mr. I. W. Budd killed straight in the club handicap and 13 straight in the officers' trophy event, missing his last two, the rain pouring at the time and a strong wind being unfavorable to good shooting.

Mr. John V. Linker, secretary of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Fort Wayne, Ind., informs us that his club's tournament will be two days instead of three, as originally announced, and will be target competition exclusively. The dates are May 27 and 28, and $100 will be added.

The secretary, Mr. F. W. Olney, Concordia, Kans., under date of Feb. 23, writes us that "the State shoot of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held at this place under the auspices of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club, April 21 to 23 next."

Mr. M. H. Marlin, president of the Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., was one of the arrivals at Pinehurst, N. C., recently, where the balmy breezes and mellow sunshine are supposed to be in pleasing contrast to the Northern weather.

There is, according to the Paterson Call, a team race arranged between Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. Aaron Doty on one side and Messrs. T. W. Morfey and Arthur Bunn on the other, to be shot at Singac, N. J., on March 6.

The contest for the February cup of the Crescent Athletic Club, at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday, was won by Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., with a score of 45. The day was exceedingly stormy.

Owing to the absence of entries, the team race of the Jackson Park Gun Club, Paterson, N. J., did not take place. On that day, Feb. 23, the club held a successful sweepstake competition.

The Sunnyside Gun Club, of Secaucus, N. J., is a new club which is actively endeavoring to increase its membership. The next shoot of this club will be held on March 14.

In a match at a shoot of the Harrowgate Gun Club, Kensington, Pa., on Saturday of last week, 15 birds, 28yds., the scores were: Wagner 10, Munser 13, Hess 12.

The secretary, Mr. A. F. Heeb, informs us that the Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club will hold its fourth annual amateur target tournament on May 26 and 27.

The secretary, Mr. T. L. Andrews, informs us that the second annual tournament of the Titusville, Pa., Gun Club will be held on May 6 and 7.

Mr. C. W. Budd informs us that Hopkins Sears Co., of Des Moines, Ia., will hold a two days' amateur target tournament on April 2 and 3.

Mr. T. W. Morfey, and Mr. A. Doty have agreed to shoot a match at 100 live birds, $100 a side, March 6, at Singac, N. J.

BERNARD WATERS.

New Orleans Tournament.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—The Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association's tournament under the auspices of the City Park Gun Club, was held at New Orleans, Feb. 20 and 21. Mr. J. M. Hughes won the cup for the professional high average. Mr. Harold Money was second, Mr. R. O. Heikes was third. Messrs. Robert Saucier and J. A. Jackson tied for first amateur average and divided first and second.

First day, Feb. 20, the totals were as follows, the events being two at 15, six at 20, and two at 25 targets, 200 in all:

Hughes 195, Money 189, Moeser 182, Phil 181, Heikes 180, Saucier 180, J. A. Jackson 176, Faurote 175, Mermod 172, Atchison 171, Jackson No. 2, 171, Dora 169, Pinkston 169, Lawrence 168, Fletcher 167, Avery 165, McKay 164, Kaufman 162, Heard 161, Hillman 160, F. A. Weatherhead 160, Chaudet 159, Cleveland 158, Woodworth 157, Moody 156, Cocke 153, Plummer 150, Henshaw 150, Hardy 150, Sessions 146, Spicer 142, Duncan 142, Thompson 141, O'Neil 138, Strang 132, Du Bray 129, F. J. Weatherhead 115. The foregoing shot at 200. In the following the figures in parentheses show the number shot at, second the number broken:

Sens (125) 104, V. M. Jackson (165) 94, O'Connell (115) 89, McCutchen (130) 85, Shannahan (95) 76, Dinkins (105) 75, Foote (95) 75, Graber (85) 73, Hayes (75) 40, O'Trigger (55) 36.

Second day, Feb. 21, shooting at 200 targets, the scores were:

Hughes 192, Money 188, J. A. Jackson 179, Heikes 179, Picket 177, Saucier 175, Phil 173, Heard 173, Atchison 171, Moeser 171, F. A. Weatherhead 171, Kaufman 170, Mermod 170, McKay 170, Hillman 169, Mercer 169, Lawrence 165, Thompson 165, Ford 163, Pinkston 161, Cocke 160, O'Neil 160, Chaudet 159, Moody 159, Sens 159, Benedict 157, Duncan 156, Spicer 155, Jackson No. 2 154, Hardy 152, Fletcher 147, Avery 145, McCutcheon 139, Cleveland 138.

The following shot at less than 200 targets; the figures in parentheses being the number shot at, second the number broken: Foote (165) 139, Shannehan (165) 139, O'Trigger (140) 101, Sessions (115) 85, Woodworth (115) 85, Henshaw (85) 72, Proctor (85) 72, Stone (60) 48, Mitchell (40) 22, Putnam (40) 18.

Team shoot for Peters trophy, 25 targets per man, three men on a team:

Greenville Team—Henshaw 25, Shannehan 23, Foote 18; total 66.
New Orleans No. 1—Cocke 19, Saucier 18, McKay 17; total 54.
New Orleans No. 2—Chaudet 20, Benedict 19, Stone 17; total 56.
Burnside, La., Team—Israel 20, Miles 16, Boote 15; total 51.

Match race, 100 targets, $100 purse: Saucier 84, Heard 79.

General averages, 400 targets: Hughes 387, Money 377, Heikes 359, Phil 355, Saucier 355, J. A. Jackson 355, Moeser 353, Mermod 342, Atchison 342, Lawrence 336, McKay 334, Heard 334, Ford 332, Kaufman 332, F. A. Weatherhead 331, Pinkston 330, Hillman 329, Jackson No. 2, 325, Chaudet 318, Moody 315, Fletcher 314, Cocke 313, Avery 310, Thompson 306, Hardy 302, Duncan 298, O'Neil 298, Spicer 297, Cleveland 296.

Extra day; main event a team race for $50, Feb. 22:

New Orleans No. 1—Saucier 24, McKay 23, Benedict 23, Cocke 20, Chaudet 18; total 108.
St. Louis Team—Money 25, Spicer 22, O'Neil 21, Mermod 20, O'Trigger 17; total 105.
Houston, Tex., Team—Ford 23, Heard 21, Moeser 21, Sens 20, Daniels 18; total 103.
Burnside, La., Team—Bringier 21, Tucker 17, Miles 16, Boote 15, Israel 10; total 79.
Mississippi Team—Brady 23, Alexander 19, Sessions 18, Henshaw 17, Dinkins 15; total 92.
New Orleans No. 2—Kaufman 24, McMurdo 21, Hazard 14, Roberts 14, L'Hote 11; total 84.
New Iberia, La., Team—Voorheis 19, Lallande 17, Gates 16, Harry 14, Dupre 13; total 79.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New York County Gun Club.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I., Feb. 16.—Rain and snow were the weather conditions. There also were strong northeast winds which added to the difficulties of making good scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Schorty	16	20	17	16	19
P May	11	20	17	20	20
Johnny Jones	9	3	8	..	10

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Theo. Lutz	..	4	8	4	..
H Heckly	..	..	7	4	..
E F Bowne	..	10	..	..	..

MANHATTAN.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Feb. 28.—Mr. F. T. Bedford, Jr., won the contest for the February cup to-day. There is a probability of a match between Boston A. A. Gun Club and the Crescent Club on March 21, the former having sent in a challenge. The scores follow:

February cup, 50 targets:

	H.	B.	T.	H.	B.	T.	Total.
Marshall	5	16	21	5	17	22	43
O'Brien	5	15	20	5	14	19	39
Bedford	2	20	22	2	21	23	45
Hopkins	4	12	16	4	16	20	36

Fifteen targets: Marshall (3) 13, O'Brien (3) 12, Hopkins (2) 5, Werlmann (5) 12, Vanderveer (2) 12, Lott (2) 15, McDermott (3) 12, Bedford (1) 11, F. B. Stephenson (1) 14, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, Hegeman (2) 13, Pool (2) 15.

Shoot-off: Lott (2) 15, Pool (2) 13.

Team shoot, 25 targets:

Lott (2) 13, O'Brien (3) 12, Marshall (5) 15, F. B. Stephenson (2) 21, Dr. Hegeman (4) 13; total 74.

Sykes (2) 12, Bedford (4) 18, Vanderveer (1) 11, G. G. Stephenson (3) 19, Hopkins (5) 16; total 76.

Team shoot, 23 targets:

Lott (1) 21, O'Brien (3) 17, Marshall (5) 20, F. B. Stephenson (1) 21, Heilmann (8) 18, Hegeman (3) 21; total 118.

Sykes (2) 21, Bedford (4) 18, Vanderveer (6) 19, G. G. Stephenson (2) 21, Hopkins (4) 16, Dr. Pool (6) 20; total 115.

Trophy, 25 targets: Marshall (5) 21, O'Brien (5) 20, Bedford (2) 22, Hopkins (4) 16, McDermott (5) 20, Lott (3) 23, Sykes (4) 20, G. G. Stephenson (2) 23, F. B. Stephenson (2) 24, Vanderveer (4) 20, Werlmann (8) 15, Dr. Pool (3) 25.

Trophy, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 10, O'Brien (3) 14, Bedford (1) 10, Hopkins (2) 6, McDermott (3) 13, Lott (2) 14, G. G. Stephenson (1) 15, F. B. Stephenson (1) 14, Dr. Pool (2) 13, Vanderveer (2) 15, Werlmann (5) 9.

Shoot-off: G. G. Stephenson (1) 13, Vanderveer (2) 12.

Fifteen targets: Fish (2) 13, Kryn (2) 12, A. A. Hegeman (3) 10, J. H. Jack (2) 9, Norris (3) 11, Lott (2) 11, McConville (3) 14, Vanderveer (2) 12, Bedford (1) 10.

Championship of New Jersey.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 23.—The match for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, took place to-day on the Interstate Fair grounds. A large number of spectators witnessed the match. A strong wind and high light made difficult conditions for successful shooting. The contestants were Mr. Neaf Apgar, holder, and Mr. Chas. P. Cole, challenger. The scores:

C P Cole.....1111111111101111111111111101011110111111111111101—45
N Apgar.....1110111111111111111111111101011011111011111111110111—44

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25
Apgar	13	12	13	12	20
Squiers	13	12	13	13	24
Butler	3	2	6	5	12
George	11	6	8	13	19
Grant	10	10	9	10	14
Schneider	12	8	10	10	18
W H Mathews	7	5	4	4	7
Brindley	7	7	5	9	7
Akers	9	..	8	..	..
J E Thropp	9	..	..	..	..
Duncan	5	..	4	8	17
Jules	12	14	6	11	15
Wilkes	10	8	9	9	18
Van Arsdale	11	11	8	..	15
Dr Pardse	11	11	12	9	22
Dr Mathews	9	9	7	10	13
Cole	..	13	12	10	..
E Wilson	..	7	..	12	8
Thropp	..	13	6	10	20
Decatur	..	9	8	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25
Abbott	..	..	10	11	17
Smith	..	..	7	13	12
Cochran	..	10	9	13	..
Mulford	..	8	10	8	..
Algers	..	..	9	..	..
Hazard	..	..	9	..	..
Harvey	..	..	11	11	16
Taylor	..	..	13	9	20
Rockafellow	..	..	10	11	15
D Williams	..	..	..	7	..
W Williams	..	..	..	11	..
Daly	..	..	..	9	..
Messler	..	..	..	..	16
Moore	..	..	..	..	10
Campbell	..	..	..	..	7
Phillips	..	..	..	..	15
Matlock	..	..	..	..	16
Maddock	..	..	..	..	20
Wm Williams	..	..	..	..	14

Trap at Pinehurst.

PINEHURST, N. C., Feb. 21.—A novelty shoot, designed to furnish amusement combined with a test of skill, engaged the interest of the Frolicsome Shooters. A silver cup was the main trophy of the contest. Pajamas, summer suits, etc., added to the comic features of the contest. Mr. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, L. I., won the cup with a score of 10. The conditions governing the cup event were as follows: Fifteen bird shoot—Event No. 1, 5 birds, gun below the elbow; No. 2, 5 birds, any old way; No. 3, 1 bird, "blind shooting"; each shooter to shoot sitting in a chair; No. 4, 1 bird, "flushing shot"; shooter to advance toward trap, and trap sprung without call; No. 5, 1 bird, shooter to stand on top of trap house and call for bird; No. 6, 1 bird, "mysterious"; gun to be loaded by outside party, and shooter not to know which barrel is loaded. One trigger only to be pulled. Gun to be examined after each shot; No. 7, 1 bird, "battery"; shooter to lie on back, feet toward trap, gun to be pointed toward feet; call for bird and rise to sitting position before shooting; 3 birds pulled.

Below are the scores in the above 15-target event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	5	5	1	1	1	1	1	Total.
Burroughs	2	4	0	1	0	0	0	7
Ketchum	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	4
Lockwood	3	5	1	0	0	1	0	10
Gildersleeve	3	2	0	1	0	0	0	6
Parshall	1	4	1	0	0	0	0	6
Davis	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	5
Wilson	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	5
Potts	2	4	0	0	0	1	0	7

The third shoot of the winter series, for the H. W. Priest cup, Feb. 21, had eleven contestants. The conditions were 15 singles and 10 doubles, handicap. The contestants were Messrs. A. E. Lard, St. Joseph, Mo.; M. H. Wilson, Cleveland, O.; Nelson Burroughs, Philadelphia; M. C. Parshall, Warren, Pa.; C. Gildersleeve, Warren, Pa.; C. A. Lockwood, A. C. Ketcham and Frank Presbrey, New York; F. M. Yost, Wm. Shireman and W. D. Matheson, Middletown, Pa. Messrs. Wilson and Lard tied on 27, and in the shoot-off the scores were: Lard, singles 13; doubles 15; total 28. Wilson, singles 16; doubles 14; total 30. A question was raised as to whether Wilson could score 16 out of a possible 15, and the committee decided that he could do so.

The fourth event of the series was held on Feb. 26. The conditions were 50 targets. There were thirteen contestants. The scores were: Lard 44, W. C. Cady, Cleveland, 41; A. C. Ketchum, 34, F. Presbrey 32, A. C. Lockwood 30, Wilson 29, Burroughs 27, Carl Gildersleeve, Warren, Pa., 24, P. Randolph, Philadelphia, 23; C. W. Baker, New York 20; I. C. B. Dana 19, P. Randolph, Jr., Philadelphia, 18; M. C. Parshall 16.

Mississippi Valley Association.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Feb. 25.—I inclose you herein clipping from our paper relating to coming shoots of our Association. It will be greatly appreciated by our Association if you will be so kind as to give this notice space in your next issue, and call attention to same in your locals, and also put same in your announcements of tournaments. Of course, do not put the New Orleans shoot in your announcements, as it has been held, and we are pleased to state it was a success in every way.

J. J. BRADFIELD,
Sec'y M. V. T. S. and G. P. A.

There will be some fine trapshooting by the members of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association during the coming year, and the future prospects are bright.

At a meeting held at the Hotel Carroll Saturday night, the following officers were elected for the year 1903: Major T. C. Pepper, of Bolton, Miss., President; Mr. J. J. Bradfield, Vicksburg, Miss., Secretary. These gentlemen are ardent sportsmen and will use every effort to make the year 1903 as successful as the retiring officers, Capt. H. T. Baker and Mr. C. W. Walton, of Natchez, Miss., have done in the past. A vote of thanks was extended to former President Baker and Secretary Walton for their efficient service to the Association.

After the election of officers the question of tournaments for 1903 came up, and it was decided to give tournaments at the following points and by the following clubs:

Vicksburg Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss., second week in May.
Memphis Gun Club, Memphis, Tenn., second week in June.
Caddo Gun Club, Shreveport, La., second weep in July.

The Association was started two years ago, and has been very successful. There are sixteen clubs in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee; members of the Association with a roll of 1,000 shooters, and their shoots have been very largely attended and ably managed. No amateurs barred or handicapped at any of their tournaments. Manufacturers' agents shoot for targets only.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather to-day the regular weekly shoot brought out eight men. The rain, falling in torrents when the shoot began, suddenly ceased, only to be followed by the wind blowing a hurricane, making shooting difficult. However, three 25-bird events were shot off, with results as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Traver	22	17	17	75	56
Claymark	18	17	14	75	49
Winans	17	17	..	50	34
Du Bois	18	18	..	50	36
Marshall	8	8	3	75	19
Smith	18	10	12	75	40
Perkins	19	20	22	75	61
Irving	20	14	..	50	34

Feb. 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club did not take place last Saturday on account of the death of Max Condit. Some of the boys could not wait for Saturday to roll around again, so had a little practice shoot to-day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Traver	22	21	15	..	75	58
Winans	19	20	19	..	75	58
Irving	19	21	..	..	50	40
Du Bois	16	..	19	19	75	54
Marshall	5	9	9	12	100	35
Smith	15	..	19	18	75	52
Buhler	13	..	..	..	25	13

SNANIWEH.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Feb. 28.—The club handicap had six contestants, Mr. I. W. Budd killing 10 straight. The second event was for the officers' trophy, 15 birds, handicap rise. Budd was also high man in this event, scoring 13, four others scoring 11. The shooting was most difficult, as the birds were aided by a very strong cross wind and heavy rain. The scores:

Club handicap:

Budd, 30.....2222222222—10
Rothaker, 29.....2222*20222— 8
Morris, 27.....2202200202— 6
McCoy, 30.....0002222202— 6
Geikler, 28.....0222200200— 5
Fitzgerald, 28.....1002112111— 8

Officers' trophy:

Budd, 30.....222212212222200—13
Rothaker, 29..2002122122202202—11
Morris, 27....2222200220020022—10
McCoy, 30.....0222222220022202—11
Geikler, 28....2022220200222222—11
Fitzgerald, 28.0110022121102l2—11

New York State Shoot.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As we understand, a place is soon to be selected for the State shoot this summer. The Cayuga County Shooting Club, of Auburn, N. Y., would like to hold it in June. We would have suitable grounds and give a satisfactory shoot, throwing targets at 2 cents.

H. Knox, President; Directors, Jos. N. Knapp, H. Knox, E. A. Wadsworth.

JOS. N. KNAPP, Sec'y-Treas.

The lady was Mrs. Nuvo Reesh, and she was telling an acquaintance of a fancy dress ball to which she and her family had been. "I was Mary Queen of Squots, and Henery was in the garbage of a Monk; and Willie, who, you know, is learning for a barrister, was a Mefistofells. And every time I passed either of 'em I struck an attitude, pointed, and said, 'Exit, Omo.' And then we suppurated."—Shooting Times.

Grand American Handicap Target Tournament.

THE Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap Target Tournament will be held at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., April 14 to 17, inclusive. $1,000 added.

The most parts of general interest in the programme are as follows:

All entries for the Grand American Handicap at targets must be made on application blanks, a copy of which will be found in this programme. Additional application blanks can be secured by addressing Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Conditions governing Grand American Handicap at targets are as follows:

One hundred targets, unknown angles, handicaps 14 to 25 yards, high guns—not class shooting. Two hundred dollars ($200) added to the purse by the Interstate Association. The number of moneys into which the purse will be divided will be determined by the number of entries received.

Entrance money $10, the price of targets being included. In addition to first money, the winner will receive a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

Regular entries must be made on or before April 1, 1903, and must be accompanied by $5 forfeit. The remaining $5 must be paid before 5 P. M., Wednesday, April 15. Entries mailed in envelopes bearing postmarks dated April 1 will be accepted as regular entries.

Penalty entries may be made after April 1, up to 5 P. M., Wednesday, April 15, by paying $15 entrance—targets included.

Division of money in the preliminary handicap, the Grand American Handicap at targets, and the Consolation Handicap, high guns win—not class shooting:

1 to 10 entries, two moneys—60 and 40 per cent.
11 to 20 entries, four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.
21 to 30 entries, six moneys—30, 20, 15, 13, 12 and 10 per cent.
31 to 40 entries, eight moneys—25, 20, 15, 12, 10, 8, 5 and 5 per cent.
41 to 50 entries, ten moneys—22, 18, 14, 11, 10, 8, 5, 5, 4 and 3 per cent.
51 to 60 entries, twelve moneys—20, 16, 13, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3 and 2 per cent.
61 to 70 entries, fourteen moneys—18, 15, 12, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
71 to 80 entries, sixteen moneys—16, 14, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2 2 and 2 per cent.
81 to 90 entries, eighteen moneys—15, 13, 10, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
91 to 100 entries, twenty moneys—14, 12, 9, 8, 7, 7, 6, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
101 to 110 entries, twenty-two moneys—13, 11, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
111 to 120 entries, twenty-four moneys—12, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
121 to 130 entries, twenty-six moneys—11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
131 to 140 entries, twenty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.
141 to 150 entries, thirty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1 and 1 per cent.
151 to 160 entries, thirty-two moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
161 to 170 entries, thirty-four moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
171 to 180 entries, thirty-six moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
181 to 190 entries, thirty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
191 to 200 entries, forty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
201 to 210 entries, forty-two moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
211 to 220 entries, forty-four moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
221 to 230 entries, forty-six moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
231 to 240 entries, forty-eight moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1 and 1 per cent.
241 to 250 entries and over, fifty moneys—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1

up the day with sixteen entries, and it was started at 10 birds, $5. It was cut down to 7 on account of darkness coming on. All events were divided Rose system, one money for each four entries or fraction. The handicaps to-day were 28yds., except Morfey, who stood at 31yds. Capt. Lenone tried, during the afternoon, to get some teams together outside of the Paterson teams, and have a race, but he could not succeed. Will probably try somewhere else before long. Don't be surprised when it comes along.

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Lenone	1101*11010—6	0112111—6
Van Horn	2002120211—7	202*121—5
Money	2202211021—8	1121222—7
G A Hopper	2122021*01—7	0212122—6
Bunn	21022011*1—7	2*22120—5
Morgan	20212210*1—7	2100200—3
Morfey	0222222*22—8	2222222—7
Martin	0222212202—8	.....
Munson	2202222222—9	0222222—6
Klotz	2002111102—7	1212222—7
A Doty	222222212*—9	2021112—6
Roberts	1020012*02—5	.....
Geo Hopper	222220*122—8	2222221—7
Sindel	2202021200—6	.....
Dunkerly	2100201210—6	.....
Radcliff	00101*2112—6	1020101—4
Francesco	22002**222—6	.....
Sherman	220*10*010—4	0100120—3
Connors	.....	0122220—5
Bowker	.....	0210121—5
Christy	.....	0101000—2

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	5	10	5	Targets:	5	10	5
Lenone	4	7	3	Gilbert	..	7	1
Money	..	9	3	Van Houten	..	..	5
G A Hopper	..	9	4	Bunn	..	..	1
Morgan	4	8	5	Radcliff	..	..	5
A Doty	4	9	4	Roberts	..	..	1
G Hopper	..	9	4	Morfey	..	..	5
Christy	5	6	4	Dunkerly	..	..	5
Statter	2	8	0	Munson	..	..	4
Fleishman	..	7	5	Barker	..	..	4
Abbensouth	..	8	4	Klotz	..	..	3
Mackay	..	4	4	Lindle	..	..	2
Heflich	..	7	4				

Shooting at St. Joseph.

The Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., gave a delightful day's sport on Feb. 22 to a big crowd of shooters on its fine grounds on Lake Contrary. The boys are warming up earnestly to the work of practicing for the forthcoming Missouri State meet, but the principal interest in this day's work was a series of individual matches for State championship honors.

J. W. Bramhall, for some time had defeated all comers for the live-bird championship of the State, had received four challenges from his Kansas City colleagues, and it was agreed to go to St. Joe and shoot four individual matches in one day, each at 25 birds per man, the challengers taking the winner in turn. Capt. Cunningham had provided a new set of underground traps for the occasion, and the birds were a good lot—so good that no high scores were made.

Bramhall was not in his usual good form, and lost the first match to Billy Clayton. The latter successfully defended his honors against Paul Franke and Alex. Holmes, but lost in the final race to Harry Tipton.

Then followed a live-bird sweep at 10 birds. In this, Riehl, Elliott, Franke and Holmes killed straight.

In the afternoon Fred Arnhold, of St. Joe, defeated F. E. Rogers, challenger, in a match at 50 targets for the Lake trophy.

An all-day target programme of 150 birds was also shot. In this Arnholdt won first and Riehl second place, with one bird between them. Scores:

Live-bird sweep:

Riehl	1222222221—10	Clayton	1020111121— 8
Arnhold	1122202112— 9	Franke	2122121221—10
Elliott	2122121222—10	Cunningham	2222022222— 9
Dougherty	0112122101— 8	Holmes	2212121112—10
Murphy	2202222222— 9	Conser	0222012011— 7
Bramhall	2222222202— 9	Libbe	2200220020— 5
Tipton	2101111000— 6		

Regular target programme:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Riehl	15	12	13	12	15	14	14	14	12	15
Franke	13	..	..	12	13	10	..	..	..	..
Elliott	10	10	14	13	14	12	12	10	13	..
Murphy	15	12	11	13	14	10	13	13	14	9
Dougherty	11	12	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
Tipton	10	13	..	..	14	13	13	13	..	..
Cunningham	12	12	12	14	14	11	14	14	15	13
Holmes	12	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lytle	13	13	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arnhold	13	14	15	14	14	15	12	12	13	15
Conser	..	14	12	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Clayton	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hesse	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rogers	..	12	13	13	..	14	9	11	..	..
Stinson	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
Hensley	..	10	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	11
Nelson	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	13	12	..
Rush	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vogel	..	..	..	..	10	11	12	13	12	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Zim	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	14	15	13
Chandlee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
Wilberger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11

Match for Lake Improvement Co. trophy, 50 targets per man:

F Arnhold.....11101011111011111111111111111111111111111111111110—46
F E Rogers.....11101011111111111111011111111101011110111011011011—40

The championship matches—First match:

Bramhall ..... 02002222220210201021212 2—18
Clayton ..... 22220011110111212222122 1—22

Second match:

Clayton .....11011221222221211111212101—23
Franke .....22122121122202122212011 02—22

Third match:

Holmes .....22211222220211121211100 12—22
Clayton .....11211120121121211110111 21—23

Fourth match:

Tipton .....01011021112112220120222 01—19
Clayton .....21221011201122122011200 00—18

WESTERN TRAP.

Chicago—Milwaukee.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 16.—The race between the South Side, of Milwaukee, and Nonpareil, of Chicago, was won by Chicago yesterday in a blinding snowstorm and a keen wind by a score of 92 to 85. Only two straights were made—one by Capt. O. Von Lengerke, and one by E. Graham, both of the Chicago team. The birds were good, and the conditions hard. The race was shot as below:

Milwaukee Team.		Chicago Team.	
Thomas	2202202222— 8	Roll	2012122112— 9
Shumway	2102020220— 6	E Graham	2222222222—10
Capt	0222222222— 9	Barto	1202022202— 7
Chase	2220221201— 8	J Graham	2222222022— 9
Rogers	2221222202— 9	Kuss	2202202222— 8
Weaver	0212220201— 7	Hess	2122212220— 9
Black	0201222220— 7	Amberg	2211220012— 8
Mortimer	2212100022— 7	Willard	0102222122— 8
Rutledge	0222222222— 9	Von Lengerke	2222222222—10
Chase	2222202110— 8	Myrick	2222202002— 7
Gilbert	0201220222— 9—85	Adams	1121210002— 7—92

Sweepstake, $3 entrance:

Roll	22111—5	Shumway	02222—4
Weber	22212—5	Kuss	22222—5
Willard	11121—5	Von	22222—5
Lord	00222—3	Thomas	20222—4
Hess	12222—5	C Klepinski	02121—4
Barto	12211—5	Black	22200—3
Myrick	00002—1	Rogers	10020—2
Chase	02212—4	Weaver	00020—1
Amberg	21122—5	J Graham	22222—5
Rutledge	22222—5		

E. H.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The Washington Birthday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was well attended—31 shooters faced the traps. Had it not been for the sad loss of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club—the death of their captain, Max Condit—which kept them from participating, the attendance would have been a record breaker for this club. We will appoint a special day for the inter-county shoot, probably some Saturday afternoon in the near future. We had with us to-day some of our old friends and some new ones, which were alike welcomed. Sim Glover, E. Eichoff, J. Hoffman, Al Smith, E. Le Boutellier, A. Adams and C. C. Gerow came up from New York City and vicinity; P. Smith, F. Buckley and H. Marshall, of Poughkeepsie, and our old friend Bob Quimby, from Armonk, with a jolly bunch of non-shooters. The main event was a distance handicap, 14-18 yards, for a fine set of mounted antlers, presented by Mr. H. W. Bissing, and a sweepstake on the side, 25 birds. I. T. Washburn and W. H. Coleman shot way up in this event, each scoring 23 from 16-yard line. In the shoot off Washburn won with a score of 21 to Coleman's 17. M. H. Dyckman got first money with 21. High percentage was made by Glover, 86 per cent.; Blandford second, with 83 per cent. The targets were thrown full 50 yards, and were made deceptive in their flight by wind and glare of the snow. Mr. E. F. Ball has been chosen as delegate for this club to the meeting of the N. Y. A. P. G. and F. at Rochester, to be held March 7.

The yard handicaps apply in event 5 only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Per
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	15	5p	15	Cent.
S Glover, 18	12	13	14	13	20	15	9	12	86
I Washburn, 16	11	13	12	10	23	14	5	13	80
C Blandford, 18	13	10	13	14	20	14	8	13	83
M Dyckman, 16	7	9	8	8	21	..	6	..	
W Coleman, 16	9	14	13	11	23	13	8	8	79
J C Barlow	11	6	12	11	16	..	..	..	
Hans, 16	12	5	13	9	..	13	..	10	
E Eichoff, 16	6	6	10	7	19	..	5	9	
F Buckley, 16	7	8	6	9	14	..	..	..	
R Kromer, 14	10	13	11	..	18	..	..	..	
R Quimby, 18	..	10	9	7	20	..	7	8	
J Hoffman, 14	..	..	10	14	19	13	9	13	82
G Hubbell	..	..	13	..	19	..	..	12	
C Gerow	8	11	10	12	..	11	..	..	
Bruin	10	6	..	..	..	..	6	5	
A Rowland	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	
G Gerlach	..	..	5	..	..	..	3	..	
E Becker	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Adams	..	..	3	..	..	4	..	..	
W Fisher	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	
A Rohr, 14	..	..	..	7	17	..	..	..	
D Brandreth, 16	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	
Le Boutellier	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	
A Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	
P Smith	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	
Al Smith	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	

Other Events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
F Becker	5	7	..	4	..	..	Eichoff	4	5	4	..	..	7
E Ball	8	..	8	9	..	9	Hubbell	9	9	6	8	9	..
A Bedell	..	5	6	..	..	..	E Becker	5	5	..	3	7	5
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	7	Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	6
Glover	9	8	..	10	8	8	Barlow	..	..	..	..	..	6
Washburn	9	7	9	..	10	8	Buckley	..	..	..	..	..	5
Blandford	9	9	6	7	9	9	Rowland	..	..	..	..	..	4
Dyckman	6	6	..	8	7	8	Fisher	6	3	..	..	..	..
Hans	8	7	6	8	6	10							

The inclosed scores of the Ossining Gun Club were made at the regular Saturday shoot, Feb. 28. The first three events were shot from 16yds., when the rain started to pour down in torrents and the shooters were forced back to the 22yd. line under the porch roof. Between the rain, fog and wind there wasn't much done in the way of good scores. Events 7, 8, and 9 were shot from 16yds. Event 3 was for the handicap cup. There were only four entries, in which G. B. Hubbell came out alone with a clean score, including his handicap of misses as breaks.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	10	10
C G Blandford	10	7	..	8	8	6	8	..	..
E Bell	9	9	..	5	8.	7	..	..	..
G Hubbell	6	7	25	5	6	5	4	..	..
W Fisher	8	8	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Clark	6	5	23	6	8	5	5	5	9
M Dyckman	..	7	22	4	4	3	8	7	9

Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were at 5 pairs each.

C. G. B.

Birch Brook Gun Club.

TWENTY-TWO shooters faced the traps at Lynnhurst, Feb. 23, in a gale of wind, and anyone who has tried smashing targets under such conditions can make allowance for the apparently poor shooting. Among the visiting shooters were Ingalls, Bell and du Pont, of the Harvard Gun Club; Miller and Lozier, of the Haverhill Gun Club; Leroy; Baker of the Brockton Gun Club; Kirkwood and Williams of the Boston Gun Club, and Keller, son of T. H. Keller.

Events 5, 6, 7 and 8 constituted the prize event, prizes, $5, $2.50 and $1, in gold. Leroy captured first with 38 out of a possible 50; Lozier 2d, with 37, and Lovering 3d, with 36.

Three hundred and fifty-five targets were thrown. Events 1, 5, and 9 were thrown from Expert traps, regular angles; events 2, 6 and 10 Expert traps, reverse angles; all the rest unknown angles from the magautrap. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	15
Ingalls, 18	11	4	9	5	12	4	9	7	10	6	12	4	8	..	..
Bell, 18	15	5	13	7	12	6	8	5	10	8	10	7	7	..	..
Du Pont, 18	11	5	10	6	6	5	12	5	10	6	7	8	7	..	..
Miller, 17	10	7	10	5	9	4	6	5	6	6	7	4	..	..	..
Lozier, 17	13	7	3	3	13	5	13	6	10	5	7	7	..	..	..
Leroy, 20	11	8	13	7	12	6	12	8	14	7	13	8	..	10	..
Baker, 19	10	8	10	7	5	6	9	5	10	5	14	5	8	11	12
Frank, 19	12	6	9	7	7	6	12	7	13	3	6	9	..	11	11
Kirkwood, 19	11	8	14	7	9	8	8	5	10	5	10	9	6	14	..
Keller, 16	10	4	9	5	8	4	9	7	10	3	8	9	4	10	..
Williams, 16	13	5	12	6	9	5	5	7	13	5	5	8	..	..	..
Fenton, 16	9	7	11	6	8	5	9	8	14	5	11	9	5	..	..
Rand, 17	12	5	6	4	7	4	2	5	11	4	10	3	..	..	..
Straw, 17	9	8	10	5	8	4	7	5	12	6	11	7	..	..	..
Hastings, 17	13	4	9	5	6	6	8	3	11	6	9	5	..	..	..
Sabin, 15	9	4	8	9	7	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yelmah, 15	2	4	3	2	7	5	5	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Muldown, 15	10	2	10	7	11	4	7	7	10	..	10	..	..	..	..
Roberts, 16	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rowe, 16	..	..	..	..	9	12	2	8	6	9	..	7	..	4	..
Lovering, 17	..	..	..	..	8	12	7	10	7	11	3	9	..	..	..
Steele, 15	..	..	..	..	1	4	0	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Trap at Omaha.

There was a marked revival of interest in trapshooting at Omaha. For a good portion of the past year there was not much work done at the traps in this city, but the boys are now making up for lost time. Nearly every day in the week there is some sort of a programme, and Manager McDonald says he expects a record season.

An interesting event this week was a race between W. D. Townsend and D. Burgess at fifty live birds, $50 per side. It was an intensely cold day, and the scores proved a tie on 44, which it was agreed to shoot out in another match at some later date.

On the 21st there was a live bird match, handicapped from 28 to 32 yards. This was won by F. C. Riehl, who killed straight from scratch. A target programme of 100 birds was also shot, in which Riehl made the creditable score of 98.

Billy Townsend, who is the Nebraska oracle on trapshooting matters, says that there was never such a prospect for a lively season at the trap in that State.

One of the notable evidences of this tendency to the occasional visitor is the many new faces met with on the shooting grounds.

Mr. F. S. Parmelee, one of the old and best-known trap shots in the country, has decided, much to the regret of his friends, to reside in future in Texas. Although Frank has quit the game, it will not seem well with the old-timers to find his genial face missing when they visit Omaha.

KILLMORE.

Plover Gun Club.

PLOVER, Iowa, Feb. 18.—Yesterday morning with the thermometer registering 16 below zero, 11 shooters went to the Plover Gun Club grounds to take part in the first day's programme. After shooting six events, it was decided to postpone the tournament until to-day, get an early start and finish programme, as indications were for warmer weather. This morning the thermometer showed 21 below, and the club decided to postpone the tournament until they would be assured of pleasant weather. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	Total.	Average.
W J Smith	10	14	12	12	18	9	66	.694
W W Coffin	12	11	11	10	12	9	56	.589
J A Smith	7	10	11	10	17	..	55	.578
H Schuler	11	11	8	10	13	..	43	.452
W A Nelson	7	11	11	4	..	..		
F L De Mill	9	10	..	11	14	..		
J Groff	8	8	7	..	..	..		
M H Cook	9	..	4	9	..	5		
C H De Mill	..	8	10	..	..	8		
G H Liddell	..	..	..	..	..	8		
H T Vusheon	..	..	..	4	..	..		

HAWKEYE.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 23.—At Riverside the Riverside Gun Club held a most successful shoot to-day. Twenty-seven shooters participated. Only part of the programme was shot. The remainder will be shot off on March 17. Many of the events had merchandise prizes. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	5	10	10		10	5	Targets:	5	10	10		10	5
Jenny	3	9	10	2	10	4	Lenhart	4	7	8	5	..	..
Race	3	8	6	2	8	..	D Loughlin	4	..	..	..	..	4
Deck	2	7	7	3	7	3	Valentine	..	..	7	4	8	..
Milgate	..	6	10	3	7	3	Watts	2	10	10	5	10	5
Clark	3	5	6	3	8	3	Brunner	3	9	9	4	10	2
Biddlecome	2	7	8	0	9	4	Sloane	2	7	9	9	9	2
Windheim	4	6	7	3	10	3	Bennett	..	6	5	3	6	2
Emery	3	8	9	2	8	4	W Wagner	..	7	9	9	8	4
Fuller	2	6	8	2	8	3	Jones	4	8	8	0	5	5
Maine	4	8	8	2	6	4	Avery	..	7	8	3	7	..
Newton	3	5	6	0	6	3	Wilcox	..	9	8	0	5	5
J Wagner	..	6	9	3	8	5	Cook	..	..	..	3	8	4
Kaley	4	6	8	3	7	3	Teesdale	2	6	..	..	..	..
Teller	2	7	9	3	10	5							

No. 4 was a miss-and-out.

Wingohocking Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 25.—Appended are the scores of the monthly shoot of the Wingohocking Gun Club, made on the club grounds to-day. There were twelve contestants. The birds were an unusually strong lot, and those who particularly drew screamers made some sensational kills. Messrs. Steese and Kister killed straight, shooting in their usual good form. Shilling was very much in hard luck, each of his lost birds being dead out of bounds. Brewer Fritsch was somewhat more fortunate, and quite surprised at himself, the major part of his kills appearing as though out of bounds from stage fright, returning into bounds to be scored as kills. The scores:

Mitchner	220000221—5	Naylor	01022 —3
Briely	020222110—6	Campbell	1*11*11* —5
Wunder	200022122—5	Fritsch	12202121 —7
Scott	102202211—7	Mallon	22001121 —6
Shilling	01222***0—4	Steese	11122112 —8
Hothersall	00221121 —6	Kister	11221212 —8

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Peculiarities of the Southerners' Dialect.

The Southerner has a soft, long drawn out tone of voice that has a musical sound. A well-known character in the Northern and New England States is Mr. John T. Patrick, of Pinebluff, North Carolina, who has for years represented the great Seaboard Air Line Railway, and has induced many people from the North to locate on that line of road. Mr. Patrick has many friends North who are always glad to see him, but sometimes get confused as well as interested at his expressions and pronunciation. If he wants you to meet him at his hotel and take lunch he will say. "Come around to the Parker House this evening." Evening with him and all Southerners is between twelve o'clock and sun down. In pronouncing Concord, N. H., it takes him three times as long as it does a New Englander. He says Con-c-o-r-d with a musical ring to the cord, and the same in pronouncing such words as length, strength and woman. He cannot get our Northern quick, short pronunciation, and we do not care if he can't, for his Southern way of talking has a catchy pleasantness about it that is interesting to his friends in this section.—*Adv.*

Last Florida Tour.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The last Pennsylvania Railroad tour of the season to Jacksonville, allowing almost three months in Florida, will leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington March 3.

Excursion tickets, including railway transportation, Pullman accommodations (one berth), and meals en route while going on the special train, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50.00; Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington, $48.00; Pitsburg, $53.00, and at proportionate rates from other points. Returning, passengers will use regular trains until May 31, 1903.

For tickets, itineraries, and other information apply to ticket agents, or to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., have perfected and patented an automatic ejector that they believe will be an addition worthy to be attached to the "Old Reliable," thereby adding to its efficiency. They are, we are informed, applying the automatic ejector to their high grade guns only, $150, $200, $300 and $400 catalogue price, at $25 list extra. On account of the demand for Parker guns without ejectors they cannot possibly furnish the lower grades of guns with ejectors at present.

The firm of Messrs. J. Bernard & Son, of London, dealers in fishing tackle, have recently removed from their old quarters at 5 Church Place, where they had been established for over one hundred years—for ninety years in the old building recently pulled down, and for fifteen years before that in another building on the old site. Antiquity of residence such as this is unknown in America. Messrs. Bernard & Son send their catalogue on application.

Messrs. G. F. Heublein & Bro., manufacturers of the celebrated club cocktails, have issued a blotter with a handsome celluloid cover and also very amusing illustrated booklet of Drinking Terms, which will be sent to applicants. The story given of the origin of the American cocktail is an interesting one, whether it is true or not.

Florida—Thomasville—Augusta.

Atlantic Coast Line's famous trains, 8:55 A. M. daily. "New York & Florida Special," 2:10 P. M. week days. Apply at office, 1161 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

The Remington Arms Co., 313-315 Broadway, New York, have added some new guns to their production which are illustrated and described in their catalogue. They call special attention to their new No. 7 rifle, target and sporting, latest model.

The Newcastle Kennels, Brookline, Mass., call attention to the number of their Scottish terrier stud dogs, eight in all, and to the combination of famous blood in their pedigrees, every possible combination of desirable blood being included therein.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SPRING SHOOTING.

ONE of the most important measures now before the game committees of the New York Legislature is Senator Brown's bill to forbid the spring shooting of wildfowl. The question at issue is whether New York shall put itself in line with other States and the Provinces in its longitudinal range and give the fowl a free course on the spring journey to the breeding grounds. The chart printed on another page shows the situation at a glance.

The ducks come to us in the late summer or early fall, and over much of the country the shooting lasts for about eight months. During this long open season it is obvious that, with the number of gunners that exist and the present easy means of transit from north to south, and from east to west, more birds are killed each season than were bred the summer before. The supply of wildfowl is constantly decreasing.

There is but one remedy for this. We cannot breed ducks and turn them loose on our waters as we breed fish to stock our lakes and streams. No method has yet been devised of rearing these birds in captivity. We must shorten the open season so that each year a less number of birds may be killed, and more may be saved to return to their northern breeding grounds, where for a few months they are measurably free from pursuit by man.

If it is worth while to keep up the supply of these birds, it is evident that some months must be cut off from this long open season, and the only question to be determined is whether these months shall be taken from the earlier or the later part of the season. As to this there can be little doubt. The autumn is the time to shoot wildfowl, and they should be protected during the late winter and early spring when they have mated and are starting, or are about to start, for their breeding grounds.

An important reason for abandoning in New York the practice of shooting wildfowl in the spring is that by doing so we shall at once induce a large number of these birds to remain with us through the summer to rear their young in all places suitable to their habits. At present the birds are shot at from the time of their arrival to that of their departure. They have no opportunity to select nesting places, and those so persistent as to strive to rear their young in the State of New York are quite certain to be killed before the young are hatched. Formerly several species of our best ducks bred in New York State, not only on and near Long Island, but about many of the beautiful lakes which are scattered over the central and northern portion of the State. To-day it is impossible for the birds to breed in such situations in any numbers owing to continued pursuit by gunners.

Many of the birds which on their migration north and south stop for rest on the Great South Bay and Long Island Sound, if undisturbed in the spring would not migrate beyond the borders of New York State, but would nest and rear their young with us.

The State of New York is fortunate in having within its borders an object lesson most instructive to sportsmen and to legislators. In Jefferson county, where for two years spring shooting on petition of the residents has been abolished, the testimony is overwhelming that there have never before been known so many birds as during these two years. Black ducks have bred there in great numbers, as well as mallards, broadbills and redheads. The shooting there in autumn has been far better than ever before; and similar conditions may be looked forward to for the whole State when the Legislature shall in its wisdom see fit to forbid spring shooting throughout New York.

The State which owns the game exercises its ownership and control for the benefit of all its citizens. It does not —or at least it should not—legislate in favor of any class or clique or special locality. It wishes its citizens to use its game and its forests, but it does not wish to have one man unduly successful at the expense of ninety-nine of his fellows. It is for this reason that nets, dynamite or poison are forbidden in the case of certain fish, swivel guns in the case of wildfowl, and traps in the case of certain large game. The State considers the greatest good of the greatest number, and cannot permit a community or a county to stand in the way of a great reform.

COLD STORAGE.

WE print elsewhere the comprehensive and well considered review of the relation of cold storage to game, in a paper read by Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey, before the Warehousemen's Association. The cold storage system, now so highly perfected, is one of the most serious factors we have to contend with in providing adequate protection for our game. The cold storage vault makes practicable the preservation of dead game for an indefinite period. It has multiplied many fold the market capacity. By the agency of cold storage game may be, and it is, supplied to consumers the year around. Game birds from cold storage are served in the city in hotels, restaurants, clubs and on private tables in the close season. This illicit traffic is one which we shall probably never see entirely suppressed, but it may be materially reduced.

As the special agent of the Government charged with the execution of the Lacey Act, Dr. Palmer has done admirable and efficient service, and his knowledge of the situation is such as to give the weight of authority to what he says. His suggestions to the warehousemen for the rules of business conduct in their relation to the owners of game are these:

1. That no game placed in storage would be delivered during the close season, directly or indirectly.

2. That no game would be received except in packages marked with the owner's name and a true state of contents. If inspection showed that any packages were falsely marked the storage charges on such packages would be increased 10 per cent.

3. (By insertion of clause in storage contract or otherwise) That all game would be received only at owner's risk and subject to all the restrictions of the State laws.

These rules are such as might be adopted without the slightest hesitation; indeed, to enforce such precautions as are here indicated would appear to be mere ordinary business prudence. If the Arctic Freezer Company, of this city, which loaded itself up with illicit game and is now carrying the burden of expensive suits, had adopted some such rule, the proprietors would have been in much happier state of mind to-day.

Is it not about time for cold storage concerns everywhere to take the stand, with respect to game, that they will do business on the square, and will not permit themselves to be used as fences for dishonest dealers in game out of season?

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

IN the affairs of Madison Square Garden, great events almost tread on each other's heels in the hasty swiftness of their going and coming.

After a successful two weeks, the Sportsmen's Show closed on last Saturday evening. But the sound of hammer and saw could be heard some days before its closing in preparation for the installation of the circus—"The greatest show on earth," in the grandiloquent jargon of the press agent—which follows closely in the Garden after the Sportsmen's Show. And yet the two institutions, the Sportsmen's Show and the circus show, so different in name and so different in properties, have many things in common. Both have reached a stage where, in the genius of their promoters and managers. they cater to the amusement cravings of their patrons, and seem to achieve a consequent success at the gate. Both, the circus in general and the Sportsmen's Show in particular, have features which are entirely foreign to what their titles signify. Each in turn has features which the other has not. For instance, the circus has a good zoological department, in which are specimens of big game animals and game birds; the Sportsmen's Show did not have any. The show had a theatrical dominating feature; the circus has it not.

Still, the big Garden amphitheater was not without some realism of the wilderness in the way of delicate suggestion, some few little bare trees grouped modestly in a place or two serving amply for that purpose. Apart from that, any suggestion of fields and forests was left to the imagination of the visitor. That was the general effect.

There was some fly-casting, in a subdued way. The trade exhibits were excellent, but the supplementary Sportsmen's Show features which completed the connections between trade and sport of field and stream, were meagre. The meagreness was accentuated by being trifling.

The real features of the show were the canoe tilting matches and the cantata, Hiawatha. The tilting is related in a way to outdoor sport, the singing not at all. The cantata, however, was the dominant feature of the whole show. While it proved a great drawing card from its novelty, from the prestige derived from the poem and from the excellent chorus and soloists who accompanied it, it should have been an accessory to the show instead of the dominant attraction.

In the main, the show was theatrical. The true title would more properly have been, "Hiawatha, with some accessories of sportsmanship."

Apart from the excellent trade exhibits, there was nothing of an educational character to interest the sportsman.

The circus which follows the Sportsmen's Show in the Garden events caters to the amusement and diversion of its patrons, and sails under its proper title. This is one of the properties not possessed in common.

IT would be pretty late in the day to start a crusade against the cruelty of trapping. The practice has been going on for some thousands of years, and many millions of creatures, large and small, have been trapped. Hundreds of thousands are trapped annually. Traps and killing devices vary as to the degree of cruelty involved in their operation. In large proportion the traps are deadfalls which break the neck or the back and kill speedily. Others, set for water prey, draw beneath the surface and drown. To institute a movement to change the character of the trapper's pursuit would of course amount to nothing. Trapping is done in the far wilderness; it is beyond the influence of sportsmen's sentiment or public discussion. The specific Nova Scotia snaring of moose which has prompted our correspondent's suggestion is, however, an evil against which the sportsmen of the Province are contending with much promise of success. This mode of capturing the game appears to be practiced in Nova Scotia more commonly than anywhere else. Agents of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society are constantly patrolling the woods, hunting out and destroying moose snares, and arresting and prosecuting the snarers. Notwithstanding the destruction by snares and the legal killing—350 were lawfully killed in 1902—the moose are reported to be holding their own.

THE millionaire—as to his nature, work and ways—is a topic prolific of discussion in the journalism of the day. The subject is a broad one, for your millionaire is, after all, a human being, and any discussion of him must then be as broad and far reaching and all embracing as human nature. If we were to give free scope to the debate on millionaires, which it would be one of the simplest things in the world to set going in the FOREST AND STREAM, there would be left no room for the contributors who want to tell us of their moose and trout, adventures and misadventures—things which are much more worth while writing about and reading about. The millionaire as a game preserve promoter is a legitimate subject of discussion; or rather, it should be, since the game preserve, by whomever owned, is one of the live topics of the day in the sportsmen's special field; and a consideration of the pros and the cons should prove not only interesting but suggestive and instructive.

THAT is a simple, cheap, practicable and readily provided fish saver which Dr. Henshall has devised and described in our fishing columns. It is so simple and ready-to-hand that it deserves, and doubtless will have, general adoption in the irrigation districts.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Posts of the Fur Trade.

OF the old posts of the American fur trade which once dotted the banks of the Missouri, the Platte, and other of our western rivers and lakes, few traces now remain. One may turn over in a hotel at Mackinac the account books of the Astor traffic in that portion of the then Northwest, and at other points in the far West the remnant of a log stockade or tumble-down building, once part of an old trading post, may still be found. But the march of settlement, the competition of private traders, and the disappearance of game long ago relegated the distinctive posts of the fur trade to the oblivion of desuetude, as they broke the monopoly of the traffic itself.

It is only north of the forty-ninth parallel, where the fur trade is yet largely under corporate control, that its trading posts still constitute, as they did a hundred years ago, the centers of commerce and industry of great districts. Time moves slowly in that region; and though in recent years the tide of immigration has in its southern portion wrought many changes, in the north the posts still stand much as they were when the long struggle between the Northwest Fur Company and the company of adventurers from England trading into Hudson's Bay ended by coalition in 1821.

At that date the posts of the fur trade had been scattered throughout the northern quarter of the continent, and as they were then, so in greater part they are to-day. The requisitions for the trade of this year repeat those made when Samuel Hearne set forth from Fort Fond du Lac to reach the Frozen Sea, and Mackenzie wandered out from Fort Chipewyan to explore the great river that bears his name. The staples of the Indian trade are still the same. The red man brings to the post his winter catch of marten and beaver and musquash, and gets in return strouds and cotton cloth and beads and ammunition. But he knows better now the value of his furs, and is no longer willing to pay for his trade musket by piling up beaver skins beside its barrel until they are level with the muzzle.

The necessities of transportation had, of course, first consideration in the location of the posts of the fur trade. In the early days of the traffic, practically all transport was by water. Forts and factories were built on the sea coast; for the receipt of goods and the shipment of furs by sea greatly simplified the problem of transportation. It was easier to let the Indians bring their furs down the rivers to the coast than for the traders to push inland. After a time, however, supplies found their way by boat and canoe through the Great Lakes, and thence into the interior by river and stream. The English company no longer confined its operations to the shores of Hudson's Bay, but using its factories there largely as depots, forwarded its supplies thence westward and northward by lake and waterway to the Rockies and the far-away banks of the Athabasca and Great Slave Lake. The heights of land were portaged—the goods unloaded and carried by the boatmen from the head of one stream to that of another, and the boats then dragged or carried over, to be launched anew.

Inevitably the process was a slow one. Owing to the vast distances traversed, goods destined for the far western and northern posts were two and sometimes three years in transit. Reaching the shores of Hudson's Bay in August or early September, they lay in the depots there until the ice left the rivers in the ensuing spring. Then they began their inland journey, following the courses of the rivers entering the bay, to reach in the autumn the posts on Lake Winnipeg. There they remained during another winter, when they were again started westward and northward; a part finding lodgment among the posts along the route, and the remainder again stored in the larger forts further to the north for distribution during the following year to the remoter posts and outposts.

Limited thus to water transport, the posts of the fur trade were located primarily with a view to their accessibility by boat and canoe, strategic position being, of course, assured. They stand, therefore, for the most part, on the second or lower bank of lake and stream, though not infrequently they are perched on the loftier outer bank, with a view of long river reaches and wide stretches of forest and plain. Briefly, they may be described as collections of wooden buildings grouped together in square or oblong form, and surrounded by stockades of hewn logs. In the far north, however, this defense is frequently lacking; while in the southern portions of the territory it was, until comparatively recent years, stout and lofty, and so reinforced by bastions as to suggest a military stronghold rather than a peaceful trading establishment.

This difference was, of course, chiefly due to the exigencies of the trade. In the prairie region, extending from the forty-ninth parallel to the sub-Arctic forest north of the north branch of the Saskatchewan, traffic was with Indians of the plains. These were predatory, horse-riding, buffalo-hunting tribes, warring with each other and fairly supplied through free-traders from the American side of the line, with modern weapons of precision. And though the Hudson's Bay Company dwelt on fairly amicable terms with them, the Indians finding it to their interest to permit the maintenance of trading posts among them, peace could not always be relied upon. It sometimes happened that Cree, or Blackfoot, or Stony insisted upon a credit which could not be given him, or thought himself cheated in a trade, or became possessed with a wild desire to acquire the white man's goods without an equivalent in furs and robes. In this event, and especially when a small quantity of spirits was distributed after a general barter of robes, the protection of a stout stockade was essential to the maintenance of the fur trade.

In the north, however, the tribes were less warlike and dangerous. They were largely wood Indians, without horses, and practically inaccessible to other traders than those of the Hudson's Bay Company. Their supply of firearms was only that which the company chose to give, and was limited to the single-barreled trade musket of short range. They hunted the moose, bear and reindeer, fished in the rivers and lakes, and trapped the smaller fur-bearing animals.

As game was scarcer than in the plain country, and the Indians were always improvident, it often happened that the fur company had to tide them over a hard winter from its own stores, giving them gratuitously the very provisions it had purchased from them in the summer. The relations between the two were thus more friendly, and the Indians more dependent than in the plains. In consequence, the wooden palisade about the northern posts of the fur trade, and especially the smaller outposts, were sometimes omitted; and, though they generally appear, their utility is rather to isolate the little garrison and prevent pilfering than for defense.

The stockades are usually made of stout logs, placed horizontally or upright in the ground, with projecting bastions at each corner, though in a few of the larger posts in the south they are built partly or wholly of stone. The term "fort," generally applied to the posts of the fur trade, is especially applicable to these latter, which, at a distance, present much of the appearance of the old-time military fortification. The high walls are pierced with loopholes and embrasures, the heavy, two-story turrets project sufficiently to give an enfilading fire, and a wooden gallery extending about the inside of the walls, affords standing room for riflemen. Another name often used interchangeably with forts and posts and houses to denote the stations of the trade, is that of "factories," which, however, applies more strictly to the receiving posts on the coast, notably to those on the south and west shores of Hudson's Bay.

Inside the stockade, facing the gateway, and occupying the center of the inclosure, generally stands the residence of the factor or trader in charge, and of the clerks and upper class of employes. The building is usually a substantial two-story structure, roomy and comfortably furnished. In it is held the officers' mess, and whatever of social life there is in the post may be said to transpire there. Here the passing stranger is entertained, the meager budget of local and foreign news discussed, the little hoard of books and newspapers kept, and the indoor games and pastimes indulged in.

In summer, at the larger posts, it is likely to be the scene of much bustle and excitement, due to the entertainment of offiers from other posts en route in charge of boat brigades. But in winter, when the snow lies deep within the stockade, and trade is almost suspended, and the daily routine becomes largely a matter of form, the little community is driven back upon its own resources for enjoyment. It is then that books and papers and music become serious occupations, and that anything which may break the monotony of daily life and offer a new experience is eagerly sought.

Ranged about the palisade, and facing in to form a hollow square, stand the other buildings of the post—the trading-shop, the goods and fur warehouses, the houses of the men, etc. They are substantial structures, built of logs and hand-sawn lumber, with roofs generally of the pavilion shape. The trade-room, the object of deepest interest to the stranger, differs little in appearance from the general store on our western frontier. Upon its shelves are found all the staple articles of the Indian trade—blankets, clothes of all colors, capotes, bright handkerchiefs, beads, firesteels and fish hooks, steel traps, canoe awls, needles, paint, etc. From the rafters hang kettles, tin and iron ware, and other commodities likely to be required by the red man. In the posts in the prairie country guns used to be largely kept in stock; and in later years, owing to the competition of free-traders, a considerable trade was done in magazine arms. In the north, however, traffic in these weapons has always been discouraged, primarily for the better protection of game, but also to diminish the possibility of formidable attack.

In all the posts there is a large trade in tea, the consumption of which in the territory under the influence of the fur company is enormous, in one department alone exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand pounds annually. Tobacco also figures largely in the yearly requisitions, mostly in the shape of manufactured plug, which the Indians and half-breeds cut fine and mix with the bark of the gray willow in smoking. Liquors are sold in considerable quantities at the posts contiguous to white settlements; but in the remoter districts their sale is practically prohibited, and in no case are they given the Indians in exchange for furs.

Formerly, along the southern line of posts, in the prairie country, a small quantity of spirits was issued at the conclusion of a trade for robes in which a considerable body of Indians took part; though then only on condition that it should be "drunk off the premises," that is, at a distance of a mile or more from the post. Moreover, knowledge born of long experience, that the red man would inevitably demand a further supply, always led to a resolute bolting of gates against his return.

The custom was, however, regarded as a nuisance by the fur company. It was continued chiefly to retain a trade in robes which, without it, would have gone to the free-traders, always ready to supply liquors when the ordinary articles of traffic proved unattractive. What a nuisance it was will appear from an incident related by an officer in charge at Fort Pelly. It seems that his predecessor at the post had on several occasions yielded to the importunities of the Indians, and violated the rule against furnishing a second supply of spirits. When the new officer attempted to put the prohibition into force, an attack was promptly made upon the post, continued in desultory fashion for three days, during which business was entirely suspended, and the exposed portions of the houses riddled with bullets.

In the old days of the fur trade, as it still is in the more northerly and remote posts, trade was wholly a matter of barter, so many furs for so much goods.

The unit of computation was the "castor," a beaver skin, which seldom exceeded two English shillings in value. By this standard all payment for services was made, and the prices of all other furs were governed. Thus the Indian paid for his six-shilling blanket three beavers, and received for his Rocky Mountain sable, say, from twenty to thirty beavers. Visiting the trading shop, he handed over his skins to the trader, who separated them into piles, and placed the valuation upon each. If the red man had sixty beavers' worth he was given sixty little pieces of wood representing the number of castors. With these, when his debt for advances was paid, he proceeded to supply his wants, never stopping until his last wooden coin was expended.

But while this system of barter still obtains throughout the larger part of the fur company's domain, in a rapidly increasing number of posts, the dollar is becoming the recognized medium of exchange, superseding the promissory notes of the corporation. These notes, with which business was formerly transacted with the whites and half-breeds at the posts along the borders of civilization, were redeemable by bills of exchange drawn at sixty days' sight on the Hudson's Bay Company in London. They were of several denominations, from one shilling to five pounds, were about the size of a half sheet of letter paper, and were known euphoniously as "Hudson's Bay blankets." As they were readily redeemed in gold at Fort Garry, and were more easily carried than coin, they enjoyed a popularity quite equal to our own greenbacks.

It may be said to the credit of the fur company that only the best goods are sold at its posts, and that on many articles the margin of profit is so small as at times to wholly disappear. In the old days, when the company came into more direct competition with its American rivals along the line of the Missouri, the selling prices of the latter, as compared with the cost prices, were about six times greater than those fixed by the Hudson's Bay Company's tariff. That the profits of its traffic have in many years been enormous the heavy dividends paid, and the addition to capital stock under which they have been covered up, bear ample witness. But in considering the wide difference in the price paid by the Indian, say, on Great Slave Lake, for his blankets and tobacco and those received for his furs in London, it is well to remember the toil and hardship of those who took the blanket to market, and that seven years often elapse before the return to London of the skins for which it was bartered.

Moreover, in the purchase of furs and the sale of goods, every Indian receives the same treatment. In every district there is one fixed price for all commodities. No Indian ever got more for his furs or pays less for his supplies than the tariff directs. If he is an expert hunter and trapper, he may receive a present after his furs are traded, sometimes up to the value of fifty skins. Occasionally, too, presents are made to keep the Indians true to their allegiance, especially in the southern part of the territory, where the competition of the independent traders is strong. But in no case does one Indian get more for his furs than another.

It not infrequently happens, however, that the prices paid for certain furs is arbitrarily cut down far below their intrinsic value. On the theory of preserving the goose that lays the golden eggs, a close watch is kept by the officers of the various districts for indications of failure in the supply of any fur. If the number of marten or fisher or silver fox skins traded during the present year proves much smaller than that of last year, the price of these furs is promptly reduced, and the Indian trapper encouraged to hunt something else by a corresponding increase of price. The fisher and martens thus have a chance to recuperate, the company rotating its crops in this fashion, like a wise farmer. But this is by the way.

Ordinarily the trade room in a post is without special protection from attack; though in some of the forts in the plain country the approach to it was, in the earlier days, so contrived as to prevent surprise by any considerable body of Indians during a trade. Only a few Indians were admitted at a time. Loopholes in the walls and ceiling were so arranged as to permit firing upon the hostile braves from different directions; and the room was cut off by bolts and bars from the rest of the establishment. But with the progress of settlement, and the gradual civilization of the plain tribes, this danger has disappeared, and the trade rooms are now as accessible as any country store.

Next to the trading shop comes the warehouses containing the goods from England and elsewhere, intended for the fur trade. A peculiarity of these packages is their uniform weight, which ranges from eighty to one hundred pounds, the average being, perhaps, ninety pounds. The adoption of this standard weight is due to the numerous "portages" which occur on all the routes of transport, across which, frequently for considerable distances, the packages have to be carried on the shoulders of the boatmen. Each man carries two of these "inland pieces," as they are called, supporting them by a broad leather strap passing under them and about the forehead of the bearer. Necessarily, to withstand the frequent reshipments incident to the long inland journeys, the packages have to be stout, many of them being lined with zinc and bound with iron. The boats used in transport each carry seventy-five of these pieces; and the facility with which they are handled by the crews is little less than marvelous, the boats being loaded and unloaded within five minutes.

The fur warehouses follow in appearance those for the storage of goods, though they have a distinct odor of their own. From the ceilings hang beautiful warm-tinted masses of fur, of sable and fox, red, black and gray, destined to bring many a shining gold piece at the annual sales of the company in London. Fur skins lie piled in bales upon the floor, or in racks along the wall; all that is visible being the raw hide flattened, with an inner lining of fur at the extremities. For the hunter merely strips the skin from the smaller fur-bearing animals, drawing it off like a glove, and permitting it to dry hide outward.

Many of the skins bear curious marks, Indian signs or letters scratched or painted on them, the hunter's brand of ownership, or his greeting to the trader. Scattered among them are wolf skins with the grinning heads still attached; dusty hides of black and brown and grizzly bears; moose and deer skins, and myriads of martens and fisher and beaver, of mink and musquash. In the early spring, before the ice has left the rivers, the workmen at the trading posts pack the furs into bales of eighty to one hundred pounds each, carefully covering them with rawhide. Later, when the ice gives way and the boats begin to move, they are shipped to the nearest depot fort, to find their way thence to the company's house in London.

With the houses of the lower employes, the list of buildings within the stockade is complete. Outside there are likely to be a few scattered structures, stables, a shop for the repair of boats, perhaps the cabin of boatmen or half-breed retainer. A vegetable garden may lie close to the walls, and a meadow sloping away to the waterside affords pasturage for horses. Above all rises the tapering pole bearing the flag of the fur trade with its singular motto: "Pro Pelle Cutem"—skin for skin.

Isolate, lonely and remote as are these trading posts standing by lake and stream and marsh, to the traveler approaching them through long reaches of swamp and forest, or along ice-bound rivers, they seem suitable havens of rest and content. And certainly they have thus far proved the only means through which the Indian population of the far north has been commercially benefited, and the products of that vast region turned to profitable account. But how much of privation and hardship their establishment has cost is indicated by the names given some of them—Resolution, Providence, Reliance, Good Hope—names suggestive of dreary marches through the wilderness, of long winters of famine and suffering, and of a dauntless courage that never failed.

The loneliness and monotony of life at some of the remoter posts, and the privation to which the wintering agents are subjected, are, indeed, difficult to picture. Mail reaches some of them but once a year; and their nearest neighbors may be from one hundred to two hundred miles away. Life is as unvarying as it is in the rocky regions of Arabia. The landscape is always the same, the only change being from the gray-green of summer to the dead white of winter. For weeks not a strange face is seen, save, perhaps, some hungry Indian seeking food. The work of the post and its surroundings are precisely what they were in the middle of the eighteenth century. At many of the stations food is limited entirely to flesh and fish; at York Factory, for example, thousands of geese and ptarmigan and fish being dried or frozen, and stored away for winter use. At other posts flour is classed as a luxury; the few sacks annually allowed being carefully hoarded and sparingly used. Vegetables, in many localities, cannot be successfully grown, and the cost of transport prevents the use of the canned article.

At the most northerly station—on the Mackenzie River within the Arctic circle—the cold is so intense that axes have to be specially tempered lest they break when striking wood. At the posts on Hudson's Bay, the spirit thermometer often indicates sixty-five degrees below zero. Water has been known to freeze in a room heated by a red-hot stove. At old Fort Yukon the temperature was not infrequently seventy-two degrees below zero; and at Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, a thousand miles south of the Frozen Sea, the mean winter temperature is about twenty degrees below, or some thirty degrees colder than that of the citadel at Quebec. Churchill Factory, near Hudson's Bay, is covered with snow during winter—which there lasts from mid-October to mid-June—to the depth of from six to ten feet. Before supplies of fuel were sent out from England, the wood available in the neighborhood permitted of only a single fire morning and evening. The remainder of the time the employes were forced to keep warm as best they could by exercising in the guard room in thick garments of fur. In summer, on the other hand, the mosquitoes and sand flies, in many localities, render outdoor life, save at midday, scarcely endurable.

At most of the trading posts, however, the monotony of life is considerably modified by the observance of a daily routine of duties. At certain seasons, and especially in the midwinter months, this routine often becomes a mere formality, there being very little to do. Nevertheless, every employee is expected to be on duty, and the fact that he is generally results in finding something to engage his attentions. It also contributes to exact knowledge of the requirements and details of the fur trade, on the part of the employe, and to the strict economy with which it is conducted.

This is further facilitated by the assignment of employes to specified duties for long periods; an apprentice, for example, generally being sent to pass the first years of his service in the remoter northern posts, in order to learn the practical working of the Indian trade. His first duties are those of clerk, from which he is advanced to the accountant's office, with, perhaps, further promotion to the charge of a small post as chief clerk. But in these positions he remains for fourteen years before he is admitted into the ranks of the "Fur Trade," or "Wintering Partners," which constitutes the directing class of employes in the field under the Hudson's Bay Company. Inevitably, with these years of training, he has acquired so thorough a knowledge of the details of the service, and is so identified with its tradition, as to be fully qualified for the charge of a district over which he is placed. For with posts dotted over an area one-third larger than that of the whole of Europe, it is indispensable for purposes of direction and supply that the territory should be divided into sections.

In this division there are, first, four great departments. The northern comprises the country lying between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains; the southern, that between James' Bay and Canada; the Montreal, the business of the Canadas, and the western, the country west of the Rocky Mountains. The depots to which supplies are sent to be distributed to the smaller posts are for the first department, York Factory, on Hudson's Bay; for the second, Moose Factory on the southern shores of the same bay; for the third Montreal, and for the fourth Victoria, on the west coast. In recent years, however, the routes of transport have greatly changed, the larger part of the supplies once passing through Hudson's Bay, now going through Canada and the United States; a condition which has made Winnipeg and Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, great centers of distribution for the fur trade.

The four great departments are, in turn, divided into fifty-three districts, each with its depot and directing office, and these again into one hundred and fifty-three minor establishments, factories, houses, forts, posts and outposts. Owing to the vastness of the territory under the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, these posts are necessarily widely separated, the intervening space varying from fifty to three hundred miles. Indeed, were the scheme applied to this country, the inhabitants of each State would have about three posts at which to trade.

While the collection of fur skins throughout the company's domain is made during the autumn and winter months, summer is the busy season for the occupants of the trading posts. The transportation of goods to the various districts, the concentration of furs at the depots, and the collection of provisions for the ensuing winter there leaves the employes little occasion to complain of the loneliness and monotony of their existence.

H. M. ROBINSON.

My First Experience Over Decoys.

THE first day of March dawned bright, clear and warm. The snow on the hills under the strong rays of the sun was rapidly melting, and the ice in the river pushed out by heavy freshets was fast breaking up. In the cove a large hole had opened at the mouth of the Croton River, offering a tempting place to decoy the wily black duck and tough old sheldrake into the range of shot. In this region one must make the best of such a day, for they are few and far between. Every condition has to be perfect or the duck hunter will, as a general rule, return empty handed.

The "Veteran," whom the reader must recognize as my much respected daddy, had surmised during the winter that a good day might turn up in March, and as this was to be my first experience shooting over decoys on the ice, preparations for a trip to the Cove had been commenced some time before. Our duck boat was thoroughly overhauled, and the decoys painted and repaired, so that if the right sort of a day came, we would be all ready without any delays.

I had done some field shooting, killed a few deer in the North Woods, and also shot a good many pigeons from traps, and, by the way, I think this latter sport entails less cruelty than any other, for seldom or never does a bird escape wounded, but never as yet had I experienced the pleasures and excitements of shooting over decoys. While I do not approve of late spring shooting after the birds are mated, I see no more harm in killing a few ducks early in March than shooting them in the fall.

For sometime I had been anxious to secure a specimen of the buff-breasted merganser, which I wanted to mount and add to a collection. The Veteran told me I would be pretty sure of obtaining a shot at one that morning; he also added that these old green-headed rakes were fast flyers, coming like bullets on to the decoys, and it would take a careful and well-aimed charge of shot to bring one down.

Shortly after breakfast, guns and ammunition ready, we started off, our hopes high in expectation of the morning's shoot. A walk of three-quarters of a mile or so up the railroad track brought us to Crawbucky Point, a sandy piece of land that jutted out into the Cove. Here our two men were to meet us, and crossing over to the back we soon perceived them at the upper end with boats and decoys waiting our arrival. It took but a few minutes to don the white caps and jackets, and then the Veteran and I got in one of the duck boats and rowed out in the hole to find a good place, while the men followed with the other boat and decoys.

A light breeze ruffled the waters of the hole, which was of very wide extent, probably a quarter of a mile. Each moment it increased in size, for the heavy current pouring in from the Croton River was steadily pushing the ice southward.

Finally we succeeded in selecting a good spot on the south side of the hole, where the ice was massed and more compact, then in other places. Shoving the boat in alongside of a large cake that protruded beyond the main body of ice, we prepared for the morning's shoot. While the men were setting out the decoys, we put up the screen, and settled ourselves comfortably in the boat. The Veteran placed me in the bow, while he lay in the stern, and this meant, of course, that I was to have first crack at anything which should come along. The decoys arrayed in front of us presented a very lifelike appearance and were calculated to deceive the most wary of ducks.

The men now rowed off to some distance from our hiding place, while we crouched low in the boat and awaited events. Probably fifteen minutes had elapsed when suddenly the Veteran, who had been keeping a sharp lookout in every direction, said, "Mark left! Here come two ducks." A wave of excitement swept over me at his words, and I gripped the gun closer and peered out by the screen toward the west. There, coming swiftly and silently toward us, were two black specks in the distance. "Get ready," came the order from the Veteran, and cocking the gun I slowly pushed the muzzle up to the edge of the screen. My heart thumped furiously, and certainly if ever a person had an attack of "buck fever," I was afflicted at that moment with what might be termed "duck fever." Nearer and nearer came the two dark specks, gradually shaping themselves into a pair of sturdy black ducks. Now they were just outside the decoys, now hovering directly over them. "Shoot!" cried the Veteran. Bang, bang, went both barrels of the 12-gauge, but to my chagrin and amazement the birds, untouched, raised higher about to dart off, when two sharp reports rang out behind me, and down came both ducks, striking the water with a loud splash! I had been too hasty and made a most beautiful "Dutch double," while the Veteran scored a clean kill with right and left.

After picking up the birds, the men who had come over to where we were, moved the decoys closer to us, for the current had drifted us some distance away from them, and everything arranged once more, we began watch, hoping that we would obtain such another chance at a pair of duskies. The warm sun beating down upon us, and the water stirred by a gentle breeze lapping softly against the side of the boat, produced a drowsy and comfortable sensation.

Happening to glance over toward Crawbucky, when taking a look around, I noticed one of our men gesticulating wildly on the beach, and evidently shouting something to us, and then without warning, except for a whirr and whistle of wings, by shot a flock of seven or eight sheldrake on our right-hand side. The Veteran seized his gun and four barrels quickly followed them, but failed to bring any down, for a right-handed shot is always a hard one, and the birds coming up from behind, had taken us unawares.

Shortly after this we espied far in the distance another flock of "shellers." As they flew up toward the meadow creeks in the upper end of the Cove, they suddenly veered in their course and came directly for our decoys. As they drew closer I perceived they were led by a large drake in full plumage. Here was my chance to obtain the specimen I had so wanted to procure. On they came like bullets shot from a gun, and when within range I raised up and fired at the old leader of the flock. But, alas! I had been too slow in shooting, and instead of firing when he was coming straight into the decoys, I waited until he swung off to the right and the shot struck harmlessly several feet behind him. The second barrel proved of no avail, and away sailed the flock unscathed. This was discouraging to say the least, and much disgusted with my bad shooting, I doubted at the time whether I could have hit a barn door had it come flying by. But the sight of swift, scudding ducks sailing on to decoys seen for the first time, is liable to upset the equilibrium of one's nervous system. It did mine, at any rate! "I guess you are a little excited," said the Veteran, "but you may get one yet, so don't be discouraged."

No more ducks showing up for some time, we decided to move, and hailing the men, we picked up our decoys and crossed over to the west side of the hole, which had by this time broadened out into a small lake.

No sooner had we become fixed in our new position than a pair of young drake sheldrakes put in an appearance, lighting among the decoys. "Now is your chance," whispered the Veteran. "Give it to them in the water, and maybe you'll kill one." So taking careful aim at the nearest bird I fired, and placed five or six shot in the head of a decoy! But the second barrel worked better, and I knocked the duck down as he jumped, while the Veteran doubled the other up, and we secured the pair. At last, after many futile attempts, I managed to kill one duck. "It may be good practice to shoot at decoys," said the Veteran, "but if you give many more a dose like that we won't have any left." And those shot in that old wooden decoy's head have been a standing joke ever since.

Later a single sheldrake flew by on the outside of the flock, offering a hard cross shot, but his career was stopped short by a charge of shot from the Veteran's trusty fowling piece.

It was now rather late in the morning, and as no more ducks seemed to be moving and the inner man was crying out for the noonday meal, we decided to pick up and go home. The men came over from Crawbucky and in a few minutes the decoys were all tucked snugly away in their boat.

Rowing ashore, we counted our bag and found it consisted of one pair of black ducks and three sheldrakes. The former were, of course, worth a dozen of the latter, for a "sheller," as far as eating goes, is anything but appetizing, and requires the same method of cooking as does a loon, graphically described by an Irishman, who said, "Put your burd in the pot with a couple o' bricks settin' on him, an' bile him till the bricks is soft, an' he'll be done, oi'll bet!"

So ended my first duck shoot over decoys. Certainly our bag was far from a large one, and to those who have killed fifty and one hundred birds in a day, five ducks will probably seem a very small amount of game. But, then, the shooting does not include all the pleasures of such a trip, and our beautiful surroundings, combined with the perfect weather, doubly repaid us. The blue mountains and brown hills, here and there dotted with a patch of lingering snow; the white, glittering ice broken by the dark waters of the hole, and the clear, warm spring air, all tended to add greatly to the pleasures of the morning. Although I failed to secure the old green-headed drake, yet every minute had been filled with intense enjoyment, and we are only hoping that this spring will bring us such another day, when we can again try our luck duck shooting in the Cove.

CAMILLA.

Long Island Ducks.

BAYPORT, L. I., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The spring duck shooting commenced here last week in good style, several bags of from 25 to 50 broadbills being reported. Guide Will Brown in one day got 71. There are more ducks in the Bay than have ever been seen at this season of the year. Geese and brant are coming in in good numbers, though I have heard of very few of them being shot. There ought to be some good shooting after the last three days' storm.

HENRY STOKES.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fun!

IT was in the restaurant at the Sportsmen's Show in New York. Smoke from three post-prandial cigars curled above the small coffees. Archer, the still-life and wild game artist; Brown, who writes about angling, and Bristol, the insurance man who has fished from Idaho to Labrador, were swapping yarns.

"Slept in the snow at Jackson's Hole, Wyoming: like it better than British Columbia," drawled the artist.

"Slept in the water on a 'mesh' beside Bottom Brook in Newfoundland," added Brown.

"That's nothin'!" chirped Bristol. "Listen. When I lived at St. Paul, I went a-fishing with three members of the Minnesota Four Hundred. It was after sundown when we arrived at a railroad station sixty miles in the woods; but the smart member of our party 'knew the way' to the lake and our camp, which had already been established by a guide, who waited there. We hired the one two-seated wagon in all that region, and started. The smart fellow chose the wrong fork in the road, four miles out. We drove until eleven o'clock, flushed a log 'shack,' pounded on the door, and asked for beds.

"'Been a cleanin' up an' no beds fixed,' growled the frowsy owner of the house. 'Keep on this road an' you'll strike the county poorhouse. Only three miles!'

"We reached the poorhouse after midnight. The overseer swore at us for waking him.

"'This ain't no hotel: paupers live here, an' we're just a runnin' over! But if ye wanter stay in our ole barn, mebbe ye kin lose ther muskeeters!'

"We unharnessed and hitched the horses to a tree, and 'went to bed.' Found two bins of oats and laid down on them. The smart driver removed his shoes, and the mosquitoes held a mass meeting around his feet. Finally a foraging rat nipped him and he 'sat up.' It was pitch dark; he could hear the rats running about, and the snores of two of our party. Then he remarked:

"'And they call this *fun!*'" B.

Royal Hunting.

Brussels Correspondence New York Tribune.

HUNTING, which from time immemorial has been the favorite pastime of royalty, is to-day even more perhaps than in bygone ages the distinctive sport of kings. Nor is this surprising. When the monotonous routine of their daily life is taken into consideration—the endless chain of court functions, receptions, banquets and visits—what more natural than that crowned heads should seek relaxation in the noble sport which has been the special prerogative of their forefathers for centuries? The keenest of royal sportsmen at present are Emperor Francis Joseph, Emperor William, King Carlos of Portugal, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro.

Emperor Francis Joseph is passionately fond of chamois hunting, the dangers of which have always fascinated him from the days of his early youth. The Emperor generally indulges in his favorite sport in the neighborhood of Ischl, the heart of the Austrian Tyrol. The Hapsburg sovereign is accompanied on his expeditions by only two or three princes of the imperial family. Intent on hunting only for the pleasure it affords in itself, Francis Joseph's shooting parties take place in the simplest manner possible, and are divested of all outward show and mise-en-scène. With an alpenstock in hand and a gun over his shoulder, the Emperor leaves his shooting box at Gansgebirge, where he has spent the night, at 4 A. M., and often spends the entire day in the mountains, only returning late at night. Francis Joseph is a capital shot, and rarely misses the chamois springing from rock to rock. When the Emperor gives a shooting party in honor of a brother sovereign, it is either in the preserves of Karapanesa or in the forests neighboring to the shooting box at Korisserdo. On such occasions the Emperor and his guests each goes his own way, starting at daybreak, and hunts the whole day quite alone. As a rule, the Austrian Emperor's shooting parties last three or four days. The Emperor is never present at hunting parties given in honor of official persons and diplomats, it being the master of the hounds who presides on such occasions in the Emperor's name.

Emperor William is a perfect fanatic in the matter of sport, and is an excellent shot, notwithstanding the fact that he cannot use his left arm. He shoots, as a rule, with very light guns, which he can easily hold in one hand. The Emperor's favorite hunting grounds are in the royal forests of König's Wusterhausen, near Berlin, in the Grünwald and Springe. William II. is generally accompanied on his expeditions by his aides-de-camp, by the grand marshal of the court and by the grand master of hunts. The Emperor always wears a short shooting jacket of gray material, this being one of the few occasions when he dons civilian attire. According to official statistics, the Kaiser has shot 33,976 head of game during the last twenty-five years, the following being the itemized list of his victims: Two buffaloes, 7 elk, 3 reindeer, 3 bears, 1,022 wild animals of various kinds, 2,189 deer, 121 chamois, 16,188 hares, 674 rabbits, 9,643 pheasants, 54 heathcocks, 4 woodcocks, 95 grouse, 20 foxes, 56 wild ducks, 694 cormorants, 680 roe deer and 581 head of game not classified.

Notwithstanding his poor physique, King Victor Emmanuel, like his father, King Humbert, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and is particularly fond of hunting in the Valley of Aosta. The King's other favorite shooting haunts are at Ceresole and the southern Alpine districts, where game is very abundant. On one occasion, while chamois hunting with his father, Victor Emmanuel, then Prince of Naples, and the Duke of the Abruzzi nearly lost their lives in the Valley of Gesso; in November, 1897, they were overtaken by a snowstorm and almost frozen to death, being obliged to spend the night in a small chalet exposed to the blast of the storm. But neither this nor other dangerous experiences have lessend the King's love for sport. In winter time, whenever he finds the opportunity and leisure, he leaves Rome to shoot boar in the Abruzzi. At Castelporciano, some twelve miles from Rome, as many as two hundred boars have been shot in one day by the King and his party.

The present Czar's favorite shooting grounds are at Gatschina and at Tsarskoe Selo, near St. Petersburg. Nicholas II. also shoots in the wild districts of the Blalowiege forests, near Minsk; on such occasions the imperial sportsman and his guests make an early start, generally at 8 A. M., and take luncheon in the forest, to return only late at night. Rolling kitchens, similar to those used in the French Army, are taken on these expeditions; in this manner a sumptuous meal can be provided for the royal party at a few minutes' notice; for, unlike the German and Austrian Emperors, Nicholas II. does not like to "rough it." A table is set in the open air, the Czarina being seated next to her husband, while the guests take their seats according to the strictest rules of etiquette. Buffalo hunting is the best sport afforded in the imperial Russian preserves, but as the race is almost extinct these animals are hunted only every third year. Last year over a hundred were shot; of these, the finest weighed twelve hundred pounds, and was brought down by the Czar himself. The female buffaloes are never shot, and in winter are driven into large parks, where they breed. Next to these buffaloes the finest big game in Russia is the Blalowiege deer: the Czar and his party shot four hundred of these animals within a week last autumn.

King Carlos's achievements as a sportsman have been too recently commented upon to be repeated. While visiting President Loubet a few weeks ago at Rambouillet, the Portuguese sovereign easily proved himself the best shot among reigning royalties of to-day. The King has shot over every royal preserve in Europe, but he is particularly partial to Rambouillet, where he first made a reputation for himself as a skillful marksman in October, 1895, at a shooting party given in his honor by President Faure. The King took three thousand cartridges with him on that occasion, and during the course of the day brought down 750 head of game, among them being 13 deer and 633 pheasants.

M. Emile Loubet may be likened to his royal contemporaries in his love for sport. Although left-handed, he is a capital shot. He prefers, as a rule, to go out shooting with his favorite dog. But at times the President gives official shooting parties, either at Rambouillet or Marly; as, for instance, during the visit of the Russian grand dukes in 1900, when 748 head of game were shot at Rambouillet during a day.

President Loubet thus follows the tradition set by preceding heads of State in France. Nearly all the French kings were keen sportsmen, beginning with Charlemagne, Francis I., Henri II., Henri IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Napoleon I., Charles X. and Napoleon III. While M. Thiers was a poor shot, Marshal MacMahon, M. Grévy, M. Carnot, M. Casimir-Périer and M. Faure worthily continued the example set by their royal predecessors.

Natural History.

Some Queer Notions.

OUR respected ancestors had some queer notions in regard to natural history. Old Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," discusses many of these. "That a brock or badger hath the legs on one side shorter than on the other," he says, "though an opinion perhaps not very ancient, is yet very general." This belief was received not only by theorists, but by most of those who had daily opportunity to behold and hunt them; yet Sir Thomas could not accept this belief, because it seemed "no easy affront into reason, and generally repugnant unto the course of nature.' Wherever he looked he saw that the limbs of animals on the opposite sides of their bodies were of the same length and number, and that none of them had an odd leg. One would think that the question might have been put beyond cavil by simply measuring the limbs of the animal; but perhaps they never thought of that.

The worthy knight, however, could accept the basilisk, though it does not seem that he ever saw one, and did not question its power to kill by "inflicting its eye," as old Dr. Parr would have expressed it, upon its enemy. And why not? "For if plagues or pestilential atoms have been conveyed in the air from different regions, if men at a distance have infected each other, if the shadows of some trees be noxious, if torpedoes deliver their opium at a distance and stupefy beyond themselves, we cannot reasonably deny," he says, "that there may proceed from subtler seeds more agile emanations, which contemn those laws and invade at distance unexpected." But there was a limit to the credulity of Sir Thomas; and as for the generation of the basilisk, that "it proceedeth from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or a serpent," he thought it a conceit as monstrous as the brood itself.

As to the salamander, there was great difference of opinion. Sir Thomas cites a number of high authorities, among them Aristotle, Nicauder, and Pliny, who expressed their belief that the animal was able to live in flames; but these were offset by the opinion of Sextius, Dioscorides and Galen, "that it endureth the fire awhile, but in continuance is consumed therein," while Matthiolus affirmed that "he saw a salamander burned in a very short time." This belief, the good old Norwich physician remarks, had been much promoted by stories of incombustible napkins and textures which endureth fire, whose materials, he says, are called by the name of salamanders' wool. To the simple apprehension of the common people of those days, the one fact seemed no more improbable than the other; but Sir Thomas points out that this substance cannot be salamanders' wool, because this animal, "which is a kind of lizard, a quadruped corticated and depilous," was not furnished with wool, fur, or hair. A very satisfactory argument, one would think. He goes on to say that it was a mineral substance; "metaphorically so called"; and that as the heart of Germanicus and the great toe of Pyrrhus would not burn with the rest of their bodies, so "there are in the number of minerals some bodies incombustible." The material in question was no doubt asbestos. To those who were not familiar with it, it seemed something very remarkable, on a footing with the flame-enduring salamander. We recall that the young printer, Benjamin Franklin, when he went over to England, took with him a purse made of asbestos, which purifies by fire. "Sir Hans Sloane heard of it," says Franklin, in his autobiography, "came to see me and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury Square, showed me all his curiosities, and persuaded me to add that to the number, for which he paid me handsomely."

But not less remarkable was their belief in the amphisbæna, a small serpent, which had two heads, one at each extreme, and which moved equally well in either direction; that the ostrich "digesteth iron"; that "there is but on phœnix in the world which, after many hundred years, burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another"; that the griffin "is a mixed and dubious animal, in the forepart resembling an eagle, and behind the shape of a lion, with erected ears, four feet, and a long tail"; that a kingfisher "hanged by the bill sheweth in what quarter the wind is by an occult and secret property, converting the breast to that point of the horizon from whence the wind doth blow"; that the age of the deer exceeds the average age of man, "in some the days of Nestor, and in others surmounting the years of Artephius or Methuselah"; that a bear "brings forth her young informous and unshapen, which she fashioneth after by licking them over"; that men weigh heavier dead than alive; that lampreys have nine eyes; and that only man "hath an erect figure, and for to behold and look up toward heaven," whereas, Sir Thomas asserts that of all creatures, man is among the least able to look up, and that the contrary "is a conceit only fit for those that never saw the fish uranoscopus, which hath its eyes so placed that it looks up directly to heaven, which man doth not, except he recline, or bend his head backward."

Sir Thomas Browne died in the year 1682, but long after his time popular beliefs not less preposterous than those he discussed were common. Gilbert White, the genial old naturalist of Selborne, relates that in his village in his day were living several persons who had been healed of rupture in their infancy by being passed through an ash tree that had been cleft for that purpose. He believed that the deer is furnished with two spiracula, or breathing places, besides the nostrils. When deer, he says, are thirsty they plunge their noses, like some horses, very deep under the water while in the act of drinking, and continue them in that situation for a considerable time; but to obviate any inconveniency, they can open two vents, one at the inner corner of each eye, having a communication with the nose. Modern science has shown this to be incorrect. In White's day many people believed that swallows, instead of migrating to southern climates in the autumn, clustered in round masses and threw themselves into ponds and rivers and hibernated in the mud at the bottom; and even so great a man as Dr. Johnson accepted this notion, and told Boswell that "a number of them conglomerate together, by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under water, and lie in the bed of a river." In those days it was believed that the hand of a dead man would reduce swellings, and that the touch of the king would cure scrofula.

All this is bad enough; but are we ever so much wiser, since it is still a wide-spread belief among us that a rabbit's foot will bring good luck; that a hazel twig will point out underground fountains of water; that a horse chestnut carried in the pocket will keep away rheumatism; and that a dog's howling in the street is a sure precursor of a speedy death? And so it ought to be, but it ought to be that of the dog.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

[Does any one seriously believe that a horse chestnut carried in the pocket will keep away rheumatism?]

The Sparrow Hawk.

(*Falco sparverius.*)

THE animal world around us has its thoughts, its cares, its sorrows and its joys, the same as we of the "higher" grade.

If we would know of these things as they relate to the humble forms we meet, we must carefully and honestly study their ways and mode of life. In doing this there is sure to be revealed to us another, a broader and more beautiful view of life, and a debt of sympathy will be evoked we had not before experienced, and in proportion as we get in tune and in harmony with these conditions, will the beautiful time spoken of be hastened, when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them."

An interesting instance which throws some light upon these facts and helps bear us out in the statements made, was observed by me one beautiful afternoon on the 31st of last July.

I was reclining under a magnificent old elm on the banks of the Cedar River, near Charles City, Iowa, when my attention was attracted by the peculiar but well recognized cry of a sparrow hawk (*Falco sparverius*) in the tree overhead. On glancing up I perceived a male and female of this species in the extreme top of the tree. The male had a small green snake, and the female wanted it. They both mounted into the air a little ways, both apparently uttering sharp screeching cries, and came together, the female taking the snake in her claws, and then circling around a little, dove quickly into the hollow end of a broken limb a foot in diameter and perhaps forty or fifty feet above the ground, that had been hollowed out and used by woodpeckers.

The snake was taken in to the brood of young, which together with the mother bird, kept up the same sharp, screeching cry I had first heard uttered by the parent birds.

The female went into the hollow and stayed perhaps a quarter of an hour, all the while the young keeping up their cries. During this time the male flew from his perch near the entrance to the hollow limb to another limb on the east part of the treetop.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the female flew out of a woodpecker's hole perhaps four or five feet below where she entered, with the snake in her claws apparently untouched, and with the same screeching cry flew to her mate. For a little time she kept up this crying, as if telling of the difficulties and troubles she had in trying to feed the young. Very soon the male flew to a dead twig in the top of another tall tree five or six rods to the south. The female, still uttering her cries and holding the snake in her claws, very soon followed him, and then with the snake and occasional cries, flew back to the first tree and circled around the top a moment, and then, with cries continued, flew back with the snake to the south tree, from which the male had just flown. Soon, however, he came back, and they were together there when I left off watching.

CLEMENT L. WEBSTER.

CHARLES CITY, Iowa

Gray Squirrel Migration.

THE good natured debate which for some weeks has been carried on in FOREST AND STREAM on this subject shows in a curious way the forgetfulness, or lack of knowledge, on the part of the public of facts which in past years have attracted general attention and caused much astonishment.

The enormous abundance of the gray squirrel on this continent in the early years of the last century was well known, and the fact of its migrations from time to time—like those of many other animals—was freely written about. Now that the country has been settled up, the gray squirrels—largely owing to the attacks made on them by man—have so diminished in numbers that great congregations are no longer seen.

We quote from Audubon and Bachman ("Quadrupeds of North America," Vol. I., p. 265), some remarks on this point:

"This species of squirrel has occasionally excited the wonder of the populace by its wandering habits and its singular and long migrations. Like the lemming (*Lemmus norvegicus*) of the eastern continent, it is stimulated either by scarcity of food or by some other inexplicable instinct to leave its native haunts and seek for adventures or for food in some (to it) unexplored portion of our land.

"The newspapers from the West contain many interesting details of these migrations; they appear to have been more frequent in former years than at the present time. The farmers in the western wilds regard them with sensations which may be compared to the anxious apprehensions of the eastern nations at the flight of the devouring locust. At such periods, which usually occur in autumn, the squirrels congregate in different districts of the far Northwest; and in irregular troops bend their way instinctively in an eastern direction. Mountains, cleared fields, the narrow bays of some of our lakes, or our broad rivers present no unconquerable impediments. Onward they come, devouring on their way everything that is suited to their tastes, laying waste the corn and wheat fields of the farmer, and as their numbers are thinned by the gun, the dog and the club, others fall in and fill up the ranks, till they occasion infinite mischief, and call for the more than empty threats of vengeance. It is often inquired how these little creatures, that on common occasions have such an instinctive dread of water, are enabled to cross broad and rapid rivers like the Ohio and Hudson, for instance. It has been asserted by authors, and is believed by many, that they carry to the shore a suitable piece of bark, and, seizing the opportunity of a favorable breeze, seat themselves upon this substitute for a boat, hoist their broad tails as a sail, and float safely to the opposite shore. This, together with many other traits of intelligence ascribed to this species, we suspect to be apocryphal. That they do migrate at irregular and occasionally at distant periods, is a fact sufficiently established; but in the only two instances in which we had opportunities of witnessing the migration of these squirrels it appeared to us that they were not only unskillful sailors, but clumsy swimmers. One of these occasions, as far as our recollection serves us, was in the autumn of 1808 or 1809; troops of squirrels suddenly and unexpectedly made their appearance in the neighborhood; among them were varieties not previously seen in those parts; some were broadly striped with yellow on the sides and a few had a black stripe on each side, bordered with yellow or brown, resembling the stripes on the sides of the Hudson Bay squirrel (*S. hudsonicus*). They swam the Hudson at various places between Waterford and Saratoga; those that we observed crossing the river were swimming deep and awkwardly, their bodies and tails wholly submerged; several that had been drowned were carried downward by the stream, and those which were so fortunate as to reach the opposite bank were so wet and fatigued that the boys stationed there with clubs found no difficulty in securing them alive or in killing them. Their migrations on that occasion did not, as far as we could learn, extend farther eastward than the mountains of Vermont, many remained in the county of Rensselaer, and it was remarked that for several years afterward squirrels were far more numerous there than before. It is doubtful whether any ever returned to the West, as, finding forests and food suited to their taste and habits, they take up their permanent residence in their newly explored country, where they remain and propagate their species until they are gradually thinned off by the increase of inhabitants, new clearings and the dexterity of the sportsmen around them. The other instance occurred in 1819, when we were descending the Ohio River in a flatboat or ark, chiefly with the intention of seeking for birds then unknown to us. About one hundred miles below Cincinnati, as we were floating down the stream, we observed a large number of squirrels swimming across the river, and we continued to see them at various places until we had nearly reached Smithland, a town not more than about 100 miles above the mouth of the Ohio.

"At times they were strewed, as it were, over the surface of the water, and some of them being fatigued sought a few moments' rest on our "steering oar," which hung in the water in a slanting direction over the stern of our boat. The boys along the shores and in boats were killing the squirrels with clubs in great numbers, although most of them got safe across. After they had reached the shore we saw some of them trimming their fur on the fences or on logs of drift wood."

Townsend, writing in 1834, speaks of the abundance of the gray squirrel in Missouri, and says: "On last Christmas day, at a squirrel hunt in this neighborhood, about thirty persons killed the astonishing number of *twelve hundred* between the rising and the setting of the sun!"

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., March 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The squirrel migration story goes a good deal further back than Jacque's forty years. The following is from Audubon's "Ornithological Biography," published in 1831, page 247:

"The gray squirrel is too well known to require any description. It migrates in prodigious numbers, crossing large rivers by swimming with its tail extended on the water, and traverses immense tracts of country in search of the places where food is most abundant. During these migrations the squirrels are destroyed in vast quantities."

W. G.

TRENTON, Georgia, March 6, 1903.—It happened that I did not read what Col. Bobo said about the migration of squirrels, or about taking them from the water by the tail when crossing streams, but I have seen so many comments thereon that I am minded to say a word myself.

I know little about Sander's Readers—they were not in being when I left school—and I never really saw a squirrel migration—that is, in force. That they, in common with many other creatures, have so migrated, I have believed for many years. When I was a boy, say along in the forties, it was no uncommon thing to see in the newspapers casual reference made to these migrations, and I always supposed that they were undertaken in search of better feeding grounds. I have sometimes seen squirrels going rapidly through the woods in particular directions, as though they were bound for some distant point. Something more than fifty years ago I was shooting squirrels in Vermont, near the foot of Mount Ascutney. The mast was not good that year, and the game was not too abundant, yet I was assured that the squirrels had been very numerous the year before, when nuts and acorns were plenty. I have known the same thing to occur in northern Maine.

My theory is that it is no unusual thing for squirrels to move to considerable distances when food is scarce, and the like has occurred even in the case of human beings. It does not always follow that success attends their venture, but food must, if possible, be had nevertheless.

It is not strange that in earlier days, when squirrels were far more numerous than now, their movements should have appeared more as if guided by concerted action on the part of the animals; yet this is not certain. In the county where I write there are fewer squirrels than common this year, and I think it is because there are fewer nuts and acorns in this neighborhood than is usual.

As to taking these creatures from the water, I imagine that they would in their innocence rather welcome the hand that lifted them into the boat or on shore from what must have proved a watery grave to many. I know that even foxes and deer will seek human help at times.

I have myself shaken a squirrel from a tree into the water, and caught it without difficulty as it swam ashore.

As to what has been written about squirrels crossing streams on a piece of bark, I have only to say that if the bark was handy the creature would be likely to make use of it, so far as it could.

And whatever Col. Bobo may have said seriously, concerning squirrels or anything else, I should be very much inclined to take at its face value.

KELPIE.

The Water Ousel's Winter Home.

THE chosen home of the water ousel is in the rugged defiles of our further mountains. He haunts the dancing mountain streams; their sources in the little patches of dwarf willow near timber line; the lakes of gem-like beauty which they form; their winding course as they go sparkling through the mountain meadows and tumble noisily down the basins and cañons into the foothills, where they widen out and cease their brawling; as high up as he can get in summer, lower down in winter, but always in the mountains, wherever there is open water.

The sprite of the mountains he, the bearer of messages from the "Under water people" to the prospector or big-game hunter who penetrates the savage solitudes which delight the bird's little heart. He has no fear of the intruder, not he. At your very feet, up from the swirling mountain water he comes, after a submergence that seems impossible to a warm-blooded, breathing being, hops upon an ice-sheathed boulder and, flipping the water from his dark slate blue coat with movements that almost baffle the eye, so quickly are they made, he bursts into song; a sweet, soulful trill, the harmony of the mountains, a song of thanksgiving for the blessings of life which are his for the taking—that is the message.

When feeding they always seemed to me to be under the water more than half of the time. Water bugs, beetles and aquatic larvæ of all kinds constitute the grubstake of this mountain rover. Whenever he gets the chance, he will eat a few minute trout and eggs, but the old one rustles him away from her spawning place if she catches him near it—reference being had to wild trout. In the spring of 1898 the writer caught a trout in the cañon of the Medicine Lodge, a tributary of the Paint Rock, that had a water ousel or dipper in its gullet. I would not allow one of these birds to use about a pond where trout were bred, but, save for the demands of science, I would as soon think of shooting my faithful old pack-horse as this sweet singer in the rugged mountain solitudes which he affects.

I have a cherished photograph which shows the winter habitat of the American dipper. It shows the dipper at home on Paint Rock Creek, one mile below the mouth of the cañon in Big Horn county, Wyoming. One can make out the bird with the naked eye on the ice point in the thread of the stream where he is perched, in the act of singing, just as the camera was about to click, when the sun peeped out for a moment on that bleak February day. I never look at the picture but I seem to hear the sweet notes of the singer, so bold and dauntless, so typical of the West.

DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

What Became of the Wild Pigeon.

I THINK that any one who reads this article will be, like myself, satisfied that the destruction of the pigeons was to gratify the avarice and love of gain of a few men who followed them till they were virtually exterminated.

When a boy and living in northern Ohio, I often had to go with a gun and drive the pigeons from the newly sown fields of wheat. At that time wheat was sown broadcast, and pigeons would come by the thousands and pick up the wheat before it could be covered with the drag. My father would say, "Get the gun and shoot at every pigeon you see," and often I would see them coming from the woods and lighting on the newly sowed field. They would alight till the ground was fairly blue with these beautiful birds. I would secrete myself in the fence corner, and as these birds would light on the ground they would form themselves in a long row, canvassing the field for grain, and as the rear birds raised up and flew over those in front, they reminded one of the little breakers on the ocean beach, and as they came along in this form, they resembled a winrow of hay rolling across the field. I would wait until the end of this wave was opposite my hiding place and then arise and fire into this winrow of living, animated beauty, and I have picked up as many as twenty-seven dead birds killed at a single shot with an old flintlock smooth bore. Later in the fall these birds would come in countless millions to feed on the wild mast of beechnuts and acorns, and every evening they would pass over our home, going west of our place to what was known as Lodi Swamp. Many and many a time have I seen clouds of birds that extended as far as the eye could reach, and the sound of their wings was like the roar of a tempest. And for those who are not acquainted with the habits and flight of these birds, I wish to say that once in the month of November, while these pigeons were going from their feeding grounds to this roost in the Lodi Swamp, they were met with a storm of sleet and snow. The wind blew so hard they could not breast it, and were compelled to alight in a sugar orchard near our place. This orchard consisted of twenty acres, where the timber had all been cut out, except the maples, and when they commenced lighting, the trees already partially loaded with snow and ice, and the vast flock of pigeons being attracted by those alighting, all sought the same resting place. Such vast numbers alighted that in a short time the branches of the trees were broken, and as fast as one tree gave way those birds would light on the already loaded tree adjoining, and that, too, was stripped of its long and limber branches. Suffice it to say that in a half hour's time this beautiful sugar orchard was entirely ruined by the loads of birds which had attempted to rest from the storm.

About this time did I enjoy my first pigeon hunt in a roost. Being a boy about sixteen years of age, having a brother about thirteen, and as we had seen the pigeons going by to their roost for hours and knowing that many people went there every night to shoot pigeons on the roost, my brother and I were seized with a desire to go and enjoy this exciting sport. Then arose the difficulty of a gun suitable for the occasion. As we had nothing but a small bored rifle and not owning a shotgun, we appealed to father as to what we should do for a gun. We had previously gained his consent to our going. He suggested that we take the old horse pistol; one of Revolutionary date, and had been kept in the family as a reminder of troublesome times. Let the young man of to-day, who hunts with the improved breechloader, think of two boys starting pigeon hunting, their only outfit consisting of a horse pistol, barrel twelve inches long, caliber 12 gauge, flintlock, one pound of No. 4 shot, a quarter of a pound of powder, a pocket full of old newspaper for wadding, a two-bushel bag to carry game in and a tin lantern. Thus equipped, we started for the pigeon roost, a little after dark. And although three miles from the roost when we started from home, we could hear the sullen roar of that myriad of birds, and the sound increased in volume as we approached the roost, till it became as the roar of the breakers upon the beach.

As we approached the swamp where the birds roosted, a few scattered birds were frightened from the roost along the edge of the swamp. These scattering birds we could not shoot, but kept advancing further into the swamp. As we approached this vast body of birds, which bent the alders flat to the ground, we could see every now and then ahead of us a small pyramid which looked like a haystack in the darkness, and as we approached what appeared to be this haystack, the frightened birds would fly from the bended alders, and we would find ourselves standing in the midst of a diminutive forest of small trees of alders and willows. We now found these apparent haystacks were only small elms or willows completely loaded down with live birds. My brother suggested that I shoot at the next "haystack." So we advanced along very carefully among the now upright alders till we came to where it was a perfect roar of voices and wings, and just ahead of us we saw one of these mysterious forms which so rembled a haystack. My brother suggested that I aim at the center of it and let the old horse pistol go. I instantly obeyed his suggestion, pointing as best as I could in the dim light at the center of that form, and pulled. There was a flash and a roar, and the very atmosphere seemed to be alive with flying, chattering birds. The old tin lantern was

lighted. The horse pistol was hunted for, as it had recoiled with such force I had lost hold of it. The gun being found, we then approached as nearly as we could the place where I had shot at the stack. From this discharge we picked up eighteen pigeons and saw some hobbling away into thick brush, from which we could not recover them. After an hour of this kind of hunting our bag was full of pigeons, and our tallow candle in the lantern nearly consumed. We retraced our steps out of the swamp, and about 11 o'clock at night arrived home well satisfied with the night's hunt in the pigeon roost. We had had acres of enjoyment and had brought home bushels of pigeons.

This is only to give an idea of what pigeons were in northern Ohio in the days of my boyhood. This was in the years of '44 to '46. In '54, having grown to man's estate, I moved to Michigan and settled in Cass County, where I built a log house and began clearing up a farm. After having cleared three or four fields around my house, one morning one of my girls came running in from out of doors and said: "Pa, come out and see the pigeons." I went to the door and saw scooting across my fields, as it seemed skimming the surface of the earth, flock after flock of the birds, one coming close upon the heels of another. I hastened into the house and grasped my double barreled shotgun, powder flask and shot pouch; my little girl, then a miss of twelve summers, following me. I took a stand on a slight rise in the middle of a five-acre field and commenced shooting, you might say, at wads of pigeons, so closely huddled were they as they went by. Letting the birds get opposite me and firing across the flock, I was enabled to kill from three to fifteen pigeons at a shot. And my girl was perfectly wild picking up the dead birds and catching the winged ones and bringing them to me. You never saw two mortals more busy than we were for a half hour. At this time my wife called for breakfast, as we were near the house, and I found my stock of ammunition nearly exhausted. We went into the house for our breakfast and when we came out the birds were flying as thickly as ever. She says, let us count the pigeons and see how many we have. We found we had killed and picked up in this short time twenty-three dozen. My wife said I had better take them to Three Rivers, which was our nearest town, and sell them. And as my ammunition was about exhausted, I hitched up my team, took twenty dozen of the birds and drove ten miles to the station, sold my birds for sixty-five cents a dozen and returned home well satisfied with my day's work, and having on hand a good supply of ammunition for the next morning's flight.

Now I wish to pass along, the lapse of time being about sixteen years. During this time I had removed from Cass County to Van Buren County, where I had located in the beautiful village of Hartford. In the year 1869 or '70, the pigeoners, a class of men who lived in Hartford, made a business of netting pigeons, and they are living here yet, and not one of them feels any pride in the part he took in the destruction of these beautiful birds. In March, 1869, word was received that a large flight of pigeons were coming north through the State of Indiana. These men, who had followed the pigeons for years, said, "As we have snow on the ground they will be sure to nest near here, and as we have had a big crop of beechnuts and acorns last fall they will be sure to stop to get the benefit of this mast." A queer thing about the pigeon was that he always built his nest on the borders of the snow, that is, where the ground underneath was covered with snow.

Sure enough, as predicted, in two days after receiving notice of the flight of the birds from Indiana, myriads of pigeons were passing north along the east shore of Lake Michigan, and soon scattering flocks were seen going south toward the bare ground. In a few days word was received that pigeons had gone to nesting in what was then called Deerfield Township, a vast body of hardwood and hemlock timber. Then it was that the pigeon killers, with their nets, stoolbirds and flyers commenced making preparations for the slaughter of the beautiful birds when they commenced laying their eggs. This takes place only three or four days after they commence nesting, as a pigeon's nest is the simplest nest ever seen in a tree built by a bird. It consists of a few little twigs laid crosswise without moss or lining of any kind, and the lay of eggs is but one. As soon as one egg is laid, they commence sitting, and the male pigeon is quite a gentleman in his way, taking his turn and sitting one-half of the time.

In about twelve or fourteen days—some claim twenty—the young pigeon is hatched. As soon as hatched the male and female birds commence feeding on what is known as marsh feed, that is, on low, springy ground. And from this feed is supplied to both the male and female bird what is known as pigeon's milk, forming inside of the crop a sort of curd, on which the young pigeon is fed by both father and mother, who supply alike this food. The young bird is gorged with this food, and in a few days becomes as heavy as the parent bird. Another singular thing about the wild pigeon is that as the snow melts and the ground is left bare where the nesting is, the old birds never eat the nuts in the nesting, but leave them for the benefit of the young ones, and so when he comes off the nest he always finds an abundance of food at his very door, as it were. As soon as the young birds are able to leave the nest and commence feeding on the ground in the nesting, the old birds immediately forsake them, move again on to the borders of the snow, and start another nesting. In five or ten days the young birds will follow in the direction of the old birds.

When the young birds first come off the nest and commence feeding on the ground, they are fat as balls of butter, but in ten days from this time, when they start on their northern flight to follow their mother bird, they are poor as snakes, and almost unfit to eat, while, when they first leave the nest, they are the most palatable morsel man ever tasted. However, in about forty days from the time they began nesting to the time they took their northern flight, there was shipped from Hartford and vicinity, three carloads a day of these beautiful meteors of the sky. Each car contained 150 barrels with 35 dozen in a barrel, making the daily shipment 24,750 dozen.

Young men, who are now hunting for something to shoot and wondering what has become of our game, as you realize these figures, and hear men inquire: "What has become of the pigeons?" point to western Michigan and say: "In three years' time there were caught and shipped to New York and other Eastern cities 990,000 dozen in one year, and in the two succeeding years from Shelby it was estimated by the same men who caught the pigeons at Hartford, there were one-third more shipped from there than from Hartford; and from Petoskey, Emmet County, two years later, it is now claimed by C. H. Engle, a resident of this town, who was a participant in this ungodly slaughter, that there was shipped five carloads a day for thirty days at an average of 8,250 dozen to the carload. Now, when anyone asks you what has become of the wild pigeons, refer them to C. H. Engle, Stephen Stowe, Chas. Sherburne and Hiram Corwin, and a man by the name of Miles from Wisconsin, Mr. Miles having caught 500 dozen in a single day. And I say, when you are asked what has become of the wild pigeons, point them to Hartford, to Shelby, to Petoskey; figure up the shipping bills, and that will show them what has become of this the grandest game bird that ever cleft the air of any continent.

My young friends, I want to humbly ask your forgiveness for having taken a small part in the destruction of this the most exciting of sport. And there is not one of us but is ashamed of the slaughter brought about by our efforts and of robbing you of enjoyment. If we had been restrained by laws of humanity, you, too, could have enjoyed this sport for years to come. This, in our estimation, explains what has become of the passenger pigeon.

SULLIVAN COOK.

HARTFORD, Mich.

Our Wood Inhabiters in Winter.—III.

The Woodpeckers and Nuthatches.

As we pass through the stretch of young growth and penetrate still further into the forest, we find that the birds have become more scarce, the notes of the chickadees alone breaking the stillness of these grand old woods. Bird life in winter seems to abound most in the outskirts of the forest, perhaps because the slanting rays of the sun temper the chilliness of the air in such places or they are sheltered from the breezes which often are severely cold, or possibly a supply of food is more easily gleaned there than in the heavier growth.

Amid the larger trees, however, we may almost always expect to find an occasional downy woodpecker and with it, chiefly for company's sake, and traveling with it, but not in what might be called a close comradeship, now and then will be seen that industrious little bird, the white-bellied nuthatch.

Up and down the trunk and along the larger limbs they keep up their incessant search for the larvæ and eggs of insects, the woodpecker occasionally uttering its shrill little note as its bill plays a rolling rat-a-tat-tat upon a dead limb, and the nuthatch replying to it with its peculiar cha-cha-cha-châ, as it climbs about the tree, tapping the bark now and then in imitation of the woodpecker.

Brave, hardy little feathered pigmics are they to linger among our snow-clad woods in such inclement weather as they have to bear, when by following the example set by their summer neighbors they could, in a very few hours, reach a more genial clime and a more congenial environment.

The white-bellied nuthatch is a common species in New England, residing there the entire year, and in the Middle States as far south as the lower mountainous districts of Pennsylvania, it is more or less abundant; in fact, it seems to be pretty generally distributed throughout the eastern United States and the British Provinces.

It is a bird of very great activity, seemingly reluctant to lose a moment of its time during the day. Around the tree it winds its way, sometimes hanging suspended beneath a horizontal limb where, perhaps, a grub is hidden among the bark and lichens. It seems almost always to prefer the solitude of the forests to the vicinity of human habitations, and if, by chance, it is occasionally seen in an orchard, it is only by accident that it has found its way there, and this even in the most rigorous winters.

Like the chickadee, the nuthatch seems devoted to its mate the whole year through, and when isolated individuals are seen, they are either unmated or they have by some accident lost their chosen partners.

All who have paid attention to the habits of our birds have probably noticed that the chickadee almost always travel by pairs, although there may be a dozen members in their scattered little flock. The nuthatch imitates them in this particular very closely.

Its name, like that of its European congeners, is derived from its habit of storing acorns and other nuts in crevices in trees and between the bark and the woody layer, and sometimes these are so securely wedged in, a constant and prolonged hammering by the bird is required to break the shell and obtain the meat within, which, although the bird is chiefly insectivorous in its habits, proves, together with various dried fruits and seeds, not unwelcome additions to its menu. The nest of this species, which is composed of soft grasses, hairs, fine rootlets and a few feathers, is arranged compactly in the bottom of a hole which has been excavated by the birds in a dead stump of a tree, the hole being carried down to a depth of eight or nine inches. The eggs are of a beautiful roseate white color, and are covered more or less thickly with fine spots and dashes of reddish and light brown. In the Canadian forests, where it is fairly abundant, it seems to fraternize with the red-bellied nuthatch in the summer, just as it does with the titmice and creepers in our latitude in winter; the call notes of both these species are among the sounds first heard by the traveler or sportsman in the early morning. I have sometimes heard the notes in the middle of the night as I lay in my tent or was, perchance, traveling across a forest lake, and frequently they seemed to be high up in the air, as if the birds were moving from one point to another. The sounds of the night in a northern forest are often made melodious by the love songs of various birds, the white-throated sparrow, hermit thrush and various warblers often ascending into the air and pouring out an entrancing serenade to their prospective or already acquired partners.

As for the little downy woodpecker, the smallest of all our Picidæ, I doubt if the nuthatch, even, displays a greater diligence throughout the hours of the day in which it performs its labor. We see it as it mounts upon the insect-infected limb of a tree and patiently hammers and probes the bark and wood, sometimes for a half hour at a stretch, before the destructive hordes are dislodged and destroyed. As Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, truly says: "When the bird is thus engaged you may walk up pretty close to the tree, and even stand immediately below it, within five or six feet of the bird, without in the least embarrassing it. The strokes of his bill are distinctly heard several yards off, and I have known him to be at work for two hours together on the same tree. Buffon calls this 'incessant toil and slavery;' their attitude 'a painful posture,' and their life 'a dull and insipid existence,' expressions improper because untrue, and absurd because contradictory. The posture is that for which the whole organization is particularly adapted; and though to a wren or a humming bird the labor would be both toil and slavery, yet to him it is, I am convinced, as pleasant and as amusing as the sports of the chase to the hunter or the sucking of flowers to the hummingbird."

The Butcher Bird.

Both the downy woodpecker and the nuthatch, as well as the chickadee and the junco or blue snow bird, often fall victims to the rapacity of the butcher bird or great northern shrike, which we are likely to meet at any moment in our winter day's ramble.

Perched on a telegraph pole or the limb of a tree, we see the gray and black and white plumaged marauder waiting patiently for the appearance of some of the smaller birds; and when they do approach within a safe striking distance he launches himself down upon them, after the manner of the small sparrow hawk, and rarely does he miss his aim.

Baynes, in an interesting sketch of the habits of this shrike, states that he is said to be very fond of English sparrows, and these birds are certainly much disconcerted whenever he puts in an appearance. "In flying he may be recognized by a characteristic habit. He does not fly straight to the point on which he intends to alight, but in a horizontal line considerably below it. At the last moment, however, he makes a sudden upward turn and reaches his point of destination."

While the butcher bird is not abundant anywhere, it is much more plentiful than it is generally supposed to be. It is a resident species in the Canadian fauna, and a winter visitor in New England and the Middle States.

It is quite probable that it breeds in the higher mountain ranges of Pennsylvania—increase of altitude having the same influence on bird life as increase of latitude—in fact, Dr. Coues quotes Mr. Trumbull's statement that "many of these birds nestle on the mountain ridges of the Alleghanies," and Gentry mentions it as arriving in Philadelphia during the latter part of October and remaining there until the last of March. If he is not in error in this statement, the bird must have descended from its mountain home rather than have come from the north, for the reason that it does not appear in middle New England before the cold weather fairly sets in.

That the shrike imitates the notes of other birds as a means of decoying them within his reach seems to be the opinion of several writers on ornithology, but I am inclined to believe that if it possesses the power of mimicry it exercises it very sparingly. I have had fairly good opportunities for studying its habits both in the wild state and in captivity, and never have heard it give utterance to what might be termed a song. When disturbed in his watch for feathered victims, he utters a harsh, querulous shriek, and flies away, sometimes to a considerable distance before he alights again on a tree top or other point of observation.

Nuttall ascribes to it the gift of song; he states that he heard it as late as November 10 uttering a low, soft warble which resembled at first that of the song sparrow, and which was changed to the notes of the catbird or gray mockingbird.

The general character of the bird is not one to impress us with the idea that it is a songster, for its traits are those of a destroyer of lives simply for the purpose of killing, and its mission seems to be well set forth by its actions. Possibly in its nuptial days it gives utterance to some kind of melody, but while it is with us the exuberance which calls forth such song is entirely subdued. Gentry, in treating of this, says: "The season of cold being considerably advanced on its arrival, and everything bearing the impress of winter, and its retirement in spring being unusually early, it is obvious that its surroundings are of such a character as not to awaken joyous impressions. Besides, the males and females lead solitary lives during their stay, and depart as they come, alone; and there is wanting besides that ardor of feeling between the sexes which exhibits itself in the power of song."

With most species song is assumed about the mating period by the males, in order to attract the females on their arrival, or to captivate them by the power of its charms. Darwin, in speculating upon this subject, views it in this light. Although song is mainly designed upon the part of the male "to influence the female in the matter of choice, it is plain that it is often indulged in as a thing of enjoyment." Primitively, however, it is awakened by amatory influences.

That the butcher bird often visits the parks of cities in winter is a well established fact, a number of instances having been recorded of its preying upon the European sparrows which are so abundant in those localities.

"One winter," says Merriam, "it was no uncommon thing to see a shrike flying across the street in New Haven, Conn., with a sparrow in its talons. The poor sparrows, unused to danger of any sort, were utterly helpless, and at one time it seemed as if we were actually going to be rid of the little pests."

I have seen individuals of this species perched on the elms of Boston Common, where they had come undoubtedly in pursuit of the sparrows; in Central Park in New York they have also been observed, and in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, they have been seen to capture the sparrows, which are exceedingly numerous there. In its raids upon the small birds the shrike singles out an in-

dividual and follows it to its death, just as a hawk selects a pigeon in a flock and pursues it with unswerving pertinacity, no matter how it turns and doubles and tries to lose itself among its comrades. The blue snow bird and chickadees, who are well acquainted with its bloodthirsty rapacity, sound the note of alarm at its coming, and dart into a thicket or some other cover in their efforts to escape from it; but the occasion is rare, indeed, when it is completely balked of capturing a victim.

The first living shrike that I ever saw puzzled me considerably; at first glance I thought, on aeccount of the color of its plumage, that it was a mockingbird that had either escaped from confinement or was very strangely out of its proper latitude; this was in December, near Boston, when there were very few small birds to be seen.

I watched the shrike and followed it as it moved from one tree to another, it being evidently unwilling to permit my near approach, but not seeming to fear me or to regard me with much distrust. Its mode of flight, which resembled very much that of one of the small hawks, together with its peculiarly colored head and hooked bill, enabled me to identify it very quickly, and in a few moments I had an opportunity of observing the manner in which it follows and kills its prey; a small flock of snow birds appearing on the scene and one of them being pounced upon and killed in a most expeditious way. Fortunately I had a gun with me, and I knocked the shrike over as it was on the point of tearing its prey and devouring it.

On several occasions I have seen a shrike capture small birds and in every instance the victim was seized by the sharp-pointed, hooked and toothed beak of the marauder, and not in its talons, as described by Merriam, although these are very sharp and cruel. On one occasion I saw a shrike dart into a flock of tree sparrows and kill three of them before they could escape; and it seems characteristic of this bird to secure more than enough food for its present wants. Its habit of suspending small birds, mice, and insects on thorns and small, sharp-pointed twigs is well known. This is done, I am inclined to think, not because, as some writers assert, that it will not eat its food when freshly killed, but rather to have this food stored for future need. We see many other birds with this same habit of providing for coming wants; particularly the blue jay, nuthatches and some of the woodpeckers. In captivity the butcher bird is surly and unapproachable. It resents every attempt that is made to become friendly with it, and shows a thoroughly fierce and implacable spirit to the end. I know of hardly any other bird or animal that is so completely untamable. Even the most savage hawks and carnivorous animals at times unbend and show less of their savage nature to those who constantly attend them.

I have had rather exceptional opportunities for observing them as caged specimens and have found nothing in their nature that is interesting or attractive.

A number of years ago I wing-tipped a fine male bird, and after removing the wounded member I placed it in a large wire cage and hung it to a hook in the upper casing of a window, the top of which was opened slightly to provide the bird with an abundance of fresh cold air which seemed necessary to its existence. There I allowed it to remain, feeding it occasionally with bits of meat, small birds and mice. I affixed to the bars of the cage a number of wire hooks arranged somewhat similarly to the barbs on a wire fence. Singularly enough the shrike absolutely refused to touch one of the dead birds, and only when hunger absolutely compelled it would it eat any of the mice. I hardly believed that it was starving itself out of sheer ugliness, and continued to feed it with as great a variety of food as I could procure. I hung one or two of the mice and birds on the sharp barbs in imitation of its methods in a state of nature, but they were untouched. At length the idea occurred to me that perhaps the shrike preferred to eat only prey of its own killing, and acting on this thought I stretched some fine wire netting around the bottom of the cage bars to the height of four or five inches and then turned several mice that I had trapped into the cage.

The moment they began to run about the shrike seemed to awake from its surly mood and become restless and excitable; but he refused to touch one of the living mice while I was watching it. Finally I turned away from the cage and buried myself in the most distant part of the room, at which, however, hung a large mirror, in which I could watch the bird as perfectly as if I was near it. For a few minutes he remained motionless, evidently expecting I would return to him, but as I did not stir, the bird, now all excitement, dropped upon one of the mice, burying his talons in its back as he caught the animal.

The mouse uttered a faint squeak and struggled weakly but in vain, for the shrike, seizing it in his powerful mandibles, with a sharp bite or two quickly killed it. As soon as the little rodent ceased to struggle the bird mounted to his perch, where, holding the mouse with one foot against the wooden bar that served as a roost, he commenced to tear it with his sharp beak.

At this point his attention was diverted to another of the mice that was running about the floor of the cage, when, hanging his first victim upon one of the wire hooks that I had prepared, he dropped upon the second mouse and killed it just as he had killed the other. Again he ascended to his perch and prepared to feast upon his quarry, when his attention was again attracted to the movements of the third and last mouse.

For a moment he held his victim in his beak and then, forcing it into an angle formed by the crossing of two wires, just as a jay forces an acorn into a crack of a tree or in the crotch of two limbs, he then dropped upon the remaining mouse and despatched it without any loss of time.

And now happened the curious part of this incident; the third mouse was almost wholly eaten at one meal, the remainder of the body being hung on one of the wire barbs, where it remained until the cravings of the bird's hunger later in the day led him to finish it; but the other two mice were permitted to hang untouched for two days; in fact, they were not eaten at all, for as an experiment I put two live mice into the cage on the second day, both of which he killed and ate.

I inferred from this occurrence that the shrike hangs or impales its prey on thorns, etc., in a state of nature, not so much for the purpose of saving them for future food, or until they have become somewhat "high," as has been surmised by some writers, but simply as a method of putting them in safe keeping, as it were, while other victims are being disposed of, and the carnival of killing is ended, and this seems to account for the fact that most of the birds or small animals that it destroys and hangs up remain untouched until they fall to the ground or are eaten by wandering crows or jays.

For a week or more I had kept the shrike a solitary prisoner, when by accident I caught another one that had followed a junco into a carriage house in attempting to capture it. On seeing the birds enter the house, I rushed to the door and closed it, and after a short chase I caught the marauder with the snow bird firmly clutched in his talons. The fierce bird gave me a sharp bite or two, uttering a harsh, savage scream the while, before I succeeded in getting it into the cage in which the other shrike was confined. Of course the entrance of the newcomer was the signal for a spell of wild fluttering on the part of both birds, each of whom evidently regarded the other as an enemy.

At last both quieted down and occupied the long perch, but each kept at the end of it as far from the other as possible. I doubt if two birds of equally bad dispositions were ever confined in one cage before. They were not only entirely unsociable, but they were positively hateful to each other. If either moved the other bristled up its feathers, opened its beak in a fiercely threatening manner, and prepared to attack its companion at a moment's notice. They absolutely refused to be reconciled to each other, and to the end continued the attitude of vindictive belligerency.

One morning I found my first captive dead, his scattered feathers and badly cut head and neck showing unmistakable signs that a fierce battle had been fought, and a day or two subsequently the second bird, which had persistently refused to eat, dropped from his perch, evidently from the weakness of starvation, and though I made every possible effort to induce him to swallow some morsels of meat, which efforts he savagely, but weakly, resented, he crawled into a corner of the cage and, with his feathers ruffled and his beak opened threateningly at me, he died.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Connecticut Valley Migrants.

From the Springfield Republican.

FROM the migratory birds' point of observation, which is supposed to be usually at an altitude of from one to three miles, the Connecticut River, running in a general southerly direction from its source to its mouth, together with the parallel range of mountains on the east and west portions of the valley, must serve as conspicuous marks to guide these travelers in their spring and autumn journey.

From remote times, the migration of birds has been considered a great mystery, but recent investigations have thrown considerable light upon the subject. Within the last few years, it has been ascertained that by focusing a powerful telescope upon the moon during clear nights, when the so-called bird rushes are at their height, an observer may see many migrants pass across the face of the moon, and even recognize the species to which some of them belong. We know that many kinds prefer the Connecticut River route, from the fact that they are often found stopping in this valley during the time of their migration, while elsewhere in central and southern New England they are comparatively rarely seen at this time. Probably many of some species fly up and down the valley and, like express trains, do not stop at way stations, so we rarely see any of them here. Some years numerous individuals of certain kinds of birds may rest and pay us a short visit, and at the next time of migration most of them will go over in one long flight and hardly any alight in the valley. The bay-breasted warbler, about once in eight or ten years, during the month of May, will appear in abundance, and except during such seasons is not commonly met with here. The white-winged scoter, a species of sea duck, is said to pass up this valley on its way north the last of spring, but it hardly ever stops, and then only during severe storms or dense fogs, when the view of all landmarks is cut off from its vision. One year, in the month of May, during a quiet night, when the valley was filled with fog, I heard a large flock of ducks pass over Springfield, and so near that I could hear the whistle of their wings and the guttural note they uttered. Probably they were of the sea duck family. Another year, in the same month, when the meteorological conditions were similar, I heard constantly one evening for fifteen or twenty minutes the call note of sandpipers as they passed overhead, and for that time there must have been a continuous flock going north over Springfield, and so incessantly were their voices to be heard that a blind bird would have had no difficulty in keeping company with the flock. It is seldom that any species of sandpiper stops here in any great numbers, except the spotted and solitary, and this immense flock did not belong to either of these kinds.

Some of the birds that usually spend the summer and raise their young further south, penetrate some distance up the Connecticut valley to breed, while elsewhere in New England they are only rarely found. Among these are the mockingbird, yellow-breasted chat, and several kinds of warblers, including the hooded and worm-eating.

The experience that a wild bird goes through during migration, together with its constant effort to obtain food and to avoid its enemies, must tend to increase its intelligence. Take, for instance, the wild mallard, ever alert and quick to escape from danger, and with the sagacity to fly to food and fair weather when necessary, and compare it with its descendant, the common tame puddle duck, that has for generations depended upon man for food and shelter, so stupid that it will sit close to the ground and let a trolley car run over it rather than move.

But few people realize how far south some of our summer residents go in winter, and how short a distance do others. The bluebird that nests in the orchard of an Agawam farmer may pass the colder months in southern Connecticut, within sight of Mt. Tom, while the bobolink that breeds in his meadow extends its migration to the equator and beyond. The former can fly to us in a few hours at the first breath of spring, while the latter is on its way a long time. To migrate down the Connecticut valley on a fair night cannot be a very difficult task for an old bird that has followed this route for a number of years, neither would it be for a man in the night, under favorable conditions, to steer a perfected air ship down the lower Connecticut valley, with simply the portions of the sky that reflect the electric lights of the cities and towns, to serve as illuminated guides. Starting a mile high, over Northampton, the light of Holyoke would be an easy mark to steer by, and guided by the lights of Springfield, Windsor Locks, Hartford, Middletown and other places, an experienced air navigator would not be easily lost at night in going to Long Island Sound.

While, under favorable circumstances, the flight of a bird a few hundred miles may not seem a very marvelous performance, the mechanical force required to go through the great annual migration of some species must be very great. Take the bobolink, for instance. It does seem wonderful that its little heart, an organ about the size of a pea, will pump the blood that nourishes the muscles that propel this little body down and over the entire length of the United States, passing along the Central American coast and then over Venezuela and Colombia, across the equator and the headwaters of the Amazon, to its winter quarters in southern Brazil, and will furnish the power that will bring it back again in the spring, and with a so well timed journey that you may hear its first song of the season on a West Springfield meadow within forty-eight hours of the 8th of May in each year.

The power of vision in birds is far more keen and clear than in human beings. Some kinds are said to be able to distinguish a small object twenty times as far as can man. A hawk has been seen to descend from a great height in a perpendicular line and seize a little insignificant mouse which he had singled out for his quarry. Birds have the power to instantly adjust their eyes for bright or obscure light, and to quickly focus them upon either near or far objects. With their telescopic eyes, what changes in the landscape of this valley must have appeared to the night-flying migrants in their spring and autumn journey during the last 300 years.

The Indian name for the Connecticut River was sometimes interpreted to mean the river of pines. The valley must then have been almost an unbroken forest. The few clearings made by the handful of Indians that dwelt along the larger streams was but an insignificant portion of the whole. Dark and gloomy was the view that then met the eyes of the night-flying migrants as they looked down from their point of observation in the upper air; but following the appearance of the Puritans here, in the less than three centuries a great change occurred in the face of the country, first by the clearing away of the original forest, by the apeparance of cultivated fields lined off by the stone walls and Virginia fences and by the building of villages and towns; and during the last sixty years new and strange objects have constantly appeared to the vision of the night-traveling birds.

The engines of the steam railroads, with smoke issuing from them, and occasional flashes of light toward the sky, seeming to the migrants like lightning from the earth, the lamp and gas-lighted towns, dim in comparison with those of our day, and later the modern cities with their blaze of lights, the suburban trolley cars, looking from a mile above like moving stars, all these changes of the aspect of the country have come by degrees, and many things are as they have always been since migration up and down this region began. The mountains and side valleys are still here, serving as landmarks to the passing birds, just as they did ages ago.

ROBERT O. MORRIS.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

Some More Early Signs.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "Farmers' Almanac" says spring is here, and so does FOREST AND STREAM, and it must be so.

Sunday, March 1, I awoke to find the first clear Sunday we had had in about nine weeks, and also to find that the month was being ushered in in due and ancient form—she was roaring.

I started out for a walk to look for "signs of spring," and shortly was greeted by the voice of the bluebird singing in the spruce trees. I stopped to listen and this is what he said: "Curious, curious, curious, it's cold and chilly."

Out of another tree robin redbreast was advising brother bluebird to "Cheer up, cheer up, 'twill soon be warmer."

Monday evening, the second, about seven o'clock, a flock of wild geese passed over the city going northward; the honk, honk of the leader was sounded frequently, and the chattering of the flock could be distinctly heard. They were flying low, no doubt attracted or bewildered by the electric lights. Several flocks of black ducks have passed over during the week on their way north.

The crows have been moving north in a continuous procession for ten days from about five o'clock in the morning until evening.

March seventh the crow-blackbirds arrived and are resting among the spruce trees on the lawns within the city limits. This is about the only time they come to town, save occasionally in some dago's pocket.

By the way, the dago may be a very useful "cuss" in building railroads, waterworks and sewers, but he is at the same time. and all the time, a destructive "cuss." He hunts in season and out, Sundays included; it's his best day; he kills everything that runs or flies, and when "pulled up" he no understands. The dago should be suppressed.

With the advent of spring I notice the usual crop of amendments to the fish and game laws. It seems to be the legislator's only remedy for spring fever. I would like to say something on the subject myself, but "what's the use." I've bored the Assemblyman and Game Protector Kidd, of Newburgh, with suggestions until they cross the street when they see me coming. I may cut loose some time, but not now.

JOHN WILKIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Noted the first appearance of robins and bluebirds this morning, March 6. This is the earliest date of their

coming in this locality within my recollection. From some of my old notebooks I glean the following dates of former early arrivals:

Bluebird—1884, March 16; 1885, March 19; 1886, March 21; 1888, March 20.

Robin—1884, March 10; 1885, March 22; 1886, March 17; 1888, March 10. THEODORE M. SCHLICK.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., March 6.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

N. Y. Spring Duck Shooting Bill.

THE hearing held last Thursday in the Senate Chamber at Albany before the joint Fish and Game Committees of the Senate and the Assembly, on Senator Brown's bill to prohibit spring duck shooting in New York, brought together a considerable number of persons interested.

The joint committee was made up as follows: In the Senate: Messrs. E. R. Brown, Armstrong, Allds, Lefevre, W. L. Brown, Townsend and Keenan. In the House: Messrs. Allston, of Herkimer; Reeve, of Suffolk; Doughty, of Queens-Nassau; Moran, of Seneca; C. W. Smith, of Fulton-Hamilton; McNair, of Wyoming; Coutant, of Ulster; Simpson, of Sullivan; Knapp, of Clinton; Wolf of Kings; Duer, of Queens; Shanahan, of Kings; Mortimer, of Oneida.

A large delegation of Long Islanders, chiefly from Suffolk county, was on hand, and their forces were marshaled by Senator Bailey, who is, of course, opposed to the bill. Among these were Capt. Wm. H. Kreamer, of Bellport, L. I.; Capt. Downs, Mr. J. Wood, of Sayville, who appeared as counsel for the supervisors; Mr. W. H. Post, Mr. Hart, and Mr. F. Lawrence, of Mastic.

The meeting was called to order by Senator Brown at 2:30 P. M., and the proceedings opened by an address from Senator Bailey, who then called as witnesses Capt. Kreamer and Capt. Downs. Both these gentlemen testified that this year birds in the Great South Bay appeared to be more numerous than ever. They said that their autumn shooting was usually confined to the month of November, since the bay usually closed early in December, after which there was no shooting until it opened again in March. The point was made that few or no brant were killed except on their way north in the spring, and that the number of brant—and indeed of ducks—killed was very inconsiderable in comparison with the number of birds found. Questions put by Mr. Reeve, of Suffolk, brought out from these gentlemen the opinion that the birds found in the Great South Bay did not proceed north to New York State, or indeed across the country, but followed the coast and bred in the far north, somewhat vaguely described as Labrador.

Mr. Grinnell, of New York, was asked to open for the side advocating the bill. He went over many of the familiar arguments in favor of the abolition of spring shooting, called attention to the fact that in Jefferson county New York already had within its boundaries an object lesson which proved the case for the advocates of the bill, for—spring shooting having been abolished there for three years—wildfowl were more numerous than ever before, black ducks having bred by thousands, mallards and teal in some numbers, broadbills and redheads a few, and perhaps one brood of geese.

Mr. Chas. H. Mowry, representing the New York Fish and Game and Forest League, followed. He spoke of the general feeling in the State against spring shooting, enumerated the States and Provinces which have done away with it, and pointed out that in all these cases the results of such abolition have been very satisfactory. His address was listened to with attention.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, speaking for the Bird Protective Committee of the American Ornithologists' Union, explained the work of that committee, stating that it had begun by endeavoring to protect non-game birds, but had now extended its work to game birds. He said that for thirty years he had been making a special study of the birds of Long Island, and that his knowledge of these birds and their habits was equal to that of any bay man or gunner of Long Island. He pointed out that the abolition of spring shooting would result in a greatly increased supply of birds on Long Island, and that, as sportsmen from a distance desired to have just about so much shooting every season, men who now visit Long Island both in the spring and fall will, if Senator Brown's bill became a law, merely concentrate their visits, going to Long Island twice as often in the autumn as they do now in spring and fall, so that the gunners there will lose nothing.

Mr. Joseph Wood, of Sayville, as counsel for the supervisors of Suffolk county, made a somewhat extended address covering many of the points already gone over on his side. He insisted especially on the great number of birds in Long Island Sound, and in the discussion which followed between himself and the chairman, Senator Brown suggested that the Great South Bay was a natural gathering place—a sort of game refuge—the last along the seacoast north of the Chesapeake Bay, and that the birds were always found there in great numbers.

Mr. W. H. Tallett, of Watertown, the man to whom more than to anyone else Jefferson county owes the abolition of spring duck shooting, gave a historical review of that matter, and later, in answer to questions, told of the enormous improvement of the autumn shooting there, of the great number of birds which had bred, of the general satisfaction of the gunners with the existing law, but of their rebellion against the injustice of having no spring shooting within their borders while other counties of the State could kill birds in the spring.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, vice-president of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, appeared in behalf of that Association and made a ringing speech. He pointed out that of all the United States and Canadian Provinces east of Michigan which border on the Great Lakes, only New York and Pennsylvania still permit spring duck shooting. He quoted at length from the reports and proceedings of the North American Game Protective Association, and his address was very impressive.

Mr. Dutcher, in response to questions by the chairman, gave additional testimony as to wildfowl and other birds on Long Island. He exhibited a diagram of the States which forbid spring duck shooting, and explained the great numbers of ducks on Long Island on the ground that Long Island was reaping the benefit of the abolition of spring shooting in Canada and northern New England. The diagram is given on page 212.

Mr. W. A. Post spoke interestingly and effectively on the side of Suffolk county. He contradicted a statement made by an earlier speaker that ducks were mated in the early spring or late winter and gave it as his belief that they did not mate until April. The matter of course is one of opinion only, since positive evidence is lacking on the point. Other speakers were Mr. Hart and Mr. Lawrence, the latter of whom felt very strongly on the subject, and really seemed to be too full for the utterance of his sentiments.

The hearing was adjourned by the chairman at 4:30.

Game Preserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I MUST congratulate Mr. Charles Day on his excellent article under the head of "Game Parks and Other Things." At the same time it strikes me that Didymus must be simply having a little fun at the expense of some of your able correspondents.

The American millionaire has been a blessing to his country. With his superb pluck and untiring energy he has sunk his all into the building of thousands of miles of railroads and opened up millions of acres to civilization. He has put farms, villages and cities in the wilderness, and has made it possible for the poorest of us to visit hunting grounds which we would never be able to see had it not been for him. Our millionaires endow colleges, making it possible even for those who revile them to gain a superior education to their own. Then there are libraries, hospitals and other noble works of charity provided, in many instances exclusively by our American millionaires. And when they acquire land worthless for anything but game preserves and perpetuate the propagation of wild animals which would otherwise become extinct, they are performing another public service.

The millionaire who buys up a whole section of country and turns it into a game preserve is a public benefactor. As the game increases it is bound to escape in more or less numbers, and keep the surrounding country permanently stocked. This accounts for the appearance of deer in many sections lately where they have been extinct for years. From this cause and game protection deer are rapidly increasing in Connecticut.

Long may the millionaire flourish to pay good prices to those who need the money for land worthless for other purposes than game preserves. And long may the surplus of their game and fish of their stocked streams overflow into the surrounding country to be gathered in by my children and your children, should they never be millionaires themselves. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., March 6, 1903.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The right of individuals to exclude the public from lands and waters to which they have acquired a "sacred title" is worthy of serious attention, and the limits of that right, if there are any, defined so that those interested in the subject may know just what ought to be done—and do it!

On Feb. 21, in your paper, Mr. Chas. Day talks about "American liberty and the sacred rights of titles," holding that one American liberty is the right to buy wild lands and exclude therefrom all whom the purchaser desires. Doubtless, in common, man-made law, it is proper for a man to fence in mountains and lakes for which so much cash per acre has been paid. Yet it cannot be forgotten that when "game preserves" in France had reached a certain stage of exclusiveness, the "threat of murder," long muttered, was put into execution. The "good laws" governing such cases, became a universal law of compensation. The holders of "sacred rights of title" were killed—the French Revolution resulted from an effort to preach the doctrine of "divine rights" of exclusiveness. There is not likely to be any revolution in the United States of that sort over game parks, because the matter will be rightly settled by the exercise of American sense.

Mr. Day, so far as I can make out, says this notion is and always has been selfish. He is evidently a little weak in spots on history, but it is true, nevertheless, that the pursuit of money has developed men who have lost sight of what money is for. Our "sires and grandsires" came to America to "better their condition"; they despised the "lordly landed aristocracy," and only the weaklings and degenerates ever mimicked this "aristocracy." They came here for the right to do their own work, in their own way, for their own good, with the privilege of rest when their work was done temporarily, or permanently. The nation was founded by workers, and its most serious difficulty was when its millionaire class "gave employment to thousands of men" without compensation.

The subject of private game parks is not a question of work, but one of rest. Have the few who own game preserves the right, according to the American idea, to hold for their own pleasure the lands of resting to the exclusion of all other workers? That is, does a five-foot-eight millionaire really need 50,000 acres of land, while a six-foot-two employe needs more?

It is granted freely that millionaires are a product of America, the more the better. But to talk about unlimited resources in relation to our areas of rest, is, these days, blind folly.

Mr. Day calls the matter of the North Hempstead Lake a mere matter of business. Didymus speaks of it in that light, "a good investment." Let us so consider it. The children of North Hempstead now have the pleasure of playing in the vicinity of that water, under the trees in its neighborhood. Men and women, in quieter fashion, play there, too. As a result: so many good, healthy children, able to do so many goods days' work by and by worth so much to the nation; so many men, commuters, mostly, I presume, refreshed, invigorated, recreated, able and willing to do so much better work, so much more of it on the following day at so much per for the advancement of the nation. Just suppose, to take the most conspicuous example, just suppose Roosevelt had been shut into roads and towns all during his boyhood, with no country to hunt over, "the sacred rights of title" acquired by millionaires having been exercised to keep him from free, healthy roaming with rifle from Maine to the Bad Lands. There is a man developed by unrestricted, unfenced American wilderness, one not to be reared in any 15-strand inclosure devisable. I can't see how he permitted himself to hunt in the Corbin game park.

That little lake at North Hempstead is a good investment. It brings countless dollars to that town, more than the millionaire would. Mr. Day, after a little figuring, can see that. What Didymus sees, is that, instead of being a dallying place for a mere man of wealth, it is a resting place for scores of people, each quite as, if not more, important to the community, being a doer, than a "wealthy man of leisure." No one will object to Mr. Vanderbilt's using the lake in common with his neighbors. It would give great pleasure even in other communities to have him and others of his class if they would recognize the "we Americans" expression, rather than that of "we millionaires."

So it is getting something for nothing when one fishes, hunts or boats on land or water to which the sportsman does not have a sacred paper title. If a man hunted, or fished, or sported all the time it would be so. Living on game or fish is doing that. The market hunter lives on the property of the community. But not so the worker, who has done something—built bridges, or transported wheat or raised cattle, or manufactured shoes or clocks. The nation owes him a rest in addition to the money he has received for adding to the comfort of the people. It owes him just as many varieties of resting as it is possible for the nation to devise and make or purchase—good roads to ride on, beautiful trees to sit under, unpainted mountains to climb, diamond-pure streams to fish in or boat upon, the liveliest trout possible, the wariest deer in the biggest forests, lands and waters free to all, barring none, with every liberty commensurate with the rights of the others. Hence, the law forbidding more than two deer, or one moose, or 25 birds to a gun, is right and just. It is American. But a title which permits an individual to take to himself one minute more of pleasure than is rightfully his, or permits him to deprive others of pleasures of which he may be incapable of appreciating, is not "sacred" nor "divine." It cannot last, though it may be long before the fallacy is uprooted.

"The rugged, barren wilderness, utterly worthless and unprotected," if Chas. Day means that, and believes it, Didymus can pity him. Day is an object of commiseration. He recognizes only one value in this world, that the meanest, least worthy which it is possible to imagine, the cash value. The hunger of a dog for meat places a truer value than the price of a hog in dollars. How much vaster, worthier, more accurate, then, is the value which Didymus places on anything than any which Mr. Day can conceive? "Rugged wilderness," because it is not possible to plant it to turnips and cabbages at so much per head or bushel. "Barren wilderness," because tinted mosses and gnarled trees compose it, not spruce pulp or pine timber.

Day would applaud a Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, millionaire as most generous. A public highway ran along the beach between his land and the harbor. He said to the townspeople, give me this sand strip and I'll let you in to look at my magnificent grounds—grounds highly cultivated, the lands smooth as tables, grass even and soft as velvet, trees trimmed to the shape of inverted carrots and wash basins, hothouse flowers speaking no lesson of fading beauty, an owner glowing with the pride of possession and complaisant generosity—a town full of people deprived of its view of the wide salt waters and the right to walk along a clean, natural, sacred beach. The offer was refused, as in the North Hempstead case.

As to the threats of murder in the case of a park owner, I don't know of a single case in the Adirondacks where the club or individual did not try to seize more than the "sacred title" called for. Public streams have been closed, public highways fenced, even State reservoirs claimed as private ponds, utterly without regard to the rights of the public. I don't believe there is a single geographical community in the whole Adirondack region where the public rights have not been violated by the class of men whom Mr. Day has rushed forward to defend. If there is a private game park in the mountains in which the law has not been ignored in some instance or other, I would be glad to know of it.

I desire to state here that the unfenced game "preserves" have proved a distinct advantage to the Adirondack region. They have been, literally, lands of refuge for the hunted deer. The overflow of deer from these preserves has kept up the supply of game in wonderful fashion. It is too bad that the clubs and individuals have not set an example to the woods people for common justice, let alone manly generosity.

A matter which the financial intellect will not comprehend has been brought forcibly to the minds of central New Yorkers by the typhoid epidemic at Ithaca, due to the bad water served to the town. The water did not cost so much money as good water would have done, yet there are many people who think that good money put into good water is worth while, and a profitable investment. The time is almost in sight when the Adirondacks will have to be used to furnish water to the growing cities. New York itself may look that way some day. The spruce and hemlock trees shading the moist hills are worth money, so are the hardwoods. But there are indications that by the time the woods are gone, people will recognize

the need of keeping such a reservoir intact, regardless of the price of timber and pulp. In every town around the mountains one hears that "there must be some way of getting the hard wood to market." With the trees all gone, it will be seen, even by the man who measures things by dollars, that the forest standing on the mountains is in a better market than any conceivable as sawed timber, simply as health and cleanliness to the lodwland cities.

And then, some day, the time will arrive when even the descendants of Chas. Day will see that the spiritual health of mankind and easy access to the preservations and cares thereof is as much more needful than the bodily health, as the Didymus idea of values is superior to that of Chas. Day.

And by all means, keep religion out of this matter. Business is business, and game parks have nothing to do with doing unto others. Raymond S. Spears.

Newfoundland and the Caribou.

Several articles have recently appeared in our magazines on the Newfoundland caribou (*Rangifer terranovæ*), and the necessary information connected with its capture by the sportsman. These have been written by men who, having been there, are in a position to know; and their unanimous opinion seems to be that at present the island is one vast game preserve. In fact, from the reports and undoubted success of all who have been there during the open season, the idea has become pretty well established these last three or four years that in Newfoundland a man with limited time would be surer of securing his legal number of good heads than in any other section of eastern North America, Labrador being the only possible exception. At present, however, the facilities for hunting and traveling are so poorly developed in the latter region, it is so difficult of access, so vast in extent that often considerable time might be spent in locating a "good game country," and the sportsman with limited time will hardly make the venture.

The present conditions in Newfoundland, and the adequacy and efficiency of its game preservation, should then become objects of peculiar interest to American sportsmen; and especially to those of us who, handicapped by scanty time or means, never have and never will reach the great game regions of the West and Northwest, but who are compelled to take what is offered by the East or nothing.

Reports from Newfoundland have not been exaggerated. I have recently returned from the island and found it, as it has been named, "A vast deer park." In a short time we saw about eighty deer, as they are called by the guides, and a friend who was there for three weeks at the same time counted over sixty stags alone, to say nothing of does and fawns. A year ago last fall, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, who was on the island early in September, informs me that the caribou were plentiful; while Professor Thompson and Mr. Scudder, of Princeton, N. J., had no difficulty in securing first rate heads. This was not during the period of the great migration, but in late August and early September, when the deer were for the most part living singly or in small companies around the ponds and heavily wooded river bottoms, and before they had collected in herds on the open barrens. It is no unusual occurrence, later in September and during October, when their southward migration is intercepted, to see forty or fifty deer in the course of a single day.

At present the caribou are abundant: There is no doubt about it. How long this will continue is, however, a different question, for if present conditions mean anything their numbers cannot fail to become very rapidly diminished.

The very nature and habits of the animals will tend to hasten and facilitate their destruction, for of all our big game they are the easiest to locate, to stalk, and to successfully bring to bag even by the most inexperienced tyro. As compared with the Virginia or red deer in its ability to elude the sportsman, the caribou, at least that of Newfoundland, is helplessness itself, and if the two species coexisting in a given area were subjected to an equal amount of hunting, the former would in all probability thrive long after the latter had been exterminated.

This is, of course, merely an hypothetical instance, as the red deer is not found on the island, but it illustrates without exaggeration the relative acuteness of the two animals in regard to their respective powers of self-preservation.

Early in the fall, Mr. P. T. McGrath gave to the readers of Outing some startling facts in his description of the annual midwinter slaughter by the Newfoundland fishermen; and from what I learned and saw while in that country, I am convinced that unless the Government takes immediate and stringent measures against this merciless pursuit during the winter months the caribou are doomed to a swift and speedy destruction. The mere fact that the animals are still very abundant is no argument whatever in favor of laxity or delay. Less than fifty years ago the American bison, now lost to us forever, roamed our western prairies in countless millions. As a sufficient thickness of snow and ice is necessary to enable the dog teams and sledges to make the journey from the coast, this slaughter does not usually take place until well into the winter, long after the stags have dropped their antlers, and when the does are far advanced in pregnancy. Both sexes are killed indiscriminately, although the stags at that time are usually poor and thin, not a sufficient period having elapsed since the rutting season to warrant the best of meat. It frequently happens that the fishermen in their efforts to get only the best and fattest, kill more animals than are really necessary or than it is possible for them to "pack out;" the choicest carcasses are accordingly taken, the others are left to rot where they fall. The great majority of these fishermen are hunters neither by nature nor instinct. They know no more about the interior of the island nor the habits of the deer than a New York cab driver does about game in the Adirondacks. They are usually piloted over the barrens by some guide who knows the country and the most favorable localities for taking the deer en masse. In this way the whole fishing community of the coast obtains its entire winter supply of meat, worth from three to five cents per pound.

The Newfoundland Government seems to be sincere in its endeavor to protect the game, and some of its more recent legislation, notably the laws prohibiting shooting in the water and from the railroad track, is wisely conceived and has long been needed. In their general policy, however, the laws have the common failing with those of so many of our big-game regions, and do not operate as an efficient protective agency, because they do not strike at the root of the evil. Last year great latitude was allowed the alien sportsman, but at present an exorbitant license fee keeps him from the island; while in either case no adequate remedy has been offered to curb this winter slaughter by the native Newfoundlanders.

In 1901 the $40 non-resident license allowing the holder to take three deer seemed to many a wise and reasonable arrangement. The mischief was done, however, by allowing another license of $80 for seven caribou, which, of course, was much too large a number for any one man to be allowed. Last year a party of four camping together legally killed twenty-five deer. This season, however, the Government, in its effort to protect the game from alien sportsmen, has gone to the other extreme, and seems to have done its utmost in prohibiting him from the island by imposing a non-resident license fee of $100. Of course the Game and Fish Commission must have a sufficient revenue to enforce its laws, but why should the caribou hunter be called upon to pay it all? Hundreds of salmon and trout and ouananiche are taken every season from the rivers of the west coast, yet no license, not even $5 per rod, is required.

The results of this most short-sighted policy can, of course, be easily anticipated, and will prove more disastrous to the half-destitute Newfoundland guides than to the sportsmen, who will undoubtedly seek elsewhere for their big game. The great forests of Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick are well stocked, easy of access, and the latter Province offers deer, moose and caribou for a $25 license.

In September last I found quite a number of men at Alexander Bay who had previously obtained employment for $2 a day as guides, very glad to earn $1 a day as "packers," or human beasts of burden. "De hunters is'ent a'commin to de country dis year on account of de high license," was a frequent answer to my inquiries concerning the prospects for a successful autumn season. The people living along the line of the railroad were for the most part in a wretched condition, glad to get work at almost any price.

American sportsmen should be encouraged by all means; and intelligent legislation, adequate protective laws on the part of Newfoundland will give to her people an ever-increasing means of livelihood, and to the sportsman a wonderful country for the future.

Nine-tenths of the people who go to Newfoundland for caribou are successful; the other tenth usually miss. For the large majority, however, real success only exists as far as the procuring of heads is concerned. Of course, if the ambition and desire of the sportsman is merely to get antlers the easiest possible way, the present method of taking the game will strongly appeal to him—a method involving much killing but very little hunting. There are many men who go regularly every fall to Grand Lake or the vicinity of Howley, and return laden with trophies, well pleased with the trip and satisfied that they are real big-game hunters. The genuine sportsman, however, the one who puts the hunting before the killing, who enjoys the stalking more than the shooting, whose success is appreciated only after a day or week of hard tramping over a rough country, will not care for the hunting in Newfoundland as it is carried on at present. In fact, a number of gentlemen, old Adirondack and Maine sportsmen, who recently returned from the island reporting good luck, reluctantly confessed to me that after all it was rather unsatisfactory. "Too easy, too much like shooting cows in a pasture." It would seem absurd to condemn a region merely because game is too plentiful and very easily obtained, but too great an abundance (how rarely it occurs) may, under certain conditions, become just as demoralizing as too great a scarcity. And I do not criticise Newfoundland as a game country, but merely the usual method of hunting as compared with another possible one.

If the reader will glance at a map of the island he will see on the western coast a long narrow peninsula stretching one hundred and fifty miles northward to the southern extremity of Labrador. In this great tract thousands of deer spend the summer months, and when the fall migration commences all are compelled to cross the railroad track at the narrow base of this peninsula on their southward journey. During September and October a continuous stream of the animals traverses the comparatively small area around Sandy Pond and Howley; and it is to such places as these that the great majority of sportsmen repair. A camp is put up along the line of the railroad or on the shore of some suitable pond nearby where the deer are known to cross in numbers. The hunters merely sit still on the summit of a neighboring knoll or hill and wait for the caribou to come along, scanning the barrens with field glasses and picking out the heads they wish. In the height of the season forty or fifty deer are often in sight at once. The stags are thoroughly examined, the size of the antlers noted, and the one possessing the finest is accordingly singled out and shot. No particular skill is required to get within one hundred or even fifty yards of his game, provided the hunter strictly observes that most important rule, "Keep well to leeward." Should the animal be approaching along a "lead" or runway, the sportsman's fire is reserved until he is absolutely sure of hitting the mark. Even concealment is often unnecessary, for a caribou cannot, or at any rate does not, discriminate between a bush and a man at one hundred yards, provided the latter remains motionless. But even should he be detected, a good standing shot may always be obtained while the animal stares stupidly at the intruder. During the rutting season many an old stag has met his death by means of a very simple deception employed by the guide. The latter merely walks in a stooping posture, through bushes high enough to conceal his legs, with a pair of antlers held aloft. A dry branch of the proper shape is easier to procure and will answer the purpose just as well. A frequent plan is for the sportsman to remain in camp all day, but with a guide posted as lookout on a neighboring hill, who gives the signal when game is observed. One gentleman usually posts his guide in a tree top, and when a stag is sighted an electric button is pressed; the animal is according stalked and killed with little more excitement and often far less trouble than is required to stick a pig in a barnyard.

This method of having the game walk up almost within sight of the tent, of course, does neither appeal to nor satisfy the man who wants real hunting, and by whom the killing is only appreciated when it comes at the end rather than at the beginning of the hunt. To such a man the writer can heartily recommend a trip similar to one taken by him in company with Frank and Nevin Sayre, of South Bethlehem, Pa., early last September.

Hitherto the prevalent notion among sportsmen has been that all the caribou migrate southward every fall, returning the following spring; and this is true to a certain extent. The deer do move toward the south in the autumn, but by no means do they all go northward at the close of the winter. The whole central and southern interior, comprising one-half the area of the island, contains the year around vast numbers of non-migratory animals, or those that have lost the instinct to migrate. This great wilderness, almost unknown to sportsmen, is the permanent home of thousands of caribou that, never having seen the railroad, have consequently escaped the murderous fusillade at Howley and Grand Lake. And it is in the interior that the very finest heads are to be obtained at the present time. The reason for this is obvious. The herds which are accustomed to regularly cross the railroad track have been examined with the glasses and sorted over so often during the last ten years that a great many of the real old stags have long since fallen. Small deer are still very abundant, but there is no doubt about it that the grand old patriarchs, the forty and fifty pointers, are not nearly as frequent as some years ago. One has merely to examine the quality of the heads shipped from Port au Basques to see that a thirty-five pointer is considerably above the average, while many of the antlers are but little larger than those of a good sized red deer.

It is then to this vast central region, in size twice that of the State of New Jersey, four times the area of the Adirondacks, a country of unknown streams and lakes, of broad open barrens and wooded hills, that the sportsman is recommended to direct his attention.

Last fall the writer was one of a party of three who, with Bob Stroud, of Alexander Bay, as head guide (and a better man is not to be found), made a successful trip into the interior. Our destination was one of the many unfrequented lakes up at the headwaters of the Terra Nova River, to be reached partly by water, partly by "packing in" over the barrens. The season was a dry one, and consequently the river, lower than usual, finally became too shallow to float our canoes, which were of the heavy or Newfoundland type. In addition to this the frequent and serious mistake was made of taking in too large an outfit. Plenty of "truck" is all right where water is not at a premium, but in a country where portages are frequent and difficult, and where the last fifteen or twenty miles must be "packed in" over a rough country, all superfluous provisions and clothing are worse than useless. Aside from these little inconveniences, however, the trip was made at a time and under conditions suitable for a very successful one. We started early in September, just as the stags had commenced to rub off the velvet, but before the setting in of the chill fall nights and biting winds which later make the heaviest blankets and sleeping bags a necessity. A great majority of the small deer had already commenced to collect on the high lands, while the stags, tardy as usual, were still living around ponds and in the heavily wooded river bottoms. The signs around all the water courses indicated that early in September at least that particular region was unmistakably a "stag country." Taking advantage of this fact we devoted our time and attention more particularly to the small marshes and stream beds of the lowlands, and consequently saw a goodly proportion of large deer. Along one sluggish stream, "Butts Brook" by name, six stags, all well antlered, were jumped at intervals during one afternoon. One of these, a grand old fellow with a snow-white neck, stopped just a moment too long in his mad flight to gaze at us. He had probably never seen a man before, and stood wondering and astonished, truly the noblest creature of the northern wilderness. A few days later we were plodding wearily along a runway which led over endless wet boggy barrens to Island Pond. It had been a demoralizing morning, hot and humid. Nothing had been seen since early sunrise but the vindictive black fly; and caribou fat is a wretched substitute for "fly dope." We had just about arrived at that disheartened wish-I-hadn't-come stage, and felt very much like quietly subsiding into the bog. But in hunting, as in fishing, it is at some such inopportune and apparently impossible moment that something always happens; and something did happen; and the effect was magical on the spirits of the party. On rounding a clump of bushes, Stroud, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped short and grasped my arm, pointing at the same time to something sticking up over the grass some distance ahead. At first sight it looked like a couple of dry branches, but an instant later two magnificent stags leaped to their feet, wheeled about and stood staring and astonished. At the first report one, struck in the head, collapsed right in his tracks; the other, after waiting a moment as if for his dead companion to rise, broke into that peculiar swinging lope and struck out over the barren toward the uplands. Five minutes later, on the crest of a high ridge, we could see his dark form and great branching antlers silhouetted against the sky as he rushed with headlong strides far away into the wilderness.

Yes, Newfoundland possesses many hidden secrets for those of us who will seek them out. Secrets for the angler as well as the sportsman. Her lakes, which have never yet wet a line, can be counted by the hundred; and in her inland waters the ouananiche attains a size and perfection rarely exceeded on the continent. But to those of us who would find real success, let it be sought in the vast central interior, the home of the caribou; where the beaver still builds his dam in peace and the wild geese breed free and unmolested as an hundred years ago.

William Arthur Babson.

The Cold Storage of Game.*

BY T. S. PALMER, ASSISTANT BIOLOGICAL SURVEY, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REFRIGERATION AND GAME PROTECTION.—The application of refrigeration to storage has revolutionized the trade in certain perishable goods, but in few directions has it produced more marked results than in the trade in game. By making it possible to keep game for an indefinite period, it has enabled the dealer to obtain birds in large quantities in favorable localities and seasons, and after transporting them thousands of miles to place them on the market under such conditions that they will command prices sufficient to net a handsome profit.

In the fruit industry and in the meat industry the opening of distant markets with the opportunity for securing higher prices has increased the demand for certain goods which in turn has encouraged an increased production. More orchards have been planted, and more cattle, sheep and hogs have been raised for market in order that the supply may keep pace with the demand.

In the case of game the results have been very different. Cold storage has built up if, indeed, it has not created the trade in game, but this trade has been developed almost entirely on one side, for it has created an enormous demand without developing a corresponding supply. In other words, it has stimulated increased destruction rather than increased production, and in fact in some regions has reduced the supply almost to the point of extinction. The reason is obvious. Game consists almost entirely of animals and birds existing in a state of nature. It is not supplied to any extent by species under domestication, and no method is as yet known by which it can be propagated in sufficient quantities to meet the demands of the markets of the larger cities. This demand can produce but one result. As soon as it exceeds the normal rate of reproduction it must, unless restricted, invariably reduce the available stock at a rapid rate. Restrictions have been applied in the form of game laws, and these restrictions are constantly growing more stringent and more complicated. Without entering into a discussion of this phase of the subject it will suffice merely to touch upon a few of the salient points, such as the legal status of game, the trend of legislation and litigation, and the methods thus far suggested or put in practice to meet existing conditions.

Legal Status of Game.—Fish and game, but more especially game, differ in a marked degree from other goods offered for storage in that they belong to the State, and the individual can never acquire more than a qualified property right in them. An individual may purchase flour, fruit, furniture, or goods of almost any kind, and may sell them, store them, or use them at any time or in any way he sees fit, for he has acquired an absolute property right in them. But in the case of game he never acquires this right; whether he comes into possession of his game by capture or purchase he merely holds it by sufferance subject to conditions which may be fixed by law. The State may prescribe the time, manner and purposes of capturing game, may prohibit shipment in or out of the State, may prohibit sale, and may even prohibit possession during certain seasons or throughout the year. If the individual transgresses any of these regulations he forfeits his right to the game, and the State may reclaim and take possession of it. For the protection of this peculiar property special officers, known as game wardens, are appointed, and they are sometimes given extraordinary powers to enable them to perform their duties. In some States they may enter and search without warrant, places where they suppose game to be held contrary to law, may seize game, may break open and examine suspected packages without incurring liabilities for damage to goods, and objection on the part of the owner only renders the latter liable to additional penalties.

Statutes of this kind may seem harsh and unreasonable, and they would undoubtedly cause much hardship if they should all be suddenly and strictly enforced. But to the common objection that such laws are unconstitutional, the reply may be made that the police powers of the State under which they are enacted are very broad, and that in the majority of cases carried to the higher courts the constitutionality of game laws has been upheld. The principle of the State ownership of game has been maintained by the highest courts of several of the States and has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States (Geer vs. Com., 161 U. S., 549). It is incorporated in many game laws. In the statutes of Minnesota, for example, it appears in the following terms: "No person shall at any time or in any manner acquire any property in or subject to his dominion or control, any of the birds, animals, or fish within this State of the kinds herein mentioned. * * * and whenever any person kills, catches, takes, ships, or has in his possession or under control any of the birds, animals, or fish mentioned in this act at a time or in a manner prohibited by this act, such person shall thereby forfeit and lose all his right to the possession of such bird, animal, or fish, and the State shall be entitled to the sole possession thereof." Gen. Laws, 1897, chap. 221, sec. 9). The full meaning of this principle is not generally appreciated. In discussing this point the Supreme Court of Illinois, in a decision rendered Oct. 25, 1902, said: "Section 11 of the Act (of April 24, 1899) declares the ownership and title to the animals designated to be protected to be in the State of Illinois. Prior to the enactment the State had general ownership of animals *feræ naturæ*—not, however, as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative of the people * * * Section 11 places the title and ownership in the State as a proprietor, and the individual may no longer acquire ownership by capturing, killing, or reclaiming such animals except so far as permitted so to do by other provisions of this Act." (Meul vs. People, 64 N. E. Rep., 1,108).

I have dwelt upon this point because it lies at the foundation of game protection and game storage. It vitally affects the question of possession during close season, and of contracts for storing game from one open season to another. It is unnecessary to enter into a full discussion of the question, but a few examples will illustrate its practical application. Reference has been made to the fact that mere possession is often made an offense under State laws, and this may be so even when the owner has lawfully come into possession of his game and done nothing more than hold it beyond the expiration of the open season. Game lawfully acquired in December may become contraband in January, and if a State sees fit to enforce its right and confiscate birds held during the close season, in the words of the Supreme Court of Indiana, which has passed upon this very point, the owner "has lost nothing that belonged to him, and there has been no taking of property without due process of law or without just compensation." (Smith vs. State, 58 N. E. Rep., 1,045). Even if possession during the close season is only prima facie evidence of unlawful capture, it has been held (by the Supreme Court of Kentucky) that a dealer who offers game for sale in the close season cannot escape punishment by showing that the game was taken in the open season. (Comm. vs. Chase Davidson Co., 58 S. W., 609.)

The fact that the game may have been imported from another State does not alter the question or prevent the operation of the local law. No principle in game protection has been more vigorously contested than this, and few have been more generally passed upon by the higher courts. It has been upheld in California, the District of Columbia, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio and Oregon. The majority of the decisions maintain the right of the State to control possession of game irrespective of its place or origin, and the Act of Congress of May 25, 1900, expressly provides that game brought into a State at once becomes subject to the local law, to the same extent and in the same manner as though produced in that State.

Important Storage Cases.—As early as 1873 the New York Society for the Protection of Game secured the conviction of Joseph H. Racey, a game dealer in New York City, who was fined $2,500 for the possession of 100 quail out of season. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals. The defendant alleged that the birds held in cold storage in the New York close season had been imported from the West, where they were lawfully killed; that they were, therefore, articles of interstate commerce, and that the New York law forbidding the possession of such imported game was unconstitutional. The court, however, passed over as immaterial the plea of the defendant that he had invented a process of keeping game from one lawful period to another, which was not provided for in the act, held the law constitutional and affirmed the judgment of the lower court, thus giving game protection one of its strongest and most valuable decisions. It declared that "The Legislature may pass many laws, the effect of which may be to impair or even to destroy the right of property. Private interest must yield to the public advantage. * * * The protection and preservation of game has been secured by law in all civilized countries. * * * The measures best adapted to this end are for the Legislature to determine, and courts cannot review its discretion." (Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10.)

In 1879 the Court of Appeals of Missouri upheld a similar prohibition in the Missouri law against possession of game in the close season without reference to when or where the game was killed. The case was based on quail and prairie chickens placed in refrigerator in St. Louis in December and kept until the following February. (State vs. Judy, 7 Mo. Appeals, 524.)

In 1884 the New York Society for the Preservation of Game again brought suit, this time against a commission merchant in New York for 10 barrels of quail in cold storage. Judgment was asked for $63,500, at the rate of $25 a bird, but the complaint was afterwards amended to include only one barrel, on which judgment was asked and obtained for $5,000. (FOREST AND STREAM, XXIII, p. 506, Jan. 22, 1885.)

In 1899 Minnesota successfully maintained its right to reclaim game which had been captured in a manner or at a time prohibited by statute. (Thomas vs. Northern Pacific Express Co., 73 Minn., 185.)

Finally it has been held that under a statute prohibiting possession a contract for storage of game during the close season is null and void. Such a decision was rendered by the Supreme Court of Missouri in 1898 in the case of Haggerty vs. St. Louis Ice Manufacturing & Storage Co. (143 Mo., 238), and relieved the Storage Company of the payment of $7,000 damages for the loss of certain game which had spoiled in storage.

In the light of these decisions the seizure of a large quantity of contraband game in the cold storage rooms of the Arctic Freezing Company, of New York City, in May, 1901, assumes unusual interest. This game comprised some 50,000 pieces, including 6,000 grouse, 5,000 quail, 7,000 English snipe, 9,000 golden plover, 1,000 ducks, 10,000 snow buntings (not properly game) and miscellaneous game. (FOREST AND STREAM, LVI., p. 441; LVII., pp. 201-203, 1901.) The full penalties under the Act, if it were literally applied, would amount to more than one million dollars. The Supreme Court, however, held that two of the sections of the law covering this game were void, thereby reducing the total penalties very considerably, but the amount to which the company is liable is still very large. This case is now on the docket of the Court of Appeals, and the decision will be awaited with much interest, in the expectation that it will throw some light on the question as to how far warehousemen are responsible for goods in packages which they accept without examination, merely on the statement of the owner.

It must not be supposed that all legislation has been favorable to game protection. Commission merchants and warehousemen, ever alert to their interests, have sought, and in some cases obtained, exemptions from game laws which they have considered too stringent. Mindful of the damage which might be done by unrestrained examination of goods in their care, they have opposed bills intended to give wardens the right of search and seizure without warrant. In Massachusetts they have secured the enactment of a proviso that any person, firm, or corporation dealing in game or engaged in the cold storage business, may have quail, pinnated grouse, shore birds, and ducks in possession in cold storage at any season if such birds were not taken or killed in the Commonwealth contrary to the provisions of the Act (Act of 1900, Chap. 379). In Missouri they have secured practically the same exemption in another form, namely, that the restriction on sale "shall not apply to game shipped into this State from any other State or Territory." (Laws of 1901, p. 131.) In New York, some years ago, they secured the repeal of the prohibition against possession of game out of season, but owing to the pressure of public sentiment the statute was re-enacted in 1895. Exceptions like these can be regarded only as temporary and unsatisfactory makeshifts.

It can hardly be expected that States will long permit any one class of persons to enjoy immunity from laws when such exemption tends to defeat an object which the State desires to secure. Moreover, the rapid increase in non-export laws and the part the Federal authorities are now required to take in enforcing the interstate commerce provisions relating to shipment of game, have greatly altered conditions which existed a few years ago. A dealer who obtains exemption from the laws of his own State and bids for shipments from other States in the face of non-export laws encourages his correspondents to violate their local laws, if he does not actually render himself liable to the penalties of the Federal law. Instead of seeking to preserve the game which makes a continuance of his trade possible, the dealer has too often considered only his personal interests and the opportunity for immediate gain. The warehouseman, too, perhaps unintentionally endorsed the methods of the game trade and aided dealers in their efforts to evade the law.

It does not appear that any serious effort has been made to solve the real problem of cold storage of game—to trace the game from the field to the table, investigate the methods by which it is captured, killed, packed, shipped, stored and sold, to ascertain the best temperature, the best form of package, the amount of ventilation, or the period of time during which game may be kept to advantage. Methods which would never be tolerated in handling poultry are accepted without question in the case of game. Some birds are netted, their necks are wrung, and they are packed for storage without being bled or properly cooled. Ducks are caught in nets set under water so arranged that the birds are entangled and drowned. They are then thrown into barrels and shipped to market without special care to packing. Many of those shipped in spring are unfit for food, and are often condemned when they reach the market stall. Is it strange, then, that under these conditions cold storage game is often claimed to be detrimental to health and that cases of ptomaine poisoning are sometimes charged against it?

Acceptance of current market methods may, however, prove a source of loss to the warehouseman if he does not take the precaution to protect himself by ascertaining the real contents of packages offered for storage as he may unwittingly have game in possession in violation of law. Several States now make it a serious offense to offer game for shipment in packages improperly marked, and the same should hold good in the case of goods offered for storage. Unscrupulous dealers resort to many devices of packing and marking to evade the game laws. Two of the most common devices are packing game in egg cases or butter boxes and tubs. The Department of Agriculture has recently received a copy of a circular widely distributed in the Northwest during the fall of 1902, in which a certain commission merchant gives the following directions for packing prairie chickens: "The best way to ship is to pack in egg cases. Line the cases with brown paper so that the feathers will not show through the cracks. See that the birds are thoroughly cooled before packing. You can put ten to twelve birds in each end of the case, put two or three very thick pasteboards on top of the birds, then put in a filler of three dozen eggs on each side. If not enough birds fill up the case with eggs. See that the case is well nailed on top, bottom and sides. Ship by express. Put some name other than your own on the card and write me when you ship."

Note.—Under the Act of May 25, 1900, the shipper is required to mark his name and address and a statement of the contents on the outside of every package of game shipped by interstate commerce. Compliance with these directions would, therefore, render him liable to the loss of his game as well as the heavy penalties for evasion of the law.

It happens that certain food products in storage are liable to damage from odors, and this is particularly true of both eggs and butter, which are usually stored by themselves and carefully separated from citrus fruits and from such vegetables as cabbages and onions. The temperatures at which butter and eggs are stored are also different from those maintained for meats, and are higher than those required for fish and game. If a quantity of prairie chickens were shipped under the above directions by a person who, through carelessness neglected the precaution of properly cooling the game or notifying the warehouseman of their true character, in consequence of which the birds were tainted on arrival at destination and in that condition were stored in rooms with a large quantity of eggs, it might be possible for such birds, perhaps remaining for several months at a higher temperature than is necessary for game, to seriously damage the stock of eggs and thereby render the storage company liable to damage for the loss thus incurred.

Bonding Game.—What has been done to improve existing conditions? In his annual message of 1902 Governor B. B. Odell, of New York, referring to the

*From Proceedings Twelfth Annual Meeting American Warehousemen's Association, 1903. Read before annual meeting at Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1902.

game found in the possession of the Arctic Freezing Co., said: "The seizure of a large amount of game in cold storage during the past summer and the possible conflict of our laws with those governing commerce between the States, brings up the question whether, while aiming to preserve our game, we should not also protect the innocent purchaser thereof. * * * It seems that if a system of bonding for such game as may remain in possession of a dealer at the close of the open season were provided for that we should do more for its protcetion than by any attempt to ferret out and destroy it under conditions that are at least questionable." (Message, Jan. 1, 1902, pp. 20-21.)

This recommendation resulted in the enactment of a special law at the last session of the Legislature of New York, under which dealers may have their game bonded by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission and be permitted to hold it during the close season. It is too soon as yet to determine precisely how this law will operate, but it is doubtful if such a law is sufficiently broad to fully cover the case. The State has no means of knowing whether all the game in the hands of dealers has been bonded, nor has it absolute control over goods stored in a number of warehouses with other goods.

It has been suggested by A. J. Lovejoy, game commissioner of Illinois (and it may be added that this suggestion seems to be the most practical of any yet advanced), that the State, as owner of the game, should assume responsibility for its care during the close season: in other words, should reclaim its property during the close season and actually store it.

If game always remains the property of the State and the individual can never acquire absolute right in it, and if the State sees fit to prohibit its possession during the greater part of the year and to entrust the care of this property to officers with extraordinary powers, it seems fitting that the State itself should assume the responsibility and care of its game during the season when possession is denied the individual. This does not mean that the State shall erect and maintain expensive storage plants, nor that all the game in a State must be stored in one or two specified places, thereby entailing much expense and inconvenience to dealers. It simply means that the State shall by contract or otherwise have under its control in convenient places certain storage rooms to which game may be removed, and where it will be not only safe but completely under the control of State authorities. In return for safe keeping of the game the State may require a small fee in addition to the regular storage charges, and thereby, without working any undue hardship on the individual, make the storage service self-supporting and even a source of revenue. This is merely an enlargement of the New York method. which seems not only feasible but practicable, and worthy of trial. The details remain to be worked out, but doubtless many of the objections which appear at first sight can be easily overcome, and will prove to be merely questions of method rather than principle.

In conclusion, it may be stated that while it is probably true that game storage is decreasing, and that in many cases, particularly where the sale of game is prohibited, it has already decreased to such a degree as to be an insignificant feature in the cold storage business, yet in other places it is still an important item and is likely to continue so for some time to come. It is very desirable, therefore, that steps be taken to place the matter on a more satisfactory basis, but it must be admitted that the problem is a difficult one, and probably will not be solved immediately.

It may be suggested that from the standpoint of game protection the main evils to be corrected are (a) handling game in falsely marked packages, and (b) the practice of allowing game to be withdrawn from storage during the close season for use or sale. Two methods of bringing about the desired result readily suggest themselves: One by voluntary action on the part of warehousemen, the other by securing further legislation.

It is the practice of some companies just before the expiration of the open season, to send out notices calling attention to certain provisions in the game laws, and announcing that game will not be received during the close season. The practice should be universal. Much more could be accomplished if warehousemen instead of merely refusing to accept game during the close season, would give notice to their patrons:

(1) That no game placed in storage would be delivered during the close season directly or indirectly.

(2) That no game would be received except in packages marked with the owner's name and a true statement of contents. If inspection showed that any packages were falsely marked the storage charges on such packages would be increased 10 per cent.

(3) (By insertion of clause in storage contract or otherwise) That all game would be received only at owner's risk and subject to all the restrictions of the State laws.

Much could also be accomplished in the way of legislation if, instead of seeking special exemptions from the game laws warehousemen would throw all their influence on the side of the State and seek to obtain (1) statutes similar to the shipping laws now in force, making it a misdemeanor punishable by heavy fine to offer or deliver falsely marked packages of game for storage; (2) statutes defining clearly the status and disposition of game held during the close season, and drawn in such a way as to be at once equitable to the warehouseman and the owner, and comformable to the policy of the State.

IN looking over one issue of an exchange we find that the editor hopes, is glad, is pained, is pleased, is delighted, has regret, and has heartfelt sorrow. No one could stand such a combination but the country editor, who generally has an elastic conscience and an India rubber stomach.—Centralia Journal.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Rifle Scabbard.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 3.—Mr. George Florence, of St. Joseph, Mo., writes as below regarding rifle scabbards and how to carry them:

"I have got into a dispute here over the proper manner of making and carrying rifle scabbards, and would like to have you settle it. In the first place, is the scabbard worn on the right or left side? Is it worn under the rider's leg and under the saddle flap, or does it hang loosely at the side? Should the trigger or the hammer of the gun be upward when the gun is in the scabbard, and in making the scabbard should the seam be on the upper or lower edge?

"By answering these inquiries you will greatly oblige me, and will settle the dispute on the subject. In conclusion, will say I find the catalogues of the various manufacturers and sporting goods houses are about equally divided—some show the scabbards to hang on the left side and the others to hang on the right side, but it seems to me the left side, with the trigger up and seam down, is correct. I know you have been among the cowboys and cattle punchers who have used these goods, and will be very much interested in your reply."

In the old times, when I used to live in the cowboy country of the West, it was customary to wear the rifle scabbard on the left side, under the saddle flap. We commonly used in those days either the Winchester carbine or the short Winchester .44, of the 1873 model. Our scabbards in that part of the country, the southwestern range, were customarily worn with the seam upward. The rifle was thrust into the scabbard with the trigger guard up. This brought the hammer and the sights down. The weight of the rifle thus rested partly on the foresight. The Winchester rifles were nearly all made with strong metal sights, so that I presume the shooting of the rifle was rarely injured by this practice. In the case of a thin foresight, like the Lyman ivory bead on the .30-40 or .30-30 rifle, this practice of carrying the rifle with the top down does not always make for safety to the sights or accuracy in the shooting. Realizing this, the last time I was out in the Blackfoot country with Jack Monroe I used to carry my rifle with the sights upward in the scabbard. Jack Monroe reproved me for this In-Western method. Hence I should suppose that the custom generally in the West was to carry the rifle with the sights downward, the seam of the scabbard being customarily and for reasons of durability, carried upward. The sling straps of the scabbard wear better on the rounded leather than on the seam.

Shipment of Wildfowl for Texas.

Attention was recently called in these columns to the efforts of the sportsmen of Texas to get through a game law which should stop the shipment of all sorts of game from that State. It was predicted that there would be an attempt made to nullify this law by exempting a number of counties from its action. Precisely this same thing in sweeping form has come up, and seeing that their efforts to stop the sale of game were rendered of no avail by the efforts of those opposed to the prohibition of the sale of Texas game, the sportsmen in some of the larger cities of the State have rallied and are getting up a petition to the Legislature, which is already largely signed. This petition asks that the last two lines of the game laws of May 27, 1897, Articles 520 B and 520 G Penal Code, shall be struck out. They read: "Provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit the sale or shipment of wild ducks or wild geese." This elision would cut out the clause which permits the shipment of wildfowl under the law of 1897, and would leave the old law a fairly good one in lieu of a new one which should embody these principles through more sweeping changes. It is much to be hoped that these sportsmen of Texas will succeed in their attempts to stop the outgo of Texas game. We used to think that when we could go nowhere else we could always go to Texas and get good shooting. Let not any northern shooter believe this to be the case to-day, for it is not. The game of Texas is going, and it will disappear if Texas herself does not wake up and adopt the proper measures in time.

The petition above offered points out the very interesting fact that this sale of Texas game operates to the disadvantage of citizens of the State. It states that, "During the past few years the slaughter and shipment of wild game have increased to such proportions that the absolute extinction of wildfowl seems near at hand. Many thousands of wild ducks, principally canvasbacks and redheads, are slaugtered annually as a business, and are exported to northern States. They are rarely offered for sale in Texas. We believe it unfair to all true sportsmen and contrary to public policy to permit the extermination of this species of game." These are wise words and true ones. Did you ever try to buy a canvasback duck to eat in San Antonio, in Corpus Christi, in Houston, in Galveston, in Austin, Dallas or Fort Worth?

Some Moose Stories.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 27.—Mr. Frederic W. Jenkins, of Binghamton, N. Y., paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a very pleasant visit during the week, and I had much pleasure in talking over matters and things with him. Mr. Jenkins is a lawyer and a hard working man, but an enthusiast over big-game shooting. I have earlier mentioned one or two of his trips into Canada and the Rocky Mountains. Last fall he did not go out West but made a trip up into Nova Scotia, his object being moose, and he got all that he went for. Mr. Jenkins seemed quite satisfied with the results of his hunt, his party of three getting four moose and several caribou, and he killed a magnificent bull moose, the best he has ever yet had in any of his moose hunts. This moose he told me he killed with one shot from a .30-40 Winchester. He has now killed four moose and it has taken him just four shots with the .30-40 to do it. He simply pooh-poohs at anyone who says the .30-40 is not as good a moose gun as any man wants.

I do not recall the measurements of the head which Mr. Jenkins got, but think it was 60 inches. He says that the Nova Scotia moose antlers do not spread quite so wide as the New Brunswick heads, but turn up and back more. The blades of this head were tremendous and the whole antlers very massive and heavy. Mr. Jenkins says it is the best head he has ever yet killed. He has been to Nova Scotia two or three times before and speaks with great enthusiasm over the trout fishing, caribou shooting, etc., as well as of the men who guided him.

A Lucky Hunter.

With Mr. Jenkins on this hunt was his friend, Mr. Clarence Hotchkiss, of Binghamton. Mr. Hotchkiss is one of those lucky fellows who never do any hard work on a hunt and who always get what they want without the least trouble and much as a matter of fact. Mr. Hotchkiss has never been known to kill a head of game more than half a mile from camp. He never bothers himself in the least, takes it easy, and when finally the spirit moves him, calmly announces that he is going out to kill a moose, or whatever he is after, and then, quite as a matter of fact, does so.

On this particular hunt, Mr. Jenkins and his friend, Mr. Phelps, also of Binghomton, the latter a beginner in the big-game hunting, were having their usual run of hardships. At length Mr. Hotchkiss said: "Well, boys, I see it's about time for me to go out and get a moose." Whereupon he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, called to his guide, picked up his rifle and strolled down the woods road. He had gone but a little way when, feeling the perspiration beginning to start to some extent on his somewhat massive form, he suggested to the guide that it would be a good thing to stop and "boil the kettle." The guide was horrified, for they had, as luck chanced, but a few minutes before struck the trail of a tremendous bull, which was fresh, and the guide was hoping to get a shot within a few minutes. His horrified protest, however, produced no effect upon Mr. Hotchkiss, who calmly sat down on a log and began to kick together kindling for the fire. His guide dutifully obeyed, built the fire, boiled the kettle, and they had lunch then and there, Mr. Hotchkiss not in the least forgetting his peaceful pipe of good strong tobacco, which well nigh completed the poor guide's mental collapse. He had never seen a moose hunt conducted on the Clarence Hotchkiss line before.

"Well," said Mr. Hotchkiss, at length, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe again, "now we'll go kill him." So they took up their moose trail and followed on across the country for a little way. In less than ten minutes from the lunching place the guide stopped and pointed. Mr. Hotchkiss looked and could see the edge of a big horn. Finally he made out the moose, lying down and taking his ease. He fired one shot which, as usual, did its work. Then he walked up to the fallen quarry, kicked it with his toe, grunted and said: "I guess I'll go back to camp." This, by means of a convenient woods road, he did without any trouble. He set his gun down by the side of the door, walked in and lit another pipe.

"Did you get him?" asked one of his friends, derisively.

Mr. Hotchkiss opened his eyes in wonder. "Get him," said he. "Why, of *course* I got him." And presently the guide came in to bear ample confirmation.

The Other Sort.

This was not quite the end of the Hotchkiss moose, however. This was on Monday, and on the following Friday Mr. Jenkins and his guide were hunting in the country below camp when they struck what seemed to be a tremendous moose trail. They followed on and on for several hours, until finally they became exhausted. "It may be 24 hours old," said the guide, "maybe more; but I don't think it has gone out of the country." Thus encouraged, Mr. Jenkins pushed on, looking all the time for fresher horn sign. At last the long walk wearied both hunter and guide, so that they concluded to stop for a "boiling." Just as they were finishing up their noonday repast, Mr. Jenkins looked about and saw the ashes of a little fire. A sudden light came to him. "Billy," said he, "do you suppose it's a possible thing that we have been following the trail of that moose which Mr. Hotchkiss killed?" Billy's face fell about a foot. He got up, went a little way along the trail, came back and looked at the fire. "Mr. Jenkins," said he, "don't tell anybody here in this country about this. It would be all my reputation would be worth!" It was a fact, however, that they had been on the trail of the Hotchkiss moose. It must be pretty hard to work nearly a whole day and then come up on the closing scenes of a moose hunt made by a man who had never been more than a half mile from camp.

It may be seen that most of this moose hunting in Nova Scotia is done by still-hunting. Mr. Jenkins is no believer at all in the calling of moose. He says that there is nothing in it, and will not waste time in night calling. He says that he and his party have always gotten all the moose they wanted in still-hunting, and he considers this the greatest form of sport obtainable under any circumstances. The Nova Scotia guides, he says, are splendid hunters and perfect woodsmen. Caribou he spoke of as being fairly abundant, but I did not discover much enthusiasm on his part over the caribou game. Mr. Jenkins has often hunted caribou in Newfoundland, but he says that the killing of that animal in the big Newfoundland herds is not to be called genuine sport. He did not care so much for the Newfoundland guides he secured, as he said they were so ignorant as to scarcely know how to take the skin off an animal. They look on the caribou there more as a beef animal than anything else.

Mr. Jenkins killed his own big moose the next to the last day of his hunt, having held the party for two extra days over the time they had set for departure. He seems to be much like myself in his hunting, never gets anything until the last minute and after doing more work than anyone else would have to. His moose he and his guide Billy trailed for a long time. The guide caught sight of the bull standing on a little eminence among the trees about 120 yards distant. It was a peculiar shot, as the moose stood with his head entirely hid back of a little clump of trees. Mr. Jenkins says that he could see two big dark bands of hair between the three trees. He could not tell which way the moose was pointing, but reasoned that naturally his head would be up wind. Hence he picked the left band of hair and fired as close to the left on it as he dared. At the shot the big moose started out into the open, and stood with his head thrown up looking

directly at them. Presently he dropped down behind and then gradually sank forward, never running at all from the spot where he was struck. The shot was through the body, close to the shoulders. Mr. Jenkins says that he has never known a .30-40 bullet to go entirely through a moose. This does not coincide with my own limited experience, as the first shot which I fired into my moose passed entirely through the body, as nearly as we could determine.

Mr. Jenkins says that Nova Scotia in physical appearance is much like New Brunswick, much overgrown and of a monotonous regularity, there being few opportunities left for a look out over the country. He likes the Rocky Mountains, but gives his countrymen the worst of it in the guiding proposition, as he says these men of the northeastern country were as skillful and as cheerful hunters as he ever saw. I doubt not that he and his newly made hunter friend, Mr. Phelps, and his plegmatic associate, Mr. Hotchkiss, will be headed somewhere toward the west for the next big-game season, however, as Mr. Jenkins says he has now killed four moose and thinks he has had his share. He wants now to kill a grizzly bear, and if any gentleman has one staked out anywhere, he migh do well to communiteate as to terms, etc.

Duck Shooting in the Southwest.

The duck shooting on the Gulf coast in southwestern Texas seems to be languishing of late and the north-bound flight is now setting in, depriving the Coast shooters of something of their accustomed sport. I hear that Mr. W. W. Peabody, of New York, and Mr. Alex. Settle, of Cincinnati, who went down to Rockport last week, met rather good weather and rather poor shooting. They did not damage anything very much and put in most of the time loafing. Pretty soon we will hear of some of these Texas ducks up in this part of the country. The birds do not get much rest either in Texas or in the North. I wonder how Texas would feel about a law closing the shooting on wild fowl January 1? This would give the Texas shooters as long a fall season as we have up here, and would indeed cover the best of the winter shooting, the cream of it in Texas coming along in November and December.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Two Men and their Books.

New York, Feb. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am one of the old time readers of Forest and Stream who is saddened by the losses from its old list of contributors which seem to follow one another so rapidly. At different times I have thought that some men could never be replaced; yet I am bound to acknowledge that to-day the paper seems to me better than it has ever been.

There is one thing that we can none of us be sufficiently grateful for, and that is that some of these old contributors, who were so highly valued by your readers, have left behind them in their books memorials which will give pleasure and instruction to generations who have never seen their writings in Forest and Stream.

One of the first of these writers is Mr. R. E. Robinson, whose charming pictures of New England life seem to me unequalled by anything that I have ever read. With the charm and the simplicity of a Burroughs or a Thoreau, Mr. Robinson combined a broader view; and seeing all that there is of beautiful and sweet and tender in nature, he sees also all that there is of beautiful and sweet and tender and strong in woman and in man. The world is better and happier because Mr. Robinson lived and wrote.

Fred Mather's writings always had for me a very great charm. He was one of the men who, having eyes, saw—something that a number of people can do, though the number is not large—but besides seeing, he could make others see, and his clear, concise and often humorous descriptions when once read were not forgotten. He was another very human man who saw the humanity all about him and could describe it. His "Men I Have Fished With," and its sequel, "My Angling Friends," are books that should be in the library not only of every angler, but of every sportsman and of every lover of his kind.

If we regret that these two men have left us, let us at least be thankful for what they have left behind them.

Sage.

Albany Legislation.

Albany, March 7.—Governor Odell has signed Assemblyman Reeve's bill, Int. No. 183, making the trout season on Long Island open on the last Saturday in March.

Fish and game bills that have been reported from committee made the following progress the past week:

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 124, relative to the sale of grouse and woodcock, third reading.

Senator Bailey's, Int. No. 344, powers of Queens, Nassau and Suffolk supervisors relative to game, third reading.

Senator E. R. Brown's, Int. No. 301, to stop spring shooting, third reading.

Senator Townsend's, Int. No. 138, for the protection of wild black bear, Assembly committee.

Assemblyman Denison's, Int. No. 371, close season for wild deer, Senate committee.

Assemblyman Reeve's, Int. No. 828, taking wildfowl, Peconic Bay, second reading.

Assemblyman Whitney's, Int. No. 376, for the protection of game, third reading.

Assemblyman Bedell's, Int. No. 428, close season for trout, Orange county, third reading.

Assemblyman Doughty's, Int. No. 613, relative to taking pheasants, Senate committee.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's, Int. No. 418, relative to taking fish from Whaley's Pond, Dutchess county, Senate committee.

Assemblyman Bedell's, Int. No. 427, close season for certain game, Orange county, third reading.

Assemblyman Reynolds', Int. No. 550, close season for grouse, woodcock and quail, Rensselaer county, third reading.

The Cruelty of Trapping.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent publication, Mr. Earnest Russell describes a barbarous manner of snaring moose in Nova Scotia by which the animals are partially suspended and are sometimes left so for several days by the shiftless class of men that set the snares, to be visited only at long intervals.

It is cause for some wonder that humanitarians, societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and sportsmen also, have not arrayed themselves strongly against such methods of snaring and trapping as cause protracted torture to the victims, with steel trapping uppermost in mind.

The steel trap closes with such force that it frequently crushes the leg bone of the captive, and usually lacerates the skin and flesh until the cold steel clamps only upon the naked bone. In this horrible state of torture the animal must await the convenience of the trapper, who may, by some happy chance, make his rounds the next forenoon, and kill the creature as an end to its sufferings; but too frequently he has made a journey to distant parts, leaving his traps set. In the course of two or three days, perhaps a week, he will return to terminate the suffering he has prolonged by his indifference.

Let the readers of Forest and Stream rise up en masse against the using of such a machine for torture upon our dumb neighbors of the woods. If the campaign is vigorous and widespread through the local press and the legislatures in every State, the end may be accomplished.

Tripod.

Mississippi.

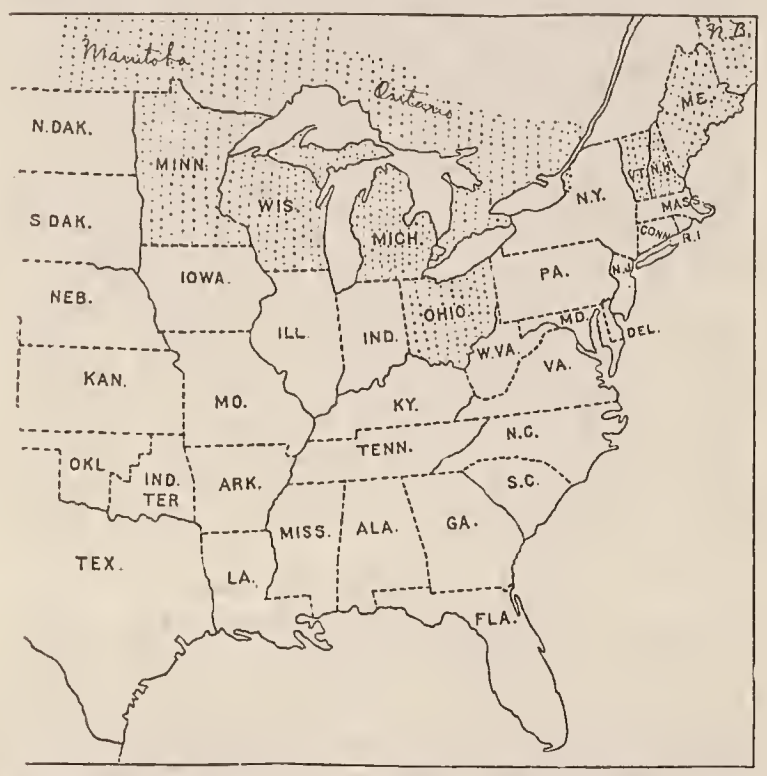


Diagram prepared by T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey. The dotted areas show the region where spring shooting is prohibited. See page 208.

Sea and River Fishing.

Long Island Trout Season.

A law signed by Governor Odell on March 3 amends the Long Island trout season section to read:

Sec. 109. Trout shall not be taken or possessed from August 31 to the last Friday in March, both inclusive. Trout taken lawfully may be sold or possessed in the City of New York in the open season established by this section.

Notes on Fish and Fishing.—I.

With the month of June, good sport on most of our Eastern trout streams may be said to end. The hot days of early July usually send the fish to their summer retreats, and no matter how numerous they have been, few can now be found, except a school here and there at the mouths of cold brooks, or where springs pour their freshening waters into the main stream.

On the whole, the season of 1902 may be said to have been a fairly satisfactory one, in spite of heavy floods and ice jams during the winter. Trout were quite abundant in all the old nearby brooks and rivers, and took the fly well until late in May, when symptoms of hook shyness began to appear, with great discrimination in the color of the artificial fly. One pattern would be taken and the other left. On our last fishing excursion we found the fish quite hard to please, and great perseverance and many changes of fly were necessary before a fair basket could be made.

Anglers are too apt to pin their faith to two or three favorite flies, and to imagine that if the trout will not rise at these, that they will not take at all. In many of the New York and Pennsylvania waters this is a great mistake, particularly on those streams that produce a great variety of natural flies. Some one particular color is apt to be the favorite for a time, and I honestly believe that even when the trout are taking almost anything, larger fish and a better average will reward the man who takes the trouble of looking out for the natural fly, and, if possible, imitating it in color and size.

This question has been pretty well thrashed out, and men whose experience has been chiefly confined to wild waters in Maine and Canada or the regions of the great lakes, will be apt to scout such ideas, as well as many other good anglers of experience. However, the proof of the pudding is the eating of it and chewing the string. I have been fixed in my faith by many experiences, but I grant you that entomology is only necessary, or particularly successful, in some localities in others, it is a waste of time to study the natural fly, though to me it is always interesting. One thing is clear, if you grant that a fair copy of the living fly is the best that can be put up in a certain stream with which you are familiar, you at once have something to go by; you are no longer fishing at random, but have a definite end in view. At the risk of being tedious, I will give a few of the many experiences which have led me to study entomology, as far as my opportunities have permitted.

Many years ago I was fishing a fine large limestone stream ner Bellefont, Pa., in company with a native of that town, who was a most expert angler and who cast in a particularly graceful manner. The scene of our afternoon's sport was a rather shallow mill dam constructed only a few years before; this dam was full of brook trout of about a quarter of a pound each, and they were rising steadily all over the water. We cast and cast, and compared the flies in our respective books. Finally, in an old envelope in the pocket of his book, my friend found a small straw-colored fly closely approximating the fly at which the trout were rising. He put it on, and in half an hour or a little over caught 42 trout. He had only one fly of the kind, so I was forced to play audience; nothing that I could offer being tempting to the fish.

During the same week I had much the same experience with a very dark, almost black fly, which I think belonged to the crane fly genus. I was fishing with three flies on my leader, and the middle fly happened to be nearest the natural. It had a very thin body of silk, and fishing quite a short line over a deep channel under sheltering willows, I could see the trout rise and take this fly between the two others. After some hours the fly was literally chewed up, and I substituted another, which I thought very nearly the same. The body was a little lighter and was made of mohair instead of silk. It proved to be entirely useless, and I was forced to put on the mangled remains of the old fly, when I again began to kill fish.

Again, on a hot morning, after a five-mile tramp, we were refreshed by a charming cool breeze springing up from the southeast. My companion on this occasion was a veteran angler of large experience and a most agreeable man to fish with. The month was July, and as we reached the stream we noticed many of the little blue duns with long tails rising from the surface of the pools and floating easily up stream before the breeze. I had a dozen flies on No. 12 hooks, which, as far as body was concerned, were the right color, and my friend had two of the same which he had copied from mine the day before. I put up two flies of the same kind, and he one of them as a tail fly. We soon began to take fish, but my companion was so unfortunate as to lose his tail fly in a trout. For some reason he wished to keep his remaining fly as a sample, and being a little ahead of me put on a small coachman until I should come up. When I did so he borrowed a couple of the bluish-bodied flies. Meanwhile, however, the small trout had been taking his coachman freely, and being partial to the use of this fly, he did not care to change it, but persisted in its use. We kept quite close together as the stream was large, and again and again he said, "Was not that a pretty big fish you caught." Several times he saw the fish when landed and said, "Well, I have seen no fish like that to-day." We ate our lunch sitting on a log far up the stream.

Returning, he fished first, I giving him fifteen minutes' start. I caught up with him at a large pool just as he was wading out, it seemed useless to fish at once after him, but I waded in and made a cast, when at once two large fish rose at the flies. I hooked one, and after a good fight my friend netted him for me. "Well!" he said, "What fly are you using? I have seen no such fish to-day, but time is up; we must start for home." "Wait a minute," I said, "There is another fish here. I waded in again, and at the first cast hooked the trout, which, after a good struggle managed to free itself from the hook and escaped. On the way home we stopped at a cold brook to rest and turned out our fish to wash them. We found that my friend had 36 trout and I had 34, but that mine weighed double, owing to the larger size of the fish. This case was peculiarly clear, as we fished together nearly all the day, and my chum was in several respects the more skillful fisherman; his casting was fine, and he had a very neat and expeditous way of netting his fish after playing them up to him.

The weather has everything to do with the time at which natural flies appear, there may be a difference of from one to three weeks in different seasons. A few varieties do not appear annually in numbers. I have one fly in mind that was very abundant in August, 1890, but only a few specimens have been seen since then. I could find a few at almost any hour on a cool day, and a great many in the morning or after four o'clock P. M. The body was peculiar, a yellow with a tinge of olive or green. After several failures a lady gave me a quantity of scraps of crewel, and picking one of these to pieces, I spun it on light yellow silk. This gave the exact color, and adding pale dun wings and a ginger hackle, I had a good imitation of the natural fly, which proved very killing for about three weeks. It did not matter where this fly was placed on the leader, all the best fish were taken with it, and on several occasions I was successful when other anglers had poor sport. This fly has not been of much service, except for a short time in 1898.

There is a little orange-bodied dun, that hatches out on cold days in July, which is a great favorite with the trout. It seems to come up when a strong wind is blowing and clouds obscure the sun. A very small drk cowdung is well taken while this fly is on the water, the hook must not be larger than No. 12. A small blue dun is an excellent fly at times all through the season, but it is difficult to get hackles of the right color for legs. Hens can be found at long intervals which give the right color, but their hackles are very soft. If you cannot do better use the lightest brown or ginger hackle you can get. We have a beautiful large fly, which may resemble the English May fly, but it is a very light yellow. If you make the body of silk it is apt to be too dark when wet. I prefer

wool or crewel, though the former soaks up much water.

If you can get the old-fashioned crewel, made, I have been told, from the fine hair of some kind of goat, it will be found very useful. It is the same color, wet or dry, and has been dyed a fast color. Chenille, if made of silk, is good for making large flies and for Uncle Rube's favorite fly, the Ruben Wood. The muskrat, mink, weasel, field mouse, rabbit and many other animals afford an excellent fur. No one but a fly-maker can realize the difficulty in getting hackles fit for trout flies. Not one cock in twenty is worth examining. Many years ago this was not so much the case; more game fowls were bred and the birds found in a farmyard were smaller, rounder and more like game birds in appearance. The introduction of large coarse fowls has not only injured the fly tier, but has given us a poor bird for the table, coarse fleshed and stringy, with a prominent breast bone, very unlike the partridge-like form of the old-time chicken.

In this State (New York), we have now had an experience of about ten years with the European trout (*Salmo fario*), and I am inclined to believe that there is less prejudice against the fish than there was a few years ago. That it displaces the native trout (*fontinalis*), seems to be true, but it can endure a higher temperature, grows much faster and is a free riser to the fly, at least up to the weight of about three pounds. Fifteen years ago, in many of our best trout streams, a pound specimen was a big fish. In all my experiences of waters easily accessible from New York, I took but one fish of sixteen inches. Since the introduction of the brown trout, all this is changed. The average size of trout taken has much increased, and many fish of two pounds are caught every season with fly. Not only is this the case, but not a year passes that a number of immense fish are not (at least) hooked by fly-fishermen. I mean fish weighing from four to six pounds. These usually escape, owing to the light tackle used, but they afford a man a sensation that he is in no danger of forgetting to the last day of his life. THEODORE GORDON.

The Sportsmen's Show Casting Tournament.

THIS tournament, which opened the night of Saturday, Feb. 21, and came to an end the night of Saturday, March 7, in Madison Square Garden, this city, and was part of the Ninth Annual Sportsmen's Show, was a success, both in number of entries, and as an attraction to visitors who take more or less interest in contests of this sort, who fish whenever they have the opportunity; who like to see what the expert anglers and fly-casters use, in the way of tackle, and who look to these tournaments for instruction in casting. The entries in tournaments of this kind would be far larger if it were not for the fact that anglers who possess only a moderate degree of skill are too modest to display what they consider their awkwardness in a public competition, and to whom such names as Leonard, Hawes and Levison are a sort of bugaboo. But these persons—men and women—took a deep interest in the game, and lined up alongside the big tank, crowding as near its edge as possible, and watched all the features of each event with enthusiastic attention. The casting was from a bridge over one arm of the pool, and the flies and baits fell within a few feet of the spectators, so that they could see every stage of the contests and admire the skillful work of the men. But there was one thing that had an important bearing on the scores that the average visitor did not understand, and that was why the contests for distance in the latter part of the tournament were won on such low scores. The contestants were all on the island, and had to keep their disappointments to themselves during a match, so that it was only the friends of contestants, who talked with the men afterward, who learned of the sticky water and its effect on tackle.

There was more or less dissatisfaction among the contestants because of the glue-like substance that floated on the surface of the water, and at times men would not enter certain events because of the poor showing they were making; but the fact remained that while the water was far from clear and pure, the conditions were as fair for one as for another. The reason for this state of things was this: The great tank was lined inside with heavy duck, and this duck was water-proofed with a preparation containing some sticky substance. The paddling and the tilting contests served to stir up the water every afternoon and evening, and the oily substance came to the surface and remained there. Lines and flies became coated with it and carried it to the guides and reels. After a contest the rod-tips were covered with a coating which gave them the appearance of having been carelessly daubed with heavy varnish, then used before the coating had had time to dry. The effects of the stuff were to a certain extent counteracted by the liberal use of vaseline on lines and guides, and the fly-casters did all they could under the circumstances, and made their best efforts in a sportsmanlike manner. Some of them thought the pool should have been drained to rid it of the objectionable coating on the water, but while this could have been done, of course, those who claimed to know about such things argued that the oil would not go out with the water, but would remain in the bottom of the tank, and rise to the surface of any fresh water that might be turned in. To drain and refill the great tank would have taken no little time, and would have shouldered the management with an additional expense of no small proportions. Summing up all the arguments, then, it seems there was no practical help for the existing condition of the water.

The highest score made in any of the bait-casting contests was that of R. C. Leonard, who landed a half-ounce rubber frog 128 feet 7½ inches from the casting platform on the last day of the tournament. His friend, H. W. Hawes, made the longest cast of any person in a single-handed trout fly-casting event, when he scored 97 feet on the afternoon the tournament closed.

A veteran angler and enthusiastic fly-caster, who did not attend this tournament, and whose presence was missed by the large circle of friends, is William Mills, who has been quite ill recently, but is now convalescing. Mr. Mills barely escaped typhoid fever.

The scores made in events held previous to March 3 have already been printed in these columns. The results of the events held that day and afterward are given in detail below:

Tuesday Afternoon, March 3.

The event held this afternoon was Class P, dry fly-casting for accuracy, with flies furnished by the committee, and open to all, the only restriction being that loose line in hand or on the platform was not permitted. Five casts were made at a buoy moored 35 feet from the bridge, and five at a second buoy at 45 feet, thirty seconds being allowed to extend line, after which time every cast was scored save in the event of a fly being whipped off, when time was allowed to replace it, and thirty seconds to extend line again. The method of scoring was as follows: If a fly fell within a foot of the buoy cast at, the accuracy was considered perfect, while for each foot or fraction of a foot in excess of one foot from the buoy, a demerit of one was counted, and the sum total of such demerits divided by ten was scored the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100 was the accuracy per cent.; to the accuracy per cent. was added the average number of seconds the fly floated at each cast, and the total was the score. D. Brandreth, of Ossining, N. Y., won the gold medal; Dr. J. G. Knowlton, of this city, took the silver medal; third place was tied for by R. C. Leonard, of Central Valley, N. Y., and H. G. Henderson, Sr., of this city, and in the cast-off Mr. Leonard won. The score:

Casts:	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 5	Total.	Av.
D Brandreth	0 3 1 1 2—7	2 0 1 1 0—4	11	99.4
Dr. J. G. Knowlton	2 1 1 2 2—8	0 3 1 2 1—7	15	99.0
R. C. Leonard	2 0 1 0 3—6	4 3 1 2 1—11	17	....
H. G. Henderson, Sr.	3 1 2 2 0—8	1 2 2 3 1—9	17	....
Cast-off:				
Leonard		1 0 0 0 0—1		
Henderson		0 1 0 2 0—3		
Scores of the non-winners:				
C. G. Levison	3 1 0 1 2—7	2 3 2 4 3—14	21	98.5
D. T. Abercrombie	4 0 4 4 4—16	3 3 3 3 3—15	31	98.0
J. D. Foote	1 4 2 4 0—11	3 3 4 3 1—14	25	98.0

Tuesday Night, March 3.

Another open-to-all event was Class Q, for four-ounce trout rods, with the usual allowance for rods with solid reel seats, and no restrictions on length of leaders. There were four entries, but the low man withdrew because of the condition of the water. The prizes were the same as in other events, and the judges were L. Taylor and W. D. Cloyes, while J. H. Cruikshank was referee. The scores are in feet, as this event was for distance only:

R. C. Leonard....94
H. W. Hawes....87
E. J. Mills....76

Wednesday Afternoon, March 4.

The feature of to-day's casting was the high score made by R. C. Leonard, of Central Valley, N. Y., who stretched his line to the 96-foot mark and carried away the gold medal, while his fellow townsman, H. W. Hawes, took the silver medal, and W. D. Cloyes was third. The contest was open to all-comers, distance alone to count, and fly-rods limited to five ounces, except those having solid reel seats, which were allowed three-fourths of an ounce. The score, in feet:

R. C. Leonard....96
H. W. Hawes....86
W. D. Cloyes....81

E. J. Mills cast 76 feet, J. D. Foote 66 and Dr. J. G. Knowlton 63 feet.

Wednesday Night, March 4

There was no dearth of fly-casters in the Garden to-night, but few cared to enter the contest, as the glue-like coating on the water rendered good work very difficult, and men with high records disliked to attempt to do satisfactory casting with gummy lines and clogged line-guides. The event was for single-handed bait-casting for distance and accuracy, open to all, half-ounce rubber frogs being used, and no restrictions were placed on rods or lines, but free running reels were required. For distance, five casts were made at a buoy 60 feet distant, and five at a buoy at 80 feet; a demerit of one being counted for each foot or fraction the frog fell from the buoy cast at, and the sum total of these demerits, divided by 10, was counted as the demerit per cent.; the demerit per cent. deducted from 100, was the accuracy per cent. Five casts were made for distance, and the average, added to the percentage of accuracy, constituted the score, high man to win. Two practice casts for distance and one at each buoy for accuracy, were permitted. The judges were H. L. Leonard and F. T. Pratt. W. F. Kimber was referee. D. T. Abercrombie won the gold medal and W. D. Cloyes the silver medal, while the third man withdrew and did not cast. The score:

D. T. Abercrombie.

	1	2	3	4	5	Average.	Total.
Distance	58	73	70	61	58	64	
	1	2	3	4	5		
Accuracy	3	19	8	6	22	5 4-5	94 1-5
	6	7	8	9	10	Average.	Total.
Accuracy	15.5	5.5	4	7	6	3 4-5	96 1-5

W. D. Cloyes.

	1	2	3	4	5	Average.	Total.
Distance	58	20	45	59	82	48.6	
	1	2	3	4	5		
Accuracy	17	60	46	12	2	13 8-10	86 3-10
	6	7	8	9	10	Average.	Total.
Accuracy	9	10	1	4	30	5 2-5	94 3-5

M. Calhane, withdrew.

Thursday Afternoon, March 5.

Although the conditions of this contest were similar to those of several that had gone before, interest in it reached a high pitch when the high men tied again and again, and finally decided to let the matter go over until the evening contest for a final decision as to who should claim the gold medal offered for the afternoon event. The conditions called for trout fly-rods of any sort, any length of leader, distance only to count, and open to all who had never cast further than 90 feet in any similar club or tournament contest. The prize medals were similar to those given in other events. The judges were H. G. Henderson and E. J. Mills, with J. H. Cruikshank as referee. The score, in feet and inches, as decided in the final cast-off:

W. D. Cloyes....80 6
V. R. Grimwood....80 6
W. R. Pryor....80 0

Scores of the non-winners:

D. Brandreth....78 0
C. G. Levison....72 0
J. D. Foote....72 0

Cast-off for first and second prizes:

V. R. Grimwood....80 6
W. D. Cloyes....80 6

Second tie cast-off:

V. R. Grimwood....79 0
W. D. Cloyes....79 0

Thursday Night, March 5.

To-night's contest was single-handed trout fly-casting, for distance only. There were no restrictions on weight of rod or length of leader, and any person could enter who had never cast more than 100 feet in a similar contest. The prizes were similar to those previously mentioned. R. C. Leonard and Milton H. Smith were the judges, while L. S. Darling refereed. W. D. Cloyes won by six inches over V. R. Grimwood, and as this event was also to decide who should win the final tie in the afternoon's contest, Mr. Cloyes was declared the winner of both. A large number of fly-casters and angling visitors witnessed this match between the two gentlemen who showed such equal skill, despite the unfavorable condition of the water, which grew steadily worse as the days passed. The score:

W. D. Cloyes....80 6
V. R. Grimwood....80 0
Nathaniel S. Smith....68 0

Friday Afternoon, March 6.

The feature of to-day's casting was the score of R. C. Leonard, who cast a quarter-ounce rubber frog from a free running reel a distance of 113 feet, and captured first place and the gold medal. C. G. Levison won the silver medal with 96 feet 6 inches, and H. W. Hawes had to be satisfied with third place. This was a single-hand bait-casting affair, the best effort in five to count, distance only. It was open to all comers, and the only restrictions were that quarter-ounce rubber frogs and free-running reels should be used, and that the casting should be overhead. Three trial casts were allowed before scoring. The results, in feet and inches:

R. C. Leonard....113 0
Chauncey G. Levison....96 6
H. W. Hawes....87 6

The other contestants were E. J. Mills, who scored 69 feet, and D. T. Abercrombie, who landed at the 52-foot mark.

Friday Night, March 6.

Class W was open to all-comers, distance alone to count. It was for black bass flies, which could be used on hooks No. 4 or larger, and any weight rod or length of leader could be used. Three prize medals, gold, silver and bronze. The score, in feet and inches:

H. W. Hawes....94 4
Dr. J. G. Knowlton....62 0
D. T. Abercrombie....59 0

Saturday Afternoon, March 7.

Class X was a single-hand bait-casting contest, for distance only, and open to all-comers. Each contestant was allowed three trial casts with half-ounce rubber frog, after which the longest cast in five counted as the score. There were no restrictions on rods or leaders, but the use of free running reels was required. R. C. Leonard won the gold medal with a cast of 128 feet 7½ inches, and broke last year's record of 125 feet, made by C. G. Levison; Mr. Levison was second with 97 feet, and H. W. Hawes took the bronze medal. The score, in feet and inches:

R. C. Leonard....128 7½
C. G. Levison....97 0
H. W. Hawes....87 0

The Closing Event, Saturday Night, March 7.

Six men entered Class Y, single-hand trout fly-casting for distance only, and open to all comers, without restrictions on rods or leaders; prizes similar to those heretofore mentioned. H. W. Hawes won the gold medal. The score, in feet:

H. W. Hawes....97
W. R. Pryor....80
V. R. Grimwood....77

The other contestants were N. S. Smith and R. B. Lawrence, who tied with 74 feet each, and Dr. Knowlton, who scored 70 feet.

The Summary of Winnings.

Below is given a summary of the standing of the contestants who won places during the entire tournament. Thirty-one contestants entered during the tournament, and out of this number twenty-one won places. R. C. Leonard won the greatest number of first prizes, while H. W. Hawes was second and W. D. Cloyes was third. Mr. Cloyes was tied for number of first prizes with J. H. Cruikshank, each capturing three, but Mr. Cloyes had two second prizes, whereas Mr. Cruikshank had no seconds. The summary follows:

	Times entered.	No. of 1st prizes won.	No. of 2d prizes won.	No. of 3d prizes won.
R. C. Leonard	7	5	0	2
H. W. Hawes	7	3	3	2
W. D. Cloyes	7	3	2	1
J. H. Cruikshank	4	3	0	0
E. J. Mills	9	2	2	2
V. R. Grimwood	6	1	2	2
A. B. Douglass	4	1	2	0
C. G. Levison	7	1	3	0
H. G. Henderson	7	1	0	3
D. T. Abercrombie	7	1	0	3
P. J. Tormey	3	1	0	1
Dr. J. G. Knowlton	7	0	4	3
W. H. Hammett	4	0	1	2
R. F. Cruikshank	4	0	3	0
D. Brandreth	4	1	0	0
W. R. Pryor	3	0	1	1
J. D. Foote	9	0	1	1
Will. K. Park	3	0	1	0
W. T. Morrison	1	0	0	1
W. H. Cruikshank	1	0	0	1
G. H. Gerard	4	0	0	3

Salmo Mykiss in Europe.

BY SIEGFRIED JAFFE.

THE following interesting article is abstracted from the Bulletin de la Société Centrale d'Agriculture et de Pêche for January, 1903:

Several years ago my attention was called by Dr. Schillinger to the interest which would attend the introduction into Europe of the black spotted trout (*Salmo mykiss* vel *clarkii*), which he had observed during a trip in the Rocky Mountains.

I determined, therefore, to attempt the acclimatation of this species, known also as cutthroat trout, but the United States Fish Commission at Washington, instead of encouraging me in my project, endeavored to turn me from it, because it was thought to be very difficult if not impossible to bring the living eggs of the cutthroat trout to Europe. This is because of the great rapidity with which these eggs hatch; for scarcely sixteen days elapse from the time of fertilization to the time of hatching. Also, the eggs must be carried three or four days on muleback from the heights, where they are taken, to the nearest fish hatchery, at Leadville, where they are put to hatching. Then if they prove to have been fertilized, they must be safely packed for their long journey, and when this has been done there only remain about seven days before the time of hatching for them to journey over the immense distance which separates Leadville from the European port, and which, by the most rapid means of travel, can hardly be covered in less than thirteen days.

To overcome the difficulty, I had made a special box on a special model in which the eggs could be packed immediately after being taken and fertilized, and in which their hatching might go on during the journey. The eggs of *Salmo mykiss*, however, being very delicate, it was necessary to take special precautions to keep them from contact with the water of the melting ice, which would have destroyed them.

This method of packing consisted of two boxes, one within the other. The eggs were separated in little trays, each holding about 1,000.

Such an apparatus having been prepared, a shipment of eggs of the cutthroat trout was made me in 1899. These eggs were put in the apparatus as soon as possible after fecundation, left Leadville May 1, New York May 4 and reached Bremerhaven the 14th. During the journey across the Atlantic on the steamer of Lloyd's Steamship Co., a little ice was introduced into the apparatus every two days and kept it cool. This was renewed the last time on the arrival of the eggs at Bremerhaven, and on the 15th of May the 10,000 eggs reached me at Sandford, having suffered only about a ten per cent. loss during the journey.

Hatching followed almost immediately, and was over by the 25th of May; and with the purpose of increasing the chances of acclimatation, I sent about half the fry obtained to the fishculture establishment of Munich.

The fish did well. They have now become adult, and have given us this year the first yield of eggs. According to a report sent me the first of last June by the president of the Société Bavaroise de Pisciculture, the stripping made at the fishculture station at Neufhaven, was 4,000 eggs. Some specimens of the fry from these eggs were sent to the Exposition at Vienna last September, and there obtained the first prize.

The United States Fish Commissioner was good enough to send this year a second shipment of eggs, which, having left Mera, Col., the 10th of last July, reached me the 25th of the same month in perfect condition. Of 20,000, only 148 died en route. The apparatus employed for the journey was the same model as that used during the first shipment, except that the space reserved for putting in the ice was a little smaller.

The hatching of these eggs succeeded well, and at the beginning of October the fry obtained already measured from 6 to 10 centimeters in length.

Actually, therefore, we now possess here more than 5,000 adult specimens from the first shipment of eggs, and there exist besides about 6,000 in the fishcultural establishment of Bavaria.

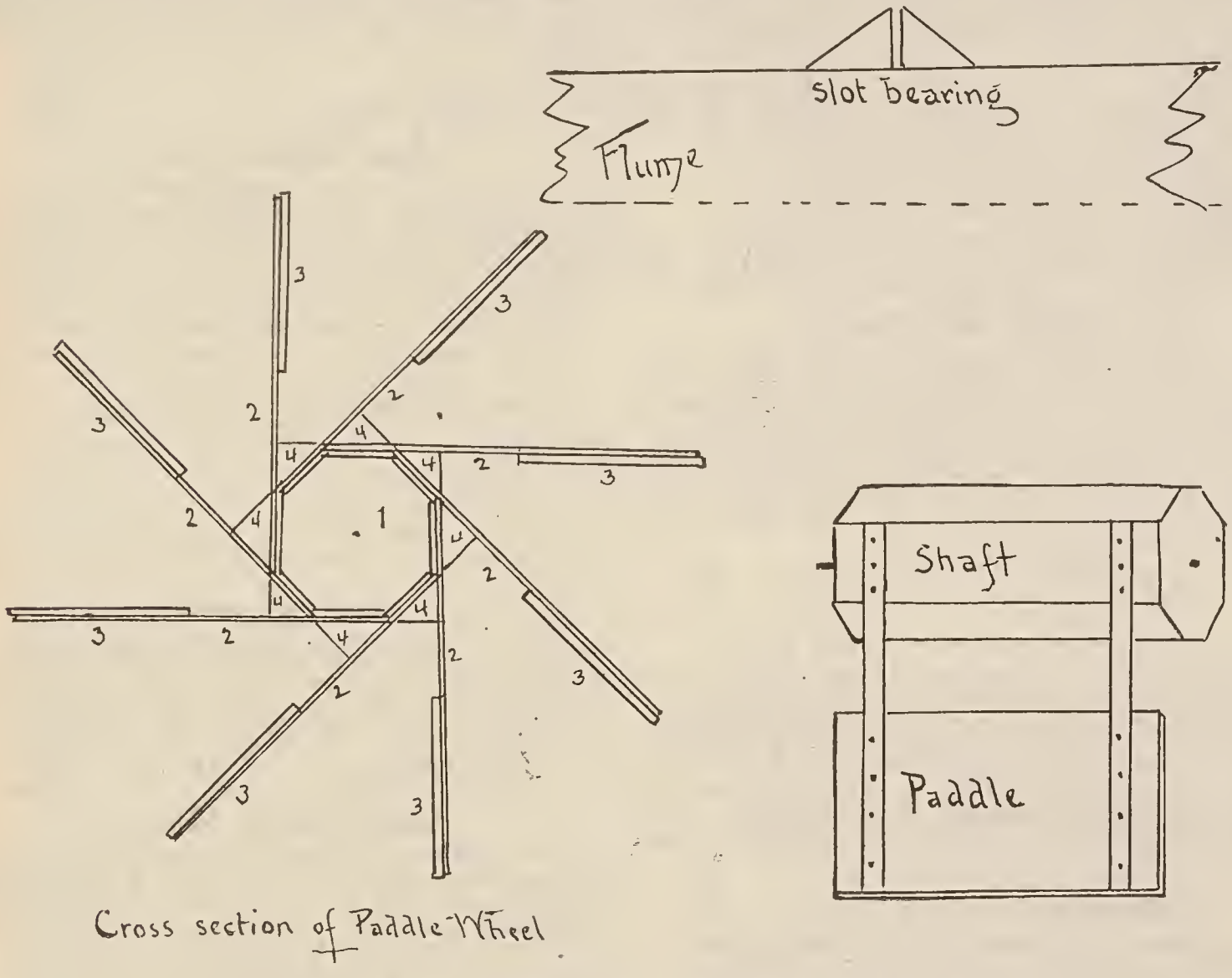
I therefore confidently anticipate a good yield of eggs in 1903, and am very hopeful that I shall have the pleasure of sending a lot to Nid-de-Verdier, so that the rearing of this species may be attempted in France.

Paddle Wheels for Ditches.

To Prevent Destruction of Fish by Irrigating Ditches.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IN FOREST AND STREAM of February 14, is an article with the caption "Montana Game and Fish Interests," giving extracts from the semi-annual report of the State Warden, Mr. W. F. Scott. I wish to call attention to certain portions of said report. He says: "It is a matter of serious regret that no practical method has been adopted to prevent the great loss of trout which escape through the irrigating canals and ditches out on to the land, and perish, during the irrigating season, other than the common wire mesh screen which clogs up and retards the flow of water in the spring and autumn when drift matter and leaves are brought down by the current of the stream."



Cross section of Paddle Wheel

1, eight-sided shaft. 2, arms, nailed or screwed on. 3, paddles. 4, braces between the arms.

It is both disheartening and discouraging to the western fishculturist to know that millions of fish, both large and small, annually perish through being stranded on the meadows and grain fields as the result of unscreened ditches. He sees a large percentage of the work of the United States and State Fish Commissions go for naught from this cause.

The hardship entailed by the use of the common wire mesh screen exists more in imagination than in reality, for during the season of irrigation in the summer the streams are clear of leaves and trash. "In the spring and autumn when drift matter and leaves are brought down by the current of the stream," the head gates of the ditches could be closed, for at those seasons rain or snow usually furnishes all the water needed for the crops.

But in order to provide a contrivance "which will not injure or work a hardship on the farmer, and at the same time put an end to this widespread destruction," I have devised an arrangement to be put in at the intake of ditches that is as effective as a screen, but which is not open to its objections, as it permits the passage of such matter as would clog a screen, and at the same time it prevents fish from entering the ditch. I understand that some such device is successfully used in Colorado, but I have not been able to obtain the particulars of its construction.

My device is very simple, consisting merely of a short flume at the head of the ditch, with sufficient fall to operate an eigh-bladed paddle wheel, fitting the flume closely. The width and depth of the flume, and the size of the paddle wheel would be governed by the width and depth of the ditch. If very wide a double flume and two wheels could be used. In large ditches two old wagon wheels could be utilized by affixing paddles to the spokes. The bearings of the shaft should work in vertical slots, so that any hard substance could pass under the paddles by raising the wheel. The continual splashing of the paddles would be effectual in frightening fish or fry and prevent their passage. But to make assurance doubly sure, a barrel-shaped frame covered with woven wire of very small mesh, and fitting the flume closely, could be operated as a revolving screen, by utilizing the paddle wheel as a motor. The pulleys to each should be placed on the shafts just outside of the flume, with the belt crossed so as to cause the wheel and screen to revolve in opposite directions, the revolving screen, of course, being at the entrance of the ditch. This forms a self-cleaning screen, all leaves and trash being carried over, while the smallest fish fry are prevented from passing it. I think, however, that the paddle wheel alone would answer the purpose very effectually.

The annexed rough drawings may make the device and its construction more easily understood. For very shallow ditches the paddles might be nailed directly to the octagon shaft. Farmers who are skilled in the use of tools might make a round shaft, with mortises for the arms of the wheel, but it would be no better or stronger than the simple one mentioned.

JAMES A. HENSHALL,
U. S. Fish Commission.

BOZEMAN, Montana.

Debsconeag Club Dinner.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What be you goin' to dew?
Throw up the sponge an' kick yourself,
An' go to feelin' blew?
No, course yer hain't, yeur goin' ter fish,
An' bait, an' bait again;
Bimeby success will bite yeur hook,
An' you will pull 'im in.

This bit of philosophy, good for fisherman and layman, for fishing and for life, for recreation and for toil, was printed on one of the pages of the menu cards of the first annual dinner of the Debsconeag Fish and Game Club at the New York Yacht Club, where eighteen of the Debsconeags were guests of Mr. Edward A. Sumner. There was other inspiration on the menu—pictures of the Debsconeag familiar spots—Ambijejus, Rainbow, Millinocket, and others of like pleasant memory. There were present, Edward A. Sumner, Fred J. Hutchinson, of Boston; M. Elton Brown, of Hollis, N. Y.; Ambrose G. Todd, New York; William H. Roberts and Walter P. Stokes, of Philadelphia; Theodore Vietor, Gordon Merritt and William Cheel, of Ridgewood, N. J.; H. B. Plumb, of Brooklyn; Charles T. Hungerford, of New York; Clarence B. Moss, of Passaic, N. J.; William R. Noone, of Boston; Rufus B. Goffe, of Providence, R. I.; M. R. Bingham, of Rome, N. Y.; Merritt B. Miller and John B. Sumner, of New York, and Walter Place, of Oakville, Conn.

Letters of regret were read from President Roosevelt, Senator Redfield Proctor and George M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner. The toasts were: America, "Hail to you, from us, your sons;" the President of the United States, "Hail to you from your clubmates," for President Roosevelt is an honorary member of the club; Debsconeagers and our guests, "Hail all! Good health! Long Life! Happiness! Nerve be to your rifle and skill to your rod;" The Flag, "Hail, stars of the night, bars of the light and white of God's own purity."

There was some fisherman's luck in calling for responses. The name of each speaker upon a card was thrown into a bowl of punch, from which it was drawn by means of a rod, hook and line, the cast being made from the opposite end of the table.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

SATURDAY contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake Feb. 28. Wind, northeast; weather, fair:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
G. C. Edwards...	80	83.4	93	85	89	81.9
A. E. Mocker...	99	..	90.4	81.8	86	..
T. C. Kierulff...	63	78.4	91	84.2	87.7	59.5
T. W. Brotherton	101	87	92.8	89	90.11	85.6
H. Battu.....	84	90.8	91	85	88	68.1
G. W. Lane.....	70	86	89	76.8	83.10	..
J. Watt	70	77	84	77.6	80.9	..
C. R. Kenniff....	97	90.8	91	83.4	87.2	97.1
W. E. Brooks...	93	89.4	89.4	90	89.8	..
C. G. Young.....	90	88	93	90	91.6	..
A. B. Can.....	..	94.4	91	85	88.4	..
F. H. Reed.....	..	90	91	88.4	89.8	..

Judges, Kierulff and Mocker; referee, Young; clerk, Brotherton.

SUNDAY contest No. 1, held at Stow Lake March 1. Wind, northeast; weather, fair:

T. W. Brotherton	..	91	93	90	91.8	..
F. M. Haight...	65	84.8	87.4	75.10	81.4	..
Dr. W. Brooks..	97	93	92	91.8	91.10	..
G. W. Lane.....	74	86	83.8	74.2	78.8	..
C. G. Young....	81	87	95	90	92.6	91
C. R. Kenniff....	98	91	92.8	95.10	94.3	98.4
H. C. Golcher...	81	85.4	93.4	89.2	91.3	..
H. Battu.....	83	87.4	94.8	84.2	89.5	81.9
C. Klein	70	85.4	76.8	68.4	72.6	..
J. B. Kenniff....	87	92	90.8	94.2	92.5	96
Dr. F. J. Lane...	..	80	82	74.2	73.1	..
H. Dinkelspiel...	40	..	..	..	..	..
W. D. Mansfield.	..	76	92	94.2	93.1	97.8
T. C. Kierulff...	65	69	84.8	85	84.10	58.7
A. M. Blade.....	66	64	81.4	74.2	77.9	..
F. H. Reed.....	84	89	93.8	87.6	90.7	..

Judges, Kierulff and Lane; referee, Blade; clerk, Brotherton.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

March 12-14.—Coshocton, O.—Show of Coshocton Kennel Club.
March 17-20.—Uhrichsville, O.—Show of Twin City Kennel Club.
March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Danbury Dog Show.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., March 5.—Kindly note that the Danbury Agricultural Society's Twenty-second Annual Dog Show will be held at the Fair Grounds, Danbury, Conn., on the 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th of October next. Entries close September 22.

JAMES MORTIMER,
Superintendent.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXXIV.—Tex.

CORNISH, Me., Feb. 21.—Tex was a little red spanied of untraced pedigree that the writer and his brother bought as a pup of a street vagrant, for the fabulous sum of 15 cents. We gave him a rigid training as an all-round hunter, and as such he was unexcelled. His strongest point was hunting the ruffed grouse in the old manner of putting to tree, which method, I contend, gives a chance for the display of as much intelligence and skill on the part of the dog, as the more modern way requires of the setter or pointer. He was also a fine retriever for ducks. We hunted with him ten successive seasons, when he succumbed to some unknown malady. We fully recognized his worth only after he was gone. JOHN L. WOODBURY.

TEX.

No more my little dog will come,
When forth with gun I go,
To frisk and gambol on before,
His wild delight to show.

No more his bark the woods will wake,
As stanch beneath the tree,
Within whose top the shy grouse hid,
He signaled sharp to me.

The solemn woodcock has no fear,
The hare and squirrel rove at will,
The wounded duck my bag should win,
In hiding foils me still.

I miss the swift step through the brush,
That once so well I knew,
The lashing tail, the eager bound,
As on the game he drew.

And never more the noonday lunch
Shall soothe with quiet rest,
The absent face and figure trim,
In a coat of brown curls drest.

Ah! many a day, my litle dog,
We roamed the forests wide,
The thicket's maze you freely braved,
The rugged mountainside.

But now my gun stands idly by,
The charm has fled from vale and mound;
The babbling brook, the wind-swept boughs,
Now greet my ear as mourning sound.

For underneath the sod you lie,
Hard by the scenes you loved the best;
The wild flowers fling in summer's sun
A halo o'er your place of rest.

Nor whistle sharp, nor whir of wing,
Nor pattering step the brushwood through,
Has power again thy heart to thrill—
Sweet be your sleep, my doggie true.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.

Second, $25.00.

Third, $15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: Active, Theo. S. Jube and Jerome H. Pennock; associate, Martha R. F. Genet.

Canoe Tilting at the Sportsmen's Show.

NEW YORK, March 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You very kindly gave considerable prominence to the fact that I had arranged for a series of tilting contests to be held at the Sportsmen's Show. Will you kindly give equal publicity to the fact that since the night of March 2 my connection with the contests ceased.

The two communications which I inclose you herewith, one from Capt. Dressel and the other from the contestants, will explain why. E. T. KEYSER.

[*Copy.*]

National Sportsmen's Association, J. A. H. Dressel, Secretary-Treasurer. Sportsmen's Show, New York City, March 2, 1903.—Mr. E. T. Keyser, Madison Garden, N. Y.

DEAR SIR—Following conversation had with you last evening, and decisions arrived at, I thought the matter had been definitely settled, particularly in the matter of Mr. West. I understand now that you have excluded Mr. West from contesting this evening., You have therefore broken faith with me, and I shall ask you to retire from the management of the Tilting Contests, to take effect at once.

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. A. H. DRESSEL,
General Manager.

[*Copy.*]

NEW YORK, March 7.—We, the undersigned contestants in the Amateur Tilting Contest at the Ninth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association, desire to express our appreciation of the attitude of Mr. E. T. Keyser in refusing to allow the entries of suspected professionals into the event. That the stand taken by Mr. Keyser, in refusing to attempt to force us to meet a suspected professional, led to his deposition from the management of this contest by the management of the Sportsmen's Association on March 2, was to his credit.

As far as positive knowledge goes, West may not be a professional, but we suspect that he has, at some time, served in a professional capacity in athletic sports.

(*Signed*) J. B. Dunn, Jr.; J. A. Robinson, Eugene M. Scheffler, G. H. King, F. R. White, E. E. Vreeland, Geo. P. Vreeland, Wm. E. Tufts.

Knickerbocker Smoker.

On Saturday evening, March 28, the Knickerbocker Canoe Club held a subscription smoker at their boat house, Hudson River and One Hundred and Fifty-second street, which was a grand success in bringing out a full quota of the boys and their friends, there being fifty present.

The entertainment was preceded by lantern slides of canoeing scenes and a cruise up the Hudson, illustrated with remarks by our fellow canoesist, A. W. Scott, who kindly operated the stereopticon. After the slides, refreshments and lunch was served by a caterer, which was greatly enjoyed.

The souvenirs of the evening were highly appreciated, consisting of brier pipes, individually decorated by pyrography, for each member and guest, being reproductions from photographs of camp scenes, sailing and paddling events, etc., besides the club totem, a sea horse, finished in red, painted on each.

The balance of the evening was pleasantly passed with the help of our musical members, Messrs. Roberts and Boyle, assisted by professional talent.

The smoker was pronounced one of the most successful ever held by the Knickerbocker Canoe Club, and the Entertainment Committee deserve to be congratulated by the showing made.

The committee consisted of M. Ohlmeyer, Jr.; W. G. Harrison, E. Howe Stockwell.

A. C. A. and its Finances.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest Mr. Robert J. Wilkin's letter published on March 7, and heartily concur in the suggestion that there should be a permanent paid secretary-treasurer to collect the dues of all members. No doubt many members will raise objection on the question of the expediency of expense. However, I am of the opinion there would be a saving of the funds to the Association in the department of the secretary-treasurer and pursers. And if each division should be called upon to give a further ten per cent. of its dues to the central body for this purpose it would be more than made up by the members annually saved to the Association and therefore would not decrease the present incomes of the divisions.

Moreover, we have now a life membership permanent fund. And we hope to see many of the past and present canoeists take up their life membership within the next few months. This fund carefully invested will in time provide the income required to keep up the Association's permanent home, and I trust provide for the salary of the paid secretary-treasurer. It behooves every member to make some sacrifices, even to the extent of less elaborate camps, etc., so that the balances of the divisions and the affairs of the A. C. A. shall be retained on a safe and satisfactory basis.

H. LYNDHURST POLLARD, A. C. A. 4207.

New Chairman Regatta Com. of A. C. A.

To the Members of the A. C. A.:

I am pleased to notify you that Mr. James K. Hand, of the Atlantic Division, has accepted the chairmanship of the Regatta Committee. A better man could not fill this position. Mr. Hand is now busy with preliminary arrangements for the success of sailing and racing at Sugar Island meet in 1903.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT,
Commodore A. C. A.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Conditions Governing the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup.

THE Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, having accepted the challenge of the Manchester Y. C. of Manchester, Mass., for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for small yachts, and the conditions governing the match having been arranged, the Manchester Y. C. take pleasure in announcing both these conditions and those that will govern the trial races for the selection of its representative yacht.

The contest being an international one, the Manchester Y. C. hopes to interest other American yacht clubs in its effort to regain the cup. To this end, it proposes to hold open trial races for the selection of the challenger in order that the fastest possible American boat may be sent to Canada next year.

A cordial invitation is extended to all American yacht clubs to enter yachts in the trial races, which will be held off the Manchester Y. C. on June 10, 12, 13, 15 and 16, 1903.

For the information of any who may be interested in the subjects, and especially for the guidance of those who may contemplate making entries in the trial races, the Seawanhaka Cup Committee of the Manchester Y. C. beg to announce the following general conditions, governing the cup, which are extracts from the Deed of Trust executed by the Seawanhaka Y. C., and the following general regulations for the control of the match which have been agreed upon with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

Article I. The following expressions have the meanings assigned to them in this section unless the context requires otherwise:

(a) "The match" means the races to be sailed for the cup.

(b) "The trust" means the Declaration of Trust.

(c) "The challenged yacht," "the challenging yacht," "the yachts," "the competitors," "a competitor," means the yachts representing the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C. respectively.

(d) "Centerboard" includes plates and sliding keels, as mentioned in Article VI. of the Trust, and permits of the use of more than one on either yacht.

(e) "The crew" includes the helmsman.

(f) "The mark" means a mark used to indicate the course as provided for in Article XXV.

THE MATCH.

Article II. The match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three of five races.

Each race shall be of a total length of twelve nautical miles, as measured by the log.

NOMINATION OF YACHTS.

Article III. Each club shall name its representative yacht at least five days before the first race. Any protest as to the eligibility of either competitor must be made at least three days before the first race.

THE JUDGES.

Article IV. The challenging and challenged clubs shall each nominate a person and secure his consent to act as a judge.

Notice of such nomination and consent shall be given by each club to the other on or before the first day of June, 1903. This notice shall be forthwith communicated by such other club to its nominee.

Article V. The two judges so appointed shall elect a third judge on or before the first day of July, 1903.

Article VI. The third judge shall act as convener and chairman of the judges, and shall forthwith notify the two clubs of his own appointment.

Article VII. In the event of the judges so nominated by the clubs, or either of them, subsequently refusing, or being for any cause unable to act, the nominating club shall immediately make a new nomination and give notice thereof.

For like reason and in like manner a new selection of a third judge shall be made and notified to the clubs.

Article VIII. Subject to the provisions of the Trust of this Agreement, the judges shall

(a) Verify and decide whether the competitors come in all respects within the prescribed conditions.

(b) Lay out the courses.

(c) Order in what direction the course for the day shall be sailed.

(d) Postpone a start in the event of fog or calm; or of a competitor being injured or disabled, as provided in Articles XXVI. and XXVII.

(e) Generally manage the races and decide all questions in disputes in relation thereto.

(f) Act as time-keepers and declare the results.

(g) The decision of the judges shall be final.

Note.—If either yacht is found by the judges not to be within the conditions, the competitor whose yacht is excluded, may nominate another.

RACING LENGTH MEASUREMENT.

Article IX. Competitors must not exceed 500ft. sail area, and must not exceed 25ft. limit of racing length under the following rules:

Load waterline plus square root of sail area, divided by two, equals racing length.

Article X. The factor of load waterline used in determining racing length shall be ascertained with 450lbs. dead weight placed substantially amidships (center of buoyancy) in lieu of crew, when the yachts are in racing trim.

The factor of sail area used in determining racing length shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail the area of the fore triangle.

The hoist and outer points of the mainsail, when measured, shall be marked respectively on the mast, boom and gaff, or other spars used to set the sail.

The factor of fore triangle, used in determining sail area, shall be ascertained from the perpendicular distance between the deck and the point on the forestay, where the line of the after leach of the jib intersects the forestay, and the base distance between the forward side of the mast and the point of intersection of the forestay, or line of the jib luff, with the bowsprit or hull.

The said point of intersection of the forestay or jib luff shall be marked thereon.

DRAFT.

Article XI. Draft shall be determined when the competitors are in trim for measurement.

Article XII. A competitor's draft of hull or fixed keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboards down shall not exceed 6ft.

Article XIII. Yachts shall be constructed in accordance with the following restrictions:

(a) On a cross section taken at any point no part of the hull shall be appreciably below the center part of the hull, exclusive of the false keel or skeg.

(b) The area of the cockpit shall not exceed 30 per cent. of the total area of the deck.

(c) The planking of hull shall not be less than ½in. thick at any point.

(d) The frames or ribs shall be of oak, elm or other hardwood, and shall not be less than 1¼sq. in. per lineal foot of length; they may, however, be spaced as desired.

Example frames may be 1¼ × 1in., spaced 12in. c. to c., or ⅝ × 1in., spaced 6in., c. to c., or ⅝ × ⅜in., spaced 2¼in. c. to c. Internal bracing, floors, knees or other stiffening members shall not be included in the area of the frames or deck beams.

(e) The deck planks shall not be less than ½in. thick, if without covering; but where covered with canvas may be ⅜in. thick. The deck beams shall not be less than 1½sq. in. per lineal foot

of length. Example deck beams may be 1½ × 1in., spaced 12in. c. to c., or 1½ × ½in., spaced 6in. c. to c.

Article XIV. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the keel or hull.

They shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation, but metal plates may be used under the following restrictions:

If of steel or iron plate, they shall be of practically uniform thickness, and shall not weigh, either singly or collectively, over 450lbs.

If of bronze, brass or any metal other than steel or iron, they shall be of practically uniform thickness, and not weigh, either singly or collectively, over 300lbs.

(For draft of centerboards see Article XII.)

No hollow boards shall be allowed.

SAILS.

Article XV. Sails shall be limited to mainsails, jibs and spinnakers.

All jibs and spinnakers must be triangular sails, but each may have a small club on the head not exceeding 5 per cent. of the base of the fore triangle.

The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft.

The total area of the spinnaker, measured as a triangle, whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its out end, when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the foreside of the mast to the spinnaker halliard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle.

Article XVI. The mainsail when set must not be set beyond the hoist and outer points marked on the mast, boom, gaff or other spars, as directed by Article X:

Any jib, when set, shall not extend beyond the upper and forward points defined in Article X.

The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to prevent its lifting.

BALLAST.

Article XVII. Shifting ballast shall not be allowed.

Centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.

Article XVIII. No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article XIX. Yachts must sail throughout the match with the same amount of fixed ballast and with centerboards of practically the same weight as carried in the first race.

LIFE PRESERVERS AND ANCHORS.

Article XX. Life preservers, anchors, chains, etc., may or may not be carried, at the option of the contestants. The option must be declared before measurement and for the purposes hereof, and shall be adhered to throughout the races.

CREW.

Article XXI. The crew shall be amateurs and members of the respective clubs.

Article XXII. The provision of the Trust, Article X., requiring helmsmen to be nominated in writing twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the first race is waived. In lieu thereof the challenging and challenged clubs shall furnish each to the other, or to their respective representatives, a certificate in a form of the following tenor:

"It is hereby certified that.....who are nominated to sail on the....., representative yacht of this club, are amateurs in the spirit of the word, and are members of this club."

Article XXIII. The total weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during the race, shall not exceed 650lbs.

COURSES.

Article XXIV. The courses shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward and return.

Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length. The course shall be sailed over three times.

Each leg of the course to windward and return shall, if possible, be two nautical miles, and in any event not less than one nautical mile.

The course shall be sailed over a sufficient number of times to make a total of twelve nautical miles.

Article XXV. The marks to indicate the courses shall consist of staffs, bearing red and white flags for the triangular course, and black and white for the windward and return course, and they shall be capped with bright tin cones.

Article XXVI. A race may be suspended or postponed for such time as the judges deem reasonable, to permit of repairs to a competitor disabled or injured before the second or preparatory signal.

Article XXVII. A start may be suspended or postponed to a later hour of the same day or to the next following day (excluding Sunday) in the event of a fog or a calm.

ORDER OF COURSES.

Article XXVIII. The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangular and the windward and return courses.

The first race to be triangular or windward and return, as the winner of the toss may elect.

START AND FINISH.

Article XXIX. The start and finish shall be respectively across a line between and designated by a mark and a stakeboat flying the burgee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Article XXX. (a) Windward and return course. For the start and during the race the stakeboat shall be anchored at right angles to the course, so that the competitors shall leave the starting buoy to starboard.

(b) Triangular course. For the start and during the race the stakeboat shall be moored outside and at right angles to the first leg.

Article XXXI. For the finish the stakeboat shall be moored in a similar position on the other side of the buoy at right angles to the last leg.

Article XXXII. To determine the start and finish, the judges' steamer shall be anchored beyond the stakeboat, with its signal staff, as nearly as practicable, in range with the mast of the stakeboat and the mark, but the true line shall be held to be the prolongation of the range of the signal staff of the judges' steamer and of the flag mast on the stakeboat.

Article XXXIII. Unless otherwise ordered, marks shall be left to starboard.

Article XXXIV. If the judges, in their discretion order the triangular course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving marks to port, the reverse positions of the stakeboat and judges' steamer shall be a notice of such reversal.

THE RACES.

Article XXXV. The start be made as nearly as practicable at a quarter past one in the afternoon.

The race shall be deemed to have begun when the second signal has been given, except for the calculation of the time limit, under Article XXXIX.

Article XXXVI. The start shall be a flying start, and the signals therefor shall be as follows:

(a) First Signal—Preliminary.—The blue peter shall be hoisted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by a whistle 15 seconds' long.

There shall be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

(b) Second Signal—Preparatory.—The blue peter on the judges' steamer shall be lowered and a red ball hoisted, accompanied by a whistle 15 seconds long.

There shall be an interval of 5 minutes between the second and third signals.

(c) Third Signal—Start.—The red ball shall be lowered, accompanied by the firing of a gun, and a whistle 15 seconds long.

Article XXXVII. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article XXXVIII. In case it should be necessary to recall either or both of the competitors, the following signals shall be used.

(a) For the recall of the challenging yacht a United States ensign shall be hoisted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by two sharp whistles.

(b) For the recall of the challenged yacht a British ensign shall be so hoisted, accompanied by three sharp whistles.

(c) For the recall of both competitors the burgee of both clubs shall be hoisted, accompanied by four sharp whistles.

Article XXXIX. The competitors shall be called off:

(a) If any triangular race is not concluded within three and one-quarter hours after the third or start signal has been given.

(b) If any windward and return race is not concluded within three and one-half hours after the third or start signal has been given.

Article XL. For calling off a race the red ball shall be half-masted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by the firing of a gun and a whistle 15 seconds long.

Article XLI. The match shall be sailed under the rules of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., except as modified by this instrument.

Article XLII. The provisions of the Trust, insofar as the same are inconsistent with the foregoing articles, are hereby waived.

TRIAL RACES.

Note.—The rules and regulations governing the Seawanhaka International races will be followed in the trial races as far as possible.

The trial races will be held off the southerly end of House Island, Manchester Harbor on Wednesday, June 10; Friday, June 12; Saturday, June 13; Monday, June 15, and Tuesday, June 16, 1903.

COURSES.

The courses will be alternately triangular and to windward or leeward and return. Full instructions will be furnished from the judges' steamer on each race day, one hour before the preliminary signal.

START AND SIGNALS.

The start shall be made as nearly as practicable at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of each day. The race shall be deemed to have begun when the second signal has been given, except for the calculation of the time limit. (See Article XXXIX. of the Seawanhaka International Rules.)

The start shall be a flying one, and the signals therefor shall be as follows:

First Signal—Preliminary.—The blue peter shall be hoisted on the signal staff of the judges' steamer, accompanied by a whistle 15 seconds long.

There shall be an interval of 5 minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal—Preparatory.—The blue peter on the judges' steamer shall be lowered and a red ball hoisted, accompanied by a whistle 15 seconds long.

There shall be an interval of 5 minutes between the second and third signals.

Third Signal—Start.—The red ball shall be lowered, accompanied by the firing of a gun and a whistle 15 seconds long.

NO TIME ALLOWANCE.

The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

RECALLS.

Should the judges decide to recall the yachts after the race is started, a gun will be fired or a whistle blown from the judges' steamer after all the competitors have crossed the starting line.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS FOR TRIAL RACES.

(1) Written entries must be filed with the secretary of the Seawanhaka cup committee of the Manchester Y. C. on or before June 1, 1903.

(2) The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must, on or before June 8, 1903, furnish to the secretary of the committee the racing measurement of his yacht, certified by the measurer of the Manchester Y. C.

(3) Each yacht must carry the racing number fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail. Numbers to be furnished by the Manchester Y. C.

(4) In the event of any race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

(5) The yacht or yachts, selected to represent the club, shall be the ones which, in the judgment of the special committee (appointed by the Manchester Y. C.) shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winners of a majority of the trial races. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

(6) It is understood and agreed that the Manchester Y. C. is to pay the transportation charges on any yachts that may be sent to Canada by the Manchester Y. C. to compete in the Seawanhaka international races of 1903.

Note.—In reference to Article XXII. of the Agreement between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Manchester Y. C., and for the purpose of carrying out this said agreement, the following vote has been promulgated by the executive committee of the Manchester Y. C.:

Voted: That a committee of three from the club be appointed by the executive committee of the Manchester Y. C. to select any number of yachts which they may see fit to represent the Manchester Y. C. in the races on Lake St. Louis next July, 1903, and that said special committee be also empowered to select from the members of the Manchester Y. C. a crew of four men to handle said yachts in the Seawanhaka races, and that the crew thus chosen be allowed to name from members of the Manchester Y. C. any substitutes which they may see fit to select. And also that the crew selected shall have the power to designate which of the selected yachts shall compete against the representative of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

All communications with reference to the Seawanhaka cup races should be addressed to Mr. H. B. Pearson, 85 Water Street, Boston, Mass.

Arthur M. Merriam, Chairman.
H. P. Pearson, Secy.
Edwin A. Boardman,
} Seawanhaka Cup Committee Manchester Y. C.

Boston Letter.

Boston, March 9.—Mr. J. Hopkins Smith, Jr., has ordered another yacht to compete in the Kiel regattas. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, who designed Uncle Sam for Mr. Smith last year, will turn out the lines of the new boat, and she will be built by Fenton, of Manchester, who built Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam was a 21-footer, and this time Mr. Smith will go up a class. The new boat will be 48ft. 1in. over all, 30ft. 6in. waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. Her displacement will be 15,420 pounds, and she will carry 7,507 pounds of lead outside.

Mr. Linus A. Chase, formerly in the New York office of Mr. Frank N. Tandy, is now associated with Mr. Crowninshield. Mr. Crowninshield has sold the 55-footer Sea Lark, owned by Mr. Asa Schofield, to Mr. H. W. Peabody, and the Bar Harbor 25-footer, Rip, owned by Mr. A. J. Cassatt, of Philadelphia, to Mr. James Lawrence, of Groton, Mass. She will be used on the Maine Coast. Lines are being turned out for a light draft 55ft. waterline schooner for Mr. Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Ky., who now has the schooner Attaquin under charter. She will be 81ft. over all, 20ft. beam and 2ft. 9in. draft. Her displacement will be about 42 tons, and she will carry about 2,500 square feet of sail. Provisions will be made for auxiliary power, although it is not expected that the engine will be installed at once. The centerboard will be hung on one side of the keel, so that the shaft may be placed in the center of the vessel, the engine being designed to fit in between the centerboard box and the foremast. The yacht will be used in Florida and southern waters. Crowninshield has also received an order for a one-rater for Mr. I. Bergmanon, of St. Petersburg, Russia, to conform to the Russian rating rule. Oxner and Story are building a 61ft. waterline fisherman for a syndicate headed by Mr. Crowninshield. The 18-footer of his design for Mr. B. S. Permar has been laid down by Graves, of Marblehead, and the 25-footer for Mr. L. C. Wade has been set up at the Marblehead Yacht Yard. The 27-foot yawl for Mr. J. C. Ayers, will be built at Jacob's yard, City Island.

The spring meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held Thursday evening, March 19, at which officers will be elected and dates will be assigned to the clubs for open races during the season. There are several amendments to be proposed which will make the meeting the most important held for years. It is understood that a vote will be proposed to the effect that at the fall meeting rules will be proposed for all of the Association classes. This is practically a notice that at the end of this season the present classes will pass out of existence, unless it should be the will of the delegates, at the fall meeting, to adopt the present restrictions again. It is not believed, however, that anything of this kind will be done. Throughout the season the Executive Committee will watch the result of rules in this and other sections of the coast, so that the best points in each may be absorbed. A proposition will be made to adopt the 22ft. class, and, considering the number of boats that have been built for the class, there seems to be great confidence on the part of the promoters that it will be adopted. There are now eight boats ordered. The last two are for Mr. Samuel W. Lewis and Mr. F. B. Talbot, designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard, and for Mr. Charles D. Lanning, designed by Messrs. Small Bros. Another new rule to be proposed in the Association meeting will be in regard to protests that are appealed from the judges of races to the Executive Committee of the Association. It will be proposed that the sum of $5 accompany each notice of appeal, this sum to be returned to the person making the appeal if he should be in the right, and to be turned over to the Association's treasury if he should be wrong. It is expected that the resquest will be made that the Boston Y. C. be allowed more delegates, because of its size and the number of yachts entering from it.

The Regatta Committee of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has arranged the following fixtures:

June 20, Saturday—First championship.
July 4, Saturday—Second championship.
July 18, Saturday—Third championship.
July 29, 30, and 31, and August 1, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Midsummer series of invitation races.
August 8, Saturday—Fourth championship.
August 15, Saturday—Fifth championship.
August 22, Saturday—Sixth championship.

Other races will be announced later. The arrangements for the annual cruise will be goverened by the orders of Commodore John O. Shaw, Jr.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold to Mr. W. Starling Burgess the cutter Winnifred, owned by Mr. E. H. Howe, of Lynn. Mr. Burgess will have about the same alterations made in her interior that were made in the cutter Edith, recently purchased by him. She will also be given auxiliary power. Winnifred was originally called Butterfly and was afterward called White Wing. She was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb for Mr. Burgess' father, the late Edward Burgess. Mr. Burgess will call her by her original name, Butterfly. Burgess and Packard have received an order for a 30ft. launch for Mr. Henry F. Hurlburt. She will be built by Murray and Tregurtha. Prof. Packard went to Pennsylvania last week to look over the new coaching launch, Ben Franklin II., designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Joseph J. Moebs and Mr. H. J. Connor have formed a partnership and will conduct the business of yacht designing and brokerage at 7 Water street, Boston. Mr. Moebs is a graduate of "Tech," and is well known among the racing men of Massachusetts Bay.

At Lawley's the 40-rater designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Col. R. H. Morgan, is in frame. Major L. H. Bent's 50ft. schooner, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, is being finished up inside and will soon be ready for launching. The 25-footer designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. John Swift, is being finished up inside. The cruising 21-footer designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. L. H. Spalding, will probably be hauled out of the shop this week. Mr. Trenor L. Park's 43-rater, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, is partly planked. Charles Fletcher's new steam yacht, designed by Cheseborough, is nearing completion and the steam yacht for Mr. C. G. Emery, by the same designer, is nearly all plated. The launch designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. W. F. Greer is planked and the launch for the Boston Y. C. is finished. The wooden keel is being turned out for Mr. John M. Richmond's schooner.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has an order for an 18-footer for Mr. Reginald Boardman and a 14ft. double planked cedar tender for Mr. J. C. Philips, to be used on Wenham Lake. This boat will weigh between 70 and 80 pounds. White, of Manchester, has the Malcolmson 18-footer planked and has started the Watson 21-footer. He has finished the 18-footer for Mr. E. A. Boardman, which will be tried out Patriots' Day.

Mr. F. T. Wood, of Wollaston, has designed a 21-footer for his brother, Mr. W. S. Wood, of Fall River. She will be a heavily built cruising boat, with 4ft. 8in. headroom, and will carry 675 square feet of sail. She will be built by Mr. A. LeBonté, of Fall River. Mr. LeBonté is also building from Mr. Wood's design a 32ft. speed launch, to be equipped with two 7 horse-power engines placed tandem.

Mr. W. B. Stearns and Mr. George T. McKay have formed a partnership under the name of Stearns & McKay. The business of designing, building, outfitting and repairing will be carried on at the Marblehead Yacht Yard, as heretofore. A specialty will be made of auxiliary yachts and power launches.

Mr. Isaac B. Mills has designed a 35ft. cabin launch for Mr. G. H. Street, which is building by Meek, of North Weymouth. He has also designed two 30ft. hunting launches, one of which is for Mr. C. T. Estabrook, and a 15ft. power tender for Mr. C. M. Bruce.

Mr. Samuel MacConnell has resigned from the firm of MacConnell Bros., and with William H. Stimpson has established a yacht designing and brokerage business at 114 State street. Ex-Commodore J. R. Hodder, of the Winthrop Y. C., has been admitted to the firm of MacConnell Bros., who have removed their headquarters to 519 Exchange Building. John B. Killeen.

Mr. Samuel MacConnell has resigned from the firm of MacConnell Bros. and with William H. Stimpson has established a yacht brokerage business as MacConnell & Co., at 114 State Street, Boston, Mass. In addition to the regular business, they intend to add a department for designing yachts and superintending their construction.

Columbia Y. C.

This very enterprising Chicago club is making great preparations for Sir Thomas J. Lipton Competitive Cup races, to be held next August. These races should be the best of the season, as there are more clubs competing for this magnificent trophy.

Dr. Pinckard, owner of Sprite, last year's Chicago Y. C. representative, is having her thoroughly overhauled and her fin deepened to increase her power.

George R. Peare's La Rita, winner of the cup last year for the Columbia Y. C., is to have a new hollow mast and a new suit of Wilson & Silsby sails. Her sail plan is to be enlarged and changed in shape. Mr. Peare having discovered that he can increase area of jib and mainsail about 120 sq. ft., and the best share of this increase can be put in mainsail, as it was nowhere near the 80 per cent. limit. With these changes Mr. Peare is very confident that he can win the Lipton Cup again this season.

Outlaw, the Jackson Park Y. C.'s representative, is to have a new suit of sails, size to be increased to the limit, in the hope that she will improve sufficient in speed to win. Mr. Porter, her owner, is to be commended for his enthusiasm.

The Milwaukee Y. C. is red hot after the cup. Mr. Brown, of the club, having purchased Pilot, of Boston, one of last year's speedy 21-footers, of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts Bay, and they building a new yacht, as yet unnamed.

The Lakes Erie and Ontario clubs are keeping very quiet as to their movements. However, it has been learned that there are two boats under way in Canada that are to be sent to Chicago, with the hope that they will capture this, the finest yachting trophy in the world.

The Columbia yachtsmen, not to be outdone, have secured plans from Small Bros., of Boston, and will have a yacht built and launched East, and thoroughly tuned up there before shipping her West. By trying her out with such cracks as Little Haste and Chloris, it will be much easier to tell what she can do. The name selected for this syndicate yacht is "Little Shamrock," same being considered very appropriate, in view of the fact that it is built to defend a cup offered for competition by the distinguished yachtsman, Sir Thomas J. Lipton.

Then there is Rear-Com. Oscar Daniel's Privateer—a Hanley centerboarder that will probably start, although hardly considered a probable winner—unless her last season's form is greatly improved upon.

The date of the Columbia Y. C.'s Annual Michigan City Race has been changed from June 6 to June 20, in the hope that there will be warmer weather at the latter date.

The 25-footers have taken a boom—the old ones being Nymph, Widsith, Columbia and Gloria. To this fleet five new ones will be added—owned respectively by Com. J. F. McGuire, Ole Amundson, Dr. E. H. Hayes, Mr. Oliver and Chas. E. Soule, Jr.

It looks now as though most of the racing would be confined to these two classes.

The Columbia Y. C. has decided to hold all races on July 4, in the morning, and to devote the afternoon to water sports directly in front of the club house, same to consist of swimming races, diving contests, dinghey races, canoe battles, etc., and in the evening the entire fleet is to be decorated with Chinese lanterns, and a yachtsmen's ball will be held at the club house in the evening.

American Power Boat Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In regard to the racing rules of the American Power Boat Association, published in your issue of March 7, I beg to state that the final rules for adoption will not be ready until after the next meeting, as the rules published by you will, no doubt, have many alterations and corrections. I would thank you to make note of the fact that according to the constitution of the Association, that any recognized yacht club in America having a membership of over fifty is eligible for representation and is entitled to one representative for each 100 members or fraction thereof, and the probable dues for the representation in the Association will be $3 for each representative to which the club is entitled. The next meeting of the Association will take place on Wednesday, March 18, at the Columbia Y. C., foot of Eighty-sixth Street, New York, at which time the officers of the Association will be elected, the reports finally adopted and the Association finally formed. It is earnestly requested that any yacht club desiring to join the Association shall signify their intention of doing so at once and name their representatives.

W. H. Ketcham,
Chairman A. P. B. A.

New York City, March 5.

Cruising Competition.

The photographs and manuscript submitted by the competitors in the cruising competition have been returned to us by Mr. T. C. Zerega, and it is our intention to begin to use the stories in Forest and Stream in the next issue. Seven of the cruises sent in will be published—the four prize winners and three others.

We have heard from all the prize winners, either by personal call or by letter. They all express their satisfaction at being among the successful competitors. We publish two of the letters; the first is from the winner of the third prize and the second one is from the winner of the special prize offered by Mr. Zerega:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed please find receipt for your check for twenty dollars. I want to say that I appreciate very much my being awarded this prize, and consider myself highly honored. Here's wishing you continued prosperity and an ever increasing circulation.

William Lambert Barnard.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 26th ult., inclosing check for ten dollars, fourth prize money in yachting competition, for which please accept my thanks. When I got my copy of the Forest and Stream of the preceding week, I saw that "something was coming to me." You will be pleased to know that I am more than satisfied, as I felt all the time that my story scarcely came within the conditions of the competition. The special mention that Mr. Zerega gave the cruise in making the awards was very pleasant both to the owner of the yacht and myself. Please convey to Mr. Zerega our personal thanks for his courtesy and generosity in the matter. If I dare trespass on his kindness further, I should be very grateful to have him send me, at his leisure, a criticism of my article, by which I might profit in any future attempt of this kind.

H. P. Vicborn.

Wyandotte, Mich., March 2.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Greenville Y. C., of Jersey City, whose club house and anchorage are at the foot of Linden Avenue, upper New York Bay, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Oscar Grieff; Vice-Com., H. D. Salkeld; Rear-Com., W. Guilfoyle; Sec., Chas. J. Leach; Treas., C. P. Boos; Fin. Sec., Harry Seimer; Meas., Charles Johnson; Sergeant-at-Arms, Louis Morling; Board of Trustees, Oscar Grieff, Chas. J. Leach, C. P. Boos, F. J. McMullen, A. G. Roemer, Harry Queen, S. A. Cooper, John Ryder and W. Bruns. The finances of the club were reported in a satisfactory condition, and the old Guatier mansion, which the club has occupied for over ten years, is to receive some improvements.

The Gloucester (N. J.) Y. C. held its annual meeting on March 1 and elected the following officers: Com., Benjamin Wilson; Vice-Com., John Minahan; Rear-Com., Robert Murray, Jr.; Rec. Sec., Walter Fleming; Fin. Sec., Americus Brinton; Treas., John Casnet; Trustees, Harry Quinn, James F. Leming, Thomas Platts; Steward, Harry Quinn; Meas., Harry Tolan, William Lowrey, Stewart Cattell.

The Columbia Y. C. held its annual meeting at the club house, foot of West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City, on Tuesday evening, March 3. There were two tickets in the field, and the following were elected: Com., Walther Luttgen; Vice-Com., Alfred Carr; Rear-Com., W. Colborn; Sec., George R. Bronson; Treas., James Stewart; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. H. Griswold; Trustees, Nelson M. Patterson, William K. Olcott and William C. Trageser.

Com. Frederick G. Bourne, New York Y. C., has appointed former Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson Fleet Captain.

Com. Henry R. M. Cook presided at the special meeting of the Brooklyn Y. C., that was held at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn, on Feb. 25. At this meeting it was voted to raise the annual dues from $20 to $30. It was also decided to abolish the monthly meetings and hold an annual one instead. The club now has 240 members. The present club house, at the foot of Twenty-third avenue, Bensonhurst, has been leased for five years, and the buildings will be refitted and extended.

The "Fitting Out" dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York City on Wednesday evening, March 18, at 7:30 o'clock.

The Shelter Island Y. C. recently elected the following officers: Com., James Weir, Jr.; Vice-Com., F. M. Smith; Rear-Com., James B. Edson; Sec., William B. Hill; Treas., William H. Bedford; Meas., Pliny Brigham; Fleet Surgeon, J. Lester Keep, M. D.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. W. B. Stearns and G. T. McKay announce that they have formed a partnership under the name of Stearns & McKay. The business of designing, building and fitting out of yachts will be carried on at the Marblehead Yacht Yard as heretofore. A specialty will be made of the design and construction of auxiliary yachts and motor launches.

The schedule for the Interlake Yachting Association's regatta at Put-In Bay, has been arranged as follows: July 20, smoker; July 21, triangular race, all classes; July 22, windward and leeward races and power race; July 23, squadron sail, auxiliary race and ball; July 24, free-for-all, distribution of prizes.

Carmena is the name selected for the steam yacht building at Lawley's yard, South Boston, for Mr. Chas. Fletcher, from designs by Mr. A. S. Cheseborough.

Catania, the steam yacht owned by the Duke of Sutherland, has been chartered through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to Mr. S. Barton French. Com. A. Van Rensselaer has chartered his steam yacht Mary to Mr. C. Ledyard Blair through the same agency.

The steam yacht building at Jacob's yard, City Island for Mr. Spencer Kellogg, will be named Elgrudor. Mr. Jacob will build a centerboard yawl for Dr. J. C. Ayer from designs by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. She will be 57ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 7ft. 6in. draft.

Messrs. C. T. Reynolds and Harry Growtage are having racing catboats 26ft. long built from the same design at Gil Smith's yard, Patchogue, L. I. Mr. Smith is building for Mr. Thomas Cousins a sloop 25ft. on the waterline and 36ft. over all. At the same yard there is building a 26ft. catboat for Mr. Thomas R. Ball, and a 20ft. catboat for Mr. H. Y. Bedell.

S. C. Wicks & Co., of Patchogue, L. I., are building for Mr. John Thornton a ten horse-power cruising launch. She is 31ft. over all, 10ft. breadth and 28in. draft. At this yard there is building a cruising sloop for Mr. Walter Cook, Jr. She is 37ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 30in. draft.

Messrs. Overton & Smith, of Bellport, are building two boats that will be raced in the 30ft. class.

A 48ft. schooner, a 30ft. sloop and a 20ft. catboat are building at Mr. M. Smith's yard at Bellport.

The Imperial Y. C., at its annual meeting just held, appropriated $10,000 for entertainments and special expenses during the regattas of next June. Emperor William was re-elected President. Admiral von Koellner, Capt. Pock and Lieut. Luedecke were elected members of the board. Prince Henry of Prussia was among those present.

During the course of the discussion of the prospects of the June yachting racing, it was mentioned that Allison Armour, of Chicago, was the only American yacht owner who had notified the board that he would attend the regattas. Few other Americans are expected, because American interests will be centered in the races for the America's Cup off Sandy Hook.

The books of the Imperial Y. C. show that 36 steam yachts and 162 sailing yachts are owned by the members, an increase of 9 vessels, and that the total membership of the club is 1,785, an increase of 213 over last year.—New York Times.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

For General Instruction.

The following interesting information is taken from the New York Sun:

The executive committee of the National Rifle Association of America met at 99 Cedar street yesterday, the following being present: Gen. B. W. Spencer, New Jersey; Gen. George W. Wingate, New York; Gen. George H. Harries, District of Columbia; Gen. John S. Saunders, Maryland; Col. Leslie C. Bruce, New York; H. A. Haskell, New York, and Lieut. A. S. Jones, New Jersey. The following resolution, proposed by Lieut. Jones and adopted, tells of the object of the meeting:

Resolved, That the National Rifle Association of America, recognizing the importance of training the young men of the country in rifle shooting, adopt a code for a course of rifle instruction, which code shall be the same as that proposed by the War Department for the State militia, and that official score sheets be supplied to all ranges and to rifle clubs throughout the United States for the purpose of enabling citizens not connected with any military establishment an opportunity to qualify and become enrolled in the National Marksmen's Reserve, and that a suitable decoration be given to each person qualifying; and that a classified report be made to the War Department each year of those who have qualified under the code.

"As the plan of the Administration for a national volunteer reserve was defeated in the last session of Congress," said one of the executive committee yesterday, "the National Rifle Associaiton now proposes to secure and offer to the Government such a reserve, through adopting a code for qualification and rifle practice which will conform to that drawn up by the War Department for the militia.

"It is proposed to supply official score sheets to all the rifle clubs throughout the country, and all qualifying will be done under proper supervision. Those qualifying will receive a private's decoration with the words 'National Marksman' inscribed thereon; for subsequent years a small pendant with the year on will be given. Report will be made to the War Department of those qualifying during the year, and be published by the National Rifle Association.

"Another undertaking which the National Association is promoting is introducing rifle shooting in the schools and colleges of the country. When a course of instruction in rifle firing has become established, it is the purpose of the Association to institute a series of competitions among the schools to keep the interest alive."

Major Bell, Inspector-General of Rifle Practice of the District of Columbia, has started this movement by the following resolution, which has met the approval of the executive committee, and will be put into immediate operation.

Resolved, That the National Rifle Association of America deems it expedient to take immediate steps to secure the affiliation with it of colleges, universities and other educational institutions of the United States for the purpose of stimulating and encouraging rifle practice among the American youth.

Another matter of interest taken up by the executive committee had to do with sending a team of American military riflemen to Bisley next summer to compete for the Palma trophy. It was resolved to send a team, provided the necessary funds could be raised. It has been estimated that about $8,000 will be required. So far about $600 has been subscribed by regiments of this city and New Jersey.

Washington Defeats Montreal.

Washington, D. C., March 8.—It has been a long time since I have sent you any notes or scores of shooting, but this is of such an interesting character I am pleased to write you. This is the first of a series best two out of three matches, and we hope to land the next one safely. The conditions will probably be changed for the next match, to make things a trifle more even.

Revolver shooting is on the boom in Washington, as the late match with the Montreal A. A. A. Revolver Club will evidence. Each club agreed to shoot on their home ranges and exchange telegrams and targets. Teams consisted of ten men, 20 shots each at the Standard target, 20yds. distance. The Washington Revolver team used .38cal. military revolvers, and service ammunition; the Canadian team used any revolver, maximum caliber .38, and any ammunition. This is considered by revolver experts to be an advantage, and the M. A. A. A. R. C. generously allowed the Washington team a handicap of 5 points for each ten shots. A time limit of 5 minutes for ten shots was also decided on. The Washington team were winners without the handicap, and it is not reckoned in the following scores:

Maj G B Young	64 63—127	Capt A Summers	77 76—153
Maj J E Bell	42 61—103	A M Woltz	64 57—121
Lieut F W Holt	61 74—135	Geo E Cook	81 78—159
J C Bunn	76 67—143	Lieut W. M. Farrow	83 71—154
E A Byrnes	65 62—127		
J W McCormack	50 67—117		1339

Montreal Amateur Athletic Association Revolver Club, 1280.

Capt. Corman was referee in Montreal. Lieut. Britton was referee in Washington. Lieut Farrow was captain of the Washington team.

W. M. F.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

Cincinnati, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on March 1 the following scores were shot. A very tricky wind ranged from 4 to 8 o'clock. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target.

Hasenzahl	88 87 82 82 81	Bruns	81 80 79 74 66
Strickmeier	85 83 81 80 79	Lux	79 79 78 72 72
Gindele	84 84 83 78 73	Trounstine	79 78 78 74 73
Nestler	83 83 83 83 80	Jonscher	76 74 70 70 70
Hoffman	83 79 75 74 73	H Uckotter	76 63 57 .. ..
Odell	83 77 75 75 73	Freitag	74 73 72 72 69
Payne	82 81 80 79 78	R Uckotter	66 65 63 61 60
Hofer	82 79 79 77 77		

Honor target: Hasenzahl 24, Gindele 21, Nestler 25, Hoffman 25, Odell 21, Payne 25, Hofer 24, Lux 19, Trounstine 22, Jonscher 25, Freitag 22.

Championship Gallery Match.

The championship gallery match for 1903, under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York, Feb. 28 to March 7, March 1 excepted, was closely contested. The conditions were open to all, 100 shots, offhand, $5 entrance, 20 scores of 5 shots to be fired at

any time during the tournament; the regular 25 ring (¼in.) target to be used. There were seven merchandise prizes, and twenty cash prizes, ranging from $15 down to $2. The winner was Louis B. Ittel, of Allegheny City, Pa., with a score of 2,457 out of a possible 2,500. Dr. W. G. Hudson was second with 2,455. H. M. Pope was third with 2,442. Other prize winners were: P. Muth 2,439, T. P. Geisel 2,439, F. C. Ross 2,437, L. P. Hansen 2,436, T. C. Buss 2,435, M. Dorrler 2,432, Dr. T. C. T. Mehlig 2,430.

The ring target, open to all; targets of 3 shots, 35 cents; reentries unlimited; the best 3 targets to count for the first 5 prizes; the best 2 targets to count for the next 5 prizes; one target for the rest. The 25-ring target with ⅛in. rings was used.

The ring target match was also won by L. P. Ittel. His 3 targets showed 75 each, which is a perfect score. H. M. Pope was second with two 75s and a 74. Scores:

L P Ittel, Pittsburg	75	75	75—225
H M Pope, Springfield	75	75	74—224
George Schlicht, Union Hill	75	74	73—222
T R Geisel, Springfield	74	74	74—222
L P Hansen, Jersey City	74	74	74—222

Bullseye target: H. Fenworth, New York, 3½ degrees; W. Koch, 6 degrees; L. Buzzine, New York, 7½ degrees; T. H. Keller, New York, 8 degrees; J. Metz, New York, 9½ degrees; H. F. Barning, Springfield, 9½ degrees; H. M. Pope, Springfield, 10 degrees.

Greatest number of bullseyes: S. N. Murphy, Catskill, 180; P. Muth, Brooklyn, 123; T. H. Keller, New York, 120.

Revolver Championship.

THE first match of the series of the annual indoor championship matches of the United States Revolver Association, March 4 to 7 inclusive, was held under the auspices of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, 2628 Broadway. There were two championship events; one for revolver shooting, distance 20yds., the other for pistol, distance 20yds., there being three prizes in each, a silver cup, a silver medal and a bronze medal.

Dr. W. H. Luckett finished with the highest score in the revolver match, making 437 out of a possible 500. He also made the best score on any one target, 49 out of a possible 50.

In the pistol match the still better score of 456 was made by J. A. Dietz, Jr.

Revolver championship, distance 20yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced: Dr. W. H. Luckett 437, J. A. Dietz, Jr., 435, Dr. Reginald H. Sayre 416, A. P. Proctor 415, Sergt. W. E. Petty 408, A. L. A. Himmelwright 383.

Pistol Championship, distance 20yds., 50 shots on the Standard American target, reduced: J. A. Dietz, Jr., 456, Dr. Reginald H. Sayre 446, A. L. A. Himmelwright 438.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

March 19.—Carlstadt, N. J.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot.

March 16-21.—Houston, Tex., Gun Club's all week shoot; $500 added money. S. J. Smith, Sec'y.

April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.

April 2-3.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins-Sears Company's tournament.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.

*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.

April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

**May, second week.—Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club's tournament.

May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Interstate Park, L. I.—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets; $1,000 added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.

*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.

May 30—Newport, R. I., second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

**June, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

**July, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Cadds Gun Club's tournament.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The annual meeting of the Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., was held on March 3. The list of officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Wm. A. Dring; Vice-President, E. P. Gosling; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Coggeshall; Executive Committee: Wm. A. Dring, P. H. Powell and H. A. Peckham. Conditions were fixed for the final shoot for the Powell cup on April 1, which will be 100-target race at unknown angles. A liberal appropriation was also made for average prizes for the second annual tournament.

The Herald states that Mr. C. A. Sykes, who is to be the captain of the Crescent team in their match with the Boston Athletic Association, which begins on March 21, announced on March 7 that the conditions of the match will be 100 targets to a man, eight men to a team, at known traps and unknown angles. The aggregate score at both grounds is to decide the ownership of the challenge cup, which will be open to challenge every year. The first half of the match will be shot on the Crescent grounds, and the latter half at Boston on April 4.

In a match at Palm Beach, Fla., between Mr. John W. Gates and his son, Mr. Charles G. Gates, 100 birds a side, the press dispatches recount that "the shooting was remarkably fine, being the best that has occurred at Palm Beach. They had picked fast birds from St. Louis. They stood at 30yds. Charles G. Gates killed 93 and his father 88. During the contest Charles Gates made 30 straight kills, which is a record for the club." No mention is made of how many million scudos were in the purse.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, with the regular tribal rites was adopted into the tribe of Ojibway Indians on Friday evening of last week, and was given the name of Wasinini, which in English signifies, The Man in the Desert. They deliberated whether to baptize him Chief Hurry-up, a rather good name in itself. Capt. Dressel entertained his new relatives with delicatessen and ambrosia.

A press dispatch states that "the Princeton, N. J., University Gun Club will erect a club house this spring near the traps, back of Brown Hall, on the south campus. Plans are now being drawn for the building, and work on it will be started in a few days. The candidates for the gun team will be called out within the next two weeks. Nearly all the members of last year's team are still in the University."

Mr. G. R. Schneider, secretary, pro tem, writes us that "at a meeting of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., the following officers were elected for the year 1903: Geo. R. Schneider, President; Eugene Fuchs, Vice-President; Geo. R. Schneider, Secretary pro tem; Anthony Woods, Treasurer, and W. G. Hearne, Shooting Captain."

On March 6, at Singac, N. J., Mr. T. W. Morfey defeated Mr. Aaron Doty in a 100 live-bird match, $100 a side, by the score of 92 to 85. Morfey lost four dead out. Doty lost a large number dead out. The rise was 30yds., 50yds. boundary. Mr. T. Chris. Wright acted as referee.

Mr. Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., has sent us the cover of the souvenir score book for the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets. It is a beautiful work of art. Mr. Gottlieb informs us that the book will be printed on heavy book paper, and will be a work of beauty as well as of utility.

At Palm Beach, Fla., Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, of Brooklyn, won the loving cup at the Florida Gun Club's shoot, on Friday of last week. The cup was presented by Mr. Charles Goodwin Emory, of New York. Mr. Thomas McKee Cook won second.

June 2, 3, 4 and 5 have been fixed upon as dates for the third annual Maryland County shoot at Baltimore. Three days will be devoted to targets, one day to live birds; $500 in purses and prizes given. Messrs. Hawkins and Malone are managers.

The contest between teams of the Port Washington Gun Club and the Freeport Gun Club, at Freeport, L. I., March 4, was won by the latter club. The scores were 285 and 256. There were seven men to each team, and each man shot at 25 targets.

Mr. L. J. Squier, under date of March 6 writes us as follows: "The Wawasett Gun Club, of Wilmington, Del., will give a two-days' target tournament on May 7 and 8. It will be a distance handicap shoot, with added money, and open to all."

Press dispatches state that the Golden Gate Gun Club, of San Francisco, is deliberating over whether or not to abandon live-bird shooting entirely, devoting the competition to bluerock shooting only.

A large bluerock tournament to be held in June next is under consideration of the San Francisco Trapshooting Association. One of the inducements contemplated is cash prizes to the amount of $1,500.

Mr. G. G. Stephenson, Jr., scored the first win on the March cup of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week. He scored 48 out of 50.

It is rumored that the next shoot between the Baltimore Shooting Association and the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia will be held at Baltimore, March 16.

A special meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association will be held on March 13, at 2 o'clock P. M., at 79 Cedar street, New York.

Mr. Harvey McMurchy, the prince of good fellows, is reported to have arrived in San Francisco, last week, from a long Eastern trip.

On June 8 to 12 the New York State shoot will be held under the auspices of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club.

In a match at 100 live birds per man, $200 a side, Mr. Fred Muller defeated Mr. A. J. Miller, at Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week by a score of 83 to 77.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., won high average at the three-days' tournament of the Forester Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., which ended on March 6.

The fourth annual tournament of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on April 21 and 22, so we are informed by the secretary, Mr. B. D. Nobles.

BERNARD WATERS.

Ticonderoga Gun Club.

THE Ticonderoga Gun Club enjoyed the reunion and dinner of its members, held at the New York Yale Club on the evening of March 6. About twenty-five men who habitually visit Eagle Lake, Ticonderoga or that part of the Adirondacks for their fishing and hunting trips were present.

A number of interesting reminiscences about life on the lake were related by the president, Ingle Carpenter, in a graceful manner. The secretary, Peter Flint, spoke earnestly in favor of the work of the organization in keeping alive the principle of eternal vigilance in the use of firearms which has kept Essex county free from hunting disasters in deer hunting for the last year, and alluded to the efforts that several public-minded men in this State and northern New York are putting forth in the direction of preserving the ruins of old Ticonderoga, restoring the grim old fortress by the lake, and making a public military park for reviews and garrison drill of its matchless surrounding fields and groves. He then referred to the interest that President Roosevelt is reported to have taken in the matter, and expressed it as his desire that the club should do all in its power to forward this subject and aid the Ticonderoga Historical Society in its most patriotic efforts in this direction. He was followed by Brant Sero, a great-great grandson of the famous Indian Chief Joseph Brant, the friend and supporter of the Crown and the Johnsons in central New York during the Revolutionary War. Mr. Brant Sero has reeently returned from England and South Africa, where he served during the Boer War for England, and is now engaged in giving lectures and entertainments for the uplifting of his race and the Mohawk tribe in general. He was listened to with deep attention, and the scene of a big chief in evening clothes talking in the most friendly way concerning the philosophy, religion and laws of his people to the descendants of men with whom his ancestors had engaged in the bloody battle of Oriskany, was one that has not before been seen, in the Yale Club at least. He instructed the club in the Mohawk style of singing, and led a chorus used by his tribe when a male child is presented by the medieine man with his first name. He said that Ticonderoga might possibly mean "Under the Fish Tail," which may mean the situation of the fort grounds, under the falls, up which the salmon leaped in the old days before pulp and saw mills were heard of, on their way to the colder waters of the upper stream, and which was consequently under his tail. It may have meant the fish tail rapids of the creek, or possibly the name was given to the form of the promontory upon which the fortress was erected, beneath which the silent canoe of the Indian might have passed nightly by stealth. He spoke of the hill country of Ticonderoga and Eagle Lake, which he had heard his people speak of in tradition, and suggested the Indian name Ahgweks, Eagle, as a neat title for the beautiful water. He spoke feelingly of the kindness of men like Dr. Grinnell and President Roosevelt, and of their desire that the Indian should be thoroughly assimilated into the civilization of America, where his race found its early home.

Mr. Edward M. Bliven followed with some earnest remarks about the future of the club, and gave the party the result of his recent experiences in Ticonderoga among the large number of local members, who with Alexander Weed, our coming president, will have the work of actively building and maintaining the house at Eagle Lake during the winter and spring, when the city members are tied to their places of business in the city. He also related some amusing personal anecdotes about the hunting and fishing of Ticonderoga.

Mr. W. Bradford Smith followed with a brief speech about his own amateur canoe building and success with the big pike on the lake.

At the suggestion of Mr. De Motte, the health of President Roosevelt was drunk by the members standing.

Paris S. Russell gave some amusing dialect imitations, and gave, as treasurer, some comforting details of the club's condition.

Among those present were Herbert Smith, Daniel Dugan, A. G. Oakley, M. R. Baldwin, C. D. Newell, J. E. Taylor and Wm. W. Rutter, of Orange, N. J.; G. F. Bentley, Leslie Palmer, Mr. Emory and Mr. Jacobs.

PETER FLINT, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The inclosed scores of the Ossining Gun Club were made at the regular weekly shoot, March 7. Though the attendance was not large, two of the cups, which are to be won three times to own, were shot for.

Event No. 2 was the handicap cup, misses as breaks, and event No. 3 was for the scratch cup. P. B. was high man in event No. 2, and G. Hubbell won a shoot-off from the tie with I. Washburn, made on 22d ult. This puts Hubbell and Rohr ahead with two wins each. Coleman got his first win to-day for the scratch cup with 22. Blandford made 23, but was just shooting along. Figures following the names are the allowances in event No. 2:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	25	10	10	5p	5p.
I Washburn, 3	7	19	w	7	8	5	..
R Kromer, Jr., 3	7	20	17	7	9	..	..
W Coleman, 3	9	..	22	..	..	..	..
G. Hubbell, 6	6	..	11	..	..	5	..
G Hubbell, 6	..	23	..	7	..	..	..
P B, 5	..	24	18	8	7	7	6
Hans, 3	..	21	18	7	6	7	7
C G Blandford, 0	..	..	23	..	7	8	7

C. G. B.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, March 7.—The weekly shoot of this club to-day was attended by but seven members. Several of our "regulars" are in the South, which, with lack of interest in some of our heretofore enthusiastic members, accounts for light attendance of our shoots for some time past. Some of the boys, too, have gone stale, and are keeping away from the traps for the purpose of resting out, while some others "in the same boat" are sticking at it in hopes of "getting on" again as suddenly as they got off. Following are the day's scores, all 25-target events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.
*Smith	11	11	14	11	95	47
Traver	19	21	21	8	90	69
Hoetor	15	13	12	8	95	48
Irving	15	..	..	..	25	15
Marsh	3	5	9	12	100	29
Perkins	18	17	14	..	75	49
Hew	10	17	14	..	75	41

In last event Smith and Hoctor shot at 20, and Traver shot at but 15 targets.

SNANIWEH.

Colored Championship Trophy.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—Being the holder of the colored championship trophy, I hereby make known to all colored shooters—especially the ones from St. Louis and Kansas City, who have been doing much talking—that, if before the 1st of April, I receive a challenge for said trophy, I will not require the challenger to put up one cent against trophy, but will put same up free of charge, and each put up $25 a side, losing man to pay for birds. I will designate St. Louis or Kansas City as place of match, whichever is handiest to challengerr, whoever he may be.

And now, here is something new regarding this trophy. This trophy may be redeemed from holder thereof for $25 cash, by any gun club which will put the same up in open handicap contest. Now, this should cause all aspirants to covet this trophy more than ever, for the holder of same at time of the seventh annual colored merchandise and sweepstake shoot, to be held under the auspices of the Colored Gun Club of Kansas City, Mo., this year, it will be worth $25 to him, for they will redeem same for this annual shoot, whereas, if I am holder of same this year I have agreed to surrender same to them without any redemption.

Now, boys, is your time to talk and be heard from.

T. H. COHRON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 4.—There were fourteen contestants in the 100-target event of the North River Gun Club to-day. A light fog toned up the background evenly, there was a good light, and a calm atmosphere; still, the shooting was difficult, as shown by the scores. Hardly any one held up to his average, excepting Wash, who shot in good time, and centered his targets with excellent precision. He made a total of 95 out of the 100, and his nearest competitor was Schortemeier, with a score of 89. Beside the main event, there were eight sweepstake events at 10 and 15 targets. A number of the crackerjacks were presnt. All the events were shot for the price of targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Welles	7	7	12	9	9	..	..	..
Wash	8	9	15	11	11	11	..	..
Keller, Jr	5	5	7	5	7	4	..	..
Bittiner	7	7	4	6	8	..	10	..
Truax	8	8	12	..	..	..	10	..
Richter	..	6	13	..	13	12	10	..
Schorty	..	..	15	13	13	14	12	13
Carlough	..	..	..	..	11	12	14	13
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..
Schneider	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Vosseler	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Event, 100 targets; all stood at 16yds.:

Wash	23	25	24	23—95	Bittiner	10	13	12	11—46
Welles	20	20	18	19—77	H Von Lengerke	14	16	20	17—67
Keller, Jr	14	17	14	18—53	Butler	17	23	19	18—77
Schorty	21	23	22	23—89	Morrison	16	17	17	15—65
Carlough	20	22	17	21—80	Richter	23	15	17	20—75
Capt Money	18	18	19	16—71	Truax	18	20	21	20—79
Schneider	20	18	16	18—72	Allison	20	19	18	20—77

Trap at Brown's Mills.

March 5.—At Brown's Mills, N. J., to-day a 7-bird event, $3 entrance, one money, had eighteen entries. Lamb and Hewlings killed straight. The scores follow:

Lamb	2211122	Eastburn	1110210
Wichmann	2220	Rambo	20
Harker	0	Ridgway	222220
Williams	0	Littman	0
Thomas	0	Widman	2220
Asay	0211111	Harker	22220
Applegate	222220	Vollmar	0112220
Hewlins	2221222	Dellit	20
Comegy	1111022	Wells	2222220

A $2 miss-and-out resulted as follows:

Widmann	112121120	Dellit	20
Asay	21221110	Rambo	212221110
Thomas	10	Ridgway	2222220
Wells	2211220	Hewlings	0
Lamb	122111112	Comegy	0
Comegy	0	Hewlings	20
Applegate	212111221		

Morfey vs. Doty.

Singac, N. J., March 6.—The weather was clear, calm and pleasant. There was a good attendance. The birds were first class. The retrieving was done excellently well by a setter dog. The conditions were 100 birds, $100 a side, 30yds. rise, 50 yds. boundary. The scores were Morfey 92, Doty 85. The scores:

Doty	12112201212222222222022022—22	
	22221202222220029222122222—22	
	22222022201222220202202l2—20	
	22222202222222022002222111—21	—85
Morfey	12102211222220222222222—23	
	20222222222222222221112222—24	
	22212222222220220112222222—23	
	22222220001222222222222222—22	—92

Nishoyne Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., March 7.—The shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
C L Smith	24	..	17	20	..	20	18
H H Wells	14	17	..	..	14	..	..
Miller	19	15	..	..	14	..	..
Farrington	..	9	..	..	12	..	..
R B Baldwin	..	..	24	..	23	20	21
Dr Wakely	..	..	18	16	..	21	..
Dana	..	..	..	12	..	14	12

ON LONG ISLAND.

Freeport—Port Washington.

Freeport, L. I., March 4.—The team contest between the Port Washington Gun Club and the Freeport Gun Club took place on the grounds of the latter to-day. There were seven men to a team and 25 targets per man. The results follow:

Port Washington Team—Smull 46, Glover 42, W. Hyde 32, Bradley 31, Cornell 41, C. Hyde 29, Carey 35; total 256.

Freeport Team—Bell 43, Willis 42, Rider 36, Apgar 44, Sprague 39, Dr. Carman 39, Lott 42; total 285.

New York County Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 2.—There was a strong northwest wind, with squalls, which made exceedingly irregular target flights. A delicious stew and coffee was furnished gratis to the shooters. There will be a shoot of the club on March 15, at which lunch as above mentioned will be served gratis. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	25	20	20	25
Duke	11	14	13	16	15	12	18
Schorty	10	12	15	19	17	16	22
Jones	7	8	10	..	11	10	..
Munsey	4	3	8	..	6	7	..
Staples	11	15	16	14	16	13	..
Money	..	9	15	20	14	10	17
Hawes	..	10	8	..	7	7	..
Hawes, Jr	..	11	..	..	8	8	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	20	20	25	20	20	25
W Hopkins	..	..	..	11	18	..	12	..
Lutz	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	7
Richmond	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Bowne	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Steinbrecker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Rock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Waldman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19

MANHATTA.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 7.—The first shoot for the March cup of the Crescent Athletic Club was well contested, there being twenty members who took part. Mr. Geo. G. Stephenson, Jr., was high with 48. The results follow:

Shoot for March Cup, 50 targets:

Dr O'Brien	5	20	25	5	16	21	46
W W Marshall	5	18	23	5	18	23	46
Capt Money	2	18	20	2	23	25	45
G W Hagedorn	3	19	22	3	14	17	39
W J McConville	4	13	17	4	9	13	30
J J Keyes	2	20	22	2	18	20	42
H B Vanderveer	4	18	22	4	19	23	45
D C Bennett	5	16	21	5	19	24	45
L C Hopkins	4	18	22	4	19	23	45
H C Werleman	8	6	14	8	12	20	34
A R Fish	2	21	23	2	22	24	47
C G Rasmus	4	12	16	4	18	22	38
F B Stephenson	2	21	23	2	19	21	44
G G Stephenson, Jr	2	22	24	2	22	24	48
L M Palmer, Jr	2	18	20	2	23	25	45
E H Lott	3	20	23	3	18	21	44
G L Blake	10	8	18	10	10	20	38
Dr Pool	3	15	18	3	17	20	38
Dr Raynor	6	15	21	6	11	17	38
D V B Hegeman	3	18	21	3	19	22	43

The team shoot, ten men on a side, 25 targets per man, resulted as follows:

Sykes 13, Keyes 16, Lott 19, Money 17, Fish 15, Hopkins 15, Rasmus 18, Stake 10, Hegeman 16, Hagedorn 17; total 156.

Palmer 20, G. Stephenson 17, F. Stephenson 18, Marshall 9, Barnett 21, Wigham 18, McConville 20, O'Brien 14, Werleman 12, Vanderveer 19; total 168.

Trophy, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 13, O'Brien (3) 12, Money (1) 14, Hagedorn (2) 9, McConville (2) 14, Lott (2) 14, Vanderveer (2) 12, Bennett (3) 15, Hopkins (2) 14, Werleman (5) 11, Fish (1) 14, Rasmus (2) 7, F. B. Stephenson (1) 13, G. G. Stephenson (0) 12, Palmer, Jr., (2) 12.

Trophy, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 13, O'Brien (3) 13, Money (1) 12, Hagedorn (2) 15, McConville (2) 12, Keycs (1) 12, Vanderveer (2) 12, Bennett (3) 10, Hopkins (2) 13, Werleman (4) 11, Fish (1) 9, Rasmus (2) 12, F. Stephenson (1) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, Hegeman (2) 11, Lott (2) 12, Blake (5) 9, Sykes (2) 9, Pool (2) 11, Raynor (3) 12, Stake (2) 8.

Trophy, 15 targets: Marshall (3) 8, Money (1) 14, McConville (2) 15, Palmer (1) 13, Lott (2) 14, Hopkins (2) 11, Fish (1) 11, Hagedorn (2) 14, O'Brien (3) 9, Werleman (4) 9, Rasmus (2) 13, Stake (2) 13, Sykes (2) 12, Bennett (3) 13, Wigham (2) 14.

WESTERN TRAP.

Pigeon Bill in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 6.—It is generally understood that pigeon shooting is a thing of the past in and around Chicago. The fact is, that live-bird shooting is prohibited in this city under municipal ordinance, and there is no State law barring it. It has, however, long been understood that during the present session such a measure would be introduced. Hence comparatively little surprise is expressed over the fact that yesterday Representative Clarence A. Darrow, of Chicago, introduced a bill providing that "any person who shall keep or use any live pigeons, fowl or other bird for the purpose of a target, or to be shot at either for amusement or a test of skill in marksmanship, and any person who shall shoot at any bird aforesaid, shall be punished by a fine of not less than $3 nor more than $300 for each offense." The bill provides that nothing in the act shall apply to the shooting of wild game in a wild state.

There is much likelihood that this bill will become a law. It is generally understood that the S. P. C. A. is behind this bill in Illinois, and a number of similar measures which have been already presented or presently will be in other Western States.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Davenport Tournament.

DAVENPORT, Ia., March 6.—The midwinter tournament of the Forester Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was fair. Twenty-two shooters took part in the first day's target shooting; twenty-four the second and twenty-nine the third day.

The shooting was done from one magautrap. The weather was cloudy and damp.

The programme at targets was a long one, and had ten events on both the first and second days, and five events at targets and two at live birds on the third day. The main event in the programme was to have been at 25 live birds, entrance $20; but owing to the scarcity of birds it was cut down to 15, $10 entrance. The birds were an uneven lot.

But one man made a clean score. Mr. Arthur, of De Witt, was the lucky one, and he drew about $75 for doing the trick.

The trade was represented by Samuel D. Woodhane, Leslie Standish, C. W. Budd, Fred Gilbert and Fred C. Whitney.

Fred Gilbert won high average for the three days, and was about $80 to the good.

The Forester Gun Club will hold a fall tournament and will add good money to the purses.

March 4, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	20	25	20	20	15	25	20	15	20	Total.	Av.
C W Budd	10	13	22	16	15	13	19	18	12	17	155	.791
J Burmister	11	17	18	14	15	10	17	17	14	16	149	.764
E Henshaw	9	16	19	20	18	12	20	19	14	18	165	.846
F Gilbert	15	17	24	19	20	14	25	19	13	18	184	.943
T Marshall	14	12	20	19	17	11	21	17	13	19	163	.835
A N Ford	13	18	24	15	18	13	21	18	13	19	172	.882
H Steege	14	11	20	19	18	15	20	19	12	19	167	.855
F Gibson	14	17	21	16	18	11	21	18	15	19	170	.871
A J Stauber	15	18	23	17	17	10	20	18	13	17	168	.861
J H Brookman	15	18	21	19	19	9	19	15	13	16	164	.841
C R Stephens	12	16	21	18	15	14	17	17	13	15	158	.810
Wm Gilbert	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	...	....
Huntley	14	17	20	14	13	12	21	18	11	19	159	.815
J Goos	..	12	..	..	..	12	16	11	..	..	...	....
G Shadow	10	..	..	11	..	7	..	..	8	..	...	....
K C	..	..	21	16	16	11	21	19	10	15	...	....
Decker	..	..	..	16	18	11	19	..	..	..	...	....
Laudenburgh	..	..	..	18	18	13	24	17	14	17	...	....
C H Arthur	..	..	..	17	18	13	19	18	13	..	...	....
J Horner	..	..	..	15	16	8	22	18	15	..	...	....
Tindall	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	15	..	..	...	....
W Cropper	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	11	..	..	...	....

March 5, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	20	25	20	25	20	15	20	25	20	15	Total.	Av.
C Budd	12	15	18	21	20	12	18	20	15	9	160	.780
F Gilbert	17	24	20	23	20	13	20	24	19	14	194	.946
E C Henshaw	16	25	15	22	17	14	16	23	15	14	177	.863
J Burmister	7	17	11	18	15	9	16	20	15	11	140	.682
T Marshall	15	20	16	23	20	19	19	23	17	14	181	.882
A N Ford	17	19	16	20	19	15	17	23	18	12	176	.858
E C Hazen	..	..	..	..	..	14	19	25	17	14	...	....
H Steege	11	18	11	19	16	12	15	22	17	10	151	.739
F Gibson	17	21	13	21	18	14	17	22	17	13	173	.843
A J Stauber	17	23	18	17	19	15	19	22	18	14	182	.887
J H Brookman	17	21	15	22	17	13	16	18	18	14	171	.834
Shadow	14	20	17	18	13	11	19	3	16	12	143	.697
Bottger	17	16	16	17	17	13	15	23	17	13	164	.800
Schmidt	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	..	..	..	...	....
Nickel	12	19	16	18	..	13	18	24	18	15	...	....
C Stephens	15	19	15	22	18	15	18	20	18	11	171	.834
J Goos	15	..	11	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	...	....
A Loudenburg	18	22	18	24	18	14	20	20	16	11	181	.882
E Patterson	12	20	15	..	15	12	17	20	15	..	...	....
Titterington	10	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
J E Busby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	23	..	...	....
W H Patterson	12	..	16	..	13	10	11	..	..	..	...	....
W P Kettleson	9	11	11	10	10	10	..	..	..	..	...	....
George	16	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	12	...	....
Pegg	..	..	..	21	16	13	15	19	14	9	...	....
Arthur	..	..	..	23	17	15	14	25	..	..	...	....
Price	..	..	..	20	13	11	13	19	..	..	...	....

March 6, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4		
Targets:	15	20	25	20	Total.	Av.
Budd	..	19	24	15	..	....
Gilbert	15	19	24	19	77	.962
Burmister	13	14	17	19	63	.787
Henshaw	12	17	24	14	67	.839
Stauber	14	17	24	19	74	.925
Ford	13	15	23	14	65	.812
Otto	..	..	..	14	..	....
Steege	12	16	17	17	62	.775
Shadow	14	18	19	18	64	.800
Loudenburg	13	17	25	17	72	.900
Bottger	12	15	21	20	68	.850
Pegg	14	14	21	16	65	.812
Hazen	12	17	23	16	68	.850
Arthur	..	16	17	15	..	....
W H Patterson	11	14	..	..	..	....
Schmidt	7	..	..	..	..	....
Decker	9	..	..	..	..	....
Titterington	10	13	..	..	..	....
E Patterson	9	8	..	..	..	....
George	12	..	..	..	..	....
Price	..	19	21	18	..	....
Goos	12	15	..	..	..	....
Stone	..	16	..	13	..	....
Rascher	..	14	17	12	..	....
Eichner	..	14	13	15	..	....
Stephens	..	17	20	15	..	....
Homer	..	19	21	15	..	....
A L R	..	..	..	16	..	....
Rogers	..	..	..	13	..	....

Fifteen birds, $10 entrance; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.:

Stauber, 29	22*222222222222—14
Bottger, 30	222*20222222122—13
Ford, 29	22122222221*122—14
Burmister, 29	021122120212202—12
Henshaw, 30	21202002222*222—11
A L R, 29	2220222112220*1—12
Loudenburg, 29	212220222011011—12
Arthur, 28	121112221112122—15
Price, 28	212120212122112—14
Stone, 28	211212101*12222—13
Decker, 27	21121211*111121—14
Porter, 30	2112*1002222212—12
Gilbert, 32	210122222222222—14
Stephens, 29	22222222*2222*2—13
Budd, 31	2222210211201l2—13
Hazen, 29	212022221111020—12
Rogers, 28	1121112122202*1—13
Shadow, 28	22221*222221212—14
W H Patterson, 28	2202222221222222—14
Tramp, 28	1122022122001l2—12
Goos, 28	22111011221012*—12
Homer, 28	2222220212202222—13
Steege, 29	2022212211112ll—14
Rascher, 28	0111*2202*02221 10
Eichner, 28	21220021221*2*1—11
Pegg, 28	212220122222*11—13
Cropper, 29	12212*0112*2120—11

Extra event, miss-and-out, $2 entrance:

Gilbert	2212120	Stone	11122212121
Burmister	121220	Bottger	2222220
Decker	221110	Ford	2110
Goos	211220	Rogers	1110
Ed	222110	Henshaw	22222222222
Loudenburg	12111112112	Homer	2212212220
Shadow	2222222210	A L R	0
Stauber	22222222222	Stephens	22220

Loudenburg, Stauber, Stone and Henshaw divided. Birds ran out.

HAWKEYE.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., March 3.—A team match at targets took place at the Spring Valley grounds, each man being allowed 25 targets. The result:

Howard Homan 20, F. Albright 18, J. Albright 17; total 55.

J. Rothenberger 20, B. Ritz 17, A. Witka 16; total 53.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Feb. 23.—In a shooting match at the park this afternoon William Fox, of Morea, outshot William McMutrie, of Pottsville, in an 11-bird race. Fox killed 9 and McMutrie 5. The match was for $100 a side and gate receipts, which amounted to $75. R. J. Green, of Girardville, was referee.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Feb. 24.—The Mainville Gun Club held a live-bird shoot on their grounds this morning. Ten birds were shot at by each contestant, with the following result; J. Fetterolf 10, Adams 10, Yetter 7, Smith 3, H. Fetterolf 8, Quinn 5.

Birdsboro, Pa., March 3.—The Birdsboro Rod and Gun Club elected the following: President, John W. Slipp; Vice-President, Edwin F. Mohr; Recording Secretary, Theo. R. Lacey; Financial Secretary, Charles Henry; Treasurer, George K. Lutz; Trustees, William G. Shingle, L. H. Focht, David S. Lutz; Captain, Harvey Brinley; Assistant Captain, Charles Maxton.

The annual live-bird and target tournament being arranged for by the Birdsboro Rod and Gun Club will be held on March 27 and 28 instead of the dates first announced, the postponement being made so as not to have the event interfere with the shoot at Loraine on March 21. On March 14 the Birdsboro organization will go to Sinking Spring to shoot a return contest with the Independent Gun Club, of Reading. In the contest held here between these clubs the Independent won.

Shamokin, Pa., Feb. 23.—The Shamokin Gun Club held its annual tournament and supper shoot at Bunker Hill to-day. The supper shoot was won by Capt. Longshore's men. Each man shot at 25 birds. The scores:

Longshore's Team—Longshore 15, North 21, Tovey 17, Malick 18, Peiffer 20, Goss 17, Mineral 4, McClow 17, Boughner 10, Sowers 9, Kohlbreaker 10, Smith 17, Herrold 12, Shipman 18; total 205.

Seiler's Team—Seiler 14, Riboon 21, Sober 15, Richie 21, Lippiatt 10, Trometter 15, Wray 18, Kaseman 11, Erdman 14, Keiser 13, Hoover 17, Erdman 6, Wilcox 9, Jones 15; total 199.

Reading, Pa., March 5.—A pigeon shoot on the Robesonia grounds yesterday for a prize of $20 resulted as follows: D. T. Link 4, Charles German 5, Newman Bricker 7, Henry Koch 3, Reilly Koch 4, Fred Miller 8.

DUSTER.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The weather was short on blizzards at the regular shoot, March 7, but worked off a little rain instead. The usual pleasant time was had, however, and some good scores made.

Mr. Howard Bates, well known and well liked, and whom we are proud to claim as a member, made his bow and cleaned up Class A. Ford had a run to win in Class B, and McAdam was high in Class C.

Following are the scores, the seventh event being the trophy handicap, and the eighth the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	25	25
Tolsma	6	15	9	12	..	..	14	16
Shiell	..	..	7	..	7	17	15	19
Reid	3	10	4	..	7	7	19	21
Bates	9	13	8	11	..	23	20	22
Ford	6	12	..	..	..	..	15	22
Hitchcock	6	12	8	11	..	..	15	21
McAdam	..	..	..	..	6	..	17	14
Barthel	..	..	..	4	5	..	17	10
Langdon	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Tyler	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..

D. A. H.

New York State Shoot.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 9.—At the special meeting of the N. Y. S. P. F. and G. C., held at Hotel Eggleston, Main street, Rochester, on 7th inst., the Ossining Gun Club representative, Mr. E. F. Ball, armed with proxies of the Hell Gate, Emerald, Jeannette, N. Y. County, Oceanic, Rockaway Point, and the Brooklyn gun clubs, succeeded in annexing the State shoot for 1903. This club herewith announces that the shoot will be held in the second week of June, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. The first day will be devoted to the meeting of the Association, practice, sweeps and getting acquainted. The next four days will be given up to the solid enjoyment of a well regulated shoot. This club will follow on the lines of previous State shoots, and prizes will be liberally distributed.

We ask that the Eastern clubs that have kindly given us their votes—also the Western clubs—will co-operate with us and help us make this one of the best State shoots ever held. We have a fine club house, ample grounds, plenty of enthusiasm, we are only ten minutes' ride by trolley from Ossining station on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., and thirty-one miles from New York city.

Programme will be announced later.

C. G. BLANDFORD, Capt. Ossining G. C.

Handicap Application Blank.

THE following is the form of the application blank furnished by the Interstate Association:

To the Interstate Association.

I, ...

a white citizen of.....

hereby make application, under the rules of the Interstate Association, to enter its Fourth Grand American Handicap at Targets, to be shot at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., on April 16, 1903, and I post herewith five dollars ($5) deposit upon said entry, agreeing in the case of the granting of my application to pay the additional sum of five dollars ($5) before 5 P. M., Wednesday, April 15, 1903. The five dollars ($5) deposited with this application otherwise to be forfeited, except that should my entry not be accepted the money is to be refunded.

Name .....

Address .....

"Shooting names" will not be used at this tournament.

Muller vs. Miller.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 4.—At Point Breeze to-day, in a match, $200 a side, 100 birds per man, Muller defeated Miller by 7 birds, killing 83 to 77. The scores, at 30yds.:

F Muller	22222*2222222222222222222—23	
	2222*2220*2202*222**22222—18	
	22222222222202022022222002—20	
	22202222222222222222001122—22	—83
A J Miller	20202**20202*102202222200—14	
	222*2*22222222222022*222—21	
	122222222222*022222022*02—20	
	22022212222222222l*202212—22	—77

Arkansas Championship.

STUTTGART, Ark., Feb. 26.—No more adverse conditions could be imagined than those under which the championship contest was decided here to-day. It rained throughout the whole day, and as there was no shelter at the score, the principals were exposed to the elements during the entire competition. In the face of such conditions it is really remarkable that such good scores were made in the target contest, and Arnold's fine score of 49 out of 50 is even better than it looks. In addition to a bad light a gusty wind made the targets skip and duck, so that the principals were kept guessing all the time, and many a cypher in the score must be attributed to this. This worried all the contestants, except Arnold, and that he had the problem nicely solved is evidenced by his score, as only a single target succeeded in eluding his aim. This is Mr. Arnold's first win, but only once before has his score of to-day been equalled in an open contest, and that was when Mr. J. B. Speers won the trophy at the State shoot at Pine Bluff in July, 1901. In August of the same year Mr. G. W. Clements successfully defended the trophy against De Long in an individual contest, by a perfect score; but these scores were all made under favorable conditions, and therefore Mr. Arnold's score will always rank among the best.

The contest for the possession of the Peters Cartridge Co. trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship, was a spirited and long-drawn-out affair, and finally resolved itself into a 50-bird race between Mr. W. B. Powell, of English, Ark., and Mr. R. W. Larkan, of De Valls Bluff.

The scores show that there were but twelve entries in this event, but owing to scarcity of birds at least that many more were debarred from participating, and only those who had qualified by sending their forfeit were permited to start, and even then after two misses were compelled to withdraw. Thus only Powell Larkan, Thibault, Balle and Arnold went the route, and all of these tied on 24. The conditions provide that ties must be shot off at 5 birds, and Arnold was the first one to come to grief, losing his first bird dead out of bounds, and with it his chances of making it a double win. Balle lost his fifth bird, and as Powell, Larkan and Thibault killed, he was forced to join Arnold on the mourners' bench. The next string of five saw Thibault's finish, as he lost his fifth, a big blue fellow, that died out of bounds. Powell's second bird in the next string got away entirely, and it began to look very much as though Larkan would prove the winner. He managed to kill his first three, but the fourth, a big blue bird, carried both loads out of bounds, and as Powell killed the remainer in this string, the race was once more a tie. Thus it remained until the twentieth round, when Powell again missed, and it only remained for Larkan to kill and win; but he was not equal to the occasion, for his next bird was a fairly good one that he could not negotiate.

The supply of birds was almost exhausted, and it began to look as though the race would end in a tie, as only 12 birds remained. But the strain of the race was telling on Larkan, who is practically a new man at the traps, and he lost his last bird, which if he had killed would have made the race a draw, as only one bird remained.

Owing to the weather conditions, the birds were only an ordinary lot, as the elements were decidedly against them. In the shoot-off they improved, and in the latter part of the race some very good ones were trapped. If there was anything in the luck of the birds, Larkan probably got a little the worst of it, as all of his losses occurred on good birds, and two of the four were dead out of bounds, and not a single one got away untouched. His first loss in the shoot-off was the hardest of luck, as it was hard hit with both barrels, and fell just a little way out of bounds. The scores:

Powell	22222112222022222222222222—24
Larkan	211112*21112222212222222222—24
Thibault	21211202221222222212121 2—24
Balle	22211222222202222222211122—24
Arnold	22221221201222222222211222—24
Coles	0222221211212220
Conrey	02222220222
Vick	12102111110
Wright	21221022120
Litzke	22222*2202
Scvier	220120220
Lloyd	210210

Shoot-off:

Powell	22222222222022222222022222—23
Larkan	22222222222222*22222022220—22
Thibault	222222222*
Balle	22220
Arnold	*

Immediately after the race was decided Gibson Thibault, of Little Rock, challenged the winner, and Powell at once accepted; but as soon as it became known there were several others who wished to have another try for the trophy, the Pine Bluff Gun Club decided to redeem the trophy and hold an open contest for it on Wednesday, March 11.

J. A. Coles was right after Arnold to shoot him for the target championship, and the latter was as eager as Coles, but there were just as many aspirants for this honor, so the Pine Bluff Gun Club also proposed to redeem this from Arnold and hold an open contest therefor, if he would sanction this, there being no clause in the conditions that would force him to do so. In order to make these shoots as attractive as possible, this club will also put up for open competition the two-man team championship, which is now held by I. J. Vick and E. C. Arnold, members of this club. Thus the club is enabled to offer attractions which heretofore have only occurred at the annual tournament. This is largely due to the fact that all the trophies are held by members of this organization.

Target championship, 50 targets, unknown angles: Arnold 49, Coles 45, Powell 43, Thibault 42, Conrey 41, Vick 41, Cook 41, Balle 39, Wright 38, Ambrose 34, Sevier 31, Robinson 30.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 4.—The regular Wednesday shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, and for once the club secured the kind of weather suitable for this sport, and eighteen shooters were on hand to take advantage of it. The afternoon's shooting furnished some new records, Griffith's 41 overtopping Kneil's 22 of a few weeks ago in the consecutive match, and Woodruff's 30 straight in the prize match, the first straight score in this match that has been made. Other scores seemed small in comparison with these, but Gleason, Spencer and Linfield all got in the 80 class, and Leroy and Barry all but in it, the former having to leave the shoot early, something Leroy does not do very often. He is always among the first to get there, and invariably the last to leave, but at present not being in the best of health, it was good judgment to take a much needed rest. We are hoping it won't be long before he again takes the accustomed place with us, which means added enjoyment for all. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	5p	15	10	15	15	10	5p	15	15	10	15	Av.
Andrews, 19	7	3	14	9	12	13	10	6	11	12	4	12	.754
Leroy, 21	9	6	11	8	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	.773
Griffith, 19	8	6	13	10	15	14	8	6	13	12	8	13	.840
Frank, 18	6	4	12	8	9	10	5	7	10	10	6	14	.674
Woodruff, 17	5	6	12	9	15	15	7	7	13	..	..	..	.809
Cake, 16	7	6	13	6	11	11	10	6	8	10	8	..	.712
Linfield, 16	9	..	13	6	13	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Barry, 16	8	6	11	7	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	.773
Kirkwood, 18	4	6	12	8	11	11	6	9	10	10	10	..	.733
Lee, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	6	5	8	12	..	..	.600
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	5	4	8	5	..	..	.463
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	5	6	..	..	..	..	.540
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	7	13	10	..	..	.800
Gifford, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	3	5	9	9	6	..	.501
Measure, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	7	8	..	..	.425
Gleason, 16	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	9	7	..	..	8	..	.817
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	.545
Guss, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	.400

Consecutive break match: Griffith, 19yds., 41; Woodruff, 17yds., 34; Andrews, 19yds., 22; Frank, 18yds., 15; Cake, 16yds., 14; Spencer, 18yds., 11; Barry, 16yds., 10; Kirkwood, 18yds., 10; Lee, 16yds., 9.

Merchandise prize match, 30 targets, distance handicap:

Woodruff, 17	111111111111111111111111111111—30
Griffith, 19	111111111111111111111111111110111—29
Andrews, 19	110111101011111111111111001111—25
Gleason, 16	110111111101010111111111110111—25
Leroy, 21	111111100110111111011011111101—24
Linfield, 16	111101111101111101101111011110—24
Spencer, 16	111111111011011111101101011010—23
Barry, 16	100111111111101011111110011011—23
Cake, 16	111110101101011111110010110111—22
Kirkwood, 18	111100111100111011111011101101—22
Frank, 18	001000111011111111010111001110—19
Gifford, 16	011100100011111100111110110100—18
Lee, 16	100010011011000101001111111110—17
Dickey, 21	110100000111100100011101111100—16
Henry, 16	111101111010001001101000100010—15

Feb. 25.—The usual weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and though a nice day, very few shooters were present. Gleason was high with 23 in the match, closely followed by Frank with 22. Woodruff was the only one to secure a straight, his first score counting 10. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Frank, 18	7	14	8	11	11	9	9	12	12	8
Woodruff, 17	10	11	3	10	10	8	10	..	..	..
Lymus, 16	3	4	2	5	2	7	2	4	6	..
Williams, 16	8	8	8	10	10	8	8	10	..	..
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	8	..	13
John, 16	8	..	..	..	14	10	..	..	9	9
Dickey, 21	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	..	..	5
Fredericks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Henry, 16	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gleason, 16	..	..	..	14	9	13	14	14	..	..

Consecutive breaks: Gleason 16, Frank 15, John 12, Woodruff 10, Henry 9.

Gleason, 16	11011111111111100001101101111—23
Frank, 18	10110101111110111110011011 0111—22
Woodruff, 17	11100110110010101101101001111 1—20
Williams, 16	01111111001100111100010111111 0—20
John, 16	00111111100101001011110111 0100—18
Muldown, 16	11110100000101111000100001 1000—13
Dickey, 21	11000010000101111011010000010 1—13
Fredericks, 16	11010010100110111000010010000 1—13
Lymus, 16	00001011001100000000000010000 01— 7

Busy at Kansas City.

THE Foresters, one of the many wideawake shooting clubs of Kansas City, met at Blue River Park on Feb. 27, for their regular monthly matince. Owing to rough weather and absence of members from town, only seven participated, but it was a spirited contest nevertheless, with a free wind and a lot of good birds. Groves won the honors with the high score of 17. Riehl, who killed straight, shot by courtesy as a visitor with the club. Scores, all stood at 30yds.:

Jones	11121*02220122*01111—15
Scarrett	222021102002*1222212—15
Hadley	21002212212021202101—15
Russell	21101220221220212102—16
Groves	11011112121 2*1122021—17
Rogers	22212220221220222002—15
Gaines	01201202211220222112—16
Riehl	21221222122211122222—20

On Saturday afternoon three trade representatives, Harold Money, Dave Elliott and F. C. Riehl, went out to the park and indulged in a little practice work. Incidentally a friendly match was shot at 100 targets. The wind was blowing a gale, and to make the game good the traps were set to the highest tension, and contestants stood at 18yds. The result was all that could be desired in the way of a difficult proposition. Money, fresh from his victory at Detroit, was in best form, and distanced his competitors. Score: Money 79, Riehl 68, Elliott 64.

The usual weekly matinee was held at the park on the 1st, with a good attendance. Manager Elliott first pulled off two miss-and-out events, and then a short target programme. The birds were corkers, and in the handicap sweep nobody killed straight, although it was only 10 birds. Elliott and Bramhall divided in the first miss-and-out, and Hickman, Money and Riehl in the second. Of those shooting in all target events, Riehl was high. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10
Vorland	2	8	..	..	..
Franke	8	..	..	12	..
Fren	3	9	9	8	..
Clayton	7	12	..	11	..
Tipton	5	11	..	11	5
Bramhall	6	7	7	10	..
Riehl	9	13	8	13	8
Money	9	14	..	15	8
Scott	6	12	10	11	..
Elliott	..	10	..	13	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10
A Wilson	..	..	5	9	..
Clapper	..	..	6	7	6
Miller	..	..	9	9	8
W Wilson	..	..	7	8	6
Planck	..	..	9	13	6
Gottlieb	..	..	7	10	..
Greniger	..	..	7	8	7
McLaughlin	..	..	8	..	7
Conrade	..	..	..	8	..
I Wilson	..	..	..	..	4

Ten-bird handicap:

Freen, 29	1210110222— 8	Clayton, 30	0211210012— 7
Riehl, 30	0222202111— 8	Vorland, 28	2221212022— 9
Francke, 29	1220111102— 8	Tipton, 29	1221011211— 9
Elliott, 30	0102022211— 7	Money, 31	0222222212— 9
Bramhall, 30	2222202222— 9	Planck, 30	1121122220— 9

Miss-and-out No. 1:

Fren	11120	Bramhall	22222
Tipton	20	Riehl	2220
Vorland	10	Elliott	0
Francke	22120	Elliott	12122
Clayton	11110	Money	2220

Miss-and-out No. 2:

Fren	12210	Riehl	22222222
Tipton	11111220	Money	0
Vorland	1210	Money	22222222
Francke	0	D Elliott	0
Francke	222220	D Elliott	2220
Clayton	20	Hickman	0
Bramhall	0	Hickman	21112212
Bramhall	20		

KILLMORE.

McCoy vs. Budd.

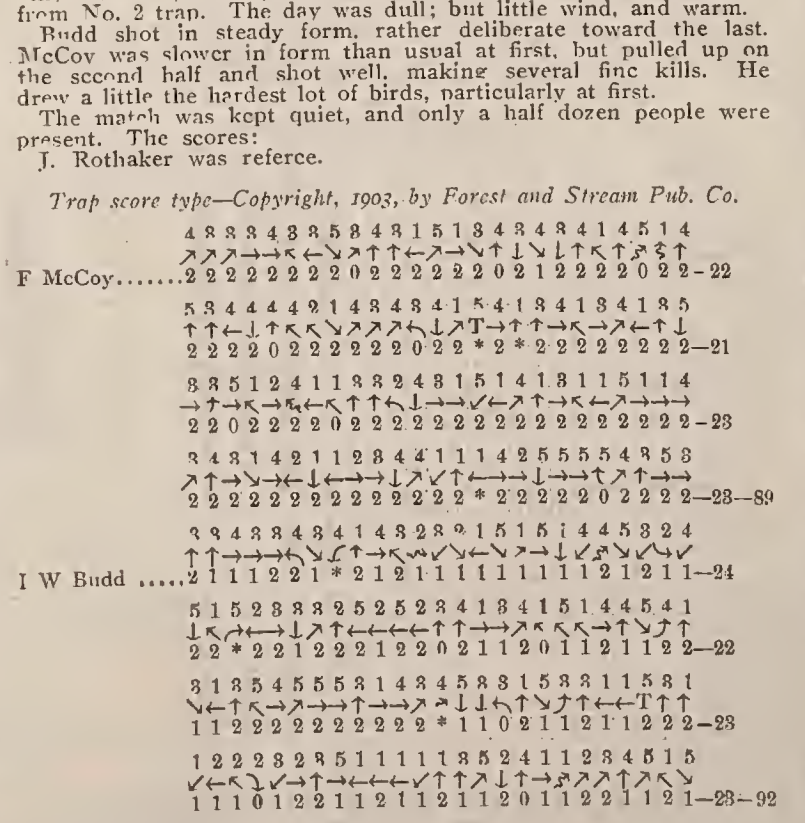
PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—At the Keystone Shooting League's shoot to-day a fine lot of birds was offered. Many were drivers of the fastest kind. Only two "no birds." No. 2 trap broke and only opened part way. A shooter could refuse or accept birds from No. 2 trap. The day was dull; but little wind, and warm.

Budd shot in steady form, rather deliberate toward the last. McCoy was slower in form than usual at first, but pulled up on the second half and shot well, making several fine kills. He drew a little the hardest lot of birds, particularly at first.

The match was kept quiet, and only a half dozen people were present. The scores:

J. Rothaker was referee.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1903, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., March 7.—The day was rainy and uncomfortable, consequently the weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was under unfavorable weather conditions. Nevertheless, three straight scores were made. The wind was very strong, and helped the birds a great deal.

In the club handicap, 10 birds, Mr. I. Budd killed 10 straight. The scores in this event follow:

Budd, 30	2112112222—10	Leedom, 28	2222101012— 8
Rothacker, 29	2002*21222— 7	Fitzgerald, 28	2102122112— 9
Geikler, 28	2022222222— 9	Harrison, 28	1000110*21— 5
Davis, 28	2222020222— 8	Darby, 28	2202222202— 8
Sanford, 28	2222110122— 9	Van Loon, 28	0222222022— 8

A very fast left-quarterer caused Budd to lose in the sixth round in the officers' trophy event, at 15 birds. The scores:

Budd, 30	112210122222212—14	Fitzgerald, 28	121221001122010—11
Rothacker, 29	2222222222222222—15	Harrison, 28	122111111210110—13
Geikler, 28	220222222202202—12	Darby, 28	2220202*2212221—12
Davis, 28	102201112000100— 8	Van Loon, 28	0111022112222210—12
Sanford, 28	1112212222212212—15		

Nonpareil Gun Club.

BURNSIDE CROSSING, Ill., March 7.—At Watson's Park to-day the Nonpareil Gun Club held a shoot, of which the main event, at 50 targets, was the regular club contest, with results as follows: R. Kuss 45, S. Young 36, J. B. Barto 27.

Two 15-target sweeps were shot, with the following results: Kuss 14, Young 11, Barto 11, Graham 14. Second event at 15: Kuss 15, Young 11, Barto 8, Graham 13.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

From a New England Lady Down South to Her Father in New Hampshire.

PINEBLUFF, N. C.

Dear Papa: I suppose you think me mean; but I have written twice to the folks, and suppose of course they have given you all the news. I hope your health is good this winter. I wish I had you where I could send you some of my fresh eggs and a chicken. You wish me to give you a detailed account of my surroundings. Well, Pa, I will try. In the first place, I am in the heart of the North Carolina long-leaf pines. This is an ideal health resort. We have, beside the health-giving ozone of the pines, the best water on the face of the globe, not barring the Poland Lake mineral springs of Maine. The water is from living springs right out of the side hills over the whitest sand you ever saw, and the climate is something grand, warm days and cold nights in winter, and the same in summer, with always a beautiful breeze. I have spent the most delightful time of my life here this winter. I have got rid of my cough, and that is a great deal to me. If you know any one with any kind of trouble with their lungs or bronchial tubes, do not fail to tell them what the long-leaf pines have done for me. These are the trees they make turpentine of; also the tar used on ropes, and in calking vessels and a thousand other uses. I saw the other day a tar kiln in operation. There are very beautiful wild flowers here in the woods in summer. The wild Orchid, palm grass, Trailing Arbutus, or Mayflowers, violets and wild Honeysuckles, which grow profusely, also Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and many others I know nothing about. Now, about animals. The hog, or razorback, as you call them, do best. There are lots of them running wild on the range; marked and turned loose; also there are lots of goats, which get their living on the hills here. There are possum, rabbits, quail and wild turkeys, and foxes, vegetables and all kinds of fruit do well here, such as grapes, pears, plums, peaches, fig apricots, nut trees of all kinds, peanuts, sweet and white potatoes, etc. Well, Pa, now I will tell you of our own place. We have 14 acres. Our house is 1½ stories, two rooms below and one up stairs—not very high posted, but it does very well to commence with; one kitchen and one sitting room downstairs. The chimneys here are mostly built of tile or drain pipe, but we thought a brick chimney would be better, so Albert built it himself, and never having built one before, it is rather crude, but it answers the purpose very well. In fact there are several around where we live would like one like it. We also have a very good shed, and carpenter shop combined, also a hen house, and I have 18 hens, from which I am receiving quite a number of eggs at present, and I find ready market for all I can spare. We have about one dozen grape cuttings planted, a few peach, some prune and one fig tree; that is all as yet, and quite a little clearing done on the land. We expect to make our place a poultry and fruit farm. Give our love to all, and tell them they owe me a letter. With best love to you from your loving children, Annie and Bert, Mrs. A. L. Allen.—*Adv.*

Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington.

SIX-DAY TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE first personally-conducted tour to Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, March 14.

Tickets, including transportation, meals en route in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond; in fact, every necessary expense for a period of six days, will be sold at rate of $36 from New York, Brooklyn and Newark; $34.50 from Trenton; $33 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days' board at Chamberlin Hotel, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of $17 from New York; $15.50 from Trenton; $14.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Florida—Thomasville—Augusta.

Atlantic Coast Line's famous trains, 8:55 A. M. daily. "New York & Florida Special," 2:10 P. M. week days. Apply at office, 1161 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

At the Mardi Gras tournament, New Orleans, La., J. M. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., won first average with 96.7 per cent. He made straight runs of 84, 94, and two of 93. On two occasions he broke 99 out of 100. On the first day he did not lose a target while shooting over the magautrap. L. Moeser, of Houston, Tex., won third average in the amateur class with 88.7 per cent. C. R. Pinkston, of Vicksburg, Miss., won the Association individual championship cup. All used Peters Ideal factory loaded shells.

No class of men are keener after new things than sportsmen. Each is an experimenter, constantly searching for some implement or some method which will make his days afield more successful. To such men the Burtis Single Hook Trolling Bait should especially appeal, and no doubt many of them will try it. The Burtis split bamboo rods and Burtis flies are well known. The manufacturers offer an illustrated booklet on his product.

The time has long gone by since the manufacture of ships, yachts and their fittings was confined to the seaboard. The Great Lakes now have enormous works devoted to such manufacture. The plant of the Clark Marine and Stationary Gasoline Engine is located at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. These engines are said to be simple, strong, durable and inexpensive.

In all the long list of manufacturers of fishing tackle there is hardly a name better known than that of Malcolm A. Shipley, of Philadelphia. Mr. Shipley has long made a specialty of Bethabara wood rods, which have an established reputation. The booklet, which he sends out to those who apply to him, tells all about these rods, and gives a full list of fishing tackle which he has for sale.

Hotel Wachapreague, headquarters for sportsmen and their families. See inducements, page x.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE EAGLE, THE FROG AND THE EEL.

As a public educator the daily press arrogates much praise to itself. It claims originality of thought and purity of truthful teaching. In the main, it does all it claims. In exceptional instances it fosters the false and the absurd. Of the falsities none are more numerous than those which pertain to frogs, toads, snakes, lizards, eels and the human stomach. Of the daily papers which vie in this connection by publishing vulgar myths in a sensational way as facts, none is equal to the Brooklyn Eagle in its habitual consistency. The stately dignity and scholastic soundness of its editorial columns are as a consequence in violent contrast with the silliness of its news columns.

Some weeks ago, with much minuteness of detail, the Brooklyn Eagle recounted the case of a Mrs. Charles Burtis, of Hopewell Junction, N. Y., who was discharged from St. Catherine's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., as cured. The Eagle incidentally commented on the case as "said to be the most remarkable in the history of that institution." It then proceeded gravely to a recountal of particulars. Briefly they were as follows: A live frog, four inches in length, was removed from Mrs. Burtis's stomach; she believed it had been in her stomach at least five years; it was supposed that she swallowed it in "egg form, or as a pollywog while drinking water at a public spring;" she complained "constantly of feeling something tearing at her stomach;" the X rays disclosed a dark object in her stomach; the surgical operation resulted in the removal of the live frog and the cause of the ailment. The Eagle naïvely concludes its minute account with the following: "At the hospital a young physician, who requested that his name be withheld, said the frog was of medium size and that it had lived about an hour after it was taken from the patient's stomach. It was very fat."

One would imagine that after such an impudent play upon the credulity of its readers, the Eagle would refrain from a repetition of it, or that it would buy its frog editor a primary work on natural history for his better information, if it was resigned to retain his peculiar talents for the public benefit. The same story, however, dished up in a new form, was served to the public as a matter of fact one day last week. In this case, however, an eel took the place of the frog, and the history of the case, as set forth by the Eagle, was substantially as follows:

Neils Andersen, a 17-year-old Swede, landed in America from the Campania; he was ill on the voyage, suffering from violent coughing spells and severe stomach pains. The surgeon was nonplussed, and his treatment proved futile. When he landed and was under inspection by the surgeons of the Marine Corps, he was seized with a fit of coughing, which doubled him up, and he had the appearance of choking to death; "a violent cough, and the eel popped out of his mouth; it was very much alive and wriggled around on the deck." The Eagle concludes the history of the case with the remark: "It is believed that Andersen swallowed the eel when it was a little thing while drinking water from a pool, and that it grew to its present size of six inches in length in the boy's stomach."

It will be noted that in the main the stories are alike in their conclusions. In both cases the specifications of names and places give them an apparent ring of truth.

But one would imagine that they had some origin in fact. One would hardly assume that, with names of persons and places, the frog and eel stories, published in a great and dignified daily, the Brooklyn Eagle, were fictions pure and simple. As a matter of fact, they had no origin other than in the imagination of the Brooklyn Eagle's bright snake and eel editor. There was neither frog nor eel in material form. It was pure fiction served as news fit for the entertainment of the paper's readers.

It is hardly necessary to add that frogs, snakes, lizards and eels are organic beings, to which air, food and water are as essential as they are to man, and that for any of them to live in the human stomach is in the realm of the impossible.

GOOD LAW AND GOOD ENGLISH.

AN entirely new version of "English as She is Wrote" might be compiled from the successive annual blunderings of the New York Legislature in its framing of Sec. 33 of the game law, being the section which has to do with the protection of birds other than game and vermin. As it stands now, no game birds may be killed in the open season except under the authority of a certificate issued by a natural history society. A bill to correct the error has been introduced by Senator Allds, reading as follows:

> Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crow blackbird, snow owl and great horned owl shall not be taken or possessed at any time dead or alive except as expressly permitted by this act. No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale.

The act is nowhere permissive, it is prohibitive throughout. To adopt this amendment then would not remedy the existing defect of the statute; it would simply make it worse, for the law, as Mr. Allds would have it, would permit the taking of game birds not at all, neither with a certificate nor without one.

Secretary William Dutcher, of the A. O. U. Committee on Bird Protection, is endeavoring to secure the adoption by New York of the law for the protection of birds other than game and harmful species, which has already been incorporated in the laws of numerous States. If the Legislature will substitute Mr. Dutcher's bill for the old Section 33, and in place of any new blundering text of Section 33, like this of Senator Allds, New York will have taken its place with the States which have in their bird protective statutes at once good laws and good English.

BIG GAME IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IT is interesting to observe the slow advance that is being made in these latter days toward restocking certain portions of our country with game great and small. We take little note of the individual steps as they happen, yet each such event is full of significance.

After a century or two of riotous and wasteful slaughter of game there has come to many thoughtful people a realization that the wild things of our land have a value and are worth preserving, and while this value is in part sentimental, it is also in part economic; it may be measured in those dollars and cents which appeal so strongly to the American mind.

The vast majority of Americans as yet know or care little about these things. Yet there is a small and more or less forceful minority which feels very deeply about them, and which by sheer force of persistence has impressed its belief on others, so that this minority is continually increasing, and is now not without its weight in legislative and governmental circles.

A few years ago the preaching of those persons who were interested in forestry seemed to have no more effect on the public mind than the winds that blow over the prairies or sigh among the boughs of the mountain pine. Yet within a dozen years a mighty change has come over the views of the American people with regard to forestry, and the results of this change are seen all over the western country in the monuments established by Presidents Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt—the forest reserves.

A few years ago anyone who had suggested an appropriation by Congress for the purchase of buffalo to start a domesticated herd in the Yellowstone Park would have been laughed at as an impractical enthusiast; yet to-day we have in the Park under fence a herd of twenty domesticated animals, which pretty nearly doubles the number of buffalo found in that reservation.

Within a year or two, through the generosity of owners of game preserves in the Adirondacks, a number of specimens of our larger *Cervidæ* have been set free in the Adirondacks, and although a few have been killed by that lawless element which exists in city and country alike, yet it is reported that on the whole these animals are doing well and are likely to increase.

A like service has recently been performed for the State of New Hampshire by the Blue Mountain Forest Park Asscoiation, which was founded by the late Austin Corbin, and was fully described in FOREST AND STREAM not many weeks ago.

The game laws of New Hampshire prohibit the killing in the State of elk, moose and caribou, and in view of this law, which promises protection to the animals set free, the Blue Mountain Forest Association on March 13 turned out a herd of twelve elk, ten cows and two bulls, on Ragged Mountain, at Andover, N. H. The animals have been formally presented to the State, and are thus beyond any question its property, so that it should not be difficult to protect them.

The elk turned loose by the late Mr. Corbin in Blue Mountain Forest Reserve have done exceedingly well, and have increased much faster than might have been expected by those not familiar with the habits of the animals. There seems to be no reason why those now turned loose, provided they are reasonably well looked after, should not so increase as to become very numerous.

PROTECTION OF SIMIANS.

IT is a far cry from the simian inhabited jungles of Africa to the United States, yet it is not too far for a message to be brought to America, which may well be heeded and acted upon. Professor Garner told the Massachusetts Association the other night that under existing conditions the apes, chimpanzees and gorillas of West Africa are surely approaching extinction because of the relentless and unflagging pursuit of them for export. The native hunters are stimulated by the traders chiefly by rewards of rum, and of the creatures taken a large proportion perishes before leaving Africa. If the traffic shall be continued as it is now conducted, early extermination of the species will follow. It is within the province of the French Government to regulate the trade in apes, and citizens of other countries might at least give expression of their reluctance to see an interesting form of animal life obliterated, and by doing so might prompt France to take action in the matter. Under existing conditions it is clear that in his efforts to acquire the speech of the simian, Professor Garner is studying what must soon be put in the category of the dead languages.

ANTI-SALE LAWS.

A NOTABLE feature of the banquet of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association the other evening was the enthusiastic approval expressed by the speakers of the anti-sale law. President Reed characterized it as the most important measure ever enacted for the protection of Massachusetts game; and Rev. Mr. Jaynes declared that its repeal would arouse a storm of protest from the Berkshires to Cape Cod. Public opinion is all for the law. It is recognized as a measure which saves Massachusetts game for Massachusetts sportsmen.

This experience in the Bay State demonstrates in the strongest and most convincing manner the precise truth of all that has ever been claimed for a non-sale of game system. To stop the sale of game means to stock the game covers; to cut off the market means that the grouse-snarer has lost his job. It has been said here, and may be said again, that what has proved so advantageous and profitable for Massachusetts would prove equally effective for New York. The bill now in the Legislature at Albany to prohibit the sale of quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock killed in the State, is not all that could be desired—it should prohibit absolutely the sale of these species wherever taken—but it is a thousand times better than the present law, which permits their sale in the open season, and it ought to have the indorsement and earnest, active support of every citizen who wants to see repeated in New York the game restoration which has been wrought in Massachusetts.

The advocates of the bill to reorganize the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission were given a hearing on Thursday of this week. If popular sentiment shall control, this measure is one which will never emerge from the committee rooms.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Yellowstone Park.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is nothing much new here except snow. News we get from the outside (it's the same old thing, only more so). As to game, antelope are now being fed in several places. Major John Pitcher is feeding mountain sheep and deer in Gardiner Cañon, close to the wagon road. A start was made to feed antelope, sheep and deer higher up on MacMinn Bench, but the elk drove every other animal away and devoured the hay. Major Pitcher established the present feeding place close to the wagon road with the object in view for only mountain sheep, and to keep any possible elk away a scare crow, or, rather a "scare elk," was put up. This is an old suit of clothes stuffed with hay, with extended arms, a red bandana handkerchief at one hand and a white rag at the other. There is an old white hat on the end of this stuffed object. Close by there is a portable engine, a rock crusher, conveyor, platform and shoots. The engine and boiler are covered with flapping canvas. The mountain sheep have found the hay, also two domestic goats that have run wild ever since they were kids a few weeks old.

All the animals feed together and show no fear at all of men or teams. Major Pitcher drove down there last Friday for some photographs. In the wagon were several people. He found about 30 mule deer, 23 sheep and the two goats. Only a few of the animals were eating, most of them were lying around. Now and then some would get up and eat a while, "mosying around." The deer were keeping the best lookout. The sheep looked very sleepy and paid no attention at all to the party. The goats were the most timid of all the animals, still they did not care for the people; they were more afraid of the other animals. Some of the deer and sheep were close to the "scare crow." It is stuffed with hay, care being used to prevent the animals getting at it. Were there any holes they would eat the stuffing out of it. When I first saw this scare crow I could not make out the object of its being placed there, for it was evident that none of the animals were afraid of it, even when the wind blows its rags and flags in rather a wild and threatening manner. The deer and sheep will pass close enough to be brushed by the scare crow. Sheep get up on the platform and crusher and lie there, using it as a desirable outlook. The Major's team drove close to the cutbank, and within less than 15 feet of the nearer animals. Here the team was stopped and several exposures were made. Conversation was carried on and remarks were made in an ordinary tone of voice. The sheep hardly looked at the outfit. The team would be moved up for a different view; still the animals did not pay any especial attention, attending to their business as unconcerned as though they were hundreds of miles from the sight or sound of men. Freight teams are often passing, mail coaches, buckboards, buggies, horsemen and men afoot.

I have lived more or less with wild creatures about me for the past thirty years, yet I am filled with wonder and surprise at the remarkable changes in the habits of the wild (?) game around here. True, the change has been going on for a number of years, but the result at the present time is a constant surprise to me.

Major Pitcher learned when he first came here that all the deer kind, sheep and antelope, preferred alfalfa hay to any other kind; and they are now getting that only. The feeding place in front of the houses at Ft. Yellowstone is growing in popularity every day. On March 5, at 6:15 P. M., I counted 59 deer. I thought that was all. At 6:23 I saw 3 more bucks "coming a-running." Later others came, until it got dark. Saturday evening at 6:30, 77 deer were feeding here, and how many more came later I can't say. There are often a few all the afternoon, going and coming, but about an hour before sundown they "come a-running" from all directions. Those that spend the day in the timber back of the post, take the shortest cuts between the buildings, where they have regular trails. Others come across the flats, while many follow the wagon roads. Strangers are not always welcomed. There is more or less scrapping among them, but the strangers are persistent, and in a few days belong to the band, and are as ready as the oldest to stare at any newcomers. The animals at all the feeding places are constantly increasing in number, as new ones find out there is food for them.

It is a fine lesson in natural history to watch them. They are so fearless of man that their actions are as natural as possible. When one wishes to drive another from a bunch of hay it approaches with its ears laid flat back, like an angry cat or horse. If the other does not move off it lays its ears back and there is a bit of a scrap. They make a few passes at each other, striking straight out in front. If one does not give the ground up they both go on their hind legs and strike at each other. This lasts only a few seconds before one quits and walks away. There is no real fighting, only little scraps and short quarrels. Many of the bucks have shed their horns; some have full heads. Now and then one is seen with only one horn. They commence to drop their horns about the 10th of February.

If the weather holds cold we expect to see many, over 100 at one time, feeding in front of the quarters.

Buffalo (C. J.) Jones and his brother, N. C. Jones, have trapped three mountain lions each. This, with the one shot by Scout Holt, makes seven to date. Still there are a large number left. Mr. C. J. Jones is after a very large one. He hopes to capture him Sunday, the 8th. He only is able so far to capture them on a Sunday, that being his "medicine day." The big fellow which he is after has killed 15 elk, all young (yearling) bulls, 12 of them in a space of less than half an acre. Mr. Jones says the lion lies in a quaking asp grove and kills the elk as they come down to lie in the shelter of the grove.

Mr. Jones has seen between 35 and 40 elk carcasses killed by mountain lions, and all were young bulls, except one of a cow and one of an old bull. Buffalo Jones last Sunday (March 1) found a small lion in one of his traps, caught by one front foot. This was up on the east fork of Gardiner River. He hog-tied the lion, then with the aid of the trap chain, some wire and a lever held its head down until he fastened a wire around its jaws so that it could not bite, and held the wire in place with strings passing back and around its neck. When everything was secure he brought it into the post in front of him on his horse, sometimes carrying it in his arms. He has him chained up in a loft of a small barn. Both the Jones brothers are hard workers and enterprising in the effort to kill off some of the lions around here.

The lions were never so bad before, they having increased for several years. So far all the lions killed have been on and along the skirts of Mt. Everts, where the mountain sheep and so much other game find their winter range. Major Pitcher is particularly anxious to keep the lions killed off so that the sheep will find a safe refuge in Gardiner Cañon. With this end in view he has secured a pack of hounds trained solely for the purpose of hunting lions. These dogs will never be turned loose except when hunting that animal. The lion pack is expected to arrive here in a few days.

Private Fitch came in from the Lake Station Friday and reports having seen 19 of the wild herd of buffalo in the Pelican Creek country and a great many elk. In two bands he saw there were over 700. He reports all the animals as being in fine condition.

Sergeant Davenport, from the Snake River Station, reports the snow very deep around the station—6 to 7 feet—and deep snow all the way down into Jackson's Hole. The elk are very numerous. Bands are seen of 300 and 400. He says that they are smashing into the ranchers' hay corrals and fenced fields in search of food.

Complaint comes to Major Pitcher from some of the ranchmen along the northern boundary of the Park that elk from the Park are breaking down their fences and into their corrals, doing considerable damage. The State of Montana should permit the domestication of these elk so that the ranchmen could get some compensation for their losses, as the elk are the property of the State when they cross the line.

At the Grader's Camp, less than half a mile from the town of Gardiner, three mule deer have taken up their quarters. They hang around the camp all the time, eating potato peelings, bread and other stuff thrown out by the cook; they have been there for a long time. The kitchen door is their favorite part of the camp. The camp is down on Gardiner River, close to the old Turkey Pen Road, and is in charge of Mitchell Askey.

E. HOFER.

SOME OF MAJOR PITCHER'S PETS.

Wild deer at Mammoth Hot Springs, in the Yellowstone National Park. Photo by Major John Pitcher. The buildings of the military post in the background.

The Death of Club Foot.

ON a slight rise of ground, somewhat higher than the business portion of Juneau, stands the little cottage of Richard Williby. "Old Dick Williby," as he is called, is known all over Alaska. He came to the territory in 1862, five years before it was purchased by the United States, and was probably the first American to make a permanent home there. At that time the site now occupied by the town of Juneau, was a complete wilderness, and the old man has watched that wilderness grow into a thriving village of 1,864 inhabitants. During this period he had been "below," to the States, but once, and then only for a few weeks. He speaks the Indian language as fluently as the natives themselves.

When I made Dick's acquaintance, in August, 1901, he was feeble from old age, and had frequent attacks of asthma. I spent many interesting hours looking out of his front window over the bay, while he related experiences of his early life. One of his most thrilling tales was the killing of a huge Alaskan brown bear that for many years had practically ruled the region it inhabited.

"During the summer of 1884," the old-timer began, "in company with my partner Jim, I prospected for gold on Admiralty Island, a large wooded and mountainous island some fifteen miles west of Juneau. From the time we landed the Indians told wonderful stories of a giant bear, which, owing to one of its feet being larger than the others, they had named 'Club Foot.' Club Foot was a terror to the natives—he had not only whipped all the animals of his species out of the neighborhood, but he had also wounded and killed several Indians. With their crude arms, the people had been unable to kill him, which led to the superstitious belief that he had a charmed life; so they had ceased to contest his supremacy. They warned us to beware of Club Foot, for he was sure death to whomever he met.

"The reward of $50 which I offered for his skin was no inducement to them whatever, and I soon saw that if I was to secure his hide I must kill him myself. While I knew from the stories that Club Foot must be an enormous fellow, I did not fully realize the truth of their statements until one evening while trailing deer I came across his track. It was a huge track indeed, measuring 14 inches in length. It led into a large opening, surrounded by timber. There was a stream running through the open, and luxuriant weeds and grass 5 feet high grew upon its banks. I had no more than reached the center of the park, when Club Foot arose upon his haunches from among the weeds. As we glared at each other my heart sank from fright, for he towered fully three feet above my head, and looked every bit as large and dangerous as the Indians had depicted him. If I had had a modern rifle I would have attacked him without hesitation, but with the unreliable weapons used in those days it would not have been safe. I rammed another ball into my old muzzleloading rifle, and looked about for a tree to climb, but there was none nearer than a hundred yards. After eyeing me for a few seconds, every one of which seemed an hour, the bear for some unaccountable reason dropped to his feet and slowly sauntered into the timber, and I had not the nerve to fire.

"Not long after this incident several hunters from Juneau heard of Club Foot, and came over to carry back his skin, but when I showed them his tracks they came to the conclusion that they had not lost any bear, and returned satisfied, as they had seen enough of him.

"While prospecting late that fall I again ran across the tracks of the old fellow and followed them up the side of a steep mountain, then into a cave in the rocks. I knew at once that this was his den, so hastened back to notify Jim. A band of Indians was camped about a day's journey from us, and we concluded that it was best to get some of them with their dogs before attacking the bear. So I set out the next morning to hunt them up. I found the camp, and told them in their own language that I had located the den of Club Foot. The Chief, whom we called Bob, walked up and down in front of his tent for some time deliberating. 'Club Foot has killed and injured several of my people,' he finally said; 'he must die; my men are brave; my dogs are brave, and I want the honor of killing Club Foot. I am the chief of my tribe, and I want to be chief of the party.' I told him that all I wished for was the skin of the bear, and if he would persuade his braves to accompany me with their dogs I would give them the meat of Club Foot and allow him to be chief of the expedition. He agreed to this, and ordered three of his best braves and their squaws to be ready to return with me in the morning. I was awakened several times by the monotonous tum-tum of their drums as they made 'good medicine' for those that were to take part in the hunt. They decorated themselves with their gayest paint and feathers, and early the following morning we left for my camp. In the meantime a heavy snow had fallen, and we were compelled to use snowshoes.

"The next day we made our way to Club Foot's den. There were Jim and myself and Chief Bob and three of his braves and five of their best bear dogs. As we neared the cliff where the old bear lived I told the Indians that they knew better than I what a dangerous animal the bear was, and that we must keep together and shoot true and rapid or some of us would be killed. Chief Bob led the dogs to the entrance of the cave. They growled, and the hair on their backs bristled, but they refused to enter. The chief had boasted that they were the best dogs on the island, and not afraid of anything.

He now became greatly enraged and hammered them over the back with his rifle, whereupon they set up a loud howling. At this juncture Club Foot rushed out and made for Bob, but when he was almost upon him four of the dogs attacked the bear, and he turned to defend himself. In the scuffle the chief was knocked down; my snowshoe caught in a bush and I plunged head-foremost into a drift, and slid under a mass of fallen timber. I heard the bear and dogs fighting furiously for some time. After the battle appeared to be over I crawled out. Not a human being was in sight, three of the dogs were dead and another lay wounded upon the snow. I shouted, and in answer Jim slid down from a tree. Suddenly a mound of snow arose in front of me, and Chief Bob shook himself out from a drift, where he had crawled while the bear and dogs were fighting. Club Foot had made good his escape, but we knew that he would return, as the snow was so deep he could not travel far. We hunted up our guns, killed the disabled dog, and went to camp.

"The squaws made all manner of fun of us, and said if we would lend them the guns and the remaining dog they would return and kill the bear. The chief was greatly chagrined at this, and came to me for advice. I told him that I proposed to make a cartridge from our blasting powder, creep close to the cave, light it and throw it in and blow up bear, den and all. He hesitated a few seconds, then asked, 'Who will throw the bomb?'

"'Who will throw the bomb? That's a great question,' I replied. 'If I had asked to be chief, I wouldn't put such a question as that.'

"'I'll blow him up; I'll blow him up,' he answered.

"We wrapped several sticks of giant powder tightly in strips of gunny sacking, bound them with heavy cord and soaked the bomb in water, which had no damaging effect on the powder, but strengthened the force of the explosion.

"This time we left the dog behind and stealthily approached the cave. The braves were halted about 50 yards away, and Chief Bob, Jim and myself went ahead. I climbed a tree commanding a good view into the den. While Bob held the bomb, Jim lit the fuse and put down the mountain side. The braves saw him coming, and they too ran. I saw the fuse smoking and sputtering, and called to Bob to throw it, but he seemed not to hear me. The fire had burned to within two inches of the powder, and still the Indian stood looking into the cave as though petrified. 'Throw it, Chief! throw it!' I again shouted. Bob raised the bomb above his head, and was in the act of following my command, when Club Foot, roaring with rage, rushed out from the darkness. The chief hurled the bomb with all his strength and ran for his life. It was a good cast. The cartridge landed almost in the face of the bear. The infuriated beast grabbed the sputtering, smoking bundle between his teeth. There was a loud report and the air was filled with smoke, dust and flying pieces of rock. I was nearly thrown from my perch, and the chief was hurled several feet into the snow. The echoes vibrated and revibrated, then everything was still.

"The Indians and Jim now returned, and after the atmosphere had cleared we went into the den. Blood and pieces of flesh were spattered upon the rocks, and the remains of Club Foot were almost buried in debris. We hauled him out and found that the explosion had blown away half his body. Enough remained to prove that he was a huge animal. He must have weighed at least 1,400 pounds. On skinning his hips, we found nine buckshot and a navy ball was embedded in his club foot.

"Chief Bob now became very boastful, and made long harangues to his followers. They sledded the remains of the bear, together with the four dead dogs, to camp, and for three days did nothing but eat, dance and be merry.

"The following summer I visited the cave again, and found a gun, and the skeleton of an Indian near by, while the rusty remains of a hatchet were embedded in a tree."

J. Alden Loring.

A Maine Woods Walk in Sixty-One—I.

BY MANLY HARDY.

Late in March in the spring of '61, wishing a vacation, I thought I would take a trip up north and visit some of my hunting acquaintances. As I wished to start from the head of Chesuncook, something over one hundred miles from Bangor, and as the stage went only to Katahdin Iron Works, about half way, I hired a team at Bangor to take me to the head of Chesuncook.

It had been raining for two days and the snow was very deep, so I got only about thirty miles the first day. That night it froze and the next noon we reached Katahdin Iron Works. Beyond the iron works there was only the regular tote road traveled solely by double teams. Any single sleigh had to have the thills "set over" so that the horse could walk on one sled track. As the sleigh of my driver was not set over his horse plunged so in the snow, which was over four feet deep, that we went only a short distance before he refused to go any further and urged me to return with him. However, leaving my overcoat with him and taking my rifle, snowshoes and a bundle containing a hunting frock, a pair of Indian moccasins and a few pairs of stockings, I started to walk fifty miles of the distance he was hired to carry me.

Walking in a tote road, one has to keep exactly in the narrow sledshoe track, and this is much more difficult than walking in the main road. That night I reached B Stream Shanty, and as there was no other stopping place within ten miles, I stopped there for the night.

This shanty was a long structure of logs, roofed with cedar splits, divided into three parts, the first like a regular lumber camp, having bough berths and a fire in the center, the second was the dining room, and the third was reserved for the family who kept the shanty.

By dusk twenty or thirty men had come in, parts of various crews who were going out of the woods. All were happy at the prospect of going out of the woods into "the States," and were full of joke and fun. Two or three of them posed as head lumbermen settling up with their crews. Calling up one of the others they would proceed to read from an old newspaper an imaginary account of his work and what he had had from the firm. The settlement would be about as follows: "You went in November 1 at $20 a month; that makes one hundred dollars of wages due. You were sick so many days, board at a dollar a day. Add such a number of pounds of tobacco at a dollar a pound, and——" then would follow an itemized bill of clothing at wangan prices, which are about three times the cost out in the States—and the employe would be informed that he was in debt five or ten dollars on his winter's work. Then would follow a consultation on the profits of the season: they had had a great deal of shoveling which was expensive, but had kept the crew mostly on beans and other cheap food, so that they were in hopes to come out with a profit. Some of the hits on the operators were keen ones, very much relished by the crowd. One man, on being asked what he intended to saw his lumber into, replied that "two by tapering was the most salable dimension, and he should put all his cut into that." An old tote teamster who had broken his whiffle-tree and was trying to fit the irons to a new one had become the butt of the crowd. Everyone was giving him advice. "Uncle, you are getting that too small," one would say. Then he would have to pull the hot iron out of the fire and try it. Another would advise him another way. At last, thoroughly exasperated, he turned on them with: "Who the devil is making this whiffle-tree, you or I?"

This night all was life about the shanty. It was a pleasant sight going out in the hovel to see through the air, thick with steam, twenty or thirty horses contentedly munching their feed.

The next morning after breakfast I started again. Before reaching the Roach River Shanty, ten miles beyond, a cold rain began and I was quite wet before getting there. It cleared about the middle of the afternoon, and I again started out, this time for the Grant Farm, fifteen miles distant.

I had heard that on the way I should pass near the camp of my old friend, Henry Clapp, of Brownville. Finding the path to it, I visited it, but it was deserted. It was not a great protection against a Maine winter, being simply a double lean-to of brush with a fire in the middle. On the way I learned that he and his partner had killed ten moose during the winter.

I reached the Grant Farm about dark without having met a person on the way. At that time the Grant Farm was a large clearing in the middle of the forest. It was built of lumber whip-sawed on the spot. There was also a very large barn, all the boards of which had been whip-sawed. It was covered with long shingles of rifted cedar. It had been burned in 1857, and I was there when they were rebuilding it.

As the next morning was Sunday, and I never traveled Sundays, I planned to stay where I was. After breakfast, as the proprietor, old Foster Wood, was sweeping up the floors, he asked me if I was going to start out soon. On my replying that I intended to stop there for the day, he informed me that I should probably see some things I would not like, and perhaps should enjoy myself better traveling. On my asking what I should see that I should object to, he told me that there would be a great many men coming in from the neighboring camps, and before night a good many of them would be drunk. On my asking him if he sold rum, he replied: "Yes, I have to; I tried to get along without it at first; Mr. Coe did not want me to; but I can make more off from two barrels of rum than off the whole of the rest of the shanty-keeping for the year. And besides if I didn't keep it people would go straight by to Joe Morris's" (which is ten miles beyond).

It turned out about as he predicted. By noon from twenty-five to thirty men had come in from various camps within a radius of five or six miles. They took this opportunity to come to a common center to exchange news and incidentally to get something to drink. Among others who came in was my old friend Roderick R. Park, one of the most noted shots and still-hunters in Maine. He informed me that he had lately shot ten moose in the vicinity.

Although there was some drinking, there was no quarreling, in spite of some pretty sharp joking. Foster Wood, the proprietor, who had been drinking some, was very partial to the head men of crews who had come in. He had been talking some time with one named Jase Hamilton, a man who stood six feet four and had to lean over in order to get on a level with Wood. Some one across the shanty called him to come over to that side. He hiccoughed: "I—should be—glad to—but I've got so drunk—taking old Foster's breath—that I can't walk." In point of fact he was perfectly sober, not having drunk a drop.

Later in the afternoon the crowd began to disperse. Just at sunset, when there were but seven besides myself, one of our best known lumbermen drove up in a jumper, and, seeing me at the door, on the strength of my having given him a dinner in the woods four years before, came in and ordered a bottle of rum and a tumbler of molasses, for which he paid a dollar. As I never drink, I declined. The others were invited one after another, and to my surprise not a man of them touched the liquor. Mr. Wood pocketed his dollar bill and kept his wet goods.

Just at dark two young men named Butler came in, bringing two bear cubs. Their dog had found the old bear that afternoon in a den under the roots of a tree, where her breath had frozen the snow around so that after killing her they had a good deal of chopping to get her out. The cubs were a little larger than full-grown cats. On putting them on the floor they at once commenced to walk around the room close to the wall, crying Wagh! wagh! as cubs always do when they are hungry. On my saying that they were hungry and needed to be fed, there arose the difficulty of finding anything which they could eat, as no cow was kept on the place. I suggested molasses. This seemed to agree with the cubs' ideas and they ate eagerly all that was given to them. That night we slept upstairs, all in one berth, hunters, lumbermen, tote teamsters and others, covered with one long spread. The bed smelled strongly of spirits of turpentine, which had been sprinkled over the boughs to keep off smaller bedfellows. I remember one of the men saying "It seemed as if old Foster had spilled some of his rum into the berth."

Among others in the loft was the farm blacksmith, Alec Maxfield. He had an old-fashioned flat brandy bottle with an eagle on one side which he placed on a barrel at the foot of the berth with a candle behind it and said he had got him drunk down to the bill and he was going to drink him down to the tail. Occasionally he would get up and take a drink and pass the bottle back and forth to those who were similarly inclined. After one of his visits to the bottle, he suddenly remembered the bears, and thought that they ought to have a better sleeping chance. Going down stairs he soon appeared with the two cubs, which he slung into the berth. One of them made his way to me, and as I treated him kindly he first tried to nurse my nose, but afterwards found the lower part of my ear more to his liking, and we both went to sleep, he nursing my ear.

I had taken the precaution to pay my bill the night before, so when I judged that it was getting toward daylight, I left the bears and the other occupants and started in the dark on the ten mile walk to Joe Morris's.

Although it was bright star-light overhead, as soon as I had got under the shadow of the woods it was very hard work keeping the sled track. After going two or three miles I came to where a tote road branched to the right, and hearing a loud crackling and seeing the woods lighted as by a fire, I went in to investigate. I found a large set of camps nearly burned to the ground. I could see within the remains of the baker's and other cooking tools now red with the heat. I had heard before that a man named Frank Black had committed suicide at this camp and that the crew, being superstitious, all had left. Some one of those visiting one of the shanties had probably set it afire. It gave one a weird sensation, standing alone there in the forest in the darkness before dawn lighted only by the burning camp.

Returning to the main tote road I had walked several miles further and it was getting just light enough to discern objects, when I saw a tall lumberman coming at a dog-trot down a slight elevation. He was clothed in white overalls and a red shirt. Some time before getting to me he reached into the breast of his shirt and drew out a round bottle of the sort commonly known as Cherry Bitters bottles. As he was passing me in the opposite sled track, without stopping his trot he reached the bottle across to me, saying: "My friend, do you ever smile?" On my answering in the negative, he said: "I do myself sometimes," and pursued his way without another word or stopping his trot. This was the only sign of life in ten miles.

I reached Joe Morris's before breakfast. The Morris Shanty consisted of a log house and a medium sized barn situated in a small clearing about one mile from Caribou Lake. In the barn I saw the mother of the two bear cubs and four moose, the latter having been killed by a man named Horatio Powers.

After breakfast I started for the head of Chesuncook, eleven miles distant. I arrived there a little before eleven in the morning, not having seen a living thing on the way. They often speak of "Maine miles" as being good measure, but these last were the longest miles I ever saw, excepting those on the Tobique River.

The stopping place at the head of Chesuncook was the same so minutely described by Thoreau in his "Maine Woods." At that time the building was a very long log structure like four or five camps joined together, and was kept by Ansel Smith. In 1859 I happened to be there when they fastened on oxen and tore out the middle section, replacing it by a frame section, so that now the center was frame and the wings were the original log structure. The place was now kept by Pete Walker, who was noted as being a man who never wore a hat, no matter how inclement the weather.

Here I was met by A. B. Farrar, who had heard from someone passing up on Sunday that I was coming, and had come down seven miles to meet me. Farrar was a rather slender man with black hair, fine and silky as a woman's, which came down around his shoulders. He also had a very long jet black beard and mustache. A large double-edged knife hung from his belt at the left side and a twelve-inch two-shooter in an elaborately carved leather case hung by a strap from his shoulders. He had with him his two moose dogs, small, dark colored dogs, just alike, having round yellow spots over each eye, making them look as if they had two pairs of eyes. He had come to meet me to see if I would not pilot him over into the Allegash country to see two hunters, Philbrook and Billings, with whom I was acquainted, but who were strangers to him. He wished to engage one of them to go hunting bears that spring with him. There was here at Chesuncook a hunter named Joe McClaren, who reported that he had been hunting with a St. Francis Indian named Frank Capino, near Harrington Lake, and that they had killed about forty moose.

After dinner I started with Farrar on a seven mile snowshoe trip to the camp where he had been stopping. I had left my boots at Joe Morris's and replaced them with a pair of moccasins. On reaching the camp where Farrar was staying, I found that it was one of Strickland's camps on Rocky Rips. The crew consisted of about thirty men of six nationalities, the boss being a Tobique Indian. As they were to break camp the next morning, the crew were having an unusual amount of fun that evening.

Next morning was bright and pleasant, but we were obliged to wait until nearly seven o'clock for Farrar to settle some business. While we were there the crew broke camp, after hiding their chains under the camp floor, as they expected to occupy it the next season. The camp equipment they took out with them on their sleds.

At this camp every time the camp door opened it would scare up a flock of nearly two hundred crossbills which had been feeding about the door where the cook's slops and tea grounds had been thrown out. These sang very sweetly, the first time I had ever heard of crossbills singing.

Farrar and I started at about seven o'clock without an ounce of anything to eat, as the crew were to take dinner at Northeast Carry and nothing cooked could be furnished us.

Farrar had with him a beautiful two and a half pound ax made by the same Alec Maxwell whom I had seen drinking at the Grant Farm. This later I bought of him when he went to war, and afterward lost on the south end of Long Island in Bluehill Bay while porpoise and seal hunting with Louis Ketchum.

We had no plan, and Farrar was unacquainted with the

country, except for a few miles. I had been by water up the Caucomgomoc and also up the Caucomgomocsis, or, as we call it, the "Sis." Philbrook and Billings had written me that if I wished to find them if I would come to Daggett Pond I would find a bush in a bog on the north side which would point to a spotted line running across to Allegash, and that their camps were at the inlet of Allegash Lake. My objective point therefore was Daggett Pond, which is on the Sis, between Round Pond and Shallow Lake. It was about fifteen miles across country, and I had to depend almost entirely upon guesswork.

About the middle of the forenoon I shot a partridge with the rifle, and we expected this to furnish our dinner. A little before noon we very unexpectedly came upon a lumber camp in the fork between two logging roads. We had not heard an ax nor seen a sign of lumbering up to this time, and by a curious chance we came out directly in front of the camp. There was here five feet by measure of solid settled snow: the roads were shovelled and cut squarely down like so many canals. A man on snowshoes above could hear the teamsters but could see nothing of the horses. If anyone on snowshoes got into one of these roads it was very difficult to get out again, and it could be done only by the help of some tree on the side.

On entering the camp the cook at once called me by name. He was just fitting out a boy with a hand-sled, loaded with provisions and a large coffee pot, which was to be the dinner of the men working in the woods too far off to come in to the camp at noon. As usual, we were pressed to eat dinner, which we were not reluctant to do; dinner consisting of the customary baked beans, gingerbread and strong tea. He told us we were on Little Scott Brook at one of Thissell's camps. I gave him the partridge and we started once again without an ounce of anything to eat to finish our journey of some fifteen miles.

On reaching a high ridge I got Farrar to climb and report the country to me. Caucomgomoc Lake was hidden, so he could not see it, but he reported a large body of open water to the northwest. I figured on this and finally concluded that it must be the bog on Great Scott Brook. I asked him if he could see three sharp pinnacles a little east of north. He reported that he could, and then I got him to throw a limb toward them, so that I could know the exact direction. Laying my course by this we soon crossed the Caucomgomoc and struck out at about the center of Daggett Pond.

We found that the thaw had extended up here and the pond was glare ice. Crossing the pond I found the bush, but as the thaw had obliterated all snowshoe tracks, and as there was a wide bog back margined by cedar swamp, it was pretty hard work to pick up the trail. However, we at last found it and had no difficulty in following it.

When at least a mile from any water, looking between the trees, I saw something crooked lying upon the crust and said to Farrar that it looked like a dead sable. He replied that it was nothing but a dead limb. After passing it I got another glimpse and as it still looked like a sable, I turned aside to investigate and found a mink with his skull broken and his brains gone, probably the work of an owl. I offered Farrar half its value ($1.75), but he said that if he was such a fool that he couldn't tell a mink when it was pointed out to him he wouldn't touch a share of it.

Just beyond here the trail passed by the carcass of a large bull moose which Billings had still-hunted on a light snow and killed with a ten-inch pistol.

Coming to Ellis Brook Bog, when about half way across our dogs left us and soon announced that they had a moose, but as we had no time to waste we kept on our way. A little further on we came to Upper Ellis Pond, at the outlet of which I found a bear trap setting for otter. I afterwards found that they had caught five otter in that trap this winter. A short distance further brought us to the shore of Allegash Lake. Here our troubles began. I had never seen Allegash Lake before, and only knew that Philbrook and Billings' camp was on the inlet, which I judged must be in a northwest course. The lake was about six miles long and was glare ice, so that no track could be followed. After going about two miles we came around a point and from there I could see something out on the ice which looked like a man. Coming up we found it to be a one runnered toboggan which I recognized as one that I had seen at Loon Lake in 1859 when I was hunting with Philbrook. It had been stuck up endwise and was frozen into the ice.

From here I could see the valley in which the inlet must be. It was almost sunset when we reached the inlet. We could hear the water running under the ice, but all tracks were obliterated. Going up the inlet quite a distance we found a canoe on the north bank where it had been left in the fall and covered with boughs. Where the snow had melted away a small portion of the canoe was exposed. Going directly back from the canoe we soon found the camp.

On entering I saw by the wavering yellow light something shine on the shelf on the opposite side of the camp. I found it was a gilt-edged Testament which I had given Philbrook two years before.

There was no sign of anyone having been in the camp for a number of days, but there was a handsled, and, improving the fast fading light, with the aid of Farrar's ax, we soon had a supply of wood. In the meantime I had been digging into the snow bank outside, hoping to find where meat had been hidden to keep it from the Canada jays. I was successful in this to the extent of finding a piece of moose ribs weighing three or four pounds.

When we had lighted the fire and investigated further we found a tent and a blanket or two for bedding, a very few beans and some dried apples. There were cooking tools, so we soon had our meat roasting and a bean stew on the fire.

The camp was a duplicate of one which Philbrook and I built two years before. It was ten by fourteen feet inside and had a half-pitch roof; of course it was without windows, as there was no glass to be had in that wilderness.

While walking behind the fire in the evening, I felt the ground spring under my feet, and on digging away a few inches of earth I found a cavity which contained moose tongues and noses covered with small sticks.

My Indian moccasins had been like pieces of tripe most of the previous day after the snow had begun to thaw, and I was very much in need of something for foot-wear. Farrar had on moose shanks, so while my feet were soaking wet his had been perfectly dry. There were two pairs of skates in the camp, so I proposed to Farrar to go back to Ellis Brook Bog and kill that moose the dogs had been barking at in order to get some shanks.

It was a lovely morning when we started down the lake. We had put pieces of old mitten over the heel brads of the skates so as not to injure our foot-wear. When we were on skates I learned to my surprise that Farrar had never learned to skate well, and it was only by steadying himself with his snowshoes and ax that he could get along at all. Our dogs seemed to enjoy the morning fully as much as we did, and kept skirting the shores and barking to express their high spirits, sometimes being so far away from us that we could hardly discern them.

At the point where we came upon the lake the night before, I saw the name of Abiel P. Willard, Brownville, upon a tree close by the shore. He was the man whom Dirty Donald murdered a few years after, sinking the body in Eagle Lake Thoroughfare.

Getting to Ellis Brook Bog our dogs soon found the moose, which proved to be an immense bull. As an experiment, I shot him near the kidneys, when he rose straight up upon his hind legs and fell back perfectly dead. We skinned him out and then skinned off the shanks, which is a rather difficult undertaking for a novice. In order to skin a pair of moose shanks the hide is cut around about eighteen inches above the hock joint and below as much as the length of the foot requires. Then a knife has to be worked around the inside from both above and below until the whole skin has been freed from the flesh, after which the hoof has to be disjointed and the skin slipped off.

We took the shanks, nose, tongue and perhaps twenty pounds of the steak. The hide we prepared for hauling in the usual manner, which is by folding it lengthwise till it is about two feet wide, tying it in several places to prevent its unfolding and then cutting a narrow strip from the upper edge of each of the forelegs nearly to the ears and tying the two ends together, so as to pass over the shoulders of the one hauling it. A hide prepared in this way sleds along as easily as a toboggan. We hauled the hide out to Philbrook and Billings's spotted line and left it there for them.

On getting to Allegash Lake, where we took off our snowshoes, Farrar said he could not see how the stuff was to be carried, as it was all he could do to get along on skates without carrying anything. I told him I thought I could take all the rest myself. So I laid down the snowshoes one upon another, and by passing a string through one of the foot-holes on each side I tied them tightly together. Then I placed the meat and shanks on top and also laid on a beautiful cock Canada grouse, the top of whose head I had knocked off with a bullet. These I tied fast with another snowshoe string while the fourth I tied into the toes of the snowshoes and took in my hand as a sled rope. In this way I drew the whole load along without any trouble.

After reaching camp and getting dinner the next thing was to prepare my shanks for wearing. This is done by turning the shank flesh side out, inserting a piece of split cut to fit and shaving off all the loose flesh and muscle. Then they are covered with salt, which is rubbed in with the back of a sheath knife. The distance the foot requires is next measured off and the toe is trimmed in semi-circular shape, the cutting being done from the flesh side so as not to clip the hair and make an ugly looking seam. After sewing the toe with strong thread, the seam is filled with moose tallow. More salt is put on and they are left over night, and again rubbed thoroughly in the morning. Shanks prepared in this way are perfectly water-tight and will need no further attention till worn out, except to rub in more salt occasionally. When worn, small holes are cut around the top about two inches apart through which a string is passed; they are pulled on like a stocking, drawn up tightly around the calf of the leg and the string is passed around the back of the leg and tied again in front.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Watch, Compass, Memory.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with both interest and profit the entertainig contributions of your able contributor, "The Old Angler." In his last he alludes to the use of a watch to serve the place of a compass, and asks for an explanation of the rationale of the operation. He says, "Point the hour hand directly at the sun, and half the distance on the face between that hand and the figure 12, counting backward, will point nearly due south."

I believe I can explain it in a way that may be understood: The sun generally does not rise exactly in the east nor set exactly in the west, nor is it exactly on the meridian at noon, except twice a year, at the equinoxes. But for the purposes of a woodsman, to find his way, it will give a sufficiently close approximation when treated as so indicating the points of the compass.

Now, suppose that the sun rises in the east at 6 o'clock; lay the watch on a table at 6 o'clock in the morning, the sun then rising, with the hour hand pointing to the sun, and to the figure 6. It is evident that the east and west line will pass through the figures 6 and 12, while the south and north line will pass through the figures 9 and 3, the figure 9 being at the south end. Leave the watch lying in the same position until 10 A. M. The distance on the rim of the dial from figures 6 to 9 is the quadrant of a circle, or 90 degrees. The sun travels in its apparent orbit 15 degrees an hour, so that at 10 o'clock it will have traveled 60 degrees from sunrise, and will stand opposite the figure 8 on the dial, or two-thirds of the quadrant. Now, if the watch is moved around so that 10 takes the place of 8, the south and north lines will pass through 11 and 5 instead of 9 and 3, the figure 5 being half way between 10 and 12, counted the longest way, and marking the north, not the south point. But suppose the watch had remained undisturbed until 4 P. M., that is, ten hours from sunrise. The sun would have traveled ten times 15 degrees, and the circumferential distance between the figures on the dial being 30 degrees, it would have moved around to the figure 11, or five spaces from 6. Now, move the watch around until 4 takes the place of 11, and we have 2 and 8 on the south and north line, 8 being half way between 12 and 4 counted backward, and marking the north point of the compass. Of course, the half-way point between 12 and 4 counted the other way, marks the south point.

This explanation can readily be understood by drawing a circle on paper and dividing into 12 spaces marked as the dial of a watch.

The Old Angler also dropped some interesting reflections on the subject of memory, noting the fact that some of the lower animals have this faculty highly developed, of course along limited lines; that impressions on the memory of human kind derived from the senses of smell and hearing have more strength and persistency than from sight, and that the blind generally have better memories than those who see.

I have myself noted that illiterate people have much better memories concerning the things that they think about, than do educated people who do a great deal more reading and thinking; and particularly that many negroes exhibit astonishing memories along special lines. For example, negroes in the cotton fields, who were entirely without education, have been known to remember and correctly report at the end of the week the weights of cotton picked each day by a large number of cotton pickers. Also, the fact is familiar doubtless to many of your readers, that negroes stationed at dining-room doors of hotels to take charge of the hats, umbrellas and canes of the guests, never make a mistake in returning to each his own property. My own explanation is that those who do the least thinking have the best memories; or, in other words, the "palimpsest" that is overlaid with the fewest impressions can most readily call into use those that it has received.

This brings the suggestion that the nose and ears may have separate "palimpsests" from that used by the eyes, the latter being covered by a vastly greater number of impressions than the former, with a resultant greater difficulty in recalling them when wanted.

As regards the recurrence of childhood's memories in old age, it may be suggested that the impressions made on the mind of the child are deeper than on the adult; that during the active period of adult life the mind is wholly engaged with the passing events of current life, and that in old age, when the mind has ceased to busy itself with the thoughts and events incident to the period of active effort, these are dropped out of the mind and the more lasting impressions of childhood are brought to the surface again.

COAHOMA.

Natural History.

Some Pets.

I HAVE seldom seen an animal of any kind that could be made a pet of without trying to get one of them to experiment on. I tried for about two years to get a young coyote alive. I knew that if I could catch one that was still young enough I would have no more trouble in raising it than in raising a puppy. I finally got one by roping it; but I must have hurt it when I pulled it down, for it died in my hands in a day or two. Several years after this I had a greyhound that would catch them for me, and not hurt them; but I had a bear on my hands then and did not have room for a menagerie. However, I did get an old one that the dog pulled down for me; but after I had kept him several days without being able to get him to eat anything, I let him go again.

The prairie dog was another animal that I wanted, and at last got. I at first tried to drown them out of their burrows in the spring, when I thought there would be young ones among them; but pouring water in one of these holes is much like pouring it into a rat hole. Their burrows would sometimes get flooded in a heavy rain, then I could catch them and get my hands bitten all over. They have teeth as sharp as needles, and know how to use them. I caught an old one, a male, and putting a cord around his neck brought him home and staked him out on the grass. In a short time he began to dig a hole; he meant to stay. I let him keep at work on it a while, then took the cord off his neck. He put down a slanting hole about three feet long, with a small chamber at the botton; then made his bed in the chamber, using dead grass for a bed. I got him hay and excelsior, and he used these to make his bed. Every week or two I would leave a fresh lot of it near his hole; then he would rake out the old bed and make a new one. I fed him cabbage leaves, the tops of vegetables out of the garden, sugar, and when I could get it an apple once in a while. Apples were what he wanted, but I could not often get them, and they cost me 5 cents each when they could be got, so he did not often get any. He would sit up on his hind legs and take sugar out of my hand, but would never let me touch him.

It is generally thought that these dogs live without water; it is true that their towns are often found miles from any surface water; but I have always thought that one burrow at least in each town was sunk far enough to reach the water. They certainly use it—mine did. I kept a tin can sunk in the ground near his hole with water in it; he would drink the water, then sit at the can dipping his paws in it; but I never saw him wash as some animals do.

He was kept for eighteen months; then we were ordered away, and he was so tame now that if I left him behind he would be killed sooner or later when I was not there to prevent it, so I got him into a basket, then carried him back to the town I had taken him out of, and turned him loose in it.

The next wild animal that I tried to raise was a black bear. I got him when he was only a few weeks old. I was hunting one morning in May down in the Concho River, a few miles below where the North and South Concho unite to form the main Concho. Fort Concho stood up in the forks of the river then; San Angelo, a large town, occupies its site now.

While going along close to the bank of the river, I came across bear tracks that led off through the tim-

ber, and followed them. They had been made lately by an old bear and its cub. I wanted the cub.

I had gone nearly a mile when I came in sight of the bears. The old one lay on her back playing with the cub. This was the first female bear I had ever met, and I had heard so much about the fight they would put up when a cub was following them that I expeceted to have a fight right here now. I had met the male bear often enough to know that he would not fight anything if he got a chance to run; but I thought that the tales of the female fighting were all gospel. This one did no fighting though.

I was over 100 yards away when I first saw the bears, and keeping hid I stood watching them and waiting for a chance to fire and not hit the cub. At last the old one got on her feet, and as she did so I let drive at her head and missed her clean, and in two seconds after she was going off as fast as her legs could carry her, never stopping to do any fighting or see if her cub was following her or not.

I got one more shot at her; it was another miss, I suppose; in fact, I might stand here shooting all day and miss. It was not the gun's fault, though. I had a Marlin; they don't miss if they are held right; this only happened to be my day for missing.

I ran down to get the cub before he would follow his mother, and found him with his hindquarters shoved in under a fallen tree. Taking him by the neck, I dragged him out, while he kept making a little whining noise, and when I took him in my arms he shoved his head inside of my shirt bosom, but did not offer to bite or scratch me; he was too young yet; just the kind of a cub I wanted. I could not follow his mother and carry him, and did not want to leave him; so I waited for the next two hours thinking that she would come back looking for her cub; but she did not; I must have scared her clear out of the country, for I hunted the country all over half a dozen times after this, but never saw her tracks again.

I carried my bear up home, then put a small leather collar on him and tied him out on a horse lariat, giving him an empty flour barrel and an old blanket to sleep on. We had no fresh milk in that country then; the cows were there, plenty of them, but they were Texas cows; no one would try to milk them; so I got a can of condensed milk, and taking half of it, mixed it with warm water, then put it in a pan and proceeded to teach the bear to eat, just as I used to teach my young dogs when I would get one only two weeks old. I dipped a pocket handkerchief in the milk, then put it in the cub's mouth; he tried to eat it. Next, shoving his nose in the pan, I held it there while he got the pan emptied in short order; then he licked it clean; then he upset it to see where the milk came from.

I gave him bread and milk for his next meal, then cut the milk out of his bill of fare, giving him bread soaked in beef soup. This seemed to suit him just as well; in fact, I found out in a short time that the bear would eat anything a hog would eat. I had been afraid that I would not be able to raise him. I need not have worried about that; he could raise himself. After he had got to be of some size all I gave him was a loaf of bread, 20 ounces, twice a day. He would eat the whole loaf seated on his tail with the bread held in his forepaws. He ate all the sugar he could get; and a pound of mixed candy would last him about five minutes. I fed him but little meat, and tried to keep fresh beef away from him; but I could not keep others from giving it to him. I was afraid if he got much of it that when he grew up I might not be able to manage him. He never got beyond my control, though.

He had not been tied on the rope long before he began to eat it, and I had to get a chain. I had no chain light enough, so I got about a dozen old side-line chains and made him a chain out of these twenty feet long.

The barrel he lived in furnished him his principal amusement; he would spend hours on top of it rolling it until it happened to roll out of reach of his chain, then he would sit and whine until his barrel was brought back to him. We could handle him even after he had got to be a year old; he got so much handling that he never became dangerous. The only one I ever knew him to hurt was a little trumpeter, and I did not whip the bear when he did it, either. This boy I warned to keep out of the bear's reach. I knew that he would play some trick on the bear, then get hurt for it. I heard a yell from him one afternoon, and on going out found that the bear had him laid out; he had spit tobacco in the bear's face, and before he could get out of the bear's reach the bear let him have it. The hospital steward patched up the boy's face where the bear's paws had laid it open, and ever after that I never had to tell the boy to keep away from the bear—one dose was a cure.

I left the post before the bear was quite two years old, and soon after this they had to kill him. He soon missed me and the club I whipped him with, then went on the warpath, they told me. CABIA BLANCO.

A Kadiak Bear.

THERE was shown at the New York office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, last week, a bear skin which was contemplated with awe by a large number of interested and deeply impressed visitors. It was of a Kadiak bear, killed by Mr. Chas. A. McLennan, of Nome, in northwestern Alaska. The figures given were: Length, 11 feet 7 inches; breadth, 11 feet 3 inches; circumference, 48 feet 6 inches. Commodore Sanford found it necessary to rearrange his office furniture to make room for the outspread rug into which the skin has been converted.

The story that goes with the skin is that Mr. McLennan was passing along the trail toting a pack and a Winchester rifle, when the apparition of this bear as big as a meeting house uprose before him with a *woof*. A single ball from the '95 model Winchester, .30-40, passing in on one side, through the heart, and out on the other side, was the only ammunition used in reducing the monster to possession. The bear was a male. The weight was given as 2,275 pounds, but it could not be learned whether this was claimed to be actual weight or estimated weight. Two cubs were with the old one and were killed; the mother could not be found.

How the Captives Sleep.

THE writer, who received permission to visit the Central Park Zoo late at night in order to note the different positions in which animals and birds rest, observed some curious things. To any one fond of natural history such a visit is most interesting.

In the lion house the lioness was lying on her left side at full length, while the lion, couchant, rested his head on his crossed forepaws, his hindlegs being half drawn under him, and the tail curled in toward the body.

The pumas, tigers and leopards were all resting on their sides, in nearly every case lying on the right side. The hyenas—pariahs and scavengers of the forest—rested with their hindlegs drawn under them, the forelegs stretched out, with heads slightly bent to the right. Nearby the two-horned rhinoceros was lying at full length on his left side, gently snoring. The hippopotami showed only their heads and backs above the water.

No longer looking for peanuts, the elephants lay stretched out on the floor, their huge legs lying out at full length and the trunk curved under the body. They were all resting on their right side. Close by, in the deer house, the different deer had all crouched low for their rest, with forelegs bent under them and the hind ones drawn up, while the head was turned to the right and rested on the side of the body.

The oryx, with its long horns, was resting with its head away from the body, the horns making an arch over the shoulders. The alpaca simply looked like a large ball of black wool. The camels lay on their stomachs, with their fore and hindlegs bent under them, while their heads and necks were stretched straight out.

The monkeys were squatting about their cages, their heads bowed down over their chests, the arms resting on the thighs of the hind ones. A baby monkey was sleeping cuddled up in the arms of its mother, its little eyes peering out inquisitively at the midnight visitors. In the smaller animal house, given up almost entirely to civet cats, 'possums and such like, every animal had curled itself up into the smallest possible space, burying the nose under the stomach, with all the paws drawn up close to the body. The bears were resting in various positions, some lying out at full length, others curled up. The two polar bears were huddled up in a heap, with their noses buried deep in their white fur, and forepaws crossed over the eyes.

The llamas, zebus and American buffalo were resting as cows rest, with their forelegs drawn under them and their hind ones drawn in. The porcupine was lying on its stomach, its head bent to the left, with the quills standing out in every direction. The emu was resting with the first joints of its legs on the ground, the body a short distance above and its head buried in the plumes.

Most of the birds were resting on their perches, their legs bent under them and their heads tucked under a wing—in every case the right one. The parrots had only drawn their necks in, while the pelicans slept squatting on the ground, their heads drawn well back and their ponderous bills resting on their breasts.

Sleepy Grass and its Effect on Horses

IN a recent number of Science appears the following description of this plant and its effect on horses:

In the Pecos Valley of New Mexico a year ago, a ranchman told me of a strange kind of grass found in the Sacramento Mountains west of there which, from its peculiar effect on horses is called "sleepy grass." He described it as differing from the locoes in merely putting horses into a deep sleep without other symptoms of poison.

The story had a far-away sound and made little impression at the time, but last September, as I was traveling along the crest of the Sacramento Mountains, it came back to me with a new interest.

We had made camp one evening in a beautiful park, bordered with spruces and firs, and covered with tall grass that, with its green base leaves and ripe heads loaded with heavy rye-like grain, offered a tempting feast to our hungry animals. The moment saddles and harness were off, the horses were eagerly feeding. A few minutes later a passing ranchman stopped his team and called over to us: "Look out there! Your horses are getting sleepy grass," and added, "If they get a good feed of that grass you will not get out of here for a week." We were not prepared to spend a week in that locality, but I was anxious to test the grass, so let the horses feed for a half hour, then brought them up for their oats and picketed them in some short grass on a side hill well out of reach of the sleepy grass.

The following morning, just after sunrise, the cook called my attention to the attitude of one of the team horses, saying there was "sure something the matter with old Joe." The horse was standing on the side hill, asleep, his feet braced wide apart, head high in air, both ears and under lip dropped, a most ridiculous picture of profound slumber. The other horses apparently had not eaten as much of the grass as old Joe, for they were merely dozing in the morning sun and showed signs of life in an occasional shake of the head or switch of the tail. At breakfast time the others woke up to a keen interest in their oats, but old Joe, after being dragged to camp much against his will, preferred to sleep rather than eat, and after pulling back on the rope all the way down to the spring, refused to drink or even lower his head to water. My little saddle mare showed the least signs of the general stupor, so dropping behind with her, I woke the others up pretty thoroughly and brought them into camp on a lope. Later, when in the harness, the team traveled along steadily with some urging, but when we reached Cloudcroft and left the horses in front of the store while getting supplies, their heads drooped and for an hour they slept soundly. Even my nervy little mare did not move from her tracks, but stood with drooping ears, paying no attention to the unusual surroundings and stir of a town. On starting again the saddle horses responded to the spurs with worried switches of the tail quite different from their usual manner, while the team paid no greater attention to the whip. For the rest of the day our progress was slow, notwithstanding which the driver called my attention to the fact that the team, and especially old Joe, were sweating profusely. Our saddle horses would sigh with relief when allowed to stop for a moment, and we had many a good laugh at the flapping ears of my companion's horse—a large-eared, raw-boned cayuse, which seemed to have lost all control of her usually erect ears.

That night we camped in another park-like valley where sleepy grass was abundant, but took care to picket the horses out of reach of it. They were hungry and all began to feed eagerly, but old Joe soon stopped, braced his feet and relaxed into forgetful slumber. The next morning when we went to bring them in for their grain, all were fast asleep.

The stupor lasted about three days, and was too evident to be attributed to weariness or natural indisposition. We were making easy trips and the horses were in good condition. After it wore off they showed their usual spirit and energy, as well as appetite. The only after-effect was a gaunt appearance, apparently resulting from lack of energy to get their usual amount of grass. Old Joe had even refused his grain for about half the time.

It should be remembered that our horses had but a small amount of the grass. The ranchman told us that other travelers coming into the country had been obliged to camp for a week while their horses slept off the effect of a good feed of it, and while its effects usually lasted for a week or ten days, it did no more serious damage than to leave the animals thin from fasting. Stories were told of horses being lost in the mountains and found several days later in the bushes near camp fast asleep.

I have offered no real proof that this particular species of grass is what affected our horses. They undoubtedly ate a dozen other species of grass, as well as some other plants, every day while we were in the mountains. But after our experience I am inclined to give credit to the uniform statements of the ranchmen in regard to it. All agree on the species, on its effects, and to the fact that after one good dose of sleepy grass horses will never touch it again. This latter statement has ample proof. Horses and cattle are ranging in many of the valleys where it grows in abundance, untouched and full of ripe seed, while the other grasses are cropped close all around it. I did not see horses or cattle touch it except in the case of our own animals and the team of another traveler from the valley, all of which ate it eagerly. They ate both the base leaves and the heads that were full of ripe seeds. I shelled out and ate a handful of the seeds, but without noticeable effect. The ranchmen generally agree that it is the leaves which produce the sleepiness.

I did not hear that cattle were affected by it, but they certainly avoid it, as many were grazing near where it stood untouched.

While this experience was new to me, I find that sleepy grass has long been known to botanists as such, or technically as *Stipa vaseyi*. Something has been known of its effects on horses, but apparently its chemical properties have not yet been determined. VERNON BAILEY.

That Western Tornado.

WYMORE, Neb., March 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read the account, from the pen of "More Anon," of the ducks killed by a storm in Currituck Sound, and am amazed as well as interested. I am inclined to doubt the reliability of your correspondent. In the first place, he says "The Sound was visited by a genuine western tornado." How could a "western" tornado visit Currituck Sound? And if so, would it still be a western tornado? Now notice this statement in the same article: "Ducks of all kinds are still abundant at Currituck." Now, if that was a genuine western tornado, why did it not kill all the ducks in the Sound? Would a genuine western tornado go around picking out a few redheads? Verily not. Your correspondent has never been west; he is writing about things he never saw and knows nothing about. Again, he says: "There is another change in our new laws which I think will help to keep our ducks with us longer." Why don't he be more specific, and tell whether the new laws prohibit "western tornadoes" instead of incumbering the record with statements like the following: "This is a hard story to believe." Of course it is a hard story to believe, and it is not necessary for him to tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that it is hard to believe. The witness questions his own veracity. Again you will notice that the witness does not claim to have seen or gathered up and eaten any of these dead ducks himself, but refers to a lot of people living within twenty miles of the Sound. Now, I want the names of every one of them, with their addresses; I don't propose to have our western tornadoes slandered without making a vigorous kick. If we can't have any of the ducks brought into court, let's have some of the feathers.

Now, Mr. Editor, you have also excited my curiosity. In your notes to "More Anon's" letter in regard to the instance you cite of swans being drowned in a storm "in the same locality." Was this a western tornado, too? Such things never happen in the West; our ducks can swim. A. D. MCCANDLESS.

A Four-Legged Sapsucker.

LAST week, while driving from Freedom to Liberty in Waldo county, Maine, I observed a red squirrel acting rather strangely. He was clinging to a small sugar maple tree beside the road some distance ahead. As I approached, I stopped my horse to watch him. I soon learned that he had a "sweet tooth" and was tapping trees for the sap. He had gnawed through the bark and clinging to a limb was sucking the sap as it started to run freely from the gash he had made. So eager was he not to lose a drop that as I drove past him, near enough that I might have hit him with my whip, his thirst for the sweet was so great that though he eyed me cautiously he clung to his post and allowed me to pass by very near to him.

I had observed the chickadees tap the sugar maples for the sap, but this was new to me.

The red squirrel has been very numerous in the State this winter. Hardly a pleasant day goes by all winter long but one or more may be seen beside the roads, especially in the small cypress groves, eating the buds or picking the cones in pieces, letting them fall on the snow below. J. MERTON SWAIN.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 10.

[Red squirrels are known to tap sugar maples for sap as stated.]

A Snow White Partridge.

"DOWN in Virginia, near Brandy Station, the scene of many big battles during the Civil War and the home of Representative Rixey, the other day Mr. G. C. Wood, a farmer, killed the only white partridge ever known in that section of the country," said J. K. Jackson, of Culpeper, Va., to a Star man at the Metropolitan this morning. "It was pure white from tip to tail. The bird was sent to a taxidermist here in Washington to be mounted, and it will probably be sent to the National Museum. The plumage of the bird is soft and silken, but in form and other points it is identically like the other partridges killed in the neighborhood."—Washington Star.

Wildfowl and Lighthouses.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note the report of the ducks supposed to have been killed by the recent storm in Currituck Sound. A number of years ago I had the pleasure of visiting the Boston lighthouse, and the subject of ducks having been brought up, the keeper told me that in very stormy weather in the mornings they had often picked up quantities of ducks of every description which had become bewildered and had flown into the light. M.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Moose Hunt in Maine.

FOR the past two years I had been trying to find time to go on a moose hunt in Maine, but owing to my college work I was unable to leave. This fall, however, I found myself sufficiently "up" in my studies to take a short vacation.

Leaving Boston at 7:40 P. M. October 16, I arrived at Greenville on the following day at eleven o'clock, and found my guide, Joe Morsec, waiting for me at the station. After dinner Joe and I sallied out to buy "grub." During the evening Joe packed our stuff, and early the next morning we left Greenville for Northeast Carry, at the head of Moosehead Lake. We arrived there just in time for dinner. By the middle of the afternoon Joe had our canoe packed and ready for the twenty mile trip down the West Branch.

We had paddled nearly a mile down the river when we jumped a doe deer on the left hand bank. This was not the only proof we had that the country was teeming with game. That evening Joe showed me that he could do one thing at any rate which would tend to make our trip a happy one: he could cook corn cakes and flapjacks to perfection.

The happiest time of the whole day, I think, is in the evening around the camp-fire, when the pipes are lighted and the laugh and story go the rounds. The "rounds" in this case, however, included only Joe and me, but nevertheless we were happy.

We were up bright and early the next morning, and by sunrise Joe had our breakfast cooked. It didn't take us long to eat it and pack up for the start. This day will remain long in my memory, as it was on that forenoon I saw a moose for the first time. We had been paddling slowly and silently down stream for an hour or more, when Joe called my attention to a moose feeding on the opposite bank, near the mouth of Moosehorn stream. Carefully we drew nearer. I had my rifle all ready to shoot, when I saw, to my disappointment, that although the moose was a big bull, he carried only spike horns. Replacing my rifle in the bow of the canoe, I took the paddle and we got within three feet of him before he started.

By noon we had passed the Half Way House kept by Joe Smith, and entered into that long succession of rapids and falls which extended nearly to Chesuncook Lake. In the afternoon we crossed Suncook and had dragged the canoe a mile up the Cuxabexis stream.

It was at Chesuncook that I first obtained a view of Mount Katahdin, rising like a giant out of a comparatively flat, swampy country. In fact, nearly all of the land lying on the eastern side of Chesuncook Lake is swampy and level. This view of Katahdin was the only one that I got, as from that time on the mountain was shrouded in mist. It is worth noting that at about sunset of this day we had a severe thunder storm, followed by cold, damp weather.

While Joe was busy cooking our breakfast the following morning, I took my rifle and walked cautiously down stream. I had barely gotten out of sight of our tent when "crash" off to my left a deer started. All I saw of him was his flag vanishing through a thick fir clump.

By the middle of the afternoon we reached Cuxabexis Lake. Crossing this beautiful sheet of water, we continued up the dead water of the Cuxabexis, and located a place for our permanent camp. During the night we had slight flurries of snow intermingled with rain, so instead of hunting in the morning, Joe and I cut wood, got the tent fly up and fixed things generally. Early in the afternoon we started out to see the country, and if possible to shoot a deer for food. Referring to my diary, I find that we jumped six deer on this day, but owing to the scrubby fir growth, I did not get a shot. We found moose signs in plenty, but for the most part they were old.

The next two days we hunted for moose untiringly, but without success. At the end of this time Joe proposed we take a five days' trip to the second dead water, which lay about two miles above the lumbermen's old dam, and possibly six miles from us. The next day was spent in cooking, but early the following morning we started.

We traveled mostly by old lumber roads, which, thanks to the late heavy rains, were ankle deep with water and mud. That night we put up at a tumbled down long deserted lumber camp. The greater part of the roof had fallen in, but up in one corner enough remained to afford us a partial shelter from the weather. That evening I found an old moose horn, and although it had been partly eaten by mice and squirrels, the blade measured sixteen inches across.

Next morning I was fortunate enough to get a shot at a doe. She ran about ten yards and dropped. When we got to her she was dead.

That evening two deer were around our camp. Once during the night I lighted a match to look at my watch. At the unexpected glare both deer jumped and blew, but even this did not scare them for long.

Moose signs were fresher and more plentiful up there at the headwaters of the Cuxabexis than at the home camp, but when the moose made these tracks is more than I know. We would come to bog holes in which the mud, disturbed by a passing moose, had not yet settled, but to see the moose we could not.

The next night Joe decided to try calling. At three o'clock he awoke me and together we walked to an open bog two miles from the camp. The moon, which was on the wane, was nearly setting when we arrived at the bog. Selecting a good position, Joe called. I will not attempt to describe a moose call. To me it seemed one of the very wildest, loneliest, most plaintive sounds that I had ever heard. We called three times that morning, but got no response.

During the next two days we had rainy, cold weather. We hunted, nevertheless, but with the same ill luck attending us.

On the last day of our stay at the old camp, luck swerved a little in our favor. We had been walking carefully along the middle branch of the brook when suddenly a deer snorted. By climbing on to a fallen tree I could see his body and shoulder, but not his head. Taking as careful aim as I could, I pulled the trigger. The deer started and ran. Cautiously we worked ourselves forward to where the deer had been standing, and there, a short distance off at the foot of a pine stub, he lay. He had a magnificent head—eight points and very regular.

Shortly after shooting the deer we came upon beaver signs. Alders and small birch had been cut clean off at about five inches from the ground. Following down the brook, we at last came to the dam. This dam was possibly forty feet long and eighteen inches high. It was composed of alders placed with their branches pointing up stream. Smaller branches, sticks and grass had been floated down and lodging against the bed formed a nearly water-tight dam. Mud and debris had been placed on the stems of the alders, thus holding them down. The water had been raised a foot and backed up for two hundred yards.

On the following day the weather became very cold. I decided that we had better get back as soon as possible to the home camp. There we found everything in good condition, except that the moose birds had eaten some of our provisions.

The next day, having packed everything, we embarked once more in our canoe and started on our way back to Greenville. Nothing of any importance happened until we reached Chesuncook Lake. The wind had been steadily rising all day, and by the time we reached the lake a big sea was running. I myself wished to camp on the shore until the sea had somewhat subsided, but Joe persuaded me that we could get across in safety. I never want to have an experience like that again. In the middle of the lake, where the waves were strongest, the sea fairly dashed over us, and if it had not been for the rubber blanket over the "camp truck" in the center of the canoe we should have been swamped. I bailed incessantly while Joe guided and paddled the canoe. We arrived safely, however, at the other shore, and that night we stopped at the Chesuncook House.

Two days later I found myself at Northeast Carry, my moose hunt over.

Looking back over my trip, although I did not get a moose, I do not regret having taken it.

I came back much better in health and spirits, and I advise every man, whether in good health or bad, to take a canoe trip in Maine. WALTER T. HOOVER.

Days with Quail in Southern Indiana

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind.—The quail season of 1902 opened very unsatisfactorily, the weather, until the middle of December, being very warm and dry, to the great discomfort of both man and dog. The extremely cold, sleety January of the previous winter had worked havoc among the old birds and the rainy spring had drowned many of the young ones, so that in this section of the country quail were very scarce.

I had, nevertheless, spent all my spare time during the summer cleaning and re-oiling my gun (a 6 pound 28-inch No. 12) and yard breaking my two pointer puppies—Duke of Belmont and Jingorette—sired by that superb young pointer Gorham's Jing, and both very promising young dogs 12 months old, at the opening of the season.

My friend Cook and myself spent the first week of the season at a point 35 miles up the Ohio River from the famous Falls, where Gen. George Rodgers Clark, Daniel Boone and John Floyd spent the most eventful years of their lives. This first hunt was a splendid outing, the weather being warm and dry, the valley along the north bank of the Ohio being a most beautiful spot, interspersed with the long white trunks of the sycamore along the river bank, while back a little way from the river were thickets of sweet gum, sumach and water maple, showing a most ingenious color scheme, ranging from the deep purple of the sweet gum to the bright crimson of the sumach, the water maple furnishing all the intermediate shades. But the birds were very scarce, the first day we were not able to put up a single covey, and to add to our discomfort my dog Jingorette developed a sure enough case of gun shyness at the first shot, leaving the field without permission and going to stay. Duke, however, took to both birds and gun like a "duck to water," from the first covey being staunch, backing and retrieving like a veteran. Coupling Jing to Duke the next day did no good, as she would leave the field the moment she was uncoupled; so she was allowed to go.

We returned home at the end of the week with one dozen birds each (which I think should be the limit for any sportsman to kill on any one hunt, or, at least, to bring in with him), with a determination to remain in until next season, as birds were too scarce to make hunting interesting.

I waited two whole weeks for Cook to propose another trip, but he failed to propose, when I began to "feel of him" and found he was only waiting for a show.

It was arranged that we spend the last day of the season of 1902—December 31—along the foot of the Knobs, eighteen miles northwest from home. As I had but one available dog, Duke, and Cook none, it was decided to invite our friend Gilbert to make one of the party, as he is one of the fraternity and has a good dog. Of course Gilbert accepted with thanks, remarking he had promised his wife he would not go quail hunting this season again, but would beg off this one time. All arrangements were made accordingly, a trap ordered for five o'clock A. M., the morning of Dec. 31—the last day of the season of 1902.

On Dec. 29 snow fell about 4 inches deep, and the thermometer went to zero, but we had agreed to go, and it was the last day of the season.

Five o'clock on the appointed day found us in the trap, ready to start on that 18-mile drive, the thermometer 8 degrees above, Cook on the rear seat with the two dogs, Gilbert in front, astride a carriage heater, myself beside him driving. It was a fine winter morning, the roads were well packed and were hard and smooth, the air crisp, the rising sun on the snowdrifts showing a rare assortment of sparklers. The route lay through one of the most picturesquely beautiful parts of southern Indiana, the long high peaks of the Knobs lying to our left, so that the sun shone on the snowcapped peaks, making a picture to delight the eye.

We reached our destination at eight o'clock, had the team groomed and stabled for the day, and set out without delay, to locate our first covey. The cover was superb, and was familiar to each of us, the dogs were in prime condition and working as if they enjoyed it; but after a hunt until nearly noon, in the open fields, not raising a single bird, we ate lunch from our pockets, which contained nothing with a feather on it, after which we decided to "take to the woods."

As soon as we had finished lunch we started across a small stubble into a large beech woods, noting plenty of beech mast, and had gone but a short distance when I was delighted to discover tracks, where the brown beauties had been feeding the evening before. Duke came up and crossed the trail; but did not take the scent, forged ahead about 100 yards and pointed in a large pile of brush. Cook and Gilbert were not in sight and did not answer my whistle, so I decided to flush the birds and mark them down well and find my friends and have some shooting. To my great disappointment not a bird would flush, although I beat every bush over well. Then going about two yards in front of Duke, I discovered where the covey had passed the night under the side of a log and had run out in the woods to feed in the morning, instead of rising to wing, as is their custom (if a quail ever has a custom). So I knew how it was with Duke. He had scented where they had roosted, the tracks up to that point not being live, and refused to go ahead until I convinced him his point was false. The birds were running in the direction we were going, so I decided to work them down with Duke, and in the meantime try to locate Cook and Gilbert. I had gone but a few paces when I heard that peculiar and pleasing "whirr" so well-known to the follower of the gamest of all birds—Bob White—and was just in time to see a beautiful covey of about twenty-five birds go sailing down over the hill further into the woods, and began to wonder who could have flushed them, when a long-eared, lank 'coon hound came into sight, and a moment later a boy of about 16, with a long single barrel muzzleloader.

If you have ever followed the dog after quail you know how I felt at that time, if you have not, it would be useless for me to try to explain.

I followed in the direction the birds had flown, coming on Cook and Gilbert a short distance to my left, only to find the birds had gone into a large thicket so tangled and overgrown with greenbrier and tangled shrubbery that it was impossible to get through it, and in passing around the thicket some five or six scattered birds were flushed, Cook getting two, Gilbert and I one each. After circling the thicket we gave up in disgust, returning to where we had stabled the team, with a firm resolve to pack up and return home, hungry, tired, out of humor with ourselves and all mankind in general, and long-eared, lean 'coon hounds in particular.

While we were packing up around the sheet iron drum stove our host remarked that he had been over to visit a neighbor about a mile south (we had been north) that day and had "skeered up" a bunch of birds along the creek bank about half a mile from the house, near a sorghum patch. It was then 2 o'clock and we had four birds in the bag. Cook and I both at once got our guns back and strapped leggings on again, ready to locate that covey. Gilbert (who, by the way, is 60 years old) remarked that all the birds in Clark County could not tempt him to leave that sheet iron drum, but kindly gave his consent for us to go and allowed us to take his dog. We soon reached the sorghum and the bend in the creek and spent nearly half an hour going carefully over every inch of the ground, but failed to locate a single bird, and were just about deciding to return to the house and pack up for good when, on coming around a clump of small trees of about four acres, we found Duke down, and as I came up behind him to flush I heard a shout, "Don't shoot! That is a winged bird of mine,' and Gilbert hove in sight, trying in one breath to explain, that after we left he lost his nerve and followed, that he took a short cut to where we were, to catch us, that he ran into the covey

and winged one on the rise, and that they were all scattered along the bushes on the banks of the creek. All of his sins were at once forgiven and he assumed the proportions of a "Prince Bountiful."

Gilbert chose the left bank of the creek, Cook the right, so I was left to be the "ham in the sandwich," taking the middle of the creek on the ice, which was good walking, being covered with snow.

Within 20 yards Gyp pointed on Gilbert's side, while at the same time Duke went down in front of me, along the edge of the ice. Gyp had about ten birds which Gilbert flushed, getting a double, Cook and I no shot. I then flushed for Duke, raising a single, which I stopped; Cook no shot. About 50 yards further Gyp went down again, Duke backing, the birds, about six or seven, coming up through a thick clump of bushes, Cook and Gilbert each getting a single; myself a double. The birds were then well scattered along the creek bank, which we followed up, getting some five or six more, making about fifteen in all, the last shot of the day being one of the finest I had ever seen. Passing from the clump of small trees which lined the bank of the creek, on our way back to the team, Duke came to a point at the edge of the sorghum patch, which at that point was about 60 yards from the bank of the creek, about half the distance being clear (stubble), the remainder of the distance was covered thickly with small saplings. Cook and I decided to give Gilbert the shot, I went behind Duke to flush, while Cook dropped a little to the left, Gilbert announcing he was ready. The bird, upon rising, went straight for the creek bank, Gilbert missing both barrels, before the bird reached the timber. I was busy complimenting Duke on the grand manner in which he had closed the season, and looked up just in time to see Cook take a snap shot almost through the timber and fully 60 yards distant (he shoots a 12 bore, 30-inch barrel), and to my surprise saw the game go heels over head, Cook and Gilbert both maintaining it was another miss. I sent Duke for the bird and saw him pick it up on the ice about the middle of the stream, the momentum having carried the bird fully 15 yards before reaching the ground. It was found to have three or four shot through his head.

Within 20 minutes we were in the trap facing that 18-mile drive home, each one declaring it was at least 10 degrees warmer than it had been an hour before. That little spurt of shooting had changed the entire mood of each of us, and we would then have been willing to have divided our last farthing with any one who might have asked, while not more than an hour before either would have been inclined to have shot any living being asking for a kindness, and all because we had been able to pit our skill against the "Little Brown Beauty" and win.

That hunt has become a landmark in the lives of each of us, and up to the present time whenever two of that party meet, the afternoon of the last day of the season of 1902 is sure to be gone over again.

In conclusion I wish to say for the benefit of some one who may read this and is interested in the pursuit of that most uncertain of all birds, that we have in this part of the State some very fine cover, very hard hunting, but we protect the birds from the bad weather and wholesale slaughter of the pothunter, and that we have sufficient birds left over to insure good shooting next year, unless we have another very wet spring during the hatching season.

In the shaping of our future game laws, an earnest effort should be made to gag the hog hunter and the small boy on the farm with the figure 4 trap.

W. E. OGDEN.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, March 14.—Game legislation has made considerable progress in Senate and Assembly during the week just ended. The most important development of the week's session was the action of the Senate committee in reporting out Senator E. R. Brown's bill to forbid spring shooting and its subsequent defeat by the Senate by a tie vote of 23-23, when it came up for final passage on Thursday. It is understood that an effort will be made later to resurrect the measure and pass it, although Senator Bailey, of Long Island, its chief opponent in the Legislature, is sanguine that not enough votes can be obtained to save the bill.

Progress of fish and game bills during the week may be noted as follows:

The Assembly passed Assemblyman Whitney's bill, Int. No. 376, P. N. 947, relative to special close season for trout.

The Assembly passed Bedell's bill, Int. No. 427, P. No. 1,065, relative to close season for certain quadrupeds and birds in Orange county.

The Senate committee reported favorably the following bills:

Assemblyman McNair's, Int. No. 549, P. No. 620, relative to the close season for squirrels. It was later advanced to committee of the whole.

Assemblyman Doughty's Int. No. 266, P. No. 782, legalizing certain shell-fish leases.

Assemblyman Denison's, Int. No. 371, P. No. 728, relative to close season for wild deer.

Assemblyman Bridgman's, Int. No. 479, P. No. 526, relative to spearing fish in Otsego and Orleans counties' creeks.

Assemblyman Doughty's, Int. No. 613, P. No. 693, relative to the taking of pheasants; advanced to committee of the whole.

Assemblyman Fowler's, Int. No. 116, P. No. 545, for the protection of fish in Chautauqua Lake; advanced to committee of the whole.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 305, P. No. 346, relative to close season for grouse in counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene.

Senator Allds', Int. No. 507, P. No. 633, relative to wild birds.

Senator Brackett's, Int. No. 487, P. No. 604, relative to fishing in Saratoga Lake and Lake Lonely; advanced to committee of the whole.

Senator Bailey's, Int. No. 498, P. No. 615, relative to possession of trout on Long Island.

Senator Townsend's, Int. No. 379, P. No. 450, relative to deer.

Senator Goodsell's, Int. No. 261, P. No. 282, relative to fishing through the ice with tip-ups in Orange and Rockland counties.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 310, P. No. 351, relative to spearing fish in Seneca Lake; advanced to committee of the whole.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 305, P. No. 346, relative to close season for grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 307, P. No. 348, relative to the sale of venison.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 309, P. No. 350, defining the powers of game protectors in various counties; advanced to committee of the whole.

Senator Armstrong's, Int. No. 186, P. No. 190, relative to the destruction of illegal devices.

The Senate has advanced to third reading Senator Armstrong's bill, Int. No. 303, P. No. 344, relative to close season for quail.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Bedell's, Int. No. 462, P. No. 505, relative to fishing through the ice with tip-ups in Orange and Rockland counties.

Assemblyman Bedell's, Int. No. 428, P. No. 453, relative to close season for trout in Orange county.

Assemblyman Nichols' Int. No. 693, P. No. 812, relative to close season for grouse in counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, Int. No. 886, P. No. 1104, relating to wild birds.

Assemblyman Moran's, Int. No. 470, P. No. 517, relative to fishing for non-game fish in Cayuga Lake and tributary streams.

A Wet Day's Ducking.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Day dawned dull and gray, with rain falling in sheets, flooding the asphalt pavements until the gutters ran curb-full. Long before break of day I had been awakened by the drone of the downpour on the roof of the next block, several stories beneath the window of my room, perched like an aerie in the top of a tall building. It was a blowing rain, driving with a good southeaster that promised more to come, and so I mentally shelved the duck shoot that I had planned for that day, and over a leisurely breakfast and the morning papers looked forward to a lazy Sabbath in loafing about the club. As often as the howling wind would tempt me to change my resolution, so often would the sight of the pelting rain hold me back.

However, about noon the wind shifted to the southwest, and though it continued to blow a gale, the clouds began to break, the rain to cease and bits of blue sky appear. Then thoughts of the flying fowl, and mental pictures of a certain stretch of water, with banks of ducks riding off the windward shore, made me glance repeatedly at my watch. The next train for the marsh left at 1:40. An hour later would see me in a duck boat.

In vain I tried to induce some one of my club friends to accompany me, in vain I argued as to the certainty of a good shoot. They simply pointed to the square bit of blue bunting, straining at the staff over the weather office across the street, snapping flat as a shingle in the teeth of the stiffening breeze—that meant continued rain they said, and—well, there were occasions when a crackling fire and spicy applejack were better than ducks and a probable wetting.

But I pinned my faith on the bit of blue that flecked the gray heavens here and there, and was soon speeding coastward.

No keeper was at the station to meet me, he little dreaming that any of the fellows would be down, so a half mile tramp to the cabin, across the rain-sodden fields followed, but the sight of wedges of ducks trading back and forth lent energy to my steps.

I found the keeper and some farmer folk sitting about the great open fireplace, in which logs of eucalypti blazed and crackled, and the former was loud in his protestations of the uselessness of going out upon the lake in the wind, which by this time had increased to a small hurricane, sweeping over the mesa and marshes with a force that made the willows hum and the tall tules lie flat over the water.

"Why, Bob, you'll get nary a duck from the blinds. The birds is all in thet willer swamp. They's millyuns uv 'em, but they can't be druv out with a cannon in this storm," said the keeper, a hearty old Maine exguide, with an equal disregard of His Majesty's English and my high-flown hopes. Nevertheless, I donned canvas togs and boots, and then enveloping myself in a green "slicker" and an old "sou'wester," and generously dabbing the metal parts of a Parker twelve with gunoleum, I launched a light Mullins duck boat and started on a half mile row to the nearest blind.

There was a good sea running, for the wind had the sweep of the length of the lake, but as in going out I had the wind astern I got along famously, the little craft bobbing up serenely on the top of each miniature billow, and not shipping a cupful of water. It was not easy to set the decoys, but I managed to drop overboard a couple of dozen or so in fair shape, where they bobbed about and tugged at their anchors in such an alarming way that I fear they did more harm than good.

Unfortunately, the blind that I had selected was in a bunch of tules on the lee shore, and what birds came in circled over the other side and banked in the smoother water. I could see a great raft of them in the lee of a tule island, and after firing some half dozen shots I finally put several bands in motion, a few scattered birds from which offered me long, hard shots.

After I had killed two successive teal, only to see them blown twenty yards to drop into dense tules back of me, never to be retrieved, I concluded to take only shots in front of me, where the birds would fall in open water.

The clouds were gathering again, and from across the lake I could hear the incessant chattering whistle of the widgeon. Finally a pair of these birds swung by me at a good fifty-five yards. I did not allow sufficiently for the drift of the shot in the wind, and missed cleanly with the first barrel, but stopped a bald-headed, white-winged old drake with the second. I could only see him as a wave would lift him on its crest, and as the bird was fast drifting away I put out to get him. It was the toss of a coin whether I'd get the duck or a ducking, but I landed him finally, plump and heavy, and in the rather sporty garb of full plumage.

I concluded that I would have better chances in a makeshift blind on the windward shore, and after a hard pull at the oars I reached it, but the birds simply drifted further on down the shore, and I got practically no shooting.

To the windward it was growing blacker than ink, and in a few moments the storm broke over me—rain, hail and rain, great bucketsful, while I sat there in a clump of cockleburrs with the water pouring from the brim of my sou'wester. The wind was blowing so that I could see the spray dashing high in air across on the lee shore. Finally the heavy clouds passed on, and the sky overhead was blue once more. But to the leeward the inky blackness rolled. Then suddenly, as if painted by the mighty sweep of some celestial brush, sprang into vivid contrast with the dun background of drifting clouds the perfect arc of a most perfect rainbow. The colors of the chromatic scale stood forth in a double band, so clearly and with such enagaging vividness that it seemed a tangible thing, rather than a phantom built of rain mist and sunlight, and I imagined that there might be a pot of gold where that blazing arc touched the earth—for its either end sank into the rugged Sierras, where lodes of white quartz, full-veined with red gold, lie hidden, did we but know where to look for them.

But I digress. The thought of the row back to the cabin, with the wind dead ahead, made me decide to beach the boat in the shelter of some grass and tramp back along the shore of the lake. Presently up sprang a pair of teal, and with a quick right and left I had the pleasure of bagging them both—a male and female cinnamon, the azure wing coverts of the male glinting like a bit of the rain-washed sky, against the ruddy chestnut of his plump little breast. After all, what a pity to kill them. Perhaps this pair, with a premonition of approaching spring, were already beginning their tender courtship; perhaps—but anyway, they died together.

Before reaching the cabin I crossed a bit of marsh, and from the center of a little green islet a jacksnipe sprang with his inimitable quavering cry; the wind caught his little corkscrewing body and whirled him like a dried leaf, but the second charge of sixes that I sent after him sent him falling to earth like a plummet. It was an old cock bird, as the exceeding richness of the tan and chocolate markings on his penciled back proclaimed. As he lay on his breast on a bit of a tuft of emerald grass, in which the new-fallen rain still glistened, with his head thrown back, his wings extended and his barred tail spread in a last quivering convulsion of approaching Nirvana, he was a picture of one of the most beautiful and gamy of all our game birds.

As I picked him up and stroked his feathers, preparatory to putting him in my pocket, a meadow lark sprang from a hedge of rushes, and turning his bright yellow breast, barred with jet, to the stinging wind, he shrilly caroled his song. I had almost a guilty feeling as I stowed scolopax in my pocket. Had the meadow lark seen, and was he singing Jackie's requiem? After all, scolopax had been just as free of wing, though not as silver-toned in point of voice, as the lark, and that only a short moment ago. And now—but he was good, and so was the strip of bacon!

ROBERT ERSKINE ROSS.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., February.

Of Nebraska Game Fields.

OMAHA, March 8.—The decidedly spring-like weather we have been having out here for the past two or three days has brought the ducks and geese up from the south in large numbers, and it looks as if the flight was going to be a great one. Many hunting parties are already on the grounds, especially up the Missouri and out the Platte, for it is to the rivers the birds first resort out here in the early spring, as the lakes and sloughs and marshes in the sandhills country are yet locked tight in their icy fetters. The fact is, the whole prairie country from the river to the Wyoming foothills is covered with from one to two and a half feet of snow, and all the conditions are yet decidedly wintry. There are many open holes, however, along both the Platte and the Missouri and they are all swarming with birds, principally canvasbacks, redheads and pintails. Geese are also unusually plentiful this spring, and several big kills have been made near Richmond's camp at Clark's and at Berryman's near Central City. Last evening the flight of canvasbacks and redheads up the Missouri valley was one of the most interesting spectacles seen here for many years, and hundreds of people were attracted to the bluffs to watch the streaming birds. From half past three until nearly dusk the sky was a veritable network of dotted lines, and there must have been millions of birds passed up the river. It was the biggest flight I have ever witnessed here at this season of the year, and I think I keep about as close tab on the birds as any man in this western country.

The trap shooters of Nebraska are much wrought up just now over the non-shooting pigeon bill that has been introduced in the Legislature, and the fight between them and the contingent urging the passage of the bill has been a vigorous one. It looked at first as if it would go through with a rush, but it has been stood up until now the shooters are openly declaring that they have got it killed. There is also a fight on over another bill that was presented early during the session, a bill amending and changing our already excellent game laws. This bill has both its good and bad features and I regret to say that it is very likely to become a law. It fixes the open date for deer and antelope having horns from August 15—fully two months too early—to November 15. Both animals should be protected perennially. There probably is not

more than a score of wild deer—whitetails—in the State, and but precious few antelopes, and these only in October, when wandering bands stray in from the mountains. Wolves, coyotes, foxes, skunks, prairie dogs and rabbits are lawful prey the year round. It makes the open season for pinnated grouse—our prairie chicken—and all other species of the grouse family from September 1 to November 30, instead of from October 1 to November 30. It limits the number of chickens to ten per day during September. and to 25 in November. This is the most objectionable feature of the whole proposed new law, and the hope is that it will be expunged before put to passage. It will simply give the gunners residing in or adjacent to the chicken grounds the privilege of exterminating the birds. It will deny sportsmen from the cities the rights enjoyed by those of the rural districts. But few men can afford to travel hundreds of miles for the sport, if it can be called sport, of killing ten half-grown, flabby chickens a day, and it is the man from the city who will be held strictly within the law. Conscienceless rural shooters can kill ten or ten dozen birds every day in the week with little, precious little, fear of detection or molestation. The fact that the bill is receiving the hearty support of all residents of the chicken country should be sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of all honest men who are really in earnest in their desire to preserve the birds. The supporters of the bill argue that the birds are too strong of wing and too hard to approach in October and November, and hence they are denied a sport that has been theirs since time immemorial. This, of course, is all tommy rot. The fact that the birds have a chance to match their strength and speed of wing against the cunning of man should only enhance the enjoyment of their pursuit. There is no enjoyment for the true sportsman in knocking over "cheepers" with hardly strength enough to rise out of the long grass. But when they thunder from beneath his feet and go away like the wind—well, that is an entirely different matter. It thrills him to the marrow and puts him on his mettle, and when he kills a bird, he's got a bird worth having, and it affords him satisfaction to know that it had an honest chance.

To again legalize the killing of prairie chickens in this State in September means the undoing of all the good that our present excellent laws have accomplished. October, aye, November, is plenty early enough to kill any bird so sure of extermination as our prairie chicken is, and September—that is simply preposterous. It is simply to return to the old days of no law at all. So far as the average Nebraska sportsman is concerned, he is well satisfied with the game law as it now stands, and sees no call for enlarging the open season on any of our game birds or animals. If chicken killing is allowed next September, the destruction of the birds will be incalculable, and if the Legislature is really in earnest about preserving this royal bird, it will vote this proposed change down. The man who wants an open season in September also undoubtedly would like to have a gun for October and November that would be as effective at a quarter of a mile as his September gun is at fifteen or twenty yards.

This bill also provides for the restoration of a short open season on quail, and this meets with the heartiest approval on all hands. It sets aside November as the quail month, and while it would be pleasing to some to have it extended through December, the one month is ample. There are great dangers from heavy snowfalls in December, and on such occasions the birds are absolutely defenseless. The wildfowl seasons remain as before, and there is no complaint on this score. It begins September 1 and closes April 15, and in this clause jacksnipe and yelllowlegs—heretofore unprotected—are included. It also makes upland plover and dove shooting allowable between July 15 and November 30. The open season for game fishes from April 1 to October 31, and shooters are limited to ten wild geese and twenty-five other game birds, and twenty-five fish per day.

Speaking of the probable open season on quail, reminds me that the statistics I have gathered from all parts of the State during the past month show that fully 35 per cent. of the birds were winter killed. In fact, the past winter has been almost as severe on the quail as was the memorable winter of 1888, when they were all but totally destroyed. There were more quail in Nebraska last year than was ever known in the history of the State, and while the three years' prohibition of their shooting was largely instrumental in this happy increase, the mild winters had much to do with it. There is yet a good crop left over, and the sport next November should prove fairly good in all sections. As to the chickens, they have not been so plentiful in Nebraska for fifteen years, thanks to our splendid laws on this subject.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Elk Starving in the Mountains.

The following is an excerpt from a letter from Bill Liddiard, "Rattlesnake Pete," of Pine Ridge Indian Reservation fame, now county judge at Ishawooa, Wyoming, and will explain itself:

ISHAWOOA, Wyo., March 14.—*My Dear Sandy*—There have been worlds of snow here this winter and the mountains are yet full of it, and old hunters say that fully half of the elk will starve to death. Their feeding grounds are under about five feet of the beautiful, and it has become so crusted that the animals can get to neither food or drink, and must necessarily perish. We are organizing here, and within the next week will haul out to accessible points to the elk all the hay we can procure. It may seem strange, but what deer I have seen lately seem to be in pretty good order. This elk question, however, is one for the immediate attention of the Government authorities.

W. H. LIDDIARD.

BIG HORN COUNTY, Wyo.

The main issue of the wildfowl from the south seems to have started up this way, and hunting parties are radiating daily to all points of the compass. The flight is an unusually large one. SANDY GRISWOLD.

An English lady who visited America many years ago used to tell the following story: On the voyage she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retired to her cabin, and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy: "How is your head now?" "Wes'-and-by-nor', ma'am," was the answer.—Shooting Times.

"Honest John" Plumbley.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sending you a photo which would probably be of interest to some of your readers. This was taken four years ago at the camps situated at the head of Brandreth Lake, Hamilton county, in the Raquette Lake district of the Adirondacks. This is the last photograph taken of "Honest John" Plumbley, who was so termed by "Adirondack Murray" in his book of the wilderness. Standing with his hand resting on the wolf (which, by the way, is supposed to be the last wolf killed in the Adirondacks), is James T. Blandford, who, with John Plumbley as his guide, penetrated the woods to Brandreth Lake over fifty

"HONEST JOHN" PLUMBLEY.

years ago and purchased the lake and a large tract of land adjacent, acting as agent for Dr. Benj. Brandreth, founder of the great patent medicine concern now known as The Allcock Manufacturing Company. The land called Brandreth Park is now owned by Messrs. Franklin Brandreth, Frederick Potter and Gen. E. A. McAlpine, the two latter being sons-in-law of Dr. Brandreth. "Uncle John" died about three years ago. He was then, and had been for some years, employed by the owners of Brandreth Park. C. G. BLANDFORD.

Nova Scotia Game.

SECRETARY GEORGE PIERS, of the Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society, sends us his annual report for 1902, from which we take these paragraphs respecting game conditions in the Province:

Regarding moose, I can say that they are holding their own fairly well, a condition of things which is largely due to legislation passed at the instance of your Society.

Forty years ago dogging was much practiced by the country people, many of them keeping from one to three so-called moose dogs, a cross between the smooth-haired Newfoundland and the bull dog, for this purpose. Happily this style of hunting our noble game is almost, if not quite, a thing of the past.

Snaring has been more in vogue of late years, and is still carried on in out-of-the-way districts; but by perseverance on the part of our agents in continually destroying the snares, and always, when possible, bringing the law-breakers to justice, this evil also will, I trust, be stamped out ere long.

Judging roughly from the agents' reports, I should say that about three hundred and fifty moose have been legally killed during the year.

I regret to have to differ from my venerable friend, Commissioner Crooker, and others who think the license fee for non-residents too high. I do not think there is an American sportsman worthy of the name who would object to the forty dollar fee for an all game license, nor do I believe that lowering the fee would increase the number of visiting sportsmen one per cent.

Agent Kelley is to be congratulated on his success in convicting the gang of snarers at Oak Park, Barrington. These men have been carrying on a wholesale destruction of moose quite unhindered, as the men of this vicinity, appointed by the Society to suppress this practice, were afraid to act.

Caribou have left our peninsula, with the exception of a few small herds. These should have a close season of some years. In the Island of Cape Breton, the caribou have greatly benefitted by the close time enjoyed by them some few years ago, and in some districts are quite numerous.

The manner in which the red deer have multiplied during the few years since their introduction is most gratifying. They are now to be found in nearly all the counties of the peninsula. In Yarmouth and Queens counties, where last year only a few of their tracks were seen, there is now quite a good showing of them, some quite near the farms. Our Yarmouth agent reported a herd of eleven, while Queens reported as many as seven having been seen at one time. Not one has been killed during the year, as far as can be ascertained.

The Society must not forget that the close time for red deer will expire in 1904. Therefore it should ask the Legislature to further protect them.

The country is well stocked with hares, excepting some places where disease has diminished their numbers. I think that the open season should begin on the fifteenth of October, as the hare is only then clear of ticks and fit for human food.

You will see, by referring to the agents' reports, that there are still a few beavers left in Nova Scotia; but if they do not receive immediate and prolonged protection, there will not be one of them remaining after a year or two.

Wildcats have become unusually plentiful and make great havoc among the smaller game. Other fur-bearing animals are about the same as reported last year.

Ruffed grouse were very scarce in most of the counties in spite of their recent rest of three years. Undoubtedly the principal cause of this scarcity is the unusually cold and wet weather experienced by them for the last three or four years during hatching period.

The woodcock, from a sportsman's point of view, is the most gamy bird we have, and I regret to say that year by year they are becoming scarcer in our Province. This is largely due to their wholesale destruction in the Southern States, where they have no protection whatever, excepting in South Carolina and Alabama. As is well known, the woodcock comes north about the end of March and during April; so it is plain to be seen that we suffer for their want of protection while they sojourn in the South. Beside all this, our telephone and telegraph wires are fruitful causes of their destruction, being about the height of a woodcock's flight.

There was the usual number of snipe during the breeding season and latter part of the summer, but as soon as the rainy weather set in they left for more suitable feeding grounds, and therefore the snipe shooting was poor.

Pheasants are doing well near Windsor. A few are also occasionally seen at Hammond's Plains.

I regret to say that I have nothing encouraging to report concerning pin-tailed grouse. They seem to have disappeared almost entirely from the place they were originally put out.

Blue-winged ducks continue to increase, excepting in Cumberland county, where, greatly to the regret of all true sportsmen, the wanton destruction of spring shooting is still carried on. GEORGE PIERS,

Secretary.

In this connection we print the following report recently received from Mr. George Seaman, who writes from Queens county:

There have been over two hundred moose shot in this district (No. 1), which includes the counties of Queens, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby and Annapolis, this last season, mostly by our local sportsmen. Some Americans who have been down here have had very poor luck, and from all I can find out it is by having very incompetent guides, taking up with almost any man that would say he was a guide. Even some of the Indians, whom one would suppose to be good guides, are no better than a common clerk out of a store. I will give you one little instance of a gentleman's trip here. He came from New York and thought sure an Indian was the right kind of guide to have, so secured one. They were out over fifty days before they got any game, and finally got a good bull moose by creeping on him.

I do not wish to convey the impression that all Indians are poor guides.

Moose have been and are now very plentiful in the forests here. The next season should prove a very profitable one to sportsmen visiting this section. Bears have been very scarce this season. Caribou none to speak of. Red deer are beginning to prosper, but the close season is on them until 1904. Wildcats quite plentiful. Red foxes quite numerous. Partridges and rabbits very plenty. Of fish we have salmon and trout plenty in their season.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

New Game Fields Near Boston.

THE general impression seems to be that one must take long trips to get good shooting, but I want to tell of a day's shooting within twenty miles of Boston.

C., with his dog Wiz, Mr. P. and his Pont, and I with my English setter Ned, got an early train one Saturday morning, reached the grounds about 7:30, and started right in hunting.

A small covert near the station gave up three partridges, but we didn't seem to connect. Following them we started to beat up the woods where they had flown, and Ned began almost immediately to make game. The bird flushed before he got into a point, but gave me a nice side shot, which I took advantage of. Going up a hillside Ned and Pont began to road. We didn't know which had the right trail, but Ned found them, and I was lucky enough to drop two of them. Ned found three singles, two of which I missed beautifully. But Mr. P. made up for it by making a beautiful double. His dog then started down the hill, going like the wind, but scenting another bird he nearly tore himself in two stopping. Mr. P. walked up and killed the bird, which Ned brought to me. We then beat up an alder run, as C. had joined us with a partridge. Ned came to a point, then backed out and came to me, then went on and pointed again. But he seemed undecided and I couldn't imagine what the matter was until I walked in and put up a woodcock. When I killed it I never saw a dog so pleased. It was his first woodcock. C. and Mr. P. each picked up another partridge, and I distinguished myself by missing one that Ned had passed by. Ned made up for this by running down into a swamp and finding a big bunch of quail. Mr. P. and I each got one out of the covey.

After lunch, as we were going across a wheat field, we found another covey, but they wouldn't wait, as the covey was thin. Wiz pointed them in a growth of scrub oak from about thirty feet off. The others each got one, but mine didn't stop, and I thought I had missed him. But as I started on calling my dog, he came around a pine tree carrying the bird, which was flapping lustily. The singles lay very close, but we managed to find and kill one or two apiece. One of mine fell in a posted field, so I sent Ned in after it. He pointed, but wouldn't fetch it, so I left my gun and walked down to him, when a big partridge got up

within a foot of the dead quail. I certainly used a lot of forbidden language. In the meanwhile the others had found a big covey and I could hear them popping all over the lot. I started toward a farm house to get a drink, but had to stop to kill a single quail that Ned found under a bush. I waited for the others for a while and we started home together, picking up two quail and a partridge on the way to the station. Not a bad day's sport for this locality!

Though I intend to sell my dog to make room for a brilliant pointer pup, it will be a good while before I get such a reliable old dog again. I never want to see three better working dogs in the field. Wiz I consider the best dog I have ever seen. C. is a lucky man. L.

The Maine License.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Within the last few days I have learned the provisions of the proposed new game law of Maine, whereby they propose to tax non-resident sportsmen $25 for the privilege of hunting moose, $10 for hunting deer and birds, and $5 if they hunt birds only.

Although non-resident sportsmen have spent millions of dollars in Maine and more than paid for all game secured, the sportsmen generally would not object to a nominal tax, say $10 at maximum, for the privilege of hunting big game.

We have forwarded a strong protest to the Maine Legislature, and I thought that you could aid us materially by calling attention to the matter, and asking the sportsmen of the various localities to send in their protests at once, inasmuch as the bill has been filed in the Legislature, but has not been acted upon as yet.

Can you not ask sportsmen, either individually or as communities, to send in their protests to the Legislature or to Hon. Chas. E. Oak, the only member of the Commission who had the courage to oppose the bill? I send you clippings from our Worcester Telegram stating our case plainly. I also send you a slip I had printed and sent to every guide whose address I could get:

To the Legislature of the State of Maine:

We, the undersigned, sportsmen residing in the vicinity of Worcester, Mass., who have, in the past, been accustomed to spend our outings in the Maine woods, hunting, respectfully present to the honorable, the Legislature of Maine, this, our remonstrance against the passage of a bill taxing non-resident sportsmen to the extent called for in said bill.

We state that we have annually, heretofore, passed our vacations in Maine, and the cost of transportation, subsistence, supplies and guide fees, which we have paid, amounts to large sums. But if a tax of over $10 is to be levied we shall feel obliged to cancel our engagements, already made for the coming hunting season in Maine, and hereafter seek other hunting grounds, where game is more plentiful, where the moose are larger, and where caribou may be shot without extra cost.

We believe that the passage of the bill, as framed, will not be for the best interests of the State of Maine. We favor a moderate fee being charged of, say $10, and believe that would suffice to yield a sufficient sum to insure the protection of the game, and would, in fact, yield to the State fully as much income as the more excessive fee called for in the bill, from the fact that the sportsmen would not object to paying the more moderate fee.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 9.—Heavy rains for a couple of days in this vicinity and storms which have been general all over the Mississippi Valley have sent the streams out of bounds, lifted or covered the ice and brought up the wildfowl in considerable numbers all over this portion of the country. Even at Fox Lake, which is slow to open in the spring, report came down to-day that the sudden rise of the river had lifted and broken the ice and bade fair to run it out before long. Birds are reported in along Fox Lake in considerable numbers.

At Swan Lake the waters are high, as indeed is the case all down the Illinois and Kankakee Valleys. Telegrams from Swan Lake reported the birds in and requested the members to hold themselves in readiness to go down.

At English Lake Club, on the Kankakee, in Indiana, birds were in two days ago in considerable numbers. The Hoyt brothers of this city ran down to English Lake and killed some twenty odd ducks, six of which were canvasbacks. The latter are the first canvasbacks reported in the bag of any Chicago shooter this spring.

No great numbers of birds have appeared in Lake Michigan as yet, though Tolleston Club reports a small transient flight, and members of that club are preparing to drop down there during the week. There may be heavy shooting at any of the better points now at any day this week. The bayous along the Kankakee River were at last writing still frozen over, although at several points, for instance, at Goose Lake Club, considerable numbers of ducks were reported flying about and looking over the country for resting and feeding grounds.

Everywhere the daily press reports tremendous floods and the highest waters known for a long time. This will mean good shooting and good fishing, although the price paid for that will be very high when the settlement for the flood shall have been made.

Tame Buffalo Hunt.

A dispatch from Salt Lake City, Utah, reports the killing of three bulls of a private herd which has been kept on Antelope Island, some fifty miles from Salt Lake City. It is stated that these animals had become very vicious, hence it was resolved to kill them. It must have been a very exciting sort of buffalo hunt; indeed, the press dispatch frankly speaks of it as such. It is stated that "several of the men had narrow escapes. Several times the animals, maddened by bullets, turned upon their pursuers and the latter escaped only by urging their mounts to the utmost speed. The buffaloes were finally killed." It must have been a very bold, adventuresome and sportsmanlike kind of a hunt. I don't think it would have lasted quite so long had some old skin hunter engaged in it with a .45 Sharps.

Better Game Laws in Montana.

The State of Montana is coming forward in the matter of protective legislation. The records of the present session of the Legislature show that the principle of salaried officials paid out of a fish and game fund created by fines and licenses, etc., is at present indorsed by the Montana sentiment. The salary of the State game and fish warden is set at $1,800 per annum, deputies to be paid $1,200 per annum, the latter not to have any expense fund allowed them.

Several changes have been made in the game seasons and in the specifications in regard to game animals. Three important bills have become fish or game laws at the present session. Senate Bill No. 29 a week ago only awaited concurrence of the Senate in one or two amendments, and will pass. This bill prohibits the shooting of turtle doves at any season. It allows the killing of two bull elk per season and one mountain sheep each season. In regard either to elk or mountain goat the season will be from September 1 to December 1, cutting off one month, that of December. The killing of one mountain sheep, three deer and one goat per season is permitted. The old law allowed the killing of six deer and six goats, but prohibited the killing of mountain sheep.

The grouse season on prairie chickens, sage hens, partridges, etc., opens August 15 and closes December 1. An excellent feature of the bill is that abolishing spring shooting altogether. The open season on wildfowl is September 1 to January 1. In this respect Montana is far ahead of the State of Illinois.

In another respect Montana shows herself close in line with the most advanced game laws of the period. She prohibits the selling of trout, grayling or black bass at any time of the year. She has not quite yet got to the point of making a sweeping prohibition of the sale of game. Perhaps that will come a little later.

Senate bill No. 30 has been passed by both houses and signed by the Governor of Montana. It obliges non-resident hunters to take out a license at $25 for hunting big game and $15 for hunting small game. This law, however, does not apply to taxpayers in the State. No game can be shipped from the State except under permit from the State warden, and any non-resident before shipping any game must present his license to the transportation company. Common carriers are held responsible for violations of the provisions of this law. All shipments of game must be marked in plain letters.

Thus it may be seen one by one the Western States are accommodating themselves to the principle of charging for the killing of their game. With this attitude seems to come a growth of the sentiment against the marketing of like game.

Books on the Early West.

Mr. Selden R. Probasco, of Burlington, N. J., wishes to learn about a book or so on the early West. He writes: "Some three or four years ago in one of your letters you mentioned two books written by George F. Ruxton, 'Mexico and the Rocky Mountains' and the 'Far West,' the latter dealing with the early mountain men. My father has 'Mexico and the Rocky Mountains' (Harpers, 1848), and did have the 'Far West,' but it was loaned to someone who forgot to return it. I think you mentioned this book was published by a firm in London and could be gotten from them at the time your letter was published. I am very anxious to get a copy of it if possible, and any information you can give will be appreciated."

Ruxton's "Life in the Far West" was published in 1849 by Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. I presume almost any extensive bookseller could secure a copy for Mr. Probasco. My copy came to me through Mr. Horace Kephart, Librarian of the Mercantile Library of St. Louis. Should Mr. Probasco fail through his bookdealers, I think perhaps Mr. Kephart could advise him where to purchase a copy.

Waters Opening.

CHICAGO, March 14.—The waters are rapidly opening up even to the north of this point, and the ducks are reported in yesterday and to-day. Pistakee Bay is open, Nippersink Lake is open, and the channel between these waters and Fox Lake is open, although the latter and bigger water is still under the ice, and only showing spots of open water. A few Chicago shooters will run up to the Fox Lake country to-night or to-morrow.

Tolleston Club has a few men down at the grounds waiting for a flight. There were not many birds there yesterday.

The main flight seems to be along the Kankakee thus far, but returning shooters say the water is so high they can not do much with the birds. The flight is still very unsettled and is hunting for feeding grounds.

The Illinois Game Law.

The bill earlier referred to in these columns as the Wheeler bill, slightly amended and introduced in the House by Representative Montgomery, is to-day reported by Representative J. B. Castle, of Sandwich, as very apt to pass. There will be an amendment exempting the sons of farmers from paying license for shooting on their own lands, but other residents will pay a shooting license. The quail dates are amended to read November 15 to December 15. Mr. Castle thought the clause stopping the sale of ducks would pass. Let us hope the latter may be the case. Personally I have some doubts as to the passage of any Illinois bill which carries a resident gun license and a stop-the-sale-of-game clause.

A Greater Minnesota Park.

The movement for the Minnesota National Park was not altogether so great a success as its friends hoped for, yet it may be called a success. Even 1,700 acres of virgin forest is better than a continuous wilderness of slashings, and even a cut tract, if cut under United States forestry regulations, is far better than one ruined by the careless and wasteful lumbering operations. At least the park, as it is secured, may have its success measured by the ire of the lumbermen who fought it. They do say that the Hon. Tom Shevlin, of Minneapolis, is a very wrathful man because he finds himself not left free to cut a pine tree whenever and wherever found, on Indian lands or anywhere else.

But this is not quite the end of the hopes of the friends of the Minnesota park. In the next Congress there will be introduced a bill providing for the acceptance, for park purposes, and subject to the Unied States forestry regulations, of all tracts of pine lands which may be surrendered in trust by their present owners to the United States Government. The Weyerhauser and other big interests express themselves as perfectly willing and eager to enter upon such arrangements. They would have the timber as it grew again cut as the United States forester would instruct. The lands, now cut over and worthless, according to the ancient doctrine of the American lumberman, might thus eventually in time come to produce a certain income. The old doctrine has been—after me, the deluge. The new doctrine is—after us, posterity. It is a wide step for even the most intelligent of the lumber operators to be willing to admit that there is going to be any posterity. That they should do this and that they should realize that there is something in the principles of scientific forestry, is directly due to the agitation created over the establishment of the Minnesota National Park. With this the case, no one ought to call that park a failure.

It is a singular thing how the forces originally opposed to this park movement in Minnesota have been scattered. Page Morris, of Duluth, an enemy of the park in Congress and elsewhere, has now retired from Congress and is again a judge in Minnesota. Judge Morris insists that personally he was not opposed to the park. I imagine that the friends of the park are not concerned how Judge Morris felt personally, since his works spoke for themselves. He is now where his activity will scarcely be so much against the interests of the park. J. Adam Bede, who goes to Congress for that same district, is and always has been an outspoken friend of the park personally and politically, or rather so much personally that he did not care for the political side of it. Mr. Eddy, late member for the other Congressional district most affected by the establishment of the park, is out, and in his stead is a man who used to be in the State Legislature and who has always been a friend of this park movement. Commissioner Binger Herman, of the land office, although not openly opposed to the movement, was never any too actively friendly to it. His successor will be more so. In short, everything is framing up for a general Minnesota ratification of the park scheme, and for the very possible enlargement of the park lines. It is now Col. Cooper's dream to see all that corner of Minnesota bounded on the south by a line running westward from Duluth, and bounded on the west by a line running up north from Cass Lake and through Red Lake, devoted, after its original lumbering off, to the purpose of a national playground, subject to the United States forestry regulations and patrolled regularly by a body of fire wardens chosen from among the Indians native to that country. It should be remembered that a logged-off country is not wholly unattractive if fire can be kept out of it. The Indians themselves were never guilty of great forest fires. They would make good wardens. Perhaps, after all, Col. Cooper's dream is not so visionary as to be impossible. Whether it shall expand into further success is not yet to be said, but he is very much mistaken who calls the Minnesota National Park a failure, even under its present restricted lines.

Unfound.

This week Mr. H. W. Osborn, labor agent of the Great Northern railway, dropped into this office and I asked him whether anything had ever been heard of the Great Northern official, Mr. Egan, who was lost in the Rocky Mountains near Belden, Mont., early last winter. Mr. Osborn said that the most diligent search has thus far failed to reveal any trace of the missing man, and that Mr. Egan was given up for lost by all of his friends. Search will be resumed this spring as soon as the melting of the snow renders it possible. Mr. Egan was with a friend and they started to meet two other friends at the extremity of a lake, one party being upon each side of the lake. A snow came up and in the journey toward the meeting place Mr. Egan wandered aside and did not join his friends. The falling snow at once obliterated all traces, and there all knowledge ended. His fate will probably forever be one of the secrets of the mountains.

Called.

Mr. Irby Bennett, general agent of the Winchester R. A. Co., was in town yesterday, looking well and reporting everything running at full steam and a nigger on the safety valve. Mr. Bennett was just from Kansas City, where he left Harold Money critically ill with typhoid fever. Capt. A. W. Money, of the E. C. Powder Co., had hurried to his son's bedside. The word from him was that unless a telegram was sent yesterday the news was to be supposed good. Mr. Harold Money should have passed the crisis of the disease some time yesterday, and it is much hoped that he is now upon the mend.

Gone to Texas.

Mr. Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, long famous in the shooting world, is reported to have given up his domicile at Omaha and to have removed with his family to Texas. At last accounts he was threatening to establish his residence at Rockport, Texas. Mr. Parmelee is something of a jester. Should he really have determined to drive his stake at Rockport, the chances are that he may live there at least thirty days. After that it might grow a little monotonous for one of his enterprising habits.

All About 'Coons.

A friend of mine who lives in York State writes me as below in regard to the *chasse au 'coon* as viewed from his standpoint:

"Last December you wrote a most entertaining little story about the Illinois 'coon hunt, that has been on my mind ever since, and I cannot keep still any longer, but must say just a word or two, showing how opinions can differ. Who told you that the 'coon is most apt to begin his wanderings at some hour after midnight? Not Mr. Powel, who hunts with a good pair of hounds. You have probably been imbibing 'coon lore from some such source as I took it from some years ago, when that statement was made by many to whom I looked up as persons who ought to know. Like many other ancient tales it is not founded on fact. Now, here are a few of the happenings last fall, 1902: September 19, track at 8 P. M.; treed and

captured at 8:30. October 22, treed at 7 P. M., after short run. November 1, track at 6 P. M., treed and captured at 6:50; another track found inside of half an hour, treed at 8:30. November 13, treed first one at 7:45; struck another track at 9:05, treed and captured before 11. In all we caught twelve 'coons in thirteen hunts last fall, and eighteen in eighteen hunts in the season before, 1901. As almost all of these were caught before midnight, and many of them early in the night, we have revised the rule to read, get your dogs started as soon after dark as possible, and we think we have good reason for the faith that is in us.

"All this hunting was done with the two hounds whose pictures you have. They may not be the best in the world, but are the best I know of, and are the result of 'coon dog hunting since 1896. It seems there are two ways of getting 'coon dogs. One is to keep advertising, answering advertisements, buying and trying until you find a good one and then pay what the man asks; the other to have some good friend in Byhalia or elsewhere present you with a pair. The latter plan I have never tried. Fortunate is he who has such a friend.

"The long eared black and tan, Massachusetts born and New York bred and trained, has a voice that alone is worth a trip to the woods and a night out to hear. The smaller hound was sent me by 'Old Dominion,' of White Post, Va., and is mountain bred and trained, I believe. The big dog had a record of forty-four or five in the season of 1900, but his then owner is a man who drops farming and all trivial pursuits when the 'coon season comes.

"Possibly we are not true 'coon hunters, for most of our hunts have ended before midnight, the controlling fact being that we had jobs to do the next morning. How nice it would be if there were no next morning to think about. You may have thought of this yourself.

"Why don't more people take up 'coon hunting? The game is good for the best there is in the best hounds you can get. In 1899 one old fellow kept three Virginia hounds busy for two hours and a half before he treed. Last fall one kept this pair going for three hours, and then got away."

It is always a logical fallacy for one to reason from particular to general, or from general to particular. The sportsman who observes the habits of a given game animal in one section of the country is too apt to generalize and think that those habits are the same everywhere else. Of course the writer of the above is entirely correct, as any woods wanderer can certify. I have very often engaged in 'coon hunts where we killed game long before midnight. I have sometimes tracked raccoons in the daytime upon the snow, and once shot a lazy old fellow out of the fork of a tree to which I had thus tracked him. He had been out in midday. Once in Mississippi I incurred the wrath of Col. Bobo by killing a 'coon out of a tree where it had been chased by some of his dogs in broad daylight. I think even my friends of lower Illinois, with whom I hunted last fall, would not call it a universal habit of the ring-tailed gentleman to venture forth only after midnight's holy hour had struck. Upon the other hand, it was really Mr. Powel who advised me that our chances for getting a 'coon were better after midnight than before. This statement should be regarded as accurate, for Mr. Powel is a good hunter in whatever branch of sport he undertakes. At the same time it may be capable of qualification by the statement that we were in a very much hunted country. A neighbor by the name of Litzke had some 'coon dogs and was in the habit of making a hunt nearly every night. As he no doubt got into the habit of going home along about midnight, the 'coons perhaps also got into the habit of coming out about the time he went home. Your 'coon is something of a philosopher, and not without adaptability. Perhaps herein lies the fact that later hours of the night are considered, in that part of the country, most apt to be productive of results. It requires a little enthusiasm to get up at two or three o'clock in the morning to go 'coon hunting. I am not sure whether I am so brim full of that sort of enthusiasm as I once was. I remain very well satisfied, however, that both my friends are right in their views of 'coon hunting, each from his own standpoint of environment.

Furs.

The Western office of FOREST AND STREAM still maintains its proud boast that it can get anything or do anything which anybody in any corner of the world may happen to want. Now there was our friend W. J. Dixon, formerly of Cimarron, but now of Dodge, Kans., who had been some industrious in the skunk line and had accumulated a right smart chance of fur. He wanted a market, wrote to me, got his market, sold his furs at a good price, and now writes a letter of thanks for this service. A good many of these ready-made information bureaus charge money, but the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM charges nothing but thanks.

Mr. Dixon, by the way, says he has been studying that interesting animal, the skunk, and intends before long to write a story on skunks for the FOREST AND STREAM. "I will make it a strong story," says he.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Sportsmen's Show.

FREEPORT, N. Y., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with great satisfaction your very discriminating and, in my judgment, entirely just editorial note on what was called "The Sportsmen's Show," recently closed in New York.

If Indian blankets and motor boats combine to make a show that is properly named a Sportsmen's Show, the last exhibition was a success. But there are a few who do not think that this is a proper name for such an exhibit. Personally I was greatly disappointed in the show this year and regard it as being far below any that have been held in the Garden under the above named title.

Probably a score of persons from this community who did not visit it would have done so could the exhibit have been honestly commended. I know nothing of the commercial aspect of the affair neither this year nor in any previous year, but am of opinion that two or three more like the last will exhaust the patience and interest of many who would like to attend and support a genuine Sportsmen's Show.

D. A. JORDAN.

New Jersey Game.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sunday, March 1.—This afternoon when strolling near a brook a mile or so west of here, I found many well grown spathes of the skunk cabbage—the first blossom of spring. Also saw several bluebirds.

MILHURST, N. J., March 2.—This morning I saw both crow-blackbirds and redwings, bluebirds, robins and song sparrows. In the afternoon I found skunk cabbage spathes along the brooks in several places; also found them well grown in a swamp near here.

The prospects for game in this section of central Jersey were never better. I have seen several coveys of quail within a short time, in one of which there were at least twenty birds. Reports from farmers and from local sportsmen all point to like conditions. Too late now for snows to be of much detriment to them.

Owing to our game laws forbidding tracking and shooting when snow covers the ground, lots of rabbits wintered over about here, as I have seen during the past month the snow in many places fairly pathed with their tracks. Have also in my woods rambles during the past winter seen a great many gray squirrels. So prospects all point to a first class gunning season here next fall.

A. L. L.

West Virginia.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sporstmen all over this State are busily engaged in securing signatures to a petition urging that the bill now pending in the Legislature, and known as the Greynolds bill, shall not pass.

The bill seeks to remove all restrictions against shipping game out of the State and to abolish the office of game warden.

It is also understood that there will be an effort made to do away with the present non-resident law, which requires the payment of a license fee of $25 from non-residents for the privilege of hunting in the State. If all these restrictions are removed, it will leave a wide open road for the complete extermination of the game, since the law, as it now is, allows anyone to kill all the deer they can.

EMERSON CARNEY.

A Remarkable Shot.

LAST fall Mr. F. R. Dickerman, cashier of the First National Bank, Bristol, Vt., had a singular experience which hunting small game with a 12-gauge hammerless, While stalking a gray squirrel he heard a partridge in the bushes. Soon he knocked the squirrel out of a tall tree, but on striking the ground the squirrel gathered himself and ran a short distance, stopping on a tree trunk a few feet from the ground. The second barrel laid him low. On advancing to pick him up, Mr. Dickerman heard a flutter beyond, and going a little way picked up the partridge, which had been killed by the second shot. He had not seen the partridge at all before the shooting. He recently went rabbit hunting, and the result was a game dinner for the writer and his friends.

JUVENAL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Winter-Killed Quail.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 9.—A gentleman coming in from the country to-day reports having found a bunch of quail, fourteen in number, that had been winter-killed. Owing to the unusually heavy snows and wind storms in this section the past winter, local sportsmen have feared that these birds would suffer. This is the first case, however, that has been reported of these gamest of all birds having actually perished, although many coveys have, through hunger, been driven to neighboring barnyards, where, in most instances, the farmer has generously sprinkled a quantity of wheat for their sustenance.

SNANIWEH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Rainbow Trout vs. Black Bass.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having for many years fished in the best bass waters of Canada, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and having had occasional experiences with mountain and lake trout, until lately, I have agreed cordially with Dr. Henshall in his statement concerning the black bass, viz., that it is, "inch for inch, and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims;" but last summer, in British Columbia, when fishing in an almost virgin trout river some two hundred miles from the railroad, I became acquainted with the rainbow trout, so now have to change my opinion.

The fish in the swift, cold water of this stream were plentiful, large and gamy—more gamy, in fact, than any fresh-water fish that I have ever seen. They struck fiercely, ran swiftly, jumped high and far, and fought till they were either in the landing net or on the beach; in fact, sometimes afterward, for I lost several after I thought they had been secured. It was not uncommon for them to jump six or eight times; and I don't know how many times more they would have jumped had I given them a chance, because invariably I took them in with the least possible delay.

The largest that I caught weighed 3¾ pounds; and the average weight for a day's catch was about 1 pound. In all, I had only four and a half days' fishing in this stream, three days with a companion, near a small settlement, and a day and a half alone, some twenty-five miles further up and about fifteen miles beyond the last ranche.

In one day, fishing alone, I caught fifty that weighed an even 50 pounds; and on another day my companion and I took eighty-four that weighed over 60 pounds.

A few of our fish weighed 3 pounds or more; quite a number 2 and 3 pounds, many between 1 and 2 pounds, and about half of them between half a pound and a pound. Of course, as in all waters, there were a few that weighed less than half a pound. These served to keep down the average weight, and to supply our table (or, rather, frying pan, as usually we had no table). The larger ones we either gave to the people in the little settlement or rubbed over with brown sugar and salt and took to our friends in Victoria, who pronounced them excellent when preserved in this way.

There were larger fish in this stream than any that we landed—I know because I had several of them on my line and lost them, generally by my own fault. As in the past, I had always used three flies when trout fishing, I continued to do so here. They worked well enough near the settlement, where the big fish were not so plentiful, but on a number of occasions I landed doubles and two or three times three at a time; but when I reached the virgin waters the three flies brought disaster more than once. Sometimes a big fellow would take my leader and slash the other two flies around to such an extent as to induce one or two more trout to take hold, the result being either the escape of the big one or the breaking of the leader and consequent loss of all three fish.

At the highest point of the stream which I reached, in a pool at the junction of another stream, I saw leap the largest trout that I have ever seen alive—it must have weighed nearly six pounds. With some difficulty I succeeded in placing my fly where it jumped, and in raising it, setting the hook in good shape. After playing the fish about a minute, another took hold, and I fought them both for a short space of time; then the large fellow broke loose, and I soon landed the smaller one, which weighed 2½ pounds.

The next time that I fish in those waters (which I hope will be next August), I shall put on one, or at most two, flies, and thus try to land fewer but larger fish.

In their tastes these trout appeared to be rather plebeian, for, although they did not refuse the Jock-Scotts and silver-doctors at 50 and 75 cents apiece, which I occasionally offered them, they seemed to prefer as a steady diet common every-day flies at 50 cents per dozen. One black hackle with a red body and two red streamers for a tail was specially enticing. A couple of expensive Montreal flies, presented to me on the train by a sportsman whom I met there, did not seem to find much favor. The various hackles and several varieties of coachmen gave most satisfaction; but, truth to tell, these trout were uneducated, so took readily nearly everything that I offered them. My only way to discover their special likings was to try them with three different kinds of fly in one cast, and even then the position of the fly had something to do with their choice. In still water the leader was often taken, but in swift water the said leader was generally in the air, so the tail fly was then more liable to be the one chosen.

On one occasion a small trout jumped several times clear out of the water, nearly a foot high after my leader, and finally succeeded in hooking itself. I was standing right above it on a high log, and fishing among some driftwood with a very short line, only the tail fly being in the water. The leader, which was a red hackle, must have had some special attraction for the little fellow because it could have taken the middle fly with a lower jump.

On this trip I took with me my 5 or 6 ounce Leonard fly-rod, a heavier lancewood fly-rod of English manufacture, purchased in Victoria before starting, as a reserve; a 6-foot split-bamboo bait-casting rod that I bought from that expert bait-caster Mr. J. M. Clark, of Smeltzer & Sons, Kansas City, and two Bristol steel rods. Nearly all my fishing in this stream was done with the Leonard rod, than which, in my opinion, there is no better fly-rod in the world; but I caught a few as an experiment on the bait-casting outfit, employing a very small spoon and a hanging sinker to prevent twisting the line. The fish took the spoon fairly well, and the average weight of those caught thus ran high; but the sport of fly-fishing was so much superior to that of spoon casting that I did but little of the latter. The Bristol steel rods I reserved for trolling on the lakes, of which more anon.

Although through carelessness in handling of small fish in a little brook I had partially crippled the middle joint of the Leonard rod before reaching the good fishing waters, nevertheless I preferred using it in its injured condition, after reinforcing, rather than to handle all day the heavier English fly-rod.

Before I made the up-river trip, my companion and I put in two and a half days trolling on a couple of lakes, and had fairly good luck, although none of our rainbow trout caught there weighed much more than 2½ pounds, and the number caught daily per rod was less than our average for the river fishing. On the other hand, though, the average weight of the fish was greater.

By putting on a heavy sinker and trolling at a depth of fully 100 feet, my friend one morning took two lake trout of 6 and 7 pounds weight; but, although I tried this style of fishing for a couple of hours, I was unsuccessful. These lake trout are marked something like pickerel or great northern pike, and are very heavy for their length, being apparently over-fed.

The standard formula for weight when applied to these fish was a pound shy in each case, while it fitted a number of large rainbow trout almost exactly. The reason for its failure in the case of the lake trout was probably because they had their bellies full, their girth making a sudden decrease toward the tail, near mid length, while the rainbow trout varied in circumference uniformly throughout.

My friend informed me that at first the lake trout pulled like logs, but that after they reached the surface they afforded fairly good sport.

As soon as the weather begins to get cold, which in that latitude (52 degrees) it does early in September, these fish frequent the shallow water and take a spoon readily.

Generally, trolling for trout requires such a heavy sinker that the fish cannot jump well when hooked, so the sport is spoiled thereby for a true fisherman.

Throughout the Province of British Columbia are countless lakes of all sizes, many of them teeming with trout, and in some of them no white man has ever wet a line. Some of the latter lakes were pointed out to me by my guide, a Dane, who had lived in that country for many years, and who spends a large portion of his time in hunting and fishing. There are also a great many lakes which have no trout, and which are capable of supporting them. These the Provincial Government ought to stock at once, as an inducement for American sportsmen to spend their summers in that country and leave there some of their surplus wealth.

No one who is not pretty comfortably fixed financially should go there for sport, as the stage traveling is very expensive; but after one reaches the fishing ground the usual amount of $5 per day per sportsman will cover the entire expense. Each sportsman should have a canvas boat and a complete camp outfit, beside a large supply of tackle, everything being at least in duplicate, as nothing except provisions can be purchased in the far North. Boatmen are scarce, and may have to be transported a long distance. They ask from $2 to $3 per day and all expenses.

The scenery in that country is picturesque beyond description; the air in summer is comfortably cool and very inviting; the insects, as a rule, are not troublesome; the water is pure, clear and cold; there is very little rain; and, in short, all the conditions are simply ideal for a fishing trip.

Grouse of half a dozen varieties are abundant, but the shooting season does not open till Sept. 1; and soon after that, it is said, the ducks and geese come down from the north in great numbers. Bear, deer and caribou are numerous; but it requires a special and rather expensive license for an American to shoot them; beside, the best time to get them is during the winter months.

In preparing this paper I started out with the intention of discussing the comparative game qualities of rainbow trout and black bass; and now I find myself giving a lot of information about British Columbia as a sporting country, so *"revenous à nos moutons," comme disent les Français.*

I therefore would state that, as far as my experience goes—and it is by no means a narrow one—no black bass that swims, be it large-mouth or small-mouth, can put up such a brave fight for its life as does the rainbow trout in the rivers of the far North.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I AM glad to see from your issue of 7th inst. that my old friend, Mr. Livingston Stone, is still in the land of the living, and as zealous as ever in his hobby of Fish-Culture. But I regret to see that, in his letter to Mr. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, he is not as ingenuous as I thought him when last we met on the banks of the Southwest Miramichi, when I assisted him to get the first Salmon ova he ever hatched.

He seems to think my statement of facts and figures, taken from the Public Records of Canada, does not tell the whole story because I omitted any mention of the hatcheries on the Pacific Coast, and he assures Mr. Marston that there Salmon hatching has been a prodigious success. His disingenuousness is painfully evident in his reticence as to the condition of the Salmon rivers of the Pacific Coast. All writers who have recorded what they saw on these rivers agree as to the incredible numbers of Salmon that crowd their waters. The account given by Lieut. Fred. Schwatka of what he saw in 1887 almost staggers belief. That indefatigable investigator, tireless traveler and fine Angler of the Old Guard, Mr. Charles Hallock, who, more than any other man whose writings are before the public, has made the Pacific Salmon a special study for over thirty years, writing in 1890 says, at page 12 of his instructive "Salmon Fisher:" "Upwards of 30,000,000 pounds of Salmon have been taken yearly in the Columbia River, and the canned commodity is known all over the world. Immense numbers ascend the large rivers of the Pacific Coast, moving up sometimes a thousand miles until they are ready to spawn, after which most of those that reach the upper waters perish from exhaustion. * * * During the midsummer run they swim in schools ten feet deep or more, with ranks closed up solid, so that it is impossible to thrust a spear or boat-hook into the mass without striking a salmon. In some of the estuaries on the Alaska Coast I have seen them jammed together so closely that they could not move at all; so that it is very easy to comprehend how it would be possible for a person to cross the stream dryshod if a plank were laid across their protruding backs." Again at page 48 he writes: "In the Columbia and like rivers, which extend for hundreds of miles, they die by millions, worn out and exhausted by their incredible journey; such as reach the upper beds arrive in sorry plight, mutilated, crushed and almost shapeless. Fortunate are those which have vitality enough to be able to return to the sea. Indeed, so great is the mortality that it is generally believed they never return at all."

I have now before me a letter written this year describing the Salmon-run in Fraser River, which says: "The Salmon enter this river in such enormous numbers as to stop boats. It would seem to me that the force of their own weight in rugged places would kill thousands—forcing them against the shores and rocks by pressure from behind. The weaker must succumb to the tremendous force of struggling millions, and be literally jammed to death." There would seem to be little need of hatching houses here, and yet, strange to say, there are two and others asked for. The manager of the hatching house on this river, the late Thomas Mowat, who graduated as a fish-culturist in the hatchery at Dee Side on the Restigouche, was an exceptionally clever observer, for which his experience on that great Salmon river peculiarly fitted him, states in his Reports that, in his opinion, three-fourths of the fish that reach the upper grounds perished after spawning.

I have also before me as I write the Report of a Commission appointed in 1891 to investigate the condition of this and the Skeena River, consisting of 433 pages. The Commissioners were Hon. D. W. Higgins and Sheriff Armstrong, of British Columbia, and the late Samuel Wilmot, who acted as chairman. There were 112 witnesses examined under oath, representing the canneries, the merchants, farmers, fishermen and settlers along the river. Some of these witnesses had been residing in British Columbia more than thirty years, and were of English, Scotch, Irish, United States and Canadian parentage. There was a general consensus of testimony that, though there were then twenty-two canneries in active operation, the fish were just as numerous as ever, and the death rate about the same. In that year, 1901, the canneries put up 400,000 cases of 48 pounds each, making a total of 19,200,000 pounds. The Inspector of Fisheries testified that, had the canners desired, 600,000 cases could have been packed.

Mr. Stone says in his letter: "When I first went to the Columbia, in 1877, to establish the original hatchery, there were 1,200 miles of drift nets in the lower Columbia alone, for furnishing the canneries with Salmon. Since then the nets have multiplied and there are, added to these, the destructive wheels and other murderous devices for exhausting the river. Nevertheless the supply neither fails nor diminishes. No reasonable person could believe for a moment that this enormous draft on the Salmon supply could be maintained every year unless the hatcheries turned in their millions of young fish to offset this prodigious drain on the river." But the Report of the Commission above mentioned shows that 112 of the most reasonable men in Victoria and Vancouver believed and testified on oath that for thirty years the supply had been kept up in Fraser River, and was then as great as they had ever known it to be. Mr. Stone further says that he "saw at the Karluk fishery of Kadiak Island 153,000 full-grown Salmon caught in one day in July, 1888, and that this one day's catch filled, in round numbers, a million cans. There is a hatchery here, but it cannot be quoted yet as evidence of the benefits of artificial propagation, because it has not been in operation long enough; *but it is a significant fact that the cannery men, who are ranked among the shrewdest business men of the country*, have expended on the hatchery $100,000 of their private funds."

Mr. Marston cannot fail to see that Mr. Stone has furnished no data whatever to enable him to judge for himself how successful or otherwise the hatcheries have been. Their success rests entirely on the mere *opinion* of the "enlightened public," including fishermen, cannerymen and the Fish Commissioner, "that the benefits have been enormous." I think Mr. Marston and your readers will have strong doubts about the "shrewdness" of these business men who spend $100,000 on a hatchery without informing themselves of the result of similar experiments in the United States, in Canada, in Great Britain and in Europe; especially when the end sought could be more cheaply and effectually gained by refraining from catching 153,000 fish in one day, and allowing a sufficient number to ascend to their spawning beds and reproduce their kind in the way Nature has established, and which has been so successful that their progeny are so numerous that they kill themselves in vast numbers from overcrowding. I can see no "shrewdness"—but rather the want of it—in trying to increase the number of Salmon already too great for the river and for their own health. This want of "shrewdness," however, cannot be charged on the Columbia River canners; for as long as the Fish Commission will produce young Salmon at the public expense for their benefit, they will continue to use their 1,200 miles of drift nets and their murderous wheels. They will, if Nature will let them, repeat the old story which Mr. Stone has heard and seen in the Eastern and Northern States—the old story of the St. Croix, the Penobscot, the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware and the Susquehanna, which past greed has depopulated, and which Mr. Stone confesses cannot be restocked by artificial culture.

No one knows better than Mr. Stone how complete has been the failure of Salmon culture to increase the catch in England, Scotland and Ireland; no one knows better than he that a similar failure has resulted from all the experiments made in France, Germany, Sweden and Norway; no one knows better how utterly it has failed in the Atlantic States and in Canada, and I am at a loss to know what possible motive he can have in telling Mr. Marston that its success in the Pacific States has been great and its benefits enormous, when he cannot produce a particle of evidence that a county court judge would admit that anything more has been done than collect ova, hatch fry and dump them into the rivers, as is still being done in no fewer than fourteen hatcheries in Canada, with the result shown in my reply to Mr. Marston which was printed in your issue of February 21. If my old friend will calmly study the question in the light of what has resulted from Salmon culture in Great Britain, on the continent of Europe, in the Atlantic States and in Canada, I think he will revise his present belief in its usefulness.

THE OLD ANGLER.

When is a Sea Trout a Brook Trout?

Not even the scalpels and microscopes of the scientists, the expert ichthyologists, will show them any distinguishing differences between the sea trout and the brook trout in any of those particulars on which they rely to distinguish different species.—Wm. H. Venning, Feb. 25, 1903.

This is exact truth. For one I have always admitted that there was no anatomical or structural difference between the two. But—listen, mark, and inwardly digest the points wherein I make irreconcilable distinctions. Take, for argument's sake, litters of dogs, cats, foxes, squirrels, et al., or even human twins, triplets or quartettes, if you please, which are certainly of the same family: When we observe a startling difference in their colors, dispositions, habits, choice of food, occupation, tastes, tendencies and selection of environment, do we not label and designate them differently, for sake of convenience in specification, as well as out of respect to the facts, and to help such persons as do not know them to tell them apart on these recognized lines of dissimilarity?

The twin brothers Jacob and Esau were founders of two notably distinct races of men, although of the same parents. If we admit the facts as to men, why not as to fishes?

CHARLES HALLOCK.

MARCH 6, 1903.

Salmon Propagation in Pacific Waters a Success.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was not my good fortune to see a copy of your issue of Feb. 28, and but for the kindness of a friend I should not have read Old Angler's communication in re "Artificial Salmon Culture in America," or have known that Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette, of London, had in your issue of Feb. 7 asked for authentic information as to the results of artificial cultivation of salmon in America.

The Old Angler says "That not having the reports of the United States Fish Commissioner to quote from, the writer can only state that, as far as he has been able to learn, not a single adult Pacific salmon has been taken from any waters in which millions have been planted since 1872, when Mr. Livingston Stone sent his first shipment of eyed ova from the McCloud River to the United States Fish Commission."

In answer to the desire of Mr. R. B. Marrston and to the above statement, let me briefly submit the following from the Pacific side of America: For ten years the writer was the executive officer of the Fish Commission of the State of California, and for the past thirteen years has devoted almost his entire time to the study of the life and the propagation of Pacific salmon. In writing, in 1901, upon the results of the propagation of salmon (*O. tschanytscha*) in California, the writer stated briefly that:

"In reviewing the history of the salmon and its propagation in the Sacramento River, we find that under natural conditions, before the natural spawning grounds had been destroyed, the catch in 1873 was a little over five million pounds. Hatcheries were established in 1874, and 2,000,000 fry were annually planted up to 1884, when the hatcheries were closed for four years. In 1878 the catch was 6,500,000 pounds. The annual catch reached its greatest in 1880, when 10,837,000 pounds were taken, and the catch in each of the ensuing years was over 9,000,000 pounds. Beginning with the fourth year following the close of the hatcheries, the catch annually decreased until 1892, when the lowest figures were reached, only 3,484,000 pounds being taken, when the effect of the resumption of the hatchery work was again made manifest. The catch has annually increased. The census for 1899, issued by the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, gives the catch for that year as 7,232,645 pounds, and the catch for 1901 is placed by authorities at about 9,000,000 pounds.

In this connection it should be remembered that the establishment of manufactories, the diversion of waters for irrigation, extensive mining and agricultural methods during the last ten years have almost entirely destroyed the natural spawning grounds of the salmon in the Sacramento River. The propagation of salmon in California alone maintains the run of these fish in her streams. This statement cannot be, and is not, questioned by any authority on the subject."

The Reports of the United States Fish Commission and those of the California Fish Commission have given full attention to the work in California and contain ample evidence of the success met with there since Mr. Livingston Stone began his great work.

The reports of the fish commissions of Oregon and Washington contain evidence of the success of salmon propagation in their waters. Not only are the catches of salmon in the Columbia River shown to be increasing—after years of steady decline—but young salmon liberated from the United States Fish Commission station at Clackamas, in Oregon, after being marked, have been recaptured upon their return to the Columbia River as adults.

The evidence from California is more complete than from any other Pacific State for the reasons that greater attention has been given it; the figures of the catch have been preserved; propagation has been carried on for a longer period, and that from the limited nature of her salmon waters results can be more readily shown. The California Fish Commission has not confined its efforts to the propagation of Pacific salmon.

The *Salmo salar sebago* was introduced into some of the lake waters in California as early as 1878, and scattering plants have been made up to 1898. The eyed-ova was shipped from Maine. The records show that a total of 96,550 of these fry have been liberated there and that the fry of the early shipments were weak and gave little promise of survival. Adult specimens of these landlocked salmon have been taken from Lake Tahoe and some of the smaller lakes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. They are not numerous, but they are there.

The Eastern brook trout (*S. fontinalis*) were introduced into California in 1872, and the State has propagated them nearly every year since. For the past fifteen years the eggs have been obtained from local waters. These fish have thrived in all suitable waters and are now found in abundance in many of the lakes and streams in the Yosemite Valley region and in many other less known sections.

Similar results have been obtained with the *Salmo fario.*

In addition to the above it is interesting and to the point to note that in 1879 and 1882 a total of only 450 fingerling striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) were successfully transported from the Atlantic Coast and liberated in the waters of the Sacramento River in California. These fish were unknown to any Pacific waters, and no others than the before-mentioned 450 were ever liberated there. Yet these fish began to be taken in 1888, and as early as 1892 the catch is shown to have been 56,209 pounds. Their increase has been marvelous. In 1900 over 1,500,000 pounds were taken from California waters. Similar results followed the introduction of the shad.

In commenting upon these results, Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission, says:

"Of scarcely less consequence than the actual results of shad and striped bass introduction on the west coast is the important bearing which the success

of the experiment must have in determining the outcome of artificial propagation in regions in which it is not possible to distinguish, with satisfactory accuracy, the natural from the artificial conditions. If these far-reaching results attend the planting on a few occasions of small numbers of fry in waters to which the fish are not indigenous, is it not permissible to assume that more striking consequences must follow the planting of enormous quantities of fry year after year in native waters. There is no reasonable doubt that the perpetuation of the extensive shad fisheries in most of the rivers of the Atlantic coast has been accomplished entirely by artificial propagation. On no other supposition can the maintenance and increase of the supply be accounted for."

It appears to the writer that these facts from California are a sufficient answer to Old Angler and the "certain scientific gentlemen in England who deny that salmon culture, by means of hatching houses, has been a success anywhere, so far as stocking rivers with fish or increasing the catch is concerned." and will enable Mr. R. B. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, to combat the statements of "these gentlemen who have looked for fish and found only oodles of ova and figures of fry." If they do not, then let them read the reports of the United States and the California Commission, or consult Dr. Hugh M. Smith, Mr. Livingston Stone, Mr. A. W. Wilcox, Mr. A. B. Alexander, or Mr. Cloud Rutter, all of the United States Fish Commission; Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, late of the California Commission, or Mr. A. C. Little, ex-fish commissioner of the State of Washington. The above-mentioned gentlemen are well-known experts, who have made themselves familiar with the results of salmon culture on the Pacific coast.

As to the results of salmon propagation on the Atlantic coast, the writer is not qualified to write. Let the Eastern experts answer for that part of America.

Successful propagation does not consist in filling the hatcheries with "oodles of eggs" and the planting of "figures of fry" at the alevin stage. The eggs must be carefully handled, and the fry liberated must be strong healthy fish of sufficient age and strength to give promise of success. Where this has been done in the hatcheries on the Pacific coast, with the ova of any of our Pacific salmon, success has been attained.

JOHN PEASE BABCOCK,
Fisheries Commissioner.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 4.

The Massachusetts Association Dinner.

IT was a goodly company which gathered on Monday night of this week in the banquet hall of the New Algonquin Club, Boston, for the twenty-ninth annual dinner of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. President James Russell Reed presided, and the members present were: Messrs. Wm. Almy, Butler Ames, L. G. Blair, T. G. Brewer, A. W. Burke, C. R. Byram, Jr., W. O. Blake, Dr. Heber Bishop, Paul Butler, E. H. Clement, Dr. Wm. M. Conant, Gilmer Clapp, Mr. Cory, George Clark, Harry Dutton, W. L. Davis, W. W. Davis, S. W. Davis, H. S. Dodd, H. W. Dodd, O. R. Dickey, C. W. Dimick, Robert F. Ford, Chas. F. Ford, J. Fulton, C. K. Fox, Dana J. Flanders, L. N. Godfrey, R. S. Gray, M. D. W. Green, T. N. Genoud, I. L. Halman, T. H. Hall, C. W. Hutchings, Mr. Hastings, John Hopewell, W. S. Hinmann, Bernard Hyneman, C. D. Holmes, H. H. Hartung, M.D.; Col. Haseltine, T. H. Johnson, Secreary H. H. Kimball, C. D. Lewis, T. F. Mullen, Her. Merriam, E. L. Osgood, Mr. Rich, C. W. Parker, H. M. Pinkham, W. Pitcher, M. H. Richardson, Com. Roberts, B. W. Rockwood, George J. Raymond, W. G. Rose, Mr. Robbins, G. O. Sears, S. W. Smith, A. C. Sylvester, W. H. Sweatt, S. Sterne, A. D. Thayer, H. W. Tufts, J. H. White, A. R. Whittier, Mr. Whiton, Mr. Whidden, J. H. Young, J. C. Young, C. York.

The guests were Prof. Richard Richard L. Garner, the famous investigator of simian speech; Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of the Harvard University psychological laboratory; Rev. Julian C. Jaynes, of Newton; Hon. Wm. H. Phinney, of Lynn, secretary of the Legislative Committee on Fish and Game and chairman of the Central Committee of the associated Massachusetts fish and game protective clubs; Commissioners Collins and Delano, and C. B. Reynolds.

It was a social occasion, yet one pervaded through and through with enthusiasm for the special work to which the Association is committed. President Reed congratulated the members upon the very substantial achievements of the year and the bright promise for the future. The Association, he said, is accomplishing its purpose; it is a live force in the community, and in its undertakings it enjoys the hearty cooperation and valued support of three agencies—the press, which is heartily with it, the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, who are energetic, active, capable and efficient; and the associated clubs representing different localities throughout Massachusetts, which have united their influence and activities to achieve the common end. The law prohibiting the sale of woodcock and grouse, he declared, was the best law ever adopted for the protection of Massachusetts game.

Responding for the legislative committee, Hon. Wm. H. Phinney expressed his confidence that the important measures now before the Legislature would be disposed of, each in a way to promote fish and game interests. There is every reason to believe that the amendment making permanent the anti-sale law, which otherwise would expire by limitation in July, will be adopted, for the sentiment throughout the Commonwealth is overwhelmingly in its support. The law to reduce the penalty for killing a deer from $100 to $25, and the measure providing for a reorganization of the fish commission, will, it is believed, not receive the sanction of the Legislature.

Rev. Mr. Jaynes gave an eloquent appreciation of the outdoor recreations of rod and gun as upbuilding work." said he, "when cares and troubles come in work," said he, "When cares and troubles come in and sleep is banished from my eyelids, I have no use for sedative drugs, but recalling some woodland stream known of old, I wander once again along its banks, casting my flies upon its waiting pools, here entering the shade of the dense forest and again emerging into sunlit openings, where pleasing landscapes lie spread out before the eye, and so in retrospect conjured up from the days of the past, with the sound of the placid waters in my ears, and the odor of balsam greeting my nostrils, I fall into pleasant dreams.

"I felicitate you elders, that by your experiences in the woods and on the streams you have provided for yourselves such rich stores of memory, and you younger ones that, by your excursions afield, you are preparing for yourselves solace for the years that are to come."

Mr. Jaynes received much sympathy in his confession of a long standing wrong he had committed against one of the members of the Association. "Some years ago," said he, "as we were grouped about the camp fire in the north, and the stories went round, as they do go around camp fires, I related in a modest and diffident way certain of my own achievements in fishing, when one of the company approached me and with a sob in his voice, gave into my hands a small leather case. 'Take it,' said he, 'I have carried it long, but it is yours.' I opened the case and looked in. It contained a gold medal inscribed ANANIAS II. You may remember that at the Association dinner four years ago I related this incident and exhibited to you the medal. I have now to confess that in having retained this badge of distinction during all these years, I have committed a grievous wrong to a member of your Association; for at the dinner to which I have referred this member said to me, commenting upon my ownership of the token of superiority, 'I never have to stretch the truth when I am telling about what I have done in the field, for my game bag is always heavy when I come home and my creel is always full. The simple statement of the actual fact, backed by such substantial testimony is enough for me.' When he said that, I recognized on the instant that the medal should be his; but I was proud of that medal, and I retained it, and took it home and put it up where my eye might often fall upon it and I might gain inspiration from it. But all through these years I have had the accusing consciousness that it belonged not to me, but to him. Here, then, to-night, publicly, in your presence, I make restitution by giving it over to the one to whom it rightfully belongs and who alone should wear it—President Reed. Now my conscience is clear." And while the company applauded Mr. Reed accepted the gift with a countenance upon which modesty and a grateful consciousness of deserved recognition of merit contended for the mastery.

The presence of Professor Garner had special appropriateness, because, as he related, it was due to the financial support of some of the members of the Association that he had been enabled to prosecute his studies in Africa. It is rarely that a company of sportsmen have the privilege of listening to such an intensely interesting account of hunting and nature study as that which he gave, as he reviewed in outline his recent experiences in studying simian speech and intelligence. "As a hunter rather than a sportsman," said he, "I have traversed the game regions of three continents. In my last experience in Africa, where I was duly installed as the white king of a village of natives, it was a part of my kingly duties to provide my subjects with meat; and this I did by hunting the buffalo. The African buffalo is a creature very different from the American bison. It is exceedingly savage, charging its pursuer with great fury and ferocity, and demanding efficient arms and a steady nerve in the encounter. The hunting grounds are a combination of jungle so dense in parts that nothing but a snake or a rodent can penetrate it, and there are vast expanses of plain consisting of grass as high as one's head, interspersed with numerous sloughs, in which the water reaches from the waist to the shoulders, and progress through which sets free noxious and deadly gases. The hunting grounds are infested with pythons, which prey upon the buffalo, and after one of my hunting men had been swallowed by a python it gave me a creepy feeling to go over the ground alone, as I was often obliged to do."

Professor Garner's work on this expedition consisted in part of experiments to determine whether apes possess a comprehension of dimension, shape and color. Among the tests made were some with a series of boards, in which were cut holes square, round and triangular, with blocks to fit into the holes. With a number of the chimpanzees experimented upon, it was found that after a little practice, being encouraged by rewards of tid-bits to eat, they would fit the square block into the square hole, the round block into the round hole, and with greater difficulty could distinguish between the square and the triangular blocks. Further test was made by painting upon the square block a round black disk, and upon the circular block a square black disk. This produced at first considerable confusion and difficulty, but in the end some of the chimpanzees became expert in fitting each block into its right hole, irrespective of the shape of the disks painted upon it. Other experiments consisted in providing holes of different dimensions with corresponding blocks, and in the placing of these the subjects displayed a certain degree of proficiency.

The subject of animal psychology was further pursued by Professor Munsterberg, who described some of the experiments in this field which are being conducted in the Cambridge Laboratory of Animal Psychology. Many of the movements of the lower forms of animal life, which are popularly credited to consciousness on the part of the subject, laboratory study appears to demonstrate may be explained as due only to reflex action with no more consciousness involved than is present in a beheaded frog, which, when an irritant is applied to its skin, will respond with movements to free itself from the irritation.

The professor exhibited a box tortoise, which had been made to seek its food by passing through a labyrinth; and, whereas, when first put to the task, it required an hour and a half to find its way, it could now pass through the labyrinth in a few minutes.

The progress of the dinner and the speaking was punctuated and enlivened with song, an excellent quartette being in attendance; and Mr. T. H. Hall, familiarly known to the members as "dear old Tom Hall," rendered several songs with great effect, among them these:

In the Good Old Summer Time.

(A la Clearwater Club.)

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
We journeyed to the State of Maine
With our rod and line,
To catch the salmon and frisky trout
In a manner that was quite sublime;
But our blessed breath was all we caught,
In the good old summer time.

A Chorus.

Chorus:
Good-by, trolley, we must leave you,
Soon our joyous cry will be;
"Subs and L" will not be needed
In the woods or by the sea.

First time:
Soon will nature have her opening,
'Read her "ads" 'neath azure sky;
Then you'll learn of priceless bargains
Money cannot buy.

Second time:
Winter's back will soon be broken,
Spring gates will be ajar;
Forth we'll go with voices ringing,
Good-by, trolley car.

Another.

Chorus:
Just one bite, only just one bite,
All day fishing and only have just one bite;
But, alas! 'tis as sure as fate,
Fish won't rise to a man who has brought no bait.

The Care of Fishing Rods.

AFTER having used a fishing rod enough so that it becomes a favorite it is apt to increase in value much beyond its original cost to the owner. Below are a few suggestions which, if followed, will add years to the life of a rod.

In jointing put the tip in middle joint first, then push it from you, unite the middle joint with butt. In threading line through rings be careful and not rest the butt of rod where it is liable to be stepped upon by a companion. If during a day's fishing your rod should take a set give the line a pull in opposite direction, enough to take set out. When you stop fishing for the noonday lunch, or for any other reason, do not rest your rod where the sun strikes it, particularly if it be a split bamboo, as the heat is liable to start the glue. When the day's fishing is over, after removing hook or cast, be sure that you do not leave a knot in line, as it sometimes happens in reeling up a knot will catch in top and cause the breaking of a tip. After unjointing, dry rod with a soft cloth. Before putting in case glance over each piece and remove set by bending in opposite direction. If ferrules stick apply a little oil or tallow (tallow is the best) to the male ferrule, which will make ferrules work smoothly together and prevent sticking.

At the end of the season look your rods over carefully and have necessary repairs made on same. Rods that receive considerable use should have a coat of good varnish each season. The tips of bait-casting rods receive very hard use, and if from the wetting they receive by reeling line through guides it is found they need it, apply a coat of varnish during season. Put your rods away for the winter in a cool place, otherwise you will find in the spring the artificial heat has caused wood to shrink more or less and ferrules and reel seat will have to be reset. If you do not use a wood form for your rod, be careful and not tie rod bag so tight that joints will be kept bent. If your rod be a steel one be sure that it is well dried before putting away, particularly around ferrules. Steel rods are made to stand lots of hard use, but a little rust around ferrules may play havoc with them.

The above suggestions may seem quite unnecessary to old anglers, but will possibly be some assistance to young ones.

CHAS. C. ELLIOTT.

ELGIN, Ill., Jan 25.

Fly-Casting at New York.

IN the report of the fly-casting at the Sportsmen's Show in our last issue, reference was intended to be made to the absence of Mr. T. B. Mills, but the name of William Mills was inadvertently given.

In the single-hand bait-casting contest of March 7, Mr. C. J. Tormey, of San Francisco, won with 110 feet. Mr. Levison did not cast. He was a judge of the event.

CORTLAND, N. Y., March 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to call your attention to error in your report of Anglers' Tournament in your March 14 issue, as to Class V., Thursday evening, March 5. My record was eighty-six feet six inches. R. C. Leonard and L. S. Darling, officials, the latter with Abercrombie & Fitch, 314 Broadway, New York City, will substantiate this assertion. I only used about two minutes of my allotted five.

I had reported the correct score, and have been subjected to adverse criticism and some humiliation owing to your report, which is considered official by the general public.

We had good sport among ourselves, and personally I was not out for records of any kind, only used my regular fishing equipments.

W. D. CLOYES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been informed that there were some errors in the scores of the fly-casting contests at the Sportsmen's Show which I reported for you. I regret this very much, as I

prepared my reports carefully. Whenever it was possible I obtained the figures from the judges or the referee. At other times the official scorer was asked for correct figures. Sometimes he gave them to me, but at others he declined, referring me to the press room, where they were posted. The press reports were not always correct, as shown by the scores of the last afternoon, when the press report stated that the contest for bass flies was "won by H. W. Hawes, with a cast of 94 feet 4 inches." As a matter of fact, R. C. Leonard won the event the last afternoon, which was for single-handed bait-casting, with a score of 128 feet 7½ inches. Had I taken the press room figures, which I did not do, I would have fallen into the same error that the daily press did next morning, when it ignored Mr. Leonard's high record and printed as Saturday afternoon's score the score made Friday night.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Yachting.

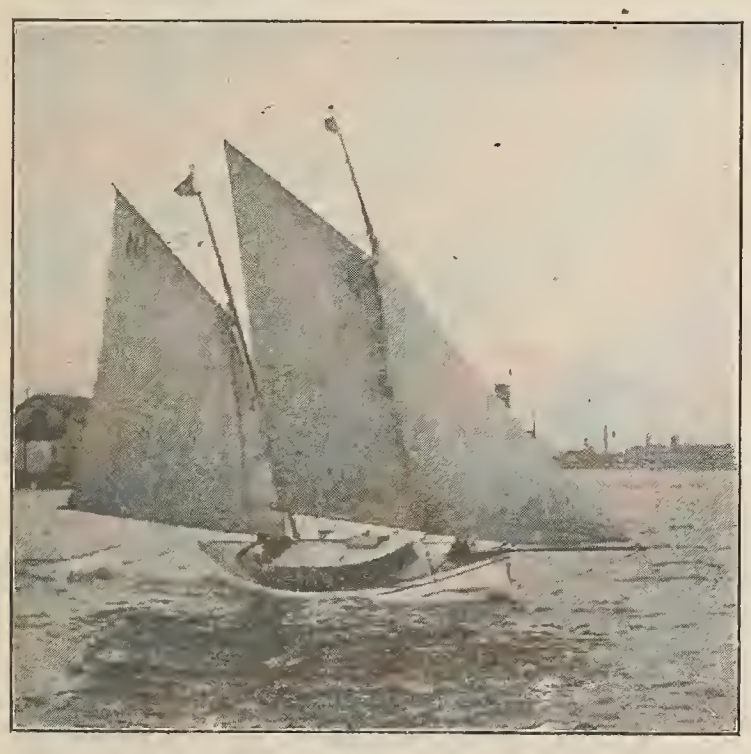
The Cruise of Tainui.

BY L. E. MARSH, TORONTO.

Winner of First Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

THIS is the plain tale of a seventeen days' cruise on Lake Ontario, a trip as chockful of excitement as a mule is of kick. We got everything on that voyage, from the tail end of a cloudburst, black squalls, and good old sou'easters to gentle zephyrs and Paddy's hurricanes—plenty of the latter particular brand. Even the Skipper with all his years of experience could not predict what we would get an hour hence. In fact he gave up after the first week out and settled down to make the best out of what Providence willed in the way of wind and weather. The entire summer on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario had been peculiar. The weather man up in the Toronto observatory surrounded by all his delicate instruments and the grizzled old fisherman on the beach were equally as wild in their weather prognostications. If either predicted a storm, a half a hurricane from the nor'west, it blew a dead clam. If either foretold a warm spell you wore your light coats. It was indeed a peculiar summer, the first in Ontario in which cyclones of however small proportions could be recorded.

But to get back to the trip. The journey was made in the yacht Tainui of the National Yacht and Skiff Club of Toronto. We started the cruise on July 26, and it was Aug. 12 before Tainui was again fraternizing with her home mooring.



TAINUI UNDER SAIL.

Though Tainui is of the general build and is generally referred to as a Mackinac she is in reality a schooner. She is 24 feet 6 inches over all, her water-line is 23 feet 6 inches, and her beam 8 feet. She is a chunky, full-bodied boat, sharp fore and aft, with flat floors amidships, and is very staunchly built. She is planked clinker fashion. Tainui draws 18 inches with her board up and 5 feet with the plate down. The centerboard is of half inch steel and weighs about 300 pounds. An iron shoe split for the centerboard extends from stem to stern outside the keel. This weighs 400 pounds. She carries but little inside ballast for a craft of her class, some 600 pounds. Tainui's foremast, which is 30 feet long, is right up into the eyes of her, while the mainmast, 28 feet long, is stepped just aft of her cabin trunk. Her jib was carried out upon a nine-foot horn. Upon her foremast Tainui spread 198 square feet of canvas, while her mainsail contained 12 square feet more. The jib accounted for 106 square feet of her total spread of 514 square feet. Both spars were well braced. The foremast had a pair of quarter-inch shrouds and a forestay of similar thickness, while the mainmast boasted of a double set of shrouds of the same diameter. All the shrouds were set up with deadeyes and lanyards. To steady her spars, when we were pounding into a heavy sea, or driving before a stiff breeze, we had what we called "jumper stays." These were of half inch manila. One was spliced to the foremast just over the shroud eyes, the other to the mainmast in the same position. When called into use the fore jumper stay was carried aft to the mainmast, just below the goose-neck band, and hauled taut, while the main jumper stay was carried forward and made fast under the goose-neck band on the foremast. This braced her masts up wonderfully and to their use we credit the fact that we returned from the trip with the same pair of sticks in her as we departed with from the harbor.

So much for the craft; now for the crew. There were four of us. The Skipper was Rear Commodore Commeford, of the National Club. He is the owner of Tainui, and though only 25 years of age, has been sailing in craft of his own for ten years. The man dignified with the title of Mate, is the historian of this cruise, L. E. Marsh. I learned the game under the skipper's tuition and have been sailing for four years. Charles Culham, the only other member of the crew who knew a peak halyard from the bobstay plate eye, is 19 years of age, and has been blistering his hands, rousing in sheets, for a matter of three years. He was the only man on the cruise who could not swim like an otter, but it did not matter how wildly she was plunging about, Culham sprinted around the deck as lively as the best of us. The last, but not

TAINUI IN WINTER QUARTERS.

least, physically speaking at any rate, was the "lobster" of the crew, Fred. Clark, of Orangeville, aged 22 years. Clark knew more about a lacrosse stick and the mysteries of the Canadian national game than he did about the foresail reefing gear, but he was an apt pupil, and being naturally handy with his hands and feet soon became a fair to middling sailor. He got his sea legs the first day out, and after that was as much at home on her when she was rolling about as were those who had been sailing on the little schooner all season.

Now for the trip!

To be brief we went around Lake Ontario, cutting off a bit at both ends. In all we covered 514 miles and called at 31 ports.

We left Toronto at 2.30 P. M., Saturday, July 26. The club had a cruising race to Port Credit, 12 miles west, and, though we were bound for the Thousand Islands at the eastern end of the lake, we decided to take in the race. It blew half a gale from the east when the starting gun was fired. Tainui jumped away in fifth place in a fleet of eight skiffs, half raters and mackinacs. Running free, with their boards hauled up, the flat-bottomed, scow-like skiffs skated along at a lively gait. With our sails wing and wing we held on. Half way the wind shifted off shore and we closed down and headed up. We were sixth when the wind shifted, but before the other boats took advantage of the shift, we were a quarter mile to weather and in an excellent position. Then rain squalls came. Down we went to the rail and away we plunged with the wind abeam. We were going well and had pulled up with the leaders when the wind shifted back astern and we "wung" out our canvas again. Then another squall struck us. Out of a race, prudence would have caused us to round up and dowse our foresail, but a race is a race. We carried on every stitch. Two miles from the piers there was a crash from aloft and we were left like a gull winged by a hunter. Our foregaff had carried away at the jaws and only the lower half of the foresail was working.

"Take her in," roared the Skipper, but everything fouled in that abominable gaff and we did not get that tangle straightened out for ten minutes.

"Bind a dinghy oar across the break and do it quick," cried the man at the helm. We fell all over ourselves in the hurry, but managed to make the repair in respectable time. We chased the foresail aloft again and squared away for the harbor, now a scant half mile away. The squalls still dropped thick and fast, but, though we carried on through them all, the best we could do was fourth, only two hundred yards astern of the first boat. Just as the six-foot seas hurled us into the narrow channel we found another craft blockading our entrance. We rounded up as best we could in the 40-foot gap and dropped our canvas, but found we were drifting down upon the leeward pier, a collection of broken and rotted spiles.

"Get the dinghy," shouted Commeford. We dumped the dinghy off the cabin top, where we had carried it during the race, but discovered that she was useless, one oar still being lashed to the broken gaff.

"The hooks," roared the man in command. Down went the anchor, but before the flukes settled home we were upon the piles. I went at the gaff lashings with a knife, while the other three tried to hold her off. Just as it seemed as if nothing would save her from staving a hole in herself I got the oar free and sprang into the dinghy. A sea threw me prostrate, but I stuck to the oar, and in a moment was towing for dear life. For an instant I failed to move her; then she forged ahead an inch. I tugged on the blades with renewed energy. Inch by inch, foot by foot she came and we reached the shelter of the weather pier. Then the work was easy. As soon as we anchored we stripped the gaff and hustled off with it to the shipyard. Fortunately we had a surplus on the gaff and to make repairs all we had to do was to move the jaws back a foot.

The rain came down in torrents just after we made the harbor, but cleared away in an hour, and the wind, true to the old saying anent wind before rain, dropped dead.

About nine o'clock a bit of a breeze sprang up off shore and we hove the anchor aboard and put out. Half an hour later we were sorry. The breeze was fickle and we doddled along with the booms slatting dismally across the decks from the dead roll from the east. About midnight we all turned in except the Skipper.

"Lou! Lou! get up quick, we're going to get a bad one," was the cry which awoke me at two o'clock. It also awakened Clark and Culham. I tumbled up in double quick time and so did the rest of the crew. Half awakened, we all reached the cabin door at once and each not seeing the other dove at the opening. The result was a jam and bumped heads. We untangled and struggled out into the cold. It did look dirty, but we concluded to carry our muslin and try and make Long Branch pier before it broke. The threatened storm did not break before we reached the pier, but we got another scare before we reached our point. The storm of the afternoon had amounted almost to a cloudburst in the neighborhood of Toby Creek and had torn down trees, washed away boat houses and wrecked skiffs. In the darkness we ran into a floating tree and the Skipper for an instant thought we were ashore. When we reached Long Branch we tied up with one anchor on the pier and the other out over the stern. It rained hard before we succeeded in making snug for the night, but it was bright and clear when we awoke at daybreak. A plunge overboard chased away the cobwebs, and soon all was activity. We split up into two watches. One watch cleaned ship, while the other wrestled with the breakfast problem. After breakfast we whistled for wind, for a couple of hours, and finally, at nine o'clock, set sail in a zephyr from the southeast. Half an hour later the crew to a man was in swimming while the wind chased the mast hoops up and down the spars. An hour later we got some more of it from the southeast and starting the little schooner's sheets a trifle, headed on a compass course for Port Dalhousie across the lake. It was a shifty bit of wind. Now we could lay Charlotte and the next thing we were heading for Hamilton, still on the same tack. Every time we came about to take the wind over the other quarter the breeze shifted back to its original quarter. The zephyr tantalized us all morning, but gained strength in the early afternoon, and we raised the southern shore about two o'clock. We were just between Port Dalhousie and the mouth of the Niagara. The day was brilliant and we were skylarking to and fro, but the Skipper was fidgetty. When he wasn't shifting his seat he was shifting his sheets.

"I don't like this," he exclaimed suddenly. Something in his tone checked the skylarkers.

"What's wrong," chorused his trio of fellow voyagers.

"I don't know," he replied. "But I feel as if we were going to get it this afternoon."

"Let her come; anything's better than drifting," exclaimed Culham as he hunted up a biscuit. It did look a little threatening in the west.

Half an hour later we got all that was coming to us, and also what was coming to a few score other fellows, as the Skipper remarked, after the fun was over. The wind shifted around to the westward like a flash and then dropped dead. But we were not without wind for five minutes. It came moderate for a while and we were happy, for the Tainui was bowling along at a five-knot clip. Suddenly on the horizon appeared a long line of white.

"Here she comes! Get that foresail in. Quickly," shouted Commeford.

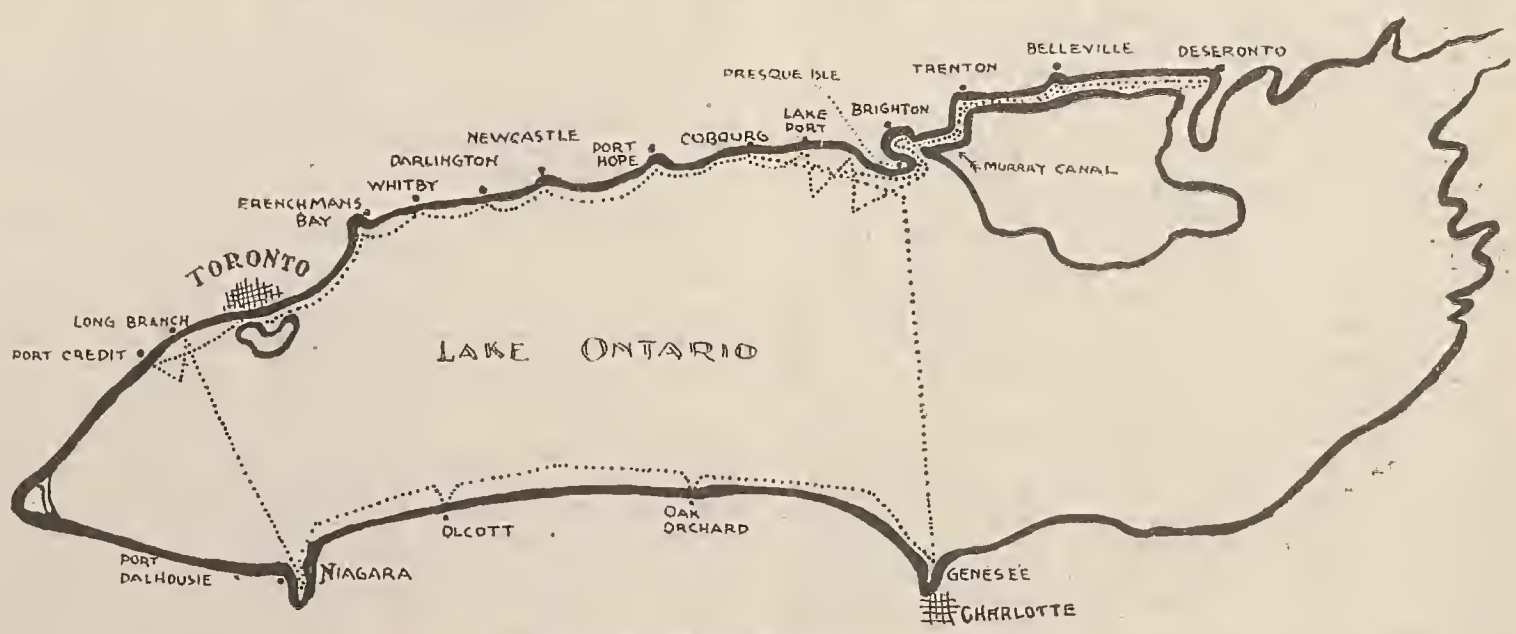
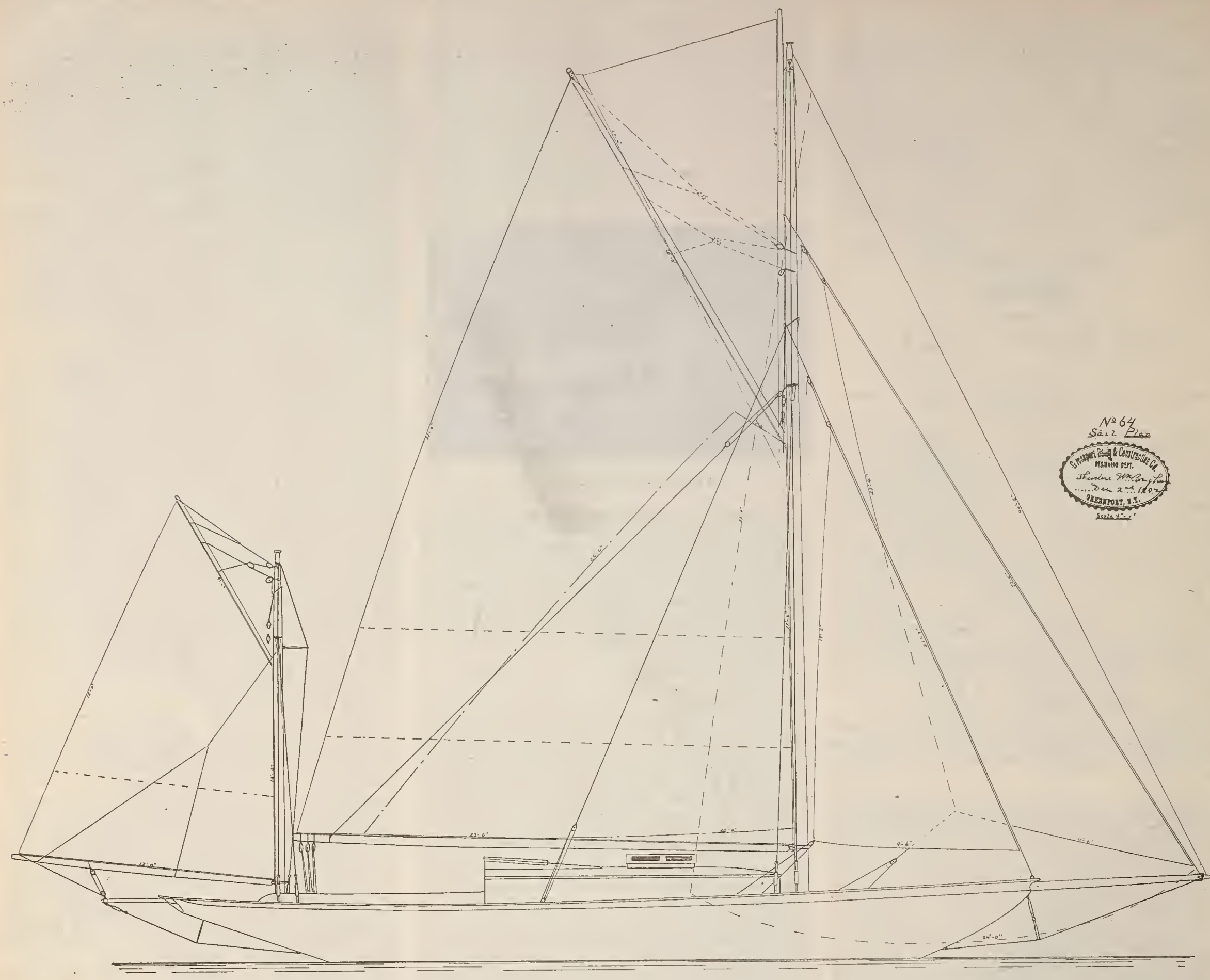


CHART OF COURSE TAKEN BY TAINUI.

Clark and I ran forward. Before we got the topping lifts up the squall was upon us. The sail came down with a run and while the Skipper kept her sailing we furled it.

The first squall was a hot one, but we weathered it safely. We had just settled down to sail her again, and were debating the advisability of hoisting away the foresail, when the sky suddenly darkened, and a black squall, of the genuine old brew, struck us. Culham started the jib sheet, and I raced forward to dowse it. I went out upon the horn to unsnap the canvas from the forestay,



CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY THEODORE W. BRIGHAM FOR B. H. WELLS, 1903.

Before I got out upon the horn the schooner was down on her beams-end, and even the flapping jib was dragging her into it broadside. She went down until the water threatened to pour into her, but the Skipper stuck to the mainsheet, and she gradually rounded up into it. Had he started the main sheet in the excitement that squall would have surely turned her over. With both legs wrapped around the horn guys, I strove to get in that headsail. Several times I had to let go, and hang on, but finally I succeeded in getting the jib aboard, and Culham and the Skipper gathered in the mainsail, and we let her drift. The squall brought up a six-foot sea and soon we were bobbing about like a cork awaiting a subsidence of the wind.

Finally, for occupation's sake, we reefed the jib and mainsail and during a lull hoisted them away. Away we went at a nice clip for about two minutes and then the wind dropped light and we commenced to roll.

"Hoist the foresail."

We cast off the gaskets, and had just seized the halyards when another squall, which seemed to embody all the spent fury of the preceding two, dropped upon us. When I went out to gather in the jib this time, the schooner, rising on a heavy sea, jabbed me clean through the next roller. I clung on, I knew not how, and resumed my labor. I got a second ducking before I got that jib inboard. As soon as I came aboard the Skipper's voice roared out to me, above the shrill harping of the wind through the wire rigging and the clatter of the halyards against the spars, "Lend a hand, or the rudder's gone;" I hurried aft. A sea had swamped our dinghy, and the schooner had backed down upon the waterlogged little craft, and now she was threatening our rudder, which hung outboard upon gudgeons and pintles. Clark's broad back was bowed, as he swung around a precarious footing on the counter, and pulled mightily upon the side of the dinghy. Canny Culham, with his feet jammed under a seat in the cockpit, leaned over the side and heaved upon the little craft, but she stirred not. There was half a ton of water in her. The Skipper passed her painter forward and we dragged her alongside. There was nothing to cling to between the stays, and to fall overboard meant an undertaker's bill, for no swimmer could live in such a turmoil of water, but all four let go and took a chance. We needed that dinghy. As Tainui raised upon a big sea we bent to our task, overturned the dinghy, and hoisted her across the cabin top. The next plunge sent Clark headlong into the cockpit, while the Skipper and I seized the sidestays and gripped tightly. Culham took a flying leap across the deck and wound up with his arms around the furled foresail. The dinghy slid across the cabin top.

"She's gone," shouted the Skipper disconsolately, but she stopped on the deck's edge and Culham from his point of safety gaily waved the dinghy's painter end. In the plunge he had seized the painter and had passed it around the foreboom. It was a quick bit of work and saved us our dinghy, for, had she gone adrift, we would not have dared to spread canvas to follow her. We had no time to congratulate Charlie, for we were threshing about in a manner decidedly hard upon the nerves.

"Get a sea anchor out," shouted the Skipper. I looked around. I didn't see any sea anchor and had but a hazy idea of what such a contrivance looked like. Culham passed up a pail. "Send that out," he called. I did, and the pail sank like a stone, and did us no good. Tainui was broadside on and plunging like a broncho fresh haltered in the seas, which were now about ten feet high—they seemed forty—and as far as eye could reach the lake was covered with cotton-topped waves. The livid threatening green of the lake water, the black lined sky, the whitecaps of the waves and the yellowish gold of the western sky, formed a symphony of color of surpassing magnificence, but we did not stop to admire. All we considered at that moment were the teeth of the menacing waves.

"Send out the jib for a sea anchor," called the Skipper, as he shied a coil of stout bolt rope at me.

I wound my legs about the foreshrouds, tied a rope's end to each corner of the reefed jib, and set adrift, with about twenty feet of line. Before I dropped the jib overboard, I cast off the reef points, leaving the reefing gear at leach and luff, still fastened, and equalized the three lines attached to the corners of the sail. The jib filled with water, bellied out and partly hauled her head to the wind. Still she plunged and rolled, the wind blew harder than ever, and the seas pounded us broadside on. The clouds blotted out the shoreline and left us in solitude to fight it out with the elements. The wind blew so hard we could not keep our caps on our heads and still from the westward poured the whitecapped myrmidons of the storm king—a thousand thousand—each bent it seemed to us, upon our destruction. Any one, had it boarded us, would have filled the craft to the combings and left us, waterlogged, at the mercy of the seas.

"Let go both anchors; they'll help keep her head to the seas," said the man at the stick. Of course our supply of chain would not reach within a hundred feet of the bottom, but the weight dragged her head around a trifle, but still she rolled almost broadside on. The wind had shifted around into the southwest, and the pressure kept her lying broadside to the seas, which still rolled in from the west. A big fellow would bear down upon us looking large enough to simply swallow us, but when she rolled into us, that chubby, little white craft would simply walk up the wall of green water, and nestle a second or two in the foam on the crest. Then she would slide down the farther side, like a toboggan down a shoot the chutes, and would ride up the side of the next one like a feather. It was hard enough to hold on without doing anything, but there was work to do. In the plunges Tainui carried away the ropes of the improvised sea anchor. To renew those ropes was a ticklish job. It took three of us to do it. I did the work while Clark and Culham kept me from falling overboard. Culham slipped a halyard end around my waist and took a turn around the foremast, while Clark fastened his fingers in my belt behind and wound his legs around the shrouds. When we got the jib alongside everything was in a tangle. There was no time to waste untying knots, so we went at the tangle with a knife and soon released the jib, and sent it out anew. We still rolled deck under at every plunge, and the spars whipped about like switches.

"Get the jumper stays down, or we won't have a stick in her in another hour," the Skipper called, as soon as he noticed the masts swaying. Down we came with the auxiliary stays. The masts certainly were jumping about in a dangerous manner, as we discovered when we attempted to set the jumper stays. After another ten minutes' rolling, Commeford produced another sea anchor, in the shape of a big ulster. Culham, the lightest man on the crew, was sent out upon the horn to fasten the line attached to the ulster to the end of the horn; Culham had his troubles out there too. Half a dozen seas submerged him before he got the line fast, but they could not shake him off his perch. With the ulster out, we rode much easier, but the wind kept shifting until half an hour later we were again in the trough. It was fully another hour before the wind from the southwest broke up the roll from the westerly, though it came from that direction good and hard. About five o'clock our nerve came back and we decided that it was up to us to get some muslin on her if we were to make the southern shore before dark. We reefed the wet jib and setting it behind the foremast headed by the wind for the shore about Niagara. Even this scrap of canvas lifted us along at a good gait, but our nerve came back in large sized chunks, and we were only satisfied with our progress under the reefed jib about 15 minutes. We suddenly discovered that we were hungry, and that at the gait we were going it would be midnight at least before we reached Niagara, 12 miles away, and the chef had a chance to get busy with his pots and pans. Up rattled the reefed mainsail, and the reefed jib was shifted out upon the horn. Ten minutes later the reefs were cast adrift, but still we were not satisfied, though we were rail down.

"Reef the foresail and we'll set that too," came the order, but before we had finished the job the wind had

so lighted that she could carry her full canvas and the tucks were dispensed with.

The wind shifted off shore at dusk, but as we had been pinching up and were close in, we started our sheets,and with a good wholesail breeze over the quarter, laid off for the Niagara. About eight o'clock we took a pull at the sheets and headed into the mouth of the river. The river current and the lake seas were having a little argument a full quarter mile from shore when we arrived, and took a hand in the fun ourselves. We were having a gay time in the broken water when a squall from over the river banks laid her down on her beams-end before we could start a sheet. We were in a hurry to get in, so we lugged all the canvas we had through a couple of more little squalls, off the river banks, and at 8.30 tied up behind the wharf on the Canadian shore and started in to hunt for supper.

My, what appetites!

Two young women took compassion upon us and volunteered to prepare the meal for us while we got into some dry togs. They started in to cook eggs for us, but the eggs disappeared so fast that they abandoned the frying pan in despair.

Just after we had dowsed the glim and turned in, the Skipper's voice broke the silence. "Did I hear something about a storm?" There was a crash, a grunt from the Skipper, and in the dawn of the morrow Clark's shoes were found near Commeford's pillow.

In the morning—July 28—we cast adrift from the dock with a following wind. The way we hustled down the river to the lake led us to believe that we were due for a nice day's run, but outside at the river's mouth the wind hauled off shore and a little ahead of the beam.

Even at this Tainui sped along at a three-knot clip, for she was good in light airs, if she had a bit of a started sheet. The day was beautiful. The rataplan of the volley firing of the Fort Porter regulars at their morning's firing exercises sounded as clear as if the rifles were spitting fire only a hundred yards astern. After an hour's sailing, the wind dropped completely and we were stuck for something to do. Clark and the Skipper dozed away, but Charlie located a peach orchard ashore and started off in the dinghy. I decided to swim ashore. Twenty minutes later, while Charlie and I were pottering along the shore, a trifle of breeze sprang up and the Tainui started to move along at a merry gait in the smooth water. We tugged at the dinghy oars until our arms ached, but still the schooner tantelizingly led us in the race, and the jeers of Clark and the Skipper added to our exasperation. Finally, they left the sheets fly and we caught up. Almost as soon as we boarded the craft, the wind dropped. We drifted, and then drifted some more, until finally Olcott piers, 16 miles from Niagara, hove into view. We had enough of the doddling along in light airs and so entered the port. A big picnic from Buffalo in the Beach Park helped the crew to enjoy the afternoon and evening.

At midnight we hoisted away canvas, and with a light night breeze, soon left Olcott light behind. The first watch—Clark and the Skipper—kept her moving until 3.30 when the wind dropped away to a zephyr and I was called. Half awake, I tumbled up, shivered awhile in the chilly morning air, and set to work to keep her moving in what there was of breeze. The wind was very light, and it was a close pinch up the shore. I "tickled" the stick for an hour, lost my temper at her miserable progress, and then lashing the helm, turned in for a snooze, leaving the hooker to sail or drift. At 5.30 the Skipper walked all over me as he climbed up on deck. The boat was heeled gently, and the water gurgled entrancingly along her planks, as she chased along. Even this alluring lullaby could not keep the crew between decks, and they crawled out and blinked in the brilliant sunrise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Design for a Cruising Yawl.

IN this issue we publish the plans of a cruising yawl that was designed by Mr. Theodore W. Brigham and built by the Greenport Basin & Construction Co., Greenport, L. I., for Dr. B. Hughes Wells, of New York City.

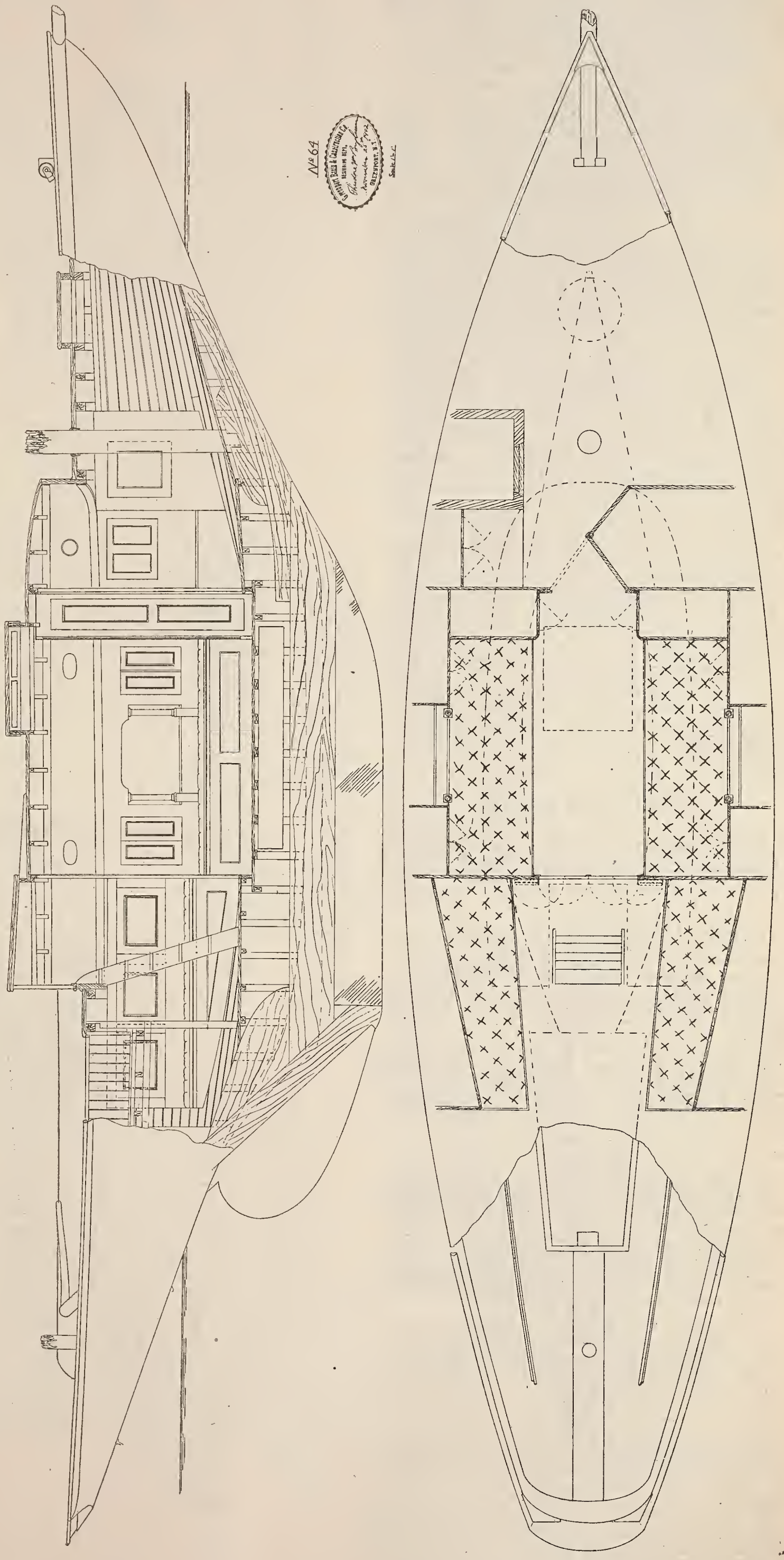
The new boat will take the place of Altair, a smaller yawl that was designed by Mr. Henry C. Wintering-ham for Dr. Wells a couple of years ago. Dr. Wells is an old boat sailer and is one of the best amateur yachtsmen in the East. He does a good deal of offshore cruising, and a boat to fill his requirements must be unusually well built and seaworthy and capable of being handled easily under all conditions. In ordering the new boat the designer was instructed to keep the above mentioned requirements in mind, and the plans show a nice little boat that should answer the owner's wants in every way.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—			
Over all	41ft.	3	in.
L. W. L.	27ft.	6	in.
Overhang—			
Forward	5ft.	11	in.
Aft	7ft.	10	in.
Breadth—			
Extreme	10ft.		
L. W. L.	9ft.	6	in.
Draft—			
Extreme	5ft.	6	in.
Freeboard—			
Forward	3ft.	8½	in.
Aft	3ft.		
Least	2ft.	8	in.

The boat is substantially put together, being framed with white oak and planked with cedar. The ballast is all outside of the keel.

The cockpit is 8ft. long and is watertight. Two deck beams extend across the after end of the cabin house, and give the boat extra transverse strength. There is 6ft. headroom under the cabin house, which is 14ft. long. The companionway leads to a steerage, which is entirely shut off from the main cabin; on either side are berths 6ft. long. The main cabin is



CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY THEODORE W. BRIGHAM FOR B. H. WELLS, 1903.

nearly 8ft. long and is fitted with the usual transoms, lockers and sideboards. Forward on the starboard side is the toilet room with patent closet and folding lavatory, and opposite on the port side is the galley. In the forecastle there is ample room for a man should the owner wish to carry one.

Model Yachting in California.

California, with its beautiful climate, bays, lakes and rivers, affords the boat loving population great sport. San Francisco Bay and the artificial lakes of San Francisco are a central attraction for many yacht clubs.

One unique club, called the San Francisco Model Y. C., gives great pleasure not only to its members but to hundreds of interested spectators. This club has been in existence only six months, but in this short time the city has donated $22,000 for the construction of a new lake for the use of this club. On Sundays and holidays the banks of Stow Lake, a lake in Golden Gate Park, are crowded with people eager to see the racing of the models. The club has 148 members, 50 of whom have models; some of the models are very valuable, considering the work put upon them; they value from $10 up to $350.

The yachts are in two classes; yachts with a 28in. to a 38in. waterline are in the small class, while yachts from a 38in. to a 54in. waterline are in the large class. Among the boats of the large class are the Imp, Flirt, Austril, Kingfisher, Annie, Hobo, etc. The Imp, owned and built by Commodore London, is very fast, having taken many races and having done great credit to its owner. The Flirt and Hobo, designed, built and owned by the Collier Bros., are excellent pieces of workmanship, especially the Flirt. Her dimensions are 62in. over all, 18in. beam, 40in. waterline, 2½in. draft. She is built of one-sixteenth inch planks of sugar pine, with a double skin. Over 2,000 brass screws were used in building her; she weighs only 9 pounds and carries a 14 pound bulb on an aluminum fin; there are 3,000 square inches in her mainsail and jib. She is the model of the Challenger, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, a very fast boat belonging to the California Y. C.

The Annie, Hobo and Lark are built on the scow plan, and also prove to be very fast.

Rockners Annie, a beautiful little craft, carried off the blue pennant, while the Hobo came in second.

Rudders are not used. The sails are made so that they balance each other, in the respect that the jib keeps the mainsail from bringing the boat into the wind, consequently the boats attain high speed.

In racing, the yachts are started 15 seconds apart; they tack up a narrow neck of the lake, a man on each side turns the boat with a pole as she nears the land and starts her on the next tack.

Most of the yachts are sloop rig, but some of them carry a club topsail and a flying jib.

The lake is very rocky along the banks, and it is hard work towing the boats back with poles. Commander Gerung has, however, solved the problem by simply attaching a spinnaker and turns his boat loose, and she simply scoots.

Chester Chapman.

San Francisco, Cal., March 4.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Newark Y. C. held its annual meeting on Thursday evening, March 5, and the following officers were elected: Com., Jean R. Tack; Vice-Com., Thomas J. Roche; Sec., William Berger; Fin. Sec., Edward Hinderlang; Treas., John F. Sherman.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the New Haven Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Edward F. Cole; Vice-Com., Ennis N. Searles; Rear Com., James B. Smith; Sec. and Treas., Frank W. Guion; Meas., Clifford W. Rawson; Trustees, Joseph D. Sargent and Charles S. Hamilton; Regatta Committee, Henry F. Parmelee, Phelps Montgomery and Hayes Q. Trowbridge.

* * *

The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the Passaic River Y. C: Com., George L. Staats; Vice-Com., A. W. Krinich; Fleet Captain, Charles E. Hall; Sec., E. Keppler; Fin. Sec., W. K. Wilkins; Treas., F. Weslow; Trustees, T. Chamberlain, W. H. Byrne, C. C. Capern and Jacob Ruff.

* * *

On April 15 the Yale-Corinthian Y. C. will go formally into commission. The following Saturday the first series of races will begin. The Graduate Cup series will be held April 18 and 25, May 2 and 9, and the Officers' Cup series on May 23 and 30, June 6 and 13. Every Wednesday there will be a special race. All races start at 3 P. M., except on Decoration Day, when the start will be made at 10 A. M. The fleet will cruise to the Thimble Islands on May 16.

* * *

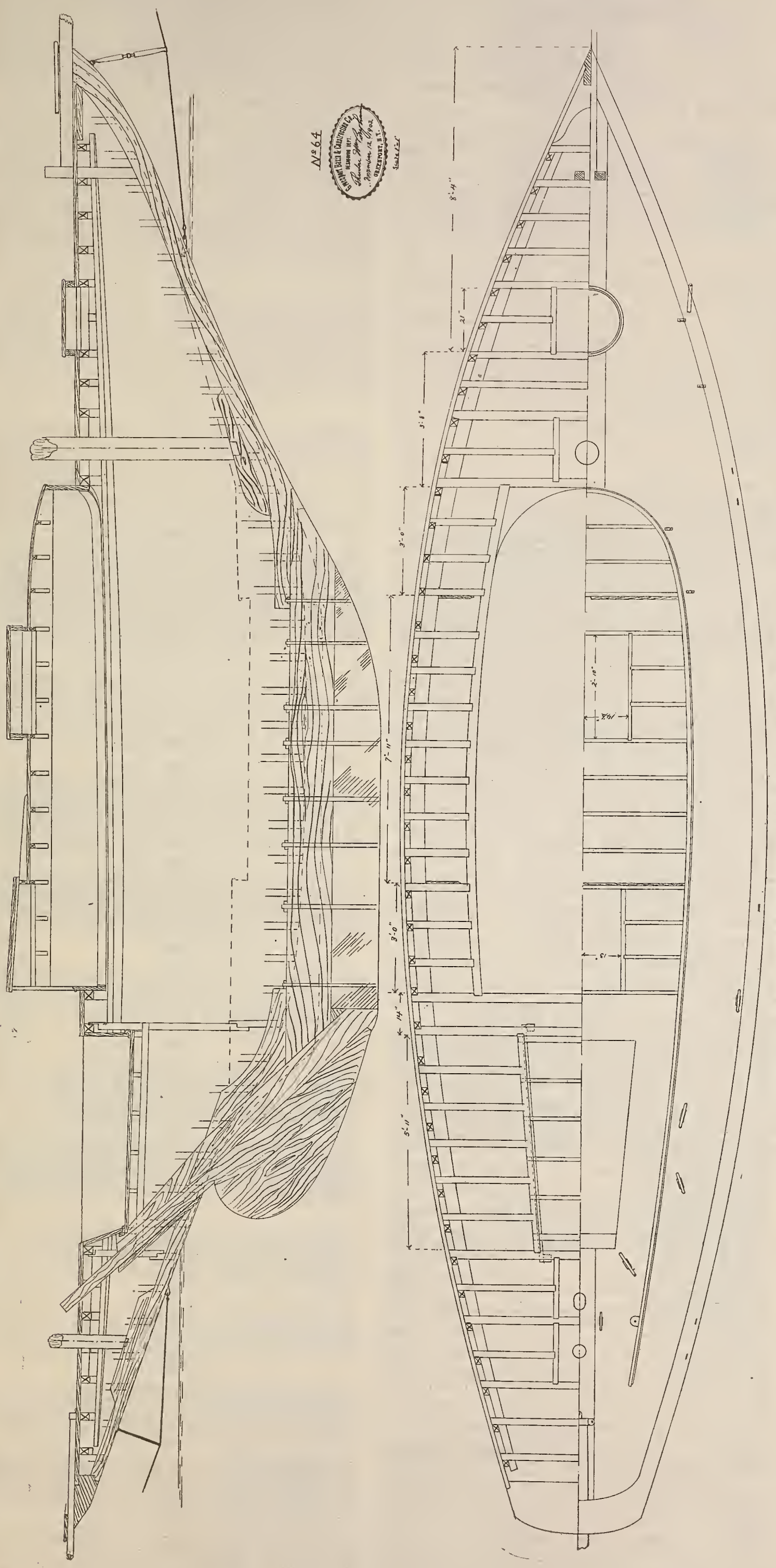
At a meeting of the Harvard Y. C. the following were elected officers: Com., L. Davis; Vice-Com., F. G. Macomber, Jr.; Rear Com., R. H. Gardiner, Jr.; Sec. and Treas., R. Winsor, Jr.

* * *

Com. R. S. Bridgman, of the San Francisco Y. C., has appointed G. T. S. White, Dr. T. L. Hill and John J. Marshall, Jr., delegates to the Pacific Interclub Yacht Association for the coming year. W. L. Spencer, George E. Smith and G. B. Lavensaler have been appointed members of the Regatta Committee.

Two steam yachts were launched at Morris Heights last week. On Wednesday, March 11, Corinthia, the boat built for Mr. J. Adolph Mollenhauer, was put overboard. Corinthia is 90ft. over all, 77ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 4ft. 3in. draft. She is schooner rigged, and has twin screws. Mr. S. H. Vandergrift's new steamer Cherokee, was launched on Saturday, March 14. Cherokee is somewhat larger than Corinthia, being 115ft. over all, 95ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 5ft. 5in. draft.

CRUISING YAWL—CONSTRUCTION PLAN—DESIGNED BY THEODORE W. BRIGHAM FOR B. H. WELLS, 1903.



CRUISING YAWL—DESIGNED BY THEODORE W. BRIGHAM FOR B. H. WELLS, 1903.

UNLESS the unexpected happens, Shamrock III., Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger for the America's Cup, will be launched from the yard of Denny Brothers, Dumbarton, Scotland, on Tuesday, March 17. This date was selected, owing to the fact that it is St. Patrick's Day. The stories that have been sent to this side ever since the boat's keel was cast have been wild and conflicting, and while there is no question that the new boat will be more extreme in every way than the previous boats, little is really known about her design. She is more lightly built than the second Shamrock, and she is plated with nickel steel instead of bronze, the material used in the old boat.

The sails and steel spars are all ready, and the boat can be rigged soon after she is launched. In all probability she will have had a trial under sail before the month is over.

Constitution was launched from the yard of the Thames Towboat Company, at New London, on March 2, and was towed to Bristol the day following. On her arrival there the work of overhauling her was begun. The hull is in splendid condition, and she will have a new suit of sails that were made by the Herreshoffs. Captain Urias Rhodes is in charge, and a few of the men who will serve under him are now at work on the boat.

Columbia is at Hawkins' yard, City Island, and Captain Leon Miller and some of the crew will begin the work of fitting her out on March 23. She will be put overboard early in April and will then be taken to Bristol, where some minor work will be done and her new sails bent. Mr. E. D. Morgan will again be in charge of the boat.

The work of plating the new boat being built by the Herreshoffs for the defense of the America's Cup, is practically completed, and the interior bracing is now being put in place. The aluminum deck plating is being laid, and in a few days this work will be finished. The steel spars are about ready, and there will be no delay in so far as spars and rigging are concerned. The mast can be stepped and the boat rigged as soon as she is put overboard. No date has been set for the launching, but it is thought that the work will be all done by the middle of April at the latest, and that the boat will be launched about that time.

As yet no name has been decided upon, although Republic, Defiance and Hope have been considered.

The new boat will be more of a scow than either Columbia or Constitution, and will sail on an inclined waterline at least 10ft. longer than did Constitution. Her ends are much longer and the draft slightly less than Constitution's. The sail area will be in the vicinity of 15,000 sq. ft. With Captain Charlie Barr in charge, there is hardly a doubt that she will demonstrate her superiority on all points of sailing over the two older boats.

Challenge for the Manhasset Bay Cup.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. challenged on March 10 for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup on behalf of Mr. Henry L. Maxwell. Mr. Maxwell has just bought back the 30-footer, Virginia II., ex-Oiseau, and this boat will be named by the club as the challenger. The races will probably be sailed between June 29 and July 3, and will be the best two out of three matches. The courses will be to windward and return and over an equilateral triangle, sailed on alternate days. This is the first challenge that the Manhasset Bay Y. C. has received for the cup.

FRANK BOWNE JONES,
Chairman Regatta Committee, I. H. Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Tarantula, the turbine yacht that was built for the late Col. Henry McCalmont, has been sold to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Tarantula was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and built by Messrs. Yarrow & Co., in 1902. She is 152ft. 6in. long, 15ft. 4in. breadth and 8ft. 4in. depth.

At the Crosby shops, Osterville, Mass., there is building a cruising yawl from designs by Mr. H. Manly Crosby. The boat is for Mr. J. D. McKee, and will be known as Cruiser III. She is 60ft. over all, 40ft. waterline, 14ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft.

Mr. F. M. Smith has sold his steam yacht Hanoli to Mr. John N. Robins. The yacht's name will be changed to Seminole.

Sir Thomas Lipton has ordered from the Whitestone Hollow Spar and Boat Co. a 35ft. launch. The boat will be fitted with a 30 horse-power kerosene motor and will have a speed of sixteen miles. This firm is also making spars for the club topsail to be used on Sir Thomas Lipton's new cup challenger Shamrock III.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, is having a 21ft. raceabout built from his own designs at Wood's yard, City Island.

Mr. F. C. Haven's launch that is being built by the Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J., will be named La Mascotte.

Mr. Isaac Stern has sold Virginia II., through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mr. Henry L. Maxwell.

The Lozier Motor Co., Plattsburg, N. Y., is building for Mr. J. N. Johnston a 25ft. launch for use in

Virginia waters. She will be fitted with a 5 horse-power engine. This firm is also building a 30ft. launch for Mr. A. G. Paine, Jr.

Mr. Malcom MacNaught, who has been in the employ of the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for ten years past, has gone into business for himself and has started a boat building plant at Bristol, R. I. Mr. MacNaught is now building eight one-design boats from designs by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, a knockabout for Dr. Edward C. Briggs, of Boston, and a number of gasolene launches.

At the Newport shipyard there are building three 15-footers from designs by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr. The boats will be 25ft. over all, 15ft. waterline, 6ft. 7in. breadth and 3ft. 9in. draft. There will be 850 pounds of lead outside, and they will carry 316 sq. ft. of sail.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.

Second, $25.00.

Third, $15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

Of Interest to A. C. A. Members.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are very anxious to get some good photographs of canoeing scenes, of last year's general meet, or of the division meets, for publication in the 1903 year book. If you will kindly ask, through your paper, that any member having good views will kindly send same to me I will be greatly obliged.

I would also like to have any member who has noticed errors in 1902 book in their names, number, address, canoe, or club, to notify me direct, and I will see that it is corrected this year.

H. LANSING QUICK,
Acting Secretary-Treasurer.

YONKERS, N. Y., March 14

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Indoor Championships.

NEW YORK, March 16.—Inclosed herewith are the scores made in the indoor championship matches of the U. S. R A. The matches were conducted in New York, Chicago, Boston and Springfield:

Revolver:

W H Luckett, New York	44	49	45	41	46	42	42	42	41	45	—437
J A Dietz, Jr., New York	41	45	44	38	45	40	44	46	47	44	—434
W A Smith, Springfield	45	44	45	36	46	41	42	36	48	44	—427
R H Sayre, New York	40	40	48	45	37	39	42	43	42	40	—416
A P Proctor, New York	38	41	46	39	43	44	43	42	40	40	—415
J T Humphrey, Boston	36	41	34	44	38	47	45	40	44	45	—414
W E Petty, New York	47	42	35	37	39	40	44	45	39	40	—408
A L A Himmelwright, New York.	46	38	41	35	33	39	36	41	39	35	—383
R S Hale, Boston	33	36	33	w							

Pistol:

T Anderton, Boston	47	45	47	50	44	43	47	46	47	44	—460
J A Dietz, New York	43	43	47	46	49	45	42	47	47	43	—456
R H Sayre, New York	43	49	45	45	42	45	46	48	43	40	—446
A L A Himmelwright, New York.	45	44	42	45	46	43	42	47	42	42	—438
J T Humphrey, Boston	43	47	44	44	39	48	41	39	47	39	—431
E E Patridge, Boston	38	45	45	46	43	46	42	41	43	42	—431
W A Smith, Springfield	42	43	45	44	41	41	42	45	44	43	—430
E L Harpham, Chicago	43	42	45	40	45	44	44	39	43	43	—428
R S Hale, Boston	42	42	43	44	41	44	38	44	38	41	—417
W Amory, Boston	37	44	40	46	37	37	43	42	44	44	—414

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

March 19.—Carlstadt, N. J.—John S. Wright's all-day shoot.

March 16-21.—Houston, Tex., Gun Club's all week shoot; $500 added money. S. J. Smith, Sec'y.

March 23-26.—Brenham, Texas.—Twenty-sixth annual State shoot, under auspices of the Texas Sportsmen's Association.

April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.

April 2-3.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins-Sears Company's tournament.

April 7-10.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.

*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Can.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec-y-Treas.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 18.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Open shoot for live-bird championship of York county, Pa., and all-day shoot of Glen Rock Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 20.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.

*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.

April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.

*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

**May, second week.—Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club's tournament.

May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.

May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.

*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.

May 30—Newport, R. I., second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament: all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds., D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

**June, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

**July, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Cadds Gun Club's tournament.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Sept, 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

*Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the consolidated tournament of the two clubs, the Buffalo Bill, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Club, is now ready for distribution. April 1 and 2, the ten regular events are alike each day, namely alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $5 and $7.50 added. An extra event the first day is for the Dickey Bird trophy, held by Geo. W. Waddington, Beatrice. The extra event for the second day is the team race, all Nebraska against Omaha. Manufacturers' agents are barred from the division of the moneys. In 15-target events, four moneys; 20 target events, five moneys. Shooters who score 91 to 92 per cent. will be charged $1 per day extra; 92 to 93 per cent., $2; 93 or more per cent., $3; these moneys to be divided between those who score less than 89 per cent. and who shoot through the programme. The managers are Messrs. Geo. L. Carter and G. Sievers.

The latest advices concerning the condition of Mr. Harold Money were very favorable, he having safely passed the crisis of his pneumonia attack on the 12th inst. He was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., on March 7, from the Hotel Baltimore, and also was well looked after specially by his many Kansas City friends. His father and mother, Captain and Mrs. A. W. Money, arrived in Kansas City early last week to care for him, and Mr. Irby Bennett made a like trip from Memphis. The warm friendship felt for him was strongly in evidence at 318 Broadway by the anxious inquiries and heartfelt good wishes for his recovery, expressed by the numerous friends who have called there every day since his illness became known to them. May good health return to him speedily.

Mr. W. W. Marshall and Dr. H. O'Brien tied on a full score of 50 for the Crescent Athletic Club March cup, in the second contest for it, at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday. Saturday of this week will be a day of special interest in Crescent Athletic Club shooting circles, for on it the long expected match between a home team and a team of the Boston Athletic Association Gun Club is fixed to take place. A committee of the Crescents will meet the visiting team at the Manhattan end of the Bridge, journey thence by parlor car to the country house, lunch, shoot, then hie to the city house for dinner.

The secretary, Mr. S. G. Miller, writes us as follows: "The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club will open the shooting season of 1903 with their seventh annual Patriots' Day tournament, Monday, April 20. To all our old friends we would say, come and see us, and we will do our best to please you; and to all lovers of the scatter gun, come and see what we can do to make it pleasant for you. We will have a target in the air all the time, and a good part of the time several more. In the prize event shooters will be handicapped on results of the first 100 targets shot at. Distance 16 to 22yds."

The Hillside Gun Club and the S. S. White Gun Club had a team contest at Gorgas Station, Pa., on Saturday of last week, twelve men on a side, 25 targets per man, with the following results: S. S. White Team—Wilkins 23, Harber 22, Robinson 22, Dr. Cotting 19, Gee 19, Denham 18, Hinkson 18, C. C. Byer 17, Kendall 17, Stahl 17, Witherden 16, Lodge 6; total 214. Hillside Team—Larson 20, Gillin 21, R. Bisbing 18, C. W. Haywood 18, Meehan 17, Hammell 16, Laurent 16, C. C. Byer 16, J. B. Haywood 14, M. Bisbing 14, Cail 10, Thurman 6; total 186.

The Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club has fourteen events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.15, $1.25 and $1.30; a total of 190 targets, with a total entrance of $17. Events 9, 10 and 11, 20, 20 and 15 targets respectively, constitute a prize handicap at 55 targets, the prizes of which to high guns are: First, $5; second, $3; third, $2. Targets included at 1½ cents. Sweepstakes optional. Lunch served free. Loaded shells may be obtained on the grounds.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, writes us that "changes have taken place at Interstate Park which render it impossible for the Interstate Association to hold the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets there. As other grounds in the East are not available, the stockholders of the Association, at a special meeting held on the 13th inst., decided to cancel this tournament, which was scheduled for May 12 to 15."

Mr. C. C. Nauman, the manager, under date of March 7, writes us as follows: "Kindly announce in your sporting columns that the San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association will hold a three days' bluerock handicap tournament at their grounds, at Ingleside, San Francisco, Cal., on May 24, 25 and 26; $1,500 in cash will be added to events. Open to all."

On April 18, at Glen Rock, Pa., an open shoot for the live-bird championship trophy of York County, Pa., is fixed to take place. The conditions are 20 live birds, $5 entrance, optional sweep, $5; handicaps 25 to 30yds. Entries close on April 10; $2 forfeit. Other live bird and target events will be on the all-day programme. Shooting for the trophy commences at 9:30 A. M. Mr. Allen M. Seitz is the secretary.

Mr. Charles Billings, at one time president of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York, had completed arrangements to leave New York last week for his winter home in Florida, where he will remain till permanently pleasant spring weather has come in the North. He has taken up yachting as a sport, than which nothing is both more wholesome and enjoyable.

In a match at Point Breeze, Pa., on Wednesday of last week, between Messrs. H. McIntire, of Oxford, Pa., and W. Cloverdale, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, at 25 birds, McIntire won by a score of 22 to 19. A second event, $50 a side, 50 birds, was shot between Messrs. Cowan and F. Muller. Cowan won with a score of 46 to 42.

Mr. Arthur Gambell, the energetic superintendent of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, after readjusting his bones, has struck a true crackerjack gait at the traps. March 11, in a contest at 100 targets with D. Gross, he scored 95 to 93. On March 12, in a three-cornered 100 target match, he defeated Messrs. Gross and Ahlers.

The Baltimore Shooting Association's team defeated the Keystone League's team at Baltimore, Md., on Monday of this week by a score of 193 to 176. There were nine men on a side, and each man shot at 25 live birds. This decides the series of contests between Baltimore and Philadelphia in favor of the former.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of Syracuse, N. Y., is on the list of invalids these days, being confined within doors during a slow convalescence. We heartily wish him a speedy recovery. With the pleasant spring weather which is now due, or should be due in the near future, good health should come then at the latest.

The series of matches between teams of the Mineola Gun Club and the Freeport Gun Club was definitely decided on March 14, Mineola winning two out of three, the last by a score of 84 to 79. There were five men on a side, 25 targets per man. The final contest took place on the grounds of the Mineola club.

The Colt Gun Club's first medal shoot of the season was held on March 14, on the club grounds, Hartford, Conn. Messrs. Herman and Hubbell tied on 22, and in a toss for it, Herman won. The club holds its shoots every other week, with a tournament on holidays.

At Long Branch, N. J., March 13, a return match between teams of the Highland and Long Branch Gun Clubs was shot; ten men on a side, 10 targets per man. Highland won by a score of 79 to 72. The Long Branch club won the first contest.

The Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, through its secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. W. Throop, has fixed upon Aug. 12 to 15 for the Association's annual tournament, which will be held at Toronto.

The first live-bird contest of two between W. Widman and J. R. Farlee took place at Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday of last week. Widman won by a score of 46 to 44. Each shot at 50 birds. The second race was fixed to take place at Yardville, N. J., on Wednesday of this week.

The Intercounty cup shoot will take place at Ossining on Saturday of this week. Rockland, Orange, Dutchess and Westchester counties are the limitations of club eligibility as to domicile. The teams will be seven-man.

The Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot will be held at Wellington, Mass., April 29. Any information in relation to this shoot will be cheerfully given by Mr. H. C. Kirkwood, 23 Elm street, Boston, Mass.

At Palm Beach, Fla., March 9, on the grounds of the Florida Gun Club, Mr. John W. Gates and Mr. E. A. Mulliken, of Boston, tied for the Greenleaf and Crosbey cup on a score of 19 out of 20.

In a match at 100 bluerocks per man, $25, at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, March 14, Mr. George Lebohner, of Brooklyn defeated Mr. Chas. R. Nelson, of Union Course, by a score of 91 to 90.

The energetic secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, returned to Pittsburg on Friday night of last week, after a three-days' stay in New York.

Messrs. Fred Miller and James Cowan shot a match at 100 live birds at Point Breeze race track, Pennsylvania, on Monday of this week. Miller won by a score of 79 to 73.

The secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth, informs us that the Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club will hold a shoot on May 30.

The next shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., is fixed to take place on March 28.

BERNARD WATERS.

Randall Tournament.

RANDALL, Ia., March 11.—The one-day tournament of the Randall Gun Club had eighteen entries. The programme had fourteen events, and called for 200 targets, beside a special event at 50 targets for the Hamilton and Story county championship medal and a purse of $10. Dr. R. N. De La, of Jewell, won the medal, defeating John Peterson by a score of 40 to 34.

The weather was cloudy and cold. John Frees was high for the day, and C. B. Adams a close second.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20	10	Broke.	Av.
J Frees	9	11	12	18	8	7	14	14	19	8	14	14	15	9	172	.860
C B Adams	10	14	11	19	10	8	13	10	16	9	11	12	17	10	170	.850
G E Wallace	10	12	13	14	9	9	13	13	16	8	14	12	18	8	169	.845
Dr Proctor	6	13	12	15	9	8	14	13	17	7	10	14	17	7	162	.810
W S Hoon	6	12	13	14	8	8	12	10	17	7	13	12	17	10	159	.795
J Peterson	9	13	12	16	9	9	11	7	13	7	13	12	19	9	159	.795
W B Linell	6	11	13	16	8	8	9	10	14	10	13	13	17	9	157	.785
Dr W De La	6	6	9	13	8	8	10	12	14	7	10	15	19	7	145	.725
H Steege	9	12	11	16	9	4	10	8	16	8	8	11	12	9	142	.710
L McIntire	5	11	11	13	7	6	9	8	13	5	13	11	18	9	139	.695
E O Shoen	7	10	7	16	6	7	12	12	10	9	6	11	16	9	138	.690
J Malard	10	12	11	..	10	10	10	11	..	9	13	13	..	9	...	....
Union	7	11	18	9	6	6	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Spencer	5	11	10	7	5	6	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..	...	....
Buckwaldter	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	10	7	..	..	..	13	9	...	....
E C Peterson	5	9	12	13	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
V E Carlson	8	9	10	9	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Abrahamson	5	11	10	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....

HAWKEYE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 14.—There was considerable fun at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day after the shoot for the handicap and scratch cups, in which Washburn got a win for the first, and Blandford for the second. Several matches were shot, Washburn coming out ahead.

In these last events all were using inferior loads, which fact brings out Washburn's score as a fine exhibition. Washburn, Clark and Fisher tied for the handicap cup and Washburn won on the third shoot-off.

Event No. 4 is the scratch cup event; misses as breaks denoted by figures after the names, which apply in events Nos. 5, 6 and 7.

The Intercounty cup shoot will take place next Saturday at Ossining; seven-man teams, teams from any club in Rockland, Orange, Dutchess and Westchester counties are invited to compete. All shooters are invited to shoot along.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
I Washburn, 3	10	10	6	21	23	25	25	18	23	23
C Blandford, 0	10	9	..	25	..	..	..	21	21	21
Hans, 3	5	8	10	23	..	21	..	..	..	..
A Rohr, 13	3	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
W Fisher, 4	7	..	..	..	23	22	..	..	..	..
M Clark, 3	6	8	5	20	23	25	23	..	22	..
W Coleman, 2	..	8	8	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Hubbell, 6	..	7	8	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
T Acker	2	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Edgers	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

B. A. A. Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 14.—A handicap at 50 targets, which was subdivided into five 10-target events, was the programme of the Boston A. A. Gun Club to-day at its shoot at Riverside. The weather was pleasant, with favorable conditions for good scores. Dennison, a scratch man, led the field with a total of 44. Ellis was second with 42. Mr. T. E. Batten, business manager of FOREST AND STREAM, was the guest of the club.

The team which Capt. Daggett will take to Brooklyn March 21 to compete with the Crescent Athletic Club consists of Daggett, captain; Clark, Ellis, Hill, Edwards, Dennison, Howell and Baxter. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Broke.
Clark	10	7	8	6	10	41
Ellis	7	9	10	9	7	42
Hill	6	5	6	5	5	27
Edwards	8	8	6	8	5	35
Dennison	9	10	6	10	9	44
Daggett	7	7	6	8	8	36
Farmer	4	7	8	7	8	34
Moore	7	8	6	6	5	32
Hallett	9	7	7	8	8	39
Austin	8	6	5	9	7	35

Trap at St. Louis.

A MATCH at 20 live birds was shot at Dupont Park, St. Louis, on March 8, the objective being a Francotte Knockabout gun. Eight men contributed $10 each, and agreed that the high gun should take the prize. The birds proved good ones, and 18 was the high score, with a tie between Henry Stroh (Jonah) and Joe O'Neil:

Spencer	21122120220200222212—16
Dr Close	22210221212120020221—16
Rock	21000121122122121122—17
Cabanne	02222221220022002222—15
Bawman	21101222012001222012—15
Jonah	22110222122122222120—18
O'Neil	21222101112212120122—18
Mermod	20111212120120121122—17

Jonah and O'Neil agreed to divide profits. KILLMORE.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, March 14.—Capt. John Rothaker was the star performer of the Keystone Shooting League's Saturday contests. He killed 25 straight in the events of the afternoon. There was a light attendance. The weather was pleasant. The scores:

Club handicap, 10 birds: Geikler, 28yds., 10; Rothaker, 29yds., 10; Budd, 30yds., 8; Morris, 27yds., 10; Hall, 28yds., 7; Johnson, 28yds., 9; Fitzgerald, 28yds., 10.

Officers' trophy, handicap rise, 15 birds: Geikler, 28yds., 14; Rothaker, 29yds., 15; Budd, 30yds., 13; Morris, 27yds., 12; Hall, 28yds., 12; Johnson, 28yds., 7; Fitzgerald, 28yds., 12.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 11.—The Erie Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held a shoot on Outwater's grounds to-day. The club shoot had 14 birds per man. Detlefson was high with 13. The scores follow:

S Hitchcock	00111211022012—10	C Luhrman	00211010000011— 9
D Mohrman	00222002012120— 8	C Plate	20101121011111—11
G Humphy	01211101202212—12	J Plate	00102011210211— 9
H Dohrman	11001002212211—10	R Maeder	00000201200011— 5
P Finegan	01211010222222—11	S Northridge	21010111121222—12
C Detlefson	10212211112112—13	W Roberts	01011201212200— 9

Italian Shooting Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 10.—The shoot of the Italian Shooting Club, held on Outwater's grounds to-day, had eighteen contestants. Three tied on 9. Mr. Wm. Clark, Jr., was the official scorer:

Pagani	0010200000— 2	Malnati	0000021000— 2
Arrignoni	0100011110— 5	Louis	1120222100— 7
Muzzio	0020010011— 4	Gozzola	0201010010— 4
Barbieri	302*001122— 5	Saldarini	2202222222— 9
Gerbolini	1011111211— 9	De Muzzo	2110002212— 7
Chirnercati	212*022111— 9	Minervini	1110000010— 4
Anguisolo	2011222011— 8	Feist	1220011120— 7
Debarnerdi	0100001000— 2	Corbyour	0000220001— 3
Rugani	2112110101— 8	Vinsiri	0200020010— 3

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 14.—The Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, N. J., held a very successful and pleasant shooting affair this afternoon among some of its own members and a few visitors. It proved very interesting while it lasted. The shoot itself was started about 2 o'clock and we were back in the city before 5:30 P. M., having disposed of 250 first-class birds.

There were only three incomers in the lot. About eight or ten had to be flushed, and were corkers when they started. The whole proved to be about the best we have had at our grounds. Only one bird had to be called for refusing to fly. The birds were retrieved by G. A. Hopper's dog. He does his work very rapidly, and is what I would call very humane. He gently brings the bird back and lays it down on the platform, and if the bird shows any sign of life he gently places his foot on it till the trapper gets to it, and then he goes to his place, ready for the next.

The shoot to-day opened with a 5-bird event, $2.50, handicap. Christy, in great shape and shooting in excellent time, is the only one to kill straight.

Lenone had a good chance to tie, but would not use his second barrel on his third bird, and it got away. He finished second all alone. He promised to-day to gather his birds with single barrel kills. He used his second only three times during the afternoon, all missed, and had excellent birds to shoot at.

The second event was at 10 birds, $5, for a splendid seven-year-old moose head. The second man was to get his entrance back. Christy again proved to be the best in form, doing his work quick and clean, and scored his 10 birds. Morgan, Powers and Hopper each lost his fifth bird. Each was a corker. Lenone continued to use his single barrel, losing his third through waiting till the bird was nearly over the boundary before using the second. He dropped his eighth and tenth the same way as Hopper lost his eighth and tenth—both excellent birds. Morgan's tenth was an incomer, hit hard, and came straight for him, almost at his feet; could have got it himself had he laid his gun down and put his hand out; it fell dead just back of him. Powers came right after. With less experience at the game, but the making of a good one with another season's practice, showed the lack of experience on a slow bird, and it got away unhurt. He shot too quick both times. Ratcliff is a new man at the traps; he will make a good one before long. Bunn was in poor shape.

In the third event, 7 birds, $3, Morgan, Powers and Ratcliff did the best work. Christy and Roberts, another new man, making a great promise, with little practice, were close up with 6.

In the fourth event, a $1 miss-and-out, Morgan, shooting in good form, lost a corking driver on his fifth round, and had to retire.

Ratcliff, in hard luck, lost his fifth just back of him, about 3yds. Roberts and Klotz divided, as there was only 1 bird left in the traps, and one of Paterson's finest police officers, Dave Gibson, did the act with the last one and scored it dead.

The weather to-day was of the most beautiful kind for outdoor sport, and would like many more of the same kind.

The next shoot at live birds will take place on March 28. The principal event will be for a fine head of the black-tail deer. Everybody welcome. Shooting to commence at 1 P. M. The scores:

Lenone, 28	11011—4	1101111010— 7	0001111—4	0
Morgan, 29	*0222—3	221202222*— 8	2222222—7	12220
Powers, 28	2*110—3	2222012120— 8	1211111—7	10
J Doty, 28	22*20—3	*021212222— 8	.....	.....
G Hopper, 28	*2002—2	2222012010— 7	.....	.....
E Van Houten, 28	22000—2	1102000122— 6	0201002—3	0
Ratcliff, 28	*0122—3	0001101*02— 4	2221111—7	2111*
Christy, 29	21222—5	2222212221—10	2022221—6	20
Roberts, 27	....	0221022221— 8	2111201—6	22121
Bunn, 30	....	22*0110122— 7	2111201—6	22121
Klotz, 28	....	0012211*11— 7	1112100—5	22222

DUTCHER.

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 14.—In the shoot of the North Side Rod and Gun Club to-day, in a 25-target event, scores were made as follows: B. Terhume 16, C. Teddis 14, W. Banta 11, H. Beeker 8, M. Breen 21, E. Breen 11, C. Lewis 11, F. Mercer 15, N. Boogertman 10, J. Boogertman 11, J. Helms 8, W. Swift 9.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., March 14.—The weather was perfect for trapshooting. Mr. L. Emann scored 94 per cent., a first-class performance. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Emann	15	14	15	15	14	21	..
Page	14	12	14	11	12	23	..
Grant	13	15	12	10	9	23	21
Dr Pardo	13	12	14	14	14	23	24
Wilkes	12	11	9	13	12	19	..
W Wilson	11	11	12	10	10	..	..
Taylor	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Makesthum	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	9	11	11	14	13	20	..
Jules	8	9	10	11	13	21	18
Smith	7	10	13	10	10	17	..
J H Phillips	..	12	8	..	..	..	20
Mack	..	12	11	11	10	..	..
Jackson	..	10	15	12	13	19	..
Harvey	..	9	9	..	..	..	..
Warren	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
J Baker	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
Abbott	..	..	11	11	10	22	..
Rowan	..	..	11	10	..	..	..
Messler	..	..	9	11	..	..	..
Reading	..	..	8	..	..	..	..

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 14.—The results of the North River Gun Club's weekly shoot are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Glover	10	..	..	9	8	7	6	7	..	7
Vosselman	7	5	4	4	..	9	6	6	..	..
Harland	5	2	3	2	3	4	4	3	..	1
Eickhoff	8	9	..	3	4	8	9	4	7	6
Richter	5	..	..	6	4	4	4	..	2	..
Morrison	..	..	8	10	7	7	6	8	8	5
Hall	..	..	9	6	8	6	8	7	5	3
Baker	..	..	1	0	..	0	..	..	..	..
Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	8	3
*Harland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	.
*Glover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
*Eickhoff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5

*Re-entry. JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Concerning the Grand American Handicap at targets, April 14 to 17, the powder, shell and gun companies have decided to obtain a party railroad rate from Cincinnati, which includes sleeper from Cincinnati to Kansas City and return. No conditions are imposed in the way of shooting gun or ammunition. Address Mr. F. J. Waddell, Cincinnati, O.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 11.—The usual weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and twelve shooters were present, all bent on the same purpose, that of smashing bluerocks. That the majority of them did it seems to be the case, straight scores coming quite easy and apparently without much effort.

The consecutive match, which has been causing considerable interest of late, was as usual entered by all, and after the smoke had cleared away, the record was again broken, Rule having just 45 to his credit, and going Griffith to the good 4 targets. Dr. Gleason also was distinctly in it, breaking a 27 straight and a 25 straight, also securing 93 out of his 100 targets, the highest score of this kind on the grounds this season, and also making 28 in the match, closely followed by Woodruff with 27, who seems now to have struck his old clip. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	*	15	10	15	15	10	*	15	15	15	20	Av.
Caswell, 16	6	9	10	8	13	11	9	5	10	12	14	..	.765
Frank, 18	8	6	14	9	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	.787
Rule, 18	8	6	12	8	13	9	7	8	12	14	15	20	.825
Barry, 16	9	3	12	3	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	.680
Woodruff, 17	6	8	13	9	13	14	7	6	12	..	..	..	.800
Fletcher, 16	8	4	14	8	9	10	6	..	10	..	..	..	.690
Lee, 16	8	7	10	9	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	.774
Williams, 16	6	6	9	5	12	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	.695
Gleason, 16	..	..	..	..	13	15	10	..	13	15	14	17	.924
Dennison, 18	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Edwards, 16	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.467
Smith, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	11	..	.800
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Firth, 16	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.500

*Five pairs.

Consecutive break match: Rule, 18yds., 45; Gleason, 16yds., 27; Williams, 16yds., 15; Frank, 18yds., 13; Woodruff, 17yds., 11; Fletcher, 16yds., 10.

Merchandise match, 30 singles, handicap distance:

Gleason, 16	11110(11111111011111111111111—28
Woodruff, 17	11011111111101111111101111111—27
Williams, 16	11111101011101111111111111110—26
Smith, 16	11111001101111 0(11101111111111—25
Caswell, 16	11111011111101101010111111101—24
Lee, 16	10111101111100111111010111111—24
Frank, 18	11110010100100111 (1111111011—22
Barry, 16	11111100110110101110111011101—22
Rule, 18	11111111011110111111101010100 0—22
Dennison, 18	10101 10(11010111011101110111011—21
Fletcher, 16	11111011010100000101111010111 0—19

Interstate Association Meeting.

A SPECIAL meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held in the offices of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York city, on Friday, March 13, at 2:15 P. M. In the absence of both President Bennett and Vice-President Bruff, Mr. Eugene Dupont occupied the chair.

The roll call showed the following members present, represented either in person or by proxy: Tatham & Brothers, Chas. Tatham; Le Roy Shot and Lead Works, O. D. Delano; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins; American E. C. and Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., Edward Banks; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Theo. Moore; E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., Eugene Dupont; Peters Cartridge Co., by proxy, A. W. Higgins; Hazard Powder Co., by proxy, Eugene Dupont; Remington Arms Co., by proxy, Theo. Moore.

W. R. Hobart, of the American Field, and M. R. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing, honorary members of the Association, were also present, as was Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association.

The secretary read the call for the meeting, signed by the president, which stated that the call was issued for the purpose of considering matters in connection with the holding of the fifth Grand American Handicap at targets at Interstate Park.

In view of the numerous changes which have taken place at Interstate Park, both in the grounds and in the management, it was a question as to whether the Association would be able to hold the event there. Manager Shaner stated that he had inspected the grounds very carefully, and in his opinion the G. A. H. could not be held there in the same up-to-date manner as heretofore. The matter was discussed at considerable length, and on motion made and duly seconded it was decided to cancel the tournament.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club to-day was attended by eight regulars, one of whom, Mr. Marshall, holds the record for rapid progress in trapshooting. Two weeks ago this gentleman made his first attempt to smash bluerocks, when, after the shoot was over, he found it easier to count the breaks than the misses. To-day, however, it was easier to count the misses, which in his last string amounted to but four. Twenty-one is a nice score to make, for one having had as little experience as Mr. Marshall.

The warm spring sunshine, and total absence of wind made the day an ideal one for shooting, and but for the crankiness of the trap, which persisted in breaking at least half a dozen targets before delivering a good one, good scores would have been the order of the day. Notwithstanding, however, some good scores were made. On Saturday, the 21st, this club will send a seven-man team to Ossining to shoot in the Intercounty cup match. To-day's scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Marshall	11	13	17	21	100	62
Traver	11	23	20	..	75	54
Perkins	21	20	21	..	75	62
Du Bois	14	18	20	19	100	71
Irving	16	15	..	..	50	31
Winans	16	16	19	..	75	51
Briggs	20	15	..	..	50	35
Smith	..	13	7	..	50	20

SNANIWEH.

Baldwinsville Shotgun and Rifle Club.

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y., March 12.—The Baldwinsville Shotgun and Rifle Club held its seventh annual tournament to-day. Shooting commenced at 9:30. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	10	Broke.
Morris	9	13	9	11	13	9	12	7	11	7	11	19	9	14	7	161
Harvin	5	14	6	11	17	7	13	8	12	9	11	17	7	11	5	153
Wheeler	7	13	7	11	9	8	13	10	10	6	11	17	8	14	6	150
Denny	8	10	6	11	12	8	9	5	11	7	13	18	8	11	10	147
Meagher	8	9	6	10	15	8	10	7	13	8	12	15	7	13	5	146
Dailey	6	14	7	12	12	9	11	6	12	5	11	13	5	11	9	143
Merriman	8	11	8	14	13	8	10	7	11	9	8	12	7	11	6	133
Cottle	8	9	7	10	14	9	11	7	12	7	8	11	6	10	7	136
Montgomery	4	10	3	12	11	6	10	7	9	6	9	14	8	7	..	116
Steves	4	8	2	9	13	7	9	4	4	6	6	12	4	6	3	97
Chapman	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	7	11	8	10	..	8	12	9	81
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6	7	4	10	..	8	12	7	68
Burnett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	9	14	..	7	..	..	48
Mills	..	..	..	..	9	4	5	3	7	4	3	..	6	5	..	46
Killick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	10	9	6	..	4	..	..	32
Ernshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	0	..	3	13
Cady	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	0	2	..	4

Baltimore—Keystone.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 16.—The deciding shoot of the series between the Baltimore Shooting Association and Keystone Shooting League teams, as to the superiority of Baltimore over Philadelphia at the traps, was settled to-day in favor of Baltimore by a score of 193 to 176. Each man, nine on a side, shot at 25 live birds. The competition was in pairs, one man of each team shooting a man to man race. Only two of Philadelphia's men came out victors. Mr. I. Budd was the only contestant who killed straight. Baltimore had 17 to the good at the close of the race, thus the net winning of the local team was raised to 10 birds for the four shoots, which decided the championship. The scores:

Baltimore—McAlistoer 22, Storr 20, Coe 24, Burroughs 21, Malone 22, Dupont 22, Gifford 16, Gorman 23, Waters 23; total 193.

Keystone—Rothaker 18, Van Loon 17, E. Johnson 22, Coffin 18, P. Johnson 19, Hobbs 18, Dr. Darby 22, Hallowell 17, Budd 25; total 176.

Omaha Trap.

OMAHA, Neb., March 16.—For years Omaha has been one of the shooting centers of the United States, and ten years ago it was noted for the frequency of its big trap events. Then there was a season of several years' inactivity; but after this rest the pastime broke out with more vigor than ever, and to-day there is probably no city or State in the country that compares with Omaha and Nebraska for the number and importance of its trap tournaments. There are now no less than six or eight regularly organized clubs in the city, and over half a hundred in the State; and bigger crowds assemble at the weekly shoots and more targets are atomized and more pigeons killed than there used to be in a month. For this condition of things much credit is due to the Omaha Gun Club, one of the oldest shooting organizations in the country, and to the State Sportsman's Association. The Omaha club was organized nearly forty years ago, and originally it was styled the Omaha Sportsman's Club. That was in the good old days when Yank Hathaway, Gen. George Crook, John Petty, G. H. Collins, George A. Hoagland, Byron Reed, Judges B. E. B. Kennedy and George B. Lake, Dr. Peabody, John Withnell, Howard Kennedy, Dick Withnell, Henry Homan, Al. Patrick, Major Sackett, W. H. S. Hughes, Goodley Brucker, William Preston and John J. Hardin and scores of others, now difficult to recall, were the active members. The club had a large general membership, composed of the most prominent professional and business men—as it is to-day—and as they were all practical and enthusiastic followers of the field, it took but precious little inducement even at that early date to interest them in friendly competitions at the trap. In those days trap tournaments were new, and the regular weekly shoot was attended by the full membership, while the spectators who assembled to witness the sport ran up into the hundreds, while to-day the lookers-on are chiefly composed of the shooters themselves. In the old days the rivalry between the contestants was always at fever heat, and the average scors made then, with black powder, soft shot and hammer guns, incredible as it may seem, were up to those of the present day. Along in the '70s, I have seen Frank Parmelee—who, by the way, has just moved to Rockport, Tex., where he will engage in the poultry business, and who since his boyhood has occupied a premier position among the crackerjack trap shots of the world—and John Petty, Hal Penrose, J. J. Hardin, Billy Townsend, Billy Brewer, H. B. Kennedy, Charlie Williams, Johnny Thompson, Goodley Brucker, Taylor Sprigg, Dick Metz, D. T. Stubbs, Clark Ellis and a dozen others run their scores up well into the 90s in every 100 live-bird or artificial target shoot in which they took part. In the 25-target shoots, which were the regular weekly club shoots, Parmelee, Petty, Hardin, Penrose, Williams and one or two others more often emerged from the fray with straights than they did with broken records.

It is extremely pleasing to note that to-day there seems to be more than a full restoration of the activity of the days of he old lang syne. The preservation of the old Omaha club in the perfect vigor of its youth, the splendid organization of the Dickey Bird Gun Club; the Taylor & Williams Yellowstone Gun Club; the Prairie Gun Club; the South Omaha and Council Bluffs gun clubs, and the Rifle Club, are all robust organizations, and very much alive, and putting forth extra efforts this spring to make Omaha a shooting center second to none in the country. Their initial shoots this spring, despite the generally inauspicious weather, indicate that this much-desired end is to be surely attained, and that this health-promoting and life-prolonging divertisement is to take rank with the most popular pastimes of the day.

The Omaha club at present has a roster of seventy members, with J. P. Smead, President; W. P. McFarlane, Vice-President; W. D. Townsend, Secretary, and Goodley Brucker, Treasurer. They shoot every Saturday afternoon. The Dickey Bird Gun Club is a younger and large body, with George Nicholson, President; Walter F. Kinnear, Vice-President, and George Toozer, Secretary and Treasurer. The Yellowstone Gun Club has a limit of thirty members, and Fred Hoye is President. The South Omaha Gun Club at its last census had sixty members, and the Council Bluffs Gun Club about the same number. The Omaha Rifle Club, with fifty members, was recently organized, with Dr. J. C. Whinnery, President; Joe Barton, Vice-President, and Fred Carter, Secretary and Treasurer. The Omaha Mallard and Merganser clubs are principally duck shooting organizations, although they pay considerable attention to the trap.

Omaha also has a game and fish protective association, with H. S. McDonald, President, and Council Bluffs has just organized a similar body, with E. C. Brown President, and a membership of over three hundred. Their one aim is to break up the illegal fishing that has been practiced on most all Iowa waters from time immemorial, and they are preparing for the building of a modern club house at Lake Manawa, formerly famous for its black bass.

On the Trans-Mississippi trapshooting tournaments' spring card there are many good things, beginning with the joint shoot of the North Platte, Buffalo Bill and Grand Island gun clubs, which will be held at Grand Island April 1, 2 and 3, the first two days to be devoted to targets, ten events each day, and the last to the third shoot between the All-Nebraska and Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs ten-man teams, 100 live-bird race. The two teams have already met twice, the rural shots skinning their metropolitan rivals both times; the first in October last by a margin of 5 birds, and the second last month by a margin of 4. Both shoots were held on the Omaha Gun Club grounds. The teams are: Omaha, South Omaha and Council Bluffs—W. D. Townsend, captain; Tom Grant, Dick Kimball, Fred Montmorency, G. W. Loomis, Charlie Lewis, Billy Brewer, Dorsey Burgess, Fred Goodrich and Ed Hafer; All-State—George L. Carter, captain; Dan Bray, Syracuse; C. D. Linderman; Weeping Water—G. A. Schroeder, Columbus; State Game Warden George B. Simpkins, Lincoln; Gus Seivers; Grand Island—Frank Baird, Herman; W. H. Illian, Albion; Fanner Burke, Elgin, and Martin Diefenderfer, Wood River. Then follows the Geneva, Neb., Gun Club's meet, March 25 and 26; the St. Joe, Mo., Gun Club shoot, April 7 to 10; the Grand American Handicap, Kansas City, April 14, 15, 16 and 17; the Nebraska State Sportsman's annual, Lincoln, April 29, 30, 31 and May 1; the Kansas State shoot, Concordia, Kans., May 1, 2 and 3; the Iowa State shoot, Osceola, May 19, 20 and 21; the Sioux City Gun Club shoot, June 9, 10 and 11.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 14.—There were nineteen contestants in the second contest for the March cup, and of these Mr. W. W. Marshall and Dr. H. O'Brien tied on a full score. Saturday of this week is the day fixed upon for the team contest between the Crescents and the Boston Athletic Association Gun Club, for a trophy purchased jointly by the two organizations. The members of the visiting team are considered to be Messrs. C. M. Howell, W. L. Hill, George E. Clark, R. W. Dennison, D. W. Edwards, Dr. S. A. Ellis, T. F. Baxter, Daniel Hallett and J. H. Daggett.

The weather was pleasant and a large programme was shot, in which there were numerous ties. The scores follow:

Cup shoot, 50 targets:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
G G Stephenson	2	21	23	2	23	25	48
A R Fish	2	20	22	2	23	25	47
F B Stephenson	2	2	24	2	23	25	49
F T Bedford, Jr	2	24	25	2	20	22	47
W W Marshall	5	20	25	5	20	25	50
D C Bennett	4	11	15	4	21	25	40
H B Vanderveer	4	17	21	4	21	25	46
E H Lott	3	18	21	3	22	25	46
G W Hagedorn	3	20	23	3	19	22	45
W J McConville	4	18	22	4	19	23	45
H C Werlemann	8	19	25	8	15	23	48
Dr O'Brien	5	20	25	5	20	25	50
G W Meeker	5	20	25	5	18	23	48
F D Mead	7	11	18	7	10	17	35
L M Palmer	2	20	22	2	19	21	43
L C Hopkins	4	20	24	4	17	21	45
Dr Keyes	2	13	15	2	19	21	36
A B Rhett	4	17	21	4	17	21	42
A W Palmer	3	21	24	3	20	23	47

Handicap shoot, 15 targets; G. G. Stephenson, Jr. (1) 15, Fish (1) 14, F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, Bedford (1) 14, Marshall (3) 14, Bennett (2) 10, Vanderveer (2) 14, Lott (2) 13, Hagedorn (2) 15, McConville (2) 15, L. M. Palmer (1) 12, Hopkins (2) 15, Dr. Keyes (1) 10, McDermott (3) 15, A. W. Palmer (2) 13, Werleman (4) 9, Dr. O'Brien (2) 15, Meeker (3) 15, Rhett (2) 10.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: G. G. Stephenson (1) 11, F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, Hagedorn (2) 13, McConville (2) 12, Hopkins (2) 15, McDermott (3) 15, O'Brien (3) 15, Meeker (3) 13.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, McDermott (3) 14, O'Brien (3) 13, Hopkins (2) 11.

Team match, 15 targets:

G. Stephenson 10, Fish 15, Marshall 7, Vanderveer 11, Hagedorn 12, L. M. Palmer 13, Hegeman 14, A. W. Palmer 12, Sykes 9, O'Brien 13, Voorhies 9, Chapman 9; total 134.

F. Stephenson 14, Bedford 13, Bennett 12, Lott 12, McConville 10, Hopkins 13, McDermott 9, Raynor 10, Werleman 6, Meeker 12, Mead 9, Keyes 13; total 133.

Trophy shoot, handicap, 15 targets: G. G. Stephenson (1) 14, Fish (1) 14, F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, Bedford (1) 14, Marshall (3) 15, Vanderveer (2) 15, Bennett (2) 15, Lott (2) 15, Hagedorn (2) 9, McConville (2) 15, L. M. Palmer (1) 14, Hopkins (2) 15, Hegeman (2) 13, McDermott (3) 11, A. W. Palmer (2) 14, Blake (5) 12, Sykes (2) 13, Werleman (2) 13, O'Brien (3) 12, Meeker (3) 9.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, Marshall (3) 14, Vanderveer (2) 14, Bennett (2) 10, Lott (2) 13, McConville (2) 15, Hopkins (2) 15.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: F. B. Stephenson (1) 15, McConville (2) 12, Hopkins (2) 10.

Handicap, 15 targets: Dr. Keyes (1) 15, Hopkins (2) 12, O'Brien (3) 15, Werleman (4) 11, Sykes (2) 15, Chapman (4) 14, Marshall (3) 12, Rhett (2) 9, A. W. Palmer (1) 13, Lott (2) 15, Bedford (1) 12, Fish (1) 14.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Dr. Keyes (1) 11, O'Brien (3) 13, Sykes (2) 11, Lott (2) 15.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 14.—The shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club last Saturday, was well attended. The weather was pleasant. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	15
Welles	7	7	9	12	7	14	8	12	3	12	8	7	5	12
Borland	6	5	7	11	11	..	6	..	..	8	7	..	..	..
Frost	6	4	5	..	8	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Wright	7	6	9	9	12	8	8	9	5	..	..	..	7	8
Schneider	9	6	7	12	15	15	7	9	..	10	10	9	..	10
Loebel	9	8	6	9	7	7	6	..	5	..	6	..	..	..
Hitchcock	8	7	5	8	7	..	8	..	7	8	..	..	..	8
Mohrman	5	7	3	8	8	..	4	..	5	..	5	5	..	..
Hausleiter	7	..	4	9	..	5	5	8	5	..	4	6	..	..
Eckley	7	6	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Anderson	2	3	5	8	8	..	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	5	4	3	..	..	..	5	..	4	3	4	..	..	..
Marlborough	2	3	3	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	4	..	..	..
Bond	2	..	2	..	..	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Winkler	2	3	2	..	..	..	3	..	3	..	4	..	..	..
Osterhaut	5	6	7	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cheeseborough	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Newton	3	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greene	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Mineola—Freeport.

Mineola, L. I., March 14.—The third and last contest of teams from the Mineola A. C. and the Freeport Gun Club took place on the grounds of the former to-day. Victory rewarded the skill of Mineola, the scores being: Mineola 84, Freeport 79. There were five men to a team, 25 targets per man. With this win Mineola won two out of the three contests. The scores:

Mincola Team.

F Gildersleeve	1111111110101111101011101—20
W Simonson	1010101000111010111111011—16
W Seaman	0100011110011111111110010—16
G Houghton	0000111111001110111101001—15
E Schmidt	0110100011010111111110111—17—84

Freeport Team.

F C Wilks	1111111111111111101111111—24
F Eagner	0001000001010001011100000— 7
C F Sprague	1101001110101101011110001—15
C T Ryder	1110111101001000111111111—18
G Greiff	0011100111010111101111000—15—79

Ten targets: Greiff 5, W. Simonson 7, T. Ryder 9, T. Sprague 8, P. Murphy 4, F. C. Willis 9, G. Houghton 2, E. Schmidt 7, M. Scally 8, F. Gildersleeve 10, W. Seaman 8.

Ten targets: Simonson 5, Ryder 9, Sprague 8, Murphy 3, Willis 9, Houghton 5, Schmidt 7, Scalley 6, Gildersleeve 7, Seaman 6.

Emerald Gun Club.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Herewith please find the record for the past year, March, 1902, to March, 1903, of the Emerald Gun Club. The annual meeting was held on Thursday at 8 P. M. at the house of Dr. C. V. Hudson. The club was organized twenty-two years ago this month, and is now entering the twenty-third year of its existence. It has been an active organization at all times during this period, shooting from eight to twelve times a year. Nothing but live birds have been used, and many prizes have been contested for. Its team has won the team championship at targets and the last Dean Richmond trophy contest, shot for at live birds in the State of New York, at the meeting of the N. Y. S. A. P. F. and G. The club donates from its treasury more cash for prizes each year than any other club in this vicinity, and the handicapping is on the point and rise basis, thus allowing a B or class man to win the highest point average. This is the fourth year Schortemeier has won the average prize, and his coming year's handicap is 33yds. The club will shoot at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, which are being enlarged the coming year.

The following officers were elected: Patrick J. May, President; L. H. Schortemeier, First Vice-President; Henry C. Koegel, Second Vice-President; Thomas Short, Recording and Financial Secretary, and the old reliable John H. Moore as Treasurer, a position he has held for many years.

The balance in the treasury is satisfactory, and the usual amount of cash was voted for prizes the coming year. The value of cash prizes and merchandise the past few years averaged some $200. The cash prizes are given on condition that the member purchases a memento or souvenir or something pertaining to the sport. The shooting day is the third Tuesday of the month, excepting the months of July and December; and any shooter in the vicinity is welcome to participate, but of course is not eligible to prizes.

The first shoot of the year took place appropriately on March 17.

Record of Emerald Gun Club of New York at live birds, season March 1, 1902 to March 1, 1903; average to count in eight or more shoots, winners can select only one prize, point average:

	—Handicap— Yards.	Points.	Shot at.	Killed.	Points.	Avge.
J Fischer	28	6	100	78	18	.780
W Corbett	25	5	100	64	14	.640
L Schortemeier	32	7	90	78	15	.867
F Hausman	25	6	100	69	12	.690
Dr Hudson	28	7	100	79	11	.790
J H Moore	28	6½	100	74	11	.740
A Schoverling	30	7	80	64	10	.800
F J Kall	25	6	100	65	10	.650
T Short	25	7	100	73	9	.730
P May	28	6	80	54	8	.675
H C Koegel	30	7	100	74	7	.740
W Hassenger	30	7	60	49	7	....
W Catton	28	7	100	68	6	.680
H Chasmer	25	6	70	43	5	....
H Voehringer	25	6	50	34	5	....
R Regan	25	6	60	38	5	....
S Van Allen	30	7	20	17	5	....
H W Dreyer	25	6	40	28	4	....
W Sands	28	6½	40	30	4	....
Al Scheubel	28	6½	20	17	4	....
H Dressell	28	6	10	7	1	....
N V Gunther	28	5½	10	6	½	....

Average prizes: First, Schortemeier, $20; second, Schoverling, $10; third, Koegel, $5.

Point prizes: First, Fischer; second, Corbett; third. Hausman.

MANHATTA.

The Florist's Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, March 12.—The thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be given under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, on their grounds at Wissinoming, Pa., May 18, 19, 20 and 21, at flying targets; and Keystone Shooting League grounds, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., May 22 and 23, at live birds.

We offer State shooters guaranteed purses; daily average, high and low guns; general average, high and low guns; added money to purses for 66 to 80 per cent. men; 70 per cent. is sure to win some money; a tax purse for those who shoot through the three days' open amateur events, 100 shots a day, and fail to win back their entrance; absolute trophy in each team match; individual prizes to team winners; individual trophy to winner of State average; added money in all State events; two grand merchandise handicaps; open amateur sweeps; manufacturers' agents shoot for targets only and rebate average purse; shooting at bluerock targets from four magautraps run by electric motor; shad dinners; most beautiful shooting grounds in the State. Anything else? Yes. Come and see the greatest shoot ever given in this State.

V. V. DORP, Sec'y.

2728 NORTH TWELFTH STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., March 7.—The seventeenth contest for the Troisdorf medals resulted as follows: Rike (20) 45, Randall (16) 45, Lindsley (16) 42, Corry (15) 42, Leever (17) 42, Hawk (16) 42, Ackley (16) 41, Ahlers (21) 41, Van Ness (16) 41, Maynard (19) 41, Barker (18) 40, Block (18) 39, E. Trimble (17) 39, Medico (16) 39, Nye (16) 39, R. Trimble (21) 38, Linn (15) 38, McB. (16) 38, Capt. (16) 38, Coleman (19) 38, Falk (18) 37, Brown (16) 37, Gambell (20) 30, Williams (16) 23.

Randall, Van Ness and Medico's handicaps were 20, 19 and 18yds., respectively, but they preferred shooting at the 16yd. mark, their scores in the medal not counting.

Ed Rike paid us a visit and made high score from 20yds., breaking his first 30 straight.

The day was a miserable one to shoot, rain stopping the shoot time and again. However, it did not keep the crowd from coming out.

Van Ness and Gambell have started a series of 100-target races, one to take place each week and the total in 500 to count. Result of first race: Van Ness 89, Gambell 87.

March 11.—Gambell and Dell Gross decided to test their skill at the traps last week, so after kidding the former at Schuler's one night recently a match was made and shot at the club grounds.

The weather was ideal, and good scores were made by both contestants; in fact, Gambell shot "like he used to years ago," and put up the good score of 95 to 93 for Gross.

The following day a three-cornered match was shot between Gambell, Gross and Ahlers, the first-named winning by 2 targets. Scores:

No. 1, match at 100 targets, 18yds.: Gambell 95, Gross 93.

No. 2, same: Gambell 89, Ahlers 87, Gross 87.

March 14.—The fourth contest for cash prize had scores as appended. Medico shot at 16yds.; regular handicap, 18yds.:

Medico (16) 44, Barker (17) 43, Maynard (18) 43, Block (17) 42, Gambell (18) 42, Jack (15) 42, Ackley (15) 41, E. Trimble (17) 41, Corry (17) 41, Rike (18) 39, Ahlers (20) 39, Steinman (18) 39, R. Trimble (22) 38, Van Ness (18) 38, McB (15) 37, Faran (18) 37, Linn (15) 37, Capt. (16) 36, Falk (17) 35, Coleman (17) 35, J. B. (16) 35, Roanoke (15) 28.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., March 14.—The Colt Gun Club held their first medal shoot of the season to-day. The weather conditions were most favorable for the sport. Mr. Holister, who has successfully held the medal since last fall against all competitors, was forced to relinquish his grip on it to-day in favor of Messrs. Hubbell and Hermann, who tied for first at 22 each. In the toss up Hermann won, and the prospects are that he will hold it for another season. The scores in full were:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Hermann	22	13	12	Warner	18	15	..
Hubbell	22	..	..	Edgerton	19	15	..
Holister	21	14	..	Stone	15	9	..
Alger	20	14	..	Scifert	17	10	..
McFetridge	21	..	..	Wander	14	11	..
Cook	20	..	..				

No. 1 was the medal contest.

R. McF.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. H. A., Boston, Mass.—1. When leaving the ground or tree, is the flight of the ruffed grouse always accompanied by the roar of wings, or is it sometimes noiseless? 2. What constitutes a noiseless flight—that is, is it by scaling, or is it a noiseless beat of the wings? 3. Under what conditions does a ruffed grouse "whistle"? Ans.—1. The flight is sometimes noiseless. 2. When it sails with outspread wings. 3. Generally when it is disturbed, though the noise could not properly be termed a whistle.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tours to the Pacific Coast.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

FOR the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Los Angeles, Cal., May 21 to June 2, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run three personally-conducted tours to Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast. These tours will leave New York and Philadelphia, May 12 and 13. Tour No. 1, covering twenty-four days, $134.50 from New York; $132.75 from Philadelphia. Tour No. 2, covering forty-three days, including Yellowstone Park, $253 from New York, and $251.25 from Philadelphia. Tour No. 3, covering thirty days, including Grand Canyon of Arizona, $159 from New York, and $156.75 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points. Arrangements may be made to return independently on Tours No. 1 and No. 3.

Special Pullman trains will be used, and the services of a tourist agent, chaperon, baggage master and official stenographer will be provided on each train.

For itinerary giving rates and full information apply to Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York city, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Adv.*

Mr. T. H. Keller writes us that in "the annual competition for the indoor rifle championship, New York city, Feb. 28 to March 7, the conditions called for 100 shots at 75 feet, position off-hand, on the German ring target. The championship was won this year for the second consecutive time by L. P. Ittel, of Pittsburg, Pa. Not one of Mr. Ittel's 100 shots was placed outside the bullseye, and his score of 2,457 points was a remarkable piece of marksmanship. Mr. Ittel used in this contest Peters .22 caliber short cartridges. This ammunition has now won the championship for six consecutive years, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, and 1903. In addition to this victory, the ammunition won first in every other contest of the tournament, and a large number of perfect scores were made with it."

The Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., have issued a beautifully illustrated catalogue, with text abounding in information. In it is set forth a full description of the 1903 Savage repeater, which is furnished to use the various .22 caliber cartridges. To meet the demands of sportsmen the Savage Arms Co. have adopted the .30-30 1899 Savage model to take .25-35, .32-40 and .38-55 cartridges. Apply to the Savage Arms Co. for the catalogue.

Many American anglers are familiar with the name of W. J. Cummins, North of England Rod Works, Bishop Auckland, England, who offers to send free to any address his illustrated catalogue of high-grade rods and tackle. A manufacturer of fishing tackle whose goods have pleased men like the late A. N. Cheney, Mr. Frank Hampton, of South Carolina, and Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., is likely to please other anglers.

These are busy days for Spratts Patent (America) Limited, of Newark, N. J. They fed and fitted up the recent Pittsburg show, and have done or are doing the same for Coshocton, Chicago, Buffalo, Atlantic City and Rochester.

Florida—Thomasville—Augusta.

Atlantic Coast Line's famous trains, 8:55 A. M. daily. "New York & Florida Special," 2:10 P. M. week days. Apply at office, 1161 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Hotel Wachapreague, for yachting, sailing, fishing, bathing, driving, recreation of every description. See inducements, page x.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE DOOM OF THE ELK.

IN western Wyoming, in the country immediately about the Yellowstone Park, but chiefly south of it, are the only considerable herds of elk that exist in America to-day. Once these animals extended over almost the whole country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but like so many other species of great game, they have been exterminated over almost the whole continent. Later than the year 1870 there were a few in Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa, and they were then very abundant over the plains of Nebraska. On the Upper Missouri and in the northern Rocky Mountains they lasted much longer. Only within a few years were they exterminated in Arizona. In California there is still a little herd rigorously protected by the owners of land they range on. A few are found in the Olympic Mountains, and a few on Vancouver Island. But nowhere are they abundant save in Wyoming and southernmost Montana.

Most States now have fairly good game laws, which are generally fairly well enforced. There is no great danger that sportsmen, hide hunter or tooth hunter will exterminate the elk; and yet in Wyoming, outside of the Yellowstone Park, this extermination is destined shortly to come. It will take place, too, by wholesale. In a small way it will be like the destruction of the last herds of the plains buffalo, though from another cause. Thousands will perish in a week and their unskinned, dried up carcasses will greet the cow-puncher as he rides over the hill, or the sportsman who visits the region to look—in vain—for game.

The summer range of these elk is in the high timber-clad mountains of the main range. They feed there in the lovely grassy parks among the timber, or on the high mountain meadows, such as the mountain sheep often visit. But in winter the early snows drive them down from these heights, and as these snows become deeper they work their way to lower altitudes and toward the southern and more open country, where the snow fall is less deep and the fierce winds sweep the bald hills bare, leaving exposed the grass on which the herds can feed.

Up to within the past few years each autumn saw a long procession of many thousand elk stringing down from the Yellowstone Park, and the country immediately south of it toward the Red Desert of Wyoming, which was their winter pasturing ground. But in recent years the settlements have crept further and further north; ranchmen have taken up and fenced places along the streams, and have blocked up and cut off the ancient roads, so long traveled by these great deer. Now, for many of them, it is impossible to follow these ancestral pathways, and they must remain in the snow country, striving as best they may, by pawing through the white drifts, to get at the vegetation buried beneath it. If the snow is too deep they cannot reach the food, or if it crusts over they are equally helpless. Then their only resort is to break into the ranchman's hay corral and feed on the crop that he has put up for the use of his own stock, and when this is gone or if they are driven away, starvation must ensue.

This, we are told, is the situation of thousands of elk in Wyoming to the south of the Park to-day, and of a less number—though still some thousands—to the east of the Park.

It is possible that during a winter or two of a mild character the elk may survive here, but it will surely happen that a winter will come when—unless some outlet is found by which these elk can reach their winter range—all of them will starve, and there will then remain in northern Wyoming only the few animals found in the Yellowstone Park. When this shall happen there will be a destruction of the elk which will parallel that of the buffalo on the Laramie plains of what is now western Wyoming which took place nearly sixty-five years ago. The story of this extermination, told us many years ago by an old trapper, Uncle Jack Robinson, who was young and brave and hardy in the old days when Bonneville and Ashley and Soublette and Wyeth were great personages on the then unknown western plains, was this:

In the winter of 1840 there was a great still storm, and snow fell deep over all the country. It was so deep that nothing could move about; and as there was no wind, no portion of the ground was bare. A day or two of mild weather followed and the snow melted and settled a little, and then came a period of hard cold which formed a thick crust. Even the buffalo, powerful as they were, could not break through this, and over a vast stretch of country every animal perished of hunger. The next summer, as Uncle Jack said, the plains were strewn with buffalo as thick as ever they lay after a big killing; and many years after the event, old weather-beaten skulls, crumbling to pieces and dotted with the yellow lichen which grow at that high altitude, could be seen, reminders of the devastation of that terrible winter's storm.

Such a destruction, if it has not already taken place this winter, may be looked for among the elk of western Wyoming, unless the authorities shall find some way of opening and keeping open a road for them between their winter and their summer range.

CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD.

CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD, of this city, died at Aiken, S. C., on Saturday of last week, March 21, at the age of 76 years. By his death New York loses one of its best known and most beloved sportsmen. The younger generation, in particular, owe him a lasting debt for the services he rendered the cause of game protection when its principles were not so familiar to the public as they are in our day, nor so strongly supported by popular sentiment. Mr. Whitehead was one of the founders of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, and from the beginning had large share in shaping the policies, directing the activities and winning the victories of that organization, which has behind it an honorable record of half a century of achievement in its chosen field. To Mr. Whitehead's part in the work of the Association, Mr. Roosevelt bears testimony in his tribute on another page. The work was of the most substantial character; its results have been far reaching and permanent. The game protection of to-day is established in very large measure upon the sure foundation laid by the New York Association at the period when Mr. Whitehead was one of the guiding spirits in its councils.

As a writer Mr. Whitehead was best known by the series of sketches originally contributed to the old *Spirit of the Times* descriptive of hunting and camping adventures in Florida in the '50's, and afterward collected in the volume entitled "The Camp Fires of the Everglades, or Wild Sports in the South." The chapters were pervaded with a freshness and wholesomeness of spirit, a vivacity and depth of sentiment, a keen insight into nature and wild life, and a grace of style and expression which gave the volume a secure place among the classics of American outdoor literature. Who that has read it can ever forget that first paragraph of the opening chapter:

> A goodly sight is a tree! Its trunk supporting a thousand branches that interweave the blue air with their tracery; lithe to the wind, stubborn to the storm, the pillars bend, but do not break, in the leafy aisles of Pan's cathedral. Its roots, far-reaching, with tiny fibers probe the earth for moisture, and send the life-blood through the arteries to the fragrant blossoms and the topmost leaves that "clap their little hands in glee with one continuous sound." To its shadows not only the beasts of the field come for shelter, but millions of insects seek a home under the fold of its bark, or weave their cradles in its rocking boughs. On its branches the birds build their nests, and in its hollows the squirrel and the hooting owl conceal their young, and the wild bee stores its sweets, while both day and night the buds breathe their perfume, and the wind, the leaves, and its feathered guests chant an anthem of praise.

Copies of the earlier editions have long been among the prized possessions of collectors. In 1891 Mr. Whitehead brought out the work in a veritable *édition de luxe* from the press of David Douglas, of Edinburgh, and found for it a new generation of delighted readers.

Mr. Whitehead possessed a most charming personality. A man of much erudition, of keen wit, of abundant vocabulary and of most genial manner, he was a very entertaining companion. For his favorite pursuits he had the enthusiasm of a boy. Long and delightful evenings spent in his sole companionship discussing matters of shooting and fishing are well yet sadly remembered.

On Long Island he owned a charming place which he called a fishing box, and in which he rejoiced. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have a sympathetic friend with him at this home, where a little fishing with a vast deal of angling talk furnished delightful entertainment to guest and host alike.

He was one of the most admirable of sportsmen and truest of men. The good that he did was not limited to matters of forest and stream. He was prominent in charitable work, while in matters which on any side touched his favorite subjects he was an ardent worker. He took an active part in the formation of the New York Zoological Society, became one of its Board of Managers, and was for years its Vice-President and a member of its Executive Committee.

His loss will be keenly felt by a large circle of loving friends, but his death will effect also a far larger circle who knew him not, but who were touched, more or less directly, by his activities in behalf of the citizens of New York.

SPORT AND EXPORT.

A SYSTEM which requires a non-resident sportsman to pay a license fee for the privilege of shooting and fishing and which at the same time denies him the privilege of taking home any of the game or the fish he has taken, is essentially unjust. It is unjust because it denies to the sportsman one feature of his outing which is to him a very important and valued part of it, the bringing home of the fruits of his expedition for the gratification of his family and friends, and for his own gratification in showing and bestowing his fish and game.

If there were any sound and sufficient reason for the restriction, if it could be shown that the game and fish of a State would not be conserved without imposing such deprivation upon visiting sportsmen, the hardship might be endured. But no good reason exists. There are in successful operation export regulations which, as experience has abundantly demonstrated, control and safeguard the transportation of game and fish when accompanied by the owner, without the least deleterious effect upon the supply. If such system is in operation in one State, it might be in operation in another. For a State to incorporate in its game laws—as does New Jersey and as does Pennsylvania—a provision that the non-resident who is made to pay a license fee may not take any game home with him, is to confess that it is incompetent to administer the more liberal systems which prevail in its sister States. Even a Canadian Province is more fair and equitable in its dealings with the non-resident sportsman than is New Jersey or Pennsylvania; for the Canadians permit their visitors to bring out their trophies, while New Jersey not only refuses so much as this, but actually seizes game in transit from another State to another State.

It is a gratification to record that a measure has been introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature to permit the export of big game under certain stringent conditions from game preserves; and the export of birds killed by licensed non-resident shooters. The privilege is limited, and it is right that it should be; the numbers of each species being of ruffed grouse, six; English pheasants, ten; woodcock, six; quail, fifteen; squirrels, ten; rabbits, twenty; and ducks and geese combined, twenty. The measure has the indorsement of the game commissioners, and will probably become a law.

THE ill-considered movement to reorganize the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission has ended in the summary rejection of the measure by legislative committee. The hearing last Thursday, as our report in another column indicates, was almost entirely one-sided, the advocates of the change being conspicuous by their absence, and the hearing was made the occasion of warm commendation of the present board, both as to its constitution and personnel. Appreciation of the high character of the service performed by the Commission is general throughout Massachusetts; and the vote of confidence—for this was what the hearing amounted to—was well deserved, and we believe truly reflects public sentiment.

Mr. Howard P. Frothingham, who was for several years president of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission, sent his resignation to the Governor on Monday of this week.

CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD.

MR. CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD, whose death took place on the 21st of this month, was one of the most devoted of sportsmen. Not only was he a good fly-fisher—expert in casting the fly for trout and salmon—and an excellent shot on birds and large game, but he was most devoted to the protection of game. No one has done more or more intelligently for this cause than he. During the most active days of the New York Association for the Protection of Game he was its attorney and counsel. During all those years before the State assumed the responsibility and left the work to a public board and to paid official protectors, during the dark hours when everyone's hand was against us, when we had to educate the ladies and gentlemen in society as well as the dealers in game, when we had to teach our best people that to serve game out of season was not only wrong in itself and unworthy of gentlemen, but utterly destructive of its existence, he was untiring. He brought the great suits, some of them going to the Supreme Court at Washington, which determined the power of the Legislature and established the modern method of protection. He employed detectives, he arranged the marshalling of proof so that it was as difficult to evade it by falsehood as by cunning. And yet he was always liberal and never vindictive. A poor ignorant market dealer unacquainted with the law was never oppressed; all he had to do was to promise not to offend again and he went free. Even the wealthy hardened transgressors he thought it better policy to persuade and encourage than to drive too hard. I have no time to go into details and must leave that task for others, but I wish to record my tribute of admiration and respect for my old and valued friend, my honored associate, my consistent helper in the good work of game protection, and my delightful companion in many a fishing bout—that noble specimen of bodily and mental manhood, Charles E. Whitehead. He was physically strong, active and handsome; he stood over six feet high, vigorous as a young pine tree, fearless in the right and untiring in its service. The cause and the country have lost a valuable citizen when he was called away.

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"The Law West of the Pecos."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough's reference not long since to Ben Thompson and King Fisher, reminds me of my promise some time ago to try and set down a few of the tales connected with Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, Texas, and his administration of justice in that distant and sparsely settled territory. For the benefit of those who did not see the contribution in which this promise was made, or, having seen it, have forgotten the circumstances, I will explain that, away out beyond the Pecos River, where the Southern Pacific Railway touches the Rio Grande, there is a station called Langtry. Before the railroad was built this place was called Eagle's Nest, which was doubtless appropriate enough, as the sandy bluffs of the river in this vicinity are high and inaccessible, and afford numerous convenient shelves or benches where the eagles could make their nests. In fact, when I was stationed there, although the eagles themselves were gone, one could still see what was said to be the remains of their eyries on these high shelves. The Southern Pacific came through there, I infer, at about the time of the "Jersey Lily's" greatest fame, and for some inexplicable reason this forlorn, miserable little railroad town, consisting of not more than a dozen structures, and located in the most barren portion of Texas, was given her name.

The population of this little place, though small, contained, however, more interesting, or, to be accurate, more curious and eccentric characters than many places of perhaps a thousand times its numbers; in fact, every resident had something worth relating connected with his history. I will confine my reminiscences in this article to its principal inhabitant, Roy Bean. It is probable that Roy is known to some of the readers who may chance to glance over these lines. I feel sure that our always entertaining writer, Cabia Blanco, must have become acquainted with him during his Texas service, and can perhaps vouch for the truth of some of the many tales extant regarding Roy, either in his honor or at his expense, as the case may be.

At the time of which I write Roy was pretty well along in years, probably sixty or more. He told me that he had been a wagonmaster in the Mexican War, and related many incidents of the various expeditions he had made. These were believed by but few; probably they were wholly fictitious. There is no question, however, but that he had been on the Mexican frontier for a long time, even if he didn't date back quite to the days of Kearney and Domphan. He kept a kind of store and drinking saloon, the only one in existence for miles in any direction, and held the position of justice of the peace, and consequently was called "Judge" by his acquaintances. For a long time the saying went, "There's no law but Judge Bean west of the Pecos;" and it was nearly true, the error being in the exception. The following anecdotes illustrate his character and his administration of justice. Some of them have been published in many papers, usually so embellished and touched up by the correspondent's fancy as to bear but little relation to actual occurrences. I cannot vouch for the truth of what I write; but they were all either told me by the Judge himself or by some of his neighbors, who claimed to be present at the time of the occurrence; I give them as I heard them, to the best of my recollection.

Toward the completion of the Southern Pacific Railway, the eastern and western ends approached each other somewhere in the vicinity of Roy's saloon and Hall of Justice. The gangs of laborers on the eastern end were mostly Irishmen; those on the western branch mainly Chinese. As many will still recall, the latter were very unpopular at that time, and when these discordant elements had gotten quite near each other, I have no doubt the simple minded Celestial had taken it from the more boisterous eastern gangs. Finally matters were carried to such extremes that in some fray or other a Chinaman was killed by one of the opposing party. Out and out murder seems to have reached the limit of even Pecos County forebearance, and so, in course of time, the offender was haled before Judge Bean, charged with the murder of this Chinaman. The Judge established his court and tried the man with such decorum as circumstances would admit. The prisoner in due time was found guilty, and it then devolved upon the Judge to take some action in the case. Being only a justice of the peace, of course he had no jurisdiction in such cases, but, claiming to be the only law west of the Pecos, he had assumed the right to try the case, and as the man was found guilty, he had now to dispose of it. He accordingly had the prisoner stand up, and made a brief review of the case, concluding something as follows: "You have been found guilty of killing this Chinaman and merit the punishment of death. In order, however, to proceed strictly within the law, I have carefully examined the statutes and find that there is no penalty denounced therein for killing a Chinaman; in fact, the word 'Chinaman' doesn't appear in the statutes. The court consequently decides that killing a Chinaman is not an offense against the State of Texas, and dismisses the case."

Of course this must appear to the reader like utter burlesque, but Roy went on to explain to me why he rendered such an unexpected decision. He said: "Had I sentenced this man to death, or even sent him to the neighboring county for trial by a court having jurisdiction in such cases, it would have caused such an uprising among the lawless men in the eastern gang as would have resulted in the death of half the Chinese camp. By thus letting the offender off on such a surprising technicality, I avoided this probable massacre." Of course there was some ground for this view, but what actuated Roy in this now famous decision was doubtless the safety of his own skull rather than that of the Chinese camp.

Some years later there was stationed at Langtry an officer who not unfrequently departed from the conventional idea of conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman. He has long since left the army, but I will withhold his name, as he has relatives in high places who might fail to see the humor in these anecdotes were names given in full. This lieutenant and a railroad employe having fallen out over some trifle, they measured off thirty paces of ground and took shots at each other with the six-shooters of that day, and the lieutenant was hit and painfully wounded in one hand. Roy, having heard about it, immediately had them both brought before him for justice, and having heard the case through, fined the lieutenant two dozen of beer. The beer was promptly purchased at Roy's bar, and in it, with the help of the usual coterie of idlers, I believe all hard feelings engendered in the quarrel were either drowned or dissolved.

Roy's commercial methods might properly be said to keep pace with his legal decisions. He once assured me with some glee and a rather pardonable pride at his own originality, that when anyone paid him anything on account he debited them with the item just as though they had received that amount from him. He said they were liable to be drinking at the time and to remember but little about it afterward; if they questioned the charge at a subsequent settlement, he always removed it, but if they paid it he was just so much ahead. I told him in reply that though I had appeared to acquiesce in times past in some pretty doubtful tales, I should have to have some evidence to pass this one. He accordingly brought out an illegible account book and showed me items which he said corroborated his story. I have never been able to make up my mind whether he was telling the truth or trying to make game of me; his idea was certainly original, and I doubt very much if he would have been deterred from its execution by any qualms of conscience.

I come now to the anecdote called up by Mr. Hough's article. This one was not told me by Roy himself, but by his neighbors. One morning when the train from the east stopped for breakfast at the railway eating house, a fine looking, well dressed gentleman stepped out of the sleeper and walked into Roy's store. By his neat and fashionable attire Roy hastily took him to be some "tenderfoot" from the East, and observing that he wore two large revolvers strapped about his waist, determined to collect a fine from him. He accordingly blusteringly accosted the stranger, asking him how he dared to go about wearing pistols in violation of the law of the State. The stranger replied in a quiet and undisturbed manner that he wasn't aware that he was violating the law of the State. The Judge told him quite brusquely that he was violating it, and that he was going to bring him immediately to trial for so doing. The stranger, still calm and polite, asked if there was a magistrate before whom the trial could be had. Roy told him quite forcibly that he was already before such a magistrate. The stranger thereupon asked him if the court was ready to proceed with the trial. Roy was about to reply in the affirmative, when, like a flash, the stranger drew both revolvers and fired them apparently at Roy's judicial head, the balls barely missing either ear and causing sad havoc among the bottles and glasses on the shelves behind him. Roy dropped behind the counter in a jiffy, and the loafers and frontier idlers sitting around on boxes and barrels enjoying the scene, hastily took refuge behind the most convenient screen; and almost in a twinkling everyone but the stranger was out of sight, and not a sound could be heard; all realized that they "were up against the real thing." As Uncle Remus says, "'Twas jes like blowin' out a candle." The stranger looked calmly around and said: "The court seems to have taken a recess; gentlemen of the jury, come out from your hiding places and help yourselves to drinks." It is probable that all taste for liquor was temporarily destroyed in his panic-stricken hearers, but none dared refuse, and each one helped himself to a drink of Roy's liquor, while Roy himself kept ignominiously out of sight behind his bar. After this ceremony was concluded, the stranger laid his card and a dollar bill on the bar, and stepped aboard the sleeper just as the train pulled out for the West. As soon as Roy dared, he crawled out from his retreat and on the card read the following legend:

KING FISHER,
Deputy Sheriff.

I do not now recall the number of men Fisher was alleged to have killed, but his very name was enough to make the average Texan's blood run cold, and I fancy Roy passed some anxious hours lest he might receive a call from Fisher on his return from the West. He was spared that annoyance, but for a long time 'twas not considered good taste to ask the Judge if he had collected that fine yet from King Fisher for wearing pistols.

Well, time flies. Nearly twenty years have slipped away since my sojourn at Langtry. I doubt not justice is now as accurately administered in Pecos county as in any county. King Fisher has long since gone. Doubtless by this time Roy, too, has gone. Maybe old Julius and his hounds are gone; and possibly even the mountain lions they used to hunt and the deer and beaver once so numerous there. Truly the poet says:

"Life's but a walking shadow: A poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

WILLIAM F. FLYNN.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO.

On the very day Capt. Flynn's sketch was received in the FOREST AND STREAM office, the following press dispatch was published in the New York Evening Post:

"The Law West of the Pecos" Dead.

EL PASO, Texas, March 17.—Roy Bean, known as "The Law West of the Pecos," is dead at his home in Langtry, Texas. "Squire" Bean was one of the most noted characters in the United States, and for years had been the subject of innumerable anecdotes and newspaper sketches.

A Maine Woods Walk in Sixty-One

BY MANLY HARDY.

In Three Parts—Part II.

As we could not wait for Philbrook and Billings to come to us, we started early the next morning to try and find them. All snowshoe tracks were nearly obliterated, and we had a hard time finding a spotted line which led to their next camp. After traveling several miles we came to a small pond surrounded by cedars. It was the lower one of the upper Allegash ponds. Crossing this in a short time we came to a second.

As we were going down a long swell of open hardwood land, while still a long distance off, we saw a man approaching us. It proved to be T. W. Billings, of Brownville, better known as Waldo Billings, the guide whom your contributor, Mr. C. H. Ames, has written of. He said that his partner Philbrook and he had separated a week before to be gone two weeks, that Philbrook was somewhere on the headwaters of the Upper St. John, and that if we would return with him to the home camp he would go with us to find Philbrook.

Billings was carrying the old three-barreled two-shooter which Hiram L. Leonard, the noted fly-rod maker, had made in 1857. As there probably was never another like it, I will describe it. It was a three-barreled gun, which revolved so that but one hammer was needed. Two barrels were rifled to carry a half ounce round ball; the other was of the same caliber, but made smooth to fire shot. Each barrel was two-shootered, as it was called, which also was an invention of Mr. Leonard's—that is, each barrel had a second tube far enough beyond the first to admit of a full charge below it. When the gun was loaded, two charges were loaded, one on top of the other. In firing the first the hammer came down upon a piece of metal which fired the first charge; then by touching a spring, this flew up out of the way and the second charge was fired as if from an ordinary gun.

Proceeding in company with Billings, we crossed lengthwise of the lower of the two upper Allegash ponds, and going through a short thoroughfare came to the upper one where his camp was situated, about half way up the pond on the north side. This pond, by the way, is only about two miles from Chimquassabamtook, the highest water in the State, and is itself but little lower.

On approaching the camp, I was surprised to see what looked like an immense washing hung out to dry. It proved to be twenty-five or thirty shaved moose hides all in a row, stretched on poles.

In stretching moose hides our hunters were accustomed to hang the hide neck up from a slanting pole and shave all the hair off clean with a sharp knife. It took an expert from a quarter to half an hour to shave a moose hide, and when done, the hide was as clean as a man's face after a shave. In stretching a hide two poles some ten feet long and about the size of a man's arm, each having a fork at the upper end, were driven solidly into the ground about the distance apart that a moose hide would reach. The hide then had slits five or six inches long cut all along the edge from the neck to the end of the hide. Through these loops a pole was run, each end of which was put in one of the crotches. When a pole had been run along the lower edge of the hide in a corresponding manner, the hunter would put his knee upon one end, and drawing it down as tightly as possible, lash it to the upright with bark. After securing the other end of the pole in like manner he would cut small separate holes in each end of the hide, and passing a piece of bark through, secure the ends to the uprights. Then all adhering meat and fat was carefully removed. In warm weather in the fall the thick hide on the back of the neck and on the hips was slashed crosswise a number of times just deep enough to cut the grain in order to facilitate drying. When the hides were nearly dry, but before they became too stiff, they were taken out of the frames and folded, first lengthwise and then crosswise, so as to make a snug pack about three feet long by eighteen inches wide. The shaved hides of a full-grown moose

would weigh from ten to twenty pounds, according to the size and season when taken, fall hides being much the heaviest. The bark used in stretching was usually cedar, though that of elm and basswood was sometimes used. Philbrook and Billings had taken advantage of the smooth surface of the ice, through which they had cut holes, sticking their poles down into the mud below, and slanting them so as to receive the full benefit of the sun.

After dinner we retraced our steps to the lower pond. About half way down this on the west side we took a town line running west which they had re-spotted as a sable line. This line we followed some six miles, the whole length of the township, on the way taking two sables and a rabbit out of their log traps. Here let me say that a rabbit will eat meat or fish of any kind nearly as quickly as a cat would. It is certainly not done for the sake of the salt contained, as they take perfectly fresh meat. Red squirrels also, as every hunter knows, will eat any kind of fresh meat or fish. They will also eat each other out of traps, as I have seen done dozens of times.

Incidentally I may say that on the way across I shot another moose, purposely hitting him in the kidneys to note the effect of the shot. After striking a few clips at the dogs, he reared straight up on his hindlegs and fell back dead.

After reaching the end of the town line we turned short to the south, and after about half a mile came to one of Philbrook's camps on a small pond on St. John's waters. Here a fire out of doors was still burning, and near to it were the freshly skinned bodies of two each of beaver, lynx and sable. A snowshoe track only two or three hours old led south.

This was as far as Billings had ever been, but as he had heard Philbrook speak of having another camp, we concluded to follow the track, taking with us half of one of the beavers for fear of his not having meat enough for so many visitors.

After about two miles the track led to a stream with high banks, where was a beaver house above a very short dam. We found where Philbrook had just set two traps for him. The beaver was living on newly cut wood, and I saw where he had felled a large white birch lengthwise of the stream instead of, as is their usual custom, toward the water. This had evidently been done intentionally, so that, as he cut them off, he could roll the pieces, they being too heavy for him to drag in if they had been lying lengthwise.

After walking a mile or two further, we came to another small pond, on the further side of which we could see the smoke of Philbrook's camp. Approaching, we told Billings to go in first, and I remember Philbrook's asking what in the world sent him over there so quick. Afterward Farrar and myself slid down into the camp and received a hearty welcome, as Philbrook had been my partner in the fall of '59 on Caucomgomoc.

His camp, which had been built before the snow came, was about 7 by 10 feet, and intended for only one man. One had to slide down in order to get into the door, as the snow was four or five feet deep. It was a single camp, the back being made of split fir, and protected from fire by rocks and earth piled against it.

Our whole outfit of cooking tools consisted of one pint dipper and a very shallow plate. In the corner next the door Philbrook had his cooking establishment. Here he had a birch bark dish in which he mixed his flour, his water being in another dish of birch bark. He rolled out his bread on a sheet of birch bark with a rolling-pin made from a stick of peeled maple. His food consisted entirely of meat, bread and tea. He baked the bread in the tin plate and fried his meat in the same plate, using a split stick for a handle.

The place was not large enough to get in ourselves, and our snowshoes, and at night we had to leave our snowshoes out of doors. We had to lie edgewise and pass in the dogs over us, using them for pillows. When Philbrook got supper we ate up the moose meat he fried in his tin plate so fast that it was a good while before he got his turn.

The pond where Philbrook was camped was in what is now called Desolation, and is the pond where Pete La Fontaine was shot by a warden. I have noticed that within a few years several sportsmen have written of discovering some of these ponds, and having been the first to traverse this wilderness. I will say that fifty years ago all this country had been accurately mapped, and the man who within that time has discovered any place in Maine not visited before, has about as much right to claim the discovery as I should to discover Boston Common. There is not a square mile in the State that has not been hunted over a great many times.

In the morning I found that my right ankle was very badly swollen. I was not aware of having sprained it, and judge it came from the pull down of the green moose shanks I had been wearing. Nevertheless, I started with Philbrook to look his traps.

He showed me where the beaver were when he first found them, and the dam which they had built. It was the most singular one I ever saw. There were but two beavers, and they had built a house just where the brook entered the pond. As there was no chance to get any flowage on the stream, they had inclosed a portion of the pond about 50 feet long by one-half as wide with a semi-circular dam about 2 feet above the level of the pond. Instead of making the dam in the usual manner, they had put down sticks endwise, which still projected above the ice, and had filled in with brush and mud. The dam had a waste-way in the center, and had raised the water about 18 inches above the level of the pond. On coming back a most singular thing occurred. As I walked across the pond, and was just stepping over the dam close to the waste-way, the beaver suddenly plumped over the dam into the pond, throwing mud and water upon my snowshoe. We had probably disturbed him in looking traps two miles above, and both of us had arrived at the dam at nearly the same moment. I did not see the beaver fairly, but saw the water bulge up and a large dark-colored mass plunge into the pond below the dam.

In the afternoon the others concluded to go on a moose hunt, saying that as my ankle was so bad they would leave me to keep camp. I kept camp about five minutes and crawled out to the camp door just in time to see them disappearing in the woods across the pond. It was no use, ankle or no ankle, I was not going to be left behind, so getting on my snowshoes, I started after them. It was very painful work at first, but in less than a mile I overtook them.

Shortly after we found moose tracks, and as the dogs had not barked, we separated, Farrar and Billings circling to the left, while Philbrook and I kept on directly ahead. The deep snow filled up the space between the ground and the lower branches of the trees, so that one could not see well without crouching close to the snow. Being ahead, I was doing this, when I saw four pairs of legs—the bodies were entirely hidden. Motioning to Philbrook, we both sat watching, when suddenly we heard the crack of two pistols, and the next instant a large cow moose, followed by a calf, came directly for us. It was very evident that she meant us. I held the rifle on her head, but she kept swinging it so that it was useless to fire. Not over eight or ten feet ahead of me was a tree which she must turn out for before getting to me. This would give me a chance at her shoulder. So I held the rifle ready and fired at her shoulder when she was not more than eight feet from the muzzle of the rifle. I jumped sideways as I fired. The next moment Philbrook's pistol cracked, and looking around I saw the moose lying between Philbrook and myself. We were not fifteen feet apart. The calf stubbed his toes on his mother when she fell and nearly turned somersaults.

As we had muzzleloaders, we stopped to reload, and soon heard a great barking of dogs and shouting in the direction the calf had taken. On getting there we found that Farrar had mounted the calf with his snowshoes still on and was trying to cut the calf's throat with his knife. The moose, although but a calf, was nearly as tall as a horse, and an animal not to be trifled with. Just as we came up, Billings put his pistol to the moose's ear and fired, killed the moose instantly. In falling he rolled on Farrar, pinning him down, and we had quite a time to get him out. The cow moose measured, after being skinned, six and a half feet from the flat of the foot to the top of the shoulder, and charged on us fully as viciously as I have ever seen a bull do.

After skinning the moose and setting a log trap for fisher and one for sable, we started homeward. It may seem singular to the uninitiated to set a trap baited with a small piece of the same meat beside the carcass from which it was taken, but such is the nature of both fisher and sable that they will go into a trap, even though they have the whole carcass to feed upon.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

In Wild Pigeon Days.

SOME of your correspondents have of late been writing of the passager pigeon, and I shall perhaps never have a better opportunity to tell your readers the little that I have known about them in days long past. I remember that I wrote to the Green Bay Advocate some account of a visit I once made to a pigeon roost; but as this was before FOREST AND STREAM was born, any repetition of what I may have said in print at that time is of little importance.

Fifty or sixty years ago these birds were not uncommon in the State of Massachusetts, and were even netted to some profit by those who, for the most part, remembered or cherished the traditions of far larger flocks which, in former days, had visited that land. I recall the casual statement made by a man who, were he living, would be nearly ninety years old, that his father used, when the narrator was a small boy, to trap pigeons in large numbers, and as the boy had not the strength of hand requisite to pinch the heads of the birds as they protruded through the net, the old man made him a small hammer, with which to inflict the death blow.

In my time it was not usual to see many pigeons together, and when this occurred it was usually where "beds" had been prepared and grain sown to attract them. There was, I believe, even special legislation favoring the pigeon netters, and I remember my disgust at hearing of some law forbidding the discharge of firearms within a specified distance of a pigeon bed.

I thought at the time that if a man wanted to secure the shooting in a good woodcock cover, he had only to dig up a pigeon bed or so in the vicinity thereof.

I have myself been warned not to shoot pigeons on the trees near a "stand," though, before the warning was given, I had not known of its existence. We rarely had shots at pigeons then, and I recall what seemed to me the singular fact that having on one occasion shot one of these birds, my dog, a setter who was a good retriever, sniffed at the pigeon, but refused to pick it up.

In 1855 I saw many small flights of pigeons near Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Michigan, and was told that there was a roost a few miles distant. This I did not see. Later, in central Illinois, being out on an unsuccessful deer hunt, we shot with the rifle a few of these birds from the limbs of the trees in the Burr Oak Grove. They furnished the meat for our supper.

The first large (or what seemed large) flocks of pigeons which I saw, came to Oconto County, Wisconsin, when I was living in the woods, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Oconto River. This was, I think, in May and June, 1871, and they passed northward in the morning and southward in the afternoon. Mr. Stratton (Antler) has since told me that the males had the morning flight and the females that of the afternoon. He well remembered the enormous numbers of pigeons which formerly passed over New York State.

My place, Riverwood, was on the banks of the Oconto River, and although I saw many pigeons, I was otherwise occupied and gave them little attention. There was a family named Volk, living at Oconto Falls, then a little hamlet, where was a postoffice, about two and a half miles from my home, and on occasion I used to go there for the mail. One morning I was a little unwell, and one of these young men came to my house to borrow a gun. He was going after pigeons. So I lent him the gun, and taking another, walked up on a cleared hill toward the falls and sat down, while the young man aforesaid went to look for pigeons in the trees, which were not far away.

Soon small flights began to pass, going north, and directly across the river. When I shot one, it would pitch over the bank and into the bushes, so that I took up a position further south and in a sort of hollow. I was not in good shooting form, my gun was heavy and I found that I could not make a double shot at the small flights which passed, yet my shots were generally successful, and when the birds fell they would strike the ground near the north end of the hollow. After a while young Volk came back.

"How many you got?" he asked.

I counted the birds and replied, "Thirty-five; how many have you?"

"Only three."

The next time I went to the postoffice Mr. Henry Volk said to me:

"I wish you'd tell me how you manage to shoot pigeons?"

I replied, in substance, that I generally pointed the gun about where I thought the charge would be most effective and cut loose. "But," I said, "I can tell you one reason why you do not get more, for I recently saw you and your boys loading and firing in the sumachs. The size of shot you are using is far too large—about No. 1 or No. 2. Now I am shooting No. 8."

"Well," said he, "I bought a new double gun, when the pigeons came, and we thought that with this and our other guns we'd get all we wanted, though we don't often hunt anything but deer; but yesterday morning Fred 'n I went down to the edge of the rocks that overlook a spring flat down by the river. The ground below was fairly blue with pigeons, and when we raised they all came up in a cloud, and we fired into 'em. We thought we'd ought to a got a wagon load, but we didn't get not the derned one."

I could not say much in the way of consolation, but intimated that one of the first things I had learned when shooting into flocks of birds, was that it is well to hold for some particular one and take your chances on the rest; otherwise the results are often unsatisfactory.

Those men were good shots with the rifle at large game, but so far as I can remember, the only way that they ever managed to shoot any flying pigeons was by concealing themselves on the line of flight and firing at incoming birds.

The roost frequented by these pigeons was distant from my place some four or five miles. It was back in the wilderness, and one day a party of us went through the woods until we found it. This party was seven in number, of which six carried guns. There was one very long man, one short man, one stout, one thin and three more of assorted sizes. The gun borne by the long man was nearly equal in linear measurement to the distance across a quarter-section of land. The stout man carried an ax. He was "going for" the squabs. These two constituted the guides and interpreters to the expedition. After traveling some miles through the woods, we halted in order to poke a hole through the swarms of black flies and mosquitoes with a gun barrel to see the sun and ascertain if the compass was correct.

We were standing on the bank of a little brook with our guns resting on the ground, when a single pigeon went by like a bullet. I pitched forward my gun and fired as I would at a woodcock in a summer brake, and the stout man said, "Why, you shot three feet behind that bird." He judged by the smoke, but the pigeon fell, much to his surprise. I mention this in order to give some idea of the speed attained by these birds.

About this time we struck a smell. It was peculiar—much like an old hen roost, and we were encouraged to proceed. Then we heard a noise. At first we could not tell what to make of it. As we proceeded it grew louder, and at last, as somebody expressed it, it was as the sound of a Woman's Rights Convention in full blast, pending a motion for the discussion of the "previous question."

It was not long before we were in the tract of woodland which was occupied by the pigeons as a roost, or nesting place. I doubt if they had been disturbed before our advent. This roost bore no comparison with those of which I had read, yet it was a very remarkable sight. The trees were in many cases large pines and hemlocks, with some maples and beeches, and I doubt if there was a suitable tree on several acres which did not bear many nests of the pigeons. The branches, however, were not broken down by the weight of the birds, as in some cases of which I had read. The nests were of the simplest, and contained but one squab each. In fact, these squabs were so fat and large that it occurred to me that had there unluckily been two of them in a nest, the mother bird would have had to ship outriggers of some sort in order to enable her to hover the brood properly.

The pigeons were flying about in the tops of the trees, or were on the nests, and but few were shot in this place. The ax man leveled some trees, and secured what squabs we required.

Toward evening we had reached the shore of a small pond, where the pigeons came, I suppose, to drink. The tops of the low trees were full of them, and for a while there was a constant fusilade. When we started for home we had, I think, 280 pigeons to carry. About eighty of these were squabs—we might easily have had many more. None of these birds, as far as I know, were sold or wasted.

Somewhere about this time I shot twelve pigeons as they passed my house, and these, I believe, were all that I killed that season.

In the summer (I think) of 1880 there were a good many pigeons in the woods of Antrim County, Michigan. They nested, as I think, in the woods to the north of Intermediate Lakes. One day, when I was dining on a boarding-scow, near the head of Six Mile Lake, they were continually fluttering about in the trees near by, and could probably have been shot in considerable numbers. I one day went out and shot seven, and those, I believe, were the last passenger pigeons at which I have pointed my gun.

That same winter an effort was made in the Michigan Legislature to give some protection to these beautiful birds, but it was blocked by some old ignoramus

who wanted to make a few more dollars with his pigeon nets. His efforts might well have been spared, for so far as I know the pigeons have never since revisited the Michigan forests.

Where are they now? Who knows! No explanation that has ever been given of their disappearance has been satisfactory to me. I believe that George Kennedy has come as near to the truth as any one who has written in your columns. Like Hans Breitmann's "barty," they have "gone afay mit de lager bier. Afay in de ewigkeit." KELPIE.

TRENTON, Georgia, March 16.

Natural History.

The New Babies at the Bronx.

Spring Stirs the Beasts and Birds in the Dens and Groves.

WILD baby animals are rarely secured by hunters in their native haunts, and their life has always been somewhat of a mystery, even to men of science; but young animals in captivity afford an excellent study of characteristics that are interesting—even fascinating. One of the greatest ambitions of managers of zoological gardens and park menageries has always been to rear young wild animals in captivity, and then exhibit them to the public.

When the first baby elephant was born in this country, it proved such a curiosity that the circus which owned it made thousands of dollars in exhibiting it to the people, and when the Central Park baby hippopotamus first saw the light of day it was an event of profound satisfaction to the keepers there.

Since those first baby animals of the forest appeared conditions have changed greatly, and now it is no uncommon thing to find a half dozen or more cubs in our parks and zoological gardens. This, at least, is the case with the Central Park menagerie, and still more so with the New York Zoological Park up in the Bronx. While a baby animal in captivity may not now excite so much attention as formerly, a collection of them never fails to interest those who are at all in sympathy with the animals of the woods and fields. Young cubs are always different from their parents, and when only a few months old they exhibit all the pleasant characteristics of all babies. The first feeling of the spectator is to pet and fondle the little baby creatures, although some are not so lovable in looks as others.

Animals, like the feathered creatures, vary greatly when first born. Some are ugly and some good looking, but as they grow older these conditions are oftentimes just reversed. There is no prettier sight than a young chicken or waddling duckling when it first emerges from the shell; but a robin, bobolink or oriole is about the homeliest thing imaginable, with hardly a pin feather on its naked body. Yet within a few weeks the small birds are clothed with the finest garments, while the ducks and chickens grow uglier and more awkward as the days go by.

The nursery question may be said to be the greatest problem of the New York Zoological Park. How to bring up the tender little ones which would thrive so hardily if they were roaming wild over the desert, the prairie or the hills, whose mothers could and would care for them if they had been born in their native condition, puzzles the wisest heads. Perhaps those neglectful mothers are purposely neglectful. Perhaps they think that the long life of captivity is not worth the living; perhaps they see with a prescience which seems beyond their intelligence what is ahead of these babies—the easy, aimless, tamed existence of the cage or corral, and think it kinder to let their offspring die. But the keepers are often better mothers to the motherless little ones than one would expect them to be. They grow to understand the natures of their charges.

Just now it may be truly said that any conscientious mother in New York would find it worth her while to take a peep into the nursery of the Bronx Zoo. There are things there which she could learn. High up on her wooden bar sits Madame Susie, the baboon mother, with her arms clasped about her baby and the mother light shining in her eyes. If you stand before her cage long enough you are impressed with the belief that any man who denies that his forefathers were monkeys would find it difficult to make the same denial regarding his foremothers. Susie's face is an open book. In it is written every emotion from pride to tenderness, which a young mother feels, or ought to feel. Before she became a mother Susie was never considered a particularly clever baboon. She swung all day from her perch, and flirted with Rubber, the long-armed baboon who is the happy father of Kaiser Wilhelm, her baby. But Susie is, so Mr. Hornaday declares, the best mother the Zoo has ever known. Her care of her baby has delighted the scientists. Like those stupid girls who do not shine in public places, she has turned out to be a perfect goddess of the domestic hearth. She neither pampers Kaiser Wilhelm, nor does she neglect him for a moment. When I saw her she was sitting on her high perch looking like a Madonna, with Kaiser Wilhelm enfolded in her two enormously long arms and tugging at her breast. When he got a bit obstreperous, she gave him a dainty little box on the ears, and then smoothed his head anxiously to make sure she hadn't hurt it. The baby squeaked, but he was good after that.

"It is not often," said Mr. Hornaday, "that we find a really good mother like Susie among the animals. The average mother either neglects her little ones entirely or kills them with over-attention. That is our greatest trouble. Science will do a great deal toward raising the young, but a pound of science will not take the place of an ounce of mother instinct. We had a red fox here last year who gave birth to a fine healthy little brood. She was the most over-anxious mother we have ever had. She never left her babies for an instant, and there were times when she would get into a nervous frenzy and would pick up one of the tiny cubs and walk about the cage for hours with it hanging from her mouth. At length they died one by one. It was impossible to raise them, with so much overdone kindness."

There is another type of mother at the Zoo, too, the mother who, like some women in society, thinks she has quite done her duty when she has brought her babies into the world. One of the most striking examples of this class is a huge Siberian bear, whose baby died only a few weeks ago from the effects of his mother's heartless neglect. Bears are seldom born in captivity, and even when they are the mother generally neglects them. For two days this little fellow, scarcely larger than a guinea pig, although the mother weighs nearly 300 pounds, appeared to be receiving the proper care and nourishment. It was cautiously visited by Keeper Mulvehill at frequent intervals. Late in the afternoon of the second day Keeper Mulvehill discovered that the mother had wilfully changed her sleeping quarters, and the tiny new-comer had become thoroughly chilled. It was brought to the reptile house, warmed and placed in cotton, while several keepers were sent scurrying about for a foster mother. They returned with a hound, and the little bear was immediately placed in her charge. The foster mother did all in her power, but exposure had weakened the cub, which died early the next morning.

The five little lion cubs at the Zoo, born on Dec. 1, are doing finely. They are about the size of three-months-old Newfoundland puppies, and they look more like mongrel meat hounds than like the crown princes of beasts. They lie huddled in a corner, their furry yellow backs touching and their baby eyes twinkling at their mother, as she sits proudly on guard, apparently sneering at the young women who stand in front of her cage and dub her noble offspring "cute" and "darling." The mother of the Gracchi could not be sterner or more dignified than she. She is a good mother, too, and all her babies look strong and healthy. They are as playful as kittens, and the average woman who watches them feels like stepping into the cage and catching one of the little ones up in her arms. They have a cage all to themselves now, and they frolic around it to the great amusement of spectators and their mother. The latter has an adjoining cage, which has a private opening into that of her nursery, and she is permitted at times to visit them. Their mother is so indulgent that she will allow them to pull the choicest bits of meat from her, and when fresh water is pushed into the cage they deliberately crowd her away. Not once has the mother been seen to nip or strike her cubs; but occasionally when they get too boisterous she will walk away and push them to one side and hold them there.

One of the strangest youngsters in the park is a Canada porcupine, which received much the same treatment from its mother as did the bear. Keeper Greebe is raising this odd baby with a bottle, and although affectionate in disposition, it must be handled with care. Apparently it is covered with long gray hair, but a cactus plant is pleasant to the touch compared with the little creature. With a gait that might be called decidedly bow-legged, Greebe's queer pet follows him about like a dog, emitting a series of plaintive squeals if unnoticed.

There are several young baby alligators at the Zoo. They seem uninteresting, for they are sleeping most of the time, and are as slothful as the snakes when gorged with food. But there are times when they wake up and move about to get into mischief. When they were first hatched out in an incubator in the reptile house, they were so small that they looked like little lizards, and not much more formidable, but far less active and agile. Their little bodies were covered with a hard armor even then; but it has been growing thicker and harder ever since. When they first crawled out of their eggs they tried to find some dark place to hide in, and two of them managed to crawl away and hide for several days. In vain the keepers searched for them, but after a long hunt they were found snugly buried in the ground. The hole must have been there beforehand, the little alligators crawled in, and the earth falling around them concealed them from view. Their hides are nearly the color of dirt, and this helped to render the deception more complete.

A lively little lamb is the young moufflon, and he keeps things humming on the moufflon range; also he keeps his mother in a state of excitement and alarm because she realizes that such a harum-scarum youth is likely to get into all manner of difficulties. He is only a few weeks old, but he has been a constant care since he was a few days old. The mother's solicitude is most inspiring, but she is sensible about it, whereas the father is not. He is a most rambunctious moufflon and a dangerous sheep. The baby doesn't fear anything or anybody. He will come to the fence and plainly show his delight when he is petted. The mother will stand by and throw out her chest in maternal pride. But Papa Moufflon comes charging down with head lowered, prepared to butt the intruders clear out of the park. Of course, the wire fence restrains him; also it makes him madder than he was before. He drives his family away in high dudgeon.

Next to the moufflons is the house of the aoudad, another species of mountain sheep, and so shy that they blush—sheep-fashion, of course—when any one looks at them. The baby aoudad is a month old, amazingly large for his age, and most retiring. He shuns all human kind. When people are about he stays in the little cave cut in the rocks. When the coast is clear he gambols gracefully about. That is usually in the evenings after visitors have departed and quiet has settled down on the park. The father aoudad watches them closely. He is a vicious animal, a real fighting man, and not a keeper in the Zoo dares come near the baby, or even enter the inclosure when he is at large.

Distinguished among the babies at the Zoo just now are the twelve little fer-de-lance snakes, which are all that are left of the twenty-six born to the huge single specimen of that beautiful spotted snake brought to the park from Martinique, where thousands of her kind were killed in the volcanic eruption. These babies are the first of their kind born in captivity. So deadly are these snakes that few dare to capture them. The baby fer-de-lance is remarkably attractive in appearance, having a bright golden tail, which it waves in the air in order to attract its victims. He is born in full possession of his fangs, and when twenty-four hours old can almost instantly kill a good-sized mouse with one touch of his poison fangs. Just now these babies are kept in small glass cases in a miniature fairy land of snowy gravel and ferns. The baby snakes are not over four inches long and so slender that a child's finger ring would easily encircle them.

Way down in a hay-filled barn is a different kind of baby, a soft, sweet-eyed baby who will nose up to you for a petting. This is the wonderful little horse-tailed deer, whose mother and father came from Malay. The keeper will let you go inside the corral if you like. Then the baby will look up at its mother and the mother will lift her brown eyes anxiously to yours. If you look trustworthy, she will lean over her baby and whisper something, and then he will crawl out on his graceful hoofs and bring you a wisp of hay. He is a hardy baby, and is already being weaned. He is not going through the intermediary stages of prepared food, but is simply taking a little hay with his dinner. As soon as he was born his father, a fine old buck, went on a spree of joy and came back in a bad humor. He beat his wife so severely that he had to have his horns sawed off, and to be put in a separate corral. But already he is repentant, and rubs his nose through the opening in the fence in order to give his baby a gentle kiss now and then.

It appears that chastisement is an important part of animal bringing up, as seen at the Zoo. All the animals have different ways of chastisement for their young, but all the children get it, and some of them get it hard. Curator Ditmars tells an incident of the wolf dens.

One day mother wolf was asleep with her head between her paws. Three little gray babies were tumbling over each other in a corner of the cage, as happy and playful as kittens. Suddenly an acorn fell from the top of the great oak above the cage and struck the tip of mamma wolf's nose, waking her with a start of sharp pain. Without a minute's hesitation she ran over to the puppies in the corner, cuffed each one of them smartly and then went back to her nap, feeling that the guilty ones had been punished.

As the wolves grow older and really get their milk white teeth to showing, they are more and more robust in their play, biting each other quite savagely, but all in fun of course. Sometimes they try this strenuous sort of amusement on mamma, and if she doesn't feel just right, or has not finished the housework, and thinks she has not time to play, she will sometimes turn on them and bite each one till the blood flows over their soft skins. According to some of the books, it is a lucky thing for the guilty one—if the family is in a wild state—if papa has had a meal that day, for the sight of blood and his hunger might prompt him to make a meal of the offender.

The most genuine spanking of course is done in the monkey house. They originated it probably, and our ancestors brought it along with them when they came up. The monkey house is the only place where a male habitually spanks not only his babies, but his wife. According to Mr. Ditmars, there was a tremendous sensation among the primates the other afternoon when old Greenface, who had been chasing his wife for two days, caught her and proceeded to lay her screaming across his knee. She is not as big as he is, and he could do it easily. He held her tail in his teeth while he spanked her vigorously. Suddenly he let go and began to scream himself. She had bitten him on the calf of his leg, taking out a piece of flesh as large as a bean. This thoroughly scared the husband and he ran bellowing to the top of the cage.

The most economical method of chastisement is employed by the alligators, who never have to punish their little ones but once. They never offend again. The thing is done by the mother or father opening a pair of jaws and swallowing the baby whole. There is never another offense. For this reason the Zoo authorities keep the young ones in a cage by themselves.

With the coming of spring, the India black ducks, of all the birds in the park, were the first to take up their domestic duties. They have laid about a dozen eggs, which the keepers are trying to hatch out in an incubator. Indeed most of the birds are making changes of some sort in their personal appearance. An interesting collection of moulted fur and feathers could be picked up on the ground at the bottoms of the cages. The age of the feathers and not the outside temperature determines when they are to be shed, so the inhabitants of the artificially heated house of aquatic birds are moulting at exactly the same time as those kept out of doors for the winter.

The nesting attempts of the egrets, snakebirds, ducks and burrowing owls, and the highly differentiated and often intricate notes of many birds are interesting, but the moulting and plumage development of some of the birds are even more so.

A pair of those martyrs of millinery, snowy egrets, will in a few weeks be in the prime of their breeding plumage, and their immaculate while feathers and long graceful plumes contrast sharply with their black legs and yellow feet. They are living refutations of the absurdly false statement that their plumes drop off naturally while in their perfect condition. As a matter of fact, they must be cruelly slaughtered before these "aigrettes" deface a hat. Their larger cousins, the American white egrets, are not so far advanced, but in a month they will vie with their smaller relations in beauty and length of plumes.

During the winter the color of the little blue herons has caused many people to mistrust the scientific knowledge used in labeling the birds; but the pure white, immature plumage of these herons is being replaced rapidly by the slate-blue coloration so characteristic of the adult bird, several stages in the transition being visible at present. A pair of scarlet ibises are exhibiting two different phases of plumage. One is fast completing the spring moult, and is a glowing mass of scarlet, especially in the wings. The other is in a half way condition, presenting a curious pied appearance, alternating scarlet and light rose.

The shedding of a deer's antlers always seems to cause comment, for the reason perhaps that many

people cannot be convinced that such a thing really takes place every year. The axis deer buck sheds his in January, and the new horns in the velvet are already nearly six inches long. The mule deer come next, and the two big elk lost theirs only a short time ago. The horn is absorbed at the base, and finally drops or is knocked off, exactly like a small boy's "loose teeth." It is amusing to see the care with which, after losing one horn, a buck lies down, always with the remaining antler underneath, as if afraid that the weight would twist his neck if he did not.

All things considered, the biggest baby among all the wild animals at the Zoo is an infant that is not an mammal at all, but a reptile, one of the herd of testudo, or giant tortoises, natives of the Galapagos Islands. With his three companions, he forms one of the few relics we have left to us of the life of the Pliocene age; these tortoises are the sole survivors of the prehistoric reptiles. The young testudo is the smallest in the herd; he weighs only 66 pounds. His age is not positively known, but it is variously estimated that he must have seen from eighty to one hundred years. That seems rather old for a baby, but he is a child in arms compared with one of his relatives, a *Testudo vicina*, who carries on her broad back (it is 4 feet 3 inches by 4 feet 7 inches) the weight of something over four centuries, and who tips the scale at 325 pounds.

There will be more babies in the park presently, but of course that is always a delicate subject to talk about until they actually arrive.

Squirrel Migrations.

Ovid, N. Y., March 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the discussion recently running anent squirrels, my father, whose statements about matters of this sort may not be questioned, assures me that he saw a squirrel migration nearly seventy years ago in Ohio. He wishes me to correct the statement made by at least one disputant that squirrels in swimming keep their tails under water. In the migration referred to vast numbers of gray and black squirrels were crossing the Cuyahoga River, which at that place was about one hundred yards wide. The animals were thick in the tree tops along the bank, often clinging to the branches overhanging the stream, as if contemplating the trip. When the men and boys, undoubtedly with sacks, approached the trees, no more hesitation was shown, but with mighty leap and outstretched limbs the squirrel would sail far out, striking flat, and then, *with tail upraised,* would strike bravely out for the farther shore.

Thus is the Sander's Reader of boyhood days vindicated. It is not to be doubted that the squirrels would mount a piece of bark and, as the tail of this animal is usually hoisted, sail easily over. Away with the doubters of those splendid stories in old Sander's! We never get in life such thrills and keen hair-raising enjoyment as imagination gave on the initial-carved seat in the back row.

Nor do we doubt that, in swimming wider rivers than the Cuyahoga, the tail is under water. The squirrel generally knows what he ought to do. That flaunting undulatory, propeller, rail-fence motion of the tail well known to hunters, would easily assist the crossing. Therefore Col. Bobo, Didymus and Sander's are all correct. *Q. E. D.* B. E. Birge.

Alexander Wilson relates in his American Ornithology, in the chapter on the white-headed or bald eagle: "In one of those partial migrations of tree squirrels that sometimes take place in our western forests, many thousands of them were drowned in attempting to cross the Ohio; and at a certain place, not far from Wheeling, a prodigious number of their dead bodies were floated to the shore by an eddy. Here the vultures assembled in great force, and had regaled themselves for some time, when a bald eagle made his appearance, and took sole possession of the premises, keeping the whole flock of vultures at their proper distance for several days. . . In hard times, when food happens to be scarce, should he accidentally meet with one of these who has its craw crammed with carrion, he attacks it fiercely in the air; the cowardly vulture instantly disgorges, and the delicious contents are snatched up by the eagle before they reach the ground."

Pythons and Buffalo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The present might be termed the "age of fiction" in popular natural history as well as in general literature, citing as evidence thereof more than one recent publication, offering to readers uncritical in zoology life histories and fantasies in animal psychology, absolutely without existence except in the sense of the late Prof. Clifford's "ejects." These have been fully dealt with by Mr. John Burroughs, in the March Atlantic, and need no further attention at present.

But the case is different when preposterous nonsense gravely stated in a pseudo-scientific manner as facts of observation, is given the cachet of publication in standard journals. These should be spoken of without delay in good round terms.

Forest and Stream of this week, page 232, contains a quotation from remarks recently made before a number of intelligent gentlemen, at a dinner in Boston, by R. L. Garner, learned in Simian phonetics, to the effect that in certain portions of Africa, unspecified, but visited by him, the pythons prey upon buffalo.

Now, let it be said at once, that as far as is known—unless it be to Mr. Garner—Africa contains but three species of python, two of which are of small size and perhaps never exceed six or seven feet in length. The other, *P. sebæ*, is one of the larger species, but is not known to the unemotional tape line of a length greater than about twenty-five feet as a very unusual extreme.

A large Belgian hare, or a chicken of such a breed as the Dorking, about meets the ordinary capacity of a twenty-foot python at one swallow, and the addition of four or five feet to the snake's length might increase its gape enough to take in an animal of twice that size, though I doubt it. So even if Mr. Garner's buffaloes be limited to the newly born calf, even of the relatively small species of the West Coast, the absurdity of the statement appears to be clear enough without further discussion.

It would be interesting, however, to know if Mr. Garner got this tale from some loquacious gorilla.

But a more tragic occurrence, seemingly, of human authority is with dramatic skill reserved to the last: "* * * after one of my hunting men had been swallowed by a python it gave me a creepy feeling. * * *" Quite true; so it should! But Mr. Garner owes it to ethnology to mention just where in the dark continent this tragedy occurred, for there, at least, there be dwarfs beside whom the little men of the Semliki forest are as giants. Arthur Erwin Brown.

Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, March 19.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Some Sportsmen I Have Known.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly interested in the reminiscences of that good sportsman, R. B. Roosevelt, recently published in Forest and Stream, and wish that I might add something to them.

I did not migrate from the rock ribbed hills of dear old Madison county—the home of the bushy tails, or the clover meadows beneath where congregated the whistling woodchuck—until the toesin of disagreement with our southern sportsmen came to our ears. Not until 1861 did I become a resident of New York City. A few years later I drifted to Jersey City, and perhaps a few reminiscences of those times and mention of some of the old sportsmen of those days—i. e., the latter part of the 60's and early 70's—might be interesting to your readers. I always want to add my quota to your great paper.

On becoming domiciled on Jersey City Heights, I early made the acquaintance of a Mr. Lattimer, of, I think, 78 Murray street, New York City, a near neighbor who had a good dog—though not as good as mine, he often said. Two or three times a week the rising sun would find us together on the Hackensack meadows.

We invariably found a couple of woodcock at a pond hole forenenst where now is the old watch factory. Further down toward the meadows was another hole, and we would scoop in a couple more. There, on the border of the meadow near the railroad track, we were almost sure to find another couple. In a couple of hours we have bagged from eight to a dozen of these nice game birds and been home on the heights before or shortly after 8 A. M. Sometimes we made a day or half a day of it, and good bags were the result, for there were birds there then on the Hackensack meadows.

In our peregrinations we often came across other sportsmen—some celebrated in the annals of shooting lore. There was Uncle Billy Hughes, "Old Reliable No. 1." Big, rollicking Sam Castle, of Newark; Richard Dyne—our Dick—three of the most reliable and successful brush shots in the three States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. We will except none, for we have tramped up the mountain side and shot with them, and Canadensis and the Pocono Mountains will bear testimony to their accuracy and reliability in securing that wariest of the game birds of the world—the ruffed grouse. Then there was Bill Siegler, "Old Reliable No. 2," of Montclair; Al Heritage, "Old South Paw," by which name he is known wherever sportsmen congregate from Maine to California. He shoots left-handed and straddles wide when he shoots. Then comes old Oscar Sanford, a veteran of the fifties, I was going to say. A good shot, but more celebrated as a dog trainer for more wealthy sportsmen. He had a half way house and kennels on the Newark turnpike—"Old Mosquito Tavern," it was called, and sometimes he had as high as from forty to sixty dogs in training, many of exceeding fine strain and pedigree. But old Oscar essayed to cross the railroad once too often and was killed, I think in the early seventies, nearly opposite the watch factory. Another dog trainer and sportsman was Miles Johnson, lower down the State. He must be still alive, but I opine he has laid aside his breechloader; but he can give the youngster good points yet. Jack and Bill Taylor knew the Hackensack meadows well. Not a foot of them that they have not trod, and with good results. Gen. Heber Breintnall, of Newark, every inch a soldier and equally a gentleman sportsman, is now very deservedly a high cockalorum in the militia of the State. C. M. Hedden, and Doctor Pindell lived in Newark, but if they wanted snipe they had to come to the Hackensack meadows for them in those days, and they generally got their share. In later days came John Henry Outwater, a good trap and field shot and good fellow, and the Von Lengerkes, Justus, Herman and Oswald or Oscar, great snipers all of them. Dr. P. W. Levering, of Jersey City Heights, the noblest Roman of them all. Ah! the many sunny hours and some dark days, for that matter, we have trod the brakes or climbed the rugged hillside with the genial Doctor. He is one of those mortals that is good to all and don't know how to think, less say a word to or of anybody. We are indebted to him for many happy hours in the field and elsewhere.

Of the well known shots of these days, Uncle Billy Hughes, one of the most reliable shots, a genial, square man in all walks of life, and beloved by all that know him; Oscar Sanford, Jack Taylor, the pigeon shot, Dr. Pindel and Thomas Harrison, ex-Mayor of old Hudson City, not such a brilliant shot, but a thoroughly good all around sportsman, have all gone to the great meadows beyond.

In the latter part of the sixties we used to get some good woodcock shooting down Jamaica way. It was there that one October day Lattimer and I got nineteen fine fall birds, and we were feeling pretty well over our bag when, about 4 P. M., we stopped at a farm house for a drink of water. The farmer now accosted us: "Heerd you firing down in my swamps. What ye shoot?" With some complacency I pulled out one of our birds. "Huh!" said he, "blind snipe, eh? Why, my man killed hull lot o' them 'ere last night. Here they be, back of the well curb; has 'em laid out; going to take 'em to railroad conductors—gets 20 cents apiece for 'em!"

And as sure as you live, there, laid out smoothly on their backs, were twenty-four plump birds. How did he get them? "There comes John," as a colored man came up the lane driving the cows. I hailed him: "John, did you kill these?" "Yas, sir." "What with?" He stepped to the barn door and, reaching around, brought out a gun. An old musket of about 20 or not to exeeed 24-inch barrel and inch nozzle. "How did you shoot them with this instrument?" "Stood up in the middle ob de road, sah, and shot 'em as they flewed over one side or t'other."

There was a full moon, and this darkey would drop these birds in the middle of the road with his scatter gun. It struck us, as woodcock were worth from $1 to $2 or $2.50 a pair in the market, that the conductor was having a good thing of it.

It was early in the seventies when Major Beckwith, a gallant ex-soldier and a boyhood companion, and I, in pursuit of pastures new, stumbled on Recorder Hackett's great game corner that he had kept so carefully from all save a chosen few—Canoe place and Ponquogue on Shinneecock Bay. Here we found what we wanted—geese, redheads and blackheads. The natives called them broadbill. With that chief of baymen, Bill Lane, we got seven black brant the first day. I had killed the white brant, or Mexican goose, out West, but not half as good a bird, either to shoot or for the table. We fastened on Lane, and many trips we made over that Long Island road.

One day we shot out of a battery, and Lane and his son Charlie gathered in 87 broadbill shot by Jacobstaff after 2 P. M. Many days of good goose shooting we had. Lane had a flock of 35 trained wild geese, and a gander. "Old Pomp," who knew as much or more than a dog, would see birds flying long before we could and set up his honking and seemed to take ecstatic delight in drawing down his fellow bipeds to destruction.

With Captain Ruben Johnson, a Mr. Munday, and two others whose names I do not recall, we bagged in three days' shooting 41 geese.

Those were great days on Tiana Bay and vicinity; but have they not been told and retold in the chronicles of Forest and Stream? I have not been down there in years, but I am told that there is some broadbill shooting in the season yet and that bay snipe at the right time is almost as good as ever. Lane has long ago retired and is living (as last I heard) resting on the laurels he has won as the best shot, the most honest and reliable of all baymen on the coast.

That was a capital article of R. B. Roosevelt's, and you won't get any to beat or even equal it. He must have had lots of good, solid, genuine fun, and how well he tells it. I would like to meet him. I saw him once across the table when he presided over a meeting of sportsmen many years ago, but I have read his works with great interest, "The Game Birds of the North," etc. He knows what he is talking about, and says it well. But I am getting garrulous. Jacobstaff.

Spring Duck Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will esteem it a great favor if you will allow me the space to make a few comments on the subject of the Brown bill, to prohibit the spring shooting of wildfowl in this State. The bill seems to have been hurriedly drawn, and while it may be just what is needed to benefit the duck shooting in the upper part of the State, it does not fit the conditions prevailing in Long Island waters.

The Great South Bay, of Long Island, covers more than one-half the duck shooting waters of the State; broadbills, a smaller proportion of redheads, with some sea ducks, being the fowl represented. The ducks arrive every fall between Oct. 1 and 15. The law of several years ago, and before, allowed the shooting of wildfowl from batteries on and after Oct. 1; but it was found that this date was too early, as the ducks were never in the bay in large enough numbers to warrant the use of a battery, and the few that did arrive were broken up and driven off the flats by gunning parties from New York and elsewhere. These parties, frequently having made their arrangements with their battery men the previous season, and anxious to get the first chance at the ducks, insisted on going out, and would not take the advice of their gunners and defer their visit until later in the season.

The battery men, recognizing the fact that something should be done to preserve the shooting, succeeded, through Mr. Regis H. Post, our representative for Suffolk county, in getting the opening of the season for battery shooting fixed at Oct. 20. The result has been the finest duck shooting we have had in years. Now the Brown bill proposes to make the opening of the season Sept. 15, which is three weeks before the arrival of the ducks, which would practically put us back on our old basis, and of course with the same unsatisfactory results.

Broadbills have, if anything, increased in numbers in the bay. Redheads are scarcer, the result, as you know, of excessive shooting in Southern waters, as they have never been killed in any large numbers in the South Bay.

Another thing I wish to call attention to is the fact that a portion of the South Bay, eighteen miles long by its full width, is owned and controlled, one-half by the town of Brookhaven, one-half by the Smith heirs. Most of the best gunning ground is embraced within this section of the bay. A license to shoot in Brookhaven waters costs $20; a license to shoot in waters controlled by the Smith heirs, $15. Total cost to battery gunners, $35. Every year the bay is frozen over by Christmas. This winter it closed about Dec. 17, and was not clear of ice again until the last of February. This year, up to Jan. 1, we had about twenty-six days on which a battery could be used. Some seasons there might be a few more days, but very seldom. Now, I doubt if that number of days' shooting would make it pay any battery gunner to take out even one license. I refer to the battery gunners who make a business of taking parties out. If they give up, a splendid piece of duck shooting country will be closed

to a great many sportsmen who enjoy their outings on the South Bay, and the grounds will fall into the hands of clubs formed from residents of this locality.

I recognize the fact that ducks as a whole are getting scarcer each year, but broadbills are increasing, if anything, and as this is the duck which furnishes the shooting in the Great South Bay, the gunners of that section do not see why they should suffer with another part of the State, whose marsh duck shooting is on the decline.

Why not leave Long Island waters out, and pass the bill for the rest of the State, where the need of it is felt. C. R. PURDY.

BAYPORT, L. I.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

High Water.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 20.—The floods which have prevailed for more than two weeks all over the Middle West and the South have turned the Father of Waters into a tremendous stretch of open sea running almost across this country from north to south. This means that in all likelihood the north-bound Mississippi flight this spring will be unusually heavy, although that does not necessarily imply that the duck shooting will be especially good, for the prevalence of the high water has left a good deal of roosting and feeding grounds for the wildfowl in a great many different places.

At Tolleston Club at the latter part of last week and first of this week some very good bags were made. Mr. Charles S. Dennis got 18 birds one afternoon without any difficulty, Mr. Hempstead Washburne 9, and other members of Tolleston Club had fair success.

Mr. W. L. Wells and Mr. Hollis Field, both of the Chicago Tribune, who went up last week into the Fox Lake country, met very wet, foggy and unpleasant weather and not so many birds as they had hoped. It is not an uncommon thing for visitors to Fox Lake to come back with explanations why they did not do much shooting. The hotel keepers of that neck of the woods are prolific in explanations. Now the flight has passed, or again it is not yet up, and again the conditions are not yet right, etc.

Along the Kankakee River better sport has been had. A good many pintails and mallards have been killed. We should hear much more of this were it not for the Indiana license, which it seems is still a stumbling block for our Chicago shooters. It is hardly to be expected that a gentleman who borrows the license of a friend or goes into Indiana without a license will make public the doings of his shooting trip. There is no doubt, however, that at Water Valley and at other points above and below, the shooting has been noteworthy within the last six days.

Mr. Thomas W. Blodgett, of advertising circles here, asks for news regarding New Boston, which is one of his favorite shooting places. I have no returns yet from that point, but it is well known that the water is well up all over the pin oak flats of the Mississippi Valley bottoms near there. If the mallards are not working too extensively on the corn fields, they should be in on the oak flats, and in that case the shooter ought to have some sport there during the next week.

The President in the West.

To-day Billy Hofer, of the Yellowstone Park, Seattle, Alaska, and elsewhere, dawned in Chicago without any previous warning. Billy is on his way with a couple of mountain lions, some deer, etc., for the Cleveland Sportsmen's Show, where he expects to remain for a week or so. Early in April he will start back for his quarters at Gardiner, Montana, where he will have business of an interesting nature. It is known that President Roosevelt is to visit the Yellowstone Park early in his coming Western trip, and it goes almost without saying that Billy Hofer will be his guide and companion during his stay at the Park, which will begin about April 8. The likelihood is that at that time the snow will have left the flats and valleys at the level of the Mammoth Hot Springs, but in the upper mountains there will probably be six or ten feet of it, so that travel, except on snowshoes, would in all likelihood be difficult.

Forestry in Indiana.

The State of Indiana is awaking to the necessity of applying the principles of forestry for the preservation of her rapidly disappearing timber. Under the supervision of W. H. Freeman, State Forester, there will be planted during the coming year nearly a half million trees. The State Legislature of Indiana has made an appropriation for the purchase of a State reservation of 2,000 acres, which will be planted with hardwood timber. An act of the Legislature provides that not to exceed one-eighth of the total area of the land owned shall be appraised for taxation at $1 an acre if it is set aside as a permanent forest reservation. Indiana's modest beginning with the principles of forestry is at least a step in the right direction, and a step in which all the Western States will eventually have to follow her.

Marked Advance in Illinois Game Legislation.

To-day I had opportunity for full and very interesting conversation with Representative J. B. Castle, of De Kalb county, who has been prominent in the present Legislature in many matters, including those of fish and game laws. From Mr. Castle's advice it seems very clear that matters were never in better shape at Springfield than they are to-day in regard to the protection of our fish and game. The old fight between the lower and upper portions of the State was never closer to compromise than it is to-day. The general opinion of the legislators in regard to the supply of fish and game is greater to-day than it ever was before. What is very much to the point, Mr. Castle is of the firm belief that we are going to have this spring the best and most practical game law ever put upon the statutes of the State of Illinois.

Reference has already been made to this bill, which is more generally known as the Montgomery bill. It is House bill 604. This bill has been fought through the committee and sub-committee, and has now reached its third reading in the House. Between fifteen and twenty distinct and different amendments were offered to the bill, but only two or three of these were adopted, so that the measure now stands practically as it was conceived by the men who first introduced it. It is beyond the stage where it can be amended in the House, and has reached its first reading in the Senate, where in all likelihood it will pass without further amendment. In the opinion of Mr. Castle, who, with Dr. Wheeler, of Sangamon county, made the fight for this bill on the floor of the House, the passage of the measure is practically safe. Therefore it may be considered in the way of advance information if we take up some of the features of the bill.

The more salient features of the bill as it now stands amended will be the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM plank of "Stop the Sale of Game." Heretofore we have always permitted the sale of ducks in this State, and it was generally agreed that we would always have to permit this sale. If this bill shall pass, as in all likelihood it will, we shall stand before the world as a State not permitting the sale of any of our game.

Mr. Castle told me personally that there was considerable feeling expressed in the committee meetings over the recent tremendous slaughters and sale of game along the Illinois River. The butchery of the Powers boys and their friends who shot on their private marshes on the Illinois River was brought up, and great indignation was expressed over the fact that these so-called gentlemen sportsmen should shoot for the market (to the extent of 837 ducks killed and sold in one day). The indignation against this outrage appeared so general that it was resolved to stop altogether the selling of ducks in this State. Another consideration moving thereto was the evidence introduced of the sale of 26,000 ducks by one firm of game dealers from Beardstown, Ill., last fall. Perhaps we should not crow before we get out of the woods, and South Water Street is not yet heard from, but it is believed that we have whipped out this sort of thing in the State of Illinois, let us hope for once and for all.

Another prominent thing in this new bill is the establishment of a four years' close season on prairie chickens. This close season of several years once before proved the salvation of our Illinois grouse, and the general opinion is that the time has come for its application the second time. It will unquestionably in large measure restore the prairie chicken crop of this State.

Yet another interesting feature, and one in which Mr. Castle takes especial pride, is the limiting of the bag of ducks in any one day to 50. This is rebuke sufficient to club shooters and others who have been in the habit of making unlimited and unsportsmanlike bags of ducks on those occasions when the flight happened to be just right. Mr. Castle himself told me that he thought that if the limit could be put down to 25 birds a day, it would in some measupre offset the loss of the "no sale" clause, should the latter eventually be defeated, which is unlikely. He also said that for very many years he has himself made it a practice to limit his own bag to 25 ducks and to 12 prairie chickens. The latter number of birds is the limit which he and his friends have always established to take home with them at the end of a prairie chicken shoot. He has felt always the same way in regard to smaller game birds, such as quail. It seemed to him that the sportsmen ought not always to seek to reach the limit even of the legal specifications. It is much to be regretted that there are not more such sportsmen in this country.

An interesting feature of this bill is the fact that no part of a wild bird, excepting a game bird, may be had in possession (with the exception of the English sparrow, crow, crow blackbird or chicken hawk). This will stop the use of native Illinois song birds for millinery purposes.

One amendment offered to the bill is the same as suggested in these columns last week. The resident gun license is to be collected of all, "Provided, however, that the owner or owners of farm lands, their children or tenants, shall have the right to hunt and kill game on the farm lands of which he or they shall be bona fide owner or tenants during the season when it is lawful to kill game, without procuring such resident license." This gets over the difficulty of the farmer's boy.

This latter clause is, in a way, widened to almost a loophole quality, being an amendment to Section 32, which extends the free hunting privileges to a person hunting on the lands of any person "by invitation of such land owner."

Under this new measure Illinois will stand committed to the principles of paid wardens and deputies. The non-resident license will be raised to $15, and it is thought that between $6,000 and $10,000 will be raised in this way, this sum to be largely swelled by the resident license. State Warden Lovejoy believes there are 25,000 shooters in this State who will take out licenses. I hardly share in this optimistic belief, although the number of shooters may be something like that total. There will be, however, without doubt, a great deal of money paid into the treasury of the State by resident shooters should this bill become a law. The fund raised in this manner will be a considerable one. The old system of paying wardens by giving them half of the fines will be done away with and the fines will go direct to the school fund in the township in which the offense is committed. The license system has spread very rapidly in the West, and is apt to spread quite rapidly pretty much all over the country, it seeming to be chosen as the popular panacea at this time. There is no doubt that practically it raises a large fund. The State of Wisconsin during the past year is thought to have used the snug sum of $70,000, what with its license collections and the State appropriation. That much money intelligently applied and free from politics could do a great deal toward bettering the supply of fish and game in any State.

There are, therefore, some pronounced changes in our legislative ideas in this part of the world as compared to the ideas of ten or twelve years back. In very many ways it will be seen that the State of Illinois, so long reprehensibly backward in the matters of game protection, is at last slowly coming to the front. If we shall be able to keep in the Legislature such sportsmen as Mr. Castle, Dr. Wheeler and others of those who stood by the guns in this fight, we may hope for still better results in the future.

It is most gratifying to believe that the representatives from the lower agricultural part of this State have felt so willing to meet the upper part of the State more than half way. In reality there ought to be two game districts in this State, for the interests of the sportsmen of lower Illinois cannot be considered identical with those of the upper part of the State. A glance at the map will show the truth of this.

Representative Montgomery, of Madison county, was chairman of the committee to which this bill was referred, and there worked with him some twenty other representatives on the committee, these being chosen from all over the State, so that each section had its fair showing.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Wildfowl Breeding in New York.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., March 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For two years we have had no spring shooting of wildfowl in Jefferson county, N. Y. This county is thickly populated, has very little waste land, and during the summer thousands of visitors from other States and countries seek rest and pleasure within our borders. The St. Lawrence River, with its thousand islands, Alexandria Bay, Clayton, Cape Vincent, Sacketts Harbor, Henderson, Chaumont, Redwood, Theresa and the islands in Lake Ontario are famous throughout the world as the anglers' paradise for black bass and muscallonge. On the shores and islands are thousands of summer homes; the waters are thickly dotted each day with boats of all descriptions. That wildfowl will stay and nest amid such surroundings may seem incredible to the sportsman who has only seen the birds during the hunting season, when no law restrains the murderous instinct of man. It is surprising how quickly they lose all fear of human beings when unmolested, becoming almost as tame as domesticated fowl.

The large number which have nested here have enabled us to learn some things about their habits which I believe are not generally known. One is that they often nest some distance from the shore, nests of the black duck having been found two and one-half miles from the nearest body of water. Some people believe that the duck covers the eggs during the day and the drake at night; but direct evidence is wanting as to this, and it is opposed to the belief of the naturalists.

In 1901 large numbers of fowl were seen in our open waters during the day, and as none were seen flying over the land, many thought that they were not nesting. Last year they began nesting early in April, as young wood duck were seen the first week in May. Reports show that a much larger number nested in 1902 than in 1901.

Capt. Henry S. Johnston, of Clayton, reports that large numbers of mallard, black duck and teal nested along the river. Joseph Northrup (State protector), Alexandria Bay, reports the same as to his vicinity; Dr. Glen Coe, of Theresa, reports that large numbers of these birds bred on the lakes and creeks near Redwood and Theresa. Dan Arnold, of Perch Lake, Frank Jerome, of Lafargeville, George E. Bull, of Ellisburg, report the same. Linn Stratton, of Point Peninsular, in addition to these species, reports broadbills, redheads, whistlers and sheldrake. George Lloyd, of Pillar Point, also reports broadbills nesting. George Maitland, of same place, broadbills and whistlers. I have also received large numbers of verbal reports from responsible parties which show that other species as well as those mentioned have nested here. A large number of ducks have stayed here all winter, as there has been much open water.

We have very little trouble to enforce the law, as all are now anxious to have the birds nest in their vicinity. A trip into this county any time in the next five months would surprise some of those people who still think that wildfowl fly up the coast to Canada. The ducks are coming in from the south to-day, and unless we have severe cold to drive them back, will be safe until next fall, at least.

Why the sportsmen of the other counties still permit the market-shooters and hoodlums to kill and drive these mated birds from their waters is a mystery to me. Some time these same people will be kicking themselves for being such blamed fools. Drive them along boys! Send them up to Jefferson! Next fall we'll have ducks while you are waiting. If you should see a drake or a flock of them next month out in open water, don't let them stay there, for it's a sure sign that the duck is on a nest somewhere. It's hard work to break an egg-sucker or teach an old dog new tricks, but the time is coming when they will get wise. W. H. TALLETT.

P. S.—At the hearing at Albany, March 5, one of the Long Islanders testified that the birds killed in the spring were mostly drakes. If these birds were killed in April, I believe that the ducks were already nesting, as the drakes are always in the open water during the daytime and the ducks on the nest. W. H. T.

Information Wanted of the Dismal Swamp.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I ask through the columns of your paper for information concerning the Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and the opportunities it offers for a vacation outing. Various articles I have read heretofore have given me a general idea of the canal and Lake Drummond, but they have been indefinite as to what one could do in them. Are there good camping grounds? Are there many waterways to be explored with boat or canoe, or is it mostly impenetrable swamp? What game is there and what fish? Is it a good place for a man who would rather get a variety of game in limited amount rather than a whole lot of one kind; a good place for a lover of canoe, light shotgun and small bore rifle, for a "woods loafer." I have always wanted to go there, and still want to if it is possible, but don't want to throw away a season; there are too few left for that. If someone who knows will kindly tell, it will be considered a favor. STEWART.

Long Island Ducks and Geese.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island, N. Y., March 23.—Dr. L. Hosford Abel and friends shot 22 wild geese Saturday, March 21. A large flight of wild geese, coming from southern waters, passed over Long Island last week. Captain E. A. Jackson and rig with New York sportsmen shot thirty-four last week; also a number of black ducks. Quite a number of broadbills are in the Shinnecock Bay, but are very wild. E. A. JACKSON.

Spring in Quebec.

MONTREAL, Quebec, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Robins and blackbirds were reported to have been seen here yesterday the 18th. STANSTEAD.

Game and Fish Bills at Albany.

Special Correspondence of FOREST AND STREAM.

ALBANY, March 21.—Fish and game bills continue to be progressed rapidly through both houses of the Legislature. The Senate and Assembly committees at present are reporting out a very considerable proportion of the measures intrusted to their care. But few public hearings on pending bills have been held, however.

No great surprise was caused by the action of the Senate in reconsidering its adverse action on Senator Elon R. Brown's spring shooting bill, and passing it without amendment. Some powerful influences are back of it, and despite the strong opposition directed against the measure from various quarters, its sponsors expect to get it through the Assembly with votes to spare.

The status of fish and game bills before the Legislature, other than those still reposing in committee, is as follows:

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 344, relating to the close season for quail.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 351, relative to spearing fish in Seneca Lake.

Senator Brackett's, P. No. 604, relative to catching perch in Saratoga Lake and Lake Lonely.

Assemblyman Bridgeman's, P. No. 526, relative to spearing fish in creeks in Otsego and Orleans counties.

Assemblyman Doughty's, P. No. 693, relative to the taking of pheasants.

Assemblyman Fowler's, P. No. 545, for the protection of fish in Chautauqua Lake.

Assemblyman McNair's, P. No. 620, in relation to the close season for squirrels.

Assemblyman Denison's, P. No. 728, relative to the close season for wild deer.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 692, relative to the destruction of illegal devices.

Senator Goodsell's, P. No. 693, relative to fishing through the ice with tip-ups in Orange and Rockland counties.

The Senate has recommitted Senator Allds' bill, P. No. 633, relative to wild birds.

The Senate reconsidered its vote defeating Senator Brown's spring shooting bill, P. No. 648, and passed it, 28—14.

The Senate advanced the following bills to third reading this week:

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 432, in relation to grouse and woodcock.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 350, relative to the powers of game protectors.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 699, relative to the close season for grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 697, relative to the sale of venison.

Senator Townsend's bill, P. No. 698, relative to deer, was amended in general orders in the Senate, upon his motion, so as to provide that no person shall take more than one deer in an open season.

The Assembly this week transacted the following business:

Assemblyman Whitney's bill, P. No. 1243, relative to taking perch in Saratoga Lake and Lake Lonely, passed the Assembly.

The Assembly advanced these bills to third reading:

Assemblyman Hubbs', P. No. 1304, relative to the transportation of fish.

Assemblyman Nichols', P. No. 813, relative to taking woodcock.

Senator W. L. Brown's, P. No. 438, in relation to fires to clear lands.

The Assembly committees on fisheries and game reported favorably the following bills:

Assemblyman Robinson's, P. No. 1370, relative to fishing in Hemlock Lake.

Assemblyman Moran's, P. No. 1324, relative to fishing for non-game fish in Cayuga Lake.

Assemblyman Stevens', P. No. 1326, relative to laying out private parks.

Assemblyman Cowan's, P. No. 1299, relative to the close season for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes in Delaware county.

Senator Townsend's, P. No. 392, relative to the protection of black bears.

Senator Bailey's, P. No. 621, relating to the powers of supervisors in Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Jottings of a Fly-Fisher.—II.

THE season of 1900 was a particularly good one, and the average size of the fish taken was really remarkable. However, the long drouth of that year, lasting from June until late in the fall, was very disastrous, many of the tributary brooks dried up entirely, and great numbers of small fish were destroyed. In the large streams the big fish had a hard time of it. The extreme low water laid bare their retreats and they were poached in every conceivable manner, shot, snared, speared, etc.

The year 1901 began well; we had much rain and the spring was a late one. The fishing was not as good as the previous season, but better than was expected. The hot week early in July put a stop to fishing, but for a short time great numbers of fish collected at the mouths of cold brooks. In several cases I heard that advantage of this was taken to destroy the large fish by dynamiting or otherwise. I know of one or two convictions, but the penalty imposed was not in proportion to the offense committed. For instance, the fine was $50 in one instance, when hundreds of fish were killed and served to summer boarders.

I am an admirer of the rainbow trout (*irideus*), and believe this fish to be nearer the true salmon in its qualities than any other trout we have. I cannot understand the low opinion of this fine trout I have heard expressed by many persons. It rises freely at the fly, leaps from the water again and again, and rushes desperately down stream. This last peculiarity makes it in large waters one of the most difficult fish to land I know of. Rainbows like to lie in streamy water several feet in depth, and if there are heavy rapids below you are pretty sure to have to follow one of any size to the end of them. I am sure that this fish would be a great success in the lower waters of our large trout streams, such as the Beaverkill, Neversink, etc., as it can thrive in much warmer water than any other trout. It is a great favorite in Germany, and has been successfully introduced into some of the rivers in New Zealand. In the former country it is considered commercially, but in the latter is spoken of as exhibiting all the sport-giving qualities I have mentioned, rising at the fly, leaping from the water, etc. Six pounds is a weight often reached, while in Germany specimens of over thirteen pounds are recorded.

In this country I have read of one being taken in a lake (I think in British Columbia) weighing twenty-three and a half pounds. A gentleman in Denver, Col., holds the record there, with a rainbow of twelve and one-quarter pounds, taken with artificial fly. The fishing in rivers in that State has been greatly injured by the newer methods of refining ore, the refuse from the cyanide process killing the fish. With modern fishculture there is no reason why we should not have good sport in all our old well known streams, frequent restocking with fry, or if possible yearlings, making up for any drain upon them, at least by fair fishing. If a stream is heavily fished a fair proportion of the trout will soon become sufficiently educated to save them from the wiles of most anglers, enough to leave many breeding fish after the season for angling is past. I fear, however, that in a few years very little water will be free to the public.

More farms are "posted" every year, and miles of the best waters are leased from the owners, or a strip of land on both banks is purchased by clubs or individuals, sometimes for a trifling sum in cash. It is claimed that waters stocked by the State cannot be closed, but this probably has no more foundation than the statement made years ago that the public could not be excluded from any flowing water that had been used for logging. I for one would feel like a poacher if fishing posted water without a permit. Personally I care little for fishing strictly preserved water, or for fishing anywhere where trout are so numerous and easily taken that they are undervalued.

In 1885 Tim Pond, in Maine, was so crowded with small trout of one-fourth to three-fourths of a pound that anyone could take them, and my anticipated pleasure was almost annihilated on arriving by finding that the camp keeper had been obliged to bury 75 pounds that morning. To take large fish when they are shy is the acme of sport. A day now and then on preserved waters crowded with fish eager for your flies is a pleasant novelty, but for real sport give us free water where the trout are critical, hard to please, and highly valued when caught. Fish are not necessarily scarce in such a stream, they may be numerous and even large, but have learned through much temptation to take good care of their precious skins.

I know of one preserve that is managed on very generous principles. Bait-fishing is strictly prohibited, but any fly-fisherman asking permission for a day on the water is never refused. The fishing has greatly improved since this club controlled the water, though few fish have been turned in. The stoppage of bait-fishing in the space of a year or two increased the number and raised the average size of the fish. Small trout will take a worm all day long, and nearly every day, and few recover after having a good sized bait hook in their throats. Bait-fishing for trout may be made a scientific and enjoyable amusement, but we have only a few fish that will rise to the artificial fly, while there are many good game fish for which bait-fishing is the only practical and satisfactory method. I know of several most expert bait-fishers who have made this sacrifice for the benefit of the brotherhood of anglers at large. One of these gentlemen is really a marvel. He can cast a long line with wonderful accuracy, never breaking his worm, and dropping it like a feather almost in the exact spot he wishes. The sacrifice in his case is really very great, but has been persevered in for several years.

The enormous increase in the number of anglers in recent years has made it necessary that all true sportsmen should consider the interests of others as well as their own. On a good sized stream one may fish after several fly-fishers without much diminution of sport. I have waited half an hour after nine had passed and then had a very fair day. One or two worm fishers can spoil the sport of many, and this is so generally recognized that in fishing with bait-fishing friends they have invariably asked me to precede them, saying that they lost nothing by following me, but that I would fishing after them.

I wish that attention could be attracted to the introduction of the European grayling into some of our streams. They are said to drop down into the lower portion of trout streams, and as rainbow trout do the same, we might have fine fishing from, say, the first of August until very cold weather, where now there is nothing except wind fish and suckers. Grayling and rainbows are both spring spawners, and are in highest condition in the fall of the year. My impression is that only the large rainbow trout spawn, as I have never seen any signs of it in the month of May except in fish over a pound in weight. Fish of fifteen inches and over were often thin, and the vent was conspicuous, while those of smaller size were in first rate condition, plump and hard, and as silvery as possible. The mouth of the rainbow would seem to indicate that it is not a cannibal, but a large female in the New York Aquarium was very savage. She injured her companion, and when I saw her had been placed in the tank with the salmon. She was of a restless, shrewish disposition, evidently.

It has always annoyed me to hear our beautiful native brook trout spoken of as a char. In olden times this fish was known to scientists as *"Salmo fontinalis"*—"The salmon of the fountain;" a most appropriate name it would seem for a fish inhabiting only the coldest and purest streams in the country. It was then put in a sub-genus and given a new name—*Salvelinus*—because, I am told, it has the same teeth on the vomer as the European char. The habits of the latter fish are utterly and entirely different; they live only in very deep lakes and are rarely taken except in nets when they seek shallow water to deposit their spawn. A few are sometimes taken by sinking a bright fly and moving it very slowly. I know nothing of the fish except from brief mention in books read years ago, but I believe I state the case correctly when I assert that the European char have few habits in common with our speckled trout, and that it is slandering that sportive game fish to call him a char. Even in Lake Superior and the Maine lakes our brook trout only seek the depths when the surface water is overheated in the months of July and August.

Of late I have been giving more attention to the feathers of our game birds, as I do not believe that American fly tyers have made the most of their resources in furs and feathers. Men who have the habit of observation have frequently called my attention to the similarity in the coloring of certain birds and insects. It has been called mimicry in nature, and it may be of great service in imitating some of the flies which form the favorite food of the trout. An insect diet has proved to be the most nourishing, and quickly brings the fish into condition. I have read somewhere that the experiment was tried of feeding the trout in three small pools at a fish hatchery with flies, larvæ, maggots, etc., and with worms and minnows. Thomas Tod Stoddard was the authority for this experiment, I believe. The trout fed on the first developed much more rapidly than the other two. Minnows came next and worms last. It is said that worms scour the trout, having a laxative effect, but I know nothing about fishculture except through a few visits to hatcheries years ago when methods were comparatively primitive.

Flies without wings are often very killing, and some that I have tried with a soft feather twisted in front of the cock's hackle have done good work. I got the idea first from a fly that was sent to me from England. The stems of these soft feathers are often very stiff and hard to manage, but the long fibres are not particularly objectionable, as in practice the flies hook just as well as those dressed with small cock's hackles. They are not pretty, but give an impression of life in the water. If anglers generally would take a little more interest in the construction of their flies they could assist the fly tyer materially by making practical suggestions that would lead to decided improvements in many of the flies in use.

The common practice of naming flies after persons has become something like a nuisance. The fly lists are growing, growing, and much unnecessary duplication of colors is the result. A list of lake and sea trout flies came to me recently in which the names indicate the materials of which the flies are made and the colors in the body. "Mallard and yellow," "Mallard and green," "Mallard and gold," etc. This may answer pretty well for fancy flies, and if we ever have a good natural history of the flies born of the water, the difficulty might be obviated. Imitations of the flies described would probably have to be tied in more than one shade of color—say light and dark yellow duns, and so on—and the fancy flies could be named after the materials composing them. These are only tentative suggestions, and are probably without practical value. Lists will continue to expand, as few anglers are indifferent to the compliment of having a killing fly named for them.

Anglers are patient, hopeful people. All the fatigues and misfortunes of the pursuit are forgotten, or form subjects for jokes or amusing reminiscences. We remember our first trout and nearly all of our big fish until the last day of our lives. The man who caught his first trout with a fly may be congratulated. I took mine with a worm scented with asafœtida. The old man who introduced me to Bonny Brook was a real old-time fish hawk, such as may be found in many fishing neighborhoods. He believed devoutly that the ill smelling stuff referred to had a powerful attraction for all fish, and kept his worms stored in an old stocking with a big lump of this drug, or whatever it is, in the middle. The foot of a sock held the worms for a day's fishing, with a smaller quantity of asafœtida in that. Poor old Docky: he passed to the land of ever-flowing waters many years ago.

When a friend goes fishing I always send after him a wish not that he may fill his basket, but that he may take a really big fish, and this, thanks to the liberality of the State of New York, is not a very improbable event. Trout have been taken with the artificial fly within a short distance of New York City weighing five pounds or more, and we know that in many of our large streams, and even in some that are quite small, larger fish are known to dwell. Two years ago, in August, when the river was very low, I saw a male trout in the Beaverkill that I am confident was 28 to 30 inches in length. As I got within ten feet of this fish on two occasions there is no reason to doubt that I judged correctly. This fish inhabited a hole in what was usually a large pool, and had his home under a flat rock only just large enough to conceal him. He went under diagonally and had some difficulty in getting his latter end tucked away out of sight. His coloring was very bright for a big fish, the head very large, with great powerful jaws, and to see him open them a little, as he did once or twice, made thrills run down my back. That fish is right there now, as such fish haunt the same pool for many years, and I will describe the place to any good fly-fisher.

Another large fish was in plain sight from the public road on almost any day you looked for him. Some people put the weight of this trout at seven pounds, but I believe this estimate to be excessive. It was truly a brown trout—in fact, almost black—and a large company of other trout—natives, browns and a few rainbows—was collected in the same pool to enjoy the water flowing in from an ice-cold brook. When the water fell very low these fish would be literally plastered against the stones, as most of the cool water flowed under the rocks and gravel into the main stream. THEODORE GORDON.

The Latest in Fishing Tackle.

From Van Bugg's Latest Tackle Catalogue.

No. 132. Kippered herring fly rod; three-piece, with extra tip. Scales attached. Price, $29.

Smoked halibut bait rod; nickel trimmed, cork tips. Cheap. Price, $16.

Planked shad rod; oak handle, straw or cork tips. Excellent rod for club house purposes. Price, $42.50.

Combination steamed finnan haddie and sardine fly rod. Another great club house rod. Price, $16.32.

Baked bluefish rod; cane wound handle, spiral handle, Sumatra wrapper. Price, $27.35.—Chicago Tribune.

Fly-Casting at New York.

MR. MILTON H. SMITH sends us the following as the official score of the single-handed bait-casting Saturday afternoon, March 7, Class X:

R. C. Leonard	128 7-12
P. J. Tormey, San Francisco, Cal.	110 5-12
Milton H. Smith, New York	91 6-12

The Massachusetts Commission.

BOSTON, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long expected hearing on the bill for the reorganization of the Fish and Game Commission of this State occurred to-day. Beyond question many who are interested in matters relating to fish and game in the old Bay State expected this hearing would be the occasion for a pretty stiff fight between the advocates of the changes contemplated by the bill and those who are satisfied with the Commission as it is, who commend its work and are heartily opposed to any change in its status. But those who went to the State House this morning anticipating an attack on the Commission, or a telling effort in the attempt to secure a change in its personnel, by an increase of the membership of the board, must have been disappointed. Indeed, the sentiment of those present was so unanimously in favor of the Commission that the spokesman for the bill was not an exception, and his only plea for consideration was that he thought the appointment of additional commissioners would strengthen the hands of the board.

Naturally different opinions concerning the hearing were expressed. Those who were possibly looking for something sensational, pronounced the affair "a regular farce," so far as any support of the bill was concerned. One said the hearing had resolved itself into "a love feast for the Commission," while another, with a probable relish for trouble, remarked that "There aint fight enough in this thing to make it interesting; it's all one way."

It is undoubtedly true that it was a veritable field day for the three commissioners, who were quietly observant on one side of the committee room, and who had nothing to do but listen to the praises of their work that came from all. They certainly must have felt repaid for their arduous efforts when one after another commended their work, and, most remarkable of all, some of those who spoke the most earnestly and appreciatively of the board's work were strangers. It was likewise remarkable that men were there from the extreme eastern and western sections of the State, as well as intermediate points, and the bench, bar, church, science and commercial fisheries, as well as the sportsman, were represented among those who spoke in opposition to any change in the status of the Commission. Many who would gladly have joined in the chorus of approval of the Commission, and in opposition to any change in it, could not get a chance to speak, due to the one-sidedness of the hearing, which the chairman felt might as well be brought to a close an hour or more sooner than usual.

Ex-Representative Stevenson, of Pittsfield, was the principal advocate of the bill. It would not be far out of the way to say that he was the only speaker who favored it.

At the beginning he disclaimed any purpose of attacking the Commission. Continuing, he said, among other things:

"On the contrary, what I have to say in regard to it is with the idea of strengthening the Commission and its work in the State. I believe that the people of this State at heart are very much interested in the work that this Commission has under its charge. I think their interest has grown. * * * I have nothing but the best of consideration for them [the commissioners] for what they have done toward me and toward the section where I live. * * *

"The main object aimed at in this bill was to aid in shaping public opinion by having representatives in different parts of the State. * * * And that is one object why I claim we should have a representative in different parts of the State; they would get more in touch with the people, they would get better facilities and aid the Commission in enforcing the laws and increasing the interest and getting the support which they aim for.

"Now I would say what I would like to see is men like the present chairman of the Commission appointed to support and help him carry on this work. I think it is a very fortunate thing for the State when the Governor selected him. I am very glad to say that I was pleased with his appointment; that he has done splendid work, and what we want is more men like him.

"This bill was drawn, I think, hastily, and was on the lines of one that was introduced a number of years ago, and as it does not carry out the object really which the voters want; a new bill has been drawn which we would like to ask you to substitute in place of that bill. It simply makes the provision of adding two members to the Commission and fixing no compensation but their expenses."

Mr. Stevenson thought that men could be found who would serve on the board without compensation, but stated that he did not care to do it; that he was too busy. He said that the main object he had had was to improve and better the conditions under which the Commission was now working, if it were possible to do so.

Mr. Stevenson was followed by Representative Bearse, of Springfield, who explained very briefly that he had introduced the bill at the request of some of his constituents who felt the hands of the commissioners would be strengthened by additions to the board from the western section of the State. It was plainly evident he was not extremely enthusiastic over the matter, for he probably did not occupy more than a single minute in speaking, and did not go beyond explaining his relation to the bill. It was plain that Mr. Stevenson was the only one of those who favored the increase of the personnel of the Commission who had the courage of his convictions, and although, like Casabianca, he stood firm on the deck "whence all but him had fled," he deserves credit for his sincerity, even from those who disagree with the policy he advocated.

Curiously enough the star witnesses in opposition to any change in the Commission were from Berkshire county, where the bill originated. The first of these, and the one who spoke at greatest length, was Judge Sanborn G. Fenney, of Williamstown. He spoke in part as follows:

"I have come from the western jumping-off place in Massachusetts, and therefore think that I may properly speak upon the sentiment of the people in that section. I have been particularly interested in the question of fish and game from my earliest recollection; I have talked very fully with the people of that section, and find that there is practically an unanimous opinion in favor of the retention of the board as at present organized. So far as I can see, the case of the petitioners, as here represented, is simply that they want an earthquake in order to put in a commissioner from Springfield or Pittsfield. * * *

"I am somewhat familiar with the enforcement of law in my section, and I think that the deputies, as controlled by the present board, have done efficient work.

"It appears to me that the proposed change in personnel would be an additional expense to the Commission without compensating value to the State. Such an upheaval at a time when the Commission is on such an excellent footing would be very poor compensation for the untiring labors the board has given to the State. I think it would be very unfortunate if a precedent were established that, after such efficient labors, the work of such a board failed of recognition.

"I can speak not only for the community in which I live, but for that whole section, and I speak not only for the people of my town, but also, in an unauthorized way, for Williams College. I took occasion to consult the men of the biological department before coming here. They knew of the work of Mr. Collins. One of them was associated with him in the U. S. Fish Commission, and he said that Massachusetts was very fortunate to have a man who could perform the efficient, intelligent and scientific work that Mr. Collins is able to accomplish.

"Now, of course, it is said that this is not directed against Mr. Collins or against the present board, but it seems to me that it is directed against an efficient administration of the Commission, as now organized.

"I have been familiar with the brooks of western Massachusetts from the time I was able to fish, at a very early age, and there was a period three or four years ago when things looked pretty blue for our brooks; but under the present Commission's work those conditions have materially improved, and there are now streams that have been stocked by this Commission which are furnishing fine sport. The same is true of the hunting.

"Now, that could not have been accomplished, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee, without untiring effort, and if, as I say, at the jumping-off place of Massachusetts, the covers are stocked and protected, the streams are stocked and the Commission have their fingers upon the men who represent this Commission so that the laws are enforced, I think it speaks admirably of the administration of the board. I can see no advantage in increasing the number of commissioners. It will be cumbersome, and while it might be urged, as I have said before, that this is not directed against this board, it seems to me that from the arguments, so-called, that have been brought forth here, it is directed against the administration of the present board. No attack is made, they say, on this Commission. Why, gentlemen, we have one of the most efficient Commissions! I don't know how they accomplish the work they do with the appropriation they have in hand, and I will put myself on record in saying that everybody that I have spoken with is perfectly satisfied, and more than satisfied, and full of praise for the work of the present Commission. I think the substance of the so-called arguments that have been adduced here simply show the flimsy structure upon which this bill was introduced, and I wish to put in my little plea against any change."

Representative Charles Giddings, of Great Barrington, spoke as follows:

"You have just listened to the very concise and clear statement of my good friend, Judge Tenney, of Williamstown, who says that he represents the jumping-off place. He is in the northwestern corner of the State, and the district which I represent is in the southwestern corner. * * * Those whom I represent, including the best sportsmen of that section, most emphatically protest against any change in the present Commission. They believe that the present Commissioners have done not only well, but admirably in their administration; * * * and instead of increasing the efficiency of this board by making a change as is contemplated by either of these bills, they believe that the Commission would be hampered and would be rendered less effective.

"I had a long letter this morning from a gentleman who has studied these matters much longer than I have, and his idea is where you put the responsibility upon a good many men you are taking a long step against efficiency. Confine your responsibility to a few good men and you will get more effective work." * * *

Representative William F. Barrington, of North Adams, heartily concurred in what had been said by Judge Tenney and Mr. Giddings. Ex-Representative Harry D. Hunt, of North Attleboro, whose name is familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM, spoke for the eastern section of the State, saying that the sportsmen were a unit in opposition to any change in the status of the Commission. He represented a club of 400 members, he said, and he voiced their opposition to change. He fully agreed with all that had been said by speakers from the western part of the State.

Representative Louis H. Warner, of Northampton, told the committee that the sportsmen he represented, including the Northampton Club of 300 members, were well satisfied with the Commission as it is, and deprecated a change.

Mr. E. Bumstead, who represented the Civic League, spoke lucidly of the law-enforcing work of the Commission. He was followed by Dr. N. D. Kneeland, Secretary of the New England Sunday Protective League, who commended the board for conscientious work. Prof. E. L. Mark, of Harvard University, told of the good work the Commission was doing in aiding scientific research. All these opposed any change in the board, as also did Mr. C. D. Botsford. Ex-Representative R. E. Conwell, of Provincetown, spoke for the commercial fishing interests of the State, "From the tip end of Cape Cod to Cape Ann." He protested against any change, and declared the best thing the committee could do was to let the Commission remain just as it is. "It is doing good work and we don't want it to be disturbed," he said. He was formerly a member of the committee on fisheries and game, and is highly respected by his former colleagues on the committee.

Many others were present who would have spoken in the same way, but there was such an overwhelming opposition to any change that the committee called for a rising vote. Two stood for the bill and forty or more in opposition, some of the latter who had not spoken being members or Senators, ex-Senators, presidents of clubs and others prominent in affairs and sporting circles. Prominent among these was Hon. Wm. A. Butler, of Georgetown, recently a Senator, who is also a sportsman of note.

I will only add that the committee promptly voted "leave to withdraw" on the bill, and it will be regrettable if this attempt to enlarge the Commission is repeated.

BAY STATE.

BOSTON, March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hearing on House bill 988, providing for a reorganization of the Fish and Game Commission, originally announced for March 12, took place on Thursday last. Mr. J. M. Stevenson said in favoring the bill he was in no way hostile to the present board. He said with more members distributed over the State more interest in the work of the Commission would be aroused and that laws were of little account unless supported by public sentiment. He instanced the plan of organization in several other departments of the State government on similar lines and the good results. He was followed by Representative Bearse, of Pittsfield, who stated that the members of the Sportsmen's Club of his city were favorable to the bill. No others appearing in support of the measure, Chairman Kimball called for remonstrants. Judge Tenney, of Williamstown, led off with a forcible speech commending the work of the present board, and declared that while three or four years ago "it looked blue" for those fishing for trout in his section, conditions now are greatly improved; also that the hunting laws were much better enforced. He said there was abundant evidence that the Commission was doing its work on an intelligent, scientific basis. Of late he had heard only words of commendation of the work of the board, and the people of his section were opposed to any change.

Representative Giddings, of Great Barrington, entered a protest for the people of his district.

H. D. Hunt, ex-Representative of North Attleboro, said his club, numbering 400 members, was unanimously opposed to the bill.

He was followed by Representative Barrington, of North Adams. Other remonstrants were Prof. E. L. Mark, of Harvard College, and Eben Bumstead, of the Civic Committee. H. A. Estabrook, chairman of the Central Committee, and I. O. Converse, President of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, and representatives of several other club were present and rose in their places when the chairman requested all those opposed to the bill to rise.

It was evident to all that the vigorous work of the board since Captain Collins became its chairman is winning the support of sportsmen generally through the State, and probably nothing had contributed more to this gratifying condition than the determined and vigorous manner with which the anti-sale law and those making the close seasons for shooting have been enforced.

After the hearing was concluded the committee went into executive session and voted that the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

CENTRAL.

Salmon Culture in America.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to indorse the conclusions of my old friend, Livingston Stone, on the subject of "Salmon Stocking," as expressed in his letter to Mr. Marston, reprinted in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. Half a dozen years of labor and failure on the Merrimac River enables me to speak with some degree of confidence on the subject.

To begin with, the New Hampshire Fish Commission was organized at the instance of the late Judge Bellows and others, for the express purpose of restoring salmon to the Merrimac and Connecticut rivers, and such was, by law, our main duty when I entered the Commission in 1876.

The first fishways built on the river, at Lawrence, Lowell and Manchester, were ineffective, and we remodeled them the first thing we did. The mouth of the one at Lawrence was turned back to the foot of the dam, where the fish could find it, after being stopped by the dam, the one at Lowell given up, and a new passage provided by taking off a "flash board" at the west end of the dam, where the stone-work was only 2 feet high, and a new one built at Manchester, opening at the foot of the dam and leading up into the canal from which the fish passed upward without obstruction. That the fishways were sufficient, was proved by the fact that a few fish found them and passed up them to the hatchery at Plymouth, N. H., over 100 miles of the river. One year seventy were taken at Plymouth, one of them weighing 30 pounds; but this was a small return for the hundreds of thousands of eggs which were hatched and planted.

We first tried California eggs, but the fish never returned, though the young fry were planted in good condition. Then we got eggs from Maine, and after the fishways were in working order, we got and hached the spawn from the few fish which did find their way to the hatchery. After my term of service on the Commission expired I followed up the work of my successors for some years more, until I became perfectly convinced, with them, that the attempt to restock the river was useless. Hundreds of thousands of fry, as I have said, were annually liberated in the river, and the straggling return of a few dozens was sadly discouraging. Now I attribute the failure to the pollution of the water by the factories on the river. A salmon starting up the river would first meet the sewage from the shoe factories at Haverhill, Mass., then the drainage from the woolen and flax mills at North Andover. Then the acids, alkalies and other drugs from the great Pacific and Washington mills at Lawrence, beside various smaller establishments; at Lowell he would come to the refuse from the Merrimac and Hamilton Print Works, the Middlesex woolen mills and many smaller concerns, while opposite Lowell, at Beaver Brook, and just above it, at North Chelmsford, would come more mill refuse, and at Manchester the Manchester Print Works and the dye houses of the Amoskeag mills turn in another flood of deleterious matter, that I do not wonder that the fish refused to encounted it! I do not know how it is in other rivers, but what fish did come up the Merrimac always

came in the night when the mills were not running, and we found them at Manchester in the morning resting in a shallow pool at the foot of the dam during the day, from which they disappeared the next night, except a few, which some over-zealous wiseacres, who thought the fish did not understand their own business, netted and lifted over the dam, to save them the trouble of finding the fishway!

My successors on the Commission, as well as myself, became fully convinced that we had wasted time and money enough in attempting to carry out the original purpose for which it was created, and that we had better turn our attention to the stocking of the inland waters, with the "landlocked" variety, or the "wannanish," and to replenishing the brooks with the native trout, and in these ways we made the Commission a success and an advantage to the State.

I am very glad to see that your able Canadian correspondent, Mr. Chambers, agrees in the opinion which I have previously expressed in FOREST AND STREAM that the fresh-water salmon, or wannanish, as I spell it, though he prefers the French alphabet and spells it as the Montagnais Indians do, is the original progenitor of the *Salmo salar,* or salt-water salmon, which were probably "froze out" by the ice of the glacial period," or some other visitation of cold, and took to the salt water for the winter, finding the food so abundant and the temperature so agreeable that they have since resided there, only returning at the promptings of instinct to their original home in fresh water to spawn, and I apply the same origin to the sea trout, which Mr. Venning and Mr. Hallock have been recently discussing in your columns, and although I have never seen one of these fish alive, I am convinced that they, too, winter in salt water, and go up the rivers to feed and spawn with the salmon. The weight of evidence is against Mr. Venning, whose "Reminiscences of an Octogenarian" I have enjoyed hugely, the more so, as a few months, if I live, will place me in the same category as to age. I, too, recall the old flint lock musket with its powder horn and with the shot carried in a bottle, or canvas bag, in one pocket, while the other was filled with old paper, or tow for wadding, and the charges of powder and shot were measured (?) by pouring them into the palm of my left hand; or later, when I got a japanned tin powder flask, in the thimble-shaped cover!

From these I progressed by stages to the lever-gate, powder flask and double shoulder belt, for coarse and fine shot, which I have had for fifty years, and which now hang in my closet by the old 12-gauge, double-barrel muzzleloader, which, like its owner, has outlived its usefulness in the field.

Mr. Venning seems to be in doubt as to the cause of the entire disappearance of the wild pigeon, and just as I was going to explain my opinions on the question, along comes this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM with Sullivan Cook's letter, which anticipates nearly all I had to say. I have shot pigeons here in New Hampshire when a boy, and one of my farmer friends used always to bring my father in a dozen or two every year, which he had netted.

So late as 1841, when I went to Lowell, I saw in the neighborhood of that city the brush blinds and long sloping poles for "roosts," where they were baited and "raked" down when they lit on the pole. I well remember reading in "Audubon," and in the works of other writers, seventy years ago, the accounts of the awful slaughter made of them in their "roosts," when the hogs were depended on to pick up the young squabs which fell to the ground.

Mr. Cook tells the whole story so plainly from his own memories that I will not waste time and space discussing the question further, but merely to say that it is not a mystery to me why the wild pigeon disappeared.

Spring seems to be really coming at last, though I have not yet seen the bluebirds and robins which put in a premature appearance three weeks since and then vanished again; but my daughter says her tulips are coming up, and last Saturday she dug some nice parsnips from under a snowdrift, and reports no frost in the ground!

I hope to get a few trout this year, though the grippe knocked me out of all sport last season.

VON W.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., March 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think I have the laugh on my friend, "The Old Angler," in his claim that my letter to Mr. Marston was a disingenuous reply to his excellent contribution to FOREST AND STREAM of February 21, entitled, "Artificial Salmon Culture in America." I think the laugh is on him because my letter, which he calls a disingenuous reply to his article, was written two days before his article appeared. His contribution was published February 21. My letter to Mr. Marston was written and *mailed* to London February 19. To put it plainly, "The Old Angler" claims that I replied to his article two days before it appeared, which was also two days or more before I saw his article or heard of it. So I think the laugh is on my friend "The Old Angler."

Let me add that my letter to Mr. Marston was simply a friendly and private letter, not intended to be controversial nor intended for publication, and I consequently did not feel called upon to furnish proofs and statistics, but if "The Old Angler" wants proofs and statistics, he can find some in the timely contribution of Mr. Babcock in FOREST AND STREAM of March 21.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

Perverse Beast.

Cobwigger—"How was it that dog of yours wouldn't do any of his tricks to-day?"

Brown—"I gues it was because I was showing him to a man who wanted to buy a dog."—Harlem Life.

"THIS, I suppose," said the visitor, "is the gun your great-grandfather carried through the Revolution?"

"Most assuredly not," haughtily replied Cadleigh Rich. "That was his gun, but his man carried it for him, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

Delaware River Angling.

With a lunge and a plunge, and a sweep and a leap,
Goes the bass that I've hooked through the lip!
A scoot and a shoot—and he's off through the deep!
And my rod has a broken tip!

"He's off!"

My boat chum glares in blank dismay at circling ripples from the last big splash in the water, and at the broken tip and wrenched second joint of his rod, and resumes the low seat in our dory, from which he had risen so hastily as his reel began to scream.

"What are you grinning at? Yes, the name of my little tableau is *Despair!* I never did like this river!"

He fumbles at the reel. "That bass did not weigh an ounce over three pounds, and I've landed them up to five pounds on this very six-ounce bamboo. How did he do it? Took all my line, too! It was tested to a nine-pound pull. Didn't leave me enough string to tie up these pieces!"

I soothe him with philosophy. "Better ones yet in the river! You were 'rattled' by his suddenness. The tilt was worth all your trouble and money. He proved why you respect a black bass, and call him a fighting 'brute'

WHERE IT HAPPENED.

and 'pirate.' It was the prettiest struggle you have had this trip, and the bass won. These fellows who live in the rapids and swirls of the upper Delaware are twice as lively as their brothers in the still water of lakes! Rig up that ten-ounce lancewood, quick! for they are biting and f——"

"B-r-r-r-r-r!" goes my own reel; and I, also, am "in trouble!"

I draw a veil over that scene. But in a Brooklyn fishing-tackle "den" are two smashed rods, tied with blue ribbons, and labeled:

"A tribute to the prowess of two small-mouth black bass in the upper Delaware River. Ketched 'em; didn't land 'em!"

L. F. BROWN.

The Habits and Culture of the Black Bass.*

BY DWIGHT LYDELL.

THIS paper sets forth the experiences of nine seasons beginning with 1894, during which I have had charge of the black bass work of the Michigan Fish Commission. The work was begun at Cascade, Mich., and after four seasons was transferred to Mill Creek, where it is now carried on. The methods of pond culture finally adopted are based on a knowledge of the breeding habits of the fish under natural conditions. The account has reference to the small-smouthed bass, unless the large-mouthed is specified.

In studying the habits of the bass, it is necessary to distinguish the males from the females; ordinarily this is not possible except by dissection, but at spawning time the female is distinguishable, even at a distance of ten or twenty feet, on account of her distension with eggs, and this makes it possible to determine the part taken by each sex in nest-building and the rearing of young.

The nests of the black bass are built by the male fish working alone. The small-mouthed bass prefers a bottom of mixed sand and gravel, in which the stone ranges from about the size of a pea to that of one's fist. As the spawning season approaches the males are seen moving about in water of two or three feet depth seeking a suitable resting place. Each male tests the bottom in several places by rooting into it with his snout and fanning away the overlying mud or sand with his tail. If he does not find gravel after going down three or four inches, he seeks another place. Having found a suitable place, he cleans the sand and mud from the gravel by sweeping it with his tail. He then turns over the stones with his snout and continues sweeping until the gravel over a circular spot some two feet in diameter is clean. The sand is swept toward the edge of the nest and there forms a few inches high, leaving the center of the nest concave, like a saucer. The nest is usually located near a log or large rock so as to be shielded from one side. If the bank is sheer and the water deep enough, the nest may be built directly against the bank. If possible, it is placed so that the fish can reach deep water quickly at any time.

During nest-building no females are in sight, but when the nest is done—and this takes from four to forty-eight hours—the male goes out into deep water and soon returns with a female. Then for a time—it may be for several hours—the male exerts himself to get the female into the nest and to bring her into that state of excitement in which she will lay her eggs. If she lies quiet, he turns on his side and passes beneath her in such a way as to stroke her belly in passing. If she delays too long, he urges her ahead by biting her on the head or near the vent. If she attempts to escape, he heads her off and turns her back toward the nest. If, after all, she will not stay in the nest, he drives her roughly away and brings another female.

Some fifteen to thirty minutes before the female is ready to enter the nest and spawn, her excitement is made evident by a change of color. Ordinarily she appears to be of a uniform dark olive or brown above, changing to a light green below. The only markings readily seen are four stripes on each cheek; but in reality the sides of the fish are mottled with still darker spots on the dark olive background. The spots are arranged so as to form irregular, vertical bands, like those on the perch, but these are not usually visible. Now, as the excitement of the female increases, the background becomes paler and finally changes to a light green or yellowish hue, so that the spots and bands stand out in strong relief. The whole surface of the fish becomes thus strongly mottled. This is a visible sign that the female will soon spawn. The male undergoes a similar but less pronounced change of color.

Soon after this the female enters the nest and the male continues to circle about her, glide beneath her, and to bite her gently on the head and sides. At times he seizes her vent in his mouth and shakes it. When this has continued for a time, spawning takes place. The two fish turn so as to lie partly on their sides with their vents together and undergo a convulsive fluttering movement lasting three to five seconds. During this time the eggs and milt are extruded. The circling movements are then resumed, to be interrupted after a few seconds by spawning. This alternate circling and spawning continue for about ten minutes. The male then drives the female away, biting her and showing great ferocity. She does not return.

The male, and the male only, now continues to guard the nest, fanning sediment from the eggs and repelling enemies. At 66 degrees F. the eggs hatch in five days and the young fish swarm up from the bottom in twelve to thirteen days from the time of hatching.

Henshall, in his "More About the Black Bass," published in 1898, quotes, with approval, Arnold's observations to the effect that the nests are built and then guarded by the female. The "Manual of Fish Culture," published in 1897 by the United States Fish Commission, speaks of the nests as being built by the mated fish, sometimes working together, sometimes separately. These seem to be the latest published observations, and are not at all in accord with my observations in Michigan.

Shortly after the young small-mouthed bass rise from the nest they scatter out over a space four or five rods across—not in a definite school with all the fish moving together, but as a loose swarm, moving independently or in small groups. This makes it impossible to seine the young fry, as upon the approach of the seine, instead of keeping together, they at once scatter and escape the seine. The fry may be at the surface or on the bottom in weeds or clear water, and are attended by the male until they are 1¼ inches long. The swarm then gradually disperses and the young fry, which were previously black, take on the color of the old fish.

The breeding habits of the large-mouthed black bass are similar to those of the small-mouthed, but differ in some respects, which are of importance in pond culture.

1. The nests of the large-mouthed are not made on gravel, but by preference on the roots of water plants. These are cleaned of mud over a circular area, and on them the eggs are laid. As the eggs of the large-mouthed bass are smaller and more adhesive than those of the small-mouthed, they are apt, when laid on gravel, to become lodged between the stones and to stick together in masses, and are then likely to be smothered. When laid on fibrous roots of water plants this does not occur.

2. The young large-mouthed bass remain together in a compact school very much smaller than that of the small-mouthed, and the fry usually move all in the same direction. This makes it easy to seine the large-mouthed fry when wanted.

Culture of Black Bass.

Ponds and Stock Fish.—After some experimenting all our ponds, both for stock fish and fry, are built on the model of a natural pond. There is a central deeper portion or kettle about six feet deep, and around the shore a shallow area where the water is about two feet deep. The bottom is the natural sand, and water plants are allowed to grow up in the ponds. All ponds are supplied with brook water, and silt from this furnishes a rich soil for the aquatic plants. The water of these ponds contains *Daphnia, Bosmina, Corix,* and other small aquatic forms in great numbers. These furnish food for the bass fry. The ponds run in size from 120 feet by 190 feet to 100 feet by 100 feet.

At first we were unable to feed the stock fish on liver, but after a time we found that by cutting the liver into strips about the size and shape of a large angleworm and by throwing the strips into the water with the motion that one uses in skipping stones, they wriggle like a worm in sinking and are then readily taken. The liver must be fresh. If bass are fed on liver alone, they do not come out of winter quarters in good condition. Of eleven nests made by bass thus fed, only three produced fry. Although eggs were laid in all, they seemed to lack vitality, owing to the poor condition of the parent fish, and in eight of the nests the eggs died.

In order to bring the fish through the winter in good condition, it is necessary to begin feeding minnows in September and to continue this until the fish go into winter quarters. The bass eat minnows until they go into winter quarters, after which they take no food until spring. The minnows are left in the ponds over winter, so that the bass, when they come out of winter quarters, find a plentiful supply, which lasts them until the spawning season. At this time the minnows are seined from the pond, as their presence interferes with the spawning. Before this, however, some of the minnows have spawned, and their fry later serve the young bass as food. Bass fed in this way come out of winter quarters in fine condition, and their eggs are found to be hardy.

Artificial Fertilization.—During the first two or three seasons of our work numerous attempts were made at artificial fertilization, but only twice with success. On one occasion the female was seined from the nest after she had begun to spawn. She could then be readily stripped. The male was cut open and the eggs were fer-

*Read at the thirty-first annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society.

tilized with the crushed testes. About 75 per cent. of the eggs hatched on a wire tray in running water, the eggs being fanned clean every day with a feather.

In the second case the fish were seined while spawning, and it was found that in the case of one female, pressure on the abdomen caused a reddish papilla to protrude from the vent. This had the appearance of a membrane closing the vent. It was pinched off, and the female was then stripped readily and the eggs fertilized and hatched.

Pond Culture.—Having abandoned artificial fertilization, our attention was turned to pond culture, and this we have carried on for about six years. Our earlier ponds not furnishing natural spawning grounds, we constructed alongside each of the large ponds six smaller ponds for use as spawning ponds, each about sixteen by twenty-four feet, sixteen inches deep, with gravel bottom, and connected to the central pond by a four-foot channel.

The fish entered these and spawned. In one case we had eight nests in a single pond of this sort. Where so many nests were made, usually but one or two of them came to any good, the others being destroyed by the fighting of the males. Ordinarily but one or two nests were built in each spawning pond. The male first to enter and begin the construction of a nest generally regarded the whole pond as his property, and held it against those

FRY RETAINER, TO BE PLACED AROUND BED JUST BEFORE THE FRY RISE.

BASS BED, TO BE PLACED ON POND IN EARLY SPRING AND FILLED WITH GRAVEL.

BLACK BASS POND, SHOWING FRY RETAINERS IN USE—BED FRAMES REMOVED.

that tried to enter after him. On one occasion the male thus holding the pond was attacked by ten or twenty other males at one time, and after a long struggle was killed and his nest destroyed.

The attempt to use small spawning ponds was then abandoned, and all the ponds were made of good size and with a central kettle and shallow shore area, as already described. The problem now was to prevent the fighting of the male fish and the consequent destruction of nest and eggs. I finally hit upon remedies for what seemed to be the two chief causes of this fighting. I had noticed that in the natural water the nests of the small-mouthed bass were frequently built against a stone or log, so as to be shielded on one side. When so built the nests might be quite close together, as near as four feet, and the fish did not fight, because they did not see one another when on the nest. On the other hand, if a bass nest was built where it was not shielded, the bass on that nest would prevent any other bass from building within twenty-five or thirty feet of him. It occurred to me to try to construct artificial nests, and shield them so that the fish on the nests could not see one another, placing the nests so near together as to fully utilize the pond area.

In the spring, before the spawning season opened, the ponds were drawn down so as to expose the shallow terrace along the shore. The terrace was then cleaned to a depth of about two inches of sediment and vegetation which had accumulated since the previous summer. Rectangular nest frames of inch board were made two feet square and without bottoms. On two adjacent sides these frames were four inches high, while on the other sides they were sixteen inches high. They were set where there would be about two feet of water when the pond was filled, and so placed that the corner formed by the junction of the two lower sides pointed to the center of the pond, while the opposite corner, formed by the higher sides, pointed toward shore. The frames were set directly on the bottom, not in excavations, and each was filled with gravel containing sand suitable for nest-building. A board was laid diagonally across the two higher sides and a heavy stone laid on this to keep the frame in place. The two higher sides form a shield on two sides of the nest, while the board across the top affords shade. The frames were set in two rows about the pond, parallel to the shore line.

The rows were about six feet apart, and the nests in each row about twenty -five feet apart, alternating with those in the other row. There was thus about one nest to each 100 square feet of suitable bottom, or in each area of ten by ten feet. When the bass were on the nests no one was able to see any other and the fighting from this cause was practically eliminated. The number of rows of nests may be increased to three or four, or more where the area of shallow water is wide enough.

The bass selected these nests in preference to any other spawning ground. They cleaned up the gravel and behaved in the nests in every particular as they would on natural spawning grounds. The first time we tried these shielded nests not a single bass made a nest outside of them, though there was plenty of good gravel bottom available for this purpose.

As to the second cause of fighting: In 1900, when these nests were first tried, from 475 stock fish we obtained 315,000 fry and 750 fingerlings. In the season of 1891 the output was very much less, and there was considerable fighting among the fish. This remained unexplained till the ponds were drawn down after the spawning season, when it appeared that although the fish had been sorted, the number of male fish was considerably in excess of the number of females, and these excess males, banding together, went about breaking up the nests of their more fortunate brothers. It is now the practice when setting the nests to seine out the stock fish and sort them, putting about forty males to sixty females, thus removing the second source of fighting.

During the present season from 493 adult fish we had produced 430,000 fry up to May 26, and we believe that we can do as well every year.

Up to the present year there have been two sources of loss incident to the water supply. The supply is a spring-fed brook, which runs over an open country before it reaches us. The water in this brook becomes quite warm on a hot, sunny day and cools off at night. The temperature thus falls at night sometimes as much as 13 degrees F. and becomes as low as 46 degrees F. This is disastrous, since when the temperature gets below 50 degrees F. the adult fish desert the nests and the eggs or young fry are killed by the sediment. By watching the temperature of the water and, when it approaches 50 degrees F., shutting off the supply until the water warms up, this difficulty is obviated. Since the ponds are well stocked with water plants the fish do not suffer from lack of oxygen when the water is shut off. Indeed, if the water did not leak out of the ponds, I doubt if it would be necessary to introduce any running water into them during the breeding season.

The second difficulty with the water supply is from sediment brought down by the brook after heavy rains. This sometimes accumulates over the nests so thick as to smother the eggs and drive away the parent fish. By shutting off the water supply whenever the water is much roiled this trouble is avoided.

The water supply, however, must be kept fairly constant. If the level lowers more than about six inches, the fish leave their nests and the eggs die. For the purpose of maintaining a constant water level it would probably be best to have the ponds made with clay bottoms. The difficulties arising from roily water of variable temperature are, however, local, and would probably not be usually encountered.

Handling the Fry After They Rise from the Nest.—The small-mouthed fry have the habit of scattering into a large swarm when they leave the nest, and it is consequently difficult to seine them when wanted. It is therefore desirable, just before the fry rise from the bottom, to set over each nest a cylindrical screen of cheese-cloth supported on a frame of band iron, first removing the wooden nest frame. The screen keeps the fry together. They thrive and grow within it and may be left there until one desires to ship them. The old fish stays outside and watches the screen. When this supply is gone, other crustacea may be taken from the pond with a tow net and placed inside the screen. The fry are removed from these screens directly to the shipping cans, as wanted.

Raising the Fingerlings.—The water in one of the ponds is lowered, the old fish seined out of the kettle and transferred to another pond; the pond is then refilled, and the fry, now about one-half to three-fourths of an inche long, are put in. The water in the pond is thick with *Daphnia* and other crustacea, and these do not get out when the water is drawn off. The fry feed on them and the supply is usually sufficient; but if it gives out a fresh supply may be gathered from another pond and placed in the nursery pond. As the young bass grow they eat not only the *Daphnia* but young *Corixa,* and doubtless other aquatic animals.

In 1901, fry one-half to three-fourths inch long were introduced into the nursery pond on July 12; on August 5 they were seined out and shipped, and were then two or three inches long. They had had none but the natural food. In three months these fish, under the same conditions, are four to six inches long.

I have spoken so far of the small-mouthed bass, and it remains to say something of the large-mouthed, with which my experience is more limited. It is less necessary to resort to pond culture with them since, owing to the habit of the fry of keeping in a close swarm, they may be readily seined from their natural waters shortly after they have left the nests. In cultivating them in ponds I use the shielded nests already described, but make the bottom of some fiber, preferably Spanish moss bedded in cement, as has been suggested by Mr. Stranahan. This imitates the natural nest bottom and gives better results in our locality than the gravel nest. I do not place screens about the nests, since the young fry are so small that it is difficult to hold them with a screen, and since they may be readily taken with a seine when wanted. I allow the large-mouthed fry to leave the nests with the parent fish and seine them when wanted.

Finally, I will sum up what seem to me to be important points in pond culture of small-mouthed black bass, the ponds being constructed, as is usual, on the model of a natural pond with a central kettle and shallow shore region, well grown up with water plants, and supplied with lake or brook water:

1. Fish should be so fed (with minnows) as to be in good condition in the spring.
2. They should be sorted into the ponds in the spring in about the proportion of four males to six females.
3. Shielded nests should be used, arranged as already described—about one to each 100 square feet of shallow water.
4. The gravel in the nests should be carefully selected; it should contain sand and plenty of small stones.
5. Water on the nesting grounds should be kept constantly at a level between 18 inches and 2 feet.
6. The water temperature should be kept constantly between 66 and 75 degrees F. (in our locality).
7. Roily water should be, as far as possible, kept out of the ponds during the spawning season.
8. Fish should not be disturbed until the eggs are hatched.
9. The nests of the small-mouthed bass should be screened just before the fry rise from the bottom.
10. The water should contain an abundance of natural food for the fry.

The processes described are perhaps susceptible of improvements, viz:

1. Special nursery ponds might be provided for rearing fingerlings.
2. It is perhaps desirable to have the nest frames shielded on three sides instead of two sides, and made with a bottom; then when the fry rise from the nest, close the fourth side of the nest frame by sliding a screen into it. In this way it would not be necessary to remove the nest frame and put a screen over it, but the frame could be left in place and the open side closed with a screen.
3. If the ponds were made with clay bottoms, the water supply could be entirely shut off during the breeding season, if necessary.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Home Manufacture.

It is rather a dangerous microbe, this of the home manufacture of one's sporting gear. As a business proposition it is pretty safe to say that a man who makes a business of rod building can put up a better rod than the amateur who perhaps makes a couple of dozen rods in his life. This fact, however, does not in the least deter the amateur rod maker. I have seen some very beautiful specimens of rod making done by my friends. As to buying a rod built by a professional, the genuine red hot amateur would die first.

Again in the matter of tying flies. The fly-tying bacillus caught me a year or so ago, and I am still in its grip.

My stock of feathers, of colored silks, of tinsels, crewels, wools, furs and the like is continually increasing. There is a certain drawer in a certain table of mine which looks like a nightmare, so inextricably confused therein are the different materials for fabricating artificial flies. For a long time I thought I should never learn to tie an artificial fly, but this morning I put up a silver-doctor which, if I do say it myself, is a peach. I am much encouraged, and if all goes well I may, during the season, perhaps be able to turn out a few dozen more flies.

I number in my acquaintance several gentlemen who tie nearly all their own flies. It is getting now to a question of rivalry between some of us as to which can put up the best specimen. Two or three of these friends are as well equipped in material for fly-tying as the average factory which turns out these goods. It runs into a pretty penny, too, what with golden pheasants at $12, Japanese jays, Indian crows, blue chatterers, red macaw, and Providence alone knows how many other high priced luxuries of the sort. When it comes to giving six bits for one inch of a feather and laying down a $5 bill for a bird skin not longer than your forefinger, it may be seen that it takes some nerve to go into the business of artificial fly making. Yet a man who is content with a modest beginning can steal enough duck feathers in the market places to give him quite a start. The silks and tinsels do not amount to very much. It is the Jock-Scots and silver-doctors that prove the undoing of the man who manufactures his flies at home.

A Home-Made Fly-Book.

Speaking of this sort of thing reminds me that to-day my friend, Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, dropped into the office. He brought with him, on purpose to show to me, a brand new fly-book of his own manufacture. This is the best thing of the sort I have ever seen, and the dealer who can get the patent will be in luck. The fly-book itself is made of good calf leather, and has leaves to hold about sixteen dozen flies. The leaves of the book are altogether different from any I have ever seen. They are made of celluloid bound with leather. An ingenious arrangement of rubber bands serves to hold firm the ends of the shells. A little metal clip of Mr. McLeod's own devising holds the hook flat and firm to the leaves of the book. Most peculiar of all in this home-made fly-book is the arrangement of metal clips at the back. At will Mr. McLeod can take out all the leaves of his fly-book and spread them out in a long string on the table if he so desires, leaving the leather cover of the book, with its pockets for leaders, etc., separate and distinct from the leaves holding the flies. Folded up, the celluloid leaves can be put back firmly in place in an instant. The whole affair makes the best fly-book I have yet seen. All the work on it was done by Mr. McLeod, whom I class as the most inventive and most effective amateur workman in angling gear I have ever known. When he wants a new sort of pliers to cut off a hook, or a new rod spear, or a new reel seat, or anything of that kind, he simply sits down and makes it. He can wind his own rods, mend his own broken ferrules and all that sort of thing like a professional, though, strange to say, he has never yet learned to tie his own artificial flies. Mr. Graham H. Harris and myself take pity on Mr. McLeod and will this spring finish stocking up all the leaves of his home-made fly-book with our own home-made flies. It is agreed between us that as quick as the trout get their tails thawed out this spring we are to go up and meet Mr. McLeod and Mr. Miller and try some of these new-fangled things on the Pine.

Spring in the Country.

Spring in the city may be diagnosed in any one of several different ways. One sign of approaching spring is the removal of the cleats of the railway platforms. Another is the appearance of the small boy playing marbles in the streets. Yet another, and perhaps the most certain of all signs, is the appearance of the old woman who sells bunches of sassafras. There are different ways of telling when spring comes in the city.

Spring in the country is a different thing. Presently the snow will have melted away from the blacker surfaces of the plowed fields, and will lie only in the drifts in the fence corners or under the hedge rows. There will be a subtle change in the feeling of the air. Now and again thunder will be heard, and presently rains will dissolve all the little snow remaining and set the empty ditches trickling along the roadways. The farmer hails the advent of spring with more joy than the city dweller, for to him winter has been something of a long imprisonment. Now he goes out and stretches his arms and turns his face up to the sky. He feels this subtle change in the moving airs. As he looks out over his field, he sees the soft green robe of the winter wheat rolling away in easy curves. Down in the uncut cornfields the cattle which have "roughed it through" the winter crackle around in the broken stalks, finding here and there a blade of dried maize still clinging. The cattle are rough of coat and thin of flank, but they, too, feel the coming of the spring. One might almost think that the faces of the dumb beasts show the touch of a greater hope.

The farmer moves about his barnyards and pasture lots and cornfields. He calls up the horses to the bars of the lane fence. "Cope! Cope! Cope!" he calls; and the horses, young and old, understand him and come up, expecting a bit of feed, perhaps a pinch of salt, or something else delectable in the horse menu.

The farmer calls out to the cattle, "Co-boss! Co-boss! Co-boss!" This is the language correct for cattle, and is alone understood by them. The ragged yearlings and the gaunt "threes" and "fours" struggle out from the broken stalks to see what good fortune may have in store for them, now that spring has come.

The farmer calls to the sheep in the pasture, "Co-Nan! Co-Nan! Co-Nannie!" This is the language of the sheep, not meet for any other animal. The sheep understand it. Here and there appears a weak and wabbling little lamb, tumbling along on ungainly legs, among the woolly flock which crowd up to the gates, bleating in hopes of something special on this morning of approaching spring.

The farmer wanders toward the barnyard. "Poo-ee! Poo-ee! Poo-ee! Pig-pig-pig!" he calls; and with grunting and squealing response, the swine come filing out from under the barn and from their warm nests around the foot of the straw stack. Even the pigs, big and little, expect some greater kindness of fortune, now that spring has come.

The farmer may not be much of a poet, yet never was a farmer who did not feel a change of heart upon this advent of the springtime. He hears, even though he does not realize it, the song of the bluebird and the throaty, choking melody of the robin. Now and again he casts an eye toward the upper blue as he hears coming down the honk of the north-bound wild geese. He notes the mallards sweeping around gracefully over the center of his cornfield, looking for a stray kernel of shattered corn as feed in this season not yet grown fruitful. The farmer will note presently, even though unconsciously, the swelling of the little green buds along the willows and maples and the cottonwoods. He will note the oak and the elm beginning to grow green again; will see the soft leaves of the alders along the streams putting out long films of green. Presently, too, even though he himself may not be a fisherman, he will note the splashes here and there along the fringe of bushes at the creek side. His son, if he be observant, as all farmers' boys should be, will know that when the young leaves of the oak tree are as big as a squirrel's ear it is time to go fishing for black bass.

It is time to go fishing, or will be now very soon. The farmer's wife also comes to the door, her hands under her apron; and she, too, looks about and feels the change in the air, and notices the green things, and hears the singing things. She will not be sorry, the farmer's wife, when the time for fishing shall have come. To her it means the arrival from that far-off and mysterious City of two or three, four or five, or more, of her regular spring visitors—men strangely moved to come hundreds of miles for the pursuit of small and insignificant fishes. Why they come, the farmer's wife can never understand. Why they take such interest in the doings of yellow-legged chickens she cannot understand. Why butter and milk and eggs and trout should seem so much matters of desire is entirely outside her comprehension. She only knows that her gentlemen will come again this spring, because they have written her to that effect. When the wagon goes over to the railway for them, the farmer's wife will go to the window fifty times in the afternoon, waiting to see it return with its new passengers upon the seats, passengers who are more eager than herself, who wave hands and hats to her as they drive up into the yard.

To city dwellers and country dwellers the coming of spring is a great and joyous thing, the sweetest of all the year. Presently spring will be here for this current year. I wish it may be a very pleasant one for all, whether dwellers of city or of country.

Why?

I remember once seeing in a New York magazine, purporting to cater to the interests of sportsmen, a statement which caused me to blush with shame for my fellow man. The article in question was written by a sportsman of the unmistakable city type. He was making a trip out into the country, perhaps an infrequent thing for him to do. In the course of his travels he saw a farmer in the field. Most Americans would be content to call a farmer a farmer. This young man thought best to refer to the farmer as a "yokel." He had no doubt seen the word thus descriptively applied to some members of the lower classes in England. Perhaps he saw the word in the dictionary. Perhaps he felt himself a bit of an aristocrat in using this particular appellation. It was many years ago that I saw this, but to this day I do not forget it. There was such an air of superiority about the article that I felt myself blush even to-day when I bring the thing to mind. When an American gets too good for America, and when a city man gets too good for the American people, I blush for him, and it is not altogether so much a blush of pity as it is of anger.

Just why a man who lives in the city ought to think himself in any wise superior to one who lives in the country, is something I could never understand. Yet I know there are certain persons who live in the city and who call themselves sportsmen, who rather feel that they are conferring a favor upon a rural community when they honor it with their presence. I am very sure that, were the country dwellers of this land to go into the city and take the liberties with the private property of a city dweller, which certain objectionable members of the latter class time and again take with the property of farmers, there would be immediate resentment shown, and not without cause. As a matter of fact, when we city shooters or fishers go out into the country and begin to wander across the fields and along the streams, we are simply taking for granted the courtesy and tolerance of the men who own the land over which we pass. The farmer of America is, for the most, by instinct, a gentleman. He has the American sentiment in his soul which makes for freedom and equality. He does not want to be stingy or selfish. He does not want to shut any man, city man or country man, out of the enjoyment of such pleasures as his place can offer. At the same time all these privileges are his own by right. It is tolerance on his part, and not necessity, which moves him to permit the crossing of his fields and the trampling of his meadows. The city man has no right of his own on the lands of this "yokel," as the caddish correspondent above quoted had it in his story. Just why a man who owns broad acres and who is independent and sure of a living should not be just as good as some little sprig from the city, who, perhaps, makes $10 or $20 a week, and fails to make both ends meet at the end of the year, is something which I myself could never understand. This unconscious arrogation of superiority on the part of the city man is something wrong. It is not that feeling of fellowship which ought to exist between man and man. It feebly attempts to set up those class distinctions which ought not to exist in this country or any other. Moreover, it makes toward the destruction of sport. The city man who is a man at heart, who can carry his own end of the log anywhere in life, is pretty sure to meet a good reception wherever he goes in the country. In any case, he is apt to get more than his just deserts. Not as a method of getting sport, but simply for the right of the thing and simply for the perpetual rebuke of any such persons as may write of "yokels" in America, I bespeak the meeting of city man and country man upon the simple plane of manhood, as man to man, with the dwelling place left out. We all have to work here in this world, and our time is short enough at best. It was a great saying, that of Bertie the Lamb, who described his fellow men at the club. "Every fellow at the club," said Bertie, "thinks he is a devil of a fellow." But he isn't." Indeed, none of us is a devil of a fellow. We are all just folks.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Foreign Fish and Fishery Notes.

Russian Fish Poison.

The St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences has offered three prizes, the first of five thousand, the second of fifteen hundred, and the third of one thousand rubles for the most meritorious essays upon the so-called Russian fish poison, resulting from badly cured or ill kept fish. With the mass of the Russian people cured fish is a food staple and much sickness, oftentimes mortal, results from indiscriminate indulgence. Contestants may submit their essays in Russian, Latin, French, English or German to the Minister of Agriculture, St. Petersburg, Russia, until October 1, 1903.

Fish Transportation.

A company has been formed in Luzerne, Switzerland, for the long distance transportation of living fish in patented oxygenated receptacles. At the recent International Fishery Exhibition at Vienna, a consignment of living trout leaving Salzburg September 2 arrived in 13½ hours, the entire lot being delivered in excellent condition, thereby securing the company the award of a medal. Invoices of living fish are now regularly shipped from the Swiss lakes to various German cities, and similar shipments of salt water fish are safely and expeditiously effected from Venice. The receptacles are described as being formed of wood and tin and in shape like a milk can. Within the outer package is a steel cylinder, supplied with an automatic contrivance that furnishes the vitalizing oxygen in due quantity. After filling the outer partition with water, the fish are placed therein, the oxygen cylinder opened, the receptacle closed and sealed, whereupon it is ready for shipment. The company charges twenty-four dollars a year for the use of the receptacles, in addition to a fee for refilling the cylinder with gas. A late Luzerne paper, after commenting upon the vexation, annoyance and loss that has hitherto attended the efforts of Swiss hotel keepers to supply their guests with fish in perfect condition, expresses its anticipation that the invention will revolutionize the fish trade, but such possibility, in American eyes, will appear very remote.

Fish Preserving.

A Berlin, Germany, process for keeping fish is thus described: The fish, when caught, is opened, its interior strewn with sugar, and then laid aside for several days, so that the sugar may fully permeate the tissues. It is alleged that fish so treated may be kept a considerable time, and that if subjected to such process before being smoked or salted, the flavor is materially improved. This expedient may possibly commend itself to some of our summer anglers, for on a blazing hot day a resort to the saccharine treatment might enable them to deposit their catch in the larder with a reasonable assurance of its sweetness.

A. H. Gouraud.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests—Series 1903. Saturday, Contest No. 2. Held at Stow Lake, March 14. Wind S. W. Weather fair. Judges, Kierulff and Reed; Referee, F. J. Lane; Clerk, Brotherton.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3 — Acc. %	Event No. 3 — Del. %	Event No. 3 — Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
H. Battu.....	95	88.4	92.8	83.4	88	86.8
W. E. Brooks...	95	83.4	86.4	80	83.2	..
T. W. Brotherton	116	88.4	86.8	83.4	85	97.1
A. B. Carr.....	...	90.8	90.4	88.4	89.4	96.2
G. C. Edwards..	93	85.4	94.8	86.8	90.8	88.1
S. Heller	90	82.8	98.8	91	91.10	89.7
C. R. Kenniff...	100	84.4	88.8	92.6	90.7	98.6
T. C. Kierulff...	82	82.4	90.8	82.6	86.7	83
G. W. Lane.....	79	75	86.8	81.8	84.2	..
Dr F. J. Lane....	...	76	70	73.4	71.8	..
E. A. Mocker...	101	67.8	93.4	81.8	87.6	93.7
F. H. Reed.....	91	87.8	91.4	93.4	92.4	..
C. G. Young....	96	88.8	94	91.8	92.10	97.5

Medal Contests—Series 1903. Sunday, Contest No. 2. Held at Stow Lake. Wind S. W. Weather fair. Judges, Mansfield and Kierulff; Referee, Brooks; Clerk, Brotherton.

C. G. Young....	94	89	93.8	87.6	90.7	89.7
F. H. Reed.....	100	90	92.4	80.10	86.7	..
F. M. Haight...	86	87.8	82.4	75.10	79.1	..
T. W. Brotherton	117	87.4	92.8	88.4	90.6	95.7
J. B. Kenniff...	...	92.4	93	89.2	91.1	88.9
C. Huyck.....	89	92.4	..	..	..	..
H. Battu	95	82	92	82.6	87.3	91.7
Dr W Brooks...	103	89	86.8	85	85.10	..
A. M. Blade.....	84	91.8	88.8	74.2	81.5	..
J. O. Hanon....	...	79.8	..	..	..	..
C. R. Kenniff...	102	92	92.4	86.8	89.6	97.6
G. W. Lane.....	...	78.8	86	76.8	81.4	..
H. G. Golcher...	120	83	87.4	89.2	88.3	..
W D Mansfield.	...	93.4	94.4	89.2	91.9	97
T. C. Kierulff...	88	92.4	91.8	82.6	87.1	90.2
Dr. F. J. Lane..	88	82.8	82.4	78.4	80.4	..

An Idea for Fishermen.

Dutch fishermen have made some remarkable catches by means of a very simple expedient. They put a number of live worms and insects into a bottle partly filled with water, which is then securely corked. The bottle is dropped into the water, and the fisherman sinks his line alongside. It appears that the wriggling contents of the bottle so tempt the fish that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.—Exchange.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—New Orleans, La.—Show of Southwestern Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Canine Elegies and Epitaphs.

XXXV.—Souter Johnny's Death.

From the Jacksonport, Mo., "Cash Book," May, 1882.

At his home in Jackson, on Saturday, May 13, 1882, of poison, deal by some unknown person, died Souter John, a dog. In his death, a young Rodman Irish setter of the finest blood and fairest promise has been taken off. It would have been hard to find anywhere a dog to match Souter John before the gun. His sight, his nose and his hearing were perfection; his action superb, and his endurance wonderful. For these qualities, together with his obedience and sagacity, his beauty of form and graceful movement, his master, Mr. Thomas McFarland, prized him as a jewel, and besides, he was admired and caressed by every sportsman who knew him. Souter John was whelped at Edgar, Neb., May 22, 1880, and was brought to Jackson when seven months old. He leaves behind him his brother, Tam O'Shanter, and his aged father, Shidy, to mourn his untimely death.

Come doggies all, baith old an' nimble,
Wha hunt the paitrick in the bramble,
Or cottontail,
An' ilka puppy quit his gambol,
To weep an' wail.

Let ilka tail now drag the ground,
An' ilka doggie stand around
Where Johnny's dead,
An' howl an' howl wi' mournful sound
Aboon his head.

All ye wha like the fields to scour
Wi' gun an' dog for mony an hour
In chill October,
When frosts hae nipp'd the weed an' flower,
Come an' look sober.

For John, the prince of every setter,
Lies stiff an' cold down in the gutter,
To hunt na mair;
Than him na kennel kept a better
Onywhere.

Ah, Tam, your brother Souter John,
Maybe you think's a-hunting gone
Just for to-day;
But, Tam, the trail puir Johnny's on
Leads far away.

Vile wretch wha dealt the poison! Surely
He canna go to hell too early;
For him sae mean
Old Hornie's fires are blazing clearly,
An' pretty keen.

Ye Fates wha fill the hazy breezes
Wi' foul contagion an' diseases
To pester man,
An' ilka ake an' cramp that squeezes,
Do all ye can,

To mix all your ills in hellish jumble,
An' mak' a curse an' let it tumble
Upon his pate.
Lord, hear this prayer, sincere an' humble,
An' grant it straight.

ROBIN.

Donald.

MR. GEORGE BATTEN'S orange and white setter, Donald, died at Duncannon, Barnwell, S. C., February 23. He was nearly ten years old, and for nine years had been his master's constant companion. He died on one of these annual visits to South Carolina.

He was a knightly gentleman among his kind, with all the inherited virtues of the blue blood that coursed through his veins, and not a mongrel meanness had darkened any moment of his life. Brave, yet gentle, honest and true as sunshine, faithful and unselfish, nursing no rancor and unforgetting every kindness of word or caress, one might imagine that some human soul had been given him, that by the penance of such service as he could give some sin—some wrong of cruel measure—might be bleached and expiated.

To the master he was better far than chattel—a friend in more than the word implies in human uses. He could, it seemed, read the varying moods that vexed or pleased the busy brain of his captain of industry, and his silent sympathy or glad rejoicing manifested a love that knew no weakening, but that grew with greater swiftness than his years heaped up its evidences. To the little ones of the master's family he was a guardian above and beyond any temptation of bribery, with never a whisper of fear nor a thought of cowardice, and a teacher, too, of perfect self-sacrifice and patient and loving service; and childish eyes were dim and wet with tears when they were told that Donald would never again walk or play with them. It was his destiny to have a home close to the heart of a throbbing, busy metropolis, but how gladly when the autumn days brought the time of his annual outing would he speed from the cramped quarters of city to the broad fields of the sunny South, and give free play to his wondrous knowledge of the craft of bird life. No "phantom" covey ever eluded the almost supernatural instinct which guided him aright; whether it was beneath some deserted cabin, as once he proved the reality of the wily birds to the chagrin of his baffled comrades, or among the brown leaves of some friendly tree. There was a very riot of happiness in his heart and soft brown eyes when the master, following him afield, had brought to earth the swift-flying quail, and refreshed his quivering nostrils with a whiff of its fresh fragrance.

And death was very good to come to him there amidst the scenes of his happy hunting days, in his ripe old age. On the sward at "Duncannon," in the comfort and warmth of the noonday sunshine, with the whistle of the quail echoing from the far-off fields, he passed into the dreamless sleep. And as the night shades fell he was laid to rest upon a bed of rustling leaves; boughs of evergreen strewn above, and the kindly soil heaped upon the worn out faithful friend.

There, at the base of a mighty holly tree, brave with its coronal of scarlet berries and unfading leaves, Donald rests in his long Christmas slumber. And not soon will that touching scene be forgotten by the mourners there: the master, who shall never again hear him "Bay deep-mouth'd welcome" home; the fair and gracious mistress of "Duncannon;" the sable sextons, or the writer. And thither shall the writer make many pilgrimages with Byron, the grandson of that peerless grandsire; the one to pay honor to the memory of a loving friend; the other (let us hope) to draw such inspiration from the scene as will make him, at home and afield a worthy scion of the grand "old man."

P. M. BUCKINGHAM.

BARNWELL, S. C.

The Dog and the Law.

A BRIEF review of how the dog has been regarded by the law in the State of Massachusetts may perhaps be of interest with the reader, as well as contain suggestions of profit with him. And the first distinction under the statutes of this State worthy of note is that drawn between the owner and the keeper of a dog. It has been decided on more occasions than one that the keeper, and not the owner, of a dog is liable for neglect to keep him properly collared, licensed and restrained, provided the keeper and owner are not one and the same person.

The justice and fairness of such a ruling is apparent at the first glance. How shall the owner of a dog which he has entrusted to the charge of another, know that he is being properly cared for? The law excuses him from this responsibility, as well as assists him in holding one commissioned with the care of his animal responsible for this attention.

As to the license itself, some interesting decisions have been handed down by the court. One is to the effect that if one purchases an unlicensed dog after the 30th of April in any year, the limit of the time allowed for taking out a license, he is not liable to any penalty for neglecting to have him licensed and numbered until the same day and month in the following year. Doubtless the same would hold good as to puppies born after the required date of licensing.

Another decision worthy of note is as to the nature of the license. The court on this occasion said that "A license to keep a yellow and white dog named Dime will not authorize the keeping of a black Newfoundland dog named Nigg," the difficulty being that the description is an essential part of the license, so that it would become void in case one dog dies and another is purchased in its place, the license being not to keep a dog, but a certain dog, numbered and described.

When a dog may be regarded as "being at large," and not under the control of its owner, is a question which has received much attention in our courts. One ruling is to the effect that he is still at large if he be loose and following the person who has charge of him, through the streets of a town, at such a distance that he cannot exercise control over him which will prevent his doing mischief. A dog at play with its owner's son, upon the owner's land, has been held to be not at large, and a constable or other person who pursues him while on the land and shoots him is liable for the damage he thus causes.

As a general thing the owner of a dog is liable for the injury which he may inflict to one's person or property, but not if he venture wilfully within his reach, knowing him to be savage, or madden or tease him. Grown people are supposed to exercise more caution in these matters than children. The court has said, "The owner of a dog which has inflicted an injury on a child cannot exempt himself from the liability imposed by statute because it appears that the child did not act with the discretion and judgment of a person of mature years, but he is liable if the child was bitten while using such care as is usual with children of its age."

In order to recover damages from the owner of a dog it is not necessary to prove that he was aware of the vicious character of the animal, or that the dog was accustomed to bite, or had been known to bite on former occasions.

One of the cases decided bearing upon the liability of the owner of a dog for injuries done to property must surely prove of interest with every owner of a dog. It is, in substance, that when two or more dogs together, belonging to different persons, inflict injury upon the property of another, each owner can be held responsible only for the wrong done by his own dog, and cannot be held accountable for that of any of the others.

This case dates back to the year 1838. Some dogs had been worrying and killing sheep, and the owner of them brought suit against the owner of one of the dogs for the full amount of the damage. But the court held that it was only justice that "he should be held liable for the damage done by his dog alone, and not by the dog of another."

In still another case it was decided that if a dog owned in this State strays into another State, and there bites a person, its keeper cannot be held liable for the injury. This seems almost without just reason at first thought, but with further consideration the line of reasoning becomes evident. The plaintiff brought suit, relying on the law of Massachusetts for his justification, but the law of the place where a wrong is committed determines its penalty, and as the accident happened in New Hampshire, and no evidence was offered as to what the law of this State was as to injuries inflicted by stray dogs, the action could not be maintained.

A case of much more recent decision contains a warning which every owner of a dog should take well to heart. It affirms that if a statute exists requiring dogs to be equipped with a collar, even though licensed, a dog cannot be allowed to roam about without a collar, and an officer who finds one thus is justified in shooting it, even though he knows at the time that it is licensed. This, perhaps, may seem harsh at first, but it is simply fulfilling the requirement of law.

Many have made the mistake of imagining that they have a perfect right to appropriate as their own a dog that is not licensed and that is found at large, but such is not the case, and its actual owner can recover it, or its market value, if it cannot be produced, in an action at law.

In a general way it may be said that as a whole the dog license laws are beneficial to the owners of these animals, since they recognize and protect their rights in them.—A. K. C. Gazette.

Yachting.

The Cruise of Tainui.

BY L. E. MARSH, TORONTO.

Winner of First Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

Another day's drift! At noon we passed Thirty Mile Point Light, and at 5.30 we were two miles off Oak Orchard. At dark we made the piers and tied up. Oak Orchard piers, like Olcott piers, extend straight out into the lake from a creek. There is good shelter from everything except a blow from the north.

We found the place as flat as dishwater, and after a couple of hours' strolling and stumbling about in the darkness—the village boasts of two hotels, three houses and a candy shop, where you can buy shoelaces and fishing tackle—we serenaded the sad sea waves with a few popular songs, and the combined music of a clarionet, a mouth organ, a dinner bell and a fish horn, and then turned in.

In the morning—Wednesday, July 30—half the crew spent an hour trying to locate bread and eggs and were soundly rated by the Skipper when they got back because in their absence a breeze had sprung up which he was not able to take advantage of. After a hasty breakfast we started. But a mile out the breeze hauled dead ahead and dropped light. After bucking about for an hour we quit the game and headed back for the harbor. With the wind aft we jogged along at a neat clip. The breeze freshened just as we reached the piers and we headed down shore again.

Again we doddled along all day, with the wind light, off shore, and so far ahead that the crew had to lie to leeward, and an instant's inattention at the helm set all her duds a-shaking. At noon Canadian, of Hamilton, a 35-footer; Naomi, of the same port, a 30-foot yawl; Vesta, of Toronto, a 25-footer, and Merrythought and Vreda, two of the first-class cutters of the Toronto fleet, passed us running free.

At 4.30 P. M. the entire crew deserted the ship. She was two miles off shore and only 18 miles from Oak Orchard. We rowed to terra firma and spent a couple of hours roaming around. A collection of raspberry bushes, a cherry tree and an old yacht occupied us, and a few impromptu races straightened our cramped limbs.

Away in the offing lay our little craft as silent and immovable as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." In the gathering dusk she looked as big as a coal schooner. When we returned to the craft, for lack of something else to do, we turned to and scrubbed her down from water-line to cabin top.

Another night's drift! At midnight we had passed Braddock's Point Light, which was only six miles away at dusk. At 3 o'clock the Skipper roused me out. He pointed out a light over the bows.

"That's the Genesee Light," he said. I steered for that light. I sang and whistled and held her bow for the twinkling point. A little squall came down, and the light which had been dodging me assiduously the last hour, seemed to tower above the mast head, and the black shore streak appeared on both sides of the craft. I rubbed my eyes but there was the light and there was the shore.

"Hey, Bill," I roared, "what in thunder is this?"

Skipper Bill bumped his head hard a couple of times before he reached the cabin hatch. He poked his head over the cabin top, gazed a second, and then fell all over himself, and me too, in an eager dive for the stick.

"Ease those sheets," he shouted, and he yanked the tiller hard up, and we hustled for the open sea again. When well off shore we sighted Charlotte lights, still six miles ahead.

The light I had been steering for was an arc light on a summer resort hotel piazza, and I would have landed the craft and her sleeping crew up against the hotel register had the Skipper not tumbled up when he did.

The Genesee lights disappeared in the gray light of the dawn and still we drifted. At ten o'clock we were in Charlotte harbor. After a lively afternoon and evening in Charlotte a very tired crew sought their bunks in a rainstorm.

In the morning—Friday, Aug. 1—we paid a visit to the new clubhouse of the Rochester Yacht Club, and at eleven o'clock, in spite of a theatening sky, we stood out on a compass course, due north, for Presque Isle Bay, across the lake. Just outside the harbor a neat little rain squall came down to bid us bon voyage. Just to be sociable we tied in a couple of tucks, but the wind shifted from abeam to a point or two aft and soon the Skipper was shouting for more canvas. He got it, and soon the shore line disappeared. Out in midlake we passed drifting logs and limbs—evidences of a storm on the Canadian shore—and during the afternoon the wind gradually hauled ahead. First it came from the northwest. There was no sleeping below to-day. We hung out upon the weather rail while the little hooker chased along, her lee covering board awash, and a big white bone in her teeth. I tell you we enjoyed that day's work, following, as it did, a week of miserable drifting. In early evening we were plunging along in a good lump of a sea and the wind shifted a bit more north. For awhile we laid a course a couple of points east of north. Then the wind came out of the northeast, and we went about and laid our true course again. It looked dirty, but we lugged all our canvas. One by one the lights along the Prince Edward shore appeared—Scotch Bonnet, Weller's Bay—and Presque Isle cluster right ahead. At ten o'clock the wind shifted off shore and commenced to "fan out." We

took a stretch to the west, but as the wind kept heading us off the Skipper held on that stretch and at 3.30 A. M. we made Cobourg.

At eight o'clock the next day—Saturday, Aug. 2—we set out on another drift, and there was much profanity. At nine o'clock the wind came off the lake and over the quarter. It freshened rapidly and at noon, after three hours' excellent sailing, we were off Presque Isle and had dowsed the foresail so that we might take the narrow tortuous channel in comfort. We went down the channel as if we were tied to a runaway engine, gybed around the light in the center of the bay and headed down the Murray canal.

Running with only the mainsail and jib the rocky banks of the canal raced by us at a merry clip. It was a glorious sail. We simply sat and grinned at each other and enjoyed the fun. The man at the first bridge saw us coming, and gave us a clear passage in ample time. At the next bridge we had to round up in the narrow channel, about 50 feet in width, and pay tolls. Fifty yards away the Skipper sent a man forward with a line. Another man was stationed on the jib sheets, while a third took the main sheet. A slip or a hitch, at the critical moment, meant the loss of a spar or a damaged bow. When the schooner's horn almost touched the bridge pier in the center of the channel, down went the helm. The main sheet was roused in smartly, and the jib was started. Around she came, in a little better than her own length, and laid up against the booms on the canal bank as if men on shore had handled her with bow and stern lines. The Skipper hustled ashore to pay up, for we were holding the watch upon the trip through the canal. Three minutes later we were away again, and had the foresail on her. Wing and wing we swept along. Below the next bridge a big paddle wheel steamer hove in view. A two foot wall of water kept pace with her up the canal. The captain of the steamer never offered to slacken speed. On she came, churning up the water in the narrow channel. To pass her was a ticklish proposition. She altered her helm a trifle and we swept by, our foreboom gazing the stones on the bank to starboard, and our mainboom just clearing the steamer's guard rail.

Bang! and we plunged into the first roll. The masts whipped threateningly and the crew hustled for the jumper stays. Down they came before the craft had time to ram more than a couple of the short rollers. She fairly leaped the broken water. As she rose on the big ones, the half gale behind peaked her booms up and fairly lifted her across the intervening hollow, and smashed her into the next one. We had a couple of minutes of this lively work and then we struck our even gait again.

The Bay of Quinte!

We made the trip through the canal, 6½ miles, in 45 minutes, including the three-minute delay at the tool office. That's going some. At least it was a fast stunt for a pot-bellied little 25-footer loaded with dunnage.

Out into the bay we shot, gybed over our mainsail, and set her on her course for Trenton, three miles away. The Bay of Quinte is noted for its squalls—short and sharp. We were introduced to the Bay of Quinte brand right on the threshold. Just as we gybed over a squall hit us and the sheets as they shot across the deck caught Culham around the neck. They tightened up with a mighty jerk and sawed Charlie's throat. His lamentations were quite audible above the whistling wind and clashing waters. The squalls kept us hyking out, all the way in, and the Skipper was about to order in the foresail, when he sighted a dozen boats and a dock crowded with people. The Trenton fleet—a nondescript collection of deep draughts, scows, catboats, skiffs and other craft—was hard at it out in the bay, cracking on every stitch and hustling for the finishing buoy just off the dock end.

"Hump! We can't shorten down with that bunch out there carrying everything," said the Skipper, and we left the foresail on her. We were running a bit freer than they were and reached the buoy first. We rounded up just for luck, and then bore away, and hustled into the dock, like a projectile from a gun. We came in so fast that those on the end of the dock crowded in alarm, but the Skipper jammed the helm down at the proper instant, and we rounded up without accident. She threatened to head reach too far, but Clark swinging a loop like a westerner lassoed a post and snubbed her up. It was just 3.30. An hour later almost to a minute we were away again with a snug meal tucked under our waist bands. We were bound for Belleville, 12 miles down the bay. The bay is narrow. In some places it is two or three miles broad, while in others it narrows down to a quarter or half a mile. Sometimes you are sailing down a narrow reach between two high banks, and again the wind comes at you from over a flat country. In the Bay of Quinte keep your weather eye a-lifting, and your sheets ready to let go on the instant, for the squalls are quick and hard, and they come over the hills without warning. One minute you are doddling along with slack sheets, and the next instant your sheets are taut as bowstrings, and a couple of tucks looks about the proper thing. But to come back to the Belleville trip. We chased down the bay at an eight-knot clip and at six o'clock were sounding our horns for the Belleville swing bridge. Inside the bridge the channel buoys made a long detour into the harbor docks. The Skipper was in a hurry. We cut the buoys.

C-r-r-r—swish! The centerboard rose up and smote the cabin roof, and the booms, still well off, suddenly peaked up into the air as we checked against a gravel shoal.

The Skipper gybed all his canvas and stood out from the shoal. No damage was done so we hoisted all the board and held away on the short course again.

"We'll see if we can find another shoal," cried the Skipper as we bowled along. We did not locate any more shoals, and I, for one, was not sorry, for it was a mystery to me what kept her sticks in when we struck. We hit hard enough to have cleared her at the decks.

We tied up alongside of a beautiful water front park, made snug the ship, and toddled uptown to find a barber. The knight of the razor and comb rubbed his eyes when the sunburned, tousle-headed, bristly-faced collection of mariners stormed his shop.

At Belleville we saw the first of a new brand of sailing craft which is popular with the Bay of Quinte amateur sailors.

They are little skiffs or punts, square-sided and flat-bottomed. They had a sheer on them which made them look like a combination of rocking chair and English punt. They were sloop rigged. The great peculiarity about these mosquitoes was the steering gear. A seven foot oar, with a curved stock, was pivoted in a rowlock on the counter. When the steersman wanted to put about, he reached over to leeward with his blade and threw his weight upon the handle. The boat came about without any more ado. In light airs the steering oar is decidedly handy. A pull puts the boat about no matter what her headway. There was no such thing as getting in irons with such a steering gear. We left Belleville in the gray dawn of Sunday morning—Aug. 3. It was four o'clock when the shrill creaking of halyard blocks woke drowsy Clark. At 5.30 we were at Massassauga Park, four miles east. Just as we pulled into the dock Clark, who had been trolling, yanked out a black bass, the first fish caught on the trip. Immediately all was excitement.

"A fish fry! A fish fry!" shouted Clark, and in spite of a drizzling rain we improvised fishing rods, and with grasshoppers for bait fished for bass. Inside of half an hour we had a dozen or fifteen and Chef Culham soon had an appetizing panful awaiting us. Even a downpour failed to spoil our breakfast on the unprotected deck. We donned our oilskins and fed as well as if we had our knees under a millionaire's mahogany.

After the rain the wind.

It came down hard. Just off the park we passed Vedette of Toronto bound west. The trip to Deseronto was a delightful one. The sun came out and the wind blew fresh over the quarter. Half way down a big sloop challenged us, but after half an hour's sailing the hooker showed her heels to the stranger and we gave him our war cry, "Tainui, Tainui, T-a-i-n-u-i! Rah! Rah!" and proceeded.

Outside Deseronto we swung into Forester's Island and found plenty of water close to the shore. After a trip over this pretty little island and an inspection of the wigwam of Oronhyatekha, the Indian head of this big order, we set sail for the great lumber town of Deseronto. It blew a gale down Picton Reach, and we were glad to hustle for shelter with a dowsed foresail.

Lumber, lumber, everywhere, describes Deseronto. The entire water front is a 20-foot rampart of lumber and the piles extend a quarter of a mile inland. Deseronto, a few years ago, was swept by a conflagration, which originated in the lumber district, and now extraordiary precautions are taken against fire. Smoking is not allowed in the lumber district at all. Clark and Culham discovered this fact early. Arm in arm they stepped on the dock, each with a lighted pipe.

"No smoking here, young fellow," growled a burly chap on the dock.

"Why?"

The gruff individual vouchsafed no reply, but swung his hand towards the lumber pile. Clark and Culham finished their smoke upon the boat.

It blew dirty all day and rain squalls added variety to the weather. The bay was covered with whitecaps and it was blowing decidedly fresh when a skiff capsized. The Skipper put off to the rescue in our dinghy, and after a heavy pull, and a race with a tug, reached the overturned craft and rescued the crew. Rescued and rescuer came back on the tug. A cleated main sheet caused the upset. The rain came on and the skiff's crew made the main sheet fast and huddled under an umbrella. The wind came up suddenly and she turned turtle before the mainsheet could be started. That's the tale of a ducking.

Deseronto was our eastern turning point. It proved a dull town, but a fresh wind dead ahead which sprang up after the rain kept us tied up there all day.

At midnight it still blew ahead, and we were in a quandary, until we discovered that a tug would depart at 2 A. M. for Trenton with a tow of timber. Now Bay of Quinte timber tows are a quarter of a mile long. Cautious inquiry soon located the tow for us, and after bidding the tug's crew, with whom we had been fraternizing, an ostentatious good-bye we set sail. But we weren't going to buck up the Bay of Quinte in the darkness. Not much. The second stretch took us beyond the prying eyes of the tug's crew and put the Tainui, nose on, to the tail-piece of that timber tow. We made no bones about the matter, but set our anchor flukes into the binding chain of the last pair of timbers, lowered our canvas, dowsed our lights, and waited for the starting of the tug. A shift in the wind drifted the tow out into the bay into the path of the tug en route to take up her position at the head of the tow and threatened to betray our intention. We pulled the end of the tow back with the dinghy and to prevent a recurrence of the episode, made fast to the dock with a line in such a manner that we could cast off from the boat the instant the tug started.

The best laid schemes "aft gang agley." We all fell asleep and when the tug started she snapped our stern line. Before we had gone far the gurgle of the water woke Commeford, and he broke the good news that we were off for Trenton.

We shook hands, laughed gleefully at the success of our trick and snuggled down into our blankets.

At daybreak when Culham crawled out on deck he found that we had only gone a few miles. An accident had delayed the tug. In the dawn the tug captain discovered that he was towing more than he bargained for.

He surveyed the Tainui a moment in the hazy morning light and then apparently undecided summoned the mate. Still we hung on. About seven o'clock the tug captain lost his temper at our persistency and suddenly ran his tow into a bank, uncoupled, and came down at us under a full head of steam.

"Here he comes," shouted Culham and we tumbled on deck in our night gowns and hustled to get the duds on Tainui. We cast adrift in a moment and the canvas went aloft so fast that the Skipper's hair fairly stood on end, in apprehension of the safety of the gaffs. The wind was blowing fresh over the quarter, and we were off up the channel before the tug was half way down the tow. Fortunately the tow was between the tug and the schooner. The tug rounded the end of the tow and gave chase. For a few moments we were on Anxious street. The tug was coming fast, but our little craft, with a bone in her teeth, was footing some, too. The tug failed to gain a foot and after a quarter mile chase abandoned the pursuit and turned tail. We dipped our ensign in mock salute, roared our war cry and then sang, "We don't care if you never come back."

We were back in our berth beside the park in Belleville at nine o'clock that morning.

Fishing in the Moira River and a band concert in the park kept us occupied all day and during the evening.

In the morning—Aug. 5—the bay was as smooth as a mill pond, so Clark and I had another round out of the bass in the Moira while Culham and Commeford woed Morpheus. At nine o'clock a breeze sprang up and we set sail. We bucked across the bay to the bridge. We almost lost our foremast owing to the failure of the bridge man to open the bridge promptly.

Outside the bridge the wind hauled a point and we were able to make up the channel by close pinching. The wind kept freshening and we were glad enough to drop our hooks behind Niger Island, three miles from Trenton.

We found the island in possession of a regiment of cranes.

Clark and I still had the fishing fever. We could not find any bait so we attached a piece of Clark's red hat to our hooks and tackled the bass again. All things looked alike to the bass, and we hauled out three-quarter pound "rockers" as fast as we could throw out our hooks. The Skipper and Culham tried the fishing game, but the denizens of the deep had become wary at the depletion of their numbers, and these enthusiastic anglers wisely kept the measure of their success a secret.

The Skipper got even with us in Trenton that evening, however, for he landed a four-pounder off the piers there. Clark and I got up early in the morning to break the Skipper's record, but couldn't catch anything heavier than a pound and a half.

At 10 o'clock on Wednesday—Aug. 6—we left for the Murray canal. The wind was down the channel and we tied up at Twelve O'clock Point, a little summer resort. We remained there all day and found the place brim full of life. In the evening the cottagers gave a concert and dance for us and afforded us generally such a good time that our visit to Twelve O'clock Point will always hold a prominent position in our memory.

Next morning—Thursday, August 7—the wind was still ahead, but we started. We bucked her up the channel for two miles but we arrived at the conclusion that we were working harder shifting canvas than we would be towing her up the canal. We got out a 60-foot line, and with a piece of rail as a yoke, Culham, Clark and I played tow mules at first. We galloped up the path with the hooker and had the Skipper timing our progress between the snubbing posts which were a couple of hundred yards apart. At each succeeding post we tried to break the record for the last one. A mile or so of this took the gimp out of us slaves on the rope and we settled down to a dogged plod. The wind had increased to a gale and the hooker towed as heavy as a coal schooner. We were dead tired, when Clark's fertile brain evolved a scheme of relief. He shouted for a line. The Skipper passed one ashore and he deftly lassoed a Mooley cow grazing on the bank and hitched her to the tow. She was inclined to balk a bit, but a generous application of rope's end set her off on a slow trot. Twice she tried to break away from the path and threatened to haul the craft out on the bank, but the trio on shore wouldn't stand for any such dereliction of duty and kept the bovine strictly to her task. The Mooley, under a good deal of persuasion, towed us to the canal mouth and we set out to buck up to Brighton, three miles away.

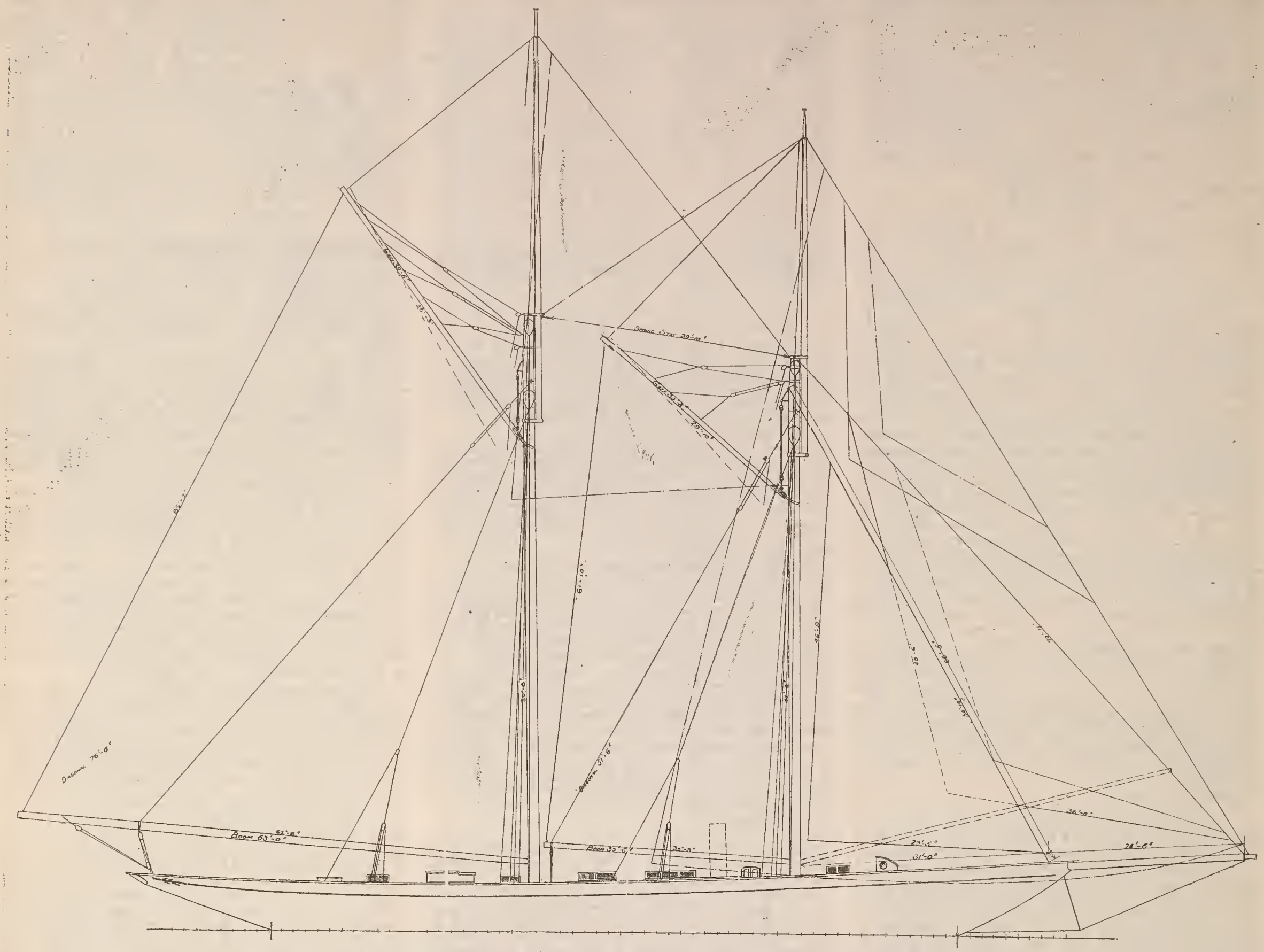
We reefed down and started. In the first stretch, while trying to pinch by the pier end our dinghy fouled the abutments and the painter snapped. We had to chase the little boat down the canal and had a pretty time beating out again. The channel outside in Presque Isle Bay was almost as narrow as the canal and accidents came thick and fast. The second leg out we carried away the first block on the mainboom and had to anchor and lash it on again. On the very next leg the second block went adrift. Again we anchored and made repairs. When we got under way again we ran into a mud bank and had to start our sheets to get off. Then the stops on the foot of the mainsail started to give. One by one they went, and when we ran into Brighton piers our mainsail was a first-class imitation of an English lose-footed sail.

It blew hard all day and we stayed at the dock until evening. When we ran across the bay to Brighton Beach, a sleepy little summer resort near Presque Isle Light, we ran into a tiny bit of a bay near an old wreck. The water was deep close to shore and we tied up with our horn overhanging the sand.

The next day—Friday, Aug. 8—we started out bright and early and with a head wind bucked up the lake 20 miles. The wind had been increasing all morning and shortly past noon, after reefing down for heavy weather, we discovered that we were making no progress in the heavy sea and ran into Lakeport, which was just under our lee. We were anxious to get home and remained awake all night awaiting a shift in the wind. The shift never came.

In the morning—August 9—there was a light wind off shore, and a heavy roll from the southwest on the lake. We started, but our progress was tantilizingly slow. We did not reach Cobourg, 10 miles away, until three o'clock. We picked up our mail and drifted to Port Hope, six miles away, arriving there at eight o'clock.

With the wind out of the northeast and moderate, we bade good-bye to Port Hope at midnight. Twelve miles up shore the wind shifted to the southeast, blew hard and a heavy sea picked up quickly. We were looking for Darlington Harbor, 25 miles west of Port Hope. Four miles east of Newcastle Harbor the wind increased to 30 miles an hour, and we took in her foresail and mainsail and with the jib behind the mast hustled for the shelter of Newcastle. We made Newcastle at 3.30 A. M. Inside we found a couple of big trade schooners whose skippers had also discovered that a sheltering pier was more to their taste than the gale-swept lake. On Sunday morning at nine o'clock we put the tucks in all our canvas and ran down to Darlington, five miles away, with the wind over the port beam. It was raining. It blew



AUXILIARY SCHOONER IDLER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, 1901.

fresh all day, but despite the threatening aspect of the westerly sky, we left for Whitby at six o'clock in the evening. Whitby was fourteen miles west, and we covered the distance in two hours. At Whitby we almost inscribed "Finis" on Tainui's log book.

When the sun went down the night darkened rapidly. At eight o'clock when we squared away to enter the harbor it was as dark as pitch. We had the light ahead however and so drove in in front of the wind and sea. Soon the light hovered over us. Opposite the lighthouse we took in our foresail. We passed the beacon and ran down the west side of the lighthouse pier at a merry clip. The roar of breakers ahead and the outline of a breakwater at right angles to our course warned the Skipper that something was wrong. Just as Commeford jammed down the helm the centerboard struck in the sand and in a flash all dawned upon him. The rest of us were as innocent as babes. We had never been in Whitby Harbor before. Whitby light is the only lighthouse on the Canadian shore which is situated on the west pier. In the excitement, during the storm, that vital fact had slipped the Skipper's memory, and as usual, he had tried to make the harbor leaving the light to starboard.

But to get back to the ship. We were on a lee shore with a heavy sea and it looked as if Tainui was doomed to destruction. Commeford's first impulse was to drive her on with a full sheet, but in an instant his nerve came back and he decided not to give up the ship without a struggle. We closed down our main sheet and beat out for the open. Tainui rolled in the backwash and broken water and time after time seemed to be right on shore for good. Then we started to gain. Inch by inch we pinched off and finally we struggled back to the pier end and made the harbor. It was a thankful crew which turned in that night on the little schooner.

We got but little sleep. The westerly storm broke and kicked up such a nasty chop in the harbor that we had to climb out, tow her off a lee pier and anchor her out.

The storm continued all day Monday—Aug. 11—and we hugged the harbor. At four o'clock it showed signs of dropping and, close reefed, we tackled the game again. With the wind ahead, we threshed her upshore until we were off Frenchman's Bay, where our troubles commenced afresh. At dusk while pounding into the seas the main peak halyard block carried away. We lowered the mainsail but could not make any progress to weather under the canvas forward.

We tried to hoist away the reefed mainsail, using the throat halyard tackle for the peak, but in the excitement and heavy roll the halyard was lost overboard. We dowsed all canvas, while the Skipper took a new rope, shinned the mast and after considerable difficulty rove it through the jumper stay eye. This was made fast to the main gaff and the sail was hoisted. Being reefed, the sail set in fair style and we bucked into Frenchman's Bay. We remained in the Bay all night, and in the morning after tinkering up our running gear set sail for Toronto. The wind was baffling, but at one o'clock that afternoon the little schooner was bobbing up and down at her home mooring again.

Idler—Auxiliary Schooner.

THE auxiliary schooner Idler was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Henry T. Sloane, and built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, in 1901.

She is a fine vessel of composite construction, and has proven to be an admirable cruising yacht. Her owner has used her steadily for the past two summers and she has given satisfaction in every particular. From Idler's outward appearance it would never be known that she has auxiliary power, and the designers were careful to turn out a boat that would handle well and be moderately fast when under sail alone.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	117ft.	
L. W. L.	85ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	14ft.	2in.
Aft	17ft.	10in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	22ft.	6in.
L. W. L.	21ft.	4in.
Draft—		
Extreme	13ft.	6in.
Freeboard—to top of rail—		
Forward	9ft.	8in.
Least	6ft.	
Aft	7ft.	

Below the main saloon really divides the accommodations of the yacht into two parts. The part forward of the saloon being given over to the machinery, galley, pantry, officers' and crew's quarters, while aft of the main cabin are the cabins for the owner and his guests. A transverse bulkhead separate the two parts, and in consequence the after part of the vessel is free from all noise and odor.

The companionway leads to the chart room, which is 5ft. 9in. long and fitted with a lounge, table and drawers for charts and lockers for instruments, etc. A passage leads forward from the chart room to the main cabin. On the port side of the passage is a bath room 6ft. 6in. long and fitted with a tub, washstand and patent closet. On the starboard side of the passage is the linen locker and a door to the owner's stateroom, which is 8ft. 6in. long. In front, on the wide berth, is a transom, which can also be made into a berth. At the foot of the berth is a hanging closet. There is also a bureau and a set basin in this room.

A passage runs aft from the chart room to the after cabin. On the port side is a small stateroom 6ft. long, while on the starboard side is a large stateroom 8ft. 6in. long. Both these rooms have wide berths, transoms, bureaus, wardrobes and washstands. The large stateroom aft or ladies' cabin, runs the full width of the boat and is 8ft. 3in. long. There is a wide berth on each side with a transom in front. On the port side aft is a wardrobe, and corresponding on the starboard side is a chiffonier and locker. A bureau is placed against the forward bulkhead. In the after bulkhead there is a door which leads to a toilet room, where there is a set wash basin and patent closet.

The main saloon, which is amidships, extends the full width of the yacht, and is 12ft. 6in. long. A wide sofa runs along either side, and behind there are book cases and lockers for china and silver. Two tables, a buffet and fireplace, complete the furniture in the saloon. All the cabins and bathrooms as well as the main saloon have port holes which give light and ventilation in addition to that afforded by the skylights overhead.

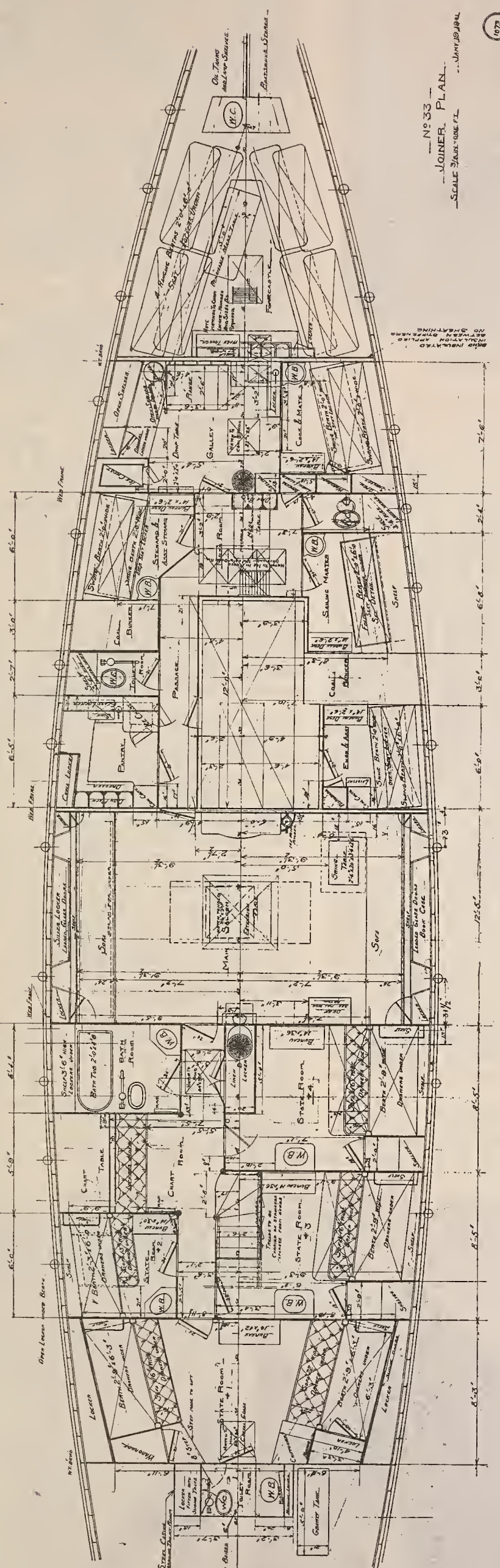
Just forward of the main cabin is the machinery space, 12ft. long and 7ft. wide. The machinery weighs eight tons, which is about five per cent. of the yacht's displacement. There is a 2-cylinder engine 6½in. and 13in.-10in. and an Almy water tube boiler. Her speed under power alone is about eight knots. Idler is lighted throughout by electricity. On the starboard side of the machinery space is a stateroom for the engineer and his assistant. Just forward of this stateroom is a coal bunker. On the port side of the machinery space is a passageway. At the after end of this is the pantry 6ft. 5in. long. Next forward is a toilet room. Then comes another coal bunker. The passage opens at the forward end into the officers' mess room, on the port side of which is a stateroom for the steward and his assistant. On the starboard side of the mess room are the sailing master's cabin and the officers' toilet room.

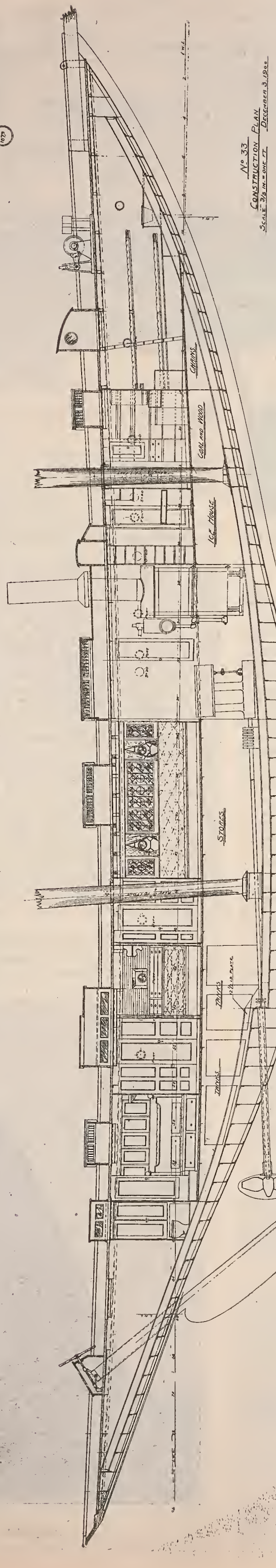
The galley, which is 7ft. 6in. long, is forward of the mess room, and on the starboard side of the galley is a stateroom for the cook and the mate. A transverse bulkhead separates the galley from the forecastle, where there is accommodation for eight men.

The rail waterways, skylights and companionways are of teak.

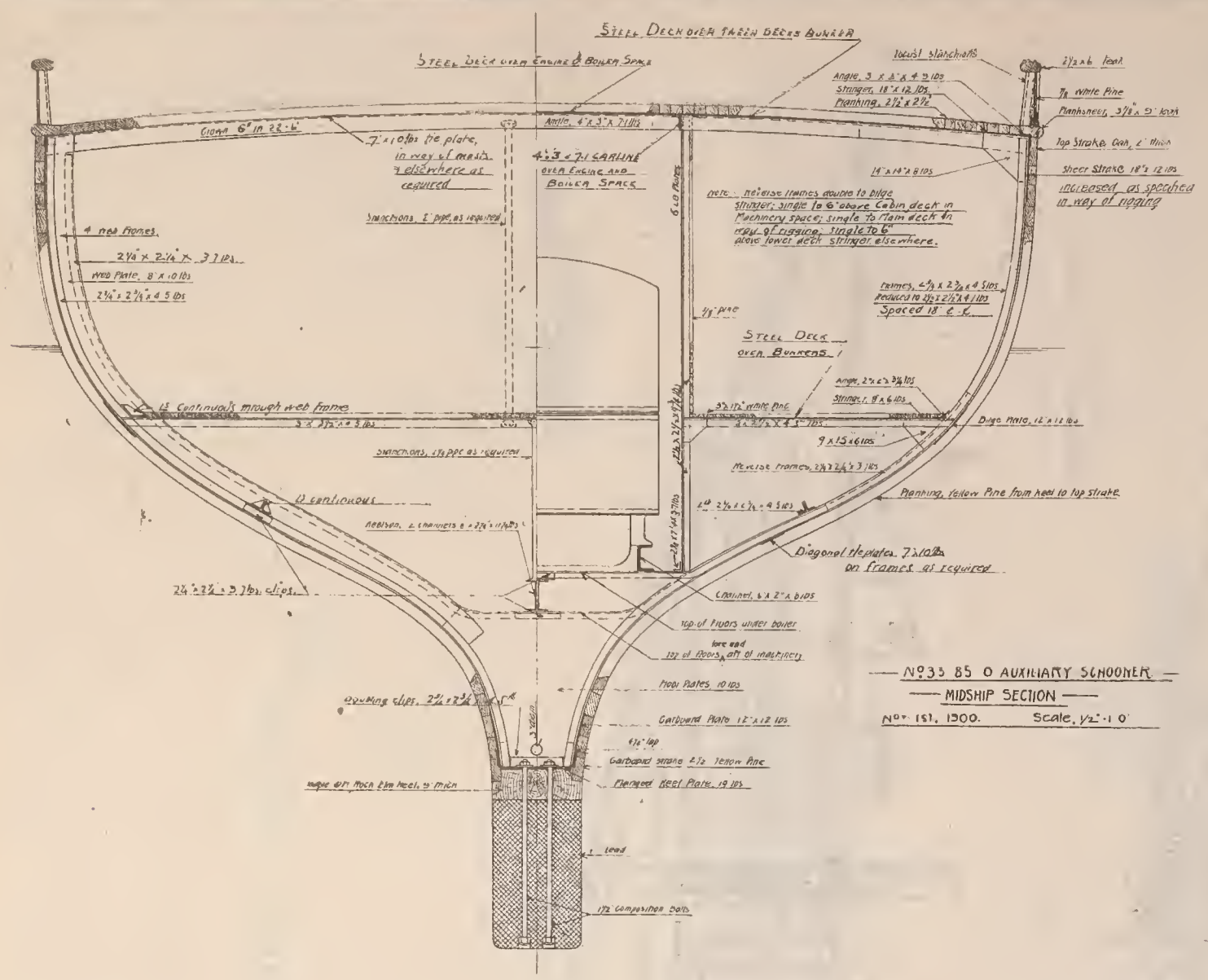
Four boats are carried on davits: a launch, a dinghy, a gig and a cutter.

The Atlantic Y. C. has withdrawn from the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay. There has been no disagreement, but the members of the Atlantic Y. C. felt they were losing their identity by belonging to the association, and that it would be better to withdraw. The Brooklyn Y. C., the Marine and Field C., and the New York C. C. now constitute tthe Y. R. A. of G. B., and their racing dates will be arranged so as not to conflict with those of the Atlantic Y. C.





AUXILIARY SCHOONER IDLER—INBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, 1901.



AUXILIARY SCHOONER IDLER—MIDSHIP SECTION—DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, 1901.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 23.—A special meeting of the Boston Y. C. was held at the Exchange Club last Tuesday evening, at which the constitution and by-laws and racing rules prepared by the committee specially appointed were accepted with very few changes. It was necessary to draw up a new constitution which would be consistent with the demand of the increased membership of the club and the acquiring of more property, and also to comply with the terms of amalgamation. One of the most important measures adopted by the club was a new set of colors. Under the terms of amalgamation it was agreed that the colors of the club should be the colors of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. On account of the design of the old Hull flag being so complicated, the majority of the members of the Boston Y. C. were not particularly anxious to keep these colors, and it may also be said that many members who had been members of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. were not overfond of the design. Purely as a matter of sentiment, however, it was understood prior to the meeting that there were many of the members of the Hull Club who thought that the colors should be accepted as agreed. The committee on constitution, in arranging its report, also took into consideration the subject of colors, and had a design prepared. When the committee reported and the flag was shown, all opposition had vanished, and the colors were accepted with enthusiasm. While there might have been a certain amount of moral obligation to accept the old colors under the terms of agreement, it can certainly be said that the new colors show the best yacht club pennant that has been designed for many years. The design is very simple, and at the same time it is different entirely from the staid order of club flags. It is of the usual pennant shape and the distinguishing cross follows the design of the New York Y. C. flag, but the arrangement of colors is quite different. There is a white field, the horizontal bar of the cross being blue and the vertical bar red. The red bar goes across the blue one, and, in its center, is the five-pointed star. It is a very ingenious and simple arrangement of the national colors and a flag has been produced that can probably be distinguished at a greater distance than any other yacht club flag in the country. The following officers and committees were elected: Com., B. P. Cheney; Vice-Com., E. P. Boynton; Rear-Com., Walter Burgess; Sec'y-Treas., William Avery Carey; Executice Committee for two years, E. P. Boggs, C. A. French, Charles Hayden and W. H. Bangs; Executive Committee for one year, D. E. Smith, H. W. Wesson, J. W. Dutton and E. F. Smith; Membership Committee for two years, W. C. Lewis, A. C. Fernald, C. H. Cross, 2d, and A. P. Hawes; Membership Committee for one year, G. E. Lauriat, Jr.; Hollis Burgess and F. H. Jeffrey; Regatta Committee for two years, Louis M. Clark, C. G. Browne, Sumner H. Foster and Foster Hooper; Regatta Committee for one year, C. C. Clapp, C. W. Cole and B. D. Amsden.

At the annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, held at the town house of the Boston Y. C. last Thursday evening, it was voted that after September 12 all classifications and measurement rules shall be void and of no effect. This means that next year there will be a new rating rule to apply to any or all of the present classes, with the possible exception of those classes that are governed by rules of their own associations. It is the classes that come under the head of cabin yachts that are aimed at in this measure, although there is no doubt that something could be done with the classes that at present have no other restriction than waterline length, that would make them more popular than they have been for some time. Extremes that were resorted to in the 21ft. class last year and the extremes noted in yachts now building for the restricted 25ft. class are responsible for the action. With practically no limit on the over all lengths of the boats, there is not going to be any strong tendency for yachtsmen to build, when in another year their boats would not have any show against much larger boats on the same waterline. A temporary class has been formed for the purpose of overcoming some of the evils of the 21ft. class for the coming year, so that the owners of 21-footers of somewhere near normal dimensions may race together. This new class is to be known as Class R. It conforms to the limitations of Class S, with the further limitation that the square root of the sail area shall not exceed 145 per cent. of the cube root of the displacement. The new 25-footers, with their extreme over all lengths, will be given a chance to prove whether or not they come up to the interpretation of a safe, seaworthy boat. If the yachts should prove all that is desired, it may be voted at the fall meeting to re-establish the class. There does not seem to be any confidence among the owners of boats that have been built this winter, however, that this will be done. The new 22ft. class was adopted unanimously, the motion to adopt being made by Mr. Louis M. Clark, who strongly opposed the adoption of this class at the fall meeting last year. There are eight of these boats now building and their owners expect plenty of sport during the coming season. It was voted that no entry of a yacht shall be accepted until she has been officially measured and a certificate of measurement filed with the Secretary. It has also been decided in the case of an appeal being made from the decision of any board of judges to the executive committee of the Association, the appeal shall be accompanied by the sum of $5, to be returned to the appellant should he prevail, and otherwise to be turned into the Association's treasury.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has sold the crack Y. R. A. 25-footer, owned by Mr. Lawrence F. Percival, to Dr. Augsburg, of Riga, Russia. It is expected that she will be entered in the Kiel regattas. She will be shipped on the deck of one of the Scandinavian-American line steamers. Sally VI. is easily the handsomest 25-footer that was ever turned out in Massachusetts Bay. She was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and built by the Lawley corporation last season. She is 43ft. 1in. over all, 24ft. 8in. waterline, 10ft. 9in. beam and 6ft. 11in. draft. She has the essential features of the centerboard type in her hull and also has the extreme draft of the keel boat. She is double planked, the outer planking being of Spanish cedar. This is finished bright above the waterline and bronze below. Her cabin trunk, which is well crowned, is formed of three-ply strips, covered with canvas. She is a very fast craft in all-round weather conditions, and should give a very good account of herself on the other side. Mr. Lawley has been working on the lines of a 25-footer, and it is not improbable that she will be built for Mr. Percival to take the place of Sally VI.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy has sold the naphtha cabin yacht Sinner, owned by Mr. Thomas H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., to Mr. Johnson. Sinner is 42ft. over all and is a fast, comfortable cruising launch. Mr. Webb is coming to Boston about April 10 to look up a hunting launch. He is a member of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, and of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead. It was he who introduced the Y. R. A. of M. 21ft. class to Chicago, and he has donated a handsome challenge cup for the boats of the class to race for.

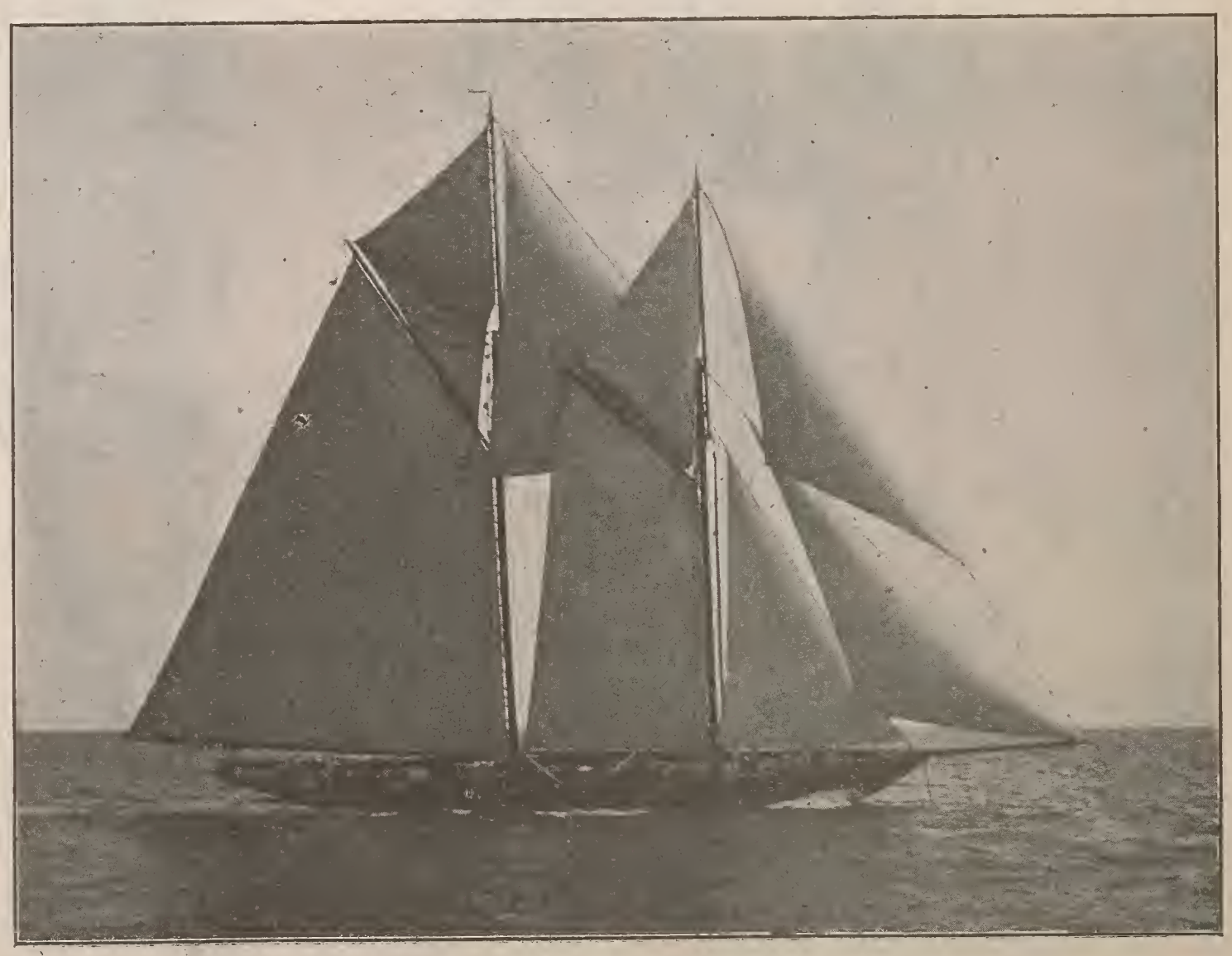
Messrs. Burgess and Packard have received an order for another Scawanhaka challenger. The new boat is for Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston. They are now at work on the lines. The first challenger for the Higginson-Boardman Syndicate has been finished, but the lines of the second boat for the same syndicate have not yet been completed.

White, of Manchester, has finished the Malcolmson 18-footer, designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman. The 18-footer for Mr. Reginald Boardman and the 21-footer for Mr. T. S. Watson, by the same designer, have been laid down. The cruising 22-footer designed by Mr. Boardman for Mr. C. W. Whittier, will be built by Lawley.

The schooner Felstedquin, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney for Major L. S. Bent, of the Annisquam Y. C., was launched at Lawley's last Friday. In her place a 75ft. steam yacht, designed by Mr. Binney, will be built. In Lawley's east shop the 21-footer for Mr. L. H. Spalding and the 25-footer for Mr. J. Swift, Jr., both designed by Mr. Fred Lawley, have been finished. The 40-rater designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Col. R. H. Morgan, and the 43-rater designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Trenor L. Park, have been planked. The keel of the 64-rating schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond has been set up. In the west shop the boiler and engine are being installed in the steam yacht designed by Mr. A. S. Cheseborough for Mr. Charles Fletcher, and the deck of the steam yacht by the same designer for Mr. C. G. Emery is about half laid. The 45ft. launch designed by Mr. Fred Lawley for Mr. F. F. Dreer is planked and the deck laid. The new launch for the Boston Y. C. has been finished and run out of the shop.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has sold the 35-footer Kiowa, owned by Mr. G. S. Payson, of Chicago, to Mr. C. L. Eaton, of Boston; the 25-footer Kalista for Messrs. Reade Bros., of Fall River, to Dr. F. H. Davenport, and the Y. R. A. 25-footer Chewink II., owned by Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., to Mr. Chubb, of New York.

The steam yacht Pantooset, owned by Ex-Commodore A. S. Bigelow, of the Eastern Y. C., will leave Boston for a European cruise on or about May 1. Her first objective point will be Southampton, by way of Fayal. She will put into Fayal for coal and, after reaching Southampton, she will continue fitting out. She will then proceed to Cuxhaven, Germany, where Mr. Bigelow and party will join her. From there she will proceed through the Kiel Canal, up the coast of Norway, to North Cape, in The Land of the Midnight Sun. Returning from this point they will go up the Baltic as far as St. Petersburg. The Pantooset will then return to Cuxhaven, where Mr. Bigelow and his party will leave her. The yacht will then proceed to Boston. The Pantooset will be commanded by



AUXILIARY SCHOONER IDLER.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

Capt. A. C. Corkum, her sailing master, under whose direction she was built.

The meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held at the town house of the Boston Y. C., Rowes Wharf, Thursday evening. Several amendments to the constitution and by-laws have been proposed, most of which were announced in last week's letter. In addition to those spoken of it will be proposed that the number of yachts enrolled in a club that will make it eligible for membership will be twenty instead of ten, and that the said yachts shall be more than 15ft. waterline instead of 12ft. In regard to representation it will be proposed that each club may have one delegate for each 300 members or fraction thereof. It is proposed also to raise the entry fee of the Association for the season's races from $1 to $2.

At Lawley's the 50ft. schooner designed by Binney for Major L. H. Bent, the 21-footer designed by Fred Lawley for Mr. L. H. Spalding, and the 25-footer by the same designer for Mr. John Swift, are practically finished. The 40-rater designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Col. R. H. Morgan, and the 43-rater designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Trenor L. Park, are partly planked. The 36-rater designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. W. B. Rogers has been hauled out of the shop. In the west shop the joiner work is well along on the steam yacht designed by Mr. A. S. Chesborough for Mr. Charles Fletcher, and the deck plating is being put on the steam yacht by the same designer for Mr. C. G. Emery. The 45ft. launch designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. W. F. Dreer is planked and the deck laid. The wooden keel for the 64-rater schooner designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. John Richmond is being turned out.

At the Hanley Construction Company the 27ft. yawl designed by Mr. Dodge for Mr. Bird, of New York, is about finished. Work has been started on the 28ft. yawl designed by Mr. Isaac B. Mills for Mr. B. D. Amsden and on the 18-footer designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Mr. R. J. Randolph, Jr. A number of yachts are fitting out in the basin.

The defender of the Lipton cup, last year won by La Rita, the lines of which have been turned out by Messrs. Small Bros., will probably be built in the east under the direction of the designers. She is quite a powerful craft of the centerboard type, and will carry 947ft. of sail. A 28ft. yawl by these designers for a Boston yachtsman, will be built by Meek, of North Weymouth, and the cruising yawl designed for Mr. W. Mosely Swaim, of Philadelphia, will be built at Philadelphia.

Stuart, of Wollaston, has under construction two launches for members of the Boston Y. C. One of these will be 50ft. and the other 45ft.

The fourteenth annual dinner of the Dorchester Y. C. will be held at Hendrie Hall, Dorchester, Saturday evening, April 11. Congressman W. S. McNary, Hon. Fred S. Gore, Representative Callender, Commodore F. L. Codman and Mr. Lewis M. Clark will speak.

MacConnell & Co. have sold the 36ft. yawl Virginia, owned by Messrs. R. L. and H. I. Sewall, to Mr. C. H. Sherburne, of Boston. They have also sold the 25ft. yawl Hermes and the 30-footer Nokomis to eastern yachtsmen.

MacConnell Bros. have sold the 25ft. knockabout Ninita, owned by Mr. Samuel Ferguson, to Mr. E. R. Hastings, of Boston. They have also sold the 36ft. speed launch Mercury to Mr. Charles Laidlaw, Jr., of Long Branch, and the cabin knockabout Raduga to Mr. Richard H. Swartwout, of New York.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

English Letter.

THE announcement that the new Shamrock will be launched on the 17th (St. Patrick's Day), has amply fulfilled the expectation that every opportunity will be taken for tuning the vessel up prior to her departure for the States. Of course, sundry reports have been current in the press as to her design, but not a single authentic item of news has transpired. If any deduction can be taken from the various reports current, it would seem that the new vessel will have an easier bilge than the first Shamrock, and may therefore heel a little more easily to a light air. Some journals predict that the yacht will show some very startling innovations below water, but that will not be known until the launch. Similar statements are current as to the new defender. These cup racers have certainly grown very large in the matter of sail, but it appears to me surprising that they are not very much larger. Of course the difficulty of keeping the huge sail spread properly set is very great, but it is not insuperable where money is no object. The yachts hardly yet represent what would be the ultimate outcome of a pure waterline measurement, and that appears to me to be the craft that is wanted.

Our coming racing season does not promise very well. There will be no regular large class, and though a new 65-footer is building at Fairlie, that class can hardly be of much interest, as her only competitor will be Tully, not built for this rule. The name of the new 65-footer's owner has not even yet been divulged. The 52-footer, Magdalen, has been sold by Baron de Forest to Italy. She did not race last year, although put in commission. The only new boat for this class is one designed by Alfred Mylne for Mr. W. Leuchars. It will be interesting to note how she sails with last year's Fife crack. No 36-footers are building, and few boats for the smaller classes.

The new "South Coast" one-design class has undergone yet another change. It was originally intended that the boats should be about the 36-footer size, and should cost from £600 to £800. Now it has been decided to make them larger, and they will cost £1,200. They are 38ft. on L.W.L., 11ft. beam, 57ft. over all, and will be about 42-rating. Eight are said to be ordered, and it is stated that there is an intention to limit the class to that number. If that is so, one must be glad, because it will interfere the less with open racing, but it may be found that clubs will not be over ready to supply prizes for a self-organized and exclusive class of this nature. There was for a time some prejudice against the Clyde 20-ton one-design class because it was self-organized, but it has always been open to everyone who cared to build for it. The Solent Classes Y. R. A. has decided not to admit this new class into its list of classes, and it is therefore dependent on the spontaneous generosity of individual clubs.

The handicap owners have failed, after all, to induce the Y. R. A. to countenance handicap racing, even to the extent of appointing official handicappers. At the general meeting of the Association their scheme was rejected by 33 votes to 23, and the Council's own alternative was entirely unsupported. The truth is that no matter how well such regulations might work at the Thames and south coast regattas, they would break down at the Clyde and Irish meetings, which must take such boats as may come along, and classify them to suit each occasion.

There is a brilliant opportunity now open to your power yachtsmen to teach Europe a lesson. We have been reading marvelous reports of the performances of some of your newest steam and motor boats, and the opportunity of seeing them would be hailed with delight. I will not conceal from you that in this country there is an unworthy suspicion that the miles grow short towards the setting sun, and that some of your fliers might fail to maintain their highest records in a race over here. Well, there is an easy way of settling this little doubt, for Mr. Alfred Harmsworth has presented an International launch cup to the Automobile Club, and the first races will be held in Cork harbor about the middle of July. The class will be for launches of 40ft. over all, and there is no restriction as to power or dimensions. The cup will become a hotly contested trophy, and many visitors are expected from the Continent to compete for it. The Automobile Club will hold the races under the rules of the Marine Motor Association, which will present three souvenirs to the three best boats. You can send steam, petroleum or electric launches, but you will have to send fast boats, for, short as the time is, I hear of quite a fleet being built. Each country may send three representatives, but these must be entirely constructed in the country that they represent. Needless to say they are *not* required to come to this country on their own bottoms. It will be very interesting to note the types produced for these races. England holds the Gordon Bennett car cup, and will make a bold bid to defend the Harmsworth trophy, too. I know that the donor and the Automobile Club will be deeply gratified if some boats from the States are sent over.

E. H. HAMILTON.

AZTEC

Designed by Gardner & Cox and owned by A. C. Burrage. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The Steam Yacht Aztec.

AZTEC was designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox for Mr. Henry C. Pierce, and built by Mr. Lewis Nixon at Elizabethport, N. J. Before the vessel was completed she was purchased by Mr. A. C. Burrage, of Boston. Aztec is 263ft. over all, 216ft. waterline, 31ft. breadth and 14ft. draft.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S new challenger for the America's Cup, Shamrock III., was launched on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, at Denny Brothers' yards, Dumbarton, Scotland.

The weather was anything but pleasant in the early morning, but as the day wore on it brightened up, stopped raining and the wind went down. Shortly after one o'clock Sir Thomas Lipton and his guests appeared on the platform that was erected under the bows of the new boat. The Countess of Shaftesbury named the yacht. As she broke a bottle of wine over the yacht's bows the boat began to move slowly down the ways, and the Countess said: "I christen you Shamrock III. May God bless you and may you bring back the Cup."

Shamrock III. slipped easily into the water, and the launching was entirely successful, being accomplished without a hitch. Owing to the shallowness of the water off the yard, it was necessary to launch the yacht in pontoons, and canvas was hung over the sides forward and aft which, to an extent, concealed the overhangs. As the yacht took the water the band played "The Dear Little Shamrock," and the Countess of Shaftesbury and Sir Thomas Lipton were heartily cheered.

After the launching the yacht was towed to Greenock.

While the actual dimensions of Shamrock III. are not forthcoming, all the reports agree that the new vessel is a finely turned boat, more of a yacht and less of a machine than was expected. She is said to be about 140ft. long over all and nearly 90ft. on the waterline. Her breadth is just over 22ft., while her draft is practically 19ft. It was expected that the designer, Mr. William Fife, would take more over all length in the new boat, but the reduction of breadth some 18 or 20in. over Shamrock II., came as a surprise. The freeboard is higher than was expected, and the sheer quite straight.

Shamrock III. should be a wonderfully good light weather boat, as her fine lines and easy form ought to be easily driven by a moderate sail plan. The wetted surface and lateral plan have been greatly cut away, and the boat ought to be quick in stays, and unless very well balanced may prove wild on her helm in a sea way. Fife boats are, however, invariably well balanced, and we may rest assured that the designer has given special attention to this feature in the new Shamrock.

The boat's lighter construction enables her to carry more ballast in proportion to displacement than did either Shamrock I. or II. She is framed and plated with nickel steel. The deck is of aluminum, covered with a material which gives a good foothold. The metal deck fittings are of steel galvanized, while the cleats are of wood. As was stated in these columns some months ago, the boat will be steered with a wheel.

The mast, which was stepped the second day after the launching, is of steel, about 170ft. in length. The mast and topmast are all in one, and the spar is of less diameter than the one Shamrock II. carried. The same can be said of the boom (which is 102ft. long) and the gaff. These spars are also of steel. The bowsprit is of pine and solid.

Her sail area will not be much greater than was Columbia's, and she will have only a moderate amount of canvas in the lower sails, but will swing a large club topsail. By so doing she can get a very advantageous measurement. This distribution of sail has several things to recommend it. In light weather she has a big sail well up in the air, and yet she can be put under very comfortable sail spread for bad weather by taking in the topsail.

The workmanship on the boat is of the very highest order throughout, and the hull is exceptionally smooth. The entire hull is painted white, and this is relieved by a green stripe at the waterline and the rail.

It is conceded by everyone who has seen the boat that she is by far the handsomest and most carefully designed boat ever turned out to challenge for the Cup, and whether she wins or loses she is a remarkably fine vessel and reflects great credit on her designer.

THE new boat building at Bristol for the defense of the America's Cup, is to be named Reliance. The name is an improvement over any of the others suggested, and has the proper ring to it. There is something about the name that conveys great confidence to all those interested in the success of the American boat in her coming races against the new Shamrock.

Good progress is being made on Reliance, and the hull is almost entirely plated, although there is still a good deal of riveting yet to be done. The work of covering the lead keel with bronze plates has been left till the last, but it is expected that these will be in place in a few days. The steel boom is nearly finished, and the workmen have started to bend the plates for the steel gaff. Reliance will be put overboard about the middle of April.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. has arranged the following fixtures for the coming season: May 3, opening day; May 30, annual spring regatta; July 3-6, annual cruise; July 19, at Plum Beach; Aug. 16, ladies' day; Sept. 7, Labor Day cruise; Sept. 27, open fall regatta; Oct. 25, club goes out of commission.

* * *

Seventeen clubs were represented at the meeting of the American Power Boat Association, held at the Columbia Y. C., foot of West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City. The racing rules submitted by Mr. Henry J. Gielow were discussed and adopted after making several changes. The formula for rating electric motors was changed from 950 watts to 750 watts to equal one horse-power. In rating gasoline explosive engines, the constant divisor for two cycle engines, was changed from 600 to 900. The election of officers was postponed until the next meeting, which will be held on April 29.

* * *

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held at the club house on Thursday, March 26.

* * *

Com. Tilford, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., has appointed Mr. L. D. Armstrong Fleet Captain, Dr. Leander P. Jones Fleet Surgeon, and the Rev. M. Geo. Thompson Fleet Chaplain.

Com. Arthur Curtiss James, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has appointed Robert W. Gibson Signal Officer.

The board of trustees of the Atlantic Y. C. has appointed the house committee, which is as follows: Louis F. Jackson, Chairman; William A. Barstow and T. S. Negus.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has prepared the following racing schedule for 1903:

May 25—16ft. skiff class and 12ft. dinghy class.
May 30—25ft. class and 14ft. dinghy class.
June 6—First class, Murray Cup, and 20ft. class.
June 13—30ft. class and 12ft. dinghy class.
June 20—16ft. skiff class.
June 27—25ft. class and 14ft. dinghy class.
June 30—L. S. S. A. Regatta and cake walk cup race at Oakville.
July 1—Queen's cup race at Toronto, over 40ft. class, and L. S. S. A. regatta at Oakville.
July 4—30ft. class and 12ft. dinghy class.
July 11.—First class. Lorne cup and 20ft. class.
July 18—16ft. skiff class L. Y. R. A.
July 25—14ft. dinghy class L. Y. R. A.
Aug. 1—20ft. class.
Aug. 8—Canada's Cup race and following days.
Aug. 15—30ft. class, and 12ft. dinghy class.
Aug. 22—25ft. class and 14ft. dinghy class.
Aug. 29—20ft. class and 16ft. skiff class.
Sept. 5.—First class cruising race.
Sept. 12—Prince of Wales Cup race.

Additional races for 16-footers will be held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, from June 3 to Sept. 2, inclusive, starting at 5:15 P. M. There will be a limit of one hour for these races.

The club cups and challenge flag will be awarded to the yachts making the best average during the season, as follows: R. C. Y. C. challenge flag, to first class; Lansdowne Cup, to 30ft. class; Cosgrove Cup, to 25ft. class; McGaw Cup, to 20ft. class; Gooderham Cup, to 16ft. class; Harman Cup, to 14ft. dinghy class; Barber Cup, to 12ft. dinghy class.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

On Saturday afternoon, March 21, the schooner Crusader II. was launched from Mr. Robert Jacob's yard, City Island. She was built from designs made by Mr. Henry C. Wintcringham for Mr. Seymour L. Husted. Crusader II. is built of wood and will be used primarily for cruising. She is 97ft. over all, 68ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 9ft. draft.

The steam yacht Niagara IV., that was built at Morris Heights for Mr. Howard Gould, was launched on March 19. She is 111ft. over all, 104ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth and 4ft. 2in. draft. Her contract calls for a speed of 23 miles.

Alice, the steam yacht built by the Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, of Mariner's Harbor, S. I., for Mr. F. D. Underwood, was launched on March 21. She is 116ft. over all, 96ft. waterline and 17ft. breadth.

The launch building at Samuel Ayer's yard, Nyack, from designs by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, for Mr. John Hanan, is 114ft. over all, 103ft. 8in. waterline, 15ft. 9in. breadth and 5ft. draft.

Mr. William E. Cox has had a steam yacht built from designs by Messrs. Cox & King. She is to be known as Wakiva. The following description is from the Yachting World:

On Monday afternoon, March 2, Ramage & Ferguson, Limited, launched from their yard at Leith a finely modeled steam yacht, which has been built to the order of an American gentleman from the designs of Cox & King, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, London. The yacht is about 455 tons Y. M., the principal dimensions being 165ft. b. p. by 25ft. 6in. molded depth, and is fitted with triple expansion engines having cylinders 15in., 24in. and 39in. diameter by 24in. stroke, steam being supplied from a large boiler working at 180 pounds pressure.

The yacht is very handsomely fitted, having dining-room and drawing-room on main deck, with a long shade deck above, on which are boats, charthouses, etc., while on the lower deck fore and aft of the machinery space are a number of state rooms and a social hall. The vessel is fitted with steam windlass, steam steering gear, electric light installation, hot water heating and all the most modern appliances usual on high-class yachts. On leaving the ways the yacht was named Wakiva.

The famous old yacht Boadicea, which for years was the largest sailing yacht, being no less than 378 tons, has come to an untimely end, and her master is in jail, convicted of casting her away. Known as the Ariadne, the Boadicea was lost off the coast of New Zealand.

The English Court of Appeal upheld a judge's order directing evidence on commission to be taken in New Zealand with the object of throwing fresh light, if possible, on the loss of the schooner. It turns out that she was bought for 2,000 guineas and insured for £20,000. The captain, Mumford, confessed to having received £400 to cast her away, but on a trial this statement was asserted to be an invention, and T. C. Kerry, the owner of the Ariadne, was acquitted. On his own confession, however, Mumford was sent to prison. Mr. Kerry is now suing the underwriters for the insurance money.—Mail and Express.

Mr. Edmund Randolph has sold his steam yacht Scud to Mr. Samuel Untermyer.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on March 15 the following scores were shot. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target. Wind, tricky:

Nestler	90 84 82 82 81		Roberts	82 77 77 77 74	
Gindele	89 88 88 87 81		Jonscher	81 79 77 74 73	
Payne	89 86 85 85 80		Trounstine	78 77 72 70 68	
Hofer	84 82 80 76 74		Freitag	78 73 73 71 69	
Hoffman	83 80 78 75 68		Bruns	76 73 73 73 72	
Lux	82 78 75 73 71				

Honor target: Nestler 20, Gindele 29, Payne 25, Hofer 26, Hoffman 25, Lux 21, Roberts 22, Jonscher 20, Trounstine 16, Freitag 18.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

March 23-26.—Brenham, Texas.—Twenty-sixth annual State shoot, under auspices of the Texas Sportsmen's Association.
April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.
April 2-3.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins-Sears Company's tournament.
April 2-3.—Indianapolies, Ind.—Two days' tournament of the Limited Gun Club.
April 7-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament and convention, under auspices of Metropolitan Gun Club. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.
*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 10.—North Hudson Driving Park, N. J.—Second annual individual Eastern championship at live birds; 20 birds, $10, birds included.
April 10.—New Haven, Conn., Gun Club's all-day tournament. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Can.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec-y-Treas.
April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
April 18.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Open shoot for live-bird championship of York county, Pa., and all-day shoot of Glen Rock Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 20.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
**June, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
**July, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Cadds Gun Club's tournament.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J0 Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Keen interest was manifested in the contest between teams of the Crescent Athletic Club and Boston Athletic Association, at Bay Ridge, L. I., last Saturday. There was a large number of visitors present to witness the match. At the commencement of it the visitors quickly took a strong lead, but the Crescent team soon thereafter made a stead gain to the end, and won by the large margin of 645 to 599. Each team had eight men and each man shot at 100 targets. The return match will be shot on April 4 at Boston, on B. A. A. grounds.

Mr. F. B. Cunningham, secretary-manager, writes us that the twenty-sixth annual tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, to be held at St. Joseph, Mo., April 7 to 11, inclusive, will offer a rare week of sport, as well as a splendid opportunity for practice to the shooters who contemplate attending the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City the following week. There will be three days at targets and two days at live birds, under the same rules and conditions as will hold at Kansas City.

In Passaic, N. J., the Union Gun Club was formed on March 19, with officers as follows: President, Colin R. Wise, of Passaic; Vice-President, F. V. Carlough; Secretary, C. B. Axford, of Rutherford; Treasurer, Louis Lane. A Committee on By-Laws was appointed. The new club will shoot on the Boiling Springs Gun Club grounds, Rutherford, on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Targets for members, 1 cent; for others, 2 cents.

The second annual individual Eastern live-bird championship will be shot at the North Hudson Driving Park, N. J., on April 10. The conditions are 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included; handicaps 25 to 33yds.; class shooting, four moneys; a cup to the winner; two sets of traps. This event last year was held at Interstate Park, and was won by Mr. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, N. J.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby has resigned his position with the Western Cartridge Company and accepted his old position as general sales agent of the American E. C. and Schultze Gunpowder Co., with Mr. Carl Von Lengerke as his assistant. Mr. Von Lengerke last week was confined to his home, due to illness, but was convalescing nicely, according to last reports.

At Palm Beach, Fla., on Thursday, of last week, at the shoot of the Florida Gun Club, Mrs. Albert W. Goodrich, of Chicago, won the cup presented by Mrs. Frederick Edey, of New York, with 16 out of 25 targets. Miss Andrews, of Lakewood, was second. Miss Grace Ellis, of New York, was third.

In the contest for the Intercounty cup between teams of the Ossining and Poughkeepsie gun clubs, at Ossining, March 21, Ossining won by the somewhat italic score of 150 to 131. Mr. G. Hubbell won the handicap cup, his third win, and the final for absolute ownership.

Mr. Louis Williams, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., was a visitor in New York last week, and the fore part of this week. He incidentally journeyed to New Haven on a visit to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., which he represents in Alabama.

Mr. Bert B. Adams writes us as follows: "The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold a two days' tournament at targets on April 2 and 3. The programmes are now in the hands of the printers, and will be mailed when completed."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, informs us that the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Dubois, Pa., on May 13 and 14, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club.

Mr. O. R. Dickey, of Boston, was a visitor in New York on Saturday of last week. He was identified with the members of the Boston Athletic Association, which shot so valiantly with the Crescent Athletic Club.

Friday, April 10, the New Haven Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament; targets 1½ cents each; $30 added. Luncheon served to shooters gratis. Mr. John E. Bassett is the secretary.

Mr. A. G. Wing won the Story championship medal at Ames, Iowa, March 18, with a score of 24 out of a possible 25. There were nine other contestants for it.

The renowned trapshooter, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, arrived in New York last week. He contemplates a visit of about ten days' duration in this effete hamlet.

The annual meeting of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association for 1903 will be held at St. Joseph, Mo., Tuesday evening, April 7.

Early last week Mr. Frank E. Butler left New York bound for Ohio to attend the funeral of his brother, a sad mission indeed.

There will be an all-day shoot on the grounds of the Neponset Gun Club, East Walpole, Mass., May 16.

The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., will be held on April 5.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will be held on April 5.

Mr. John E. Avery, of Atlanta, Ga., was a visitor in New York last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New York County Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., March 10.—The shoot of the New York County Gun Club was favored with delightful weather. There was a variable wind, northeast to southeast. Mr. Bissing won the special prize in the 25-target race. Quite a number of visitors, several of whom were ladies, witnessed the competition. Mr. Staples was high average with .832. Schortemeier was second with .830. Mr. Scott third with .730 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Schorty	17	19	19	16	15	17	17	17
Rutherford, Jr	11	..	..	10	..	..	..	11
Rutherford	9	10	9	13	..	11	8	16
Goetter	16	15	7	10	12	14	16	..
Davis	9	13	12	13	10	7	13	..
Staples	..	..	16	18	17	17	19	17
May	..	..	13	11	12	12	7	13
Schneider	..	..	14	11	8	14	13	16
Mehrtens	..	14	14	11	13	12	13	17
Wolf	..	..	10	9	8	11	13	13
F Schoverling	..	..	16	14	11	14	11	9
Bissing	..	..	12	12	11	11	11	18
Woods	..	..	10	11	7	14	12	..
Scott	..	..	13	12	16	17	15	..
Charles	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..
Seibel	..	..	8	4	6	..	..	..
Dukc	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	10
Tiernan	..	..	..	..	13	11	16	..
Bourke	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

MANHATTA.

Crescent—Boston.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 21.—The event of dominant interest on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day was the team shoot between the home club and the Boston Athletic Association. Indeed, the event far exceeded the confines of club interest, for in New York and vicinity the members of the other clubs, the shooters in general, were keenly interested in the result of it.

It was purely an amateur match. From start to finish it was conducted with the most punctilious courtesy by hosts and guests. Even little incidental matters, which so delicately intimate friendly good will, and which are so many times overlooked, were carefully observed by the Crescent committee. The flag of the Boston club flew over the flag of the Crescents, over the house. On the green, between the firing points and the traps at No. 1 set, was the legend in mammoth letters "Welcome B. A. A." A parlor car, specially engaged, conveyed the visitors from the Bridge to the grounds.

The contest was skillfully managed. It was expeditious and smooth in its action. The targets were above average as to the difficulty of shooting them. The light was very bad in the first part of the race, owing to a heavily clouded sky, and some rainfall. The weather conditions were much better in the latter part of the race.

The conditions were eight men on a team, 100 targets per man, for a $100 cup, for which each club pays one-half.

The Werleman prize was won by Mr. E. H. Lott. The prize, a silver loving cup, offered by the Crescent Athletic Club for high gun of the visitors was won by Dr. S. A. Ellis. The scores:

Team shoot, 100 targets:

Crescent A. C.

D V B Hegeman	17	19	19	20—75
L M Palmer, Jr	18	16	18	18—70
F T Bedford, Jr	19	18	19	22—78
A R Fish	18	19	22	23—82
F B Stephenson	18	20	19	20—77
E H Lott	24	25	21	19—89
G G Stephenson, Jr	22	23	20	20—85
H M Brigham	24	24	20	21—89—645

Boston A. A.

T F Baxter	19	19	15	16—69
D W Edwards	19	22	16	17—74
Dr S A Ellis	22	22	22	21—87
C M Howell	20	21	17	20—78
R W Dennison	22	17	19	23—81
Daniel Hallett	22	15	13	14—64
J H Doggett	22	18	13	17—70
B C Clark	20	21	19	16—76—599

Shoot-off for Werleman prize, 25 targets: E. H. Lott 20, H. M. Brigham 20.

Shoot-off, same conditions: E. H. Lott 22, H. M. Brigham 21.

Handicap, 15 targets: L. M. Palmer, Jr., (1) 14, T. W. Stake (2) 14, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, H. B. Stephenson (0) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (2) 9.

Shoot-off, 10 targets, handicap: L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 8, T. W. Stake (1) 8.

Shoot-off, same conditions: T. W. Stake (1) 7, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (0) 6.

Fifteen targets: Baxter 14, Ellis 12, Dennison 12, Gleason 11, Palmer 9, Hill 9.

Fifteen targets: Brigham 12, Ellis 12, Baxter 11, Dennison 10, Gleason 10, Hill 7.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Brigham 4, Ellis 3.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 23.—The day was a poor one for the making of good scores. The next shoot will be held on April 5. All welcome.

The club handicap, 25 targets, was won by Mr. Keiser, with a total of 21. The scores were: Schorty 19, Merten (4) 19, Smith (4) 17, Schneider (3) 20, Hearne (4) 19, Clifton 16, Mayser (6) 16, Wood (7) 17, Keiser (4) 21, Moore (1) 11. Sweepstakes were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	10	15	30	15	15	Targets:	15	15	10	15	30	15	15
Schorty	11	13	9	14	23	11	11	Bissing	5	3	..	3	..	7	5
Merten	8	9	2	6	17	11	5	Mayser	3	8	..	..	..	5	6
Smith	8	11	5	7	17	8	10	Scott	9	11	5	..	..	..	..
Schneider	7	10	3	..	20	..	..	June	..	9	..	..	..	11	..
Gorgan	6	6	2	11	10	..	13	Woods	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Hearne	10	8	7	..	..	..	..	Keiser	..	..	3	5	..	..	..
Clifton	13	9	8	..	..	..	..	Moore	..	..	0	0	..	1	..

SNYDER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

John Wright's Shoot.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 19.—A pleasant day and large attendance made John Wright's live-bird shoot a success.

No. 1 was at 7 birds, $5 entrance, 60 and 40 per cent., class shooting, as follows:

H C Koegel, 30	22*2*2*—4	E Banks, 29	2212221—7
E B Smith, 26	2211112—7	H C Patterson, 26	0112212—6

No. 2 was at 10 birds, $7 entrance, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting:

H C Koegel, 30	222221022— 9	F Muldoon, 29	221222*01*— 7
E B Smith, 28	0112021222— 8	H M Heflich, 30	021*022112— 7
E Banks, 30	2021221212— 9	G H Piercy, 30	12222*111*— 8
H C Patterson, 26	2110202122— 8	S Glover, 31	222222*222— 9
H S Welles, 30	2220222222— 9	W H Sanders, 27	22210122*1— 8
A Schoverling, 29	.*222*222*2— 7	E A Meckel, 27	2122201121— 9
J Martin, 29	2222122222—10		

No. 3 was at 15 birds, $10 entrance, Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. There were twenty entries:

H C Koegel, 30	222122212202222—14
E B Smith, 28	200*02222002220— 8
E Banks, 30	*02111211121001—11
H M Heflich, 30	020012202222222—11
G H Piercy, 30	2220*221*201122—11
J Martin, 29	202201202222122—13
A A Schoverling, 29	022202222202222—12
H S Welles, 30	222220022222202—12
W H Sanders, 27	010021000001021— 6
E A Meckel, 27	22101110*21*102—10
H Pape, 27	10122202022*202—10
Dr C D Brooks, 28	2011121210*0122—11
S Glover, 31	202102122221220—12
H C Patterson, 26	221011100012**2— 9
F Gerbeholini, 28	2102222**211212—12
L Barbieri, 27	22212222000022*—10
N Chiericati, 28	222112200*20222—11
F Muldoon, 29	0221211222222220—13
D E Gavin, 28	2221022221210222—13
A Rugani, 27	100120101102120— 9

Miss-and-out, $2:

Heflich	20	Banks	122210
Koegel	2222221	J K Galls	22212111
Interman	0	Gavin	22221*
Smith	10	Interman	10101
Chiericati	22211210		

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, March 22.—The scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club are appended. Some excellent scores were made by Messrs. Banta, Dudley, Staples, and C. V. L.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Dudley	21	26	22	17	..	Hughes	..	18	20	17	..
Staples	19	23	22	21	..	C V L	21	20	22	18	..
Banta	20	23	20	23	..	Whitley	12	11	13	..	..
Malcomb	8	10	..	..	..	Pearsall	22	24	..	..	..
Gillies	10	13	20	10	..	Jenkins	8	9	..	..	..
Brewer	11	15	..	..	..	Kelley	18	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	11	10	12	20	18						

JAMES HUGHES, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, held its initial shoot for 1903 at Smith Brothers' grounds, at Newark, on the most appropriate day, March 17. Our most popular new president, Mr. Patrick May, with a bit of the genuine trefoil in his hat, superintended the arrangements, and Mr. Patrick Lovett was official scorer.

Our oldest charter member, Dr. G. V. Hudson, being now but a high private in the rear rank at his own request, broke out a few times, but was promptly sat on by one of the officers. He has been so long in harness as an officer of the club that he is well nigh irrepressible, and it requires stern discipline to bring him down to his proper present level; but, seriously, he is the club's most energetic member, and the Emerald Gun Club is his creed.

The birds to-day were fast, as is usual on these grounds, as the wind, which was from the east for the past few days, changed

COL. A. G. COURTNEY.

to a fairly strong westerly wind about the time the shooting began. Henry Koegel made a straight score, cutting down some good ones.

Our treasurer, John Moore, came out with his white yachting hat, ornamented beautifully with green ribbons in honor of the day; but after missing the first and second birds, turned the hat inside out and scored six of the next eight, all one-barrel kills; he probably was shooting baking powder in the second.

Hudson, 28	12220*1211— 8	J Fischer, 28	2112210022— 8
Kall, 25	0212222101— 8	L Colquitt, 30	0002221222— 7
Koegel, 30	2212212122—10	W Catton, 28	0221222021— 8
Schorty, 33	2212022222— 9	Van Valkenberg, 28	0202202212—7
A Schoverling, 30	2222202222— 9	P May, 28	2020220222— 7
T Short, 28	0201210022— 6	F Hansman, 28	0201210022— 6
Voehringer, 28	2210000200— 4	W Hassenger, 30	1212201001— 7
W Corbett, 25	1022002212— 7	*Cody	0010000w
J Moore, 28	0011110011— 6	*Koch	0202020w
M Reierson, 28	1121210012— 8	*C A Arthur	00211w

* Guests.

201 PEARL STREET, New York. MANHATTA.

Trap at Newton.

Newton, N. J., March 17.—A shoot was held here to-day, with scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Coe	7	15	9	12	9	14	9	14
Wood	9	10	5	11	9	11	9	12
E Cahrs	8	15	9	14	9	13	9	15
H Cahrs	8	12	9	11	9	12	5	14
Morford	7	11	7	10	9	12	7	10
Kyte	8	13	10	14	9	13	8	13
McManus	4	8	..	..	6	..	..	..
Ogden	9	14	9	11	8	12	10	12
Butler	9	14	10	14	7	13	7	10
Woodward	4	10	9	11	7	11	9	13
Hart	7	12	7	6	..	..	..	..
Hoffman	8	11	6	11	5	6	6	7
McClusky	4	9	6	..	7	9	7	11
Wells	..	..	..	..	8	11	8	10
Backester	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9
Mortain	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12
Reets	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10
Resh	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10
Brickner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., March 21.—I. Budd, of Pemberton, killed all the birds he shot at, 25 straight. Geikler was a close competitor, killing 24 out of the 25.

Budd's 15 was the top score in the officers' trophy event, with Geikler second with 14. The scores:

Club handicap, 10 birds, handicap rise: Budd 10, Geikler 10, Harrison 10, Darby 9, Landis 9, Fitzgerald 7.

Officers' trophy, 15 birds, handicap rise: Budd 15, Geikler 14, Darby 13, Fitzgerald 12, Harrison 10.

Rockland Military Academy.

NYACK, N. Y., March 21.—In the preliminary matches at the Rockland Military Academy traps to-day the winners were as follows:

First match, 10 targets: Won by French, 10 straight.

Second match, 10 targets: Lander broke 9.

Third match, 10 targets: Creighton and Moeller 9 each.

The 25-bird handicap match resulted as follows: Creighton 22, Chapman 18, Lander 19, Lydecker 19, Moeller 20, French 22, Gilson 25, Potter 22.

The next shoot will be held on the home grounds, April 4 at 3 P. M.

Col. A. G. Courtney.

AFTER a long illness, Col. A. G. Courtney died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., on March 17. His death was caused by Bright's disease, which later became complicated with dropsy.

For many years he had traveled in the United States and Canada as a gun salesman and demonstrator. In that capacity he was eminently efficient. He was for many years, from 1884 to about 1899, with the Lefever Arms Co. Severing his business relations with that company, he accepted a position with the Remington Arms Co. He was phenomenally successful as a salesman.

He was of powerful physique, though of late years the burden of flesh which he carried impaired his figure as to any suggestion of athletic power. He possessed much native wit, and was famous for his readiness at repartee. There were no quips or quirks, however suddenly sprung, to which he could not respond promptly and keenly.

He was born in London, England, on Jan. 22, 1840, and therefore was in his sixty-fourth year. While English by birth, he was an American by education, for while he was but little more than an infant in age, his father, who was a locksmith and gun-maker, settled in Syracuse, whence in 1849 he went to California to seek gold, amassed sufficient for the needs of a lifetime, and was lost with all hands when the ill-fated Mayflower foundered in 1855.

According to the best information obtainable, Col. Courtney's serious business life began when, at ten years of age, he engaged as a grocery clerk, and his success may be inferred from the offer tendered to him by his employer in 1861; that is, a half interest in the store, and the securing of an army substitute for him at a high figure, $1,000. The spirit of the soldier was upon him, however, for he declined, enlisted, and went to the war, and he was where the fights were thickest and oftenest. He was in seventeen battles; South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, first and second Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Bull Run, etc., passing through the numerous hardships and perils unscathed. He was advanced to the rank of Major. He came to New York in 1863, where he remained about three years, thence went to Rouseville, Pa., in the oil region, where he ran a hotel and livery stable, and amassed a large fortune. Next he ran a hotel and opera house in Waverly, New York, about three years, till 1872 Next, after a brief stay in Virginia City, Nev., he went to San Francisco, where he engaged in mining stock deals, and after a stay of six years had amassed another fortune. Next, after a short stay in Syracuse, he engaged in business in Montreal and lost a great deal of money.

In 1879 he opened an elegantly fitted café in Syracuse. He was identified with shooting from his childhood. In the early stages of glass ball shooting he won many prizes. His best score was 98 out of 100. He won the diamond medal of the Onondaga Club five times, tieing for it with a then famous shot, Geo. C. Luther. The tie was shot off on 10 birds, and it required 80 birds to settle the tie, Col. Courtney winning by 4 birds in the last 10. At the G. A. H., Interstate Park, L. I., 1900, he killed all his birds in the events of the first two days, and was one of the contestants who killed 25 in the G. A. H. and shot in the final for the cup; he lost his fifth bird dead out. Years ago he was famous as an unconquered amateur boxer, a powerful athlete and a courage which no danger would daunt. He was a thirty-second degree Mason.

WESTERN TRAP.

CHICAGO.—The Darrow bill, House, No. 617, prohibiting the shooting of live pigeons at the trap or the owning of pigeons for such purposes, has gone to the Committee on Fish and Game. Mr. Castle, the same gentleman who was so efficient in the work on House Bill 604, states that he is opposed to the Darrow bill, and will make all efforts within his power to prevent its passage.

E. HOUGH.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 21.—Regular club shoot, 50 targets each at Watson's Park: Roll 40, Willard 39, Barto 31, Amberg 36.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	15	10	Targets:	15	15	10
Barto	9	12	10	Roll	14	15	10
Willard	13	10	8	Amberg	11	5	9

J. WATSON.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 19.—Because of our match with Ossining for the Intercounty cup being scheduled for Saturday, March 21, Capt. Traver called the boys out to-day for regular weekly practice. There was such a general feeling among those present that Thursday should be the day for regular weekly shoots, instead of Saturday, that it is probable that that day will be given preference. By holding these mid-week shoots it is hoped to have the effect of bringing out more shooters, as many of our members are business men, who find it almost impossible to attend the Saturday shoots. Several members, too, who are members of the Golf Club, would no doubt attend the shoots on Thursday, but who could not attend conveniently on Saturday, and as these gentlemen rank among our best shots their attendance is of no little importance to the club. Capt. Traver is going on a six weeks' trip through the West, and will attend the Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill and Grand Island gun clubs, at Grand Island, Neb., April 3. To-day's scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	15		
Traver	22	22	22	20	20	..	..	125	106
Perkins	19	24	16	17	..	..	..	100	76
*Du Bois	19	13	15	17	15	..	..	118	79
Winans	18	18	16	18	21	..	..	125	91
Briggs	..	21	17	18	..	..	..	75	56
Hadden	..	..	..	..	20	11	..	50	31
Marshall	..	..	..	..	20	16	16	90	64
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	40	10

* Du Bois drops out of event 5 after eighteenth round.

March 21.—That "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" has again proved too true. Further information can probably be found in this same paper.

SNANIWEH.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—Without attempting any explanation of the poor attendance, the scores of the regular shoot, March 21, are herewith placed on record. The handicaps are for the fifth (trophy) event only:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25	Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25
Bates, 20	9	6	14	15	14	23	Leggett, 16	..	..	..	..	..	19
Reid, 18	4	8	11	10	11	16	McAdam, 16	5	1	5	4	12	13
Hitchcock, 16	..	8	12	..	..	19	Brown	1	0	..	..	..	..
Ford, 16	..	..	6	9	..	18							

M. S. G. and F. P. A.

The programme of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament, to be given under the auspices of the Metropolitan Gun Club, St. Joseph, Mo., April 7-11, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. F. B. Cunningham, to whom, care Brown Transfer and Storage Co., guns and ammunition, express prepaid, may be forwarded. Targets 2 cents. Live birds 25 cents. Mr. Fred Whitney will have charge of the cashier's office. Handicaps, 16 to 22yds. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system. Handicaps, live birds, 26 to 32yds. Handicap committee: Messrs. C. W. Budd, H. M. Davis, Alex. D. Mermod, J. W. Bramhall and Chris. Gottlieb. Money divisions, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. There are twelve similar events for each of the days, April 7, 8 and 9; 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; added money $10 and $12. On the fourth day there are three events: Event A, State Association team medal, 15 birds per man, 60 to team; entrance $20, birds extra. Event B, State amateur wing shot championship, 25 birds, entrance $12.50; 30yds. rise. Event C, Interstate championship cup, open to the world, 25 birds, entrance $12.50. Fifth day, Event D, 25 birds, entrance $20, handicaps 27 to 33yds.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 21.—Victory again perched on the banner of the Ossining Gun Club to-day when the Poughkeepsie Gun Club sent down its valiant team of seven to try and win back the Intercounty cup, which they had, it seemed to us at the time, over long. The out-of-town boys were up against a stiff game, for it is hard work to beat this club on its own grounds. True, they won down here before, but then Buckley made 23 out of 25, and this time only made 11; but a straight by him this time would not have changed the result. This makes two wins for Ossining and one for Poughkeepsia. The up-river boys are entitled to try again at any time they may elect.

The handicap cup was shot for to-day. G. Hubbell and A. Rohr each had two wins for it, needing but one more to win it for good. Hubbell did the trick, breaking 21 out of 25, with a handicap of 6 misses as breaks. J. M. Terwilliger did the scoring, and he was O. K. at the game. Over 1,500 targets were thrown in two and one-half hours.

Ossining Gun Club.

I Washburn	1111111111111111111111111—25
C Blandford	1111111111011111111111011—23
W Clark	1111101111111011011111111—22
A Bedell	1011111111111111011111100—21
H Bissing.	1101011111110011111111011—20
W Coleman	1110111110101011111111011—20
E Ball	1110100111110111110111110—19—150

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

I Tallman	1111111010111111111111011—22
H Perkins	1111101100111111111111011—21
A Traver	1111110111010111110111101—20
H Winans	1011100111111001110111111—19
A Duboise	1011101111111101110010111—19
J Briggs	1111101110011110111011101—19
F Buckley	0000111001011011100100001—11—131

Other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	25
F Buckley	7	7	7	8	7	..	..
H Winans.	5	9	6	7	..	..	..
A Duboise	7	6	2	9	..	..	..
J Briggs	7	6	..	5	..	..	..
H Perkins	8	9	10	9	8	..	..
I Tallman	9	9	10	10	..	..	..
*A Traver	9	8	7	8	6	20	24
*H Marshall	6	6	8	5	7	17	17
I Washburn	9	6	8	9	..	24	21
C Blandford	10	10	7	9	10	..	22
D Brandreth, 4	..	8	7	7	6	23	..
*Hans	..	10	7	8	9	22	..
*W Coleman	..	9	5	6	8	18	..
W Clark	..	..	7	8	7	..	..
A Bedell	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
W Fisher	..	..	9	..	7	..	..
J Bruin	..	..	7	..	6	..	..
E Ball	..	..	9	9	..	..	..
G Hubbell, 6	..	..	..	7	7	25	..
A Rohr, 13	..	..	..	..	8	23	..
G Edgers	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
J Hyland	..	..	..	..	5	..	..

Figures after the names denote misses as breaks, which apply in event No. 6 only. * denotes shot along. Tallman got high average, .92 per cent; Blandford, 91 per cent.

C. G. B.

Ames Tournament.

AMES, Ia., March 18.—The one-day tournament of the Ames Gun Club was well attended. The programme had eight 15 and four 20 target events. No money was added, but four high average prizes were given to high men. W. B. Linell, of Eldera, won first. He averaged .935. C. B. Adams, of Rockwell, won second; John Frees third, and H. Watson fourth.

The shooting was from one set of traps, Sergeant system; targets thrown about 50yds.

There were ten entries for the Stony County Championship medal. A. G. Wing broke 24 out of a possible 25 and won the medal without a tie. Dr. Proctor, the holder, got 22.

Henry Steege, of Waterloo, and W. B. Linell, of Eldera, then shot a 25-target match for a purse of $10, Linell winning with 25 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total.	Av.
J Frees	14	13	20	14	13	17	14	15	17	13	14	20	184	.920
H Adams	13	14	19	13	11	19	9	10	16	11	13	19	167	.835
F A Johnson	11	11	19	10	12	18	11	9	18	13	10	15	157	.785
E C Peterson	13	13	13	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
C B Adams	15	13	20	15	14	19	14	15	17	13	13	18	186	.930
C M Proctor	13	12	18	8	11	15	11	12	16	12	14	18	160	.800
Budd	13	13	19	14	12	20	14	12	19	14	14	17	181	.905
J Peterson	14	14	19	13	12	16	14	14	18	14	12	19	179	.895
H Watson	14	14	19	12	14	18	13	14	17	15	15	18	183	.915
A E Smith	14	13	18	14	12	18	13	13	18	15	14	19	181	.905
J E Maitland	12	11	16	13	10	18	12	12	18	14	14	19	169	.845
E G Wallace	11	13	17	14	12	19	15	14	18	13	13	20	175	.895
W B Linell	15	13	19	13	12	19	15	15	19	14	13	20	187	.935
H Steege	13	13	20	13	14	18	15	10	15	15	13	18	177	.885
H R Patterson	14	10	12	10	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
A C Wing	12	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Talbott	13	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
J Buckwalt	..	12	17	..	..	14	11	10	..	..	13	18	...	....
G Selbhers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	18	...
J A Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	11	15	...

Story County Championship medal, $1 entrance:

A G Wing	1111111111111111111111011—24
W W Talbott	1011101100000110000110111—13
P P Brown	0111111111110111110111011—21
C M Proctor	1111111010111111111111011—22
J Abrahams	0010011101111110111111111—19
J Johnson	1110111111111110101111011—21
C Alfred	1011111101110011011011100—17
Geo Ainsworth	0101110111011101101111100—17
Tallman	0111101010011110011101111—17
House	1011010011111010011111111—18

A. G. Wing won medal.

Special at 25 targets, for a purse of $10:

H Steege	1111111111101111111011011—22
W B Linell	1111111111111111111111111—25

HAWKEYE.

Monte Carlo Incident.

THE following excerpt, a part of a review of the trapshooting situation as it concerns cruelty and honesty, is taken from the Country Gentleman, London, England, of March 7, and is presented for what it may be worth in respect to foreign trapshooting:

"Possibly the betting element is not so pronounced in America in connection with pigeon shooting as it is in our gun clubs; but such actions as that decided only on Saturday last by Mr. Justice Channell in the King's Bench Division throw a strong side-light on the amount of money wagered by pigeon shooters at Monte Carlo, as well as adding one more story—true or false, we need not here inquire—to the many tales that have been told concerning the tricks resorted to by dishonest gamblers. In that case Mr. R. S. Siever, of Toddington Park, Bedfordshire, the well-known race horse owner, was sued by M. G. Besnard, a Paris bookmaker, for £2,000, said to have been won by him from Mr. Siever in an hour. Mr. Siever declined to pay, on the ground that he believed he had been swindled, stating that he had ascertained that the shooter, a well-known competitor, whom he had been induced to bet on killing his bird, had had charges of powder in his cartridges, but no shot. Whether this statement be true or false, such tricks are not unknown in pigeon shooting, there being so many opportunities of practicing them in one form or another upon unwary sportsmen. It is not long since a bankruptcy examination elicited the fact that a young shooter had been cheated out of thousands by his cartridges having been fraudulently filled up with sand instead of shot, with the result of course that when money in large amounts was wagered he always missed his bird. Mr. Siever won his case, having declined to pay because he was smart enough to have observed, or believed he observed, that the shooter he was putting his money on fired three yards under the pigeon, and that the second barrel fired at the bird (which must have been somewhat of an 'owl'), when it had settled a few yards from the firing point, showed no mark upon the mat below where it rested. It seems strange that the shooter, if he knew there was no shot whatever in his gun should have thought it necessary to aim three yards below his bird in order to avoid killing it by so doing. He must surely have been making assurance doubly sure. Be that as it may, there seems little question that much money is sometimes won by fraudulent means in pigeon shooting contests."

In the same journal, a correspondent, Verax, touches upon the subject as follows:

"The evidence given by Mr. Siever in the action heard before Mr. Justice Channell on Saturday last is a striking commentary on the practices apparently prevalent in pigeon shooting at the traps. If his statement can be corroborated by independent evidence there can be no doubt that an ingenious attempt was made to swindle him out of some thousands of pounds at the Monte Carlo Gun Club a year ago. The attempt did not succeed, it would appear, because Mr. Siever, as it happened was smart enough to detect the trickery, though he may probably have been enabled to do so only by the accident that the pigeon fire at was a tame one, and alighted close to the shooter, who in the ordinary course of things could not have failed to kill it with his second barrel. The circumstances showed that the trapping at all events at Monte Carlo was honest, for it would have been very easy for dishonest trappers to have sent out a fast-flying, strong, wild bird that would have been very difficult to hit even by good shooting, and very easy to miss by the reverse, without attracting attention or remark. But if Mr. Siever's view be correct as to what really happened, not only the shooter, but also his loader, must have been in the secret in conjunction with the bookmaker, who plunged on what would have been a certainty for him if he had only been paid the amount of his bet.

"The case certainly shows the many opportunities afforded shady sharpies for picking up considerable sums of money dishonestly behind the live-pigeon traps, and the publication of Mr. Siever's evidence, so long as it stands uncontradicted on oath, must go far to throw greater discredit than ever upon the so-called sport. It has always been assumed that the proceedings at Monte Carlo were beyond suspicion of chicanery; and if such practices as have just been referred to are possible there, can we believe that they are unheard of at other competitions, where the rules are not quite so strictly observed, and where therefore there are greater openings for fraudulent trickery by which sharpers profit and honest men lose their money?

Kansas and Missouri Traps.

THE growth of interest in trapshooting heretofore mentioned in this correspondence, as pertaining to the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, is becoming steadily more apparent as the season advances. One evidence of this is the fact that estimates of attendance at the Grand American Handicap are rising steadily as the date approaches. It is pretty well assured that the States of Kansas and Nebraska alone will furnish over fifty entries.

At Kansas City on the 15th inst., B. F. Cunningham won the Missouri State championship from Harry Tipton in a match at 25 live birds. The contest was a nice one, being a tie from the fourth to the thirty-fifth round in the miss-and-out.

Walter Howe won the Troisdorf target championship at Kansas City on a score of 44 out of 50.

On the 17th the Carthage-Joplin, Mo., Gun Club defeated the Weir-Scammon, Kans., Gun Club in an intercity ten-man team contest. It was the second win for the Missourians, but by so close a margin that nothing was left to spare and it is understood that the series is to be continued.

In a short sweepstake programme on the same date, H. Pierce was high gun without a tie. Dave Elliott and Holmes tied for second. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Weir City club, whose members nicely entertained the visitors. The scores:

Missouri State Championship:

Cunningham	2220202222221222222*2222221222222222—33
Tipton	11*2101212221222222*2222111121122222*—32

Troisdorf medal, 50 targets: Coe 32, Norton 38, Cockrill 34, Hickman 39, Scott 30, Cunningham 37, Rickmers 36, Greninger 38, Kirby 41, Homc 44, Campbell 38, Elliott 35.

The following was shot at Weir City, Kans., March 17:

Carthage-Joplin Team.

Sidway	1111111111110110000110101111110011111111111111110—40
Tolger	1111000111101001011011101011111110110111011110011—36
J P Leggett	1011111101111111111111111101111111011111111111—45
Dawson	1111111111111111110011100111111001101110111111011—41
Layne	1111011011111111111100101110111111011111111011111100—40
Geo Leggett	0111111011100111111110010111111101111111111011111111—40
Dr Gintry	1111110000111001111101111111111011101111111111111—41
H Dixon	0111111110010111010111111101111111111110011101111111—40
Hubbard	1101101010011100100011011000100011111111010111011l—30
A Dixon	1111101110110011111111001111110110110111100111111111—39

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Weir-Scammon Team.

Mackie	1110111111111111011011101111111111111111111111111—45
McDonald	1110110101011011010011101001011100100101110101111—30
Scranton	1100111111001111111111111111111111111111111100111110111—43
Morton	1010111111101110111101111111001100011001001101101—34
Holmes	0111111100111100111111001111111111011111111111111—40
H Pierce	1111111011111111111111011111101011111111111110111—45
G Pierce	1110110011111111111101101001111100111111101001111—38
Mawson	1011111111111111111011111001111110110100111101001l—39
Allison	0110100111011010111001011111111001110101111011101—33
Murphy	1111100110111111011111101101111111100111111111011—41

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Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	25
Dave	7	8	14	10	20	12	21
Scranton	7	8	12	8	16	9	25
Sidway	10	9	10	6	19	9	..
Folger	6	6	11	10	..	..	..
H Pierce	10	9	12	10	18	15	20
Murphy	8	10	12	8	14	11	19
Graham	5	8	9	8	..	10	..
Mawson	9	6	9	..	..	..	..
G Pierce	9	4	..	8	..	9	..
J Leggett	9	8	13	7	..	..	..
Riehl	7	8	13	7	15	14	21
Baker	7	5	10	5	13	19	..
Lif	7	7	5	..	5	..	..
Mackie	8	7	12	7	14	13	20

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	25
McDonald	7	6	10	8	12	10	20
Holmes	9	10	12	8	18	14	21
Haines	4	3	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	0	8	..	..	..	9	..
Conway	..	..	..	..	5	16	12
Diron	..	..	..	..	10	18	..
Layne	..	..	..	..	8	14	..
Morton	..	..	..	..	8	..	11
Gentry	..	..	..	..	9	13	..
Martin	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
J McDonald	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Z Leggett	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	..	7	..	..	..	..	..

M. V. T. S. and G. P. A.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us the following clipping, which will be of special interest to Southern shooters:

Secretary J. J. Bradfield, of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, states that an additional prize is to be competed for during the 1903 tournaments.

The prize, Mr. Bradfield states, is an $80 gun, winner to have choice of any gun on the market. It is donated by the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, O., through their able and popular representative, Mr. Maurice Kaufman. The first chance to compete for this handsome prize, together with the numerous other trophies now in competition, will be at the tenth tournament of the Association, to be held at Vicksburg, Miss., by the Vicksburg Gun Club during May, which promises to be particularly interesting.

Any further information will be cheerfully furnished by the secretary of the Association, Mr. J. J. Bradfield, Vicksburg, Miss.

Nothing has done the shooters so much good of late as to see the face and figure of their accomplished and hard-working secretary out among them again, and all are hoping that Brad will get a look in for that $80 gun.

The members of the Vicksburg Gun Club are going to have their shooting grounds in fine shape this spring, and expect the usual number of crack shots, professional and amateur, at the target during the May tournament.

Raleigh Gun Club.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 17.—Although our regular shooting season does not begin until the middle of April, we will have an occasional shoot between now and that time. We had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to-day, and were well paid by the good shooting he gave us, as well as the large attendance given us by representative business men and ladies of our city. Mr. Elliott's manner and shooting endeared him to our members, and we will always be glad to have him visit us when convenient to do so. His longest run was 81 straight. Mr J. I. Johnson, president of our club, and a good shot for an amateur, was a close second with 92 out of a possible 100. Mr. Arthur, another member, shot well, breaking 48 out of the last 50.

Our magautrap was in perfect working order. Out of 800 targets I don't think there was over a dozen bad ones thrown out. This is a great help to the shooter.

The weather was an ideal spring day, not too warm, with no wind stirring; in fact, there was no excuse a shooter could attribute his missing a target to. We appreciate the visits from all gun and powder houses and hope to have quite a number with us ere the season closes. The following scores were made, shooting at 100 targets: Eliott 97, Johnson 92, Tennessee 86, Arthur 85.

Shooting at 50: Parker 41, Ellington 41, Gowan 40, Gray 30, Walters 20.

Shooting at 25: Riggan 13.

R. T. GOWAN, Sec'y.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—The following scores were made on the home grounds of the Schenectady Gun Club this afternoon, and as the weather conditions were anything but pleasant, the scores are remarkably high. A strong wind from the southwest was prevalent during most of the afternoon, with rain squalls that made it hard to see the targets, especially the low ones, when not against the sky background. Borden, H. E. Greene, Levengston and Warnick were high guns, averaging 96, 95, 93 and 92 per cent. respectively, Borden missing only 4 out of 100, and ending with a brilliant run of 53 straight. Mr. Levengston also made a run of 50 straight during the afternoon. Messrs. Greene, Levengston and Warnick stood at 18yds., and Borden at 16yds.

The occasion was the spring tournament of the members of the Schenectady Gun Club, with rather novel conditions of shooting at 100 targets in four 25-target events, the highest four scores of 25 each to count on four different Saturdays out of the seven Saturdays from March 14 to April 25, inclusive, for prizes.

The following is the full score of the afternoon's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5		
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Broke.	Av.
H J Borden	23	23	25	25	..	96	.960
H E Greene	24	24	24	23	24	119	.952
H M Levengston, Jr.	25	25	21	22	..	93	.930
S K Warnick	24	22	24	20	24	114	.920
M Grimes	22	23	..	..	..	45	.900
A A Green	19	25	..	..	..	44	.880
V Wallburg	21	23	20	..	..	64	.853
J Q Adams	20	21	19	19	24	103	.824
W B Christopher	19	..	..	..	..	19	.760
C H Perkins	19	19	18	..	..	56	.746
S Ferguson	17	18	19	20	..	74	.740
J Roberts	..	17	16	20	..	53	.706

V. WALLBURG, Capt.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., March 21.—The six events made a total of 100 targets. Mr. N. R. Nevergold scored 89 per cent.; W. K. Park was second with 87 per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Coleman	14	11	15	11	..	..
Nevergold	13	13	19	14	13	17
Mrs Park	13	11	17	9	9	16
Weinman	12	8	9	..	8	15
Park	12	14	18	14	13	16
Haywood	11	12	14	12	10	..
Huttenlock	11	13	13	12	15	16
Westcott	10	11	12	10	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Hamill	10	11	16	6	..	..
Johnson	9	12	18	15	8	16
Webster	8	10	9	..	..	..
J R Pharo	6	5	10	4	7	..
Ridge	..	..	13	9	10	..
George	..	..	13	5	11	..
Landis	..	..	..	13	..	..

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Settler, New York.—1. What are the prospects of procuring a grant of land in the State of California under the Homestead Laws? 2. The counties in which the grants are available? 3. Where intending settlers should make application? 4. Is land dear in California? Ans. 1. Any citizen of the United States may take up public land to the amount of 160 acres under the Homestead Act. 2. Counties in which there is still unoccupied public land. 3. The nearest local land office. 4. Improved land is dear. Unimproved land on which water cannot be brought is worthless. We suggest your writing to the General Land Office, at Washington, D. C.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Three-Day Tour to Washington.

UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE next Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington leaves Monday, April 6. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and transfer of passenger and baggage, station to hotel in Washington, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, $11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, Ebbitt, Shoreham, Cochran, Gordon, Barton, or Hamilton hotels. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, National, or Colonial hotels, $2.50 less. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

How many tears have been shed, and how much unprintable language used over shooting and fishing footwear, can never be known. What is known is this, that nothing contributes so much to the comfort of angler or hunter as good, easy, durable shoes or boots. Messrs. Witchell Sons & Co., of Detroit, Mich., manufacturers of high class sporting footwear, confine their efforts to this one line, and may be presumed to have succeeded, as specialists usually succeed. Elk skin waterproof boots are one of their specialties. Their goods are adapted for men and women alike. Dealers have their product, or if not, the manufacturers themselves may be consulted by letter.

The Labrador Company, who control the great Mingan Seigniory and advertise the salmon rivers within its borders, have just issued an attractive and fully illustrated pamphlet, describing a large number of these rivers, and generally the attractions of the region. These north shore streams for the most part can be reached only by steamers making trips twice a month from Quebec. The country is almost untouched, and affords excellent opportunities for fishing and shooting. A map of the region is found in the pamphlet, which will be sent free to all applicants.

Pretty much everything to be desired by the fresh or salt water angler is to be found in the catalogue issued by Charles Plath & Sons, of 62 Fulton street, New York city. Not only does this firm supply to the consumer rods, reels, hooks, flies, leaders, camping goods, rubber clothing and other necessary articles, but it furnishes to the manufacturer supplies for making rods and tying flies. Anglers who desire to renew their stock should supply themselves with the Messrs. Plath's catalogue.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., having acquired the telescope business of the Cataract Tool and Optical Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., are now prepared to fit telescopes to rifles. These telescopes are adapted not only to arms of their own manufacture, but also to many other rifles made by advertisers in the FOREST AND STREAM. Persons who have shot telescope rifles understand how great an addition to the shooter's comfort the telescope is.

The Toquet Launch and Motor Co., of Saugatuck, Conn., manufacture launches and motors, the last designed and built to meet the growing demands for a high grade motor, with every feature that experience has shown to be desirable. How well the company succeeds in this is shown by the few testimonials printed at the end of their attractive booklet, which will be sent on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

VOL. LX.—No. 14. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1903.—No. 1.

NEW MEXICO.

ACT OF MARCH 7, 1903.—Sec. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, agent or employe, or any association or corporation, to buy or sell, or to expose or offer for sale, any species of trout or game food fish taken from the public streams or waters of this Territory, or any game known as elk, deer, antelope, or mountain sheep, at any time during the year.

WILLIAM N. BYERS.

IT was a singularly well rounded life which was brought to a close when William N. Byers passed away, at his home in Denver, on Wednesday of last week, March 25. His age was seventy-two years. Mr. Byers was one of the conspicuous figures in the history of Colorado, a chief actor in the development of the State. He was a type of the western pioneer whose daring enterprise, foresight and indomitable courage subdued the wilderness and established States. Born in Ohio in 1831, of Scotch descent, he went in 1851 to Iowa and began surveying in the service of the Government. In the prosecution of this work he went as far west as Oregon and Washington and to California; and when the territories of Nebraska and Kansas were opened for settlement, he went to Omaha and ran the section and township lines of eastern Nebraska. In 1859, when the motto "Pike's Peak or Bust" was the watchword of so many adventurous spirits, Mr. Byers set out for the Rockies with a printing press and newspaper outfit, which were carried by pack mules; and on April 17, 1859, reached Kettle Creek, the site of Denver, and on April 27 issued the first number of the Rocky Mountain News, the pioneer paper of the proposed State of Jefferson, afterward Colorado. Although in after years Mr. Byers held many offices of honor and trust, it is believed that in nothing else did he take so much pride as the record he made for the News and for himself in its conduct, and in the recognition popularly accorded him as the founder of Colorado journalism. Thus active and influential in the early days of Denver, Mr. Byers was all through his life until its closing years a man of large affairs, and was identified with many of the important financial enterprises which have made the crude Kettle Creek of 1859 the Denver of to-day, with its 170,000 inhabitants.

Mr. Byers was from the first publication of FOREST AND STREAM a contributor to its columns, and older readers will recall the delightful descriptions that came from his pen of fishing excursions and camps in the Rockies. He was an authority on the West, and his writings had peculiar charm because of the intimate knowledge they showed of the scenes and the subjects concerning which he wrote. His angling papers were surcharged with the freshness of the mountains; they reflected the breadth of spirit which characterized the man. Always appreciative of the value of the fish and the game, and recognizing the duty of securing their conservation, Mr. Byers was one of the earliest advocates in the Rocky Mountains of game and fish protection, and the subject was one in which his interest was never lost. One of the last things which he wrote for the FOREST AND STREAM was a plea for the rescue of the Lost Park herd of buffalo, Colorado's relic of that fated game of which in his youth the surveyor of the territories had seen the herds of tens of thousands.

A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS.

TO THE dwellers in great cities, most of the charming transitional stages between the going of the winter and the coming of the springtime are unknown happenings. To them the shy and slow budding of the dainty leaflets; the gradual changes of earth from shades of dull brown to the refreshing shades of vivid green; the swarming of restless, musical bird-life where a short time since there was only silent void, are to city dwellers perforce the phenomena of things unseen and therefore practically unknown. They miss the glories so lavishly in evidence to the country dweller—the magic of the mellow sunshine, which coaxes forth bud and blossom, and life and color where before were only the sere and the dormant; sights to please the eye and gladden the heart.

To the city dweller winter seems to end in an abrupt sort of way, and spring seems to come with equal abruptness. Bricks and mortar walls do not show the season's changes as do fields and forests. To them all seasons are nearly alike.

But betimes some isolated natural happening may herald to the one in city streets the arrival of spring and revivification. On Monday of this week several flocks of geese passed over New York city, high up in space toward the sky, steadily winging their way northward to commence the season's domestic labors. And, while they could be distinctly seen, but few people in New York saw them, for there the pedestrian must needs look up quite perpendicularly to behold much sky, and when seen it is sky broken and irregular in every direction accordingly as the lofty and numerous sky-scrapers interfere with the sight. The northward migration of the geese denotes that spring's impulses are upon them, but their lessening numbers tell also that the season is here when the shooting of wildfowl should be prohibited by law and frowned upon by public opinion. The entire stock of wildfowl is insufficient to reproduce to a degree equal to their destruction.

Even if unmolested in the springtime, stringent restrictions on shooting wildfowl would still need to be enforced in the fall; for the agencies of destruction have multiplied so generally everywhere that, if unrestricted in their exercise, the utter extermination of the wildfowl would be quickly compassed. Indeed, the thinly scattered flocks of geese flying warily northward are now in meagre contrast with the numerous flocks of years ago. For this great decrease in the numbers of the wildfowl the pernicious practice of spring shooting far exceeds all other kinds of destructiveness.

The springtime, in the animal and vegetable world, is nature's chosen time for reproduction, not for destruction. Let the birds pass unmolested to their breeding grounds. In the fall there will be more and better birds to test the sportsman's skill and craft, and there will be more birds in future years for the sportsmen and their posterity.

WHEN DO THE WILD DUCKS MATE?

THE question as to the time of mating of the migrating wildfowl that are with us in winter is one that has been hotly debated by the advocates and the opponents of spring shooting. Almost every man has an opinion on the subject based on what he has seen of the actions of the birds, but these opinions are drawn from inference and not from absolute evidence. Definite knowledge on the matter is wanting.

On one hand we know—or think we know—that wild geese mate for life and are strictly monogamous. This conclusion is drawn from birds kept in captivity, for it is a fact that a mated male has no interest in any female except his mate, and indeed will severely beat and drive away any female which approaches his mate when she is nesting. Nothing of this kind is known about the ducks, but it is seen that in late winter and all through the spring ducks frequently travel in pairs, male and female. If one of these birds is killed by the gunner the other is likely to make a long round and to come back to the place where its companion fell. As against this another group of gunners declare that birds sometimes do this in the fall. That might very well be if the wild ducks mate for life as the wild geese do. Many gunners on the southern broad waters, where so many of our wildfowl pass the winter, aver that the wild ducks mate in February. Abe Kleinman, a veteran market gunner of Illinois and Indiana, declares that the blucbills, or broadbills, are mated in March.

Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the U. S. Biological Survey, who is interested in the question of when the birds mate, wrote us recently as to the Chesapeake Bay region, saying: "I saw personally (March 26) several pairs of blackheads which had undoubtedly mated, and Mr. Walter Jackson, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who has been shipping ducks from Havre de Grace for years, tells me that there is no doubt that many of the ducks are paired off before they go north. He assured me that he had found partially developed eggs in ducks killed in spring on the Susquehanna flat."

While positive evidence as to when the ducks mate can be had with but great difficulty, there certainly must be a very distinct preponderance of opinion among gunners on one side or the other of this question, and it would be interesting to receive from men of experience statements of their beliefs concerning it, and their reasons for them.

It is but a few years since it was denied with great positiveness that wild ducks bred in New York State, but when the question was asked in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM whether they did or did not breed, there was positive and prompt response from a number of men who showed that beyond question they did breed in that State. Later the results which followed the prohibition of spring shooting in Jefferson county have shown that if unmolested in spring, the ducks will remain and breed in New York in very considerable numbers. In all the Northern States they would do the same thing were they protected.

There is a lot of rubbish and "rot" published about President Roosevelt as a sportsman. Something near the limit has been reached by the Philadelphia Record, which prints a column dispatch from a Salt Lake City lunatic descriptive of a herd of 10,000 moose in Jackson's Hole, "which the President may charge on horseback and kill them with pistol or knife as he desires." There are also in the perfervid imagination of this writer 20,000 elk in the Hole, and all this game "belongs to the most dangerous generation of elks and moose that ever roamed the western country." The President will be in the West in April, which is popularly regarded by sportsmen as close time, but such a small matter as the game law does not stand in the way of this yellow journal programme. The plan, we are told, is "to give President Roosevelt a chance at the scrappiest herds of elks and moose in the world. The scheme is to take him into the Jackson Hole country when he leaves the train at Laramie to ride overland by horseback to Cheyenne. It is proposed to have the game laws waived in Roosevelt's honor and hunt these moose and elks for three days." When this sort of truck is ladled out by the column, one stands in amaze at the character of the readers who are assumed to be such idiots as to pay for the privilege of having the stuff served up to them as "special to the Record."

At this season of the year in the North the robin is welcomed as one of the harbingers of spring, on its return to take up housekeeping in the orchard or the dooryard; and as one of the familiar birds of the Northern home it is cherished and protected by sentiment and by law. In these latitudes the robin is not a game bird. In the South, where no such sentiment prevails, the bird is esteemed chiefly as a table delicacy. This is illustrated anew in the act of incorporation of the North Carolina Audubon Society. This is a body organized to protect bird life; the act nevertheless expressly excepts the robin, and provides that the robin and the meadow lark "shall be considered game birds." The bobolink, another bird which in the North is regarded and protected, is in North Carolina, under the name of rice bird, classed as vermin, along with hawks and crows and blackbirds, which may be killed without limit. Thus in matters small as well as large the sentiments which govern our likes and dislikes are largely influenced by latitude and longitude.

Governor Odell has declared himself unalterably opposed to any appropriation by the Legislature for the purchase of Adirondack lands until it shall have been determined definitely what amount will be required ultimately for a comprehensive and final scheme of a forest preserve. It is highly desirable that such a definite plan should be adopted in order that its attainment may be provided for. But under existing conditions a policy which stands in the way of any land acquisition whatever is unwise. To defer purchases until the adoption of the plans would mean under existing conditions putting it off till doomsday. This is the reverse of economical, for the reason that the value of Adirondack lands is steadily appreciating, and purchases in the future cannot be made so cheaply as they could be made now. Moreover, tracts of forest land are undergoing denudation which should be acquired by the State and preserved in their natural condition. The people of New York approve the Adirondack forest preserve principle; and Governor Odell would give a more substantial proof of his statesmanship in the matter if, instead of making this demand for a definite preserve plan his excuse for preventing action on the matter, he should—if still insisting on the necessity of the plan—take some action toward securing it. Let a commission be appointed in time for report to the next session, and for action then on the report.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Rastus' Boom.

ON the east bank of the Columbia River, twenty-eight miles north of Wenatchee, Washington, is a cluster of three buildings, two of which are occupied. This is the town of Orando. The stages which run between Wenatchee, Bridgeport and Waterville, meet there at noon, and after dinner continue on their way. From the windows of these houses all one sees is a broad expanse of sand dunes, sage brush and cactus; the sage brush grows on mounds, the wind having eaten away the sand until the roots are exposed.

After a long, hot ride from Waterville, the last two miles of which the horses were compelled to walk on account of the deep sand, the road house was reached and we prepared for dinner. A pile of sand several feet high was banked against one end of the building, and all that marked the wagon road was the track of the vehicle that had just passed.

I had occasion to remain in this God-forsaken place nearly a week, during which sand storms were of almost daily occurrence, and when at their height one could not see a quarter of a mile in any direction. All doors and windows were closed and pieces of carpet were placed against the sills and jams to prevent sand from drifting into the building. After the storm had subsided, Rastus, the proprietor of the road house, swept off the porch and shoveled a path from the steps to the road.

One day I ventured to ask my landlady—who was postmistress also, and a jolly little woman, who made her house and stage passengers as comfortable as circumstances would permit—why she had left the East to live in a country so forlorn?

She looked out of the window, and waving her hand over the waste of sand and sage brush with a sarcastic laugh, exclaimed, "Boom! boom! Real estate! Real estate! You see, 'Ras—that's my husband—got it into his head that fortunes could be made out here in real estate, so he and another fellow scraped up enough money to come out. He had been gone several weeks, when one day I got a telegram by the way of Wenatchee, saying, "Sell everything and come on at once." While I was getting things ready a letter arrived which related his prospects in the most glowing terms. He and his partner had taken up a couple of sections of land, which in a short time would realize a fortune for them both. The Orando Valley was one of the most fertile spots on the Columbia River; it could be irrigated at little expense from a stream draining the highlands from the east, and when water was once secured fertile crops could be raised. As soon as the boom was started, the railroad would be built from Wenatchee into the 'Okonogan country,' and then the line at Coulee City would be continued west to the Columbia River, making Orando the junction of the two roads. Our fortunes would then be made, and we would return East and take life easy for the remainder of our days. 'Sell everything at once and leave on the next train,' the letter continued; 'as soon as you know what train you are coming on, wire me, and I will meet you at Wenatchee with my hack. Orando is only thirty miles from the station. It is a great country; it is a great country! I am sure you will like it as soon as you have become accustomed to it. Of course, it will seem a little strange at first, but you will soon get used to it. Fruits grow without any attention, and the largest crops I ever saw.'

"My heart bounded with joy. There was no doubt that we would soon be rich. 'Ras always was a good business man, and I had no doubt of his putting this scheme through successfully. Why, just think! He had only been out there a few weeks, and had saved enough money to buy a hack. I could not but wonder what he was going to do with a hack. Probably he intended to run it between the station and hotels when the boom began, and was trying to make it do for general use until then.

"I had it put in the town paper that 'Ras had struck it rich in the Orando Valley, and that on a certain day his wife would sell the household belongings, including a cow, and then leave for the West, where they would make their home. The things were auctioned off, and I couldn't help crying when I saw pa's mahogany chair knocked down to Jane Ostrander for one dollar thirty-five, and then she kicked because one of the rockers was a little loose.

"I sold everything but a few carpets and the bedding, which I sent West by freight.

"The day before I left, Jane Ostrander came over. She had been West, and said she had come to bid me good-by and tell me what kind of a country I was going to. The remarks she made about the chair still rang in my ears, and I told her she needn't have bothered herself, for I would soon find out for myself; then I shut the door in her face just as she laughed and said, 'That's no josh, neither.' And I have found that she was right.

"Well, finally I got started, and wired 'Ras that I was on the way. I made the acquaintance of several women who were going West too. I read 'Ras' letter to them daily, and told them of our plans. They were very much interested, and congratulated me on our great luck. They were anxious to see 'Ras; so I promised to bring him up and introduce him as soon as we reached Wenatchee. At last the long looked-for hour arrived, and as we neared the station, I gathered up my duds and gazed out of the window. Our coach passed a lean, lank form, with a broad-brimmed hat lopped over his eyes, faded blue overalls, no coat and a brown flannel shirt, with sleeves so long they had to be turned up several inches. It was 'Ras! I knew him at once, though he hadn't shaved in weeks. After all I had told my friends, I hadn't the face to bring him up and introduce him in those duds. So I jumped off the car, and dodging behind the station, peeped around the corner. I saw my traveling companions standing on the car steps waiting for me to appear with my better half; he in the meantime was walking up and down the platform looking into the car windows. I looked for the hack to put my things in, but did not see it. 'Gracious!' thought I, 'is the hack broken, or was there so much business that 'Ras could not spare it?'

"When the train moved out, I did likewise, and to say that 'Ras was surprised would not express it. As we walked around the station, I asked him why he had come to meet me in such old clothes? He said he was working on the building up to the time he hitched up and didn't have time to change them. He took my things and began loading them in a platform spring wagon, when I ventured to ask him what had become of the hack.

"'Hack! Hack! Why, this is what they call a hack out here!'

"'What! that old thing with rattling spokes, lop-sided and wired together! Is that what you call a hack? Is that the thing you intend to drive me thirty miles in? Why, 'Ras, it will fall apart before we get started if you don't hurry up.'

"And the horses! I wish you could have seen them; they were not much larger than jack-rabbits, and when we got out of town the sand was so deep they could not go off a walk.

"It was well along in the afternoon, and 'Ras said we would come to a nice camping place about eight miles out, and there pass the night. He wanted to know if I had anything eatable; said he had been too busy to put up any lunch. Fortunately, I had the remains of a large basket of lunch I had put up nearly a week before. 'Ras pitched into it as though he hadn't had a thing to eat in a month. The sun was scorching hot, and the soot and dirt of my long journey, and dust the horses kicked up, made me long to reach the 'good camping' place, where I could lie in the shade and drink a cool draught of Washington spring water.

"We chatted for about four hours; 'Ras was wrapped up in the real estate scheme, and could talk of nothing but the boom and the time we would be rich. At last he halted the horses at a dirty old mud hole and began to unhitch. There was not a tree as large as a broom stick in sight, and the sand was so hot you could scarcely hold your hand on it. I asked him what he was going to do? 'Camp for the night,' he replied. A lump rose in my throat, and I thought of the dear old home I had almost given away.

"So far I had seen nothing but sand, cactus and sage brush, and once in a while a lizard or jack rabbit which scampered away as we came along. I sat down on the blanket and thought. 'Ras unhitched the horses and turned them loose. I asked him if they would not run away, but he said no, they were used to hunting their living, and he could find them any time. When night came he spread the blankets on the sand and we turned in. I tried to sleep, but only thrashed about till morning. As soon as it was daylight 'Ras got up and started after the horses. He told me to put the things into the wagon, and by that time he would be back. After I had finished I lay on a blanket and fell asleep, when suddenly I was awakened, and there on the blanket was a nasty old lizard. I screamed and climbed into the wagon. About 10 o'clock a freighter came along and said he had passed my husband, who wanted him to say to me that the horses had started for home. That was encouraging. Surely there must be something better in store for me, or the horses would never be so anxious to reach there. He advised me to spread a blanket under 'the hack' out of the sun and make myself as comfortable as I could until 'Ras returned.

"'Be you the woman that sold out in the East to come here to live?' he inquired.

"'I am the woman,' I replied.

"He looked at me a minute, grinned and shook his head, then backed his horses that they might get a better start, and as he cracked his whip and went on he turned his head and shouted back, 'If I had a summer resort in hell I wouldn't trade for the whole Orando Valley!' Up jumped lump number two into my throat.

"About noon 'Ras came back, and after harnessing up we started on. All afternoon we plodded along, and about 9 in the evening drove up to a small frame building.

"'Here we are,' says 'Ras.

"'But where is Orando?' says I.

"'You'll see in the morning.'

"He shouted a couple of times, a light appeared in the house and his partner came out. I knew Fred Billings well, and right glad I was to see some one from home again. The horses turned loose, 'Ras came in and began on the railroad, irrigation and other boom schemes; but I noticed that Fred didn't have much to say. I believe he had begun to see that the thing was a fizzle. Spreading our blankets on the floor up stairs we went to sleep.

"The next morning I was up bright and early and looking out of the window saw nothing but sand and sage brush. There wasn't a spear of grass in sight, not even a green weed. Down the valley a couple of miles I saw two more ranches, but no other buildings.

"'Ras, get up,' says I. 'We must be off. I am anxious to see our new home.'

"'See your new home?' says he. 'Why, this is it!'

"'But where is the town? Where is Orando?'

"'Why, darn it, I tell you this is it! You're right in it!"

"'What! these three buildings and those sand banks are what we are going to get rich off?'

"'Yes.'

"That was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' I broke down and cried.

"'Now, look here,' says 'Ras, 'there ain't no use in blubbering and making a fool of yourself; you're here now, and you've got to stay here. You'll be all right in a few days. You're new in the country and don't understand it. Why, you just wait till the railroad comes through, and we get water on the land and you'll see a different place than this'

"We have been here six years, and the place hasn't changed a bit. The stream, which was to furnish the water to irrigate, dries up at the time it is most wanted, and there is never more than enough for the two ranches below, that came in first and hold the water right. We have to carry our drinking water from the river. The railroad company has the nightmare occasionally and talks of extending the road west of Coulee City. Fruit does grow in abundance—where water is had in sufficient quantities to irrigate—but we are so far from the railroad that it wouldn't pay to haul it to Wenatchee and then freight it to the coast, which is the nearest market.

"So here we sit waiting for the boom, and living on what few vegetables we are able to raise, and what little money the post office, stage drivers and passengers leave us. This is all we have, and if we wanted to leave to-morrow we haven't enough money to pay car fare to Spokane Falls. The only thing we are rich in is land and experience," and she chuckled.

'Ras appeared just then. "I say we are rich in land and experiences, isn't that so, 'Ras?" and she chuckled again. 'Ras glared at her a second, then grabbed the broom and started out to wrestle with the sand again.

"'Ras doesn't like to have me mention our wealth," she said.

J. ALDEN LORING.

"The Law West of the Pecos."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Capt. Flynn, in the current number, March 28, thinks that I may have met Judge Bean in my time. I knew him well, having first met him years before we had any Southern Pacific Railroad. The only mode of travel then in all that country was by stage or ox-team over the California Overland, or Eagle Pass road, as that part of it between San Antonio and El Paso was generally called.

This part of Texas then had not been divided into counties yet; it was all young territory, a territory large enough in extent to form a State; we have States that are no larger.

The Judge at the time of his death must have been all of eighty years of age. When I last saw him, nineteen years ago this spring, he looked to be over sixty.

The Captain's estimate of the Judge's legal knowledge comes pretty near being correct. What His Honor did not know about the law would fill quite a large book; but he did know the class of men he had to deal with, administered the law as he understood it, and kept some kind of order there, when another man who might have forgotten more law in a day than the Judge ever knew would have made a failure of it and sooner or later would have lost his life. I have attended more than one of his trials, but always as a spectator. I took good care not to offer him any advice. Had another justice been trying these cases I would have wanted to appear as the prisoner's counsel, but not before Judge Bean; if I had he would have fined me for contempt in less than ten minutes, or about the time I would object to one of his peculiar rulings.

The Judge's knowledge of old Mexico was about on a par with his knowledge of the law. I don't believe he was ever further south in it than across the tree zone, a strip of fifty miles just south of the line. I questioned him at one time about Sonora. I had not seen it then, but got a full description of it from him. Afterward, when I did get a chance to travel through a part of it I found out that he knew about as much about it as I know about the moon.

The United States and Mexico came near going to war, in 1867, I think it was. The trouble was about a salt deposit that citizens of both countries claimed, though the salt was on our side of the line. He settled that affair, or at least claimed to have done it.

Our troop was in camp for a few days one summer on the Pecos River, near Vanderbeer's Springs, and I was sent down to the railroad with the mail. A train stood in front of the station as I came in sight of it, but the train was going west, and I did not try to get down in time to meet it; I did not want that train. It started to pull out just as I rode down to the track, and as it did so a young man rushed out of the store and climbed into a chair car. Going into the store, I found the Judge all alone for a wonder, and he was mad clear through. Had I seen that fellow that ran out of this just now? Yes, I had, and asked who he was. He was a drummer from New York or somewhere up there, and had put in the ten minutes that the train had been held here in trying to sell the Judge a bill of goods and had failed.

"What do you suppose that fellow told me?" the Judge asked.

"He probably told you that this country here was not fit for a white man to die in, much less live in; but you must remember that those people from the States only see this country from a car window, and don't know that we have plenty of a better country north of this."

"No, that was not what he told me. He said that I knew no more about the law than a dog knows about his father."

He never came nearer to the truth in his life, if he is a drummer, I thought, but took good care not to tell the judge what I thought.

"A plain case of contempt, your Honor. You fined him, of course?" I thought I saw some free beer now.

"No, he did not give me time; he was out of that door and into the car before I had time to turn around."

"He knew enough of the law to get out of your jurisdiction in a hurry, did he not? I wish I had got here a few minutes sooner, then that remark would have cost him half a dozen beers. Watch for him when he returns."

"He won't come this way; he will go home from 'Frisco."

"He had better if he knows your Honor as well as we do." The beer came out now, and it was on the Judge.

I have heard any number of stories about the Judge. One of them that is as likely to be true as not was his trial of a cowboy for murder. Two cowboys had fought a duel on horseback, and one had been shot, but not killed. The Judge got hold of the shooter and proceeded to try him, then sentenced him to be hung.

"But the man is not dead yet," the cowboy told him.

"Well, he will be by the time we get ready to hang you," the Judge returned.

Someone called the Judge's attention to the fact that

he did not have jurisdiction in capital cases. The Judge knew very well that he did not, but that could be easily remedied. He proceeded to try the man again, this time for assault and battery, and fined him five dollars. The Judge may have used his office to line his pockets; no doubt he did; but he was not the only one who has done so.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Maine Woods Walk in Sixty-One

BY MANLY HARDY.

In Three Parts—Part III.

The next morning proved bright and fair, as had every one for a week past, and we all started to go to the home camp at the inlet of Allegash. Instead of retracing our steps we went across country, an estimated distance of fifteen miles. Although my ankle was painful, I enjoyed the first part of the way, as it was through grand old woods, mostly of hardwood, among which were many giant white birches covered with shaggy bark. We lighted many of these as we passed and the flames would go roaring and crackling to the ends of the farthest limbs, the rolls of flaming bark falling hissing down, to be quenched on the snow.

We had gone perhaps five or six miles, and were going lengthwise of a valley by the side of a ridge of hardwood, when our dogs suddenly threw up their noses and started off at right angles, going across the ridge and down the other side. It proved afterwards that with the air perfectly calm these dogs had smelled a moose which was on the other side of the ridge more than a quarter of a mile away.

We soon came to the end of the ridge where another valley joined the one we were following, and we could hear the dogs barking up this valley. As all parties had agreed not to kill another moose for the spring, Philbrook and I wished to keep on our way, but Farrar and Billings wanted to go up and see the moose. They promised not to kill him, but wished to see how large an one the dogs had got.

Philbrook and I sat down on a pack one of them had been carrying and waited. After a while we heard two pistol shots. We waited a long time, and as the barking still continued, we were a good deal puzzled, as, if the moose were dead, the dogs would stop barking, and, if he were not dead, why did they not fire again. Getting tired of waiting, we went up to see what the trouble was. We found an immense bull, one of the largest I ever saw, standing close by the side of a large spruce. Quite a space around him was trodden solidly. On coming up I raised my rifle, when Farrar asked what I was going to do.

"Shoot the moose," said I.

"You wouldn't shoot a dead moose, would you?" asked he.

On my replying that he did not look very dead, Farrar replied that he had two bullets right in the life nearly half an hour before.

Farrar then proposed that if I would cover him with my rifle, he would creep up behind the spruce near which the moose stood and knock him down with his ax. Farrar missed his blow, and the moose plunged almost on top of him. I placed a bullet behind his ear, when, quick as a cat, he wheeled after me. Billings, on the other side, shot behind the other ear, and he left me and turned on Billings.

We then retreated to a respectful distance to reload, as the moose would go no further than the snow was trodden.

These maneuvers were repeated four times in the course of which he received from me four bullets behind the ear in a space not bigger than one's thumb, two from Billings behind the ear and one in the neck. After each charge he would return to his old standing place behind the spruce, where he would grunt and slap his lip at us, throwing the blood which ran from the wounds behind his ears down upon his bell all over the snow. But he showed no sign of being troubled by our shooting.

Finally I was detailed to go in front of him and shoot him in the curl of the hair. This was a difficult performance, as the snow was well trodden in front of him and he was sure to plunge at me when the rifle cracked. Beside this, he kept his head continually moving, and one had to hit the size of a dime for the shot to prove fatal. I approached as near as I dared and fired twice, each time having to sprint to get out of his way, as I was within about twenty feet. At last Farrar crept up behind the tree and succeeded in knocking him down. It was then found that one of my bullets struck exactly on a level with the curl of the hair about one inch from it, the other about an inch above the first. Into one of the bullet holes I could, and did, put my little finger its length; the other merely broke through the skull, and I took it out welded together with pieces of bone. This moose had received eleven bullets in all—two directly back of the shoulder, one through the neck, four behind one ear, two behind the other and two in the forehead. The bullets were small, being about sixty of round ball to the pound, but mine were fired with heavy charges of powder.

In this battle with the moose I do not think that anyone engaged was in the least excited; in fact, had anyone been, firing as we were obliged to and running about on snowshoes as we did, we should have been in great danger, both from the moose and each other. The snow was four feet deep or more, and all in the vicinity of the moose had been wallowed and plowed into pit-holes two or three feet deep with sharp, hard ridges between, making the footing very uncertain. Yet not a man stumbled or tripped in the whole fight. All that was said was in low tones, and no one showed the least excitement either during or after the encounter. In fact, if all had not been perfectly cool, we should have been in more danger from each other's bullets than from the moose, although we all knew that if anyone fell his chances of coming out alive were small. The dogs, it may said, took no part in the fight; one, which was gun-shy, not coming back till after the moose was skinned.

This moose was not at all startled when found by the dogs, and made no attempt to escape. He had trodden a yard of at least half an acre, so that it was very dangerous for the dogs to approach him in front, and he seemed willing to fight the whole world. Commonly there is no danger in shooting moose in the snow, as, whether hunted with or without dogs, they almost invariably try to escape, and as soon as they are out of the yard, if they can be overtaken at all, they can be shot at short range without risk. While a savage old bull like this might be shot with safety from a distance, to knock one down with a hatchet is a different proposition.

This moose showed unusual tenacity of life, but out of a number of instances I will give one which I have known of similar fighting endurance. A. P. Willard and Henry Clapp, of Brownville, while running a sable line under the side of Big Spencer Mountain, close to Moosehead, came upon an old bull which showed fight. Having with them a double-barreled smoothbore they fired all the bullets they had, some five or six, which ran twelve to the pound, at short range. As they used a muzzleloader it was some time before the last was fired. They had with them several charges of shot and also an iron tobacco box, and when their bullets were gone they built a fire, poured the shot in the tobacco box and holding the cover in a split stick melted it down. Then they made a notch in a hardwood tree which they had felled for the purpose, and ran the lead into a long mass; this they cut in two and pounded into slugs fit to be fired. Both these they fired into the moose, going close to him. After a while, as the moose lay down, Willard lashed his sheath knife to a pole with his handkerchief and, creeping up at the back of the moose, crouched and tried to spear him, steadying the pole over a cradle-knoll. The knife struck a rib and broke, and the moose sprang up so quickly as almost to come on to Willard. As each had a hatchet, they next tried to kill him by felling trees upon him, but when a tree was about to fall he would avoid it by stepping out of range. Finally they had him entirely fenced in. Then they tried to kill him by throwng their hatchets. One ax struck his nose, cutting it half off, but the battle ended by his getting possession of both axes and having apparently as much life and fight in him as when they began. As they had no other weapons and it was near night, they withdrew to the camp. On going out next morning with a fresh supply of ammunition, they found him dead. As both these men knew where to hit a moose and could place bullets just as they chose, they were so near, any one of these shots, under ordinary circumstances, ought to have killed the moose in a few minutes; but I believe that an enraged moose will bear a half dozen to a dozen wounds, any one of which would have killed him immediately if he had been still-hunted.

We had intended to get through to camp before dinner and had nothing cooked with us. As it was near noon when we had finished skinning the moose, we concluded to dine where we were. So we built a fire on skids to prevent it sinking into the snow, making it close by the flayed carcass of the moose. We placed our snowshoes between the moose and the fire, in order to have something to stand on, and, hauling the skin up over the moose, had seats equal to a spring sofa. Each one cut a piece of meat to suit himself, and roasted it on a stick, and each one also roasted one of the marrow bones. The eight marrow bones of a moose, as I know by actual experiment, will yield three pints of marrow, which, when salted, is fully equal to butter. It used to be said that old John Benwit, of the Penobscot tribe, could eat the contents of all eight marrow bones at a sitting. If so he must have had a stronger stomach than all four of us, as we found it difficult to finish one apiece. But we made a good meal, although we had not even salt to go with the meat, and had nothing to drink.

I had had all the moose-killing I cared for, and though it is over forty years I have never tried to kill a moose since. While I believe it is fully as honorable for a man who needs money to kill a moose for the hide as it is for one who does not need money to go into the woods and kill one only for the head and horns, still I think it is mean business for any man to waste the carcass of so large an animal merely to say that he has killed a moose. I have always made it a point of honor never to kill anything merely for the sake of killing, and would never kill a deer when I should be able to use but a single quarter, even though I was in need of meat.

After dinner we folded the hide so that it could be dragged by one of the party and continued our journey. In a short time we struck the Allegash stream and followed it on the ice to the home camp, a distance of nearly eight miles, taking a mink out of a trap on the way.

It was now April, and spring was coming on with a rush. In places where projecting points increased the flow of the current, the stream had already begun to open.

We reached the home camp and as the next day was Sunday and we intended to rest we laid in a good supply of wood. Sunday we did some extra cooking, for here we had a baker and could have soft bread. Also it fell to my lot to cook some moose noses, of which we had a good supply. The moose nose and the beaver's tail are considered the two great delicacies of the woods. As few now know how to prepare them, it may not be amiss to record the way the hunters did it. No amount of scalding will remove the hair from a moose nose, and the Indian method was to singe them on the coals and then to scrape them. But this always gives them a burnt taste, so I have always preferred to skin them. This is most easily done by splitting the nose through the septum and pinning one half firmly down with a fork, so that it will not slip about while working on it. Afterward the nose is boiled several hours till it becomes tender. Beaver's tails are usually roasted on a stick before skinning, or sometimes made into a soup with rice.

Philbrook and Billings had begun their hunt in September, spending the first five or six weeks in building camps, spotting lines and making traps. In the time they had been out they had taken about one hundred sable, twenty lynx, nine otter and about as many fisher, and quite a large number of mink and beaver, and had shot about forty moose. In 1859 I had hunted with Philbrook, having our home camp at the head of Caucomgomoc and our lines of traps extending over six different townships. One line which started from about six miles out on Baker Lake Carry and went northwest ended within less than half a mile of where we found Philbrook encamped. On this hunt before the last of November we took four bears, four fisher, three lynx, two otter, seven beaver, fifty sable, thirty-five mink and seventy-five muskrats. Although moose were so plenty, we saw the tracks of only four and only one live one, a bull which came to the sound of chopping and kept Philbrook prisoner in his camp for more than an hour, walking back and forth in front of the fire like a sentinel and grunting.

Philbrook and Billings told me of two curious experiences they had had with otter that winter. They showed me the skin of one shot fairly through the body back of the shoulders. He was shot by Billings at a hundred and twenty-five paces (twenty-three rods) he said, and after being shot dived into his hole and went under the ice. Philbrook and Billings cut ice and worked fishing for him with hooks on long poles nearly half a day, and after having given up one of them said he would make a last hook for luck. This time he was fortunate enough to fasten to the otter. On another occasion Philbrook, when out exploring, was snowshoeing up the bed of a stream. On turning a point he saw an otter lying on the ice directly facing him. As it was useless to try to get nearer, he fired at him with his ten-inch pistol from where he stood. The otter did not move, and he supposed he had shot him dead. On going up and seeing his eyes look lively, he struck the otter on the head with his belt hatchet. When he skinned it he failed to find a trace of any wound.

Monday morning we were up bright and early, Philbrook to go back to his camp, Farrar to go across Chamberlain to Eagle and Haymock (the lumberman's corruption of Pongocquahamock), which lies on the right hand branch of Smith Brook, emptying into Eagle Lake, while Billings and myself started for the foot of Caucomgomoc Lake, where he was going to get supplies from a lumber camp.

On the way down Billings showed me where he had shot a doe caribou a short time before. This, as far as I can learn, was the third caribou killed in Maine after they began to return, and although a cow she had horns nearly two feet long. To show the tenacity of life of a caribou, after being shot through fairly behind the shoulder, she wheeled and ran the other way. Billings then gave her a second bullet behind the other shoulder. When he was quite near to her she jumped up and started to run, and he finished her with a shot through the neck from his pistol.

Near to the place where we left the lake was an eagle's nest on a large pine and two adult eagles, one standing on the nest and the other close by it. This is the earliest I have ever known eagles to be so far inland.

Going out we took a different route from the one I had come in by in order to strike the foot of Caucomgomoc, which we reached after a walk of about eighteen miles. As Billings was an extra good man on snowshoes, it was quite painful for me to keep up with him with my swollen ankle.

The crew of the lumber camp were hauling spruce almost entirely. Two years before not a spruce tree had been cut anywhere on Caucomgomoc waters, the lumbering being confined entirely to pine. In 1857 I did not see a single spruce cut around Caribou or any of its tributaries, but in '61 most of the camps were largely cutting spruce. If the pine was almost exhausted before '61, one can judge how long the spruce will last with so much greater demands upon it.

After dinner I parted company with Billings to take my lonely journey to the head of Chesuncook, some twelve miles distant, which I must reach before dark or lie out. I had to follow the road. The April sun had in many places almost turned the road up edgewise, the side toward the sun being more than a foot the lower. On snowshoes one could not travel and without them it was very fatiguing, as one slumped half way to the knees at every step. I was carrying my snowshoes slung on my rifle, when, on turning a bend in the road, I saw a large lynx standing with his hind feet in the sled track and his fore feet up on the snow. Although I worked very carefully to remove the snowshoes from my rifle, he heard them rattle a little and sprang into the woods before I could fire.

When I came out on Caucomgomoc Bog the road was so soft that it was almost impossible to travel in it, so I put on snowshoes and started across the bog—to me an unknown country—for the West Branch, but I made a good strike and came out a little below the piers in the Chesuncook flowage, which all who have been down the West Branch will remember. Crossing the West Branch I made a straight strike through the dead timber killed by flowage for Pete Walker's (now the Chesuncook House), and arrived there a little after sunset, having traveled thirty miles in bad walking with an ankle swollen out of all shape.

When I was coming in rumors of expected trouble with the South had reached the woods, and at every shanty was the chief topic of discussion, a great many saying that they were going to enlist if there was any fighting. When I reached Chesuncook I found the excitement was still greater, and the usual talk about lumber and horses had given place to talk about the expected war. At Chesuncook I met my old friend, Charles Locke, head man of the great farm situated on Chamberlain Lake, fourteen miles distant. He reported that the Fairbanks brothers, Frank and George, had killed eighty-two moose north of Katahdin, between Telos and the Sowadnehunk Mountains. I may say here that both the Fairbanks brothers enlisted in the Seventh Maine within a week of getting out of the woods. Joe McClaren and Frank Capino both went to war and neither returned. Farrar also enlisted. Billings enlisted and rose to be first lieutenant, was badly wounded at Fair Oaks, and, I believe, went back again after his recovery. Philbrook could not be accepted on account of a disabled foot. I know no class of men who furnished a larger proportion of their number than our hunters.

The year of '61 has been called the year of the greatest slaughter of moose ever known, and has often been held up as an instance of wholesale butchery. I took great pains to ascertain the number of moose killed that year, and had good facilities for doing so, and by my estimate the number was under rather than over four hundred, though about half of this number were killed by four sets of partners. This present year of 1902, according to the report of the Game Commissioners, sportsmen have killed (including 109 killed illegally), a total of 461. I feel very certain that less of the meat was saved this year than in 1861. So we see that the number killed by sportsmen merely for heads and horns is greater this year than that killed by the hide hunters in the year of what is called the greatest killing ever known. In all my trip in '61 I did not see or hear of a single moose having been killed by any lumberman. I will also add that in

fifty years of mingling with Maine lumbermen I have but twice eaten of venison in a lumber camp, and never had any reason to believe the stories so often told in the papers of the slaughter of game by them. While no doubt they do kill some in legal season, this they have as much right to do as the visiting sportsmen.

As all the teams were reported to have passed out, I had no choice but to continue my journey from Chesuncook on foot. While bathing my ankle in cold water in the stable, Mr. Walker came in and saw it and said he would rather board me for a week for nothing than have me walk on such a foot. But I had only Hobson's choice, so I started at about seven in the morning, and about noon reached Joe Morris's, eleven miles distant.

At Joe Morris's I saw an individual dressed in white overalls and three red shirts so ragged that his skin showed through them, who announced that he was old Oliver Graffum of Oldtown, and nobody else and that he was going to drive for Hen Soper; he had got five dollars to get drunk on and he was going to do it. He had been trying to ride a yearling in the door-yard, and having been thrown, his tangled mass of hair was full of chips and sticks. On being told when he applied for another drink that he had had enough and could have no more, he held on to the counter and began to recite:

"We read in the fable,
The mouse he was able
By gnawing continual
The lion to free.
So at the first trial
We'll take no denial—
So Nahum give us another drink."

On being again refused, he steadied himself with a chair on each side and in a soft musical voice repeated: "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Because I have called and ye have not harkened, and stretched forth my hand and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh." He had got thus far when, fetching a sudden lurch, he and his two chairs landed in one corner of the room, bringing his scripture recitation to a close.

It was getting to be two in the afternoon, and as no tote team had arrived, I resumed my painful journey for the Grant Farm, ten miles away, having first exchanged my moose shanks for the boots which I had left at Morris's on the way up. On trying to put them on I found my ankle so swollen that it was with great difficulty that it could be done. When I tried to walk I had mostly to put my left foot forward and draw the other up to it. I soon began to realize just how a bear must feel when traveling with a trap on his foot and drawing a clog after him.

It was near sunset and I had got but about five miles, having made only about a mile an hour, when I was agreeably surprised by being overtaken by one of the last, if not actually the last, team of the season. This was a load of spreads and cooking tools belonging to Spalding and Oaks of Oldtown. The driver, a young man about seventeen years old, was Charlie Walker, son of the proprietor of a hotel at Greenville. He very willingly took me on, and we were not long in reaching the Grant Farm. Here all was changed from what it was when I was going in. In the short time since I passed all the scores of teams and hundreds of men in the vicinity had gone out of the woods, and the only guest besides ourselves was a sick man who had been left behind and whom we took with us on the team in the morning.

The next moning the sloshy roads had frozen, a hard crust had formed, and we started early. As there was no possibility of getting out by the way of Katahdin Iron Works, where my overcoat was, I accepted Mr. Walker's offer to take me out to Greenville by way of Lily Bay.

While at this season in the vicinity of Bangor partridges were drumming, here, as the snow covered all the logs, the old males were amusing themselves by strutting around with spread tails, dragging their wings and admiring themselves. In the early part of the forenoon we saw two in different places thus employed, and I cut the heads off from both with my rifle without leaving the sled. The neck-ruffs of both had bright green meallic lustre different from the dead color at other seasons. To show the scarcity of small game in Maine, I will say that, with the exception of some Canada jays and crossbills, I saw nothing but five ruffed grouse and one Canada grouse on the whole trip, and I did not see the track of a deer nor hear of one having been seen by anybody. I heard no case of a caribou having been seen but that shot by Billings. At that date there were positively no deer north of Katahdin. The deer have come into that country of late years.

It was a lovely April morning, and as we had a light load we made good progress till it began to thaw. At Lily Bay we stopped for a few minutes at the Lily Bay shanty kept by Deacon Ford. Here we were told that getting on the ice at that time of the day would be rather risky. We soon came to a cove where the road led directly across a landing of logs which were now floating in about two feet of water. Over these the horses had to struggle and flounder, the logs rolling up under them at every step; but finally we got out on solid ice.

We had not gone far before I saw black mud on the ice ahead and told Walker that we would better turn to one side, as I thought a team had been through the ice there. Seeing that he was determined to keep the road, I jumped off, taking my rifle and belongings, and the sick man followed my example. We were hardly off before both horses went through, followed by the sled, only the hinder end of which remained upon the ice. There was a skid lying close by, which had doubtless been used by the team which had been in before us. Seizing this, I ran it through the hind starts of the sled, thus preventing it going in entirely. Walker, with the help of the sick man, who proved to be a good man with horses, unbuckled the harness, thus freeing the horses from the sled, which, being released, stood almost perpendicular; when drawn out the end of the pole was covered with black mud. A rein was put around the neck of one horse and he was choked, to float him out. The same was successfully tried with his mate. Having noticed a tackle and fall on the landing of logs we had passed over, I went back and got it, and, reaving it through the hind starts of the sled and attaching the horses, the sled was soon pulled out on the ice, with streams of water running from the spreads and cooking tools. As the sled had side-boards and the load was covered with canvas lashed on there was nothing lost.

Proceeding on our way we soon came to the narrow passage between Sugar Island and a point of the main land. Here was quite a space of open water on each side of the road, approaching the road in the shape of a V until the two points were not over forty yards apart. All the possibility of passing depended upon the bridge of snow which had been building up all winter as a roadbed being solid enough to hold. I went out only a few steps on each side and trying the ice with an ax found it was all porous, and I could easily cut through it with a few clips. In the morning when frozen this would be safe enough, but at this time of day it was risky. We all got off the sled, and, by walking the team, managed to cross without accident. It was now the ninth of April. Out on the lake the ice was still solid and would probably be safe for ten or fifteen days longer.

We reached Greenville at about two o'clock. Only two days before I had passed through country where the snow was five feet deep. Here at Greenville there was only eight to ten inches of sloshy snow. I stopped at the hotel over night, and took an open stage next day for Newport. The driver, William Blethen, was kind enough to provide me with an overcoat. I will say that only a few months afterwards Mr. Blethen was driving stage for Ben Halliday on the Overland. The snow which gradually lessened soon failed entirely, and we hauled into Dexter on bare ground, where we shifted to wheels to get to Newport. Reaching Bangor by rail I found boys playing ball in the streets and the steamer from Boston just arriving on her first trip.

"Yellowstone" Kelly.

VERY many of our readers will remember Capt. Luther Sage Kelly, known to the older generation of western men as Yellowstone Kelly, trapper, hunter and scout, for a dozen years or thereabouts, during the later wars on the northern plains. In campaigns under Gen. Miles and other military commanders, Capt. Kelly took a prominent part in the fighting with the Sioux and Cheyennes in Montana, and he has contributed to FOREST AND STREAM many stirring tales of adventure in the wars between 1870 and 1880.

Capt. Kelly enlisted in the Spanish war, and became a captain in one of the volunteer regiments. When this was mustered out, a commission was given him in another regiment, and he went with his command to the Philippine Islands. After a term of service there his regiment was again mustered out, but Capt. Kelly's administration of the district of which he had been in charge had been so successful that he was shortly afterward appointed Provincial Treasurer of the town of Surigao in the island of Mindanao.

In the papers of March 25, last, appeared dispatches telling of the capture of this town by bandits, and explaining what happened there. The extracts which we give from these dispatches show that Capt. Kelly is still a fighter, and possesses the determination which of old made him so well known and so highly thought of on the western plains.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Sun, under date of March 24, reports: A cable dispatch was received at the War Department this afternoon from Gov. Taft announcing that Surigao, the capital of Surigao Province in the island of Mindanao, which was captured by ladrones on Sunday, has been relieved. The following is Gov. Taft's dispatch:

"Affair at Surigao turns out to be escape of ten prisoners, sentenced to long terms for ladronism, who, with sixty or eighty of their fellows, returned to Surigao and succeeded in surprising and rushing the constabulary barracks, obtaining constabulary arms and ammunition, killing Constabulary Inspector Clark, and thus taking command of the town. Nine Americans, including two women, retreated to the Provincial building, where, under the direction of Luther S. Kelly, Provincial Treasurer, formerly Captain of Volunteers, and still earlier an Indian scout known as 'Yellowstone Kelly,' they barricaded the building against the attacking party.

"The Americans were armed with only a few shotguns and were short of ammunition, but maintained their defense against the ladrones, refusing to yield to an ultimatum, demanding the guns, the reply of Kelly being that they would not give up a single gun and would kill on sight any ladrone within range. Assistant Chief Taylor arrived at Surigao with a constabulary force about eighteen hours after the attack. On his approach the ladrones disappeared and columns are now following them.

"Surigao is in extreme northeast Mindanao; is so far removed that I have concluded to call upon George W. Davis to put the military in command with the hope that by a large force the ladrones and their guns may be captured and they may be prosecuted for murder and ladronism.

"So far as advised Capt. Clark is the only American killed. The cable from Surigao landed near the Provincial building in which the Americans took refuge and they were thus able to communicate with the military commander at Iligan and with constabulary headquarters at Cebu. Two constabulary inspectors were absent from Surigao in Cebu, where they were passing their examinations for promotion. Surigao had been regarded as a quiet province since the capture and sentence of the ladrones, but their escape led to the difficulty."

Moon Signs for Anglers.

SPOKANE, Washington, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Would you please inform a reader as to sign—or signs—of the moon supposed to be or regarded by successful fishermen as being the best or most favorable time to go fishing. Some amateurs, like myself, say when the sign is in the knee, or Capricornus; others say in the head, or Aries. Others again say the sign of the neck, or Taurus. From my own experience I do not regard this latter sign as favorable. M. E. D.

Natural History.

How to Get Skunks.

THE short essay printed below is an extract from a private letter received by our Philadelphia correspondent, "Ocean," from a very successful amateur trapper in Vermont. The writer is evidently a man of good nerve. He says:

You want to know how I kill skunks without getting scented. I put on an old suit, so if I do get a little dose it won't hurt anything. I have an old duck coat with big pockets on the inside which I have used for a trapping coat for a number of years.

The skunk seldom goes out in the daytime, but as soon as it gets dark he begins to prowl. They live mostly on crickets and grasshoppers, and in the fall they are very fat. Often I have found it an inch thick on the back in skinning them. If pains are taken in skinning not to touch it with the hands, this oil, when tried out like lard, is the best thing for a cold or croup I know of—used externally, of course.

As the skunk lives in woodchuck holes in the meadows and pastures, I can always tell where to find them, for they make little holes in the dirt with the nose which look very much as if someone had poked the ground with a cane. Wherever the skunk makes one of these holes, he gets a cricket, which in the fall, as the ground gets cold, burrow under the grass roots. The fox digs for crickets, too, but as he digs with his paws the hole is somewhat different in shape.

A moonlight night with the wind in the south I have found the best to hunt them. I generally carry a lantern, so that I can skin them at once and save lugging them around. I cut a stick from a sapling about the size of a broomhandle and about six feet long. Armed with this I take the warpath through the fields, keeping a sharp lookout for any black spots that seem to move.

The skunk is generally busy looking for grub, and as soon as I spy him, I run right at him. You have to be quick, not because the skunk will run, for they can't run very fast, but the sudden approach scares them so they will face you with hair bristling on end, just as a hen will when you try to catch one of her young. This is the time to strike, and one good blow on the head generally does for them, but woe to the hunter who foozles this first blow, as the golfer says.

When I first tried trapping, I used to set my traps in woodchuck holes, and as a skunk will explore every one of these holes, I used to get quite a lot. Since then I have found a better way. When I find a likely place to set, I dig a hole at the foot of a stump or stone, about as big as your hand, back under the roots about six inches. I stick a piece of any kind of meat or a rotten egg—anything that smells rank—into the hole; then set the trap and stake it, covering it with a sprinkling of fresh dirt. The first skunk that comes along will walk into the trap, and he will scent the place so that no more bait is needed to draw them. In this way I have got six or seven in one place.

In killing a skunk in a trap you must not run up to them as you do hunting them. Go up to him carefully, and as long as you do not make any quick motion you are all right. Raise the club carefully and slowly and then strike as quick as you can.

Well, I have told all I know about the skunk industry. Some time I will tell you how we trap for foxes—ground trapping. Almost anyone can learn to catch them in water, but it takes a smart chap to catch them in the ground.

The Wood Rat.

IN the natural history coming under my observation I have not seen anything concerning the wood rat. It may be that the rodent is too common to attract special attention, but I am inclined to believe that, if he is widely distributed, he is rarely observed.

In Northern California, both in the foothills and higher up in the mountains, those who observe closely may often see the residences of the wood rat, though the animal itself is not often conspicuous.

The nests I have seen have usually been in thickets of chaparrel or greasewood where the bushes were dead and dry. In such places the wood rat obtains plenty of material for the construction of its nest. It gathers twigs from a foot to three in length and from the size of a pencil in diameter, to an inch or more. These, together with small pieces of bark and a few leaves will be found heaped from the ground up well into the branches of some thick clump of bushes. If there is a log convenient the rat will often make use of it for one side of his house. The twigs are often heaped to the height of three or four feet from the ground, usually resembling a pile of driftwood with the exception that the pile is seldom found near overflowed ground.

About two years ago I became interested in a pair of wood rats that seized upon and possessed themselves of my wood house for a habitation. The house is thirty feet long and one end of it used for a work bench, repair shop and tool house. The other end is used mainly for storing dry kindling wood and small stove wood. The rats moved in when I was away for a period, and the pair found a good supply of dry pine sticks a foot to sixteen inches in length split from inch boards. These were of various widths from one to five inches, and there were a number of heavy sticks of scantling in a corner. With notable industry the rats had piled the small sticks into a fairly regular pyramid, using the heavy pieces they could not move for foundation and frame, adapting their architecture to the conditions of the location with remarkable ingenuity.

Their architecture fitted in with the landscape in the woodhouse so well that it was some time before I noticed that the kindling wood was methodically placed. As wet weather came and the kindling was needed, I frequently took an armful into the house, without realizing that I was taking gargoyles and cornices from a private residence.

In removing the sticks I often pulled down a quantity of the pile in selecting. After doing this for some days I

began to notice that each morning the pyramid was reformed, the scattered sticks collected and placed methodically. As the wood was used the pyramid grew smaller and smaller, but each morning all the scattered sticks, except some that became wedged and fastened in the larger and heavier wood, would be found replaced upon the apex of the diminishing pile. When the wood had been about half removed I began to get occasional glimpses of the rats. When I removed sticks they dodged in and out of the pile, as though they would defend their castle to the extent of their power.

The wood was never entirely removed, and that which remained was kept in a fairly shaped pyramid until it was not more than three feet in diameter. The rats, of which I had never seen more than two, became so tame that they would remain in sight on the sills near their house within an arm's length of me at times. Later in the season the mistress of the pyramid appeared upon one of the sills in a very domestic predicament. She was sprawled at full length while progeny to the number of two were intently engaged in the instinctive business of infantile acquisition. After this I frequently fed her upon bits of bread and grain.

I now began to miss some of my portable property. Files, small chisels, nails, measuring sticks, patterns, pieces of leather and such articles would disappear from my work-bench. These from time to time I would find mixed in with the sticks in the building material used by the rats. Since, I am informed, this is one of the traits of the animal. They are so excessively industrious that they annex almost anything they can carry or drag away, with very indifferent ideas of property rights or ownership. They are partial to bright and glittering things, such as bits of glass, tin and metal. They would doubtless acquire and hoard money with almost trust-like perspicuity and acumen if they were not so much addicted to twigs and kindling wood.

That they would soon practice civilized propensities there is little doubt, if they lived in more centralized communities. A neighbor, who resided in this region for about forty years, was handicapped in his endeavors to get along by a peculiar inability to keep his family supplied with small articles, such as tableware, thimbles, scissors, corkscrews, jackknives, hairpins, collar buttons, and small coins.

After a quarter of a century he had occasion to take up a ground floor in his house. Under it he found the nest of wood rats, and that nest was a wonder. If the collection of trinkets it contained had not been so tarnished with corrosion and rust he might have set up in business with a variety store of no mean proportions. Thousands of the small articles of every day use, for which he had paid his money, searched and worried for and about when they had disappeared, he found hoarded up by the wood rats, many of the things having lain between the ground and the floor under his feet for two or three decades. The articles were evidently considered more ornamental than serviceable by the rats, for they were used mainly for the decoration of the pyramid of sticks and bones, their domicile.

RANSACKER.

Shasta Mountains, Cal., March.

Some Queer Pets.

An obscure naturalist is C. F. Miller, of Main street, East Orange. His interest runs to the class reptilia, and within eighteen months he has taken up photography as an adjunct to his studies, and has made some extraordinary successes in getting portraits of his restless pets indoors and out. Mr. Miller is a newsdealer, whose business gives him little time afield, but he his not so chained to business that he is unable to make his escape to the Watchung mountains back of Orange at intervals, and he makes good use of his infrequent opportunities. Nothing seems to escape his eyes nor too insignificant to engross his attention. The opening of a bud, the emergence of a dragon fly from the larva, the fight between a wasp and a spider, and a thousand other incidents of the life of lower creatures are objects of study for him; but his favorite theme seems to be collecting queer pets and studying them at home. Mr. Miller is an enthusiast upon the subject of snakes, and invariably has at least a dozen of the harmless kinds comfortably quartered in cages in one room of his house, beside keeping up a fine fresh water aquarium and little domiciles for toads, frogs and turtles. He has

COMMON TREE TOAD.
(Hyla versicolor.)

photographed all of his peculiar pets, and it is easy for the amateur photographer to understand what an amount of patience and impatience enters into the task of catching two toads talking or gazing lovingly into each other's eyes. Just as the exposure is made one of the toads blinks and the other starts a game of leap frog. Then a plate is spoiled and another must be made ready. There is no use of cuss words, for the toads do not understand rough language any better than they do soft words. Mr. Miller has had his troubles between the shutter and the background when trying to reduce a plump toad to the flat surface of a sensitized plate, and the difficulty was duplicated when he essayed to picture the two toads. Another of his pets the common tree toad (*Hyla versicolor*), was a better sitter, and never batted an eye when the exposure was made. His pose was just natural, though the approach of a fly might have made a lightning change in it. His tree toad has been in captivity for a little more than a year, and has the freedom of the room, with a little tank to retire into when dry. It is interesting to see him spring from the window sill and stick to the glass pane as he nails a fly with his glutinous tongue. When his

THE LOVERS.

owner's hand is extended, he will release his hold and drop upon it, or will jump from the table or shelf upon Mr. Miller's shoulder or hand when called.

Another pet less tractable is a young snapping turtle four inches long, which is suspicious of all efforts toward

PINE SNAKE.
(Pityophis melanoleucus.)
Ocean County, N. J. Length 62 inches.

domestication. Kindness is wasted upon this creature, but he has made a fairly good subject for the camera. The snapping turtle has but one friend in Mr. Miller's collection, and this one is a watersnake thirty inches in length, which is as tame as a kitten, and seems fond of being caressed by Mr. Miller or his children. The latest addition to the collection is a pine snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*) five feet two inches in length, and fresh from the pine lands of Ocean county. This reptile is one

COMMON WATER SNAKE.
(Tropidonotus sipedon.)

of the most docile of our harmless serpents, and easily adapts itself to domestic life. Mr. Miller's specimen is a beauty, and it is so tame that his eighteen-months'-old baby "Bubs" plays with it whenever he can and cries for it when it is refused him. Mr. Miller has made several most successful photographs of this snake in conjunction with the baby, and in the hands of his eight-year-old daughter, Fanny. One of his best pictures of this reptile is shown here. It was taken indoors with an exposure of slightly over one second, and the result is remarkable, because the snake was almost constantly gliding over the branch, and was caught in a lucky interval. The picture was taken upon the fourth day after the pine snake was captured, and it was then so tame that it had no fear of man, and seemed pleased to be handled.

HARRIMAC.

"This, I suppose," said the visitor, "is the gun your great-grandfather carried through the Revolution."

"Most assuredly not," haughtily replied Cadleigh Rich. "That was his gun, but his man carried it for him, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

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Birds' Nests.

The pleasures of the country boy may lack the excitement of those of the city boy, but they are none the less real, and indeed, in the long run, have a decided advantage, for they enrich and enlarge the mind in a way the other pleasures never do. This comes from being in contact with nature, which, after all, is the great teacher.

Among the pleasures of the country boy that of bird-nesting is certainly one of the greatest. I shall not stop to inquire whether his conduct while engaged in this pursuit is always strictly humane or ethical; but I may say this much, that it will contrast favorably with the conduct of certain persons who have reached years of discretion. Let a healthy boy loose among the fields and woods on a fine day in May or June, and what a picture of activity and happiness he presents! How he rushes hither and thither with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks—now chasing a butterfly and again stalking a bee—now rolling down a hillside and again basking in the sun; now, like Narcissus, gazing in the brook, and again, like Echo, making the woods and dells resound. But for the most part he is bent upon one thing, and that is the quest of that object of irresistible fascination to the boyish mind—the bird's nest.

It is wonderful to think of the risks a boy will run and the discomfort and pain he will patiently endure for the pleasure of even gazing upon a little arrangement of moss or fibres and hair or feathers. What trees he will climb—what rugged heights he will scale—what dense thorny thickets he will penetrate—what treacherous marshes he will wade through! But he never comes to grief, or hardly ever. And when he grows up he looks back on those early adventures with a peculiar fondness, and the bird's nest, though divested of its fascination, still remains for him an object of interest. To the hosts of such boys, both young and old, a book which has lately been published will be especially welcome. It is entitled, "Birds' Nests" (Fred. A. Stokes & Co., New York). The author, Mr. Chas. Dixon, is an English ornithologist and a very learned one it may be said. The arrangement of his work is taxonomic or classified. First we have a chapter on "Nestless Birds and Annexers;" then one on the "Crudest Nest Forms;" then one on "Open Nests;" then one on "Domed or Roofed Nests," and finally one on "Pendulous Nests."

Does a bird build merely for utilitarian purposes, or, in other words, merely to provide a safe procreant cradle, without any regard to beauty? Our author says yes. But this is, at least, open to question.

Now, there is no doubt that the æsthetic sense is highly developed among birds, as witness their songs and plumage (which latter, of course, is but an expression of the inward sense). There is equally no doubt that the desire for the safety of their young would overcome this if necessary. But is it quite necessary? Is it not possible for a bird to build a nest which shall be safe as far as possible and at the same time more or less beautiful? Certainly the care with which many birds' nests are made would seem to warrant an affirmative answer to this question.

In regard to whether birds act purely from instinct or reason in building their nests, Mr. Dixon is most interesting. He flouts the instinct theory, and I believe quite justly. To maintain his position he cites the case of two chaffinches, a male and female, which, while quite young, were carried to New Zealand and there enlarged. Now the chaffinch (*Fringilla cœlebs*) builds one of the most careful and beautiful nests of those known to the ornithologist. Did the birds enlarged in New Zealand emulate the family art? Not a bit of it. What they built was a monstrosity, more like the cradle of a hang-nest than the beautiful little lichen-covered cup peculiar to the British Isles. Birds are educated just like other living things—educated to hunt for food—educated to sing, and educated to build after a certain manner. Of course the mental bias of species is there, but that is a very different thing from pure instinct, as popularly understood.

Perhaps there is no question so interesting to the ornithologist as that regarding the parasitic habit of certain birds. Why does the cuckoo in England or the cowbird in America lay its eggs in another bird's nest? The habit is certainly very old, so it cannot be said that the modern fashionable disinclination to be burdened with the care of a family has anything to do with it. And yet this may be the very reason, and the cuckoo and cowbird may have set the fashion for society. However, for a full discussion of the matter, I must refer the reader to Mr. Dixon's pages.

After disposing of these introductory matters, our author sets about to describe in detail some thousands of nests. I am sure that the descriptions of as many buildings, even the most ornate or singular, would not be half so interesting, nor, indeed, one-twentieth part. It is all very well to have a building before one to gaze on, but, as a general rule, architectural descriptions are a bore. How different with the simple little bird's nest! For hours we read of how a few twigs, or a handful of dried roots and grasses, or a bunch of moss, with some hair or feathers or wool are variously arranged, and do not tire. Why is this? Perhaps it is because what is simple and natural has an abiding charm for the human mind. Mr. Dixon makes it clear, of course, that the dominant idea in the construction of a nest is generally concealment and always protection to the future nestlings. In harmony with this idea, one bird will lay its eggs among the pebbles on a beach (from which they can hardly be distinguished); another will bore a hole in the sand; another will drill its way into a tree; another (like the chaffinch, before mentioned), will build a nest in a tree which, to the casual eye, looks no more than an excrescence on the bark; another will take up its abode in the neighborhood of a wasp's nest, so that in case of a visit from its enemies the hornets may be stirred up, doubtless with good effect; another will suspend its nest from a slim branch overhanging a stream, where no snake or monkey will dare venture; another will actually build a floating nest, and so on. It is noted by Mr. Dixon in this connection that no species or variety is slavishly wedded to one unvarying type of nest, but modifies it to suit circumstances or environment. And this fact goes to sustain the theory of reason as against that of instinct.

As examples of curious nests the following may be cited: The spectacled petrel (a species that breeds in the Kerguelen Islands), burrows into a hillside eight or ten feet, always under a cascade; the Nicobar moundbird builds a nest of dry leaves, sticks, etc., from three to eight feet high and from twelve to sixty feet in circumference; the little bittern (*Botaurus minutus*) moors its nest to reeds growing in the water and the nest may be said to float; the flamingoes breed on vast mud flats where the waters rise and fall, and the nests constructed are admirably adapted to this environment, being conical pillars of mud with a shallow cavity at the top for the eggs; the nest of the giant coot, found in Chile, is composed of materials enough to fill a horse cart. As the other extreme of this, there is the nest of the ruby-throat hummingbird, which is not more than one-half the size of an ordinary walnut shell. The Indian tailorbird sews a large leaf together in the shape of a funnel, then knots its thread (which it has woven itself) to keep it from slipping out and builds its nest in the funnel; the hammerhead (*Scopus umbretta*), indigenous to Africa, although but the size of a raven, builds a nest six feet in diameter, which is dome shaped and roofed over; the red ovenbird (*Funarius rufus*), as its name indicates, builds a nest like an oven divided into two chambers, and begins building months before the nest is required for incubation, in order, doubtless, that all may be properly seasoned. Finally, as a sort of climax, I may mention the nest of the Indian weaverbird, which weaves a rope of considerable length and suspends therefrom a globular chamber to which is attached a woven tube to serve as an entrance. Wonderful, truly, is the art of the bird!

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that Mr. Dixon has not invested his descriptions with a little more of the sentiment inseparable from nest-building, as thereby they would be more likely to make a lasting impression on the mind; but his object, as he modestly states, was merely to write an introduction to the science of caliology. However, his work is well more than that. It is, in fact, for all who are not professed ornithologists a sufficiently comprehensive treatise on a fascinating subject, replete with learning and common sense.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Shrikes East and West.

OAKLAND, Cal., March 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of March 14, I was much interested in Edward A Samuels' article on the great northern shrike, or butcher bird. It is by far the best thing about the merciless little tyrant that I have ever read, and I consider it a valuable addition to our store of bird lore. There was one thing, however, that puzzled me exceedingly, and made me think that perhaps I had been all these years mistaken in the identity of the bird, and that is where he speaks of it as having a hooked bill.

When I was a boy in New England, I used to see them —or at least a bird that was called the butcher bird—every winter; not many, but now and then one, and I never lost an opportunity to destroy them. In habits and appearance Mr. Samuels has described the bird exactly as I knew him there except the bill, which, as nearly as I can remember, was very nearly straight, the upper mandible, perhaps, slightly turned or rounded over and about the same length as that of a catbird or robin. I never remember seeing the bird there except during the winter season, but I see them here around San Francisco Bay at all seasons, looking just the same and with the same habits, but nowhere very plenty and almost always alone.

And now, Mr. Editor, what I would be pleased to know is whether the bird I refer to is really the great shrike, or have I confounded it with some to me unknown bird with a hooked bill. FORKED DEER.

[Our correspondent's butcher bird was no doubt the great northern shrike. His difficulty lies in the definition of the word hooked. The bill of the shrike is, as he says, straight or nearly so—not bent down and rounded over like that of an owl or a parrot—but at the end it is strongly bent down to a hook, behind which, in the cutting edge of the bill on each side, is a little tooth-like projection, which reminds us somewhat of the tooth in the bill of the true falcons. The bird seen by Forked Deer on the west coast is not the same as the New England species, but is somewhat like it.]

The Birds of Wyoming.

BULLETIN No. 55 of the University of Wyoming Agricultural Department consists of an interesting list of the birds of the State, by Wilbur C. Knight. In this first list of birds for the State in general ever published, Mr. Knight has given a most excellent annotated record, covering 288 species. The paper is excellently illustrated, and ought to be n the hands of every man who is interested in western birds.

Although making frequent reference to earlier local lists, this one is based chiefly on a collection of skins made with the assistance of Chas. W. Gilmore, and the observations of the author. Mr. Knight, although a geologist, has devoted some time to the study of birds, but was led to make this list chiefly by the constant inquiries made at the University of Wyoming for literature on the birds of the State. In getting together his interesting material he had the assistance of a number of local observers, as well as of Mr. Robert Ridgway, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, and Dr. A. K. Fisher, all of Washington. Mr. Frank Bond, of Cheyenne, furnished a large number of pleasing illustrations for the work.

After a brief note on the study of birds, Mr. Knight quotes the article on "Birds in Their Relation to Agriculture," by Prof. Laurence Bruner, of the University of Nebraska, and then passes on to enumerate the species, on many of which he gives very full notes. An addendum of three species omitted from their proper places, a hypothetical list of about a dozen, and the Wyoming law for the protection of birds passed at the session of 1901, complete the paper.

An interesting note on the magpie deserves mention, for while there is a general impression that magpies may learn to talk, very little that is definite is known on the subject. Magpies' nests are easily found, and it is a common practice to capture young birds and rear them in cages, where they at once become very tame and readily learn to talk. Mr. Knight says:

"They usually learn to repeat all of their words and phrases by the time they are a year old. I have not found anyone who has paid special attention to teaching them to talk; but believe that one could, by spending a reasonable amount of time, teach them many times as much as they generally know. In three instances I have collected data as to what the magpies say, with the following results:

"No. I.—Owner, Mrs. J. Rhone; bird's name, Mike; words or phrases repeated: Sic-em; hello; good-by; here, Major; hello, Major; hello, Mag; get out of these; come in; what do you say? stick of wood, Eliza. This bird also laughs.

"No. II. Owner, Mrs. Dr. Coburn; bird's name, Topsy; words or phrases repeated: Topsy; hello; good-by; quit; Topsy-opsy; pshaw; pshawie; Oh, Topsy! Pretty Topsy; Ah, there! This bird chatters, but the words are not distinguishable. It whistles, laughs and coughs. When quite young there was a lady neighbor of Mrs. Coburn's who had a very bad consumptive's cough. The magpie soon learned to imitate the cough, and practiced it ever since. Age of birds, 12 years.

"No. III.—Owner of bird, Mrs. Hertzog; name, Jack; age of bird, 15 years; words or phrases repeated: Hello; good morning; good-by; Pretty Polly; what's the matter with the bird—he's a dreadful nice bird; rats! what's the matter with the bird—precious bird; Maggie; good-by, love; get there; come in; Oh, Clara! Nettie; what. This bird laughs, sneezes and coughs."

Mr. Knight has given us a useful volume on Wyoming birds, creditable alike to himself, the university and State.

"Thereby Hangs a Tale."

I HAVE never seen a squirrel migration. That, of course, emphasizes my youngness. The nearest to it was the sudden apeparance in my boyhood—let me see, I was perhaps ten, which would make it 1870—of a marvelous number of reds and chipmunks which set all the older gun-bearing lads wild that fall. Squirrel-eating was out of fashion then in Oxford county, Maine, but that did not affect their value in target practice; and I counted thirty-two chipmunks astraddle of a three-cornered rail one afternoon, result of said practice. Next year there were hardly any. "Practice" accounted for some. Malpractice we'd account it now. But to our story.

Last fall my nimrod friend Frank and I were on one of our holiday trips a-canoe up the Charles. It was a twenty-five mile paddle, by the way, that day, up and back. So he said, with map before him. I sized it up as fifty. But to resume.

As we jogged silently along, suddenly some small animal leaped out of the low bush several rods ahead and began to swim across the little river. "A gray squirrel!" I judged by the floating wave of the following tail that streamed astern in the air like an ostrich feather as he jumped. The splash awoke us both. "Hit 'er up, Frank!" I said, and Frank "hit." When he gets excited, he's worth three of me at the paddle, and the way we surged up river was a caution. True, we hadn't lost any squirrels, nor did we have any practical use for any. It was just the old hunting instinct to chase the retreating. From the bow I got a good look of the swimmer, who made good time, submerged to the ears. But his tail *simply floated along astern, purely for ornament.* We both reached the shallows about together, and as the little fellow drew out of the water and cantered slowly along the winding road of a muskrat trail through the sedges to higher ground, we noted that he did not appear to have a drop of water about him. He seemed to have left it behind him like a duck. Whereat we concluded that navigation was one of his strong points.

There was no compulsion about the matter. He merely had business on the other side of the river and went about it. A more or less perilous passage, it is true. A hawk overhead might have made things interesting. A big pickerel below, or a turtle—and we canoed over one swimming below us that looked as big as a washtub!—would have given him no warning of submerged fate. But that is all in the woodland day's work. Besides, he was young, as his size betokened. So, perhaps, "he didn't know it was loaded." I've heard of such in my time, seems if. J. P. T.

Snowshoeing a Horse.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rather novel feat of "snowshoeing" a horse in to one of the mines on Cow Creek in Carbon county, Wyoming, was accomplished recently. A piece of machinery had been taken to the mine, which required a horse to operate. There had been no road kept open to the mine during the winter, and it was fully a mile from the mine to the nearest point to which a horse could be taken, so they decided to move the horse on planks. Two platforms three feet in width and somewhat longer than the horse were built, and the horse was led from one to the other, the back one being moved up in front as soon as the horse had walked on to the next one, and so on until he was landed at the mine. The horse was gentle and the work was accomplished without much difficulty.

EMERSON CARNEY.

The Ducks and the Tornado.

WATER LILY, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by your issue of March 21 my tornado duck tragedy has found one "Thomas." I am sorry I had to slander his western tornado, as he seems "touchy" on that point. But this wind came from the west, and perhaps the only reason it did not kill all the ducks in Currituck Sound was that it only touched the extreme north end; and while it seems to have killed almost everything in its path, fortunately it was a narrow one. These ducks were killed due east from Mundens Point, Virginia, said village being almost totally destroyed; and the destruction of all those ducks as described was the truth pure and simple. I did not see nor eat the ducks, as our western friend has guessed, but as to the truthfulness of the article I refer Mr. McCandless to Capt. William O'Neal, Life Saving Station No. 5; Capt. Otto Halstead, station No. 4; Capt. McCorbell, station No. 6. These are all men of unquestioned veracity, and not old hunters like the writer. How the ducks were killed will always be a mystery. Few men would believe it possible for the waves of the ocean to drown swan, as stated by the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, but his statements were absolutely true and can be verified by Capt. Walter Parker, Station No. 8, Corrolla, N. C., or E. L. Smith, Water Lily, N. C., who saw three get drowned, or so badly used up that he caught two of them. The editor's description of how it occurred is a good one, and cannot be improved on by me.

We would like some legislation preventing these "western tornadoes" from crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains, but our representative was a modest man, raised in the East, and did not feel that he had the ability.

I hope this letter will convince Mr. McCandless that there is at least a semblance of truth in the account of the duck tragedy; I assure him that our ducks can swim, and fly, too, and if he doubts that also let him come to Currituck and spend a week with me and I'll prove it to him. MORE ANON.

Early Swallows.

MILFORD, Conn., March 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Monday, March 23, I was somewhat astonished to see a little whisp of white-bellied swallows (*Tachycineta bicolor*) in the air flying north, and at first thought that I must have been mistaken in the species, for usually these birds do not make their appearance here much before the middle of April—say from the 10th to the 15th. However, a little later I saw several other small groups passing over, and identified them beyond a peradventure.

According to my experience, this date of arrival is unexampled for southern Connecticut, and, on looking the matter up, I am confirmed in this conclusion by other observers. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in his admirable "Birds of Connecticut," p. 30, gives the date of earliest observation of the arrival of this species as April 7, and mentioned April 13 as a more usual date. Thus, so far as I am able to learn, the white-bellied swallows—always the earliest of the swallows to arrive—have this year made their appearance about fifteen days in advance of the early records of previous years.

Spring is surprisingly early with us in other respects; and unless something unlooked for happens, all the operations of nature will be in advance of their usual time.

MORTON GRINNELL.

Egging in the Yorkshire Cliffs.

A RECENT issue—Part I.—of the Transactions of the Scientific and Field Naturalists' Club of Hull, England, contains an interesting account of egging in the Yorkshire Cliffs, by Mr. E. W. Wade.

From time immemorial these cliffs have been resorted to by sea fowl to lay their eggs and rear their young, but of late years the birds were so constantly pursued by gunners as to be almost exterminated. They have now begun to increase in numbers since the Birds' Protection Act gives them an opportunity to breed. Of the species found there, the greater number are guillemots, but there are some auks and kittiwakes, though now these last exist only by hundreds where formerly they were found by thousands.

All this cliff climbing in Yorkshire is effected by means of ropes, and the author speaks of it as a most delightful and exhilarating form of gymnastics. The eggs collected amount to from 300 to 400 per day, and about 130,000 are taken during the season. The eggs are sold for about a shilling a dozen, and specimens with unusual markings bring much higher prices, running up to $1.75 or more.

It is said that notwithstanding this enormous drain on them, the birds show some annual increase.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Shooting in China.

SHANGHAI, China, February, 1903.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recollections of a pioneer, when well told, are always interesting and generally instructive. Some time ago I found one of the early settlers from the West with his mind in a communicative and sportive mood, and as I had just returned from a shooting trip I was entertained by what he said about shooting in China. If I could put into this paper the information he gave me, with the same spirit and feeling, the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM would be also entertained; but you are welcome to do as you please with what I do write, interspersed with some reflections of my own.

When Shanghai was first made an open port, the ground on which the commercial metropolis of Asia has been built, was partly covered with water, and the remainder was a mud flat utilized mostly by native fishermen.

Standing at a favorable point and looking down the Whangpoo River my friend informed me that he had seen at one look as many as a hundred American skippers anchored, all in line and each floating the American flag from its masthead, and loading with tea and other Chinese products for American ports. This was before the coming of the steamships, which have practically driven from the sea the white-winged messengers, whose canvas seemed to rejoice with the sunlit clouds, and abolished that school in which was trained the skillful seaman who manned the ship in the days of our early naval triumphs.

With the steamships also came the breechloading guns, and soon after the smokeless powder, and with such rapid means of conveyance and such destructive agents, many of the pleasures of the sea and the field have disappeared, The Skipper has sailed to her final anchorage, and the Joe Manton muzzleloading gun has been placed carefully in its case, to be taken out only when one wishes to see the perfection of the gunmaker's skill.

There was an abundance of game about Shanghai in those days, and one need not have gone outside of a

radius of five miles of the city to enjoy the keenest sport and return with a bag well filled in quantity and variety. That finest of all game birds, the pheasant, were plentiful, and the ponds were full of geese and ducks; and the bamboo partridge, the quail and snipe were incidental shooting. The deer was within range of the average shot, and when I listened, as the successful hunting expeditions were recounted and the "big bag" made, it was easy to account for the present scarcity of game where it was a few years ago so abundant. I could not appreciate the emphatic assertion that "there were true sportsmen in those days," for, to me, the killing of a hundred or two hundred pheasants a day by one shooter simply because pheasants were plentiful, was not true sportsmanship.

But since the advent of Western civilization into China an unending warfare has been waged against the animals and fowls of the empire, and now one has to travel far into the interior before making a respectable bag, even after several days' shooting. The game which formerly was abundant around the open ports has been shot or frightened away by the almost ceaseless fusillade to be heard during the shooting season.

And the same agencies are busily exterminating the game of the forests and plains of happier America; and it is to be hoped that President Roosevelt will succeed in exciting a public sentiment to the enactment of proper laws to protect game against the expeditions of shooters who shoot for money only; even in China the necessity for prohibitory measures has been recognized to the extent of prohibiting the further exportation of pheasant skins to Paris and other centers of fashion, although at the risk of incurring the dissatisfaction of the fair ones.

To reach the interior of China, the shooter boards a houseboat and is towed near the shooting grounds. There are regular lines of steam launches running from Shanghai to many of the chief commercial towns of the interior, and with these towns as the objective points, there is no difficulty in reaching any desirable point further inland, as the country is so intersected with creeks and canals that travel by light draft or flat bottom boats is greatly convenienced and expedited.

The houseboat is indispensable for comfortable recreation in inland China. The dimensions and fittings are according to the taste of the owner. Generally the boat is about fifty feet long, with an extreme breadth of about eleven feet and a half, and measuring over seven feet from top of house to under side keel plank, thus giving the occupant full room to stand erect. There are two or more sleeping bunks, according to the space desired, with cook house, bath and toilet room; main cabin, dog kennel and other necessary rooms. The boat is also fitted with mast and sail, and usually has a crew of six. The captain is known as the Loadah, who remains in charge of the houseboat during the year at a salary of about twelve Mexican dollars per month, while the working crew are coolies hired when needed at about thirty Mexican cents per day. Unless the wind is fair for sailing the houseboat is propelled, when separated from the launch, by means of sculling oar, by the Chinese called Yulohing.

With such a boat as above generally indicated, the shooter can spend ten or fifteen days in comfort at any point he may be able to reach in the interior of China, and during the shooting season there is no danger of malaria, though it is a safe precaution to take at least one dose of quinine a day.

On arriving at the place selected for shooting, the houseboat is made fast to some tree on the banks of the canal or creek, and, if an old sportsman who knows the country, there need be no delay in the start; but, for a sportsman who is unacquainted with his surroundings, it is prudent to take his latitude and fix well in his mind the location of his boat before making a start. It sometimes happens that the inexperienced, in his excitement and resentment, caused by a cock pheasant which has, with the most apparent unconcern, escaped the contents of both barrels of the gun, forgets every point of the compass and finds it difficult to retrace his steps before overtaken by night. And one is frequently led far astray by the sport to find a suitable crossing place over the creeks and wide ditches which often confront him in every direction.

But the natives are not unfriendly. There is little if any danger from them. When one preserves his temper and keeps himself well in hand it is seldom that he is wantonly insulted by the natives. I have frequently spent more than a week in the interior of China, more than a hundred miles from any open port, and never experienced any evidence of an unfriendly intention. In fact, the farther I have been from an open port the more friendly have I found the natives, and the more happy and contented in the cultivation of their little farms; and so much happiness and contentment naturally presents the question, why disturb it with new theories and new inventions? The Chinese are not altogether and always responsible for that feeling of resentment which has manifested itself with the torch and rifle as exponents. Some of the aggressions against them would have stirred the Saxon race to every known resource of warfare.

Nearly every Shanghai sportsman has his dog, and it is an open question as to "what is the best kind of dog for general shooting purposes in China?" Each sportsman has his preference, and each is partial to the qualities of his own dog; and on this subject the opinion of my friend is worth stating in his own words.

"What seemed to be required for shooting throughout the season is a strong, well broken, but, perhaps, not too highly bred pointer; one that will take the water, face the thick covers, and possibly retrieve; and there are such dogs in Shanghai. The coats of some setters lie very flat, and they are the next best dogs to pointers; but the long-haired varieties, though good and useful in their way, had better not be taken up country until they can work the cover with impunity to themselves. A sentimental objection to pointers is that they are not so companionable as the other breeds, which is true to a certain extent; but it must be remembered that when a pointer is on business he means business, and that is exactly what he is wanted for. In choosing a pointer, always try to get one with sloping shoulders, long, airy neck, a deep but not broad chest, and a loin arched, very wide, strong and muscular. Some useful pointers occasionally arrive at Shanghai from Germany. For the most part they are well educated and good at retrieving, but they run big and heavy, and are too much given to 'pottering.' A last word may be said in favor of the pointer: he can be worked from the beginning to the end of the shooting season; whereas it is little less than cruelty to take a spaniel or a setter out before December." It would seem from the foregoing opinion of an old and experienced shooter in China that the pointer is the best dog for shooting purposes in this part of the world.

Since the invention of the breechloader and smokeless powder nearly every sportsman here is equipped with such a weapon and such ammunition. Most of the double-barrel breechloaders are of English or American make. At the shooting clubs—there are two at Shanghai—I see the Parker and the Remington, and the Winchester guns, and I have heard no complaint of the shooting qualities of either. The only objection against the American-made guns is that they are too heavy and wanting somewhat in symmetry, an objection that could easily be removed by the gunmaker. But the guns I have seen of the American make are generally of the fifty dollar grade, and these naturally do not "show up well" by the side of an English gun costing thirty or forty pounds at the factory. There are two or three Parker guns of high grade which have given great satisfaction to the owners, and I have heard no complaint as to the shooting quality of any gun of American make, and would suggest that more attention be given to the building of a lighter twelve-bore gun and of more symmetry. All the sporting guns, as a rule, are of the twelve-bore gauge and of the standard length. My own gun is a twelve-bore, with barrels thirty-two inches long, and made for me several years ago by W. W. Greener, of Birmingham, England. It is built of the Greener's wrought steel, and weighs only six pounds and a half, and, like all of the Greener guns, is of beautiful symmetry, long range and accurate.

But the native sportsman has no such a gun as I have referred to, though his bag, after a day's shooting, is often as full as that of his Western competitor who uses the most improved breechloader. His gun is the ordinary matchlock or gingae, except in rare instances, when he has been able to buy an old-fashioned flint lock musket which has been changed into a percussion musket. The barrel is of iron and about five feet long, with a bore of about one-third of an inch; the iron is thickest at the breech and tapers gradually towards the muzzle. The bore at the breech is about the size of a half dollar coin, while at the muzzle it is about that of a five cent piece, and thus it seems that this narrowing of the bore, to give a greater velocity to the charge, anticipated more than a thousand years the choke bore gun which is the pride of modern gunmakers.

The ammunition which the native sportsman takes into the field is as primitive as his gun. Where modern chemicals are not used the powder has undergone no material improvement since it was first known in China long before known in Europe; and the claim to have first discovered gunpowder is made by the Chinese with much positive evidence in its favor. Within the last decade there have been several powder mills built in China, and both black and smokeless powder are manufactured, but the grade is not the best. The native sportsmen I have met in the field mostly use a very inferior grade of black powder and iron shot, many of the shot are very irregular in every respect, and are the result of choppings from wire and nails, with no regard to regularity of size or shape. But the Chinaman pours his powder into his gun, rams it down with an iron rod until packed at the bottom, and then pours in the iron shot without any wad on the powder and with a thin wad of leaf or paper over the shot, and it is astonishing how successful the native sportsman is with such a gun thus loaded.

The only American brand of smokeless powder I have seen in use here was manufactured by Laflin & Rand. Recently an American gave me a few cartridges loaded with the Laflin & Rand Infallible powder, which I found satisfactory. The opinion of sportsmen is rather favorable to Schultze powder for this climate, though Ballistite, E. C. and other brands are in general use. So far my preference is for the E. C. brand, which I have always found to give complete satisfaction; but one of the gun clubs is now using Ballistite and the other Schultze. The smokeless powder manufactured from chemical compounds, the least susceptible to climatic influence, will ultimately be the preferred powder in China. For the large bore fowling gun Schultze is being used in preference to black powder.

China is still the "happy hunting ground," but when the railroads now in contemplation are completed, the sportsmen will have easier and quicker access to the far interior, and then here, as in some other parts of the world, one will have to be content with shooting half-tamed fowls and animals.

T. R. Jernigan.

Those "Reminiscences."

Orient Point, Long Island, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Old Angler" has given me much pleasure while reading his reminiscences, for which I wish to thank him. In speaking of retrievers he mentions a cross between a Scotch collie bitch and an Irish water spaniel as the best retriever he ever saw. The best retriever I ever saw was a full blooded Scotch collie. He took sick two months ago and died with his head lying on my arm, the dear, loving fellow. At low tide I used to wade in and anchor the decoys, but I never had to wade in to bring them out again. I never had occasion to use a boat at all when shooting from the land so long as Tony was around. He loved my gun almost as well as I, and would carry it in the case half a mile for me. He would carry the ducks and put them in the wagon quicker than any boy. I could leave my gloves and pocketbook at the Sound where I had been lying for ducks, one-half mile away, and he would go back and never fail to bring them. He had a nose like a fox, yet he was no good for quail. This seemed beyond him. I would be glad to know if others have had such an experience with full blooded collies. Tony did not love the water by any means, but simply went into it because he was told to do so, whether it was for ducks made of wood or those which had been killed. He picked up a half bushel of potatoes one day and gave them to his master who was seated on a sulky hay rake. If some dogs do not have reason, I think I know of human beings who are really beneath them—having neither reason nor instinct.

"Old Angler" speaks of "shooting from the hip" (by faith, as it were), and not by sighting along the barrel. I think if the law required all the field shooting to be done from the hip the birds would have all the protection they needed. I think I might possibly hit a flock of barns shooting from the hip, but not a single quail.

Now, a few words about game protection. At present there is no limit in this State as to how many ducks or quail may be killed by a person in one day. In this vicinity it is and has been for years an uncommon thing for one person to kill more than 10 ducks a day. I have been shooting over fifty years, and during the time I have never killed more than ten ducks in one day, and never more than 96 in any one season, which was in 1901. I do not think there is any good reason why any man should be allowed to kill more than twenty ducks in one day or more than ten quail. Nearly all the ducks near Orient Point are what we may call trash ducks—such as coots, old squaws and mergansers, with a few black ducks. I have never killed a mallard, canvasback or redhead; not because I was sorry for them, but because I never had the opportunity. I am very certain of one thing, which is that not more than one out of ten ducks which visit this section in fall and spring gets killed. Of course, the more they are hunted the less likely they are to stay with us, and the more likely they are to visit when there is less noise.

Uncle Dan.

A Lucky Day.

We had started down the wood road from our home camp on Black Brook about the middle of the afternoon, and in an hour or two had settled upon a smooth space in a birch grove, dropped our blankets, swamped out the undergrowth and roots, made a bed of boughs on each side of the fire-place, and cut some birch poles and a couple of green logs for night wood. Our camp was handy to the calling place on the pond, and far enough back to let us have a fire; in fact it met with all the requirements. The afternoon was windy and the tree tops were reeling about in a drunken revel. It had rained every day for a week; but only a shower, so that the marshy barrens beyond camp were comparatively dry. "Travel" is the word that Old Tom always used for this kind of hunting. It is heart-breaking work to tramp over these mossy barrens. One hardly gets out of a mud hole before tripping on a stout root or a wiry vine. But we coasted safely along the edge of the "plain," as Tom called it, stooped behind the bushes and little fir trees whenever a new vista opened before us. There was a maze of little parks and barrens, each in its own setting of dark trees that stood about like a frame. Sometimes it was a single line of spruces; again it was a forest of miniature evergreens or even a ridge covered with hardwoods, with the game trails as connecting links. It was quite a little pull down to the pond, a shallow mud-bottomed basin much frequented by ducks and caribou. It would have been better judgment for us to have retired to our beds till morning, for one cannot call up a moose in a wind storm, or in fact in any wind at all. But do we not all remember that sometimes we have made a wonderful catch of trout of a hot summer afternoon when all the signs were unfavorable? So we sat quietly under a bush on the boggy outlet and tooted away in a vain endeavor to tickle the ear and fancy of some lovelorn moose. Old Tom was an artist on this long pipe of silver and gold. He gave his call in a series of three close together, then after an interval of fifteen minutes, three more. With ears cocked for the slightest sounds I watched the clouds and the tree tops and the waves on our muddy little ocean, wondering how soon the rain would begin, and shivering at the damp prospect. Such waiting is cold work, and the fear of a coming storm terrible so far from shelter. When it comes it is nothing, but the first drops are worse than a flood. So we sat and waited. If one has that charming habit of whittling, there are few times that it cannot be turned to advantage. My knife was open, and I was soon at work on a miniature paddle, then a salmon spear, and finally a rifle, but for a Lilliputian, and so the day drew near its close. The sun opened up a great golden window in the gray clouds and we forgot our possible moose in gazing at the contrast of flaming heavens and sombre pines. Above a glowing undulating sky, glorious in color, below a pond that might well picture desolation and solitude, with long-fingered tamaracks and spruces that would make a fine grewsome setting for a murder scene. But the corpse continued to remain absent; so finally, with the returning gray pall of cloud, we turned our backs on Lake Despair and made for our blankets and the sheltering birches we called home. We had some little difficulty in finding the camp and our spring, but the eye of Old Tom was not long at fault. A few rods through the dark woods on the dimmest of trails and we were there. A match changed the aspect of affairs; our fire was soon going, and where all had been but a varied kind of blackness, it was now bright and cheerful. A fire is like a family for company. It is usually bright and cheerful, although, like the other, it has its moods. Our little kettle was soon boiling, our broth made, our bread toasting on a stick, our steak broiling over the clean hardwood logs, and ourselves beaming with the comfort of warmth and food. This birch grove was not all white-barked trees; there were rough-coated yellow birches and a few giant spruces and hemlocks that somehow had escaped the devastation of the lumberman. As the night shut in its dark walls about us close enough to make our home cosy, the stars came out overhead and shone down through the trees, and for a little time the wind ceased. It was delightful to lie on the balsam boughs close to that good brown mother earth. The heat of the fire and the hiss and glow of the coals and the neighborhood of the great trees and the odor of the balsam all contrived to bring their spell over me, and the next thing I knew was that there were only a few coals where that big fire had been and the wind was just roaring overhead in the branches. Here and there through the roof of green one could see that the stars were blotted out by the clouds. For some time I lay and wished for more fire, and finally got out of my sleeping bag and put the wood on myself. After a minute or two it roared fiercely enough and I drowsed and went to sleep again. There was a decided change next time I woke. Everything was a soft gray, wet and chilly. Through the branches a fine rain was falling, one of the kind that be-

gins a storm and filtered through the leaves upon what was left of our fire. Already we were late for our appointment, so I woke Tom and we made a kettle of beef tea with a few capsules I had in my pocket. Then we were off in the mist. What a mist for the complexion! Just the thing for Miss Moose, but one could not see to shoot five rods. Finally we worked down to the pond and tooted away, but nothing answered us. One must not get discouraged, though, and so back we went into the woods to cross over a little chain of barrens and try for caribou. Mind you, I'd not had a chance to try this new rifle of mine, a 7mm. Mauser, on anything, and I'd thought I had worked hard enough to get a good chance. Over a hard sandy ridge we worked under the princess pines where the ground was level as a floor and you could see to shoot 20 rods. Then down on the other side into the marshes. There were plenty of tracks there, and paths running from one opening to another, and along these we traveled. Suddenly, framed in the trees, I saw a white and gray animal intently watching us. He had a meek large eyed expression, but it didn't fool me for all that. I grabbed Tom and pointed out the watcher. We dropped to our knees and I crept up to the line of trees through the water and mud of the marsh. Rising I found an opening for the rifle barrel, and there, in the middle of the little barren, were three caribou. I saw one had horns; it was lying down, and, aiming at the shoulder, I fired. There was a little spasmodic movement of the feet and that was all. "You've missed him," said Tom, in great excitement. "Shoot quick when he runs," and he pulled me by the sleeve over to an opening through which he was watching the barren. "No," said I, "I got him. Let me go." "You missed him," said he. "You must shoot quick," and as he spoke a caribou rose from where he was lying on the ground and sort of shook himself. Number three stood stupidly watching us. I fired and missed clean. Then fired again as quickly as I could repeat and down he went with a little bullet in his shoulder. As we walked out the little one that has been nearest us ran away, as if for the woods, and then circling around returned and lay down beside where the other two were dying, and when we got within fifty feet got up and ran off. There the two lay quite near together—too near for any such error as I had made—but number one had never struggled at all, and so it really seemed as if I might have some reasonable doubt. Such is luck in the woods. For ten days I had "traveled" through the timber and over bogs and had seen only one gray covered back glide through the shadows far ahead of me on an old logging road, while here it seemed the game was only too anxious to be killed. It was really too much of a good thing, but the lust for blood was so strong that on our way back to camp I murdered in cold blood an ancient hedge hog that looked for all the world like a small bear. I climbed the logs where he lay and looked the shattered thing over, and my moralizing was hardly flattering to myself. However, one should not moralize too much on a hunting trip. I did not altogether approve of the tendency, and so, after a day to pack and salt down our hides, we left our comfortable cabin on Black Brook and returned to the lands of high collars and beefsteak.

GEO. F. DOMINICK, JR.

Game Parks Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IT was my intention not to add another word to what I've said, but as my kind supporter, Mr. Spears, has given me a sly dig under the fifth rib, I feel as if bound to fire another shot, even at the risk of wasting powder.

I have already made it clear that I am not likely to be placed in the ranks of "boot lickers" to the rich, though I am ready to admit with Mr. Avis that millionaires are of service to the country in many ways; but Mr. Avis must consider that I make no war upon their virtues, but upon their vices and shortcomings.

Among their other failings must I repeat the charge that during the terrible past winter—on the "widow's mite" principle—they did absolutely nothing. Mr. Spears has attended to the rest.

Now, Mr. Spears, I don't know whether your closing hint about "religion" was intended for my especial benefit or not, but if it was I must defend myself by saying that I was only attacking the inconsistency and hypocrisy of pretenders. I consider them fair game, and if they are they come within the pale of legitimate FOREST AND STREAM material. The Great Reformer did not hesitate to open his batteries on the rich who failed in their duties, on every fair occasion, and I think it safe, and the duty, of everyone to follow in his lead whenever good can come of it.

With thanks to Mr. Spears for his ingenious and kind assistance, I am his humble servant,

DIDYMUS.

ST AUGUSTINE, March 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

IF a hog could reason objectively, and could talk from his own point of view, what a sizzling outpouring of grievances he could direct continuously at all mankind, now and during many generations to come.

First of all, man has assumed an inconsistent attitude toward the hog, for, copying hog nature and appropriating it as his own, man scoffs at it as the extreme of gross selfishness.

Man points the finger of scorn at the hog in all altruistic problems wherein a cheap example is needed.

He has used the hog in this unkind and unjust manner from time immemorial. How thoughtless! how unjust! Instead of scorn, man owes the hog a double debt of gratitude. First, for copying hog nature without giving in return any credit, and second, for the attempt to cast a stigma on the hog when man himself far outhogs the hog in selfishness.

Now, reduced to its simple elements, hog nature is largely a matter of getting something for nothing. Let a hog invade an apple orchard or potato field, and he proceeds to enjoy himself as sole proprietor. Let him further have possession for a while unmolested, and he considers that he has a common law right of which he cannot be justly divested by any power on earth. Is not that human in its idea?

In associating with other hogs, the hog shoulders and crowds and roots and squeals to a degree almost human in its persistency, though less refined in its action.

These thoughts came to me as I read the masterful arguments of Messrs. Didymus and Sears, who denounce the millionaire for his hoggish nature in rooting in a pasture which they maintain should be free for all to root in, with the difference, however, that the millionaire pays full value for rooting as an individual, while the big herd holds that it should root free. Once get the right line of reasoning concerning the hog, and it will make clear many things which now seem hopelessly inconsistent and inexplicable. The real differences are in degree only; that is to say, there are big hogs and little hogs, and often the little hog grows into a big hog, whereupon he is just as big a hog as any other big hog.

CHAS. DAY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Plenty of Ducks.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 26.—The high waters still continue in the Middle West, and the flight of ducks is greater this spring than has been known for many years. It is thought that most of the north-bound migration will come up the Mississippi Valley this spring. Naturally much of this flight divides at the fork of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, and it subdivides at the fork of the Desplaines and Kankakee, which empties into the Illinois. Within the past week the bulk of the shooting has been along the Kankakee River. This ancient waterway is naturally the path to the southern end of Lake Michigan. Hence the Kankakee flight has to some extent gotten into Lake Michigan, which means good shooting in the Tolleston and other marshes close to the big water. One might say that Tolleston has had as good sport as any club in the vicinity; although, of course, one cannot fully measure the possibility of that sport, since the members shoot under the Indiana law, which has a limit of 24 birds to the day.

In spite of the good success which has attended the shooters along the Kankakee River, more especially at English Lake, where the sport has been exceptionally good, it is believed that the best big bag of the week was made at New Boston by a Chicago shooter by the name of Miller, and his party. These shooters sent in during the week a bag of 97 ducks, of which 70 odd were mallards, with a few pintails and bluebills. It would seem that they must have caught the flight right at New Boston, and when that is the case there is no better shooting in any portion of the Middle West. This is the best news I have heard from New Boston, which was last week offered as a good tip.

At Fox Lake the sport has been more patchy and unreliable. Mr. W. L. Wells, who went up the first of the week, got only four bluebills. He met the big snowstorm which came on Monday, and says that his was the only bag reported in the entire Fox Lake country. Since then I have heard of one bag of 27 ducks made there, but this may possibly have been done on Tuesday, after the storm.

It is almost certain that the heavy storm of last Monday set the flight back to the southward. Now it is pleasant again, and the birds ought to be in on Tolleston, Swan Lake, Hennepin, also on English Lake, and other Kankakee clubs, and on Fox Lake. The likelihood is that the heavy storm drove the birds away from the open water into the smaller sheltered lakes, of which lower Wisconsin is so full.

The Different Flights of Ducks.

Our old friend Abe Kleinman, who knows more about ducks in a minute than most of us will forget in a year, says that it is now nearly time for the last flight of the bluebills. Abe says that the first flight of bluebills on their progress north-bound, is made up largely of the paired ducks, those which are going north to get on to the breeding grounds as soon as possible. "If you look at the ducks which come in now," he said, "you will find that two-thirds or four-fifths of them are males. They go in bunches and flocks and not in pairs. These are either the old bachelors, those which have not succeeded in getting mates, or those which have lost their mates in the southern shooting, at points below here. These last migrators are in no hurry to get on north and will furnish the later shooting in this part of the country. You watch the bags made from now on and see if there is not a very large per cent. of male birds. You will see the same thing if you take a glass and examine the flocks out in Lake Michigan, off the city. Nearly all of them are males."

I know of no reason to doubt the observation of this well-posted and much-experienced duck shooter.

Snipe are In.

The first jacksnipe, of which I have knowledge, this spring were reported four days ago along the Calumet country. The cold snap of this week will stop the north-bound movement of these birds in all likelihood, but will not send them very far to the south. Abe Kleinman tells me that when the jacksnipe has once gotten up into the north he is very much disinclined to go back south again, his locomotive apparatus seeming to be not so powerful as that of the ducks and geese. In case of a sudden freeze-up, such as we had here a few days ago, the jacksnipe does not take a spin of a thousand miles or so to the south, but makes the best out of his surroundings as he finds them. According to Abe, the jacks, in such conditions, hunt out some running ditch, or creek, or slough, along the banks, of which the ground remains unfrozen and where they poke along and make some sort of a living until the arrival of better days. Abe says that he has known six or eight jacksnipe to be killed at a single shot along such a ditch, where they were located by the chance hunter.

We will hardly have very good sport at jacksnipe this spring, owing to the extreme abundance of water all over the country. There will be more than enough feeding grounds for the numbers of snipe which are apt to pass this way. The devoted hunters who go to the Fox Lake country, are expecting now to meet some snipe along the bogs almost any day.

The ducks continue to come in, and the main flight has now probably reached this latitude. At Tolleston day before yesterday, Mr. J. V. Clarke easily made his limit of 24 ducks, and Mr. Hempstead Washburn, who also shot at Tolleston, killed 18 birds. Most of these were mallards, with a few pintails and an occasional bluebill.

Mr. Lou Clarke, of this city, is recently back from Thomasville, Ga., where he had pleasant weather and all the shooting he cared for at doves and quail.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Legislation at Albany.

The Senate passed on March 30 Mr. Armstrong's bill forbidding the sale of grouse and woodcock. The measure was amended so that possession of this game shall not be presumptive evidence of violation by any person who has given a bond to the Game Commissioner of the State.

ALBANY, March 28.—Governor Odell has signed the following bills amending the fish and game laws:

Assemblyman Bridgeman's, to allow the spearing of fish in the creeks of Otsego and Orleans counties.

Assembly Doughty's, providing that there shall be no open season for Mongolian ring-necked or English pheasants, except in Suffolk county, prior to 1905, and that they shall not be taken or possessed in Suffolk county from Jan. 1 to Oct. 31, both inclusive.

Assemblyman McNair's, making the close season for squirrel from Dec. 1 to Sept. 15, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Fowler's, providing for the protection of fish in Chautauqua Lake.

The Senate has passed Senator Armstrong's bill, making the close season for grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan and Greene from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive, and in Orange county from Dec. 1 to Oct. 15, both inclusive.

The Senate Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported the following bills:

Senator Malby's, relative to fishing in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county.

Assemblyman Cowan's, prohibiting the taking of trout and game in the counties of Delaware, Ulster and Schoharie for the purpose of selling the same.

Senator Warneck's, providing that there shall be no open season for grouse and woodcock in the counties of Schoharie, Montgomery and Otsego, prior to 1906.

Senator Raines', relative to the taking of fish through the ice in Canandaigua Lake.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, relative to wild birds.

Assemblyman Bedell's, relative to the close season for trout in Orange county. This bill was afterward advanced to third reading.

The Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, relating to penalties.

Assemblyman Burnett's, relative to taking fish through the ice in Canandaigua Lake.

Senator Armstrong's, relative to the destruction of illegal devices.

The Assembly has recommitted the bill of Senator Townsend's, on second reading, for the protection of wild black bear, together with a number of amendments proposed to it, exempting from its operations a number of counties.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading the following bills:

Assemblyman Cowan's, making the close season for muskrat, skunk and foxes in Delaware county from May 1 to Oct. 31, both inclusive.

Assemblyman Stevens', relative to the laying out of private parks.

Senator Bailey's, relative to the powers of supervisors in the counties of Queens, Nassau and Suffolk.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Hubbs', relative to the transportation of fish.

Assemblyman Robinson's relative to fishing in Hemlock Lake.

Assemblyman Reynolds', making the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Rensselaer county from Dec. 1 to Sept. 30, both inclusive.

Sea and River Fishing.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 21st inst., Mr. Babcock, Fisheries Commissioner, has supplied what Mr. Livingston Stone, in his letter to R. B. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, perhaps inadvertently omitted, viz.: some statistics on which alone a sound opinion can be formed. From these, it would appear that, so far as the Sacramento River in California is concerned, Artificial Culture has been fairly successful.

In a river where the present conditions are such as Mr. Babcock describes, artificial culture may, for a long time, prevent the species from dying out entirely; but with a full knowledge of what Salmon Culture, pursued on a large scale and at enormous expense for 30 years, has done in Canada and the Eastern States, I cannot but entertain strong doubts that, in rivers where "the establishment of manufactories, the diversion of waters for irrigation, extensive mining and agricultural methods during the past ten years have almost entirely destroyed the natural spawning grounds of the Salmon," artificial culture can keep alive a profitable business. Even if it could do this, I doubt the wisdom of devoting taxes wrung from the people to stimulate artificially a business from which only a few wealthy proprietors derive any immediate profit.

As to the Columbia and other rivers further North, Mr. Babcock, following my old friend Livingstone Stone, is very chary about statistics; but, like him, deals liberally in *opinions* and assertions unwarranted by figures. The ample quotations made from Mr. Stone; from that careful observer of Pacific Salmon, Mr. Charles Hallock; from the Report of the Commission sitting in British Columbia in 1892, and from letters received during the present year, given in your last issue, will enable Mr. Marston to judge how much good Artificial Culture can do in rivers where the fish are now so numerous that they destroy themselves by overcrowding.

The writer is strongly of opinion that if those who are making fortunes by their canneries and freezers really believe they derive any practical benefit from Artificial Salmon Culture, they should support the hatcheries themselves, and that the State Governments of California, Oregon and Washington, and the Government of Canada should no longer tax the people for the special benefit of a few wealthy companies who derive all the direct profit.

Should this and my last letter meet the eyes of the scientific gentlemen in England who are opposing Mr. Marston's well-meant but ignorant efforts to increase the Salmon catch in England, Scotland and Ireland by grants of public money for Artificial Culture, they will not fail to see, in Mr. Babcock's confidently expressed opinions, additional grounds for their belief that so far Salmon Culture in Europe and America has produced oodles of ova and figures of fry, but very few adult Salmon.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

Snaps With a Pocket Camera, and Fly Casts with Tamarack Poles.

I.—The Poles are Cut and "Cured."—The Swamp.

The aged fisherman leaves his reel,
And his rods of split-bamboo,
To enter a swamp, and cut and peel
A tamarack pole, so he may feel
The thrill of memory's joy,
When barefoot and freckled, with much ado,
He searched that swamp all through and through,
A wild, free fisher boy;
And with an old jackknife cut the pole,
By the winding path that leads
To the pond, and the haunted "waste-weir hole"
Where he caught the "punkin seeds!"

"That's the first fishhook I ever owned. Didn't catch but one fish with it—a sucker over a foot long! Then it was honorably retired and cherished! Almost sixty years ago, and I'm fishin' yet! But those boy days were the best! I had more fun ketchin' that sucker than I had getting that twenty-pound salmon you gaffed for me last summer at Southwest Brook!" (In Newfoundland.)

My old comrade had taken the tiny hook from an envelope in a little compartment of his "tackle trunk"—a dulled, rusty, "Limerick" hook, size ten; and all that long vista of threescore years only made his recollection the more vivid.

"Lost the *very* first hook on a snag in Jacobs Creek, out in Michigan," he added. "Even before that I had fished with bent pins in the 'deep hole' where we 'went in swimmin'.' That hole was about ten feet long, where the brook curved below a bank at least six feet high; in those days I thought it a tremendous proof of courage to slide down its blue clay—made wet and slippery—and splash right into the center of the muddy pool—about eighteen inches deep. Oh, how dirty and happy we boys would get there! I loved that creek quite as well as I afterwards did the Delaware River and its herring—for, as you know, there were no black bass in the Delaware until in October, 1870, when a lot of small ones were put in it at Easton, just below Lehigh Dam."

He stroked his long, white beard with his left hand, and with his right reached for a bulldog briarwood pipe.

He smoked the strongest Perique tobacco; as its fumes filled the "fishing den" I opened a window facing Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, where troops of scarlet leaves were scurrying and tossing in the wind-gusts of an Indian summer afternoon.

"I know a larch-swamp in the hill back from Hancock up there on the Delaware, where the tamaracks grow just right for fishpoles."

I waited for his foreseen suggestion of a trip.

"I've been thinkin' I'd go up there, cut and peel an' dry some poles, and, next summer, take a run down the Delaware, and fish jest the same way as when I was a boy. You're a decent sort of a fly-fisher—know how to sit in a boat, and not talk. How'd you like to join me—go up there and help cut 'em, and fish with 'em a spell next summer? An' I'm goin' to take my pocket camera an' catch a lot of pictures, too."

The prospect was tempting. Memories of my own joys as an urchin, happy on Bean Creek with a tamarack pole and a can of earth-worms, crowded upon me. There was a long silence.

"Agreed!"

"All right: next Saturday by the Erie morning train for Hancock, to cut, trim and skin our poles! Bring an old jack-knife not worth over a quarter, and dull. No use tryin' to be a boy again unless we use the same old knives. Wish we could go to-morrow, for I seem to smell the tamarack gum now. Remember how we used to use the points of our knife-blades to pick the balsam off the bark, and the hardened pink gum from around the knots?"

A week later two gray-headed men were plunging through the tangle of a larch-swamp between two ranges of high hills a few miles from Deposit, New York, while a liveryman, who acted as driver, waited by a highway fence and wondered "whether the two old lunatics would git lost in there, an' have to be hunted up?"

The best times are those which come unexpectedly. That hunt for fishpoles was royal!

"See that mire-hole?" snorted my friend. "That's the place where I et my first wild turnip. Whew! How my mouth did blaze about two minutes after I bit into it! There are lots of groundnuts here, as we called them in those days, but their tops are dead, and we could not find them. Remember that small, white, divided flower on their little tops in the spring, and by which we 'told' them, and the bulbous roots, about half as big as a marble, and how we would gather a pocketful and give them to the little girls up at the log schoolhouse?"

"Yes. And back there is a knoll where I used to come and eat my dinner with you; and the rocks with the very same patches of mosses. Wonder how they stay so fresh and green? Right beside this tree I found an orchid in 1858—used to call 'em 'lady slippers' then. And yonder is the shard in the woods where we gathered wild lilies for the school-teacher."

A long, critical search! The slim, straight tamaracks, thin, like canes in a brake, were there by thousands, ten and fifteen feet high. Bitter-sweet, ivy, coleswort, loose-strife, harebell and ferns, mint, wintergreen and cresses, alder, laurel, rhododendron, hawkweed and life-everlasting were also there by the acre—abundant, peaceful, feeling the first stroke of the frost, but wild, sturdy, audacious, lush, untamable—a hundred forest odors from them mingling with the balsam smell from the larches! Mouldering logs, upturned and fire-scarred roots, shadows, and the wind-borne leaves from the maples on the far hillsides finding us even where the pools of water were thick with dun "cattails," whose "fuzz" was carried away on every gust—all in a tangle of dreamy Indian summer fragrance!

Six "poles" were cut, the jack-knives being used with the blade downward on their bases as we bent them over, so they would cut easy. A long, hard pull with them through the swamp and its obstructions, the highway not being reached until we had seen a couple of partridges "get up" and leave our company!

Then, each with a big "cud" of tamarack gum and three poles, back we went to Deposit, the green tops of the poles trailing behind our wagon, and an evening's work in the livery barn—a dozen idlers and boys standing about and watching us round the butts, trim away the branches and peel off the bark, leaving the poles white, slippery, straight and heavy.

"Goin' ter cast flies fur fish with them sawlogs?" queries a native.

"Yes—with lines tied fast to their tips, and two feet longer than the poles, so as to allow for the wind. The current will take the flies to the full length of pole and

INDIAN SUMMER ON THE DELAWARE.

line. We'll lose over half the bass we hook, but we shall have more than we can use, and will return some to the water."

The green poles were placed on cross-boards nailed to the rafters in a peak of the barn, whose owner vouched for their safety while they seasoned and grew dry, light and springy.

"Blamed ef it jest don't make me feel young again!" drawled our host. "Say, can't ye take a feller with ye a while when ye come up next summer? Jest one afternoon? I know where there's a good campin' place by a spring about two mile below." And he pointed to a hill far down the noble Delaware, whose rapids were talking to the forest that comes close to the shore on the other side—the whole, seen in the afterglow of sunset, forming an exquisite picture!

He wrote to us six weeks later at Christmas-time:

"Am sendin' ye a box of holly by express. Had the six tamarack poles down from the barn-peak yestiddy. Every one straight an' light, and supple's whalebone! I kep turnin' 'em while they was dryin', so they'd be straight. Remember, I want ter go with yer the fust day! That spring below town is right by ther mouth uv a trout brook, an' I'll have my wife go down an' have supper all ready fur us when we kum in from bass fishin'!"

L. F. Brown.

Jottings of a Fly-Fisher.—III.

I had one great day in June, 1901, and the sport was especially welcome, coming after a disappointment. Starting after midday, I reached the stream I was about to fish late in the afternoon with rain falling in torrents. I put on my waders during a lull, and found the water not only very high, but so much discolored that fishing was out of the question, at least with any prospect of success. There was no train to return that evening, or I would certainly have gone home. The rain ceased early in the evening, but I went disconsolately to bed and dropped off to sleep with the roar of the swollen stream sounding in my ears. The next day was Saturday, and when I went to breakfast, I was told that the water had cleared considerably. I soon found this to be the case; it was clear enough for fly, though still very high. The sky was overcast and it remained cloudy all day, constantly threatening rain; in fact, I believe that a few drops did fall from time to time.

Under these circumstances I was not long in getting under way. For some time I could do nothing. I could not reach the casts I knew, so as to fish them properly. At last I was encouraged by capturing a small trout of about a quarter of a pound. Proceeding downward I came to a place where the stream was greatly expanded over a wide rocky bed. Far out in the middle, near several large stones under water, was a kind of pool of fairly deep water, yet with a heavy current through it, while directly below was a large and dangerous rapid. We knew the place above the rapid of old as the haunt of large trout. With great difficulty I succeeded in wading out far enough to fish this place properly, by casting a long line, although the water was within an inch or so of the tops of my stockings. I was fishing with only one fly, a kind of nondescript, tied by myself, with a light yellow body of wool on a No. 10 hook. At about the third cast, when the line was well extended and the fly over the lower end of the hole or depression, and just where the water probably began to shallow a trifle, I detected a very modest rise. I struck, and instantly an immense fish leaped from the water. The leap was diagonally across, not directly away from me, and really the trout appeared a perfect monster in this position, the curve of its broad back and wide spotted side, with the splendid propeller, a tail that to my excited eyes appeared as big as a palm-leaf fan, the fish cleared the water by many inches, and a desperate rush for liberty followed. I thought just then that I could not move (I changed my mind afterward), and had only thirty yards of line on my reel. Before I could curb this charge, only three or four turns were left me on the spool (you must remember that I had hooked the fish at the end of a long cast); in fact, I don't think that I really stopped the trout at all; he turned of his own will when he struck shallow water. I put on all the pull I dared, under which the fish gradually dropped back into the deepest part of the pool. I had recovered many yards of line when suddenly the trout rose toward the surface, a great swirl appeared, and then my reel screamed again. Before I could say Jack Robinson or even John, the fish had rushed down the stream and was in the heavy swift water at the head of the rapid. Nothing could stop him then; any attempt to butt him would have torn out the small hook, or caused a break in my fine cast. The line was quickly exhausted and I followed in water which for some yards was up to my waist. No thought of getting my wading stockings full then. The coarse rocks were cruel and the footing exceedingly bad, but I stumbled on, my legs like towers of lead. I was about winded, when the fish took it into his head to stop in the rapid, probably behind some stone, but it appeared to be right in the middle of the rushing current. The check was but momentary, but it enabled me to get opposite the fish, and as he checked his wild career once more before reaching the shallows at the bottom, I managed better and felt that I had my good fellow in hand. I think that we were both pretty well played out by this time, and after many short rushes I stranded the fish where there was so little water that he fell over on his side. On getting him in hand I was greatly disappointed to find that instead of a five-pounder, he was two pounds less.

Had this fish been lost, say in running the rapid, he would have been remembered as that four or five pound trout that got away. Nevertheless he was a noble trout and made a great fight.

The water was cold and the fish very active that day. It is not the rule for brown trout to leap, but many of those caught did so more than once. I took a two pound trout that did not, but most of the fish were of large size. The basket consisted of twenty-four trout; twenty of these I carried home next day, and they nearly filled the big creel, capable of containing twenty pounds of fish. This was a wonderful day's sport; in some respects the best of my life.

The large stream, high cold water, unusual average size and activity of the fish, combined with the depression and disappointment of the day before, all seemed to enhance the sport and make of this a record day indeed. In a petty brook such fishing is not possible, as even if you take a large fish he has not room to show his powers and is apt to sulk. The heavy water and peculiar place in which the largest fish was hooked made the sport rather like salmon fishing in miniature.

We forget most of the disagreeable or unpleasant incidents attending our sport, but we never forget the big fish we have lost. When a boy of thirteen years I saved all my pocket money for a considerable period to purchase a fly rod; it was too good a rod for a boy without experience and was soon broken. I remember the sad affair very well, as a large fish played an important part in the event.

At the end of a thicket on Bonny Brook (this, by the way, was a favorite breeding place for a single pair of woodcock), was quite a deep pool, with hollow grassy banks, forming a fine retreat for trout. A common snake fence divided the thicket from a meadow, and by standing on one of the lower rails I could cast my worm in the pool. I did so on this occasion and the swift current carried the bait under the hollow bank; I was not conscious of a bite, but on trying to withdraw the line found it was held fast. Forgetting my delicate tackle, a vigorous pull was given, the rod bent double and a large trout was drawn to the surface. Becoming wildly excited, I endeavored to haul the fish out on the narrow margin between the fence and the pool, the trout was actually drawn half out of the water, when the rod broke in two places, the trout disappeared and before I could gain control of the line, freed himself from the hook. I could have lifted up my voice and wept; my feelings can hardly be realized. My legs were weak, and a sensation of utter goneness and woe possessed me. To break my beautiful new rod was a frightful misfortune, but to lose that trout was calamity indeed. I had never seen such a trout; it was at least twelve inches long and may have weighed three-quarters of a pound. The big friend who accompanied me soon came up; he was older than I, and for some years I could not forgive him his efforts to make a

joke of my loss, and to tease me about it. In my excited grief I had foolishly appealed to him for sympathy. The woes of childhood and youth are not always short-lived.

Trout were numerous in all cold brooks in those days, but even in the large streams a pound specimen was a large fish. I remember seeing but one two-pound trout during my boyhood; this seems rather remarkable, as I was familiar with some of the big limestone streams in Pennsylvania. They were deep and rich in food for trout; a peculiar moss which was common in them was filled with larvæ, snails, shrimps, etc. Many flies appeared on the water and the evening rise of trout was something to be remembered. Very little fishing was done after the early part of the season, which began then on "All Fool's Day."

According to my recollection the trout were in good condition, and on one opening day I made a basket of 38 good fish during a snow storm; the temperature could not have been low, as the snow melted as fast as it fell.

Glancing over a book called "Sixty-three Years' Angling" recently, reminded me of a fine old salmon fisher, now gone to his rest, as the views of the author and my friend agreed and in some respects were uncommon. They believed that the salmon takes the fly in anger, because he is tantalized and annoyed by it. The author of the work goes so far as to say that the pattern of fly used for salmon is not of the slightest consequence. "Why the salmon takes the fly" has been the subject of much discussion and argument for many years, and all that we can do is to form our own opinions from such reliable evidence as we have before us. After learning from books how to tie trout flies, I became ambitious and devoted much of my leisure to the more complicated insects, or rather lures, used for salmon.

It is very difficult to obtain the requisite materials in this country, but those necessary to tie a few of the standard patterns were imported, and after working for three hours on a single Jock-Scot, I succeeded in turning out quite a pretty fly. In an account of the fishing season in the river Eden, in North Britain, a new fly was mentioned as having proved very killing that year, one salmon of 49½ pounds and another of 43 pounds having been taken with it. The formula of the fly was given and I copied it. It proved to be a very harmonious creation of blue and silver, orange and black, golden pheasant toppings, etc., and I gave one or two to each of my salmon-fishing friends. One of these gentlemen was on the Restigouche in June of that year fishing the club waters on the invitation of a friend.

On a bright, hot day many rods were at work, but the fish were not inclined to rise, and none were taken until one of the guides, an Indian, I think, in looking over my friend's stock of flies, noticed the Eden fly I had given him. He attached it to the leader and casting over the same water five large salmon were risen and hooked. The best fish weighed thirty-eight pounds. Were those salmon made angry by the Eden fly and not by the Jock-Scots, silver-doctors, Durham-rangers, black-doses and other flies presented to them? My friend was the only one among many who had any sport on that day. By the way, the form of the Pennell hook, a plain tapered shank with gut loop (not an eyed hook), was disliked by all the guides at that time. The hook was rather slender, and Mr. Pennell has since brought out a much heavier hook, with a returned eye for salmon flies.

Later in the season another friend, of no experience whatever, was given a few days on private water some distance up the same river. He had very little tackle and scarcely any flies, except a few I had given him. These flies had been tied before my materials arrived, and could hardly be called salmon flies at all.

Among them was a thing on a No. 1½ Pennell hook resembling a coachman trout fly, if anything. It was tied with two stiff white wings, made of whole feathers, upright on the hook, peacock herl body, yellow butt, golden pheasant tail, silver tag, and a very full long brown hackle. After two days without sport the Indian guide put this strange salmon fly in action in the evening. It was cast straight out, and, as my friend said, sat on the river like a sail boat, with its wings cocked up. As it floated down, a salmon of 14½ pounds rose quietly and tried to absorb it. The big wings and general stiffness of the fly were against him, however, and it was only after three separate and distinct efforts that he got it. My friend, never having fished with a fly in his life, became wildly excited, struck very hard and broke his, or rather the owner's rod, for it was borrowed. In spite of this the fish was landed with the assistance of the guide in two hours and a half. With the same fly two more salmon were taken. This I consider a very interesting case, as it is one of the few recorded instances where a salmon has risen at and taken a dry fly floating on the water; and the natural inference is that it was taken as a fly or moth, certainly not in anger.

It is unfortunate that so few fishermen keep a record of their sport, with the attending circumstances, as much interesting and often valuable information is lost forever. Experience is the great teacher, and if that of many could be brought together, we would know far more than we do of many things bearing upon our art. The man who keeps everything he learns locked up in his own breast will know far less than he who compares notes with his fellows. My reason for writing these random notes and recollections is that they may remind other men of their interesting experiences, and perhaps induce them to write also.

There are a great many amateur fly tyers in this country, but they have no medium of communication. In the course of years one learns of many wrinkles—in addition to those printed on his face—new materials are discovered, and if he is a fair observer he picks up a little practical information about entomology.

I am surprised that more ladies do not take an interest in fly-fishing. It is well within their powers, and those accustomed to exercise soon become enthusiastic. Eight years ago a young lady was my fishing companion quite frequently, and although we had to tramp four or five miles to reach the best part of the river, she never became too tired to enjoy the sport. She wore a Tam O'Shanter, sweater, short jacket and skirts, with stout shoes and leggings and waded, as I did, without waterproofs, which are only a nuisance in warm weather. The constant exercise prevents one from taking cold, care being taken not to lie about long enough at lunch time to become chilled, though there is little chance of that when the summer sun is high in the heavens.

This girl soon learned to cast a fly quite well, in spite of the fact that her rod was a poor one (a split bamboo nine feet in length and weighing four and a half ounces is just the thing for a lady). She saw portions of a most beautiful trout stream never before visited by a woman, and had many interesting experiences. An involuntary bath was the only misfortune she experienced, and she did not suffer from that. No one man or woman who has once taken an interest in fly-fishing ever becomes indifferent to it. A fresh source of pleasure in life has been gained and one that will continue to afford enjoyment until the end of the longest life.

The inhabitants of New York and vicinity are greatly favored in their opportunities for sport. Good salt water fishing is near at hand and owing to the excellent facilities for travel a man can leave the city by the Newspaper train at four o'clock on any spring morning, spend a long day on good water a hundred miles away, and return in time for a late supper the same night. Of course, it is better and more agreeable to spend a night in the country, but it is not really necessary.

Business is so absorbing that many ardent fishermen can only steal a day now and then, in the early part of the season, while fishing is at its best. The clubs on Long Island are largely patronized, but are beyond the means of the majority. Also a desire is felt to visit wild unpreserved waters, to get among the mountains and the evergreens. The angling fever is a very real disease, and can only be cured by the application of cold water and fresh untainted air. I know a man eighty years of age who used to visit the Restigouche every year as soon as the ice was out. He often descended from his car at Metapedia to find himself in a snow bank, but his ardor was never chilled. On one trip he traveled many hundred miles, spent one day in a wet boat, caught one 25-pound salmon and a bad attack of influenza and was shipped home in spite of himself. He was quite as eager the next spring.

I am one of those who believe that all the vagaries of trout that seem so incomprehensible are capable of a rational explanation. For one thing, the eyesight of round-eyed creatures is not as good as that of almond-eyed human beings in some respects, although better in others. They are deficient in the sense of form, keen to detect motion and shades of color. A deer will not notice you if you are absolutely still, but the slightest motion sends him off at once. Trout are the same, only more so, if anything. A shadow alarms them greatly, and the position of the sun has much to do with our success, or the lack of it. If the rays of light are reflected from the water in a certain way, you can stand within easy casting distance of a school of shy trout in even the shallowest water; they cannot see you, nor can you see them. Prove this the next time you have an opportunity.

Trout take a fly when it is all chewed up sometimes. It does not look like anything to us, but to them it may be the exact color of a fly that is or has been hatching out, and they take it as larvæ or nymph just emerging from its case. I have, when not able to make a really good imitation of a fly upon which the trout were feeding, contented myself with a body of the right color and a few turns of almost any feathers of the right shade. This will kill better than a well formed fly of the wrong color, though greater accuracy is desirable.

Theodore Gordon.

Chickamauga Fishing Club.

Twenty-six Chattanooga citizens are the exclusive owners of fishing privileges in the lake which runs for two and a half miles from Crawfish Springs to West Chickamauga Creek.

The club has existed for a number of years, but it is now probably at its best, having a larger membership and better facilities than ever before for enjoying the sport. The membership list is full, and there is quite a waiting list anxious to take up any vacancy that may occur, but it is not likely that the number of active members will be materially increased soon.

The immense volume of water pouring out of Crawfish Spring makes a small river, furnishing about one-third of the water in South Chickamauga Creek. At the mouth of the spring stream is a strong dam, which creates a lake two miles and a half long, as picturesque as any water course in the South. The clear, blue depths are fairly alive with game fish. There is scarcely any current in the lake, and if one were floating down, without the aid of wind or paddle, it would require twelve hours to make the distance. This is an advantage, of course, making the rowing in any direction easy and delightful.

Each season during the past few years the Government fish car has left game minnows in this lake, and it is stocked now with a number of varieties which afford all kinds of sport for the members of the club. Among the best varieties are the black bass, the rainbow trout, the crappie and the bream. These respond readily to live bait, trolling spoon and fly. In addition there are sun perch, white perch and even the despised blue and yellow catfish, but the "cats" are seldom caught, although it is said that they are about as fine dish as any coming from the pure waters of the spring lake. Already this season the Government has put into the lake one thousand black bass and 700 crappies.

It is estimated that the members of the club catch one fish to eight which are put into the lake. This can be easily figured out, as each fisherman, at the close of his day's sport, makes a report of the number and kind of fish he caught. These reports are turned over to the secretary, who incorporates the aggregate figures for each member in his annual report.

The largest fish last year weighed about six and one-half pounds. It was a black bass. The largest so far this year was four and one-fourth pounds, also of the black bass variety.

The club has just completed a new club house at a cost of $600, and will build a boathouse at once. The club house is near the old Crawfish Springs hotel, and is a convenient, neat cottage, capable of accommodating any number of the members. There are lockers for each member, a spacious club room, kitchen and dining room, and sleeping apartments provided with cots for those who wish to spend the night there. It is understood that quite a number of the members contemplate spending their vacations this summer in that way, sleeping in the club house and fishing early in the morning and late in the evening, which will not interfere with their daily work in the city.

The lake, club house, minnows, boats, etc., are all looked after by R. N. Phipps, the game keeper, who is employed by the club at a salary. Mr. Phipps not only knows the places where the fish can be found, but he knows how to entice and land the big fellows as well as any member of the club, this fact no doubt proving a great convenience to many an unlucky fisherman in time of need. "Admiral" Phipps keeps thousands of minnows all the time, ready for the members of the club whenever they want them, the club paying for the minnows from one cent to one and a half cents each, according to the size, which must be from three and a half to six inches in length. Many of the minnows are brought considerable distance, usually by express.

The ultra-exclusiveness of the Chickamauga Fishing Club is seen from the fact that no permits are issued to anyone to fish on the preserves of the club, which include all the running streams on the Lee estate. Each member of the club is entitled to invite ten visitors in twelve months, and the expenses incurred by the visit must be charged to the member who invited him.

This gives promise of becoming a formidable rival to the best fishing grounds in the South, and the present club, having a lease of the fishing privileges until 1910, can afford to anticipate a long period of enjoyment in the pastime. Being so near Chattanooga, and on the line of the Central of Georgia railroad, the grounds are already proving a veritable health resort and a sure cure for "that tired feeling" that takes possession of all men at some time. Members of the club have fished all the winter with success, and they find that the weather makes no difference, as far as the fish are concerned.

There is some talk of adding the hunting feature to the province of the club, in which event the hunting privileges will be secured on a large tract of adjacent land, which will be stocked and preserved.—Chattanooga News.

Foreign Fishing Notes.

The Rhine Salmon.

According to a late report the salmon caught in the river Rhine numbered 27,477 in 1900, 31,811 in 1901, and 37,303 in 1902; the improvement not being remarkable in view of the fact that the average catch between 1871 and 1900 was 54,630. The report recommends, in order to insure a continuance of the improvement, that the following of disregarded recommendations be adopted and stringently enforced. First, the fishery to be absolutely prohibited from September 1 to January 1. Second, to maintain a weekly close time from Saturday to Sunday evening. Third, a daily suspension of six hours from 9 P. M. to 3 A. M., to be enforced in all portions of the river beyond its tidal flow. Fourth, no salmon spawn or fry to be disturbed or taken save by authorized fish culturists. Fifth, more liberal stocking of the stream with fry. Sixth, strict regulations against fouling waters to be rigidly enforced. Much of the decline is attributed to improvements in river navigation and to the multiplication of industrial establishments upon its banks. The stream is doubtless of far greater value as an artery of trade than as a fish nursery, and inasmuch as its development in the one direction is seemingly incompatible with that in the other, the salmon will probably have to go. It is doubtful, in view of American experience, whether a more liberal stocking of the river with fry would accomplish the result hoped for.

Norway's Fish Industry.

Norway's export of fish in 1901 was $13,100,000, or nearly six dollars per head of the total population. Almost one-third of the country's entire export was of fish and fish products, and this, her leading industry, has become such largely by reason of its furtherance by Government aid exerted with the most praiseworthy intelligence and discretion. Among the more notable exports are fish meal, fish tongues and fish stomachs. Of fish roe there was exported 96,000 pounds and 656,000 pounds of fish glue.

Norway now makes a very fine table oil from herrings, and employs it in her fish canning industry as an acceptable substitute for the more expensive Italian olive oil. Among new fish preparations offered are boneless warm smoked herrings, cold smoked turbots, fish sausages, and codfish ingeniously dried without heat in three or four days, whereby, it is asserted, that the fishy taste of the product is abated and the color, general appearance and taste of the fresh fish closely approximated. Toward this particular line of experiment the Government contributed ove five hundred dollars. Much progress has also been accomplished in the economical production and refining of the coarser fish oils. An ingenious apparatus has been devised by which it is claimed the proportion of oil in a specimen of fish can be ascertained with ease and certainty in a few minutes, and thus the proper and most economical disposition of a catch of herring, or other fish, can be readily determined.

Japanese Fishery Schools.

Among the many wonderful events of the last century there was none more startling than the entry of Japan, almost fully armed and panoplied, into the circle of civilized nations. With an equipment in most respects equal, and in some superior to her sister peoples, she will soon occupy the competitive arena thoroughly prepared to struggle for her share of the world's markets. Her foresight, energy and industry have, in no line of effort, been so marked as in the development of her fisheries. As early as 1882 the fisheries of the empire underwent associated direction, and it became the concern of the leading men of the then infant industry to further its expansion by a system of enlightened instruction. In 1888 the Minister of Agriculture established the first school at Tokio, and to-day there are in the empire the following: One school of instruction in marine and freshwater products, sustained without Government aid; twenty-five experiment stations under State subvention; three fishery

schools also assisted by the State; twenty-one subsidized schools for the fullest instruction in all that appertains to the preparation or to the gathering of the varied harvests of the waters. In the principal of these institutions the students undergo a three years' course of instruction; the first year in fishculture, sea and river fishing, ichthyology, botany, chemistry, physics, drawing, foreign languages, etc. The second year they study the mechanical arts, boat building, navigation, tin working, fishery jurisprudence; the third year being largely practical instruction, the Government furnishing a number of fishing vessels, each comfortably accommodating twenty-four students, beside the crew, the fishermen and the teaching staff. Among the facilities of instruction are colored representations, in the highest style of art, of ninety-six fishes, in most instances life-size, also a text-book for fishermen, fully and clearly illustrated. Norway, Germany and Holland have likewise schools of fishery instruction, but not upon Japan's impressive scale.

The steadily increasing development of Japan's fisherics challenges our interest, for her enterprise extends to foreign waters. In 1901 she had 1,700 vessels and 8,000 men upon the Korean coast, and 125 vessels and 4,400 men upon the Sayhalien and Siberian coasts. Ere debarred by restrictive legislation, Japanese fishing boats operated largely upon the Skeena and Fraser rivers in western Canada, and also in Australian waters, the alert, quick-witted, knowledge-seeking little Oriental apparently finding everywhere a field of profitable activity.

In 1899 Japan had 400,000 fishing craft in service that directly or indirectly gave employment to 3,338,000 persons, or about a twelfth of the population. The total value of the product was 70,761,846 yen, against but 44,527,645 yen in 1895. Until very recently Japanesc exports to Europe and America were substantially limited to fish oil and pearl shells; but to-day her salt and smoked fish have found a lodgment in European markets with an assurance of a future extensive sale. At the great Russian International Fishery Exposition of last year Japan's exhibit excited exceptional interest; her display, among various other marine products, including sea weeds furnishing glazing or stiffening materials for textile and other fabrics, specimens of pearl shells, worked and unworked, salted salmon roc, canned oysters and mussels, eels in oil, also sardines, fish puddings, codliver oil of exceptionally fine quality, etc.

Japan is no longer like a girl at her first ball, waiting anxiously to be noticed; the throng thiekens about her, and she is to be reckoned with. A. H. GOURAUD.

Fish and Fishing.

Death of L. Z. Joncas.

ONE by one they are slipping away—the friends and companions of our early outing and fishing days, and while it is probably true that the mortality among those whose names are household words to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, has not increased in recent years, it does seem to me that the obituary notices of prominent anglers have been growing unusually frequent of late, and the intervals which separate them briefer than ever before. The news that Louis Zephirin Joncas, of Quebec, is dead, will doubtless come as somewhat of a shock to many of the readers of this journal, though his more intimate friends have long been aware of the fact that his health was most precarious, and that he was liable at any moment to be carried off by one of the attacks of partial heart failure, to which he had long been subject. Two or three times within the last few years I have been with him away from home when some of these attacks were so severe that his physicians would not answer for his recovery, and it was thought wise to send for a priest to administer the last rites of his church. One of these incidents occured in New York, during the progress of the first Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden, at which he represented the Provincial Government of Quebec. His recovery upon that occasion was undoubtedly due to the unremitting care and attention to his case given by our mutual friend and brother sportsman, Dr. Lewis Rutherfurd Morris. Upon another occasion poor Joncas successfully fought off death in a camp on a salmon river, whence his friend, Jos. X. Lavoie, and the writer sent two Indians down the rapids of the river at midnight to bring up a doctor from the village at its mouth.

For some years past Mr. Joncas occupied the position of Superintendent of Fish and Game under the Government of Quebec, and nobody was better qualified for the office, or could have discharged its duties with a larger measure of intelligence or with greater zeal, devotion and assiduity. Prior to his appointment to that office, he sat for many years in the Dominion Parliament as M. P. for his native county of Gaspé, where his family had long been interested in the fishery industry. It was because of his intimate acquaintance with this industry that he was selected by the Canadian Government in 1883, one of the commissioners to represent the Dominion at the International Fisheries Exhibition held in London, England, and in this capacity he won golden opinions, both from the British and Canadian press. Among his most valued treasures were a pair of beautiful autograph photographs of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, which the then Prince of Wales gave him on the occasion of the exhibition. His paper on "The Fisheries of Canada" was declared by the London Daily Telegraph to have been the most valuable of those read at the congress in connection with the exhibition. It will be remembered that at the Chicago World's Fair, Mr. Joncas was appointed chairman of the jury upon awards in connection with the department of fishery exhibits.

L. Z. Joncas was one of the most efficient anglers with whom it has been my good luck to fish. Tall in stature and of fine athletic build, it was a sight to delight the eye to see him engaged in a fight with a salmon. He was not the man to prolong the battle. He had killed so many salmon in his time, having fished upon almost every Canadian salmon stream, that it mattered little to him whether or not he killed his fish. If he did so, it was because it was well hooked and his tackle in good order. The latter, he used of finest quality, but knew its strength to a nicety, and put it to the fullest test. When he killed a fish he did it in less time than almost anybody else would have done, and if it was lightly hooked it had every opportunity of escape.

An authority upon everything connected with the sports of forest and stream, Mr. Joncas was good enough to join me in the joint authorship of "The Sportsman's Companion in the Province of Quebec," and hundreds of American hunters and fishermen who come here for their favorite sport will gladly testify to the many civilities received at his hands. He had much to do with the establishment of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and was its secretary-treasurer until ill-health compelled him to resign the office.

Loyal to his government, loyal to the minister at the head of his department, loyal to his duties and loyal to his friends, L. Z. Joncas will be sincerely mourned by those who knew him best.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

San Francisco Striped Bass Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed is the score of casting contest held by the San Francisco Striped Bass Club on the 15th. The long distance casting conditions were:

Sinker, 2½ ounces, distance only to count, best cast of five.

For accuracy: 1½-ounce sinker, dropped 3 feet from point of rod, five casts at each buoy placed 50, 75, 100, 125 and 150 feet, in lane 30 feet wide, sinker striking within one foot of buoy to count 100 per cent., each foot away to count 1 per cent. from this.

Distance and accuracy contest (1½ ounce) in a lane 30 feet wide, five casts totaled together.

Long distance, 2½-ounce sinker, first prize a medal. Accuracy and light sinker (1½ ounces) added together; second prize, a trophy.

The judges were Dr. Geo. Gunn, W. A. L. Miller, J. S. Turner, W. S. Turner.

	Long Distance, Feet.	Accuracy, Per Cent.	Distance, Feet.	Total. Per Cent.
F. E. Daverkosen	169	87.84	120.4	104.12
J. Lynch	206	82.2	114.6	98.4
P. W. Shattuck	168	88.84	50.2	69.52
C. H. Kewell	125	50.4	69.6	60
N. E. Mead	125	62.72	47	54.86
Geo. Walters	100	71.4	35	53.2
S. A. Wells	174	66.64	37	51.82

J. Lynch takes prize for long distance, 2½-ounce sinker, with 206 feet.

F. E. Daverkosen takes prize for accuracy and distance, light sinker (1½-ounce), with 104.12 per cent.

C. H. KEWELL.

New Hampshire Early Fishing.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., March 30.—The fishing season for landlocked salmon and lake trout will open ten days earlier this year, as the ice will undoubtedly be out of the lake by April 5. It is anticipated the fishing will be the best known for some time, as the 30,000 young fingerlings put in these waters four years ago will be heard from, and the restrictions put on ice fishing have greatly benefited the spring fishing.

Fish and Game Commissioners Nathaniel B. Wentworth and Chas. B. Clark, of Concord, a few days ago arrested one Henry G. Gove, of Orange, for the illegal killing of two deer in that town, which is closed to deer hunting at all times. Gove was arraigned before Chas. W. Fling, of Bristol, a fine of $100 and three months in jail were imposed for each deer, making $200 and six months in jail, which ought to act as a deterrent to those who hanker for venison out of season. Our Legislature has been amending the laws; we note one which again prohibits the selling of lake trout; that will have the tendency to restrict the operations of the market fisherman, who had again been in active evidence the past two years.

S. H.

Close Call for Fishers.

FRANZ MANGOLT and his wife went fishing yesterday afternoon, opposite Locust Point, off City Island, and almost lost their lives. After fishing some hours from a skiff, they started to pull in the anchor, upset the boat, and were tumbled into the water. Both were heavily clothed, and neither could swim, but they had presence of mind to grasp the sides of the skiff. They shouted for help, but as the wind blew from the main land and they were nearly a mile from shore, they were not heard. After being in the water nearly forty-five minutes, Mangolt managed to fire a revolver, which he had in a waterproof case, and the noise of the shots attracted the attention of Capt. Nathan C. Bell, of City Island, who was getting oysters about a half mile away. He rowed to them and arrived just in the nick of time, as Mrs. Mangolt, numbed by the cold water, was losing her hold on the boat.—New York Evening Post, March 27.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

March 25-28.—Chicago.—Show of Chicago Kennel Club.
March 30-31.—St. Louis.—Show of St. Louis Collie Club.
March 31-April 3.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Show of Buffalo Kennel Club.
April 1-4.—Victoria, B. C.—Show of Victoria Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Seattle, Wash., Kennel Club's show.
April 14-17.—Sharon, Pa., Kennel Club's show.
April 22-25.—Baltimore, Md., S. P. C. A. show.
May 19-21.—Montreal, Can., Canine Association's show.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

"Dogs, Their Ailments and How to Treat Them," by Polk Miller, is the title of a 50-page book on dog diseases which will be sent to applicants by the Polk Miller Drug Company, Richmond, Va. Three cents in stamps, to cover postage, should accompany application. A pedigree blank is inclosed with each book.

Yachting.

Cruise of the Rambler.

Winner of Second Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

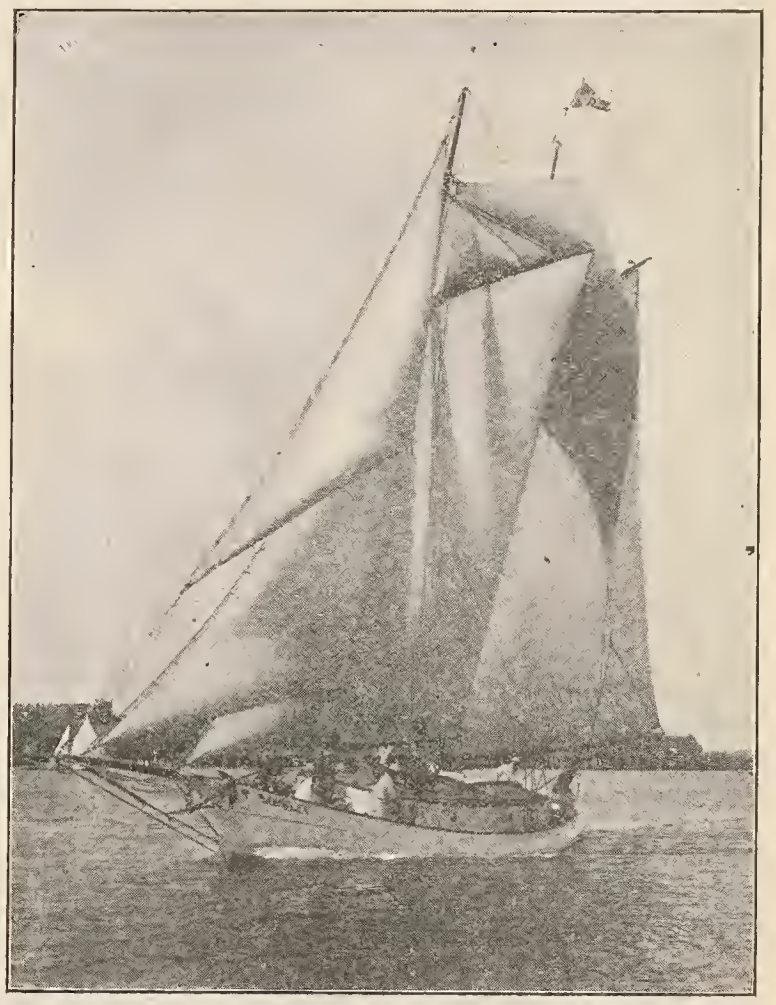
BY WILLARD B. COOK, DENVER, COL.

IN the far northwestern corner of the United States is situated a body of water comparatively unknown to the yachtsmen of the country at large, and yet not only is it without a peer, but it is not even approached in natural advantages by any other body of water with which I am familiar, either by experience or observation. In this connection I speak not only of Puget Sound proper, but include the adjacent waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the San Juan Archipelago and the Gulf of Georgia.

It has been my good fortune and pleasure to spend four summers cruising almost continually in those waters, with which, I think, I can claim a fairly close acquaintance.

If the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM would allow me to string into one narrative all the exciting events that have occurred during these four summers, I could promise you a more interesting yarn; but as one of the conditions imposed is that the cruises of 1902 only are eligible, I must jettison all old cargo and overhaul and put into ship shape only such stores (of experiences) as we have taken aboard during the past summer.

First. The Ship. The Rambler is a keel cruising schooner of 15 tons register, 43ft. on deck, 38ft. on the waterline, 14ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 3in. draft. She was built a good many years ago in San Francisco before scantling restrictions were a known quantity, and when it was fashionable to put as much material and strength into a boat as would now be considered sufficient for two. I think her designer decided what cabin accom-



RAMBLER.

modations he required, and then inclosed this cabin in the smallest hull possible. She has a main cabin that will seat about ten comfortably, with a berth on each side back of the transoms. Two good-sized state-rooms with a double berth in each, a toilet room, a galley, and a forecastle with two folding pipe berths for the crew. So much for the internal economy. Now we will take a look aloft. She has pole masts with all her canvas in the lower sails except a small jib topsail and a maintopmast staysail. Her boats consist of a very light 8ft. skiff carried in davits, and a 16ft. Lozier motor yacht tender towed astern.

Second. The Ship's Company. This consisted of the owner (who is trying to write this log), his wife (better known as the Mate), the Lawyer and his Artist wife as guests, and the crew, consisting of Chris., A. B. and Jim, the boy of all work.

We started from Eagle Harbor (8 miles from Seattle) on the 17th of July, bound for Victoria, and a cruise through the San Juan Islands.

What is called the true wind in these waters is the ocean wind, which blows into the Strait of Juan de Fuca and then dividing, follows the channel of Puget Sound to the south, and Haro and Rosaria Straits to the north. Winds from other directions are more or less fluky and not to be depended on. The violent storms (which are almost unknown in the summer time) are southeasters. The northwestern coast is entirely free from the thunderstorms and sudden squalls so common and destructive on the Atlantic coast.

Skirting a rocky ledge projecting straight out from shore on the north side of the Eagle Harbor entrance, we passed through a bed of kelp. As this form of marine vegetable life is of great importance to the inland navigator in those waters, I cannot do better than quote the Century Dictioneary definition: "Large seaweeds of the Pacific coast of North and South America. Its tough, slender stems are said to grow sometimes more than 600 feet long. Ascending from submarine rocks, it reveals their presence to sailors and it forms an extensive tangled mass which serves

on exposed coasts as a natural breakwater." The British Columbia Pilot deseribes it as one of the greatest aids to the safe navigation of their waters, as it almost invariably marks the presence of all submerged rocks. Practically, the only dangers menacing the sailor in those waters are submerged roeks or rocky patches, as sand shoals are unknown, and the water generally of great depth, averaging from 50 to 150 fathoms in most places. This great depth of water is frequently a serious diffieulty in finding a satisfaetory anehorage. One instance was related to me of a large yawl that attempted to anchor in a small bay on the east shore of Vaneouver Island. Not taking the preeaution of sounding, they let go their heavy anchor with 50 fathoms of ehain. It ran out to the bitter end and "no bottom." But as this is supposed to be the cruise of the Rambler and not a technical treatise on the flora and topography of Puget Sound, we will hie back to the yacht, which was just clearing the harbor entrance.

For the benefit of the Lawyer and the Artist, Chris laid hold of some of the big floating bulbous kelp heads and finally sueceeded in hauling aboard one entire plant, its roots firmly interlaced around a rock about the size of a cobble stone. The long stem anehoring the floating bulb to the rock is usually from ¼in. to ½in. in diameter in the lower portion, and able to bear a weight of perhaps 100 pounds without breaking. Sometimes small boats make fast to a buneh of kelp at night instead of dropping anchor.

After getting a eouple of miles on our course, we found a soft spot in the breeze, and lay utterly beealmed for about an hour. Feeling drowsy, all hands but Chris at the wheel, took a nap, while the yaeht drifted aimlessly with the tide. There was a gentle breeze on all sides of us, but none where we were. A big three-masted schooner with an immense deckload of lumber, gradually approaehed, her lofty sails getting the benefit of a breeze that we could not. She was on the starboard tack and headed straight for us. The man at the wheel aft could not see us forward of his mizzen mast on account of the deck load of lumber. Lookout forward was apparently asleep. We were pointing in a direction whieh would have been our port tack if we had been able to derive any benefit from the breeze, which was sending them along. We were absolutely without even steerage way. It was neeessary to act quiekly. I hailed, "Sehooner ahoy! Keep off or you will run us down. We haven't steerage way." The "old man" came stumbling forward over the deekload of lumber, fairly black with rage, and shouted baek, "I have the right of way, you are on the port taek. You will get into trouble if you don't learn the rules of the road." "We know you have the right of way, but we are helpless, without steerage way." Slowly the big sehooner fell off a couple of points, and passed under our stern with a volley of impreeations. Soon after we eaught a little air and drew away with gradually inereasing speed. To our inexpressible joy the lumber sehooner was soon beealmed in the very same plaee from whieh we had just escaped, and remained there for fully two hours, by which time we were five miles to windward. Probably by that time her eaptain was able to appreeiate our former predieament.

As night approaehed, the question arose whether we should run into Apple Tree Cove and anehor for the night or sail all night. "O, let's go into the eove. That's the kind of an oyster I am!" said the Lawyer. We did and lost nothing by it, for the wind went down with the sun before we reaehed the eove, and it was necessary to order forward the tender and tow the last half mile to a suitable anchorage. It is on such occasions that the power tender proves itself almost indispensable, and thanks to its timely assistance, we have spent many a comfortable night at anehor, when, otherwise, we should have been compelled to sail or drift all night in a flat calm.

RAMBLER AND POWER TENDER IN EAGLE HARBOR.

INSERT PICTURE Rambler and Powertender.

Coming on deck the next morning, our first view was of our friend, the lumber schooner, just off the mouth of the cove. She had been sailing all night, and in the calm had made almost no progress, while, thanks to a short tow from our launch, we had spent a snug night at anehor. We hoisted sail and got under way at once, but the wind was very light. The western and northern portions of the cove consist of tide flats, which go bare at low tide. Standing in too close on the north shore we lost our breeze and grounded gently. We immediately ran an anehor out astern and manned the windlass; but all in vain. The tide was falling fast, and we were aground almost the length of the keel. Realizing that we were bound to stay there until next tide, I ordered the sails lowered, furled the mainsail and hauled the main boom broad off on the port side. Taking up the anchor astern, the lower block of the main throat halyard was unhooked from the gaff, made fast to the inboard end of the hawser, and the anchor run out on the starboard beam. We then swayed on the throat halyard until the Rambler sat upright on an even keel. In the course of an hour the water had fallen a couple of feet, and the weight of the boom to port had apparently dragged the anchor a few feet, and given the yacht a slight list to port. The throat halyard was block-a-block, so that no more slack could be taken in on the hawser. Thinking to relieve the strain on the hawser, I ordered the forward guy on the main boom slacked a bit to allow the boom to swing aft. Alas, the guy was slacked too much. The weight and tension of 30 fathoms of hawser on the starboard side pulled her over, and with a rush she keeled over on her starboard bilge in two feet of water.

RAMBLER AGROUND.

The tide was nearly ebb by this time, so we all went crabbing. Chris waded in his rubber boots, while the Artist, the Mate and I took the dinghy. The gymnastics permissible in an 8ft. flat-bottomed boat overloaded with three people, are decidedly limited, and I cannot consistently recommend such a craft for crabbing; but we managed to get a good supply without getting more than moderately wet ourselves.

By 11 A. M. the Rambler was afloat again, and we stood out of the cove, picking up a true north wind outside, which made our cruise a dead beat to Port Townsend against a strong flood tide.

The lumber schooner had worked the ebb tide for all it was worth, and was now 10 miles to windward. We passed her about 4 P. M., although we had lost 15 hours at anchor and aground in Apple Tree Cove. Truly the old hooker was as slow as her skipper's comprehension.

We had a strong wind and a smooth sea all the afternoon, and at 9 P. M. reached our favorite anchorage, near the Government dock—in the lee of Point Wilson. In my opinion this is the best small-boat anchorage near Port Townsend. It is protected by a high bluff from the prevailing winds (here westerly), and is a good point of departure when bound out into the straits. Alongside the eastern side of this Government dock is the best place that I know for beaching a yacht for a coat of copper paint. A hard, clean sand bottom of just the right slope, convenient piles for making fast and about 12ft. range of tide.

The next morning (Saturday) we laid the Rambler alongside the dock, and leaving Chris and Jim to give her bottom a coat of yacht-green copper paint, and the Artist to do some water color sketching under the cockpit awning, I took the Mate and the Lawyer in the launch to the town of Port Townsend, two miles away, to get the mail, stores and ice. Back again at noon, we found the crew had just finished their job ahead of the tide, and the Artist had achieved a fine picture of the Point Wilson Lighthouse, also a splitting headache, due to the blinding light on the water. We had buoyed our mooring in the morning before towing in alongisde the dock, and as soon as the yacht floated we towed out and picked it up again.

That night it blew so hard about 9 o'clock that we let go the spare anchor to prevent any possibility of dragging.

We wished to make Victoria next day, so I turned out with the crew at 3:30 A. M. to take advantage of the ebb tide past Point Wilson. Right here I wish to say that with a flood tide and a westerly wind any sailing craft will make just as much progress at anchor in Port Townsend Bay as in bucking the tide with a head wind. The tide runs here as much as six knots an hour at times, and frequently causes dangerous tide rips outside of Point Wilson. The lighthouse keeper told me he had seen these tide rips make a clean breach over the forward deck of one of the Japanese liners, which had a freeboard forward of fully 25ft. These tide rips, although in deep water, very frequently have much the appearance of seas breaking on a bar at the mouth of a harbor, except that they are shorter, steeper and seem to break in all directions. When running strong they will swamp any small open craft instantly. They are extremely erratic in their movements and appearance, sometimes entirely absent in calm weather and sometimes heavy. Usually they

seem the worst with wind and tide in opposite directions, although I have seen them entirely absent under these very conditions. Sometimes a tide rip half a mile or a mile wide and two or three times as long, will form off Point Wilson and then travel rapidly off toward Smith Island at the rate of 10 or 15 miles an hour, perhaps overtaking some craft in its path, tossing it wildly in its grasp for awhile, then relinquishing it and soon leaving it far behind. Sometimes these rips will present the appearance of a maelstrom with gigantic eddies and whirlpools in which all sorts of debris and even large boats will spin around and around at a speed that will make one dizzy. At such times the sea is seldom breaking, and even a small open craft would be safe if carefully handled. The Government Tide Tables state that the tides of the North Pacific coast are the most complex in the world. It is this uncertainty of the tide rips which has given the passage from Port Townsend to Victoria a dangerous reputation among the local yachtsmen. Personally, I have crossed the straits more than a dozen times in all kinds of weather, and I never saw the rips dangerous but twice, and one of these occasions was on this very Sunday morning.

By the time we made sail, the wind had almost died away, so all hands had breakfast before leaving Port Townsend Bay. We passed Point Wilson about 6 A. M., practically drifting with the tide. We could see a big tide rip breaking badly a mile or so out, and right in the middle of it a halibut fishing schooner of twice our size pitching and rolling, with her sails slatting and booms banging back and forth. We made preparations accordingly, taking the dinghy from the davits and lashing it inverted on the forward part of the cabin house. Ports were closed and hatches made snug. We already had the tender rigged with a painter 200ft. long, and led forward with several turns around the windlass. The Artist was not feeling well that morning, and had remained in bed in her stateroom.

The long Pacific swell was now much in evidence, and in 15 minutes more we drifted into the first rip. There was enough wind to make perhaps a mile an hour if the water had been smooth, but in that seething and tumbling expanse of breakers the Rambler plunged and jumped so that every particle of wind was shaken out of the slatting sails, and steerage way could not be kept even with a course that would bring the wind abeam. One instant her bowsprit would apparently be pointing well toward the zenith and half a minute later it would be buried in some huge wave that would break as far as the mast, and then come swirling aft bulwark-high on both sides of the house, only to pour out over the rail aft as her bow would rise to another.

The tender required almost constant attention. Having no headway, we could not keep away from her by even the length of a short painter, and she was continually trying to ram us on the side or nestle under the counter, where she would unquestionably have been badly smashed if not swamped entirely. It required the constant attention of Jim with the awning pole to keep her clear.

All the sails were slatting furiously, and as the booms swung from side to side about five times a minute, the banging of the lower sheet blocks on the travelers was incessant and nerve-racking.

Presently a weak knocking was heard on the inside of the closed companion doors, which being opened, disclosed the agonized features of the Artist in an advanced stage of mal-de-mer. Imagine what she had endured trying to dress in her stateroom with the yacht plunging like a bucking horse. The Rambler carries very little ballast, and most of that above the keel and well winged out, so her motion is entirely free from sudden jerks, and as easy as anything could be in a sea-way. Her very buoyancy, however, makes her very active and on top of every sea instead of driving through it.

Not to prolong the reader's agony, it may be stated briefly that we passed in succession through three or four of these tide rips with comparatively smooth areas between them, and by 7 A. M. were through the last. The breeze strengthened steadily, and we soon had all we needed with all sail set. It was the true ocean breeze following the same direction as the Strait of Juan de Fuca, which enabled us, after one leg on the starboard tack, to lay our course for Victoria harbor on the port tack. We tore along at racing speed, every sail bulging with the force of the wind and the sheets like bars of iron. The tender towing astern was now fairly tearing through the water, and throwing a bow wave, which would occasionally rise higher than her gunwale, and then the top of it would be caught up by the wind and blown away to leeward, a shower of sparkling spray in the brilliant sunshine. But for the paraffine duck cover stretched over a ridge pole and laced under the gunwale, the tender would have filled a dozen times. The cover was sometimes almost hidden by the wash of the seas over it, but no water was taken inside. By 11 o'clock quite a sea was running, but the wind was steady, and we carried on until the lee deck was full of water, level with the bulwark and the staysail wet ten feet up the stay. Then we started the main sheet and jib topsail sheet a trifle, and went by Brotchy Ledge, at the mouth of Victoria Outer Harbor, at almost steamer speed.

The yacht anchorage is in the inner harbor, called James Bay. It is reached through a rather narrow winding channel about a mile long, but very easily negotiated, as the prevailing wind in the narrowest portion is almost invariably abeam.

James Bay (in which we anchored about noon) is an ideal harbor. Completely landlocked, its environment is enchanting. On one side is situated the beautiful British Columbia House of Parliament. On another side is the Government building, containing the postoffice and custom house. The Victoria Y. C. has a neat club house on the shore close to the Government building, and right here I wish to say that the Victoria yachtsmen are as fine a set of sportsmen as ever gripped a tiller or "tailed on" to a main sheet, and they are most hospitable, making the visiting yachtsmen welcome in a manner that I have never seen equaled in other ports.

Victoria is a delightful spot to spend a week. It has a good park, fine drives, many beautiful houses and an air of restfulness quite in contrast with the cities on this side of the border. The British Government maintains an important naval station at Esquimault, only three or four miles distant, and several warships are always on the station, and their sailors much in evidence on the Victoria streets. Also their brother of the land service, Tommy Atkins, in all the glory of his scarlet uniform and pill-box cap. The most beautiful feature of Victoria is the gorge. This is a narrow arm of the sea which extends for five miles inland from James Bay, and the wooded banks

RAMBLER IN VICTORIA.

of which are lined with the residences of Victoria's wealth and aristocracy. A trip up the gorge in launch, row boat, or canoe is one long to be remembered. We spent five delightful days in Victoria and left with regret. A gentle breeze in James Bay proved deceptive, as a glassy calm covered the straits outside. We hugged Brotchy Ledge Buoy for about an hour. (This hugging of buoys is no sailor's delight, although, as a friend once remarked, "The nun buoys aren't so bad!") Then the tender was ordered out ahead to tow, and we were soon leaving the ledge behind at the rate of three knots an hour, while the steady puff-puff of the launch away out ahead was so conducive to somnolence that even the man at the wheel had to assume painful poses in order to keep awake. There is one advantage possessed by the power tender over auxiliary power in the same hull—perfect absence of vibration and noise. At the end of an hour Chris, in the tender, changed places with Jim at the wheel, and on we went. During the second hour of towing, and when off Trial Island, the true west wind came along and, calling in the tender, sails were trimmed, and we entered Haro Strait. The wind was light and our progress slow. Late in the afternoon it became evident that we should not be able to make our intended destination (Reid Harbor) before the turn of the tide. I therefore determined to make Roche Harbor by going through the Mosquito Passage, a narrow and tortuous passage a mile long. With a large scale chart of the harbor and passage and the assistance of the tender, I had no fear of mishap.

We carried all sail, and at the mouth of the passage the tender could hardly keep ahead, but getting further in, the wind became fitful and the tender was of great assistance, although I am inclined to think we could have made it in half an hour longer under sail alone. The only danger is Pole Islet in midstream, at the inner end of the passage, which must be left to port in entering, while a strong flood tide might draw a craft on to the reef extending from the islet to the west bank.

Once in, Roche Harbor is a perfect protection from any winds. Pearl Island lies in the mouth of the harbor, on the north, making two channels on that side. The next morning we towed out through the channel, east of Pearl Island, bound north. We found a breeze outside coming from the northeast, but a strong ebb tide running west between San Juan and Spieden Islands.

A submerged reef runs out from the northwest point of San Juan Island and terminates in a small rocky islet called Morse Island. The tide runs over this reef like a river. Almost before we knew it we were rushing down upon it in spite of the good breeze, which was enabling us to point due north. We tacked not a moment too soon, and as our new course was east, it was just in the teeth of the tidal current, and we stood almost still. The tide was stronger than the wind, but we managed to work outside of Morse Island, past which we went stern first. It was a narrow escape. If we had been drawn through the passage between Morse and San Juan islands, we should almost certainly have been wrecked on the reef. Also, if we had left Roche Harbor by the channel west of Pearl Island, our utmost efforts could not have prevented us from being drawn into this same passage. On account of having entrances on both the north and the south sides, the tide ebbs and flows through Roche Harbor, and at certain stages of the tides these entrances (all narrow) cannot be negotiated safely by sailing craft unless favored with a free wind. Reid Harbor, in Stuart Island, only three miles north of Roche Harbor, has none of these objections. It is easily entered and cleared at any stage of the tide, and failing a wind, any small yacht can be towed in or rowed in with a pair of sweeps. But more of Reid Harbor when we get to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mr. Stanley H. Seaman has made the following sales through his agency: The pole mast sloop Athla, owned by Mr. James A. Keenan, of Washington, to Mr. J. H. Clontier, of Chicoutimi, Quebec; the auxiliary yawl Coon, owned by Mr. Wm. H. Langley, of New York, to Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn.; the sloop Bonnie Bairn, owned by Mr. Herbert L. Stone, to Mr. Morton H. Smith, of New York City.

Shamrock III. was to have had a trial under sail on Saturday, March 28, but as a fierce gale prevailed throughout the day, she did not leave her moorings. Shamrock III. is now lying in Gourock Bay alongside of Shamrock I. The new boat's mast is considerably higher than that of the old boat, and it is believed her rig will be as large as that of Shamrock II. An innovation in the shape of a wire main sheet will be used on the third Shamrock. She will have quite an amount of American material in her make up. Her steering gear was turned out by an American firm. Some of her hollow wooden spars as well as her blocks were made on this side. The latest reports say the new boat's overhangs are long and well balanced, and her sheer straight. The freeboard is less than that of Shamrock I., but more than the second Shamrock's. It is said that she is 138ft. long over all, with a breadth of 22 or 23ft. at the waterline, and a draft of 19ft.

The hull of the boat has all the refinement of the second Shamrock with all the power of the first one, and it is just here that Mr. Fife's triumph in this model will lie.

The London Field gives the following description of the third Shamrock:

The design of Shamrock, as we indicated some time ago, is much nearer the present British type of racing yacht than that of any recent challenger. The lines, while not so fine and rounded as those of Shamrock II., are still beautifully curved, and there is a distinct impression of speed which was absent from the Watson boat. It is in the formation of the hull that the most marked change is seen. The boat is deeper sided, very easy at the bilge, and has a full underbody down to within 8ft. or so of the bulb, which is shorter than in either of the other two Shamrocks, carries rather more lead, and has a drop of about 2ft. to the heel, while the draft will not exceed 19ft. 6in. She is said to have been built close up to the 90ft. limit, and her over all length is about 138ft.

In the matter of entrance, Fife has greatly improved on the flat spoon bow of Shamrock II., the stem of the new challenger having a sharp edge for 6ft. or 8ft., and then flowing into a full, graceful underside, and the counter being one of the handsomest the designer has drawn. The sheer is very slight, the only noticeable rise beginning at a few feet from stem to taffrail. The beam is calculated at 22ft. 6in., and the greatest breadth is found at 25ft. or so aft of the mast. The bowsprit is an unusually large spar of solid wood, and indicates the probability of an extensive fore triangle. Main boom, pole mast (rather longer than that of Shamrock II.), and gaff are of tubular steel, and the smaller spars, with the exception of the bowsprit, of hollow wood. The sail plan has been variously stated as likely to be greater and smaller than that of the former Shamrocks, but the evidence of things is in the direction of a moderate increase. For purposes of extra strength, the bobstay has been drawn through the stem of the boat and screwed down to the keelson.

Reliance, the new boat building at Bristol, will probably be launched on April 11, the day before Easter Sunday. There is still considerable work to be done on the boat, and it is barely possible that she will not be finished in time to be put overboard on that day.

English Letter.

Shamrock III. was launched on Tuesday last, 17th inst., the event passing off without a hitch. In the morning the weather was very bad, heavy rain falling, accompanied by a high wind. However, just before the time of the launch arrived the sky cleared and the yacht passed into the water in brilliant sunshine. As usual at Dumbarton, this long-legged craft was launched on pontoons, the water being too shallow for her. It is customary on these occasions to become rapturous on the subject of a new vessel's appearance, but in Shamrock's case there is solid ground for high praise. She is of an extremely refined model, and ought to look particularly well when fully rigged. It is said that her draft is lighter than usual—19ft.—but the lead is in the form of a pronounced bulb, so that its center of gravity is probably as low as in her predecessors. The yacht was launched with her bowsprit in place, and, to judge from this huge spar, her sail spread will be very considerably greater than any single-stick vessel has had. All over, the yacht is very fair and round. She has an easy bilge, and this gives her quarters and counter a much lighter appearance than that of the first Shamrock. The floor turns into the fin with an easy curve also, and the stem is not so much cut away down there as to give an abrupt ending to the lower waterlines. Her forward overhang does not appear to be at all extravagant, and, as at the stern, the sections there are fairly rounded, forming an entrance somewhat like that of Khama. For the first time in the history of cutter racing, the tiller has been discarded, and a wheel fitted. I have no doubt that this will be found a great advantage. Immediately after the vessel was floated she was towed over to Greenock and put into dock. The next day her mast was stepped, and the work of fitting out is proceeding with the utmost speed. She will probably have had her first spin before the end of this month. One thing is very certain, viz., that if she intends to part with any of her spars she will have every oportunity of doing so before she leaves the Clyde. The early spring with us is always squally, and the Clyde estuary is one of the squalliest yachting places I know. Therefore, during the next races you may rely on it that no matter what the weather may be like, our boat will not break down. The appearance of the new challenger seems to have pleased everyone who has seen her, and unless Herreshoff has made a very large stride she bids fair to prove a regular teaser. Alike from her moderate draft, her great sail-spread and her fair round body, I should say that she will show up best in weather that will just give a finish within the time limit. The condition of the water will not be of much moment to her.

There is an impression here that Sir Thomas Lipton is not taking the yacht out early enough, and that her trials in American waters are more important than

those that have been arranged over here. On the other hand, the weather likely to be met with on the passage out will be more settled in the latter part of June, and, although the American trials may be of great value to Shamrock's skipper and crew, it is just possible that they may also have some value for those of Reliance.

Talking of International races, that for the Automobile Club's Harmsworth launch cup, will be held in the second week of July. I hear that a French boat is being built to compete, and several are building here to defend it. The power of the French craft is rather greater than that of the British. The difficulty with these boats is to keep them from being top-heavy. I think there is no marine engine made that is suitable for this purpose, and that the first result of the gift of the cup will be a change in the design of engines for racing boats, so as to enable them to stow low down.

Our 52ft. class will be recruited this year with a new boat, for which an order has been placed by Mr. W. B. Paget (owner of the fine yawl Namara) with Messrs. Camper and Nicholson, of Gosport. The design will be by Mr. Charles Nicholson, who may be trusted to turn out a smart boat. He was the designer of that grand vessel Brynhilde.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Design for an 18ft. Knockabout.

THERE appear in this issue the plans of a knockabout that was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley to fit the 18ft. knockabout class of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association. The boat is being built by Mr. W. J. Edwards, at City Point, under Mr. Lawley's supervision for Mr. L. B. Goodspeed, of Boston. Mr. Goodspeed will race the boat in all the regattas held at Hull and Duxbury during the coming summer.

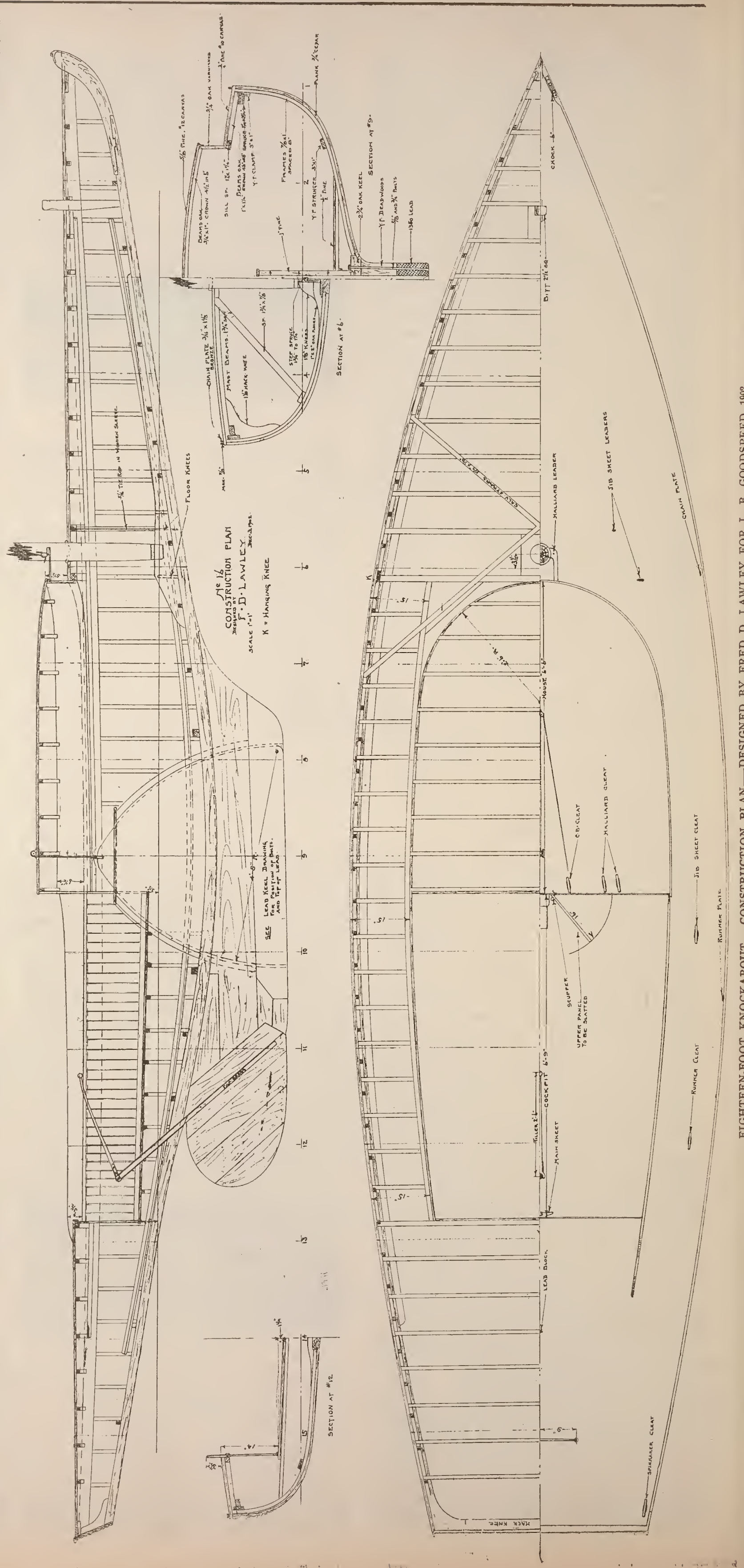
The design shows a nicely turned little boat of moderate displacement, long overhangs and low freeboard. Her bulk is well distributed, and she should prove a smart craft with a good turn of speed.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	30ft.	8 in.
L. W. L.	17ft.	6½in.
Overhang—		
Forward	6ft.	1½in.
Aft	7ft.	
Breadth—		
Extreme	8ft.	
L. W. L.	7ft.	5 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	2ft.	8 in.
With board	6ft.	
To rabbet	1ft.	2½in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	2ft.	¾in.
Aft	1ft.	7½in.
Least	1ft.	5¾in.
Sail area—		
Mainsail	360 sq. ft.	
Jib	90 sq. ft.	
Total	450 sq. ft.	
Displacement	4,110 lbs.	

The boat's construction is simple yet strong, and she will stand a good bit of hard racing without showing any weakness. The cabin house is 6ft. 6in. long and quite low, but still there is enough room under it to afford protection to two or three men. The cockpit is watertight and is 6ft. 9in. long.

The sail plan is well over the boat itself, as the jib sets on the stem head and the boom projects but little over the stern; in consequence she should be very easily handled.



How to Build a Launch from Plans.

"How to Build a Launch from Plans," is the title of a new book, written by Charles G. Davis for the benefit of power yachtsmen, who wish to build their own boats, or who wish to know whether or not they are being built in a proper and workmanlike manner.

The great and widespread interest now being taken in the building and running of power boats has created a demand for a really good work on the subject, and in writing his book Mr. Davis has covered the matter in a thorough and lucid way.

The book, which contains some one hundred and sixty pages, and is handsomely bound in red buckram, is divided into three parts: Part one deals with the subject of displacement; part two covers the building of the boat, and part three treats of the gas engine.

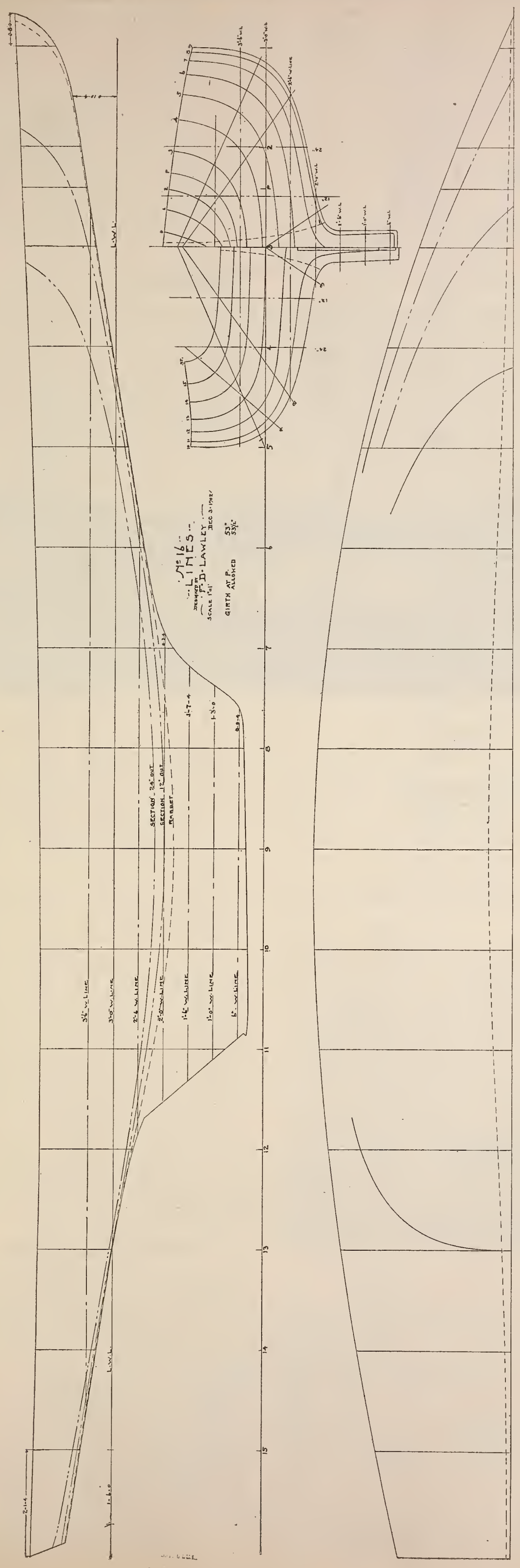
The articles in the various chapters tell what is good construction, what is faulty and why; explains the principles of stability and displacement, and hundreds of other points the amateur should know, but very seldom does.

Beginning with an explanation of the plans, the making of the molds, setting up the keel, framing and planking are described; and so on, step by step, to the end, where many useful hints are given for the care and running of gas engines.

Beside the nine folding drawings, there are eight full-page plates and some forty other smaller diagrams, all of these being specially made for the book by the author. These drawings clearly show the various ways in which the work is accomplished. A photograph of the completed boat forms the frontispiece.

Mr. Davis is a competent authority in this field, and the book will be found a complete and reliable manual for amateur or experienced builder. Prevailing characteristics are lucidity of statement and explicitness of instruction. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Price, $1.50.

The speed launch designed by Mr. Charles D. Mower for his own use, is being built by the Milton Point Shipyard, Rye, N. Y. The boat will be equipped with a Buffalo gasolene motor. She will be named Express. The name was selected, as it contains seven letters and ends in double s.



EIGHTEEN-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY FRED D. LAWLEY FOR L. B. GOODSPEED, 1902.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, March 30.—One of the pleasing features of the New York Y. C.'s annual cruise this season, to Eastern yachtsmen, at least, will be the presence of the Eastern Y. C. fleet. The presence of the New York Y. C. fleet at Marblehead last season, as the guest of the Eastern Y. C., was one of the features of the season; in fact, it was the feature of many seasons. The members of the Eastern Y. C. would undoubtedly have desired that the New York fleet should again visit Marblehead this season on its annual cruise. On account of the great amount of racing between the 90-footers, however, it was realized by both clubs that this would be next to impossible. So, when the New York Y. C. returned the compliment by inviting the Eastern Y. C. fleet to join the cruise at New London, the invitation was promptly accepted. Arrangements have been made by the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C., so that until the two fleets meet at New London, they will each be cruising in the opposite direction. The Eastern Y. C. fleet will leave Marblehead Wednesday, July 15, and, making racing squadron runs from port to port, will arrive at New London Saturday or Sunday. The two fleets will then proceed in company during the remainder of the New York Y. C. cruise. July 25, the day following the disbandment of the cruising fleet, the Eastern Y. C. will give a race off Newport, open to yachts of the New York and Eastern Y. Cs.

The first few warm days of spring have made the yachtsmen uneasy, and yesterday there were numbers of them about the different yards. Covers were taken off, and, if nothing more was done, they were given a thorough airing in preparation of the heavier work of fitting out. Although the racing season will not actually commence in Massachusetts Bay before the usual time, Memorial Day, it is expected that the yachts will be in the water much earlier than usual. Preparations for early races of the 90-footers have undoubtedly aroused more interest among the owners of the smaller craft. Many of the yachts will be ready by April 19, Patriot's Day, and a number of impromptu scraps will be held at different places. Down in Duxbury Bay, there will be a race on that day between some of the 18-footers that have been built during the winter and a few of last season's boats. More 18-footers have been built for Massachusetts yachtsmen during the past winter than any other type of sailing yachts. It is almost impossible to tell the exact number of new ones at present, as they have been built all along the coast. There will be more of these boats ready on April 19, however, than in any other class, and it is more than likely that scraps between them will be seen in other places besides Duxbury Bay.

The Boston Y. C. has already commenced preparations for a busy season. At the South Boston and Dorchester stations, the floats have been put out and everything is ready for those who launch their boats early. The three delegates of the club to the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, are Mr. Louis M. Clark, Rear Com. Walter Burgess and Mr. Foster Hooper. Mr. Louis M. Clark has been appointed chairman of the Regatta Committee, and Mr. Foster Hooper, secretary.

The House Committee of the South Boston Y. C. has arranged the following list of entertainments for the early part of the coming season: Thursday, April 2, smoker, music and athletic events; Tuesday evening, April 14, fancy dress masquerade; April 19, Patriot's Day, open house, refreshments in the Dutch room; Thursday evening, May 7, hop; Thursday evening, May 28, Beach Comber's party; Memorial Day, May 30, opening of the racing season, refreshments in the Dutch room, open house; Wednesday, June 17, open house.

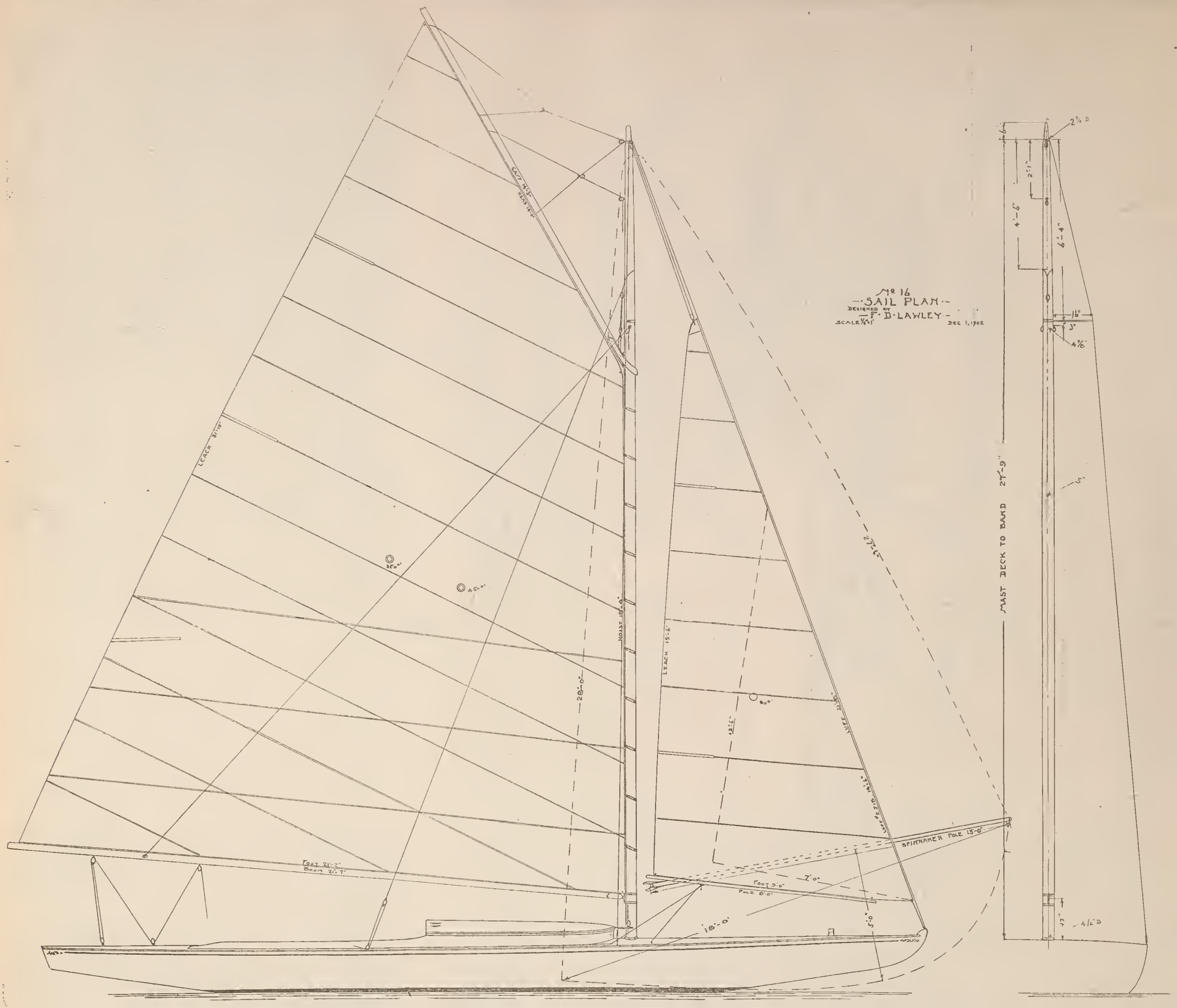
Sally VI., the crack 25-footer, owned last season by Mr. Lawrence F. Percival, having been sold to Dr. Augsburg, a Russian yachtsman, Mr. Percival has ordered from Mr. Fred D. Lawley another 25-footer, Sally VII., to take her place. The new boat will be of the keel type, and will be the only one of this type so far in sight. It is understood, however, that Mr. B. S. Smith, who owned Seboomook last season, will have a keel 25-footer designed and built by Mr. Archie Fenton, of Gloucester. It is said that there was some sort of an agreement between Mr. Percival and Mr. Smith by which one would build a new 25-footer, providing the other should build.

Preparations for a busy season are being made at the Dorchester Y. C. The clubhouse is being thoroughly renovated, and is expected to be ready for occupancy by May 1. The formal opening will be held shortly after that time. All arrangements have been completed for the annual dinner, to be held April 11.

Mr. Charles E. Lauriat, Jr., and Mr. Foster Hooper, of the Boston Y. C., have purchased the 18-footer Gertrude, formerly owned by Mr. H. E. Lynch. She is to be painted black, and her name will be changed to the Crow.

Many of the big yachts have started to fit out in Lawley's basin, and it is expected that nearly all of them will get away early. There is a bunch of three fine cruisers now being rigged at the wharf. One of these is the 60ft. auxiliary schooner designed by Mr. Arthur Binney for Mr. C. H. H. Clark, of Philadelphia; another is the 50ft. auxiliary schooner by the same designer, for Major L. S. Bent, of the Annisquam Y. C., and the third is the 50ft. auxiliary yawl, designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley, for Mrs. Gibson, of New York and Bar Harbor. In the east shop the 57ft. twin screw naphtha yacht, designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, is in frame. The 50ft. schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond, is partly planked. The decks are being laid on the 40-rater for Col. R. H. Morgan, and the 43-rater for Mr. Trenor L. Park. In the west shop the boiler and engine have been installed in the steam yacht for Mr. Charles Fletcher, and the boiler is being put together for the steam yacht for Mr. C. G. Emery. Mr. Fred D. Lawley is designing a 22-footer for Mr. H. H. Walker.

The 45ft. naphtha launch Beth, owned by Mr. H. F.



EIGHTEEN-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY FRED D. LAWLEY FOR L. B. GOODSPEED, 1902.

Wilson, of Ballardvale, Mass., has been sold to Mr. Henry T. Smith, of Providence.

The racing cat Kolea, owned by Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr., has been sold to Mr. George Hewlett, of New York.

Shawsheen, a 21ft. knockabout, owned by Rear Com. Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C., has been sold to Mr. D. A. Sargent, athletic director at Harvard University.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

THINGS nautical are looking up out this way. There is a disposition to gather with other yachtsmen and talk about doing things. While the clubhouse is not yet formally opened or the restaurant really in service, there are meetings of the boys Saturday evenings and Sundays, and little dinners served by special arrangements with the steward.

The second monthly dinner, on the evening of March 21, was attended by nearly twice as many as the first one, and the attendance at the first was a surprise to all but the most sanguine of the dinner promoters. The menu was excellent, and the spirit of good comradeship and hearty welcome to new members was thoroughly delightful.

On March 28 occurred an informal smoker, which still further emphasized the fact that this is going to be a banner season for the Columbia Club. From every direction came reports of progress on new boats building, and there are half a dozen sheds in various parts of the city which shelter partially completed hulls. Their amateur owners and builders are hustling now so that they may be in the water and tuned up for the Decoration Day races.

The 21ft. cabin class is the special pet and pride of the club, and competition for the trophy offered by Sir Thomas J. Lipton in this class and held by the club as a perpetual challenge cup, is to be fierce. Bids have been accepted by the club members for two boats in this class. One to be built in the last under direction of Messrs. Small Bros., of Boston, to be called Little Shamrock, is a syndicate boat. The other, the Tantalizer, will be built at Fort Wayne, Ind., by the Keogh Boat & Motor Co., on the order of Com. J. F. McGuire. She will be of the same design and for the express purpose of pitting the Western builders against the Eastern, to see which will turn out the better boat. There is also a deal on foot for a 21-footer to participate in this year's Lipton races, from a design by Mr. C. D. Mower.

Milwaukee will send down two contestants for the Cup—the Pilot, a Massachusetts Bay 21-footer, recently purchased by Mr. R. B. Brown, and a new boat now building by Mr. Otto F. Schamell. Mr. Schamell's boat will be a beauty and an ideal 21-footer. She will be 35ft. 11in. over all, 7ft. 5in. in forward overhang and 7ft. 6in. in aft. L. W. L. beam 9ft. 10in. Will carry 1,540 pounds of lead ballast on fin. She will have hollow spars, and her sail area will be 898 sq. ft. Her cedar planking will be finished natural wood, varnished and highly polished. La Rita will hold the Cup another year if the expectations of her owner, Mr. George R. Peare, are realized. He is having a new hollow spar made by H. Pigeon & Sons, of Boston, and has ordered a new suit of racing canvas from Wilson & Silsby. This will measure 844 sq. ft.—somewhat larger than last year.

The success of the 21ft. class has inspired members of the club to project two other special classes—one of 18-footers for knockabout sailing in home waters, and the other of 25-footers as a cruising class, that will afford comfortable quarters for four or five people, but that will not be costly to construct or maintain. Although nothing definite has been planned as to the restrictions, the idea that seems to meet favor is the adoption of the best features of the 25ft. class of the Y. R. U. Probably the other clubs on Lake Michigan will be asked to participate in the adoption of the rules so as to insure the interclub interest that is always a winning factor in such work. Already there is promise of a suitable perpetual challenge cup, and a championship cup for each season's winner will also be provided.

By action of the club at the March business meeting, the membership dues will hereafter be sixteen dollars instead of twelve dollars per year. No change was made in the initiation fee of ten dollars. One of the members, recently returned from the South, reported a place in the collection of the Southern Y. C. for a Columbia burgee, and an exchange was immediately voted.

One of the needs of the club that the members are discussing is that of a club launch or fleet tender. So much time is lost in calling in a dinghy and rowing back and forth with guests, that the yacht owners would gladly contribute toward keeping in commission a roomy launch for this purpose, and it is hoped that before the season really opens such an arrangement can be made.

E. T. D.

MARCH 30.

Monaloa.

MONALOA was designed by Mr. Arthur Binney and built by the George Lawley & Son, Corp., in 1901. She is built of wood and is 85ft. over all, 81ft. waterline, 11ft. breadth and 4ft. 4in. draft. Monaloa is owned by Mr. Chauncy B. Borland, of Boston.

Pantooset.

THE steam yacht Pantooset was built at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., in 1902, from designs made by Mr. W. J. J. Young. She is built of steel and is 211ft. over all, 175ft. waterline, 27ft. 3in. breadth and 13ft. draft. Pantooset is owned by Mr. A. S. Bigelow, Commodore of the Eastern Y. C.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The second general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York City, on Thursday evening, March 26. The amendments that were proposed at the February meeting were passed. Among the amendments was the one giving the commodore power to appoint the measurer and fleet captain. Mr. Charles D. Mower will be appointed measurer and Dr. J. M. Woodbury fleet surgeon.

The Regatta Committee announced that the steamer Richmond had been chartered for the use of members and their guests for May 21 and 22, on which occasions the Reliance, Constitution and Columbia will meet over the Glen Cove course; the Cepheus, for the annual regatta, June 11; the Gay Head, for the Astor cups, Newport, July 23, and the Monmouth, for the America's Cup races.

The club directed the committee to place the facilities of the Gay Head and the Monmouth at the disposal of the members of the Eastern Y. C. upon the same terms as for its own members.

The Eastern Y. C. accepted the invitation of the New York Y. C. to join the fleet on the annual cruise.

The German Emperor sent Com. Bourne a cable-

gram, in which he expressed his satisfaction at being elected an honorary member of the club. The following were elected members: Lieut. E. T. Fitzgerald, U. S. N.; Samuel Heilner, Benjamin F. Keith, David H. Lyon, Charles A. Towne, Bexley Hocombe, George K. Kirkham, Dr. Henry F. Owsley, L. G. Schroeder, William D. Hoxie, Ensign Charles E. Courtney, U. S. N.; Dr. Edmund Le Roy Dow, Joseph J. O. Donohue, F. Gilbert Hindsdale, Ensign W. S. Case, U. S. N.; Midshipman Caspar Goodrich, U. S. N.; William R. Wilcox, Robert Olyphant, William B. Simonds, Stephen Baker, Jr., William R. Coe, Dr. Ambrose L. Ranney, Edward Field Goltra, C. H. Simonds, Henry P. Hall, Walter Hauxhurst, William W. Montgomery, Henry Richmond Taylor, Moses Taylor, George W. Elbeins, Lewis Cass Ledyard, Jr., Elliott Johnson, Harold P. Brown, Henry R. Sutphen, John Mulligan, Edward E. Roberts and J. Donald Cameron.

The initiation fee of the Brooklyn Y. C. has been suspended until June 1. The trustees have appointed the following committees: House Committee, John E. Demund, J. A. Voorhees and William A. Maxwell; Reception Committee, Sydney Grant, Edward Salt and E. H. Avery; Finance Committee, Cornelius Fergueson, C. H. Humphreys and John E. Haviland.

The board of governors received bids for an extension of the present quarters at Bensonhurst to be 35 by 70ft. This is to be used for dining and entertainment purposes. It is proposed to give entertainments every two weeks during the season of 1903.

The Regatta Committee of the Larchmont Y. C. is composed of Charles P. Tower, Chairman; Frank Hardy and H. C. Perrin. Com. Adams has appointed Gen. Thomas L. Watson Fleet Captain and Dr. William E. Bullard Fleet Surgeon.

The certificate of incorporation of the Bensonhurst Y. C. has been approved of. The incorporators of the new club are: George Ashton Kay, William R. Sainsbury, George D. Eggert, George Waters, James C. Nicholson, Clarence H. Clayton, Arthur R. Wells, Charles H. Parsons, Arthur C. Bellows and Richard W. Rummell.

The quarters of the Bensonhurst Y. C. will be at the new basin, in process of construction, just below Ulmer Park.

The pennant of the club has alternate red and white vertical stripes, beginning at the hoist and ending with a red triangle at the outer point of the pennant. In all there are four red and three white stripes.

The club's membership will be restricted to 150.

The Bergen Point (N. J.) Y. C. was incorporated a few days ago. The trustees are: Alfred W. Booth, Newton H. Day, Lucius F. Donohue, William R. Wilde, Thomas J. Parker, Middleton S. Borland, Henry A. Wheeler, William W. Gerrett and James D. Boyd.

The club will have a station on Newark Bay, and they will build a clubhouse there.

The Larchmont Y. C. has laid out the following schedule for the coming season:

Saturday, June 13.—Spring Regatta.
Wednesday, June 17.—Races for Reliance, Constitution and Columbia.
Saturday, July 4.—Annual Regatta.
Saturday, July 4, to Saturday, July 11.—Race week.
Monday, Sept. 7.—Fall Regatta.
Saturday, Sept. 19.—Schooner Cup race.

The Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. is now made up of four clubs, Brooklyn Y. C., New York C. C., Marine and Field C. and the Bensonhurst Y. C. The boats will race under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, and the clubs have laid out the following racing schedule: June 6, Marine and Field Club; June 20, Brooklyn Y. C.; June 27, New York C. C.; July 11, Bensonhurst Y. C.; July 25, Marine and F. C.; Aug. 1, Brooklyn Y. C.; Sept. 5, New York C. C.; Sept. 19, Bensonhurst Y. C.

A general meeting of the Y. R. A., of Long Island Sound, was held at the Arena, West Thirty-first Street, New York City, on March 30.

The officers for the coming year were elected:
President, Thomas H. Macdonald, Bridgeport Y. C.
Secretary, Charles P. Tower, Riverside Y. C.
Treasurer, Edward M. MacLellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Executive Committee—Charles T. Pierce, Riverside Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Clinton H. Crane, Seawanhaka Y. C., and Robert C. Mitchell, Sachem's Head Y. C.

A number of amendments to the racing rules were considered and discussed. The amendment to adopt the rule of measurement of the New York Y. C. was lost, as was the amendment to change the association's present measurement rule.

The motion "To amend the first paragraph of Section 3, Rule II., by substituting the following in place of the amendment adopted at the November meeting, was passed:

"In pole-masted yachts which carry the upper halyard block on a pennant, the upper point of measurement shall be the point at which the pennant is fastened to the mast."

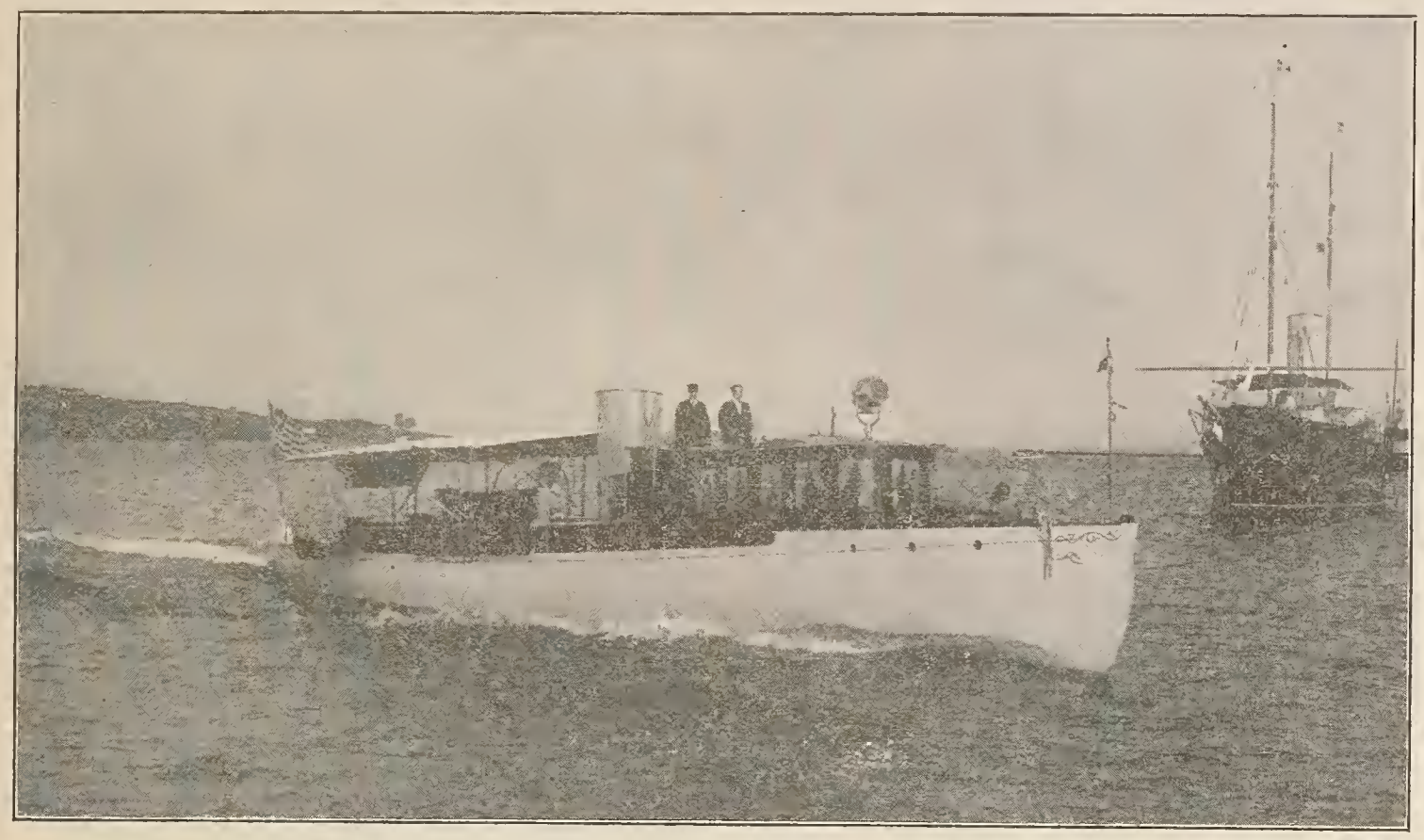
The following additions were made to Rule XV:

4.—The signal to indicate the end of the starting line on board the race committee's boat shall be a white burgee.

5.—The race committee's flag shall be rectangular, of blue, with a foul anchor and the letters "R. C." in white.

The following racing schedule was adopted:

May 23, New Rochelle Y. C. special.
May 30, Harlem Y. C. annual, Indian Harbor Y. C. special, Bridgeport Y. C. special.
June 6, Knickerbocker Y. C. annual.
June 20, New Rochelle Y. C. annual.
June 25, 26 and 27, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. specials and annual.
June 29, 30 and July 1 and 2, Manhasset Bay Cup races.
July 3, American Y. C. annual.
July 4, Hartford Y. C. annual.
July 11, Norwalk Y. C. special.
July 18, Riverside Y. C. annual; Corinthian Y. C., of Stamford, special.
July 25, Hartford Y. C. special, Hempstead Harbor Y. C. annual, Bridgeport Y. C. annual.
Aug. 1, Manhasset Bay Y. C. special.
Aug. 6, 7, and 8, Indian Harbor Y. C. specials and annual.
Aug. 8, Shelter Island Y. C. annual.
Aug. 15, Horse Shoe Harbor Y. C. annual, Huntington Y. C. annual, Hartford Y. C. special.
Aug. 29, Huguenot Y. C. annual.
Sept. 5, Indian Harbor Y. C. fall regatta.
Sept. 7, Norwalk Y. C. annual, Sachem's Head Y. C. annual.
Sept. 10, 11 and 12, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. specials and fall.
Sept. 19, Manhasset Bay Y. C. fall.
Sept. 26, Riverside Y. C. fall.



MONALOA.
Designed by Arthur Binney. Owned by Chauncey B. Borland. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The steam yacht Niagara, owned by Mr. Howard Gould, arrived in New York on March 24, after a fourteen weeks' cruise in the Mediterranean.

Messrs. R. Wallins' Sons, of Bensonhurst, are building an 18ft. catboat from designs by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., for Mr. George Reiners, of Brooklyn. The boat will be raced on Gravesend Bay.

Eugenia, steam yacht, has been sold by Mr. John B. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I., to Mr. T. W. Wheeler, of New York City.

The Metropolitan Boat and Launch Co., Astoria, L. I., has built nine boats for the Red Bank Y. C. one design class. They are owned by the following members of that club: Thomas Byrnes, Andrew Freedman, Jacob Siegel, John G. Gillig, Andrew B. Murray, Whitney Kernochan, Otto Wagner, Adolph Hupfel and Conrad Stein.

Mr. Harrison B. Moore has chartered his steam yacht Zara, through the agency of Messrs Gardner & Cox, to Mr. Henry S. Shipley.

At Byles' yard, City Island, there is building a cruising auxiliary yawl from designs by Mr. Charles D. Mower for Mr. William P. Trench. The boat will be named Yabwoc. She is 32ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 3in. draft. She will carry 640 sq. ft. of sail, and will have 2,400 pounds of ballast on the keel. The power will be furnished by a 5 horse-power Lozier motor.

The Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, Mariner's Harbor, S. I., are building a 56ft. auxiliary for Mr. A. A. Blow, of London. The yacht will be fitted with a 20 horse-power gasolene engine. She will be used by her owner on Chesapeake Bay.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Palma International Rifle Match.

Under date of March 18 the State Department has received from the British Embassy, Washington, copy of a circular invitation from the secretary of the National Rifle Association, embodying the conditions under which the forthcoming competition for the Palma international rifle trophy will be held at Bisley on July 11, 1903.

The general conditions for the match are:

1. Teams.—Each team shall consist of eight men. Members of the various teams participating must be native born citizens and residents of the countries they respectively represent, except in the case of teams representing a provincial territory of a government, in which case a residence in the province will be sufficient, provided the member is a native born subject of the parent country.

2. Rifles.—The national military arm of the country the team represents.

3.—Distances.—Eight hundred, nine hundred and one thousand yards.

4. Size of Target.—Rectangular, 12 by 6 feet. Dimensions: Bullseye, circular, 36in. diameter; inner, circular, 54in. diameter; magpie, square, 72in.; outer, remainder of target.

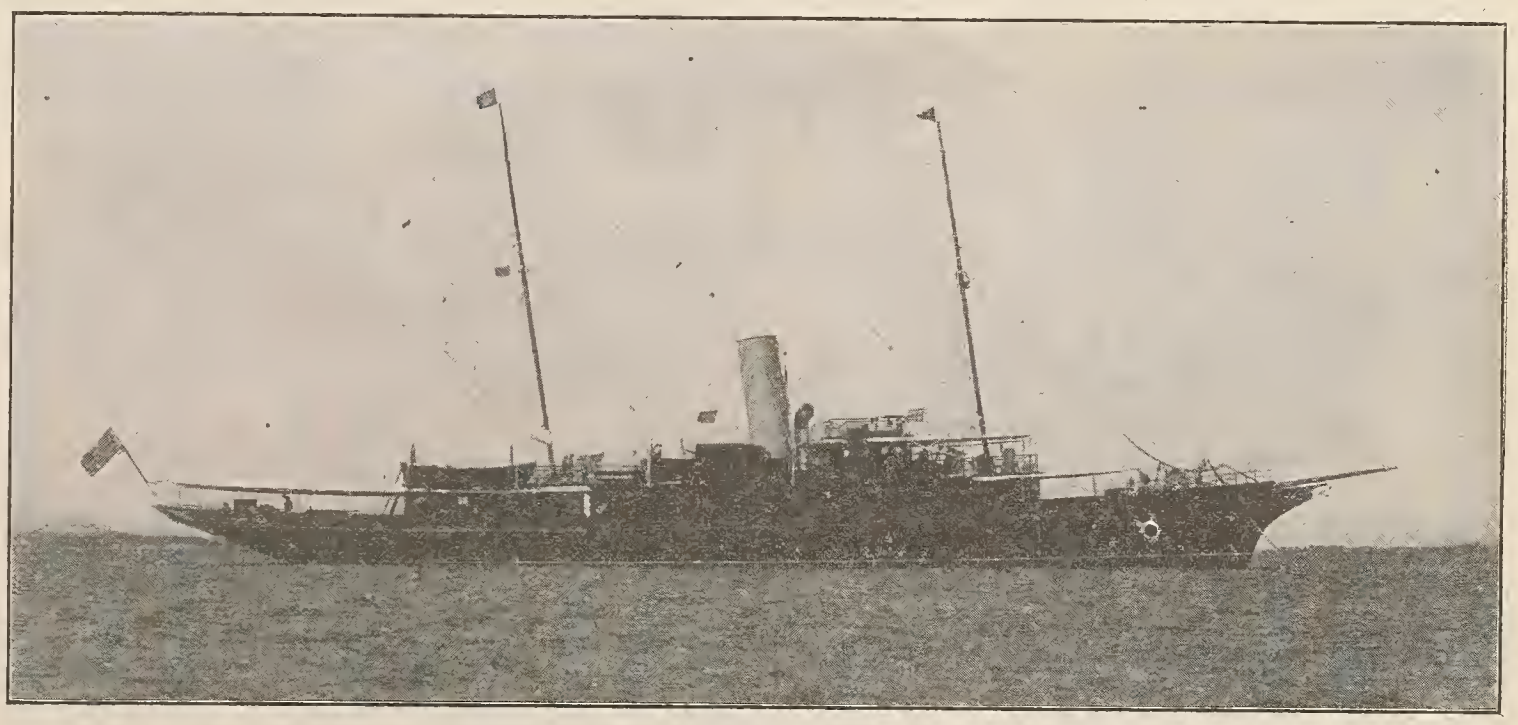
5. Number of Shots.—Fifteen at each distance by each competitor.

6. Position.—Any, without artificial rest.

7. Entrance Fee.—Per team, £3 5s. ($15.81).

The circular adds:

"The council of the National Rifle Association hope that as many nationalities as possible will take part in the match, and they cordially invite the United States to send a team. Long-range accommodation at Bisley will be placed at the disposal of the competing teams before the match for practice, and all arrangements for their convenience and comfort will be forwarded. The secretary of the National Rifle Association (Bisley Camp, Brookwood, Surrey) will be glad to answer any inquiries and to give any further information in his power."



PANTOOSET.
Designed by W. J. J. Young. Owned by A. S. Bigelow. Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The $2,500 appropriated by Congress for the purchase of a trophy and other prizes, will be placed by the Secretary of War in the hands of a committee to be composed of two Army officers and nineteen officers of the National Guard of several States. Col. Hall will be chairman of the committee.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, will hold a tournament on April 21-23.

Scores of a Beginner.

RIFLE scores by Howard Anderson at Stewartstown, Pa., since Feb. 21, are as follows, shot in all kinds of weather, winds and lights, and were shot with the team on the day set for shooting; ¾in. German ring target, shot from muzzle rest; 200yds. This includes all targets shot since Feb. 21, 30 shots at a heat each day:

				Feb. 21.					
24	24	25	24	23	23	24	24	23	23—237
22	23	23	23	23	23	25	24	25	25—236
21	24	24	25	24	24	22	23	24	23—234
				Feb. 26.					
25	23	24	22	24	23	23	24	25	25—238
24	25	24	23	23	23	23	21	25	23—234
23	24	22	22	21	22	22	23	23	23—225
				March 3.					
23	24	23	25	24	25	23	23	22	25—237
24	21	23	25	22	25	23	24	23	24—234
23	24	23	23	24	24	25	24	22	23—235
				March 5.					
24	25	23	24	25	23	25	24	24	24—241
23	23	23	22	24	24	24	22	24	24—233
24	24	25	23	23	25	24	24	23	24—239
				March 14.					
23	23	24	24	23	23	23	24	21	24—232
24	24	25	23	23	24	24	23	24	24—238
24	24	20	21	24	23	25	23	23	24—231

These scores are not hard to beat by an old rifleman, but I think them good for a beginner. J. W. ANDERSON.

A competition at Sea Girt, N. J., during the first week in September, to be participated in by the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard is contemplated. It is said that thirty States will be represented. The subject of sending a team to England to participate in a match there will also be considered.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

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

April 1-3.—Grand Island, Neb.—Consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club, of North Platte, and the Grand Island Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds. Managers, Geo. L. Carter, North Platte, and Gus Sievers, Grand Island.
April 2-3.—Des Moines, Ia.—Hopkins-Sears Company's tournament.
April 2-3.—Indianapolies, Ind.—Two days' tournament of the Limited Gun Club.
April 7-8.—Peru, Ind., Gun Club's seventh annual tournament. Frank Dunbar, Sec'y.
April 7-11.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament and convention, under auspices of Metropolitan Gun Club. F. B. Cunningham, Secretary-Manager.
*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
April 10.—North Hudson Driving Park, N. J.—Second annual individual Eastern championship at live birds; 20 birds, $10, birds included.
April 10.—New Haven, Conn., Gun Club's all-day tournament. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Can.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec-y-Treas.
April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.
April 16.—Kent, O.—Portage County Gun Club's tri-county shoot. W. L. Lyman, Sec'y.
April 18.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Open shoot for live-bird championship of York county, Pa., and all-day shoot of Glen Rock Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 20.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
April 21-22.—Attica, Ind., Gun Club's tournament. C. B. Lamme, Sec'y.
April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.
April 22.—Rushylvania, O., Gun Club's shoot.
April 22-23.—Troy, O., Gun Club's tournament.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 28-30.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's tournament.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 1-2.—Annual spring shoot of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—El Reno, Okl.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dinnick, Sec'y.
May 27-29.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
**June, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
**July, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Cadds Gun Club's tournament.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J0 Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The programme of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament, April 21 and 22, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained on application to the secretary, Mr. B. D. Nobles, to whom guns and shells may be shipped. The competition is open to all. A distance handicap will be enforced. Targets will be thrown from a magautrap. There are twelve events each day, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance respectively $1, $1.50, $2 and $3. High averages, $10, $7, and $3 to lower average. Rose system will govern division of moneys. Shooting commences at 9:30. Handicap committee: Messrs. F. D. Kelsey, L. V. Byer and B. D. Nobles.

Much dissatisfaction was expressed last year by many of the G. A. H. trapshooters who patronized the Midland Hotel at Kansas City, over the exorbitant rates charged. In some instances they were over double the regular rates for rooms. Mr. A. J. Dean, the manager, writes us on this subject as follows: "While it is not our purpose to criticise what may have happened last year, we wish to assure you and all others who attend the handicap this year that they receive the most courteous treatment and the best accommodations that it is possible for us to afford." The Midland changed its management Sept. 5, 1902.

The programme of the Peru, Ind., Gun Club's seventh annual tournament, promoted and managed by Messrs. J. L. Head and Frank Dunbar, fixed to be held on April 7 and 8, has $25 average money and twelve events each day. Each event is at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance. Shooting commences at 9:30. Ship shells, etc., to Mr. Frank Dunbar. Targets 2 cents. To two high guns and three low guns $5 each. Purses divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Every shooter handicaps himself after the event of the first day.

At Central City, Ia., on March 26, Mr. W. B. Linell won high average at the Wapsie Valley Gun Club's tournament with 88 per cent., shooting through the programme, a total of 200 targets. He also won the Wapsie Valley Gun Club's gold medal, competition for which was open to the State of Iowa, scoring 25 targets straight. The Linn county cup, open only to residents of Linn county, was won by F. Brookman, with a score of 21 targets out of 25.

Mr. Gus Greiff, 318 Broadway, New York, informs us that a strong interest is manifested in the individual Eastern live-bird championship, to be held on April 10, at the North Hudson Driving Park, New Jersey. The conditions are 10 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included. A preliminary event, to commence at 11:30 o'clock, has been added, the conditions of which are 10 birds, $5 entrance, one money; ties to be shot off miss-and-out.

The Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club, will hold its annual spring shoot on May 1 and 2. Competition is open to all. Shooting commences at 9:30 each day. There are totals of 200 targets each day, with a total entrance of $16 on the first day, $15 on the second day. All events handicaps, 14 to 22yds. Each day $5 respectively to high and low guns. Mr. Allen M. Seitz is the secretary, to whom guns and shells may be shipped.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, elsewhere in our trap columns, presents some sound views on the trapshooting situation as it refers to live birds, the harmful significance given by the public to target shooting under live bird names, and the best manner of caring for live birds in confinement, trapping them for competition and marketing them, all of which is worthy of hearty approval and general adoption.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, also a member of the Carteret Gun Club and the Crescent Athletic Club, returned recently from his Southern sojourn, part of which was in Florida. It is possible that he may be one of the Crescent team members which joins issue with a team of the Boston Athletic Association this week.

At the tournament of the Jewell, Ia., Gun Club, held last week, Dr. De La, the holder, and Dr. C. M. Proctor, challenger, contested for the Hamilton and Stony county medal. Dr. De La retained possession of the medal by a score of 42 to 40 out of a possible 50 targets. Mr. H. Watson won high average. He broke 925 per cent.

At the shoot of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, on Saturday of last week, Mr. Frank I. Fenn scored the first win on Marshall cup, in the first competition for it, breaking 22 out of 25. which, with 3 allowance, made a straight score. The cup must be won six times before becoming personal property.

The shoot at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., April 16, starts 10 o'clock A. M. sharp. The main event is a handicap at 20 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, two moneys for each ten entries, high guns. About twenty-five shooters have already signified their intention to participate in this contest.

Officers elected recently by the Fitchburg, Mass., Rifle and Gun Club are as follows: President, James B. Austin; Vice-President, Dr. Russell Bingham; Secretary E. B. Gilson; Treasurer, C. F. Lamb. Directors: I. O. Converse, M. A. Cutler, E. A. Kirkpatrick, H. A. Estabrook and S. W. Putnam.

Teams of the Princeton Gun Club and the De Lancy School of Philadelphia, five men on a side, contested on the grounds south of the Princeton campus, March 25. Each contestant shot at 30 targets. There was a tie on 108, which was shot off at 5 targets, De Lancy winning by a score of 22 to 18.

Latest advices in New York concerning the condition of Mr. Harold Money, who has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid pleuro-pneumonia, were that his convalescence is slow. The high fever persists stubbornly, and does not yield to treatment; yet he is improving on the whole.

The Bristol Shooting Club and the General Wayne Gun Club shot a match at Bristol, Pa., on March 25, ten men to a team, 10 live birds per man. General Wayne Club scored 76 to 64. Each club has scored a win, and the third match will be shot April 15 on the Wayne club grounds.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the famous trapshooting champion, made arrangements to leave New York for Kansas City on Thursday or Friday of this week. He will participate in the competition of the Grand American Handicap at targets.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, writes encouragingly of the forthcoming New York State shoot. He maintains that some valuable prizes have already been received and many more are pledged.

Secretary-manager Elmer E. Shaner writes us that "the Interstate Association has made arrangements to give a tournament at Rutherford, N. J., on June 24 and 25 under the auspices of the Union Gun Club."

The Crescent Athletic Club's last shoot of the spring season took place on Saturday of last week. The team match with the Boston, Mass., Athletic Association Gun Club was fixed to take place on April 4.

Mr. Arthur Gambell, superintendent of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, has met with an unfortunate accident. He recently wrenched his knee severely by a fall, and will be laid up a couple of weeks in consequence.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that after April 1 his address will be 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, eminent as a salesman of ammunition, was a visitor in New York this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., March 28.—The weather conditions today were anything but favorable to trapshooting. A strong north wind, bordering on a gale, blowing directly into the trap house, had the effect of raising the targets so high that at times it would have been difficult to reach them with a high power Government cannon, much less a shotgun.

The principal event to-day was event No. 3, for the Marshall cup, which was put up for competition for the first time to-day. This is a handsome trophy, and must be won six times before ownership is established. It is to be shot for weekly, and is a handicap event. Our system of handicapping is as follows: 80 per cent. or better, scratch; for every 5 per cent. lower than 80, one miss is allowed as a break. Average is taken from each man's last two performances, and handicap given accordingly.

In future teams to represent the club will be made up of those having the best general average. Captain Traver was the only scratch man to-day. Mr. Frank I. Fenn carried off the cup by breaking 22, which with his 3 misses allowed as breaks, gave him a clean score of 25. Mr. Fenn's shooting to-day was excellent, considering the weather conditions. Scores below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	25	25	10	10	10
A L Traver	18	..	16	..	6	6	8
H W Marshall, 2	6	5	18	13	5	7	5
H E Winans, 1	15	..	14	..	6	6	5
M S Pickenpack	7	..	..	13	..	..	..
*W D Briggs, 1	15	..	10	..	..	..	..
F I Fenn, 3	18	..	25	..	..	..	..
M F Hoctor, 6	12	..	20	..	3	8	6

*Briggs shot but 20 rounds in event No. 1.
The figures after the names are the handicaps in No. 3.

SNANIWEH.

General Wayne—Bristol.

BRISTOL, Pa., March 25.—The second shoot of a series arranged between the General Wayne Gun Club, of Torresdale, Pa., and the Bristol Shooting Club was pulled off here to-day. The visitors were winners by the score of 76 to 64. A large and enthusiastic crowd of friends were on hand, and every good kill and stop won rounds of applause from both sides.

Betson, for Wayne, and Nevergold, for Bristol, killed straight, Closely followed by Schwartz, of Wayne, and Van Artsdalen, with 9 each.

As each club has won one match of the two shot, the deciding one, by reason of toss, will be shot on Wayne's club grounds on April 15, and it is expected a large turnout of friends of both clubs will be on hand. The grounds can be directly reached by trolley from Holmesburg Junction, or by change of cars at Frankford to those of the Torresdale line.

Schwartz	2222212021— 9	Hall	1121012220— 8
Nevergold	2222222222—10	Francis	1102110020— 6
Smith	2100000111— 5	Atkinson	2202212011— 8
Coleman	2102010000— 6	Simons	2102000102— 5
Boerckel	2122010222— 8	Vandegrift	0122222002— 7
Worthington	2122001112— 8	Van Artsdalen	2022222222— 9
Campbell	1001110110— 6	Betson	2111222212—10
Wilkinson	0200021000— 3	Moore	2202220222— 8
Erdrich	0021211120— 7	McGrath	2021112210— 8
Fine	2200200122— 6	Bruden	0220020022— 5

R. SNYDER, Official Scorer.

Wingohocking Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26.—The monthy shoot of the Wingohocking Gun Club took place to-day on the club grounds. Perfect weather conditions prevailed, and the birds were the best and strongest in the history of the club. The attendance was small, owing to the shoot between the club and North Wales last week.

The five men who faced the traps were well repaid for their presence, as it was a question of getting your bird right at the traps. Campbell was high gun, dropping but 1 of his 14 birds, using his second barrel but four times. Scores:

Greenwood	0212220221 — 8	Foster	0011001012 — 5
Campbell	12110211121211—13	Hothersall	1100210221011— 9
Bradhurst	0001121000 — 4		

WM. DEDAR, Sec'y.

Advice to Live Bird Trapshooters.

UTICA, N. Y.—Probably no one in this country suffered more (financially or otherwise) than the writer on account of the law passed prohibiting live birds to be used as targets. There were several things that brought this about, not connected directly with pigeon shooting. In the first place, we were made to suffer for the acts of careless riflemen. The opposition showed where a turkey had been hit over fifteen times, and was still being shot at as it stood on its feet. To score it must be killed or shot down. They also showed where pigeons were released with strings tied on them; and if they were missed they were pulled back and shot at again, and so on until they were killed.

The bluerock shooting has been interpreted by the public generally to mean pigeon shooting. Here in Utica I cannot find sixty men who shoot in the trap and field together. We will say sixty for argument sake. A city of sixty thousand inhabitants—one shooter in every thousand. This is a fair average all over the United States.

As a New York paper put it, a mother left her home in Long Island to visit her sick daughter, with a little basket of pigeons to be released according to the daughter's condition. On her arrival, the mother bird is released with a loving note for home. It stops at Interstate Park to pick up a few kernels of corn, and is brutally slaughtered by so-called sportsmen, not only killing the mother bird, but killing her young, beside stopping the loving message, etc. Now, nine hundred and ninety-nine people believe that this is a fact, while the one knows it is a falsehood.

"Thousands of bluerocks slaughtered by the heartless sportsman." How many brother sportsmen have seen that in the daily press and laughed at its foolishness? Still, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand people that read this believe it where the one man who knows that it is false.

We should settle on a name that leaves no doubt, even in a child's mind. To my mind the name of clay bird is the proper name; and if for trade's sake the manufacturer wants his trade name, let him call it bluerock clay bird, or the blackbird clay bird, or the flying target clay bird, or the dickey clay bird, or the coast pigeon clay bird, or the redbird clay bird; and if club secretaries would use the name clay bird there would be no more misunderstanding.

It is an absolute fact that the slaughtering of the dickey birds, the slaughtering of the bluerocks and the slaughtering of the poor blackbirds had a great deal to do with defeating pigeon shooting in New York.

For the benefit of those who shoot pigeons in States where it is legal, the following directions should be followed, if you wish to continue pigeon shooting:

The pigeons should be kept in coops as large as possible, with large flyways. Absolute cleanliness is the important point. Have plenty of fresh water, gravel, pounded clam shells mixed with rock salt; corn, cracked wheat, barley, buckwheat, rye, mixed, all they can clean up twice a day.

Catch them the night before the shoot and put them in clean, roomy coops, with chaff or cut straw to keep them clean. Catching them in daylight destroys many a good bird by wrenching their wings in the struggle to get away. Put them in the traps clean, warm and dry.

The birds should be gathered instanly; grounds should be picketed and wounded birds killed. The dead out of bounds should never be reported, as it shows bad shooting and a lingering death.

Pigeons must never have food or water in their crops to fly well, When killed, they should be put in a barrel of ice water, then picked, iced, tied in bunches of six and markcted. The above bleaches them and makes them look plump and fat, and command a good price.

From a humane standpoint, trap and retrieve from pit where possible with boys or dogs, keeping the wounded birds out of sight in their death struggles; and if there is any neck wringing or dogs biting wounded birds, keep it where spectators and shooters cannot see it.

You might say my hind sight is better than my foresight; but I foresaw this years ago, as my retrieving pits and traps will prove; and if the management of Interstate Park had adopted my plan of putting three retrieving pits near boundary it would have taken a big club out of the opposition's hands.

E. D. FULFORD.

Houston Tournament.

HOUSTON, Texas.—The tournament of the Houston Gun Club was held March 17 to 19. On each of the first two days there were ten 20-target events, $2 entrance, $20 added. On the third day there were five 20-target events, $2 entrance, $20 added; one at 50 targets, $5 entrance, for a loving cup, and one at 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, for Schmelzer cup.

Mr. Bert Everts was squad hustler. Mr. P. H. Rider was cashier. Mr. Maurice Kaufmann was manager.

On the first day Messrs. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Mr. J. E. Russell, of Dallas, respectively professional and amateur, tied on 92 per cent., 184 targets out of a possible 200. Mr. Frank Faurote was professional high gun for the three days. Mr. R. O. Heikes was second.

Mr. Bryan Heard, of Houston, won the gold medal donated by the Peters Cartridge Company for amateur high average for the three days, and he also won the Houston Gun Club $100 silver loving cup with a score of 49 out of 50.

The Schmelzer silver trophy was won by Mr. J. A. Jackson, of Austin. He tied on 24 targets out of 25, with Mr. Otto Sens, of Houston, and in the shoot-off the scores were 24 to 23.

Mr. Bryan Heard took out a party of shooters on his yacht Stella. The totals follow:

	First Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Second Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Third Day. Shot at.	Broke.	Total Shot at.	Total Broke.
Heikes	200	184	200	183	175	161	575	528
Hensler	200	173	200	175	175	161	575	509
Faurote	200	179	200	193	175	158	575	530
Spicer	200	148	200	156	125	96	525	400
Kaufman	200	156	120	94	...	...	320	250
Du Bray	200	106	200	151	100	69	500	326
Putnam	150	107	200	106	150	76	500	289
Sherman	200	141	200	151	...	...	400	292
Stith	125	77	160	147	80	62	385	286
White	200	154	140	89	...	...	340	244
Heard	200	183	200	175	175	157	575	515
Atchison	200	174	200	169	175	152	575	496
D Jackson	200	165	200	166	100	81	500	412
Cleveland	200	141	200	145	125	92	575	379
Moesser	200	170	200	183	175	149	575	502
McCormick	200	154	200	150	175	144	575	440
Bering	200	166	200	169	175	139	575	474
Guessaz	200	140	160	93	...	...	360	233
J A Jackson	200	178	200	152	175	158	575	498
N A P	200	173	200	165	175	150	575	488
Saunders	200	171	200	178	100	82	500	431
Sens	200	174	200	169	175	155	575	498
Ingraham	200	159	180	134	...	...	280	293
Conelly	200	172	180	157	...	...	380	329
B Woodard	200	137	80	65	...	...	280	202
L Woodard	200	163	200	155	...	...	400	318
Light	200	166	200	153	...	...	400	319
Dillard	200	160	200	161	...	...	400	321
Daniels	120	91	80	65	...	...	200	156
Averitt	200	145	40	26	...	...	240	171
Black	200	154	100	72	...	...	300	226
Tyson	200	150	100	89	...	...	300	239
Bancroft	80	56	200	131	...	...	280	187
Morse	...	...	100	68	...	...	100	68
Wade	...	...	...	...	175	149	175	149
G B Huchings	...	...	...	...	150	109	150	109
J Huchings, Jr.	...	...	...	...	100	83	100	83
Browne	...	...	...	...	80	54	80	54
Forsgard	...	...	...	...	80	56	80	56
Russell	200	185	200	157	175	142	575	484

S. J. SMITH, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, March 28.—Mr. I. Budd was again the star performer at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day. He killed 24 out of 25 in the two events, 10 and 15 birds respectively.

In the club handicap at 10 birds, Budd, Geikler and Felix ran straight. Fitzgerald, Harrison, Harvey and Powers scored 9 each.

Budd, Fitzgerald, Harrison and Morris were high with 14 out of 15 in the officers' trophy event. Scores:

Club handicap, 10 birds: Budd 10, Geikler 10, Felix 10, Fitzgerald 9, Harrison 9, Powers 9, Harvey 9, Morris, Sr., 8, Morris, Jr., 6, Francis 5.

Officers' trophy, 15 birds: Budd 14, Fitzgerald 14, Harrison 14, Morris 14, Geikler 12, Powers 12, Harvey 10.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., March 28.—The final shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club season was held here on the club grounds to-day and was well attended. Mr. A. R. Fish scored a win on the March cup. The scores:

March cup, 50 targets, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdcp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Total.
A R Fish	2	23	25	2	21	23	48
L C Hopkins	4	18	22	4	20	24	46
W W Marshall	5	13	18	5	20	25	43
H M Brigham	0	21	21	0	22	22	43
Dr H L O'Brien	5	15	20	5	15	20	40
L M Palmer, Jr.	2	19	21	2	17	19	40
G G Stephenson, Jr.	2	18	20	2	18	20	40
F B Stephenson	1	16	17	1	21	22	39
Dr J J Keyes	2	17	19	2	15	17	36
H C Werleman	8	6	14	8	12	20	34

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added: O'Brien (3) 15, Keyes (1) 15, Kryn (2) 14, Brigham (0) 13, Palmer (1) 13, Lott (2) 13, Marshall (3) 12, McConville (2) 12, G. G. Stephenson (1) 12, F. B. Stephenson (0) 12, Fish (1) 12, Hopkins (2) 11, McDermott (3) 10, Bennett (2) 10, Vanderveer (2) 10, Bedford (1) 3.

Shoot-off, same conditions: O'Brien (3) 14, Keyes (1) 12.

Trophy, 25 targets, handicap allowances added: Hopkins (4) 21, Keyes (2) 21, McDermott (5) 21, L. Palmer (3) 20, Bennett (4) 20, Hegeman (3) 19, Blake (10) 19, Kryn (3) 19, Fish (2) 19, A. W. Palmer (3) 18, Stake (4) 18, Chapman (8) 17, Brigham (0) 17, Werleman (8) 16, Raynor (6) 15, O'Brien (5) 19.

Shoot-off, same conditions: McDermott (5) 16, Hopkins (4) 16.

Shoot-off, same conditions: McDermott (5) 23, Hopkins (4) 18.

Trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added: Chapman (4) 15, Marshall (3) 15, Blake (2) 14, Bedford (1) 14, Brigham (0) 14, Lott (2) 14, O'Brien (3) 14, Hopkins (2) 13, Werleman (4) 13, Fish (1) 13, Kryn (2) 11, McDermott (3) 11, Stake (2) 11, Hegeman (2) 10, Raynor (3) 10, Blake (5) 10, Vandeveer (2) 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Marshall (3) 11, Chapman (4) 7.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., March 28.—Mr. John S. Wright's class of post-graduates was fourteen strong at his shoot to-day. Some very excellent scores were made, and some were otherwise, as will be noted herewith:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	10	20
Welles	7	10	12	8	14	9	8	8	23	..	15
Frost	4	6	13	3	7	2	8	..	13	..	..
Hitchcock	7	7	12	5	7	7	12	6	..	..	..
Ackley	6	5	11	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Cheesbrough	1	8	7	7	7	4	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	3	6	10	4	9	5	10	6	..	3	..
Bergen	5	6	10	3	8	..	..	..	..	5	..
Newton	5	8	13	6	11	6	..	..	..	..	..
Mehrman	2	4	7	7	5	3	..	..	..	..	..
Schneider	9	10	15	9	14	..	15	..	21	4	..
Whitmore	3	3	4	..	..	..	5	..	12	..	..
Anderson	2	4	8	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	10
Griffiths	9	9	10	..	..	..	9	..	22	..	16
Osterhout	5	6	7	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	9

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., March 24.—The Hell Gate Gun Club held its March shoot to-day on Outwater's grounds. The birds were fast for the first squad of nine men, after which they were fair. The wind was strong east to southeast, which made the birds strong drivers, slightly quartering to the left. Messrs. Schlicht, Trostel, Kreeb and Deady used excellent judgment on good birds. The visitors were Moore and Cody, of the Emeralds; Matzen, of Boiling Springs, and Packard, of the Jeannettes. Mr. L. C. Schortemeier acted as schuetzenmeister and stopped approximately 50 birds after they had been missed, and were far out of bounds, and added them to the meat pile for division among the contestants. Mr. Outwater's dogs worked well. The conditions were 10 birds, point and rise handicaps. The scores:

F Trostel, 28.....1012112111— 9
A Belden, 28.....1000201222— 6
Dr Davis, 28.....0*01202100— 4
Col. J H Voss, 30.1112220*11— 8
L. H. Schorty, 30.2221222222—10
L Stelzle, 28.....2111200011— 7
J Klenk, 28.....1020102022— 6
M F Dennis, 26....1002022121— 7
A Siebel, 26.....0120100200— 4
C Steffens, 28.....2112111111—10
P Garms, 28.....212*012002— 6
J Kreeb, 26.....2110122111— 9
*J H Moore, 28.....1010111202— 7
R Baudendistle, 28.1210102020— 6
C Weber, 28.....1101021201— 7
E A Meckel, 28....021120*100— 5
P Woelful, 28.....2202201112— 8
J Schlicht, 28.....1012121022— 8
*R L Packard, 28..0010021200— 4
P Albert, 28.....1201222012— 8
P Cresci, 28.....2112111000— 7
E Doeinck, 28.....2122221222—10
H Forster, 28.....1112111211—10
L T Muench, 30...2020011122— 7
W W Balch, 26....1001212000— 5
*J Cody, 28.....0102100002— 4
J H Doherty, 26...1101010120— 6
E Lang, 28.....1000**2121— 5
G Breit, 28.....0201100000— 3
D J Deady, 28.....0212222212— 9
*C M Metz, 28.....*222212122— 9

*Guests.

MANHATTA.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 28.—To-day the Jackson Park Gun Club held a shoot at live birds on their grounds, and what should have been a well attended shoot had to be content with the counter attraction at Bunn's, and which had been advertised for to-day. Mr. G. A. Hopper, our secretary, being tied down to business, which is at its height just now, could not find time to mail cards of our shoot, and only five men put in an appearance, and as we had two visitors, Koegle, from Newark, and Mr. H. S. Sidway, of Pittsfield, Mass., we started in for a good afternoon's sport; but we hadn't got going very far before there were signs of a storm coming down on us, and everybody began to move about. Those who drove up from the city were soon off, and there were some fine trotting scenes on the road for a few minutes. Before long there were signs of the storm disappearing in another direction, and things after a few minutes' delay were started going again under much more favorable conditions.

The birds were a corking good lot after the storm, and many fine shots were made. Morgan shot in good form, and scored 29 out of 32. Powers, the popular boy coming to the front very lively, was centering his birds in good shape and holding his own.

Mr. Sidway appeared to have a bad streak after starting the 12-bird event, losing 3 in succession, one just over the wire; but otherwise shooting in good form.

Koegle shot only in one event, misjudged his second bird, and it got away without the loss of a feather. He went away when the storm came up. It transpired that the storm was the means of bringing the shoot to a halt, as all the shells were gone to Paterson at least. Mr. G. W. Hopper in mistake put those belonging to Morgan and Powers in his carriage and took them back to town, thinking there were plenty at the club. We were back earlier than usual. The club has a fine lot of birds on band for to-day's shoot, and owing to the non-appearance of the shooters and the counter attractions we will hold another shoot next Saturday, April 4, when we expect a large crowd. There will be a fine deer's head shot for on that occasion.

No. 1 was at 5 birds; No. 2, 12 birds; No. 3, 10 birds, $4; No. 4, 10 birds, $4. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Powers, 28	122*2—4	222222210122—11	2222202112— 9
G W Hopper, 28	22212—5	210122002011— 8	.....
Sidway, 28	22212—5	200*12122022— 8	220202222*— 7
Van Horn, 28	211*0—3	12022102*220— 8	2212122011— 9
Koegle, 30	....	101121121222—11	.....
Lenone, 28	....	111100010101— 7	1002101211— 7
Morgan, 29	....	222222122002—10	2022222122— 9

No. 4:

Powers, 28	0111120202— 7	Morgan, 29	1122211211—10
Van Horn, 28	1*11212012— 8	Lenone, 30	0010110121— 6

WM. DUTCHER.

Jewell Tournament.

JEWELL, Ia., March 25.—The annual spring tournament of the Jewell Gun Club had a fair attendance. The programme had fourteen events. No money was added, but $12 was given for averages, divided in four equal moneys.

The shooting was from one set of traps, Sergeant system. In the afternoon a special match for the Hamilton and Stony county championship medal was shot between Dr. De La, holder, and Dr. C. M. Proctor, challenger. Dr. De La retains the medal by a score of 42 to Dr. Proctor's 40.

Harry Watson won high average; W. B. Linell second; John Peterson third, and Dr. De La fourth.

The weather was warm and pleasant, with but little wind. Fred C. Whitney run the office, and C. W. Budd did the scoring:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	10	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.
W Hoon	8	13	12	10	15	13	8	5	13	13	9	14	12	19	174	.870
J Frees	8	13	11	9	11	12	18	9	12	15	10	14	15	15	172	.860
C M Proctor	8	14	13	8	9	14	16	7	10	10	9	15	7	19	159	.795
H Watson	9	13	15	8	13	14	19	9	15	15	9	14	15	17	185	.925
C B Adams	7	12	11	9	10	14	16	10	8	12	10	15	13	19	166	.830
Dr De La	10	12	10	10	13	14	17	6	14	12	10	14	15	18	175	.875
J E Maland	6	9	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
J Peterson	8	15	14	10	12	13	19	8	13	12	10	14	12	19	179	.895
W B Linell	8	13	14	10	15	13	16	9	13	15	7	14	15	19	181	.905
C W Neff	8	10	13	8	12	14	18	7	12	12	9	9	12	19	163	.815
L A Johnson	8	13	11	8	13	11	14	7	11	11	8	10	13	19	159	.795
A P Lee	8	10	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	10	7	..	...	....
Ed Rowe	10	14	14	6	13	15	18	8	12	9	9	13	11	18	170	.850
L C Coleman	7	..	..	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
R T Carver	..	14	14	7	11	..	..	..	..	11	6	13	12	15	...	....
A Abrahamson	..	11	12	..	12	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
E C Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	11	...	....
F A Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	13	11	15	...	....

Special, for Hamilton and Stony county medal, 50 single targets:

Dr C M Proctor.....11000111111111110110111—20
01111011111111110110101111—20—40
Dr De La.....01111110111111111101110111—21
10101110111111111111111110—21—42

HAWKEYE.

Wapsie Valley Gun Club.

CENTRAL CITY, Ia., March 26.—The Wapsie Valley Gun Club tournament had a light attendance to-day, owing to so many tournaments of late. The programme called for 200 targtes, beside two special events for a medal and cup. F. Brookman won the county medal. W. B. Linell won high average and the championship gold medal open to the State. His average was 88 per cent in the twelve events, and he made a straight score for the medal:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.	Av.
O N Ford	12	14	12	10	15	15	14	13	16	14	13	19	167	.835
W B Linell	13	11	18	12	14	19	12	13	18	15	13	18	176	.880
G Knight	12	10	15	12	11	12	11	7	13	9	13	19	143	.715
J Brookman	12	14	19	12	11	15	8	11	17	12	12	18	161	.805
A H Cleveland	9	13	16	11	9	14	10	10	12	12	14	15	145	.725
M Hamblin	8	12	13	11	11	17	9	11	12	12	11	17	142	.720
R Risher	8	10	13	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....

Linn County cup, 25 targets, open only to residents of Linn county:

O N Ford.....1111011010111111011111110—20
Knight .....1001100111111110110111100—17
Cleveland .....1011100101110111101111110—18
Warner .....1110110001101110111111111—19
J Brookman .....1001110101110011111110111—18
F Brookman .....1011111111111110011101111—21
Hamblin .....1010101011000111111111111—18

Wapsie Valley Gun Club gold medal, 25 targets, open to State of Iowa:

Ford .....1110111111110101111111110—21
W B Linell.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Knight .....1111111111111111111111010—23
Cleveland .....1111011101111011111101101—20
J Brookman .....1110111111111110111111011—22

HAWKEYE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., March 28.—The main event at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day was for the scratch cup, at 25 birds, which has been shot for at different Saturday matinees since the first of the year. At the line-up to-day Blandford had two wins to his credit, Washburn one and Ball one. Blandford managed to break 24 out of 25 with a borrowed gun and took the cup home.

Handicap events are more popular, as there are generally a few who by consistent practice are in trim to capture all the prizes that are offered for scratch competition.

P. B. brought up another box of "Perfectos," which soon disappeared, as good cigars generally do.

The first thunder shower of the season sent the shooters back under cover at the 22yd. line in events 7 and 8. Some valuable prizes have already been received for the State shoot here in June, and many more pledged. Success for our enterprise is plainly written:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10
C Blandford	10	..	8	..	9	24	..	..
I T Washburn	6	7	9	7	10	22	3	5
J Bruin	..	7	3	..	..	14	5	4
E Ball	7	9	7	9	9	20	8	..
Hans	..	9	7	..	..	18	7	..
J Hyland	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	7
P B	..	..	9	6	8	18	5	7
D Brandreth	..	..	..	8	..	..	7	5

C. G. B.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, March 21.—The eighteenth contest for the Troisdorf medals had scores as appended: Coleman (19) 43, *Medico (16) 43, *Randall (16) 43, R. Trimble (21) 42, Miller (16) 42, Falk (18) 40, Capt. (18) 40, Block (18) 38, Maynard (19) 38, Ackley (14) 37, Faran (18) 36, Barker (18) 35, McB. (16) 35, Herman (14) 35, Nye (16) 35, Jack (14) 34, Rike (21) 34, Corry (16) 33, Colonel (14) 20.

*Handicaps 18 and 20, but shot at 16yds.

The distance proved too much for Ed Rike, who comes down to shoot with us every Saturday. Ed broke 49 out of 50 at 16yds. immediately after the medal race.

Gambell is laid up in bed again, having severely wrenched his injured knee by another fall, but will be out in a couple of weeks again.

Highland Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., March 28.—The Highland Gun Club's regular monthly club shoot had seventeen entries in the first event and twelve in the second. Davis was the high gun in the medal shoot, Myers in the trophy event. The scores follow:

Club medal event: Davis 20, Dunlevy 18, Hamil 18, Hinkson 18, Gee 17, McMichael 17, Harper 16, Wentz 15, Crooks 15, Cantrell 15, Myers 14, Dedier 13, Heite 13, Brewster 13, Denham 12, Snyder 11, Courtney 10.

Club trophy event: Myers 19, Dedier 18, McMichael 15, Courtney 15, Dunlevy 15, Aimen 15, Wentz 15, Cantrell 15, Hamil 14, Harper 12, Denham 12, Crooks 9.

Head—Witz.

AT Peru, Ind., on March 17, Mr. J. L. Head and Mr. Max Witz shot a match for the Indiana live bird championship trophy at 50 birds and $100. The weather was pleasant. A large attendance of visitors showed that there was keen interest in the race. The scores:

J L Head.....2222222222222202200202222222*2202222*200222222*2222—40
M Witz.....21*21201*2212022*2222222122*2222*00122011*02012211—37

Under date of March 28, the Brooklyn Eagle publishes the following: "Kansas City, Mo.—American wing shots are showing much interest in the Grand American Handicap at flying targets, to be held there April 14-17, under the auspices of the Interstate Association. Expert marksmen from nearly every State are arranging to attend, and it is expected there will be from 500 to 800 entries to contest in the main event, to which the Association has added $1,000 and several valuable trophies. As pigeon shooting has been abolished in several States, and the New York target and pigeon handicaps have been canceled, the Grand American Handicap here will be the one national event of the year." There seems to be much exaggerated hopefulness concerning the great number of entries to the G. A. H. Probably 200 or less will be nearer the number than is the foregoing.

Texas State Sportsmen's Association.

BRENHAM, Texas, March 27.—The twenty-ninth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, March 23 to 27, inclusive, closed in a rain Thursday evening, the first three and a half days being very pretty weather, barring the high wind that ruined the scores at live birds on the first day.

The shoot was under the management of Mr. Alf. Gardiner, proprietor of the Sunny South Shooting Park, with Mr. Fred Martin as office man, and was successfully pulled off without a kick.

Two sets of expert traps were used, and in addition to the programme which consisted of 25 live birds, the first day and 666 targets for the other three days, divided as follows: Second day, 240; third day, 226, and fourth day, 201.

Only fourteen men shot the entire programme, but a large number shot most of the events, and quite a number dropped in for a few events, making in all about thirty-five shooters that shot part of the programme.

Following are the scores for each day, with a summing up of the number killed by those who shot the programme for high average:

Monday, First Day, March 23.

Five live birds, $3 entrance, four moneys, high guns:

Jackson	22010—3	Atchison	22022—4
Wilcox	20221—4	Tucker	222*2—4
Heard	2201*—3	Chaudet	21221—5
Cleveland	2*110—3	Graber	11120—4
Heikes	2212*—4	Roberts	212*2—4
Hensler	**22*—2	McCormick	22222—5
Du Bray	222*2—4	Texas Field	2220*—4
Gardiner	2*22*—3	Faurote	222*2—4
Moore	22202—4	Kaufmann	*0202—2
Spicer	22222—5	Wade	22222—5

The second event was at 25 live birds, $15 entrance, for the individual championship of Texas and the $450 diamond medal formerly held by M. E. Atchison, of Giddings:

Jackson	2222*0*2201022022221—14
Wilcox	0120*202220010120210—11
Heard	22122222222220*211222—18
Cleveland	02*21221022120022012—14
Heikes	22222222022**2222*12—17
Hensler	2211*202211**20*1110—13
Du Bray	2002022222202*02*200—11
Gardiner	2220222*2022*2222222—16
Moore	20220202002200202000— 9
Spicer	2220*2202222*2222022—15
Atchison	22200222222002022*22—14
Tucker	0222222222*2**21*222—15
Chaudet	00102120000221111110—12
Graber	2022222221**01202200—13
Roberts	*2022212122221112000—15
McCormick	202002222022*2221*22—14
Texas Field	1*02222111222221221*—17
Faurote	22*22222222*0020*0*2—12
Kaufmann	21211201122022122222—18
Wade	22212021122222222020—17

Tuesday, Second Day, March 24.

The second day consisted of twelve events, aggregating 240 targets, the eighth event being at 50 targets for the Schmelzer trophy:

	Hdcp.	Shot at.	Broke.		Hdcp.	Shot at.	Broke.
Heikes	19	240	209	Wilcox	18	240	215
Faurote	19	240	215	Huesler	17	240	200
Wade	19	240	160	W S Wyrick	16	240	196
Heard	18	240	203	J B Wyrick	16	240	198
Kaufmann	18	240	199	Moore	16	240	192
Texas Field	17	240	182	Chaudet	16	240	194
Atchison	17	240	214	Stevens	16	240	190
Gardiner	17	240	174	Graber	14	240	186
Moeser		190	160	Tucker	14	240	193
McCormick	16	240	166	Cleveland	14	240	201
Jackson	18	240	197				

The event of the day was the Schmelzer trophy event, at 50 blue-rocks. Editor Geo. Tucker was the winner on a score of 49. Mr. F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, was a close second with 48, Com. Bryan Heard, of Houston, third, with 47; R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., fourth, with 45.

It was unexpected for an amateur to win, especially Tucker, as he had been shooting in poor form, and the crowd went wild when they saw that he had won, and on a good score. The crowd threw him on the roof of the club house and called for a speech, and "let's all take something," was the response.

Col. O. C. Guessaz was called home by wire Wednesday, much to the regret of the shooters.

In the diamond event of 50 birds, shot Wednesday, F. M. Faurote, of Dallas, and J. A. Jackson, of Austin, tied on 47. In the shoot-off at 25 birds, Jackson lost his ninth bird, running 24 out of 25.

Faurote killed 25 straight, winning the State championship diamond medal, which he already held.

Wilcox and Wade won first money, Graber and Kennard won second, and Heard and Moeser won third.

Wednesday, Third Day, March 25.

There was a meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association, held at the parlor of the Central Hotel, Wednesday evening. In the absence of the president, Secretary Geo. Tucker called the meeting to order and asked Mr. J. B. Kennard to preside.

Com. Bryan Heard, of Houston, was nominated and unanimously elected President; Mr. Camille Pilot, of Houston, Vice-President; Geo. Tucker, of Brenham, was re-elected Secretary.

A resolution was adopted that the Association hold its next annual tournament at Houston, time to be selected by the officers and a month's notice be given.

There was a resolution adopted that the Association extend to the North Texas League and the West Texas League a cordial invitation to meet us next year, and participate in the shoot. Indian Territory and Oklahoma was added to this invitation.

A committee of three was authorized by resolution unanimously adopted to draft a constitution and by-laws and present them for approval at the next annual meeting of the Association. The president, Com. Bryan Heard, who had already assumed the chair, appointed on that committee Geo. Tucker, of Brenham; W. S. Cleveland, of Houston, and V. C. Dargan, of Dallas.

A resolution offered by Mr. F. M. Faurote was adopted, that the secretary have control of all the printing for the Association, including circulars, programme, etc.

There being no further business the Association adjourned.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Heikes	275	238	Huesler	275	233
Faurote	275	244	W S Wyrick	275	240
Wilcox	275	240	J B Wyrick	275	221
Heard	275	231	Moore	275	237
Kaufmann	275	219	Chaudet	275	238
Wade	275	238	Stevens	275	217
Atchison	275	222	Campbell	225	157
Gardiner	275	187	Graber	275	212
Moeser	275	235	Tucker	275	205
McCormick	275	200	Cleveland	275	220
Jackson	275	246	Spicer	275	240
Kyser	275	236			

Thursday, Fourth Day, March 26.

The programme for Thursday consisted of twelve events, aggregating 190 birds, beside the medal event, which did not count for high average as in other medal events. Mr. F. M. Faurote and V. C. Dargan were the holder of the medal from last year, but Mr. Dargan not being present Mr. Faurote could not compete for it this year, as there was no other member of his gun club present. The scores, each contestant shooting at 190 targets, follow: Heikes 176, Faurote 161, Wilcox 167, Heard 157, Kaufmann 159, Wade 164, Atchison 165, Gardiner 134, Moeser 161, Hensler 172, Jackson 158, Kyser 159, W. S. Wyrick 167, J. B. Wyrick 163, Moore 162, Chaudet 164, Stevens 147, Campbell 163, Cleveland and McCormick withdrew.

In the team medal championship event, Heard and Moeser, of Houston, and the Wyrick brothers of McKinney, tied on a score of 42, and in the shoot-off Heard and Moeser won. Gardiner and Tucker, of Brenham, were third.

The Hunter Arms Company's gold badge was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., on high average.

To those who shot through the entire programme there were five high average moneys to compete for—$30, $25, $20, $15, and $10.

Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., won first high average with a score of 664 out of 691. Mr. F. M. Faurote won second high average with a score of 637. Mr. Albert Wilcox, of San Angelo, won third high average with a score of 636. Mr. M. E. Hensler, of Battle Creek, Mich., won fourth high average with a score of 620. Mr. M. E. Atchison, of Giddings, won fifth high average with a score of 619. Jackson 618, Heard 612, Chaudet 611, Moore 599, Kaufmann 597, McCormick 548, Wade 584 and Gardiner 519.

Mr. R. O. Heikes left to-day for San Antonio, and from there will go to St. Joseph, Mo., as will Mr. Hensler. Mr. Heikes has been a frequent visitor here, and adds to his number of friends at each visit, and deservedly so, for he is a "good fellow" in the strongest interpretation of that popular term with the shooters.

Mr. Chas. B. Spicer was here and added to his already large list of friends in this section of the State.

Mr. F. M. Faurote, who successfully defended the State medal, breaking 25 straight in the shoot-off with Jackson, was shooting well, and away ahead for high average until the last day, when he had a bad hour, and dropped in third place.

Com. Bryan Heard, of Houston, the new president of the Association, is very popular with the shooters and is fast developing into a crack, as evidenced by the trophies won at Houston last week and here this week. With him at the head of the management, the next State shoot promises to be the biggest and best ever held.

Messrs. Cleveland and Moeser, two other members of the Houston Gun Club, are fine shots and true sportsmen, and popular with the shooters.

Col. O. C. Guessaz, editor of the Texas Field, was here the first two days of the shoot, but was called to his home in San Antonio by wire. He is one of the liveliest attendants at a shoot in this section, and very popular with the shooters, and universal regret was expressed at his having to be called home.

Mr. L. F. Chaudet, of New Orleans, was a new man to most of the Texas shooters, but was heartily welcomed, and all will be glad to see him with us again.

Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, of New Orleans, is one of the jollicst and most agreeable attendants at a shoot. He was changing guns in every event, standing on one foot a portion of the time, and monkeying around generally, but he killed 597 out of the programme, and tied the medal winners in the live-bird event, though not eligible to win, as he is not a resident of the State.

Capt. A. W. Du Bray, of Cincinnati, O., with a 12-gauge hammer and a 20-gauge hammerless, mixed up his shooting so that his scores did not pan out well, but everybody admired his pair of guns.

Manager Alf. Gardiner was generously complimented on the way the shoot was conducted, but especially on the "busy" pigeons he selected for the first day, it being the universal opinion that no harder birds could be obtained. There was a strong north wind blowing across the traps, hence the low scores. Mr. Gardiner was so busy with the management that he did not make as good a showing as he would otherwise, but would have won the team medal if his partner had not "laid down" on him. He was changing guns occasionally, but is having a new Remington built, and will make it warm for some of the shooters when it arrives.

Mr. J. M. McCormick, of San Antonio, shot through the programme, but was in bad form. He is very fond of the game, and is a stayer, whether he hits the money or not, and is one of the most popular of the Association.

Mr. M. E. Atchison, of Giddings, former holder of the State medal, shot a good gait through the programme, only four men beating him. And he is always to be counted on coming close to the top.

The writer, Geo. Tucker, who is always a liberal contributor, won the Schmelzer trophy on a score of 49 out of 50, Mr. F. M. Faurote having 48. He was in the last squad and the whole gang pulling for him, however, and a city policeman behind him to keep any one from taking the cup away from him or anybody bothering him. He missed his forty-fifth bird, and being an amateur the crowd thought he was gone, but he scratched out with 49, and the crowd got him away from the policeman, put him on the roof of the club house, where he was called on for a speech, which we will give in full. It was, "Let's all take something."

Messrs. W. S. and J. B. Wyrick and Mr. Stevens, of McKinney, attended and shot most of the programme, making a good showing.

The next shoot here will be the Sunny South handicap in January next, and Manager Gardiner is trying hard to make this the sporting event of the South.

GEO. TUCKER.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., March 25.—The usual Wednesday shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held on their grounds at Wellington to-day, and a large number of enthusiasts were present to do honor to the occasion. With such a crowd of trap devotees present it seemed as though every one was there, but after another look there were quite a few absent faces, most notable being Leroy's, but being under the weather, he has made a wise decision not to shoot until he regains his old health, which we all sincerely hope will not be far off.

The prize match had a new leader this week, Bill, of Harvard doing the honors, though one target to rear were Rule and Spencer with 24, the former now waiting the chance to eclipse his former record on these grounds of 45. We think it will be hard work, but then Rule says it has been done, so we cannot dispute it. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	Av.
Andrews, 19	9	3	7	11	12	11	8	..	..	..	..	.718
Rule, 18	7	8	7	12	13	11	10	14	..	..	..	.820
Howe, 19	7	7	4	7	10	13	6	12	8	9	10	.665
Frank, 18	6	7	7	9	9	9	9	10	4	..	..	.637
Kneil, 16	7	6	4	12	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	.636
Woodruff, 17	6	5	6	13	11	8	6	10	..	..	..	.650
Tozier, 16	10	7	6	13	10	11	8	..	..	..	..	.765
Sawyer, 16	7	7	6	13	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	.670
Hallam, 16	3	4	2	7	4	5	2	3	5	8	4	.336
Bell, 16	6	4	8	12	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	.753
Kawop, 16	4	3	..	1	3	0	5	..	..	..	..	.267
Clark, 16	3	1	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	.320
Williams, 16	7	6	..	..	10	9	..	..	6	..	..	.634
Prior, 16	..	..	..	..	8	10	8	6	8	5	8	7 .546
Dupont, 16	..	..	..	..	11	10	11	6	13	..	..	.. .729
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	15	13	11	7	11	..	..	.. .802
Palmer, 16	..	6	..	..	7	8	8	6	3	9	..	.523
Measure, 16	..	..	..	..	6	6	5	5	..	..	..	.400
Retwood, 14	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	.367
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	.600
Firth, 16	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.600

Consecutive break match: Spencer, 18yds., 22; Rule, 18yds., 17; Tozier, 16yds., 13; Howe, 19yds., 12; Bell, 16yds., 11; Dupont, 16yds., 10; Andrews, 19yds., 9.

Merchandise match, 30 targets; distance handicap:

Bell, 16yds.	110111111101111101011111101111—25
Rule, 18	111110111111011101111101001111—24
Spencer, 18	111111111110110001101110111111—24
Andrews, 19	110111101111110001111111110110—23
Howe, 19	111010111010101111111111111001—23
Kneil, 16	110101011111111110110001101111—22
Tozier, 16	010010111111101011011001111111—21
Dupont, 16	010111010110110111001100111111—21
Woodruff, 17	110011001111110100110111001001—18
Williams, 16	011101010111101110011101101010—19
Frank, 18	010101111010011010011001011111—18
Prior, 18	111100111000111011010100100101—18
Sawyer, 16	100001100101100101101100110101—15
Palmer, 16	111110101000000000001111111010—15
Measure, 16	000110100110010000001101101l0—12
Retwood, 14	100100111100010001000000001011—11
Hallam, 16	100001000000110000000001100111— 9
Kawop, 16	001000001000001000000000000000— 3

March 18.—The ninth serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, and weather conditions could not have been much better for the shoot, barring a slight head wind, which made the targets rise a great deal more than what the majority calculated for. However, little things like that do not worry a Boston Gun Club gathering, and it turned out to be one of the most enjoyable shoots of the series. The prize match, of course, was the real thing, and each contestant kept his best efforts for that. Some succeeded very well, Griffiths with his pump gun breaking 27, but not alone, as Dupont, of Harvard, duplicated his score in similar fashion. Hollis had the honor of second place, shooting a new gun with a single trigger; and it says pretty well for both himself and gun, to hold that position. Third position was taken care of by Train and Bell, the former's first visit to the grounds this season, and judging from appearances, it will not be the last, as he certainly shot well in the regular events. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	5p	15	10	15	15	10	5p	15	15	Av.
Griffiths, 19	8	8	12	7	12	15	6	9	12	10	.800
Andrews, 19	9	6	12	6	9	11	6	6	..	..	.685
Leroy, 21	5	4	7	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	.600
Hollis, 19	7	6	7	6	12	13	4	..	11	..	.660
Frank, 18	4	3	6	7	11	12	8	6	11	..	.619
Train, 16	8	4	11	8	12	12	8	..	..	..	.742
Muldown, 16	6	4	9	4	4	10	4	..	..	..	.483
Worthing, 16	5	6	10	6	8	11	7	4	..	..	.600
Dupont, 16	6	6	12	8	12	15	8	6	11	10	.752
Woodruff, 17	7	6	7	7	10	8	7	7	..	..	.622
Wildman, 16	3	5	9	6	8	11	4	7	..	..	.553
Kawop, 16	2	..	8	5	5	8	7	..	..	..	.467
Kirkwood, 18	6	..	9	7	12	10	7	..	12	12	.715
Bell, 16	..	..	..	8	12	12	6	7	14	..	.787
Retwood, 14	..	..	..	3	2	7	3	..	..	..	.300
M E K, 14	..	..	4	..	3	4	2	..	..	7	.286
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	7	10	10	8	5	8	..	.640
Frederick, 16	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.200
Henry, 16	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.400

Consecutive break match: Dupont, 16yds., 23; Griffiths, 19yds., 19; Bell, 16yds., 17; Frank, 18yds., 13; Leroy, 21yds., 11; Hollis, 19yds., 11; Wildman, 16yds., 9; Worthing, 16yds., 8.

Prize match, 30 unknown; distance handicap:

Griffiths, 19yds.	111111110101110111111111111111—27
Dupont, 16	001111101111111111111111111111—27
Hollis, 19	111111111110010111111111101110—25
Train, 16	111101111010111111101110011111—24
Bell, 16	111100111110111101111110011111—24
Frank, 18	111001101011111110101110111111—23
Spencer, 18	011110111100110101111110101111—22
Kirkwood, 18	111110011111110111110110100110—22
Andrews, 19	011011011001101101101111101101—20
Leroy, 21	011110111001011000101011011111—19
Worthing, 16	111011001010001111111110110001—19
Wildman, 16	101100011001101111111110011001—19
Woodruff, 17	111011101001110101010110100111—18
Muldown, 16	010100010000010010111110011110—14
Kawop, 16	000010001011001111101001110000—13
Retwood, 14	000000000000110011011110000001— 9
M E K, 14	000000011001000010000011000001— 7

North Side Rod and Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., March 28.—The shooting at to-day's competition of the North Side Rod and Gun Club was from the 16yd. mark, unknown traps. The scores:

First event: B. Terhune 17, W. Banks 8, H. Becker 14, C. Tiddes 15, M. Breen 24, C. Lewis 17, N. Boogertman 8, J. Hulmes 10, E. Breen 10, W. Greer 2.

Second event: D. Gibson 14, W. Trers 17, N. Graham 5, Mathews 21, C. Strait 8, W. Swift 13, J. Doty 21.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. B. H., St. Louis.—The muscalonge (*Esox nobilior*), the pike (*Esox lucius*), and the pickerel (*Esox reticulatus*) all belong to the *Esocidæ* or pike family. The muscalonge is the largest and may be readily distinguished from the pike by these two characteristics: The lower half of the cheek of the muscalonge is scaleless, and the anterior half of its lower jaw is toothless. In the pike the cheek is entirely covered with scales, and the lower jaw is filled with teeth. The three fishes are colored as follows: Muscalonge, greenish or brownish gray, with circular brown spots darker than the body color. Pike, dark green or gray, with oblong light spots, sometimes white. Pickerel, green or brown, covered with a network of dark lines.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to New Orleans.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT MEETING NATIONAL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

ON account of the meeting of the National Manufacturers' Association at New Orleans, April 15 to 17, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New Orleans and return, April 11, 12 and 13, good going on date of sale, and good returning to reach original starting point not later than April 19, from all points on its lines at reduced rates. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent at New Orleans between April 12 and 19, and payment of fee of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be obtained to reach starting point not later than April 30.

Messrs. Dame, Stoddard & Co., of 374 Washington street, Boston, Mass., send us their catalogue of fishing tackle and sporting goods. The 290 pages contain illustrated listings of every article of the fisherman's equipment, all the necessities and some luxuries; and the portion of the catalogue devoted to pocket knives contains a number of extremely entertaining personal sketches of certain Texas worthies, after whom the several knives are named. As Bowie achieved enduring fame by giving his name to the Bowie knife, a like remembrance, let us hope, may be that of Tom Padgitt, General Tom Green, Sam Jones and others, after whom Thos. H. Chubb has named some of the very attractive knives here shown. The catalogue will be sent on receipt of 15 cents, which will be credited on the first purchase of a dollar or more.

In their large and handsome catalogue of nearly 100 pages, Messrs. J. B. Hunter & Co., of 60 Summer street, Boston, Mass., offer a great variety of attractive articles for the equipment of the sportsman or outdoor man. Beginning with rods, reels, hooks, lines, flies, and fishing tackle generally, they run through the gamut of goods contributing to the success or comfort of those who take their pleasure out of doors. Among these are clothing, arms, ammunition, cutlery, cameras, and their supplies, golf utensils, and a variety of other things. The catalogue will be sent free on application.

Edward Smith & Co., the well-known manufacturers of fine spar varnish, have issued a valuable little pamphlet called the "Yachtsman's Vest Pocket Manual." The little book contains a great fund of valuable information. In addition to the collection of club burgees, which are printed in color, there is also a list of American sail and steam yachts of over 50 feet in length. The book will be sent free on application to the Edward Smith Co., 45 Broadway, New York city, or 59 Market street, Chicago.

Messrs. Harrington & Richardson, of Worcester, Mass., have long been known as manufacturers of firearms, with revolvers as a specialty. Their new catalogue, No. 6, beside being beautifully illustrated in most artistic fashion, gives a deal of information about their arms, and thus is worth reading for itself alone. The Harrington revolver is adapted for the uses of people in all sorts of situations. Their descriptive catalogue will be sent free to applicants.

To anglers in and about New York, as well as to many others scattered over a wider territory, J. F. Marsters, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is a familiar name. His business has been long established, and a great many anglers have come to depend on him for their fishing tackle of all sorts. Mr. Marsters offers a list of all the fishing tackle to a man who will send him stamps.

The Dixie minnow, manufactured by E. T. Dukes, of Quitman, Ga., is said to be the only artificial minnow now in existence which represents the real fish swimming upright. As such, it should prove an attractive lure, and since indestructible, it can be used indefinitely It is for sale by all dealers.

At the Houston, Texas tournament, March 17-19, Mr. Frank Faurote, of Dallas, shooting Winchester factory loaded shells and a Winchester repeating shotgun, broke 530 out of 575 targets, and thereby won high average.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., won the Indiana live-bird championship with a score of 44 out of 50. He used U. M. C. Arrow shells. Mr. S. D. Boris scored 43 out of 50.

At the Texas State shoot, held at Brenham, March 23 to 26, Mr. R. O. Heikes won high average. He shot U. M. C. factory loaded shells and a Remington gun.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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You can never afford to forget for one moment what is the object of our forest policy. That object is not to preserve the forests because they are beautiful, though that is good in itself; nor because they are refuges for the wild creatures of the wilderness, though, that, too, is good in itself; but the primary object of our forest policy, as of the land policy of the United States, is the making of prosperous homes. It is part of the traditional policy of home making of our country. Every other consideration comes as secondary. The whole effort of the Government in dealing with the forests must be directed to this end, keeping in view the fact that it is not only necessary to start the homes as prosperous, but to keep them so. That is why the forests have got to be kept. You can start a prosperous home by destroying the forests, but you cannot keep it prosperous that way.—President Roosevelt.

TIME TO GO.

AS THE fancy of the young man is supposed in springtime lightly to turn to thoughts of love, so does the mind of the enthusiastic angler delight at this season to dwell upon prospective fishing trips and anticipated sport with the denizens of river, lake and brook. These are the days when one angler meeting another is pretty sure to propound the query: "Well, are you ready to go a-fishing?" or "Have you looked over your fishing tackle?" Or perhaps he will simply make the sententious remark: "The fish ought to bite pretty well to-day." The reply is sure to be cheery and, if time permits, a protracted exchange of angling experiences in the past is likely to follow. Unquestionably there is a strong band of sympathy existing between true anglers, a fact which may be primarily due to the understanding that both are enthusiasts in the same field, but which is nevertheless greatly strengthened and emphasized by an accompanying feeling of good fellowship.

Americans have always manifested a strong inclination for fishing, and even the aborigines were successful fishermen. It is said that when the Pilgrims went to King James for their charter they told him that they desired to go to the new world to worship God and catch fish. In view of these facts it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the amusement is a very popular one at the present day and that it seems to be gaining in favor from year to year. The assertion has been made that the secret of the infatuation of this amusement to most or many anglers is to be found in the close and quiet communion and sympathy with nature which is essential to the pursuit of the spoil of the water, and no doubt this is true. The tourist views only the outside of the country through which he hurriedly passes, but the angler is brought very close to the flower, bird and insect life of the fields and woods, and unconsciously becomes familiar with many of the secrets of nature which remain hidden from the average man. That a person is benefited by such close contact with nature cannot be disputed; for, as Washington Irving says: "There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure sincerety of mind."

It matters little whether the angler be an enthusiast on brook trout or one who prefers to entice the gamy black bass, the savage pickerel or the lordly muskallonge, the advent of spring and the thought that the fishing season is near at hand are sure to enliven him and cause the blood to course more rapidly through his veins.

Among expert fishermen angling is commonly spoken of as an art, and those who have had the most experience in handling the rod are the most firm in the belief that it deserves thus to be designated. Certainly it requires fully as much time, attention and patience to become thoroughly proficient in angling as it does to acquire a fair knowledge of almost any one of the fine arts. Furthermore, when a man does become an expert angler he has the pleasing consciousness that he is possessed of richly earned knowledge, which it is not given to everyone to possess, and the ability to catch fish where others would fail, and in this respect, at least, he is as truly an artist as he who applies colors to canvas or evokes music from a stringed instrument. Izaak Walton says: "Doubt not, therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you be capable of learning it, for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are born so; I mean with the inclination to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice, but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself."

COLONEL GEO. S. ANDERSON.

THOSE who are interested in the Yellowstone National Park will remember that for seven years Capt. Geo. S. Anderson, of the Sixth Cavalry, was the Superintendent of that reservation. During this long term of service he did work there far better than had ever been done before, bringing up the management of the Park to a very high state of efficiency. For the first few years of his service he was heavily handicapped by the inefficiency of Congress, which neglected to pass any law governing the Park, but when this omission had been remedied, he made his name a terror to the evildoers who had long swarmed about the reservation and striven at every opportunity to prey upon it.

After Capt. Anderson's long superintendency of the Park, which extended over about twice the term of any previous Superintendent's career there, the Spanish war broke out, and he was ordered into the field, and served in Cuba. Later, as Colonel of a regiment of volunteers, he served in the Philippine Islands for a term of years, and with his regiment performed extraordinary services in pacifying the district which he commanded. It is related that his regiment, recruited largely from the mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, was a body of giants—men so large that the ordinary clothing issued by the War Department to its troops could not be worn by them without various cuttings and slashings to give room within the clothing for their huge frames. It is said that their energy, strength and endurance were as great as their size, so that they chased the Filipinos over the mountains at such a rate that the natives actually became tired out and surrendered, and that if it ever came to a battle the small natives who were not killed in the fight afterward died of fright on recognizing the size of the men to whom they had been opposed. All these, however, may be travelers' tales told to us merely to excite the wonder of stay-at-home bodies. At all events, Colonel Anderson and the regiment he commanded did their work and did it well.

It is but a few months since Col. Anderson's regiment was mustered out and returned to the United States. He is now stationed in Washington at the new War College.

The soldierly qualities—his gallantry, his good judgment and his superb capacity for handling men—which enabled Col. Anderson to perform such splendid service in his profession have been recognized by the War Department and have earned him deserved promotion. Captain about the time of the breaking out of the Spanish war, he has won in a few years the ranks of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and has now received his promotion as Colonel in the Regular Army.

THE death of Major General William H. Jackson, of Belle Meade, Tenn., deprives the Boone and Crockett Club of one of its most valued members, and the United States of a soldier who once performed an act which, beyond question, is unique. General Jackson is believed to have been the only man, who, single-handed, ever attacked and killed a grizzly bear with a sabre.

The occurrence, as we have heard him relate it, was as follows: About fifty years ago General Jackson, then a young lieutenant attached to a regiment of Dragoons, was traveling with a detachment of his regiment on the plains. A grizzly bear was startled and began to run away. Lieut. Jackson at once applied to his commanding officer for permission to attack the beast, and after some hesitation his request was granted. The young officer was riding a Kentucky thoroughbred of great speed and courage, which was blind of its right eye. The horse readily overtook the animal, and riding close to it on his horse's blind side, Lieut. Jackson leaned over and struck its neck a terrible blow with his sabre, and then rode on. Turning, he again charged the bear, which was now as eager to get hold of him as before it had been to get away. The rider again rode to the left of the bear, and as it rose to meet him struck it on the head with such force that the sabre cut so deep into the bone that it could not be released. The bear struck and cut the horse, but did not hold him, and Lieut. Jackson, making a circle, saw the bear fall dead before it had gone many steps from the spot. Such strength, courage and readiness had these men of earlier days.

Gen. Jackson was a typical soldier and Southern gentleman of a type that is now fast passing away.

IN the death of Mr. Joseph Park last week, New York has lost one of its most eminent and worthy citizens, and one who perhaps had a larger acquaintance among old New Yorkers than almost any one who can be named. Mr. Park had lived in New York for more than seventy years, and for nearly sixty years had conducted the successful business, the name of which is so familiar to all New Yorkers. He was prominent in many large business affairs, was an extensive landowner at his home in Rye, N. Y., where he conducted a model farm, in which he took the greatest interest, was prominent in charitable matters, and was in all respects a good man and a citizen of the best type. To the poor Mr. Park gave freely, not money alone, but that ready sympathy and advice which so often is far more helpful than money. His kindly presence will be sadly missed by them.

PROF. L. D. SHARP, of the Boston University, preaching in the First Methodist Church of that city, the other Sunday, declared that no woman who wears a sea gull or a song bird in her hat can ever get to Heaven. Rev. John Brown, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in Wabash, Ind., preached the same doctrine, warning his woman hearers that "no woman who wears plumes on her hat can ever hope to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Whereupon four women of the congregation, right then and there, took the feathers from their hats and threw them into the stove. The bird protection committee of the Audubon Society would do well to enlist the services of Mr. Brown as a spellbinder for the cause.

WORD comes from Goshen, N. Y., of the death of Harrison W. Nanny, whose pen name of Wawayanda twenty years ago was familiar to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Nanny was a well-known lawyer; for several terms he was the president of Goshen, and in the beautiful parks which the village owes to him he has left an enduring memorial of his public services. His age was fifty-eight. Mr. Nanny was all his life an enthusiastic angler and student of nature. It was his fortune to live in that charming region of Orange County which was made famous by Frank Forester; and lured by its attractions, he spent many happy days in camp. He knew the Warwick Woodlands better than Herbert had known them, and wrote of them, some of us used to think, with much more sympathy and appealing sentiment. He was a man of wide reading, a student of local history; his were scholarly tastes and a cultured mind. It is to such a one that angling has most to give, and to him the camp by the lake and the river means plain living and high thinking.

Maine has adopted the long talked of non-resident license system. The fee is $15; and the licensee has the privilege of exporting on coupon one moose and two deer. The proceeds are to go to protecting game, paying damages done to crops by deer, and raising the salaries of the commissioners. We print elsewhere from a special correspondent the full text of the law, and a statement of the reasons which have prompted its enactment.

Massachusetts has extended as a permanent law the statute forbidding the sale of ruffed grouse and quail. Never was the wisdom of the non-sale system more convincingly demonstrated than it has been in Massachusetts, and no other course for the future was to be looked for

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Perilous Ride.—I.

A Story of Indian Days.

IT was the 12th day of February, 1877—a cold raw day. The snow was almost all gone from the valley, except in spots and drifts. It was the most cheerless season of the year, and what little business there was in Bozeman was at a standstill. We were over 500 miles from a railroad; the mail was carried in coaches and by pack animals; the principal business came from the Indian trade, and furnishing supplies by the United States Government to the various tribes then in Montana. Indians, with the white hunters and trappers and gold prospectors, who were roaming over the country in every direction, were the only inhabitants of eastern Montana at this time. The war with the Sioux and other Indian tribes was at its height.

Fort Ellis, three miles from Bozeman, was garrisoned with both cavalry and infantry. At the mouth of Tongue River, General Miles, with a large force, was in camp at what was called the Tongue River Cantonment. Communications between Gen. Brisbin at Fort Ellis and Gen. Miles were carried by scouts, both white and red, as the Crow Indians were sometimes employed. At this particular time the Indians were so bad and numerous between Brisbin and Miles, a distance of nearly 400 miles, that it was difficult to find anyone to carry dispatches, $300 being offered for the long and perilous trip.

I found myself this cold, raw, cheerless day in Bozeman, possessed of mule, a saddle pony, a fine 13-pound old reliable Sharps rifle, a fine gold watch, and a pack outfit. Except for these articles I was completely "busted." I had never been to Tongue River, or down the Yellowstone for more than 150 miles, but had a good idea of the country, having traded with the Crow Indians several years before at the Crow Indian Agency, eight miles beyond where the town of Livingston now stands. My wife had died about a year before. I had lost my business and sent my little daughter, four years old, back to the States to my parents, and was ready for anything out of the ordinary.

I was born and raised in the mountains of Kentucky, and was, as the saying goes, a born mountaineer. Two of my aunts had married grandsons of old Daniel Boone of Kentucky. I got the western fever when quite young, after meeting Kit Carson and Col. A. G. Boone in Washington city in 1866 with a delegation of Indians, and would have gone back with them but for my father, who was at that time a member of Congress from Kentucky, and would not consent to my doing so. I returned to Kentucky, married, and the following year found me on the road to the headwaters of the Yellowstone, which place I reached in September, 1869, as trader for the Crow Indians, which position I held for quite a time, leaving my wife and baby in Bozeman, at that time a small frontier town.

Under present circumstances I was ripe and ready for anything in the Indian and hunting line, and volunteered to carry the dispatch from Brisbin to Miles.

I pawned my watch for $100, as I did not care to take it on the trip, and with the money got a fine Winchester rifle, with plenty of ammunition for both my guns, all the clothing and bedding I needed, had my animals sharp shod, taking an extra set of shoes and a shoeing outfit with me; secured a fine field glass at Ft. Ellis from Capt. Ball, placed my dispatch in a money belt wrapped in oil cloth, my tobacco, pipe and matches in my canteenas, and was ready for the "Cantonment."

I left Bozeman about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of February, passed through Rocky Canyon and over the divide to Trail Creek, arriving, late in the evening, at the lower end of Trail Creek on the Yellowstone Bottom at the cabin of an old hunter, a friend of mine, by the name of Trout. You may rest assured that I was more than welcome, and after my pony and mule were cared for, I was soon at a veritable feast of cold boiled elk, a hot corn dodger, a large raw onion, and a good quart cup of No. 1 coffee that can only be made from the fine soft waters of the Rocky Mountain streams. What more could a Kentucky mountain man wish for? I enjoyed the meal only as a hungry man can, and after listening to the hunting and trapping adventures of my friend until quite late, we rolled up in our blankets and were soon in the land of dreams.

Early next morning, after a fine breakfast of broiled antelope and some mountain flap-jacks and good coffee, I was in the saddle again, reaching the Yellowstone about noon. I traveled until near sundown, when I unexpectedly came to a dugout in the bank of the river, where Dave Roberts was trapping and poisoning wolves. Here I remained all night, and received the same hearty welcome of the night before. I cut a few small cottonwood trees for feed for my mule and pony; the bark of the young cottonwood being equal, if not superior, to hay and oats. I did not leave my friend until about 4 o'clock in the evening of the next day, as I had quite a long stretch of country to pass over with no timber or snow and wished to make that ride during the night. I was now in the Indian country, and had to keep a good lookout, and as much as possible shun patches of snow—to hide my trail— and sleep during the day, as the Indians seldom move at night. Of course I was in some danger of running on a camp of sleeping Indians, unless my mule should give the alarm. I depended on this, for if thereever was an animal that hated and feared an Indian it was that mule. She could smell one, with the wind, a good mile, and half that distance against the wind; so I had very little fear of being surprised.

I traveled about 25 or 30 miles before daylight, made camp deep in the timber near the bank of the river. I tied my mule and pony in a thick patch of willows; with my butcher-knife shaved some young cottonwood trees for them, ate a cold snack of elk and bread, rolled up in my blankets and was soon asleep, depending entirely on my mule for warning of any danger that might come. I awoke late in the afternoon, feeling much refreshed and wanting a cup of coffee very much, but I was afraid to make a fire in daylight, as the smoke could be seen so far. At last I remembered having seen a piece of candle in my canteenas. I fished it out and then, for the first time in my life, began to make a cup of coffee over the flame of a candle. It was a long, tedious job, but in time I was rewarded by seeing the water hot, and pretty soon I had as nice a cup of coffee as one could wish under the circumstances.

About 7 o'clock in the evening my mule began to give unmistakable signs of Indians. She kept her ears pricked, looking down the river. I saw that the animals were securely tied, and crept slowly down the river bank to the lower end of the timber. By this time it was quite dark, but I could see quite a distance on the prairie. I distinctly heard Indians singing and coming nearer—straight toward me. I waited a moment to be sure they were coming my way, and heard them strike the ice of the river about 200 yards below the point where I was lying. I crept down the river bank a little further and in the twilight could see them crossing on the ice—about twenty Indians and 150 or more horses. I soon made up my mind what was up. It was a small war party of Sioux on a horse-stealing expedition against the Crows. I waited until all had crossed and passed out of hearing; and knowing that the Crows would be after them at daylight, I concluded to put as much distance between us as possible before that time. The Crows were on friendly terms with the whites, but I did not care to run across them so far away from the settlements.

I traveled all night and having made thirty or more miles before daylight, I camped in the thick timber, again shaving more cottonwood bark for the animals and fasting myself. I slept until noon, and being very hungry I determined to make a quick fire, get everything ready, make coffee and bread, fry some meat and move along, as there was plenty of timber on both sides of the river.

I got ready plenty of shavings and some nice dry wood, mixed a little flour in the small sack I had—salt and yeast powders having been mixed before starting—secured a dry cottonwood stick, got it good and hot, rolled my dough into a long snake-like piece, wrapped it around the hot stick and set it up before the fire, which I now started, with my meat and coffee all on at the same time. It burned nicely, and there was scarcely any smoke, as the twigs were so dry. I soon had a fine meal, which I found afterward could be had on meat alone when the appetite is there. It was now about two o'clock, with every sign of a storm coming on—cold and raw, with stray flakes of snow beginning to fall.

I made another start, following the river bank as much as I could. By 6 o'clock it was snowing fast and everything promised a good fall. About thirty miles further would take me to where two men named Moore—"Old Pike" as he was generally called—and Zed Daniels, who, I had heard, were trapping beaver, had a dugout about ten feet from the river. By keeping close to the river I could not miss it, and I determined to make the camp before sleeping again, as the now fast falling snow would cover my trail almost as fast as made. Just at dark I made camp at the mouth of a dry coulee that ran into the river, thickly surrounded by cottonwood and willows, the willows on the banks above meeting and forming a complete roof, preventing the snow from entering at all. It was dry as a powder house and sheltered from the wind. In fact, after my mule and pony were securely tied in the upper end of the coulee, about twenty feet from the mouth, and the saddles and pack outfit taken off, it was as comfortable a camp as anyone could wish, and would have been a regular paradise for one of my temperament in times of peace. I really felt as if I could remain in this beautiful, quiet place for a whole month. Anyone might be within six feet of me and never discover my hiding place.

I took my little hunting hatchet and cut the ice near the mouth of the coulee, and after long chopping was rewarded by getting through the ice and seeing the water creeping up in my spring. It was a treat. I watered my mule and pony, cut them plenty of bark, made a good fire, which could not be seen any more than if it had been in a house, and cooked and ate until I could eat no more. I felt so comfortable after eating as I sat there smoking and thinking of the loved ones down in old Kentucky, that, before I knew it, I was almost asleep. I jumped to my feet, re-filled my pipe, saddled my mule and pony, and with many regrets mounted and rode out of my cozy quarters to face the storm that was now raging in earnest. I must make the camp before daylight and leave no trail behind me. As good luck would have it, I could follow an old game trail near the river that answered every purpose of a road. I kept up a steady trot until I thought I must surely be in the neighborhood of the camp I was looking for, and began to go a little more slowly for fear I might pass it, for it was quite dark. I had the rope around the horn of my saddle leading my mule, when, for some reason she suddenly stopped and would not move an inch. I loosened my gun and began to look around as well as possible in the darkness. The next instant the most unearthly sound I ever heard in all my life broke the awful stillness. I fell from my saddle as if struck by lightning, and it was a good moment before I could realize what had happened. My mule had simply stopped and brayed like a jackass. It seemed to me as if it could be heard for five miles. She had scented the horses belonging to Moore and Daniels, and knowing they were not Indians, had given vent to her joy with that awful sound.

After looking around a few minutes I discovered sparks of fire seemingly coming out of the ground, and knew it was the dugout. I gave a long, low whistle and was soon answered. "Old Pike" Moore, a famous beaver trapper of the Yellowstone, came out and called: "Who's there?" I answered, "Coon Tail."

"By the jumping Moses, Billy, come in; ain't you near froze? How do you do? What are you doing down here? All alone? Well, by jiminy, you can just thank this storm for your being here in place of your hair being at some Indian war dance, for before this snow they were getting thicker than mosquitos, and that is all that saved you. They are lying in camp such weather as this. Got any cartridges? Yes; what kind?"

"Sharps .45-90's and Winchester."

"Bully," says Pike. "We were running low."

"Well, I've got about a thousand," I said, and Pike was happy.

By this time the mule and pony were unsaddled and tied in a sheltered spot covered by willows, and with plenty of cottonwood to eat. Never in my life did a dugout look so good and feel so comfortable and safe. It was only one log high, but they were immense cottonwoods, at least three feet in diameter, with as large a one in center on top, the room being dug out like a cellar, with port holes all around between the ground and the log. Three men were here—Moore, Daniels, and a man named Lowery. The four of us, well armed and provisioned in this dugout, could have stood off the whole Sioux tribe—at least that is the way we felt, and the way you feel is the way you are. I was tired, hungry and sleepy, and after a good warm breakfast and a good smoke, I turned in for a good day's sleep. I did not wake until late in the evening, feeling entirely rested, but the storm still raging and the snow quite deep. I had left no tracks behind, consequently felt quite safe and concluded to stop here until the storm was over, keeping a good look out that no one passed me with another dispatch. As long as I was in the lead, I was all right, and the boys had plenty of grub. I spent the time helping the boys skin beaver, which they were catching fast. The storm over, the sun came out warm and the snow was fast disappearing. I would soon be on the move again.

One evening, after I had been in camp about a week, I concluded to take a little stroll alone. The timber belt at this place was quite large, on the north side of the river being over a mile wide and several miles long, with a good game trail about the middle. I took the trail, carrying my Winchester and three belts of cartridges, one over each shoulder and one around the waist. With my glasses, hunting knife and pipe I was rigged to perfection. I must have gone about two miles from camp when I emerged from the upper end of the timber belt, and was just in the act of stepping out of the brush when I discovered eight Indians coming straight for the point where I was standing, and only about 100 yards off, all on the dead run. I knew they had not seen me as yet, and quicker than telling it, I was off, back down the trail I had come, as fast as my legs could carry me. I had not gone very far when, stopping a moment, I heard them coming. As there were only eight and they had not seen me, I did not feel so badly scared, but had very little time to think.

There was a large cottonwood tree standing near the trail and another fallen one that had lodged just in front of it and was thickly surrounded by willows. In a moment I was under one and behind the other, and had no sooner got there than swish, swish, swish, I could hear their leggins rubbing against the willows until eight had passed. I could not tell whether they were Sioux or Crows, as they passed so quickly and I was so completely hidden that I could not see. After they had passed, I got out and followed as fast as possible. I had not gone far when I concluded I had better fire my gun three times in quick succession, being the signal that Indians were coming. I was then about a mile from camp, and the boys, hearing my shots, would be on the lookout and would give me some signal pretty soon. I waited for a time and hearing nothing left the trail and made for the river, which I reached in a few minutes and, under the banks made my way toward camp. When I heard a shrill whistle I answered, and Daniels shouted that all was right. When I reached camp there were the eight Indians; they were Crows and all old friends of mine; were on a horse-stealing trip against the Sioux. They remained two or three days making medicine.

The snow now being nearly all gone, I concluded to move on. Lowery had made up his mind to go on to the Cantonment, so I would now have company the remainder of the way.

We were now in the most dangerous portion of the Indian country. On Pryor Creek, about twenty miles further down the river, were two men trapping, or supposed to be, but just where on the creek we did not know, but we hoped to strike them.

We bade Moore and Daniels good-by, and with some bread, a little salt, coffee and tobacco, started for the Cantonment on the sixth day of March. As we had plenty of timber, we concluded to travel during the day for the present, and at night when we got out of timber. In the afternoon it clouded up, got colder and had the appearance of another storm, and pretty soon the snow began to fall and by seven o'clock, when we reached the mouth of Pryor Creek, the snow was falling fast and already about two inches deep. We went up the creek probably a mile and not seeing any signs of Hubble and Cox, we concluded to camp.

We had just got our horses snugly cached in the head of a quaking asp hollow, when we were startled by a whole volley of rifle shots, at least fifty having been fired, and apparently about half a mile above us. Pretty soon bang, bang, went two rifles. In a few minutes another roll of rifles, followed by the bang, bang of the two rifles again. It told the tale as plainly as if we could see it, the Indians had attacked the camp of Cox and Hubble. We must get there and yet there quick. Almost before we could move came another roll of rifles followed by the bang of one lone gun. There! one of the boys is killed. A few minutes more, and while we were on our way to the rescue, came another roll of rifles, followed by no response. We stopped, heard the Indians yelling, and we knew the battle was over. We retraced our steps, as it was now getting quite dark and snowing so fast you could only see a few feet. We concluded to wait until morning and then go up the creek and find the camp and bodies of the two men, who we were satisfied were killed. We left the horses and took our bedding near the bank of the creek, making our bed on the snow. The bank was quite steep down to ice, and would make a fine place to fight from, in case we had to. In the most lonely place one could well imagine among some rose brier bushes, we made our bed and crawled in, with our clothes on and cartridge belts and rifles by our sides and with a wagon sheet over us. We were soon covered by a white quilt of snow, and to find us one would have been obliged to walk right on top of us. It was some time before I went to sleep. As I lay there I was thinking of an old, old man named Jackson, whom I had known in Kentucky when a boy only six or seven years old, and how I enjoyed to hear him tell, as I sat upon his knee, tales of the early settling of Kentucky, and give accounts of Indians and hunting which I then supposed was way back in old times and gone never to be again; and here I was, twenty-five years afterward, in more of an Indian country and among worse Indians and better armed than either he

or his father had ever seen, and at this very moment was hiding and liable to be attacked at daylight. With such thoughts I went to sleep, and did not awake until near daylight. As soon as it began to get light I peeped from under the cover of snow. Looking across the creek I saw a fresh trail of some kind, not more than ten feet from the bank on the other side from where we lay. We got up, crossed over, and there we saw the unmistakable trail of old Lew Hubble, easily recognized by the long strides he was famous for making when traveling. Another tale was told: Cox was killed, the camp destroyed, horses stolen and Hubble escaped on foot—for he never would have left his companion alive. There was now no use for us to visit the battle ground. Undoubtedly the Indians were still lurking around, would discover Hubble's trail and following it, would find ours. Hubble was probably miles away, and the sooner we left the better; so, with all haste we saddled up and in less time than it takes to tell it we were off down the river, without any breakfast. It was still cloudy but not snowing. We traveled all forenoon without seeing anything except buffalo.

In the afternoon the snow began to fall again in fine feathery flakes. My neck was very tired from turning and looking in so many different directions. My mule was pulling back, the rope being tied around the horn of my saddle under my gun sling, and in reaching back to pull her along I looked back and about half a mile away saw about forty or more Indian ponies coming on the dead run. I could see no Indians, but I well knew that each pony carried one. As my lead rope had got wet from the snow, I could not untie it. I jerked out my hunting knife, hallooed "Indians!" cut the rope, let the mule go, and struck out with all speed to cross the river on the ice at the head of a long canyon about one-fourth of a mile ahead. We had now left the timber on the side of the river we were on, and must cross in a hurry. As soon as we commenced our run, the Indians knew they were discovered, so straightened up on their ponies and began their wolf-like yelling, which scared the mule almost to death. She ran so fast she got in the lead, and was bouncing around like a jack rabbit. We were now almost at the crossing, when, to my horror, I saw on the other side about the same number of Indians on the run, and making for the same crossing, and every one of them yelling with all his might. What should we do? There was no time to think. Should we kill our horses and fight from behind them? Nothing else to do. The timber was behind and Indians between it and us, and Indians in front. We were now at the crossing, the mule in the lead, and hearing the Indians in front as well as behind she started straight down the canyon on the ice, and almost before we knew what we were doing, we were right behind the mule, sharp shod and going like the wind. The ice was as clear as glass and hard as flint. We turned in our saddles, saw the Indians all on the ice and slipping in every direction. They couldn't make the riffle!

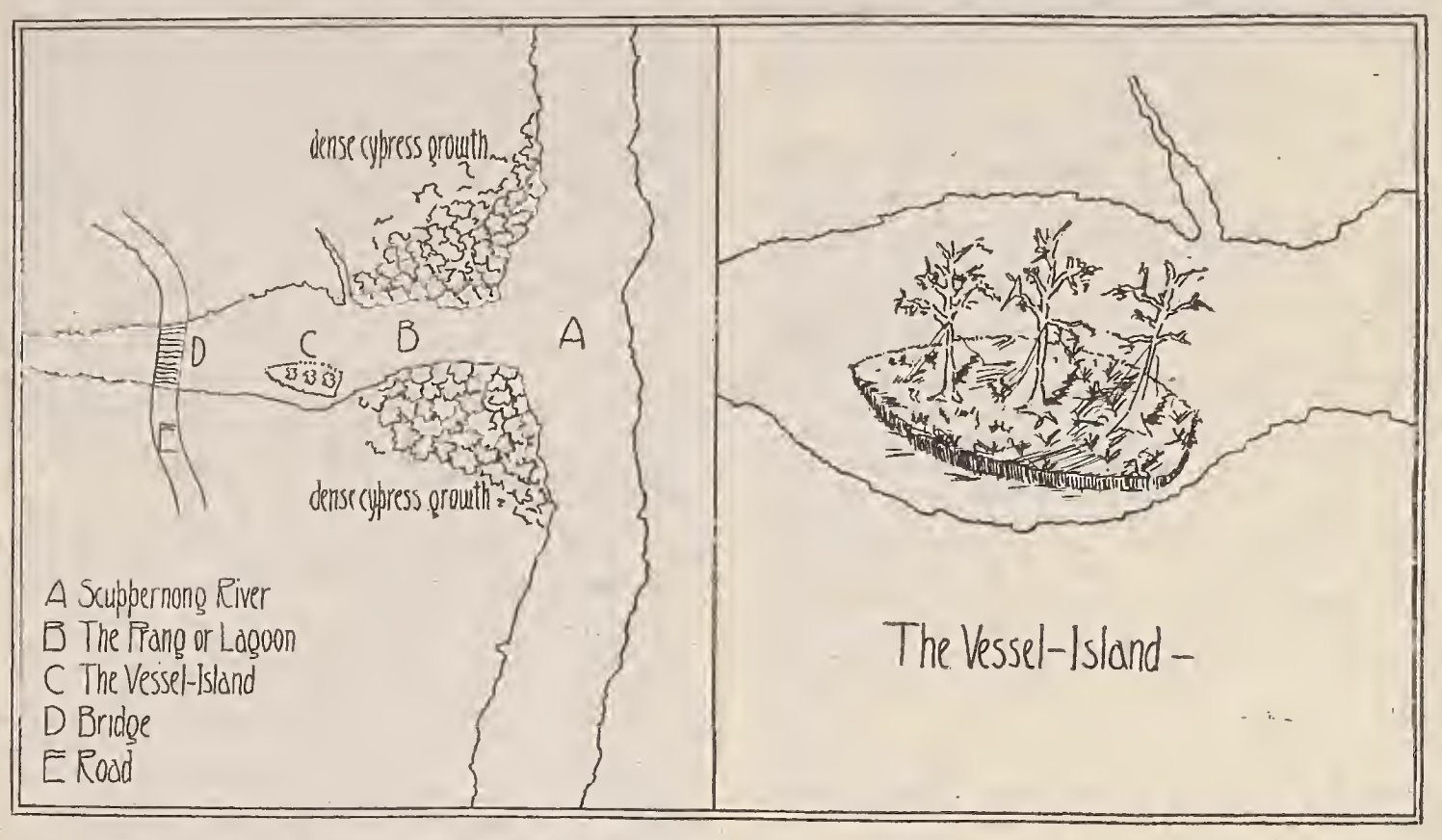
We gave them a few shots and turned a crook in the canyon—which, by the way, was several hundred feet high and several miles to go around—and were out of sight and out of present danger, and safe. Thanks to the mule, I felt as if I could kiss her, bless her! About three-fourths of a mile down the canyon, immediately at the lower end, was the island just above old Fort Pease. The island was about one mile long and perhaps half a mile wide at the widest place and well timbered, with plenty of grass in beautiful meadow-like spots, surrounded by a heavy growth of cottonwood. When we reached the island we felt, for the time, perfectly safe, knowing full well that no Indian was going to approach an island where white men were known to be in hiding. However, we made a cold camp, and after getting plenty of bark for our horses went to sleep. Coon Tail.

Vessel Island.

Raleigh, N. C.—There are many strange things in North Carolina, but surely one of the strangest of them all is a vessel which in forty years has changed from a three-masted schooner to an island of exquisite loveliness, its masts being trees and its rigging vines. During the Civil War there lived in Tyrrell county S. S. Simmons, a rich planter, well known by memory to the present old inhabitants of the quaint town of Columbia, the county seat. Tyrrell is half land and half water at any time, but when the wind is from the northeast and the water is blown in upon it from the great sounds which form its boundary, but little land is left uncovered. It is threaded by streams, most of them currentless. During the middle period of the Civil War Federal sailors were continually scouting in these waters. Practically the only means of travel and transportation was then, and is now, by boat. The old planter had numbers of boats and vessels of various descriptions. A short arm or prong of the Scuppernong River was the only place of safety for his craft, and up this he drew them. The point is what is known as the head of navigation, and beyond it the boats, which only drew one and a half to two feet of water, were taken to safety and could be gotten off again. One three-masted schooner, the Wylie Burgess, which he used in the lumber trade and which was occasionally on filibustering expeditions, was chased by a party of Federal sailors up the Scuppernong River. Dusk came on, and the schooner turned into the arm or prong referred to, which is narrow, and the opening to which is almost concealed by dense cypress swamps on either side, with a tangle of vines of all kinds and other vegetation, this being aided by the immense quantity of tillandsia or gray-beard moss which draped every tree and made a veritable portiere to the entrance to this quiet lagoon.

The wind was strong astern and the fleeing schooner, when some distance up this haven of safety, went hard and fast aground, but was also effectually hidden from the enemy. But the vessel was immovable and could not be dug out, and so was stripped and left there, merely the hull, the masts and the rigging being left. Lee's surrender and the end of the war came, and when quiet reigned the planter was called upon to remove this obstruction, but he could do nothing. His money, his slaves, his food, all were gone, and nothing was left but broad acres of land and water.

The records show to-day that legal proceedings were instituted against Mr. Simmons to force him to remove the obstructing vessel, but even an order of court could not make him do the impossible. So to this day, forty years since she grounded there, the old schooner still rests in the quiet lagoon. It is now a true island, retaining its boat shape, its gunwales broadly outlined by bands of greenest moss and grass, its masts trees growing vigorously, and laced together by cabled vines of grape and bamboo, which make it a mass of greenery summer and winter alike. The whole outline is distinct, and standing on the bridge which now spans the lagoon or prong, quite near the island-vessel, it requires no effort of the imagination to see that nature has here wrought a miracle indeed. The sketches which accompany this article, and which were made on the spot by Mr. L. T. Yarborough, lately a member of the State survey party engaged in the survey of the swamp lands, show this strange



freak very clearly, both from a distance and near at hand. Inquiries were made by the engineers which developed the facts given in the story above.

State Senator Spruill, from the district embracing Tyrrell county, verifies the story in all particulars, and says he has seen the vessel-island a thousand times. It is shown as the county's greatest curiosity. Mr. Yarborough and Senator Spruill have been on the island. The cypress-stained water of the lagoon looks nearly as black as ink, and this deepens the effect. The hatches look like large sunken graves. Fred A. Olds.

A Tramp through Primeval Vermont

Open a map of Vermont and glance at the strip of country lying between the Passumpsic and the Connecticut rivers and extending northward to the Canadian line. It is a district quite flat, according to the map, and checked off into townships with here and there, at intervals timidly wide, the name of a pond or stream. No network of black lines representing roads vexes the eye, while names with such a far away sound as "Cow Mountain" and "Moose River" add to your conviction that here, extending into the midst of civilization, is a veritable arm of the wilderness. It is a land of untamed forest, health-giving air, pure water, absolute silence, of every quality, in fine, that gives to one the sense of living close to nature. The grosser attractions, too, of fish and game will prove sufficient to satisfy the saner taste which is beginning slowly but surely to penetrate our ideals of sport.

The easiest way to enter this miniature wilderness is to go by rail to some point on its eastern margin along the upper Connecticut and then follow one of the mountain streams which pour their cold waters into the river. The country becomes more and more elevated as one goes westward until it rises at last into a line of high hills and mountains whose western slopes fall steeply toward the Passumpsic. These heights at once confront you if you enter from the west and the trails are far more difficult; but the distance to the heart of the wilderness is less and the transition from civilization is more abrupt. We chose the western route.

Half an hour's walk from the little village of East Haven took us fairly into the woods. The first few miles of the trail had been almost totally obliterated by that untidiest of earth's children, the lumberman, who had piled upon it all the debris of his misnamed clearings. But we struggled on by the aid of the compass, crossed the divide separating the valleys of the Passumpsic and the Connecticut, and toward evening entered a little clearing, where stood our first hostelry in the wilderness, a bark lean-to.

Everywhere in this region we found these forest inns, well located with a view to the best hunting and fishing, and, in lieu of rent, kept in some sort of repair by the few guests that visit them each year. They are built of birch and hemlock bark and accommodate comfortably four or five sleepers. The one before us fronted on a brook whose water seemed as brown as coffee. In the rear rose the unbroken forest of spruce, fir and hemlock, interspersed with deciduous trees, most numerous among which were the white and yellow birch and the sugar maples.

The first hours in camp are busy ones. The packs are laid aside. The lean-to, which looks a bit pervious to rain, is patched by those of the party who rank as "skilled labor," while the others hew birch logs enough to last out the night and gather hemlock twigs for the bed. These and numerous other tasks must be performed before the camp is habitable. And yet there is always time for someone to test the brook, as if to assure us that the trout are really there.

But it is when the first woodland meal has been eaten and the primitive dinner service put away that the time comes which one loves best in camp. With your pipe lighted you sit or recline at full length upon the blanket above the springy boughs, watch the crackling birch logs and the oily blaze of the bark, and feel perfectly content. It is a sensation as old as humanity. You get a taste of it by your own fireside at home, but to feel its full power you must reproduce the conditions of primitive man, shape a rude shelter in the lonely forest, hew the wood and build the fire with your own hands. Then and then only shall you know it to the full. Nor is that after time without its peculiar pleasure when, having rolled yourself in your blanket, feet to the fire in Indian fashion, and having slept off your first weariness, you awake to find the fire burning low and casting ruddy gleams over your sleeping comrades, while outside in the forest all is silent save for the purl of the brook and the ghostly cry of some night bird. Then suddenly there comes over you the overpowering mystery of the woods; the steepling trees, the moonlit clouds, the flowing air of night—everything about you seems overfull of a meaning you cannot fathom. You only know that it is good to live.

The brown brook, brown only because of its bed, for the water when dipped into a glass was of colorless purity, was to be our almost constant companion until we reached the Connecticut. It is well to be sure of your traveling companions, and so it was decided that two of us who were strangers to the brook should spend the first day in forming a more intimate acquaintance, while the other two followed the trail to inspect our next camp.

A day's ramble along an unfamiliar trout stream in the virgin forest! Can anything appeal more deeply to the heart of the forest lover who has been shut away from such things for a year? The dewy bushes still breathe forth the coolness of the night, the brook flashes past, leading you on through sunlight and shadow to surprises ever new—now a series of foaming cascades, where you clamber with care down the face of boulders slippery from the spray, now beneath the branches of some ancient cedar whose gnarled majesty you must pause for a moment to survey. And constantly you are lured onward by the angler's instinct that bids you test the contents of just one more pool; and that is why fishermen are always late home. We were still on the upper waters of the stream and the trout did not in any case exceed a half pound in weight, but they were numerous and hungry, and as we climbed back through the ravine to camp we were quite satisfied. Some philosopher has remarked that "It is not all of fishing to fish," but if you are a true disciple of old Izaak, it is no less true that there is no real fishing without some fish. The presence of so many trout in that ravine added just the little touch that rendered our day perfect.

Unknown Pond! How the very name suggests the wilderness undefiled! To this little mountain tarn, one of many which lie at different points along the stream, separated from it by a few miles of forest, we moved on the third day. But trials were in store for us first. If you have ever experienced a series of violent thunderstorms in the woods you will be able to appreciate our lot for the next thirty-six hours. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused by the roll of thunder, and soon came the heavy downpour of rain. The lean-to was tight, however, and we remained dry, but it was a cold and cheerless breakfast that we snatched between the showers. The brook became in a few hours a raging torrent, sweeping away two of our precious cakes of soap, which were two feet above the water when we left them on the preceding evening. All day and far into the night a succession of storms swept over that forest. Some passed around us and some did not, but never for more than a few minutes at a time was the sound of thunder absent from our ears. By good luck the trail to the pond was comparatively free from brush, which in rainy weather is wetter than a shower bath, and the distance was but six miles, so that by dodging between the showers we arrived in fairly dry condition.

Our activity at Unknown Pond was restricted to the interior of the lean-to. Fortunately for us this was a marvel of good workmanship and shed the heavy rain perfectly, but outside everything was afloat. The whole landscape was blurred with rain. But he is no true lover of nature who cannot bear with her when she frowns, and as I think of that snug lean-to, the steaming campfire, and the songs with which we enlivened the night, I would not have had it otherwise.

Of all our camps, the last and the best was that at "the forks." In a cozy clearing, between the two main branches of the stream, stood a little wooden shanty about eight feet by ten, containing a small stove. After

an open lean-to this seemed luxurious. It had been erected by hunters who visit that region in the fall for deer, and its walls were decorated with legends in charcoal certifying to their success. The only tenant when we arrived was a lively red squirrel, whom we interrupted as he was feasting upon a bit of salt pork left by a recent fishing party. He objected noisily to our occupancy and scuttled back and forth across the roof and up and down the sides of the cabin at all hours, once or twice ruffling the hair of one of our party who happened to be obstructing his favorite pathway, the door post.

At the forks we occupied a strategic position. Below us ran the main stream, wide, free from overhanging branches, an ideal place to cast a fly. Above we had a choice of the two large branches by following either of which we could reach still other tributaries smaller, but all swarming with trout. There were miles of alternating rapid and pool, and all of these localities were within easy tramping distance of the camp, which could always be reached by following the stream. Even the inexperienced camper can scarcely lose his way when running water is his guide. Thus, whether we wished a day's trip or a few hours of casting, our tastes were alike gratified.

I may not dwell on all the details of those happy days, but no account of our pilgrimage would be complete without some mention of the birds, whose presence and song contributed so much to our enjoyment. How much one misses in the woods from lack of a little knowledge of ornithology! Our party included no expert, and so we saw and heard many birds which we were unable to identify. With the commoner birds, however, we were well acquainted. The woodpeckers, especially the flicker, were frequently seen; the junco flitted about our camps; we saw many cedar birds, and the thin, clear note of the white-throated sparrow was ever in the air. One day we came upon a saw-whet owl blinking beside the trail in a leafless bush. He had evidently staid out too late (or too early) and mistaken his roost. But the bird that gave us most delight, the bird whose song seems to me to embody the very essence of those northern woods, is the hermit thrush. At any hour of the day this inimitable songster could be heard, but it was while the silent twilight was settling upon the woods that he made his supreme effort, a veritable vesper hymn. I shall never forget on one particular evening, as we were hurrying campward after a hard day in a tangled swamp, how every coppice seemed to give forth a melody. Nature herself seemed speaking to us.

Of four-footed inhabitants of the woods, we saw but few—squirrels, of course, a mink, a rabbit or two, and one of the party was vouchsafed one of the privileges of nature, the sight of a deer in the wilderness. Indeed, it is surprising that others were not seen, for the sand bars along the stream were close trodden with delicate hoof-marks, and the angler makes little noise as he practices the gentle art. Bears came not near us, although on previous expeditions to this region one of our party had several times been within hearing of them.

How much the hungry pilgrim to the woods will eat is a question that will probably never be answered for lack of materials. We, at least, could not answer it. At the start our packs seemed composed of little else than provisions, but four days of hard tramping and harder eating had made fearful inroads. We were unscientific enough to carry bread, and all the good loaves which had been literally the staff of life to us were gone. The coffee and tea had followed suit and the rest of our stock was exceedingly low. Trout we had always with us, but even trout, when ungarnished, pall upon the palate. An expedition sent out to the farms along the Connecticut failed to postpone long the inevitable. Bread was the chief object of this expedition, but we were told that "the men were a-hayin' and the bread was all et up." Two good housewives were, however, persuaded to bake for us some five dozen biscuit. We secured, in addition, some trifles, such as eggs, potatoes, ginger bread, maple sugar and some "drawin's" of tea, but in three days starvation once more stared us in the face. And so, perforce, we bade good-by to the forks. An easy tramp of eight miles over a good trail brought us out into a lofty pasture, from which we gained a splendid view of the narrow river valley and the mountains of New Hampshire. Noon found us lunching bountifully at a farm house, and by mid-afternoon we were bowling along the Maine Central toward the humdrum haunts of civilization, far from that Mecca of the tired brainworker, the wilderness.

A. W.

"Bad Men."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sketches published recently in FOREST AND STREAM, having some of the southwestern gun and knife fighters as subjects, were specially interesting. I regretfully note, however, that on the part of the writers there is a tendency to treat those tough fighters from a heroic point of view. In FOREST AND STREAM of March 28, Capt. Flynn introduces King Fisher to your readers, and, as per the card adverted to in the article, one would fancy that King Fisher was an honorable officer of the law who took rather a defiant method of discovering himself to Judge Bean, the law west of the Pecos, and that such was a mere incident of his law-abiding career.

As a matter of fact, King Fisher was one of the greatest criminals with which the State of Texas ever had to deal. He also was the leader of a gang of the worst criminals that ever preyed upon society. Its members were numerous, and were desperadoes of the most desperate type. Murder to them was a pastime. Like most of the criminals of that time and place, Fisher lived a nomadic life in the wilderness, though having places of refuge when hard pressed, which were selected because of their natural properties as a fortress, or the friendliness of the surrounding settlers, or both.

I never saw King Fisher myself, but I have listened to descriptions of him by men who had seen him, and they described him as a short, stockily-built man, with a face so hard of expression that a city suit of clothes could not soften, and manners so assured that no judge west of the Pecos or anywhere else in that region, would mistake him for a tenderfoot.

If I remember correctly, King Fisher and his band were so formidable that the available power of the State of Texas was unsuccessful in coping with them. In the immense region of forest and desert within the boundaries of Texas, there were innumerable natural hiding places for men who were thoroughly schooled in the lore of the woodsman and the plainsman.

There were other bands here and there throughout the State, equally desperate but of lesser fame. Some of the good citizens who followed regular vocations, and who were dignified by having permanent places of domicile, had none too great a reverence for the law or the rights of others, so he was not without spies and sympathizers.

But there was a gradually progressive movement toward law and order; lawless gangs were captured, dispersed or exterminated. King Fisher saw that the beginning of the end had come, so he bargained with the Texan authorities for immunity from the legal punishment which he had many hundred times earned, in return aiding the authorities to bring his fellow ruffians to justice. He fulfilled his part of the compact faithfully, and, there being a constant use for a man of his peculiar talents in rogue catching, he was advanced to the office of deputy sheriff, or some such law officer.

That he should be mistaken for a tenderfoot by any citizen of Texas is preposterous. That he should invite all the loungers to drink the Judge's whisky and then lay down a dollar on the bar is equally preposterous. In those days a dollar would buy only one or two drinks in that section, and in any event King Fisher was not the kind of man who cared much to settle the damages caused by his lawless shooting.

But King Fisher was not specially notable as an exceptional instance. He was one of hundreds, and only came more conspicuously to the surface because of his talent for leadership, fighting ability and great criminal record. There were hundreds of others.

Another desperado was Ben Thompson, who could assume the character of a tenderfoot to perfection. He had a penchant for neat gloves and natty dress. I happened to be in Houston, Texas, soon after he and King Fisher were killed together in San Antonio, and talked of him with a number of people who knew him well. That he was a nervy desperado there is no doubt. He was cunning to a degree, for in his wanton encounters, of which he had many, he so manipulated circumstances that he could make a good legal plea of self-defense. He would let the opposition reach for his or their guns first; then, being very quick on the trigger, and being able to shoot accurately with a gun in each hand, he had his man or men dead in a few moments. He rather sought encounters, and seemed to crave killing for the sake of killing. He carried his pistols in a specially prepared vest. They were large 44's, and the handles were within easy grasp on his chest. From that position he could whip them out much more quickly than a man could take one from his hip pocket.

I was told that, once upon a time, he entered the bar of one of Houston's best hotels. He was arrayed in fine city clothes, not forgetting kid gloves. There were three or four men present to whom the advent of a tenderfoot was like unto a wave of happiness. They tempestuously invited the tenderfoot to drink; he coyly declined. He was looking for trouble. Then came the conventional ultimatum of the lawless hosts, the big revolver pointed tenderfoot-ward which was supposed to persuade any tenderfoot to drink, be he ever so reluctant. Immediately then Thompson pulled out his big revolvers, fired rapidly with each hand, and had the whole company dead before one could say scat.

It was said of him that he would take journeys betimes near the Rio Grande, and when he returned he would have his bridle reins decorated from end to end with "greasers'" ears, tacked on evenly and artistically.

No doubt bad whisky was the inspiring cause of many of the evil deeds of these men.

The two worthies, Ben Thompson and King Fisher, while on a spree in the early 80's conceived the plan of going to San Antonio and settling some old grievances with the proprietor of a "theatre" in that city. They must have been much below their average in degree of cunning, for to their enemy they telegraphed their coming and its purpose. It was a case then of forewarned forearmed.

The two worthies arrived according to schedule, and at the first display of hostility they were shot down by men stationed in advantageous places within the theatre for that particular purpose. Even then Ben Thompson shot one of the assistants in the thigh as he knocked down Thompson's pistol, and the wound caused death a few days afterward. The two desperadoes were both dead soon after they were shot. Thus passed away two of the greatest Texan "bad men" of modern times.

Strange to relate there were many law-abiding, peaceful citizens who admired the two desperadoes, and they had many good friends where, in the proper order of things, they should have had only enemies. Some few good deeds accredited to them seem to have been of sufficient weight, in the opinion of a few admirers, to more than counterbalance their infinite deeds of evil. And yet their good deeds, if there were any, if performed by a man who had no setting of crime wherewith to make violent contrast, would have passed unnoticed because they were commonplace or devoid of the spectacular.

The general feeling, however, was one of relief, and that, if two Texans must have gone into the eternal darkness, no two could have been better spared.

Those were the days when the reign of the "bad man" was drawing to a close. The reputation was once much desired by a certain class of men, but there came a time when a man with a bad reputation was watched and marked by the better class of men. He was considered a common enemy and on the first overt act he found the hand of every honest man against him, which meant death. Those were lawless times, even from a Texan standpoint, but it must not be overlooked that the personal code of settling difficulties is much more liberally interpreted even to-day in that State than it is in the Northern States.

In my opinion it is a mistake to glorify the "bad man." The few acts of desperate courage or chivalry are no true index to the real characters of those men. They were predatory rather than productive. In a way, they had nothing worth living for, unless we admit that the life of the wolf is worth the living. As a class, they were densely ignorant, lawless, dissipated, and in money matters of the robber and murderer class. Of course, there are exceptions, but these remarks apply to the general run of the class of bad men.

Probably none of the lot are more famous than is Jim Bowie. He had personal encounters innumerable, went through them all victorious though not always unharmed, and died bravely in the Alamo. Yet withal his apparently patriotic death, he was as great a ruffian as ever escaped the gallows. He craved brawling and blood for its own sake. As a citizen of Louisiana, he was an habitual loafer and ne'er-do-well, was in constant brawls and feuds, and, being cunning and wonderfully expert in the use of the knife—one of a well-known pattern which he devised bears his name—he was marvelously successful. It is said of him that he was ambidextrous; that he could shift his knife from one hand to the other with lightning dexterity, which, combined with superior physical suppleness and agility, made him a most alarming and dangerous foeman. When he left Louisiana for Texas there was a feeling there that he left his country for his country's good, and that Texas was welcome to his person and his talents. That he never got hanged or imprisoned for life was one of the peculiar happenings in the formative stages of a country's development of which the West and Southwest a few years ago furnished many illustrious examples. But in any event, I think it unfair to parade the bad man as a hero unless it is mentioned also that he was a criminal, if such he was, and there is no doubt whatever that the men under special consideration were criminals of the deepest dye.

CHAS. DAY.

Experiences of Amateur Sportsmen.

An Interesting Tale Spiced with Sarcasm—How Two Wives Knew More than Two Husbands who were Short on Knowledge.

THE New York Observer and the FOREST AND STREAM usually come to us by the same mail, and in the evening my husband and I become forgetful of each other and the world, as he reads the paper last named and I drink in the religious and secular news of the Observer. My husband will not read the Observer, giving as his (flimsy) excuse that it carries many fake financial advertisements; but some allowance has to be made for him, for in his religious sentiments he is of the Golden-Rule-Brother-of-Man kind. I did not read the FOREST AND STREAM for a long time, for I believed it to be a sporting paper, and I hate the word "sporting." But when one evening a few months ago my husband explained to me the difference between "sporting" and "sportsman," and said his paper came under the last denomination, my prejudice passed away, and since then I have found much pleasure and very wholesome information in reading it; and I further confess it has inspired within me considerable desire to become a sportsman myself. I am specially fond of its cleanliness.

It was early last spring when my husband said, one evening after a long reading of his paper, that he was inclined to take a vacation in the Adirondacks and see what it was like. He being a hard-working man and in need of rest, I supported the proposition, and the more we discussed the subject the more his inclination was strengthened, until finally he resolved to go late in April. It was now early in March, and as days wore away, he became enthusiastic, especially as his close friend, Donald, had promised to accompany him, He never had studied his catechism so thoroughly as he read the FOREST AND STREAM even to the advertisements these days, and he also read several circulating library books on "Camp Life," "The First Principles of Angling," "Woodcraft" and others. He read chapter after chapter to me after I had fallen asleep in my cosy rocking chair surfeited with what he had previously read.

My husband spent much time and more money in gathering an outfit for that, his first trip as a sportsman, and I also took keen interest in the work, which was quite new to him and especially so to me. I saw things I had never seen before, and asked many questions in relation to them, all of which Jack was kind enough to answer as well as his own information would permit.

Every day for three weeks previous to the date of the projected trip, at least one article of some kind would come to the house, and on some days a dozen or more things would be delivered. Two or three days after, every evening when Jack had studied the FOREST AND STREAM advertisements more faithfully than usual, a lot of things would come by express from New York. Very soon his den became well filled with his purchases, when he meekly asked my permission to use the adjoining sewing room, and of course, consent was readily given, and it too was soon so well filled that when packing time came, the work had to be done in the hall.

Incidentally, one day while this gathering of an outfit was in progress I was made somewhat unhappy by the half-hidden appearance of several black quart bottles, against which my suspicions were aroused. Yet I could not really distrust Jack, for he could not have found in his paper, by which he swore, not profanely, any suggestion that spirit-disturbing influence should constitute any part of his outfit. But I was entirely relieved of my vague suspicions, and chided myself for them, when my husband came home at night, and in reply to my early and earnest inquiry, told me that the bottles contained tar oil, to be used in protecting himself from annoyance by flies. I could have hugged him for thus relieving my mind, but did not, for to have done so would have been to expose my weakness in the entertainment of my suspicion.

When completed, Jack's collection must have been most complete. It not only comprised 167 articles, but they ranged all along the sportsman's line, from the very handsome and very expensive meerschaum pipe which I bought for him in Europe while on our honeymoon, to an iron boat anchor weighing a hundred pounds or more.

His friend Donald, who had spent hours and hours with Jack in discussing preparations for the trip, had a similar outfit.

When packing time came I watched the process with great interest, and I confess, with a strong desire that I might, with Henrietta, Donald's wife, accompany the twain. But, though Jack had always been one of the most indulgent of husbands, he met my diffidently expressed wish with the remark that after he reached camp if he found it to be comfortable and congenial for women, we might be invited to have our wishes for wild experiences in the wilderness gratified. But this meant but little to me, and my wishes vanished. I continued to lend him a helping hand, however, just as if my hopes had not been crushed most mercilessly.

Among the many, many articles of his equipment was a hundred or more varieties of flies, for the "finny tribe" and "speckled beauties," he said; his "trusty, unerring" rifle of .22 caliber, a 12-ounce lancewood fly-rod, which would "cast a fly like a feather," he assured me, and a heavy, strong bait-rod, both supplied with half a dozen extra tips. His tents were carefully wound over the tent poles, after repeated trials, to suit his fastidious taste. Then his rubber suit, cap-a-pie, stiff and contrary and stuffed with numerous articles until it stood out in full form, perplexed him in the handling of it, and was finally disposed of by undoing one of the tents and wrapping it therein. Blankets, pillows, material for a mattress, two suits of under and outer clothing, ulster and rain coats, a leather sack coat, a bath robe, a pair of long and a pair of short rubber boots, three pairs of shoes, one pair hobnailed, a pair of slippers and a sleeping bag made of a buffalo skin, were among the articles for personal comfort and convenience, of which the list omitted was many times longer than the list enumerated.

Then there was a list of cooking conveniences, longer than an inventory of the articles in my kitchen, all the way from a nutmeg grater to a fifteen-quart kettle; also some camp comforts, such as an oil stove, kerosene lamp and shade, large mirror, earthen washbowl and pitcher, and perfumed soap, rose blankets for outer covering, tableware, etc., etc.

A Rushton boat, a canvas boat and one in two parts, to be used for "porterages," he said, and a lot of "jack" lanterns, electric lamps and carpenter's tools made up one lot.

The supplies for the table did not come to the house, but were sent direct from the grocery.

It did not seem to me that he had overlooked a single thing in his list of 167 pieces, yet when he returned he said he had 148 things he didn't need and was short of some simple ones which he really did need.

Evening after evening was spent in getting the duffle into transportable shape, and we were both glad when the end came and the great rolls of tents and their contents, and the big boxes were ready for the trip, all neatly marked "Liberty Camp, Heron Lake, Adirondacks."

Bright and early on one Monday morning late in April, Henrietta and I accompanied our respective husbands to the station to "see them off." All was haste and excitement for a few minutes, for the baggage master absolutely refused to permit the transportation of the camp equipment as ordinary baggage, and not until a goodly "tip" had been accepted for "excess baggage" was the controversy settled. This accomplished, our two husbands proudly tread the station platform in their $115 sportsmen's suits, with daggers and revolvers in their belts, and with us at their elbows, while sweet adieus were said, until the train rolled into the station. In a moment they were gone! And as Henrietta and I walked along toward our respective homes the awful thought came over us that whereas we were now only grass widows, what if some awful accident should befall them by which we would be made sod widows! The horrible thought did not forsake me during the entire day, and disturbed my sleep at night.

It was some ten days before a letter came from either Jack or Donald, and then both Henrietta and I were made happy and forgot the talks we had had about being "neglected"; that while they were having a good time they were also unmindful of us, etc., etc. We were in each other's company almost constantly during this absence of our husbands, and if there was anything omitted as a topic for conversation it was done through forgetfulness or want of information. We did no gossiping, however, strange as it might seem. We talked about our friends and neighbors and people in general whom we did not know personally, to be sure, and did some criticising, but no gossiping. I hate gossipers! Each told the other many society secrets, some of them very surprising, some of which it would do no harm to repeat, for they were "too good to keep."

Jack's letter was long, endearing, and readable. I take some extracts from it:

"We reached our camp late Monday night, after a beastly ride in a farm wagon a distance of eleven miles from the railroad. We couldn't bring all of our supplies, so the greater part was left to come in the next day, but it didn't come until Wednesday night, two days late. While I had made arrangements previously, as I had supposed, by letter for two guides, leaving the exact date when wanted to be fixed by telegraph, we found, to our great surprise, five guides on hand. This came from a blunder of the telegraph operator, who substituted 'ten' for 'two' in my telegram. 'Two guides must be at camp Monday not later than noon.' A consultation among the guides at the place where the message was received ended in the conclusion that not more than five guides could be advantageously employed by two men, and so that number came. We doubted the expediency of keeping so many in service, but they explained to us that we each needed a guide while fishing or hunting, that there should be a cook, a wood cutter, and one held in reserve to take the place of one who might become incapacitated. This seemed reasonable, and we retained all of them.

"We haven't done much hunting or fishing yet because the flies are so thick. I have used up most of my tar oil, and wish you would call at Trouter's, and tell him to duplicate my previous order and send it by express and buckboard at once to 'Liberty Camp, Heron Lake, Adirondacks.'

"I fished one evening, using a primrose fly. My line tangled a good deal at first, and later I lost what the guide said was the biggest fish he ever saw. In my haste I cast again, hooked the guide in the ear and had to go ashore and get it out—the hook, I mean. The guide said the weather wasn't favorable for fishing.

"There was some snow on the ground, which I thought was good for still-hunting, according to the FOREST AND STREAM, so I got out my rifle one morning and went off on a hunt, moving most cautiously. I saw no deer. When I returned one of the guides had the impudence to tell me that in April deer were so poor that they could not stand alone; hence I could not see one; also that if I had killed one I would be subject to a fine of $250. I should have thought the guide was under the influence of liquor if there had been any within five miles of camp.

"Now, about the coming here of you and Henrietta. Nothing could be more comfortable than our accommodations, and we live high. We are told by the guides that they never saw a more unique camp; that it is built and conducted according to the ideas of a true sportsman. I was not sure whether he was complimenting me or some other sportsman. You would find it an awful hard trip coming in here, and would suffer from the great swarms of punkies, wasps, bees and deer flies; but perhaps you could get on with them. We both wish you and Henrietta were here, yet we are agreed that we cannot urge you to come; indeed, to be entirely frank with you we should advise you not to come, as much as we want to see you, if you were to ask our 'opinion.'"

After reading my letter my mind was filled with queries, and the more I considered it the more my curiosity was aroused. I called immediately on Henrietta and found that she had received a letter from Donald, and on comparing the two letters they were so much alike that it was perfectly apparent that our husbands had agreed upon the stories they would tell; and it was also too apparent that they could get on without us. The more we discussed these letters the more determined were we to unravel the mysteries, and it was not without some of the spirit of a woman who cannot abide deception by her husband that we very soon resolved that we would pay a visit to Liberty Camp, Heron Lake, Adirondacks, and we concluded to start at once on the morrow, and spent the remainder of the day and evening in putting our golf suits in order for the trip.

With only hand bags for baggage, off we went, and without special incident during the trip to relate. When within half a mile of the camp, an hour or more before sundown, we halted the horses and walked the remainder of the way that we might stealthily surprise the settlement, which we did. We found not a line of tents, which we expected to see, but a bark shanty, seedy from age, with the earthen floor covered with last year's balsam boughs. The surroundings were no less forbidding. There was not a sign of the camp comforts or cooking utensils which our husbands had transported from home; in fact, there was nothing to relieve the utter desolation of the place.

The five guides, who were comfortably seated at a card game when we came upon them, were scarcely civil to us; but one of them did take the trouble to explain that our husbands were "off somewhere fishin'," and probably would soon return: so we had nothing to do but wait for their coming and discuss the situation. When they came there was a warm greeting about equally mixed with surprise.

Shortly after this we proposed a stroll, mainly for an opportunity to "talk it over" with our husbands and ascertain why they were pursuing such an utterly barbarian life. We found that they were the victims of five lazy, shiftless guides without knowing it; that they, the guides, had conspired together and under various reasons and sundry statements plausible to a tenderfoot, had really convinced our husbands that the life they were leading was that of genuine sportsmen—the other extreme of their ideas of the subject at home. There was not one single comfort to be had, for it would have cost the guides extra work, and very little work and full pay was their main object in life. None but the plainest food had been miserably provided, though the supplies embraced much which was luxurious; but this was explained later, when it was found that the guides had made free use of the luxuries in the absence of Jack and Donald. I had never before really believed in hypnotism, but now I did, as I surveyed the situation.

Henrietta and I spent the night as best we could, and in the morning were up bright and early, and firmly resolved to establish a condition of affairs which was endurable. To that end we ordered the guides to bring the tents and other things stored under a tree, to a pretty opening in the timber on the shore of the lake near a beautiful spring. There was a short consultation and some disguised appearance of rebellion among them; but soon they took up their work seemingly with a full understanding of what was expected of them, and long before the sun set we had a camp well pitched and supplied with the comforts and some of the luxuries of life, together with a thousand and one things we did not need, of course, but as they were present all possible use was made of everything. The ideals of the men when at home were quite fully realized.

Here we remained for two weeks, and found the very bliss of enjoyment; but this transformation never would have come about only that two women intuitively saw that laziness and falsity on the part of the guides was the reason for such imposition upon two men having their first experience in Adirondack camp life.

Since these experiences—which, in the main, I hope to have repeated year by year—I have been told by old and reliable sportsmen that, while there is a class of most shiftless, inexperienced men in the Adirondacks who call themselves guides and prey upon uninitiated visitors to that exhibition of nature in primeval grandeur in the Adirondacks, the great body of guides are men of character and trustworthiness, faithful to their employers under all circumstances.

None can know what rest, general physical benefit and happiness is to be found in the right kind of camp life in the Adirondacks until he shall have spent a month or more in such experiences. I do not mean such "camps" as cost large sums of money and are surrounded by the vast acreages which great fortunes can secure as against the humble, and poor, but honest, citizen. Rather choose, whatever your means may be, a new and clean bark protection from the weather, pleasantly situated in some secluded place near a lake and spring, where nature will give plentifully of her great bounty for the renewal of health and strength.

JACK'S WIFE.

Natural History.

Spring in the Adirondacks.

THE first sign of spring in the Adirondacks is seen when the snow is five or six feet deep and the thermometer registers below the freezing point. It is the following of one fox by another. One will find the tracks leading along over the snow, sometimes with the track of the second fox placed squarely in the first, so that you could not tell that two had passed by. It marks the beginning of the mating season of a great number of birds and animals. Probably the next sign is the coming of the crow, about the first of March. He does not winter here as he does in most parts of the State, but comes along about the time the first bare ground shows on top of hills and knolls of the sandy farms which are to be found close to the edge of the "big woods." The dickcissel—sometimes called the little meadowlark—a bird whose call may be mistaken for the common meadowlark—follows soon after the crow. The meadowlark does not come until late in March.

The skunk is not a good timepiece by which to tell the coming of spring, for he comes out at most any time in the winter during a good thaw. But if one will stroll around a little about the first of March, when the thermometer is above 32 Fahrenheit, he will see its tracks leading aimlessly about over the granular snow, and perchance he will see the animal itself, for now he goes about in broad daylight, even when the sun is brightly shining.

The rains of early spring make a sight in the woods well worth standing out in the wet to see. As the warm damp air comes in contact with the cool snow a fog is formed which the wind carries through the trees, giving almost a true picture of a forest fire. The fog will first drive swiftly close to the ground, and then shoot up into the air to the tree tops, whirl around, then fall to the ground again and go eddying in and out among the trees. It will go swooping up the side of a ridge or mountain side sending the smoke high into the air to mix with the clouds above. To make it seem more real the wind continually breaks twigs whose crackling sounds as it does when they are burning.

Soon after the crow we see the first tracks of the woodchuck. In 1902 they came out on the 7th of March, eight of them, and in the morning at that. Some of them dug out through the snow. One came up through three feet. Each took a short run of from three to ten rods and then back to its burrow. This year one came out the 21st of February. The sun was shining a little warm, but the wind was from the northwest and cold. There was no bare ground or anything in the landscape to remind one of spring. It was a good winter day. He came up through a couple of feet of snow and just pushed his head out. The next day he came out a little further, but made no track upon the snow. After that he ventured far out and was out nearly every day thereafter.

The chipmunk appears a little before the woodchuck, usually. Last year he was seen on February 24. When the backwoodsman heard of it he remarked that the back of the winter was broken.

The robin, bluebird and red wing blackbird and crow blackbird arrive next after the dickcissel and after the woodchuck appears—that is, about March 15. It is then that we think spring has really commenced. Close on to the robin follows the song sparrow. First you hear one, even as with the other birds, and as the days pass by you hear and see more and more of them. By this time there is plenty of bare ground in the open fields, and if you will go along the southerly side of some hill you might see a snake basking in the sun; and perhaps a lizard, a tolerably lively little fellow, reddish on the back, blackish on the sides and gray on the belly. Very likely, too, you will see a butterfly flitting about as lively as ever you saw one.

The pussies of the willows and poplars show themselves during the first good thaw, and by the latter part of March the flowering and leaf buds of maples, birches, etc., growing in the clearings have swollen considerably, but the first green thing to grow is the swail grass in wet ground on the south side of a hill. Soon after that the skunk cabbage can be found coming up near the swail grass. Along about this time the kingfisher makes himself known by his usual call as he flies up the already opened streams. The killdeer makes his appearance about the same time around the coves and marshes. But he does not stay with us. He passes on to the north. A warm rain in the first part of April hurries the spring along. The buds of the balsam tree become quite large and conspicuous, while the adder tongue in the cleared pastures and the leeks in the patches of woods on the low lands spring from the ground.

About the middle of April, the snow banks having all melted in the clearing, the first of all flowers, the bluet, can be found by looking sharply on the low sandy pasture lands, and to one side in the marshy bogs the cowslips, with little leaves, are budded.

Now at sundown the many robins fill the air with their

songs or anxious-like calls as they fly from tree to tree. Later in the evening the frogs, a couple of weeks since the first one was heard, fairly make the air ring. To stand close to a pool and listen to them is almost deafening. Yet frogs of different pitch of tone can be distinguished. In three pools observed there was a single frog in each whose voice was an alto, and was varied at times from the regular chant of the others to a song quite different and truly pretty.

And here, close to the 15th of April, the phoebe, the field sparrow, the tree swallows and the yellowhammer come north on their migration. The first leaf of a tree or shrub to show is that of the fetid currant, a wild shrub growing on high ground. In the line of flowers spring beauties, blood roots, violets, addertongues, and a few hepaticas are seen.

A trip to the main woods now is a surprise. The snow is about off in the patches of woods at the edge of the big woods, but if you go back in the ground, on the northern slopes of hills and ridges or in swamps where it has been protected from the sun and warm air by the evergreens, is found covered with snow two or three feet deep. Big chunks of ice, dripping with water, hanging down from ledges of roeks, are seen. And these in shaded ravines, in some cases, last well along into the summer. Deer traeks lead off over the snow, sinking in only an inch of so, but occasionally way in, and now and then a bear track is noticed, with the edges thawed around so much that you would think that you had struck a grizzly's. The air is cool, especially on the snow, for there it is usually shaded, but on the southerly sides of ridges there is a warmth in the sun which is agreeable to most animals, including man.

But nothing green is found, or no birds seen or heard save the chickadee, bluejay, pine grosbeaks, nuthatches and goldfinches—all of them winter birds. Even the buds of the underbrush are but slightly swollen in the most favorable places. While out in the clearings fifteen or twenty miles away, the robins, the song sparrows and the flowers remind you that warm weather for good is not far distant, here it seems as though you were way back in March instead of close to the fair month of May. The ice in the lakes is not all gone. Some coves are entirely covered.

About the 20th of April the first egg is laid. The butcherbirds have the distinction of having the first nest. In April the first deer is generally seen out in semi-civilization. The March rains makes the crust so hard that they can easily travel on trop, and they at once do so in search of food that might have been hard to get in the winter. As the spring advanees and the leaves begin to come out, more and more of the animals are seen.

The first part of May or last of April brings the white-throated sparrows, a bird whose song is as sweet as any bird's in the whole region. Each of these birds has a tone or pitch of its own, and one never sings its little song like that of another. They are a bird truly of the backwoods. They do not often nest near a house, but make their homes in wild clearings, old burnings, beaver meadows, edges of lakes, and one seldom fails to hear one about an old abandoned lumber camp. In the first part of May the clearings and burnings at the edge of the main woods are filled with the music of this bird. They stay with us a couple of weeks or so and then most of them leave, a few remaining throughout the nesting season. I imagine that they, as well as other birds, remain outside the woods till spring has further advanced within.

With the white-throated sparrow come the white-crowned sparrow, the bird of the far north; the great crested flycatcher, a bird whose song might sound sad to some people. Later, about the middle of May, the catbird, the ruby-throated hummingbird, and the Baltimore oriole, a tolerably rare bird here, make their appearance. About this time the partridge has her nest. In the latter part of the month the cedarbirds come. They are in small flocks of four or five, and are among the last arrivals, though some less conspicuous birds come in June.

The flowers to blossom about the first of May, when the white-throated sparrow arrives, are the trilliums, red and white; the white violets, which are about two weeks later than the yellow, and violet; and the soft maples whose blossoms give the trees a color of fiery red. The leaves of the hard maples, poplars and cherries have protruded a little way from their winter covering and make a beautiful greenish background for the dashing red of the soft maple flowers. About the middle of the month the woodsy shrub which the deer hunter hates, the witch hopple, blossoms. This flower spreads its petals of a dark green color, when in a few days they fade to a pure white, and then later drop off.

Though small patches of snow can be found in the most shaded places in the mountains, leaves of the trees are now taking shape on the sunny slopes. They are about two weeks behind those at the edge of the forest. It is curious how they leave out. The lower limbs develop their leaves first. Here the shape has formed, while, as you look up along the tree, the leaves are smaller and smaller till at the very top you cannot see that the buds have swollen at all. It is due to the fact that the cool wind strikes the upper buds while on the lower ones the buds are more sheltered from the breeze, yet getting full benefit of the warm rays of the sun. This feature is more noticeable in the hard maple and birch. Now to pass to the shaded side of the ridges is like going into another climate. The buds here are merely swollen and you can see why, for the air is cool and damp. The dandelions and cherry flowers in the fields and grown up burnings are very beautiful, and a great many birds have their nests in them. The last year's leaves and the twigs are very dry, so that now a match will set a fast-spreading fire. Some lazy backwoodsmen clear their potato patches just in this way, and consequently destructive fires are started.

At the last of May we almost cease to fear frosts. We get them, however, quite heavily sometimes in this month, and even real snow storms. Throughout the spring the prevailing winds are from the southeast, and whenever they turn to the northwest the thermometer lowers.

One observing the first birds and the first flowers of spring will hardly fail to notice that certain birds will come with certain growths of vegetation. Thus: the kingfisher about the time of the skunk cabbage; the bluet with the yellowhammer; the white-throated sparrow with the trilliums, etc.

But then you cannot nail nature to any strict rules. No spring is like another, nor does the bird *always* come in the same part of month. He is just likely to do so.

ELDRIDGE SPEARS.

The Story of a Bird Lover.

UNDER this title the Outlook Company has recently published in a handsome volume of nearly 375 pages an autobiography of Mr. W. E. D. Scott, well known as Curator of the Department of Ornithology in Princeton University, and the author of a great number of papers on birds.

The volume has an especial interest for all nature lovers, because ever since his childhood days Mr. Scott has been an enthusiastic lover and student of birds, and his investigations have carried him over a very considerable part of northern North America. Mr. Scott is now, and for years has been, studying wild birds in captivity, having in his house at Princeton a laboratory of six rooms where are confined about 500 live birds, native and foreign. Some of his observations and conclusions have been published within the last year or two in Science, and about five years ago he published a volume of "Bird Studies" giving an account of the land birds of eastern North America.

The present volume begins with the author's first childish recollections of nearly fifty years ago. The boy from childhood was interested in living things, and during his student days at Harvard fell in with Henry Henshall, William Brewster, Ruthven Dean, H. A. Purdie and others, who afterward formed the Nuttall Ornithological Club. He studied with Agassiz, Wilder, Morse, and others at Penikese Island, and not long after that started west, to set on foot natural history collections for a normal school in Missouri. This accomplished, he returned to New York and took up the work of skinning birds for John Wallace, the taxidermist, in North William street, well remembered by many of our older readers. A little later he was engaged to arrange the collections at Princeton, where he has been ever since.

Mr. Scott's volume takes us, as we have said, over much of the country. The Atlantic Coast as far south as Florida, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Arizona, and the island of Jamaica are all visited, and concerning each section through which he went Mr. Scott gives us full and most attractive detail. Where all is so good it is hard to say what in the book is most interesting, yet we are inclined to prize most what he tells of Florida and Jamaica.

There is perhaps no one who has done so much to present to the public the terrible destruction of Florida birds as Mr. Scott. At the time of his first visits to Florida in the early '70's, the business of plume hunting had hardly begun. At the time of his later visits most of the plume birds had been destroyed, their rookeries, or nesting places, had been broken up, and Florida, from the greatest of our resorts for tropical birds, had become almost barren of birds.

From the very interesting pages of Mr. Scott's book we may quote an interesting experience of his which shows how readily—what is already well known—wild creatures learn where they are protected and take advantage of this protection.

In February, 1887, Mr. Scott took from a nest in a rookery not far from Tarpon Springs three young Ward's herons for the purpose of watching their growth and the development of their feathers—for when secured they were in the downy stage of plumage. They readily became tame, and when they had attained their full growth—the purpose for which the author had reared them having been accomplished—they were put in a coop, driven to a cypress swamp some three miles from town, turned loose in the dusk of the evening, and that was supposed to be the end of them.

"Imagine my surprise," Mr. Scott says, "the next morning on coming out of the house to see the three herons perched in a row on the fence, announcing with loud voices and gaping mouths that it was high time for some one to go to the fish market. Needless to say, I went at once. Nor was this the end. I found I could not get rid of them. Like Sinbad the sailor, I had taken up a load and could not lay it down; the Old Man of the Sea would not relinquish the advantage he had gained. After various experiments and expedients, an arrangement was contrived that seemed fair to all parties. There was a boathouse on the bayou that had a grated water door through which the tide rose and fell, and inside was a spacious pool for the accommodation of various craft. Now, this was not in use, and here, for a time, two or three weeks, the birds were confined. They were supplied daily with food, and were able to catch many small fry that swam about in the inclosure, eking out a good living. After a time the water gate was left open, when they all waded out and flew to various points in the bayou. From that time on for months the herons were daily seen walking about, and at any time when I had a fish I could call them and they would come and get it. With the arrival of sportsmen from the North, one by one these birds were sacrificed to satisfy the killing instinct that seemed to be rampant in the breast of every man who invaded Tarpon. The last one disappeared about fourteen or fifteen months after liberation.

"Fortunately, these occurrences answered a good purpose. The town authorities, of course, had noticed these birds, and I had frequently warned people not to kill them; but this lesson was better than all preaching. Now a law was made that, within a certain distance of the town, and on the adjacent waters, no one should be allowed to fire a gun. As a consequence, during many ensuing winters many kinds of birds frequented these waters; wild ducks swam about in the bayou which reached away into the town, and became so tame as to approach within a few feet and pick up pieces of bread thrown to them, much as swans and ducks do on the ponds in Central Park. They soon found out that here they would be unmolested.

"Nor was this the only place where similar results followed protective steps. There is a hotel on Tampa Bay located at the end of a long railway wharf which extends several miles out from the shore. Here passengers embarking and arriving on the steamer for Key West are entertained. The dining room windows did not simply look out upon the water, but were over it, the walls of the house rising on piles straight from the bay. While taking breakfast one morning in March, the windows all open, I was surprised to see countless wild ducks, chiefly the lesser seaup, swimming about close to the building, much at home. On throwing out a bit of bread, they scrambled for it and tussled with one another much as tame ducks do. Then, as soon as other ducks at a little distanec perceived that feeding was going on, they joined the group, and before long several hundred wild ducks were under the windows of this hotel, affording an unusual sight.

"The waiter, noticing my interest, informed me that this result had been brought about because, in order to prevent accidents to guests, one of the rules of the establishment was that no firearms should be discharged in the vicinity, from any point on the wharf, or on the adjacent waters. Not the least curious part of this incident is that the same kinds of ducks, only a little distance away in the bay, say a mile, were so extremely wild that it was difficult to approach them. I believe that probably some of the individuals observed as so wary were the very birds that, when in the vicinity of the building, lost all sense of fear. I am inclined to believe that they discriminated that danger ensued from the approach of men in the boats, and that in the vicinity of the inn nothing was to be feared."

North Siberian Mammals.

THE Jesup North Pacific Expedition, sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in New York, has been heard of by all ethnologists, and at the Congress of Americanists, held in New York last autumn, some of the discoveries made by this expedition were announced in the papers there read by its members, though, of course, the general results of the expedition have not yet been published.

It is not generally so known that Mr. N. G. Buxton, a collector in zoology, went to the northeast coast of Asia with the Siberian division of the Jesup Expedition, where he made extensive collections. A report on the mammals, with his itinerary and field notes, has just been published by Dr. J. A. Allen in Volume XIX. of the Bulletin of the Ameriean Museum of Natural History.

The present paper includes, beside the mammals collected by Mr. Buxton, those obtained by other members of the expedition. The chief localities represented are thus the west coast of Okhotsk Sea, the middle Anadyr River, the lower Amoor, the mouth of the Anadyr River, Indian Point on the extreme northeast coast of Siberia, and the middle Kolyma River. The collection numbers about 500 specimens representing 35 species, which include 12 new forms.

Mr. Buxton reached Vladivostok about the middle of May, 1900, and Gichiga August 13. This is a great place for salmon, which aseend the rivers of the gulf in immense numbers during July and August and are caught and dried and constitute the people's chief supply of food. They obtain also a few reindeer from the Tungus and Coryaks, some wildfowl, and exchange labor and furs with the traders for bireh tea and sugar.

In that latitude snow begins to fall in October and a little later the rivers and lakes freeze over. From this time until spring all travel is by dog sledge, and the abundance of fish enables each man to keep from ten to sixty dogs. From ten to sixteen animals constitute a team, the animals being hitched in pairs to a long line attached to the sledge and being driven by the word. Mr. Buxton's travels in this far northern country lasted for about a year, and he returned by the Transsiberian railway to Europe and thence to New York, which he reached the end of November, 1902.

Among the collection are reindeer both wild and domesticated, including two races of the domesticated reindeer, which are very different in size. The Chukchecs, who inhabit the extreme northwestern corner of Siberia, possess the largest herd of any of the Siberian natives, some of them containing as many as 20,000. The Koryaks, Tungus and Lamuts are also owners of reindeer. These last possess the largest breed, while those of the Tungus of the interior are larger than those owned by the other two tribes. The animals wander at large, but a herd of four or five thousand visited by Mr. Buxton was accompanied by twelve men and their families, who looked after the deer and moved along with them, frequently changing them to fresh pasturage. One or two men are with them constantly day and night, summer and winter. Many of the reindeer are broken to ride and drive. The animals are tame and are easily caught with long sealskin lariats, which the men handle dextrously. In color the animals range from pure white to dark seal brown. It is interesting to note that in Siberia reindeer usually give birth to young when they are two years old, and it is unusual for them to have young when one year old. On the other hand, in Alaska the reindeer descendants of these Siberian animals calve at one year old, and it is the exception for them to wait until they are two years old.

Wild reindeer are still quite common in the country about Marcova. They are smaller than the domesticated ones.

The elk—by which is meant the elk of Europe, corresponding to our moose—seems to have disappeared from the region immediately about the Okhotsk Sea, but is still found further inland. One member of the expedition reported them as abundant in the valley of the Kolyma River.

The single specimen of the muskdeer (*Moschus moschiferus* Linn.) is found in this collection. It was taken in the Verkhoyansk Mountains in Yakutsk, Siberia.

The bighorn (*Ovis nivicol* Esch.) is more or less abundant in northeastern Siberia, though just how common cannot be said. It is far more nearly allied to the American forms of bighorn than to those of western Asia.

Bears are very abundant in the country around the head of Okhotsk Sea as well as in northeastern Siberia generally along the coast, but Mr. Buxton's notes tell us little about their habits.

Five specimens of the wolf (*Canis lupus*) are found in the collection.

A red fox very similar to the Alaskan form, the Arctic fox, wolverine and other weasels are noted, and it is interesting to observe the number of forms which seem to be closely related to those of northwestern America. Mr. Allen, discussing the American affinities of certain Siberian mammals, considers it probable that most of the more northern types of mammal life on the two continents are the slightly modified descendants of types which formerly had a continuous circumaretic distribution, which have become slowly differentiated, probably mainly since the disruption of the former land connection of Bering Strait. There is evidence that eastern Siberia has derived some of its present mammalian life from northern America, and no doubt within a comparatively recent time.

About Beavers.

IN his habits the beaver resembles the muskrat; he likes to live along the bank of a stream, not too swift. He is decidedly herbivorous in his tastes, using for food green cornstalks, grass, weeds, and the bark of trees, such as the quaking asp, willow, cottonwood, etc.

The only entrance to his nest is from the bottom of the stream; it is often to be found under a clump of overhanging willows, the roots of which help to keep the dirt from caving in. He digs upward, plastering his hole with mud, and bracing it with sticks till he gets high enough above water level to make his nest. These animals are wonderful workers. I have known them to stop up a 2-inch pipe with grass, mud and moss. It had been laid to the center of their pond, in perhaps four feet of water. The pipe at the end had a strainer placed over it. The pump house was about 100 yards away. How they discovered the water was escaping from the bottom of the pond, I do not know; but every morning, and sometimes in the night, the workmen had to go to the pond, wade out and clean off the end of the pipe.

Besides being the most patient of all animals, the beaver is a model housekeeper. "As neat as a beaver" should be considered by all housewives as a high compliment. Every stick is carried out of the nest after the bark has been peeled off for food, and thrown into the stream.

He sometimes builds a "house," but he prefers a stream, deep enough to allow him to lay down his food for the winter in its bed, for if shallow it is quite likely to freeze up and cut him off from his winter's supply. He lays down his fresh-cut poles close to the bank, with the butt ends up stream to prevent their floating down and away from his hole.

Almost helpless on land, he is perfectly at home in the water, his broad, paddle-shaped tail and his large webbed hindfeet making excellent "oars." His front feet, strange to say, are laid close to his belly in swimming. Like men (with the exception of some Oriental races, who use their toes about their daily work quite as cleverly as their hands), the beaver uses his "hands" in doing his work. The old story about his using his tail for a trowel is not reliable to any extent.

These animals usually herd together in small families, go upstream during the spring freshets and remain there. If their dams are cut out, a dog can be sent into the hole and the occupants driven out. They are then easily caught and killed, as they are so clumsy on land and see but little. They have a wonderful scent, which makes it impossible to trap them on land. To trap them even in water requires more or less practice on the part of the trapper. He has a cunning creature to deal with, and he must proceed carefully.

If the creek is not frozen over the surest way to catch him is to use a No. 4 trap, set back far enough to catch his hind foot as he climbs out upon the bank, the water being somewhat shallow. It is best to catch the hindfoot rather than the frontfoot, which he readily twists or gnaws off. A No. 2 trap is too small for the hindfoot, for he can cover it, and not get fast in it. If the trap is set under the ice, and he is caught by either front or hind foot, he will drown, as he begins to struggle and soon smothers; he gets excited and does not try to gnaw himself loose, which he might otherwise do.

Like the muskrat, the beaver can swim a long distance under the ice by breathing upward and inhaling again as he swims across. This breath is seen to collect in bubbles under the ice. An occasional "air-hole" also serves him, so that I have known him to cross under ice a lake a mile and a half wide.

I had my first experience in beaver trapping when a boy of fourteen. This was at Beaver Lake, five miles from the Des Moines River. The remains of an old beaver dam is still to be seen there. Since then, I have not trapped for thirty years till last winter, when I caught enough to make two sets of furs. My wife is so stuck on hers that she wears them about her work in the kitchen. I have a nice lot of beaver tails on hand yet, so if any of your subscribers should want one for a fancy bag, I hope they will not all speak at once.

J. R. MOOREHEAD.

"Where do the Ducks Mate?"

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of April 4 your editorial on where the wild ducks mate. Having hunted on Lake Champlain and the Little and Big Otter creeks for the past twenty-five years, I have had a very good chance to observe the ways of our ducks and other game.

As soon as we have open water and up to about April 15, our ducks are found in flocks and are mostly the black duck. From April 15, or about this time, they are seldom found in anything but pairs and seem nearly always to be alone. That is, in going along the edge of the marshes you will flush two; then in a few rods two more, and so on. Judging from this I am of the opinion our ducks pair off about the middle of April. I saw a nice flock within a stone's throw of Sam Lovell's old camping ground a few days ago.

Our State made no appropriation a year ago for the protection of fish and game and already the result is plain. Pheasants were hunted all winter; partridge snaring was the principal occupation of some last fall; and at present the hoop and gill net, assisted by the set lines, are working destruction to our fish.

Where are the active members of the Vermont Fish and Game League. I hear the reply, "Trying to figure out who will be Governor in 1904." H. B. CHASE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Spring Duck Shooting.

DUCKS are getting scarcer every year, and if something is not done about it soon there will be none left. What is needed is a gun sealing law—every man's gun sealed by the Government on the first of January and not taken off until fall. How sad it is to remember that the prairie sloughs across the river from St. Louis were well covered with thousands of wildfowl, whereas now there are none short of away up on the Illinois River.

Having indulged in these pious reflections, as is my wont each spring, I packed my Parker and a few shells and telegraphed the man at the club to meet me at the train last Friday. The roads were dry and we made good time, but the man showed me where he and several of my wicked clubmates who had been there the week before had stuck in the mud. Mrs. McKever had a good dinner waiting for me and after I had partaken thereof I got into my corduroys and rubber boots. While the new man was placing twenty-five decoys in the boat I said: "Do you want a duck caller?" handing him my pet one. "No, I reckon not. I was raised on the river and used to make my living shooting ducks," and he screwed his fist in his mouth and gave the most realistic call I ever heard. It would fool a sprigtail! The bottom was waist-high with the flood, and as he rowed up toward the head of the prairie over a submerged cornfield, I sniffed the gathering breeze and exclaimed: "I do believe I am going to run into a little weather for once in my life. Generally when I go after ducks I get nothing but blue skies and sunshine." And, sure enough, the sky began to overcloud and the wind to blow from the north. There was a blind in a line of trees skirting a fence, or the remains of one, about a mile from the club house, and as the man rowed he kept twisting his head around toward it, watching the ducks. He had been enthusiastically inclined to an old straw stack at the edge of the overflow on the way up, but finally settled upon the old blind. By the time we reached it the wind was blowing a half gale, and he had to keep at the oars while I threw out the decoys thirty yards to windward. Then we ran the boat into the blind, which had been partly washed away, and the fun began!

A blackjack hove in sight to the south, and the man gave that marvelous imitation of his and it headed for the decoys. When he swooped down to them I rose up—and so did he—and I missed him with both barrels. A moment later three more came and I missed again. "Gee!" said the man, "I wish you'd let me fetched my gun." The truth is, I hardly ever go spring shooting until I am worn to a frazzle, and I am sure to have a big string of misses until I begin to feel braced up a little. "Never mind," said I, "I know a man that will give me a certificate of my ability to hit a few of them." But I could see he felt badly. To make the humiliating confession at once and have it over with, I shot away 50 shells that evening, all I brought with me, and only killed 13 ducks. Some of the shells, however, were used on cripples. But it was two hours of fine fun. Owing to the wind, we had to get out in a hurry after each duck that fell, whether dead or crippled, and we were on the go all the time. We were back at the house by five o'clock where, after eating three square meals, the duck shooter's ration, at eight o'clock I went to bed and slept sound.

The next morning the man put his gun in the boat. He wanted to kill my cripples, he said, but I had my own ideas as to that. We were hardly in the blind until a flock of bluebills came hurtling along toward us. A call and they circled around us once and swooped down into the decoys. "Now!" and as they sprang straight up into the air we each made a double. When we had gathered them the same thing was once more gone through with, except that I noticed the man shot his first duck on the water, bred in the bone market hunter that he was. Then a single bird came in sideways, passing him first, and just as I was about to let go at it he killed it under my very nose. I thereupon read him a lecture, to the effect that he was not hired to kill my ducks; that I was getting too many as it was, as my limit was twenty-five. If he could get anything after I got through missing all right. He was good natured about it, grinned and declared all he wanted was to see me have fun; but he afterward made a beautiful kill of a bird I had only winged and which in that wind might well have lit so far off as to escape. He did not do much of the shooting thereafter, and for a curious reason. I noticed that when he called ducks to the decoys and just as they were over them, he made a slightly premature and too quick motion for his gun, whereat the ducks invariably whirled and "climbed" out on my side, giving me the finest kind of 40-miles-an-hour shots. I said nothing about it to him until we were through that night, when I explained why I got all the shots and jeered at him. Market hunters don't know everything.

That morning's bag was sixteen, when I said: "We will now go in to dinner." "Why, it isn't ten o'clock yet." "No matter, my limit is too nearly exhausted. We must save some for this evening." And he reluctantly rowed me in, where I ate three dinners and came out again at about three o'clock. We killed eleven more, making even forty, all blackjacks and bluebills. A great many sprigs came in, but I did not want them, and also some mallards and one flock of canvasbacks, but our blind was too poorly constructed for them. The man said I only missed two ducks at the morning shoot, and that he would like to take me for a side partner and shoot some other two fellows a duck shoot. Whereat I looked modest and said the choke was nearly all out of my gun; but I enjoyed his blarney, all the same. The last thing that happened that night was three blackjacks that he did the scare act to and I killed two of them dead in the air and they were flying so fast they landed 100 yards away.

Now that it is over, I hope the law will son be changed to prohibit spring shooting. GEORGE KENNEDY.

The Maine License Law.

BANGOR, Maine, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At last the first and regular session of the seventy-first Legislature of Maine has come to an end, the adjournment having taken place early Sunday morning, after one of the longest and most exciting sessions of recent years in this State, with the first of September next as the date for again coming together, in extra session. While fish and game legislation is possible at that session, it is not probable, as the majority of the legislators are guided in their ideas on these matters by what the State Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game tells them, and that Commission usually is represented by Chairman Carleton, who seems to have a most convincing way in telling them why they should do what he wants them to do. As he has not announced any more changes in the laws as amended by this session, it is improbable that the solons will be asked to do more than complete certain unfinished business, which could not be settled at this time.

But, at least in the eyes of a great many non-resident hunters, as well as guides and camp owners of this State, it is entirely unnecessary for the legislators to do any more now for some years—unless it is to repeal some of the objectionable enactments of the present session.

Not for years, not, in fact, since the days when the first radical legislation of the newly aroused "protective" spirit stirred into active enmity and extraordinary cunning those deer and moose slayers who killed for hides and a market, and whose contention was that the deer and moose belonged to them and they would defy any man or men to take away their living, has such a radical departure marked a legislative session in this State.

With what success they combated the onward march of humanity, sportsmanship and protection by means known only to them and, to one unacquainted with their vengeful natures, beyond belief, is well known to the veterans in this branch of sportsmanship who have followed the vicissitudes of Maine's game resources. To educate that class into the careful, thoroughly reliable, desirable class of citizens who are to-day guides for other hunters, has cost time, money, argument without end, persuasion and even lives.

But it was worth all it cost, in the great increase of game enjoyed by this State in the last several years of this persistent policy on the part of Maine, so that the entire nation has looked to Maine as the model recreation State, and her game laws have been selected all over this broad land as models of effective legislation. To be sure, protection has not always protected, any more than a law enforced against burglary always prevents housebreaking, or a law against selling liquor prevents some bolder than others conniving with corrupt officials and defying the law; but, on the whole, Maine's game has been so well protected that in spite of occasional violations it has continued to increase and that, too, at a most astonishing rate, so that the supply of deer in Maine is to-day something wonderful, and the question of protecting his growing crops from their ravages comes into the problems which every farmer in border towns has to consider.

The principal departure in game legislation made by the law-makers, has been the adoption of the policy of some other States, in the way of a license fee to be paid by non-resident hunters for the privilege of killing and transporting the large game of the State, a policy which has in past years been suggested, but has heretofore met with defeat before reaching the Legislature. This year those in favor of this movement exerted every influence to create a sentiment against non-resident hunters and in favor of making those non-residents pay for the expense of maintaining the game supply of Maine, and with such success that the sentiment of the legislators was overwhelmingly in favor of the passage of a license law before the question was even argued—yes, before they left their homes for the capital of the State to consider their duties as lawmakers. As in most States where the agricultural element is of the major importance and influence, so in the Maine Legislature the farmers and those representing farming communities are in the majority, and the long existing jealousy of State moneys appropriated for the enrichment of the few, while no funds were appriated or created for the reimbursement of those border farmers whose crops were actuallly damaged by deer, furnished rich soil for the sowing of those seeds of discontent that the promoters of the license plan knew so well how to scatter.

Months before the Legislature was elected, it was boldly announced throughout the State that the powerful Grange was to move, as a unit, against all fish and game appropriation, and steps were at once taken to pacify that order, so that there might still be money forthcoming from the Government cow to sustain the inland fish interests, which have been growing in needs as fast, if not faster, than the game interests have developed. Accordingly they were promised that if they would support the license plan the money so raised would be used to pay them for their damaged crops, and their opposition faded away. This is, in the light of developments, more than hinted at as the compromise which secured to the advocates of this measure the cordial support which it received from the agricultural element, so that the first output from the "game protective fund" to be raised by taxing the non-resident's rifle is to reimburse the farmers. And the necessity for traveling about over the State to investigate such complaints, the time, expenses, etc., of commissioners, with the additional compensation to be allowed "as the Governor and council may deem just and fair" will have a decided influence in reducing the amount applicable to the real protection of the game of the great North Woods.

It may be, too, that the services of "proper" wardens will not be longer obtainable at two dollars per day and

expenses, as one of those who spoke in favor of license at Augusta told the writer he had worked his last day for $2 and expenses, his difficult duties being worth far more, in his estimation. If this rule holds with all those now holding commissions, there will be still less "net proceeds" to be applied to seeing that the game of Maine is protected, and the game laws are not violated.

The license law, in full, as passed by the recent Legislature, is as follows, being known as Chapter 99 of the Public Laws of 1903:

"An act providing for a license for non-residents to hunt moose and deer."

Non-Resident License.—Chap. 99, Public Laws 1903.—Sec. 1. It shall be unlawful for any person not a bona fide resident of the State, and actually domiciled therein, to hunt, pursue, take or kill any bull moose or deer at any time without having first procured a license therefor as hereinafter provided. Such licenses shall be issued by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, upon application in writing and the payment of fifteen dollars, and under such rules and regulations to be established by them, and approved by the Governor and Council, as may be required to carry out the true intent of this act, and not inconsistent therewith. All money received for such licenses shall be forthwith paid to the State Treasurer, and then expended by the Commissioners in the protection of moose and deer, under the direction of the Governor and Council. Provided, however, That the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game shall have authority to adjust and pay, out of the funds received for such licenses, for actual damage done growing crops by deer. Provided further, That the Governor and Council shall have authority to allow the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, out of the funds received for licenses and fines, such compensation as they may deem just and fair for the additional work required of them in carrying out the provisions of this act. Provided also, That the Governor's Council shall, as often as they see fit, examine the books, accounts and vouchers of the Commissioners of all moneys received by them for all licenses or other fees, and make a report thereon to the Governor.

Export.—Sec. 2. Each license shall be provided with three coupons, one of which shall permit the transportation of the carcass of one bull moose, or part thereof, and shall be divided into two sections, lettered "A" and "B" respectively, and shall be called the "moose" coupon; the two other coupons shall permit the transportation of the carcass of one deer, or part thereof, each, and shall be divided into two sections each, lettered "C," "D" and "E" and "F" respectively, and shall be called the "deer" coupons. The holder of a non-resident hunting license shall be entitled to offer for transportation and have transported, within or without this State, by any railroad company, express company, boat or other transportation company, the carcass of one bull moose, or part of the carcass of one bull moose that he himself has lawfully killed, on the "moose" coupon attached to said license; also the carcass of one deer, or part of the carcass of one deer, that he himself has lawfully killed, on each of the "deer" coupons attached to his said license, by presenting to the agent of any transportation company, his license with the coupons attached to the license at the time when he shall offer the moose or deer for shipment. The agent receiving the carcass or part of a carcass, for shipment, shall, if it is a moose, detach section "A" from the "moose" coupon of the license, cancel the same by writing or stamping thereon the date and place of shipment and his initials, and shall forward the same forthwith to the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, at Augusta, Maine; section "B" of said coupon shall be likewise cancelled and shall be attached to the carcass, or part of the carcass, of the bull moose offered for shipment, and shall remain attached to the same while it is being transported in this State. In case of deer received for shipment the license must be presented to the agent with the coupons attached as aforesaid, and, if but one deer is offered for shipment, the agent shall detach section "C" from the first "deer" coupon and shall cancel it and forward the same to the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game as aforesaid; and section "D" of said coupon shall be likewise cancelled and attached to the carcass of the deer or part thereof, offered for shipment, and shall remain attached to the same while it is being transported in this State. In case two deer are offered for shipment, the agent receiving the same for shipment shall detach sections "C" and "E" from the "deer" coupons, and after cancelling the same, shall forward them to the Commissioners as aforesaid, and sections "D" and "F" shall be likewise cancelled and attached to the carcasses of the deer, or parts thereof, offered for transportation and shall remain attached to the same while it is being transported in this State. It shall be unlawful to transport any bull moose or deer, or parts thereof, within this State for any non-resident, otherwise than as provided herein. Any agent, servant or employe of any transportation company, railroad company, express company, boat or common carrier, who shall receive for shipment or transport, or have in his possession with intent to ship or transport, any carcass of a bull moose, except as herein provided, or who shall refuse or neglect to detach the sections of the coupons as herein provided, or who shall fail to forward to the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, at Augusta, Maine, as herein provided, the sections of coupons by him detached, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars and costs for each offense. Sec. 3. Whoever is found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this chapter, or who shall furnish to another person, or permit another person to have or use any license or coupon issued to him, or shall change or alter the same in any manner, or shall have or use any license or coupon issued to another person, or any registered guide who shall knowingly guide any non-resident in hunting who has not a license to hunt as herein provided, shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty-five dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars and costs for each offense. Sec. 4. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act, are hereby repealed. Sec. 5. This act shall take effect July 1st, 1903.

While of course this is the central pivot on which the whole fish and game legislation has turned during the winter, it is not the end of the restrictions added to the sportsman's future outings in the Maine recreation region. So fearful have the residents of certain sections of the coast become that the shore birds would be entirely exterminated and their favorite sport discontinued, and so persistently have they applied to the commissioners for protection that they could not get, that a new law was drafted to protect those sections, known legally as Chapter 236. This chapter forbids any persons not bona fide residents of this State to "hunt, pursue, chase or kill within the limits of Knox, Lincoln, Waldo, and Sagadahoc counties, and the towns of Brunswick, Harpswell and Freeport, in the county of Cumberland, any teal, ducks, sea or shore birds without having first procured a license therefore, as hereinafter provided." Cost of license, five dollars, and all such moneys received to be devoted to the protection of the shore birds in the territory named in the act.

In addition to what has been outlined above, there is still further restriction of the gunner's privileges, if he be an outsider, in the addition of the wood duck, teal and gray duck to the list of birds one may not take out of the State, except on special license tags which, for fifty cents, permit one to send one pair of birds to one's home, or to take them with one to his home outside of the State. In previous years this prohibition was applied to woodcock and ruffed grouse only, but now includes all the above named birds and water fowl, which may be killed in this State for consumption in this State only to the number of 15 in one day, but may not be taken or shipped to an out of the State point except on special tag. A step in advance can truly be said to have been taken in forbidding the sale of any of the above birds or water fowl in this State, where formerly it only applied to the woodcock and grouse, while the shooting of quail is forbidden at any time.

There have been numerous corrections and amendments of existing laws, among the most noticeable of which is the change in the compulsory guide law. One of the chief evils attending the influx of visitors during the hunting season, has been the large parties of hunters who have come from outside, brought their own outfits and provisions, hired one guide to clear the law, and thus, spending as little as they possibly could and get into and out of the State, complied with the law in appearance while it was suspected that they were violating it in spirit and reality. In some cases they even kept the one guide drunk about all the time of their stay, so that he knew nothing of what was going on among the hunters, and was forced to make up any kind of a report when his "cinch" was finally ended. This condition and this class, largely elaborated, perhaps, and boomed in the press of the State for effect, was one of the strongest arguments the advocates for a license used, and those who opposed the "revenue" plan believed the evil could be combated in the limiting of the number any one guide might be employed by at one time. This was adopted, but in addition to the license scheme, so that as amended the guide law only permits one guide to be employed by "not more than five non-residents in hunting."

As your correspondent has pointed out some of the objectionable features of the session's legislation, it is but fair that the other side should have a show, and the following are some of the reasons advanced why the scheme for licensing non-resident hunters is both right and necessary in Maine under existing conditions:

It is plainly evident that the Legislature will grant no more moneys for the protection of the big game, since other interests called for and secured, at the recent session of the Legislature, upward of $500,000 more than the probable income of the State for the two years of 1903-4.

If the big game is to be protected, furnishing a revenue to a limited section of the State only, and sport to men who come here from outside of Maine to participate in same, there must be a source of revenue to enable the commissioners to keep efficient wardens in the field (or woods) to see that the laws are not violated.

The payment of fifteen dollars ought to be no hardship when it is remembered that this carries with it all the possible privileges granted in former years under different statutes. For instance, when a man has shot his moose or deer this year he need not break up his outing by a premature departure for home, rather than pay the fee for unaccompanied transportation, since he has but to let the agent of the transportation company tear off the coupon furnished him "free of charge," as one legislator is pleased to consider it, and there is no further bother or anxiety for him until he reaches home, no matter where his home is, or such point as his game is billed to. Thus there is no disagreeable delay in awaiting the convenience of the warden at Bangor, no identification annoyances, nothing to interfere with or mar the comfort of the homeward journey. The tag privilege for all this immunity would cost $9, making the actual cost of the license to hunt, take, catch, kill and destroy in a lawful manner one bull moose and two deer, for a man who lives outside of Maine, just six dollars. This is, of course, providing he gets his full quota of game, and with the expected increase in game under this new law, of course he will.

There is one bright ray of light which I had almost forgotten, and which may help in materially reducing the expenses of those who feel the added fifteen dollars a burden: One of the new laws establishes a bounty of 25 cents on porcupines, and when the hunter can't kill big game he can use up his ammunition in practicing on these destructive animals, for whose annihilation the timber land owners have secured a bounty. What more can one ask of any State than such a grand opportunity to help yourself?

HERBERT W. ROWE.

A Day With the Broadbills.

THE other day I got to the point where I could not endure city life another moment. It was necessary that I escape from the noise of cars, contact of men, and the interesting gaseous exhalations of the subway. I straightway took my gun and a Long Island ferryboat. At the railway station I was joined by another man in search of oxygen, quiet and fried pork. Presently we were aboard a sloop engaged in working our way out of this tangle of boats in Sayville Inlet toward the broad reaches of Great South Bay. Our guardian spirits were the Captain, six feet six inches in height and so thin as scarcely to cast a shadow, and the Ancient Mariner, short and stout, with skin tanned by many storms to the color of his oilskins. Now and again the Ancient Mariner squirted tobacco juice vigorously and cast his weather eye far to leeward. We sat silent and took long drinks of the clear, pure air. A lively thrash to windward and then a little cove offered inviting shelter for the night. We anchored and made things snug. The Ancient Mariner seized the frypan and over the red hot stove in the cabin did strange and wonderful stunts. It was a long time since the other man and I had been blessed with a real appetite. We had one—or rather we had two—one for each of us. Oysters, freshly gathered from the bottom of the Bay, fried in sizzling pork fat, fried potatoes, bread toasted in the frypan, coffee strong enough to float the spoon—all this and more we put where it was needed.

At four o'clock next morning the sky was overcast, with rain as a probability. After a good breakfast we got under way for the ducking grounds. Off a point of land and in shoal water we put out the double battery. This consisted of two coffin-shaped boxes with a platform of boards about them and so weighted as to sink level with the surface of the water. Numerous decoys anchored with bricks jumped about on the waves and looked lifelike enough to quack. Into the battery the other man and I crawled, kept as much out of sight as possible, then peeked over the edge of the boxes and waited patiently for a shot. Suddenly from out of nowhere appeared a cloud of ducks. There were ducks to the right of us, ducks to the left of us, ducks over us, in fact everywhere but under us. It seemed wicked to shoot, we would make so long a list of dead. But shoot we did right into the bunch, and not a duck was harmed. The other man and I looked at each other, but said not a word. Our thoughts were too deep. Way off somewhere in the far beyond we heard a hoarse cackle; it was either the Ancient Mariner or a duck giving us the laugh. We again lay low and made new resolves to pick our bird. Next there appeared a dim speck over to the seaward side; in a little time it separated into four dim specks, and then, as swift as lightning, as many broadbills made straight for our decoys. Over the outer ones they hesitated, swerved and—but four barrels again cracked and three fell dead, the fourth alone escaped.

A half hour passed and then the other man hissed: "There's one—just to the south'ard; he's coming—no, he isnt, he's turning!" Fortwith he pointed his right leg straight up and waved it back and forth. "Keep down, I will call them in!" he said, at the same time making strange noises like all else but a duck. I kept down and even drew in my breath to keep down lower. And then a strange thing happened. The duck turned toward us and came along just above the water. He was about to join his fellows who were bobbing about so briskly. He quacked a welcome and thought it strange there was no answer. As he drew nearer there seemed something odd about it all. True, there were many ducks upon the water, but they moved as though governed only by the motion of the waves and—but all at once his eyes lighted on two motionless men, prone upon their backs, in the very midst of his queer acting kindred. He jumped, but just too late. One of the men sat quickly up, his gun came to his shoulder, the nitro powder gave a vicious little snap and down came the duck.

So it went through the day, now a miss or kill, varied by waits of different length. It was pleasant, however, during the waits. The rain clouds had disappeared and the sun shone warmly; tiny waves splashed upon the canvas wings which protected the head and sides of the battery; now and again a gull wheeled gracefully through the air, while over toward Fire Island the sails of numerous oyster dredges and fishing craft were sharp and distinct against the skyline.

Toward night the Ancient Mariner poked his skiff alongside and gathered in two stiff and hungry shooters. It was beginning to get cold and to blow. In the technical words of the old bayman, "a breeze of wind" found the thin spots. In the little cabin of the sloop, however, all was light and warmth and good cheer. The Captain poked coals into the stove until it fairly glowed. The Ancient Mariner cooked many and savory dishes, and as a proper prelude thereto, the other man blended certain liquids in due and harmonious proportion. Soon peace and contentment reigned, and much tobacco smoke curled upward. The Captain and the Ancient Mariner told of marvelous happenings on land and sea, and the other man went them one better. Nine o'clock came and we were too sleepy to stay awake another minute. Thick, warm blankets were unrolled, divers cushions were arranged, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were making doubles in the "Land of Nod."

The next day broke with a heavy wind sweeping down the Bay. A battery could not live. All day we waited and all day it blew, and at nightfall we hoisted sail and, under three reefs, ran home before the wind.

For those who like figures I append:

Services of two men, sloop and battery 2½ days	$25.00
Supplies	10.00
Carfare	5.00
Total	$35.00
Ducks killed	11
Average cost per duck	$3.18

All of which is respectfully submitted.

WALTER K. BARTON.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, April 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On March 31 a hearing was held by the Committee on Fish and Game upon a bill introduced by Representative Davis, of Amesbury, which, if passed, would make the month of August open time for ducks of all kinds. Mr. Davis explained that he had introduced the measure at the request of some gunners in his section, but declared himself a friend of proper protection. Messrs. H. S. Fay and George H. Mackay opposed the bill on the ground that ducks at that season are young, inexperienced birds and therefore at the mercy of the gunner, and that the friends of protection were in favor of shortening the season for shooting them rather than lengthening it. After the remonstrants had been heard, Mr. Davis, while not formally withdrawing his bill, gave the committee to understand that he was not at all strenuous in his support of it. I understand the committee have voted leave to withdraw. Another bill heard the same day is one to protect heron and bittern. Mr. Ralph Hoffman spoke in favor of the bill, emphasizing the value of these birds from an educational point of view, being objects of great interest to young persons. He was followed in a similar strain by the eminent ornithologist, Prof. C. J. Maynard, to whom the committee listened with great interest. Mr. George H. Mackay emphasized the value of the birds as scavengers. A favorable report is expected on this bill.

The Buzzard's Bay Bill.

This was substantially the same as that of last year, ably advocated by the late Attorney-General Hosea M. Knowlton, and which, although reported by the committee, failed of passage in the House. Representative Sullivan, of Worcester, explained that he had introduced the bill at the request of a traveling salesman, and that he had no special interest in it. Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, Louis S. Dabney, Esq., and Girard C. Tobey, Esq., spoke briefly in opposition to the bill. They assured the committee that public sentiment in the towns bordering on the bay was practically unanimous in opposition, as was shown at the hearings of last winter. "Leave to withdraw" is the verdict of the committee.

The anti-sale bill of the central committee, after taking its several readings in the House, has passed the engrossment stage in the Senate without change, and only

awaits the signature of Governor Bates to make it a permanent statute, and the FOREST AND STREAM Plank will keep partridge and woodcock out of the markets in Massachusetts perhaps for all time. At any rate, to secure its repeal the burden of proof will be on those who wish an open market.

It has proved of great benefit not only to the partridge and woodcock, but incidentally to quail as well. To say that no partridges have been sold in the State since the law was enacted three years ago would be claiming too much. But such sales have been clandestine and not, we believe, very large in number.

No dealer would take the risk of open violation of the law with the efficient warden service now at the command of the State Commission. The number of paid deputies might be increased without entailing upon the State an unreasonable expenditure of money.

From what has already been accomplished during the present session of the Legislature, your readers have no doubt formed a favorable opinion of the Committee on Fish and Game. Its members have not only given patient hearings to all who have come before them, but have shown a high appreciation of the aims and purposes of sportsmen who favor proper protection. Of this I may say more in another letter.

A Farmers' Bill.

On April 2 a hearing was given on House bill No. 1,184, presented by Representative Warren C. Jewett, of Worcester, entitled "Relative to the Preservation of Deer." The first section extends the period of protection till November 1, 1908, and the second provides for compensation for damages done by deer.

In speaking for the bill, Mr. Jewett expressed a desire to continue the protection and at the same time take care of farmers whose crops are injured by the deer, which, he said, were already becoming numerous in the northern and western parts of the State. The second section, he said, was drawn on lines similar to the Massachusetts dog law. I inclose a copy of the bill. Mr. George S. Ladd, of Sturbridge, Master of the State Grange, Representative G. H. Doty, of Waltham, and Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, also spoke in favor of the bill, and there were no remonstrants. A favorable report is anticipated.

A New Departure.

The town of Cohasset, at a recent meeting, voted to appropriate the sum of $300 for the purchase of game birds, to be liberated in the town. You, Mr. Editor, or some of your readers, may know a parallel to this, but the writer does not. This was brought about in part, at least, by a member of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, Mr. W. O. Souther, Jr., a resident of the town, and a deputy warden. Several other members of the Association are summer residents of the town, and have been doing missionary work there for a long time; Ex-President Benjamin C. Clark, for instance, and there are others. The committee appointed to secure and put out birds is desirous of buying quail, but so far have found some difficulty in purchasing them. It is very desirable that, so far as can be done legitimately, the barriers now existing in the way of securing live quail for purpose of stocking should be removed.

From Maine come reports that several salmon have already been taken from the Bangor Pool by local anglers, and that both salmon and trout have been caught at Eagle Lake by Bar Harbor fishermen. The ice in Moosehead is reported very thin and dark, which is thought to indicate an early fishing season.

From New Hampshire comes intelligence that a non-resident license law has been passed, and that the open season for killing deer has been shortened by taking off the fifteen days in December, making it the months of October and November only. Next week I may be able to send good reports from some of our Boston anglers who are trying their skill on streams in our own State.

CENTRAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The President at the Yellowstone Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 4.—President Roosevelt is now working his way westward on his extended trip throughout the Western States. He will arrive at the Yellowstone Park on April 8. His guide there will be, of course, Billy Hofer. Billy is in Chicago to-day and leaves for the Park to-morrow morning. He had little to say regarding the proposed trip at the Park, of course, but I gather that President Roosevelt's stay will be about ten days in duration. By the time of his arrival the snow will have pretty much disappeared in the lower districts of the Park, that is to say, around Mammoth Hot Springs, parts of the East Fork country and some of the country between the Mammoth Hot Springs and Yancey's. It is thought that a comfortable trip by amubulance and sled can be made to Yancey's, where a cabin has been especially prepared for President Roosevelt's comfort. From this point the big winter herds of elk can be easily located, and it is thought that President Roosevelt will take delight in seeing the big game animals in such numbers. It will be necessary in getting about in the mountains to resort to ski. Billy tells me that he will give to President Roosevelt for use on the trip his own pair of ski, the same which he wore during his trip through the Park in the winter of 1895. The intention is to allow the President a short time to get familiar with tricky footwear, and then to let him have all the rough work he likes in actual snowshoeing. It is possible that there may be some mountain lions killed in the Park by the agents of the superintendent this spring, as the latter have made trouble with the sheep and deer. It is not, however, in the least likely that President Roosevelt will do any shooting. Attempts are making to get him a lion or bear hunt near the Park, and possibly this may be done. The main delights of the visit to the President will be the keen sport of snowshoeing and the pleasure of seeing the big game animals. There is talk that Buffalo Jones will do his best to get President Roosevelt to come over deep into the Park, where the buffalo are. Twenty-one buffalo, that is to say twenty-one wild ones, and not including the semi-domesticated ones held in the inclosures, were lately counted in the Park. President Roosevelt planned a still earlier visit to the Park, but the late adjournment of Congress rendered this impossible. As it is, there will still be winter enough to appeal to him, though not enough to make outdoor work too severe.

Allard Herd of Buffalo Dispersing.

Howard Eaton, who recently got an option on the entire buffalo herd of the late Charles Allard, in the Flathead country, is now in the East disposing of these buffalo. He has sold seventeen head to the Government, and is negotiating for the sale of other specimens to private individuals.

Duck Shooting Fair.

Duck shooting in this part of the world is for the present fair. We had a heavy snowstorm day before yesterday, and this has set the flight back for a few days. Meantime the water is falling along the Mississippi Valley, making the sport better than has previously been the case in some of the tracts where the best feeding grounds had been flooded.

Mr. Henry Clarke, of this city, is back from Hennepin Club with twenty-two nice birds. He says the best of the sport is yet to come at Hennepin, as the feeding grounds are just getting good. Mr. W. W. McFarland is also just back from Hennepin and reports good shooting and good prospects.

Mr. Fred M. Hild, the urbane head of the Chicago Public Library, received to-day a present of four nice mallards from his friend, Mr. Sellers, who is shooting at Swan Lake Club and who reports good luck.

Mr. J. V. Clarke and his brother Mr. Lou Clarke are to-day absent at Tolleston Club, where good shooting has obtained pretty much all the week. They should have success.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne and his son, Clark Washburne, are to-day at Goose Lake Club, on the Kankakee River, where they may be expected to have fair shooting, as the Kankakee has held a good number of birds all through the flight thus far.

Mr. Eddie Pope, Mr. W. L. Wells and Mr. Hollis Field start to-morrow for Fox Lake, Illinois, where they expect to get at least four ducks between them. The shooting is good at Fox Lake, when the ice drives the cripples into the grass, and granted proper weather conditions, these redoubtable sportsmen may come back with quite a bunch of birds.

From California.

By the way, Eddie Pope just got in this morning from his winter in California, where he has, of course had a very delightful time. At Santa Barbara he found some mountain climbing not too far away, and was surprised to learn that grizzly bears and mountain lions are not yet extinct in that corner of the world. A hunter came down from the mountain where Mr. Pope had been rambling around unarmed, and brought the skin of a fine mountain lion which Eddie might just as well have killed with a stick if he had happened to run across it. Of fishing for yellowtail and the like, he had his fill, and also as much shooting as he cared for.

New Sporting Region.

Mr. John M. Bulkley, of Detroit, dropped in this morning and chatted for a time about his interest in the new sporting region opening up along the Algoma Central Railroad north of Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Bulkley says that that region is undoubtedly destined to be of the greatest interest to sportsmen of the East and Middle West, being so easily accessible. He says of his personal knowledge he can take one to moose within ten miles of the railroad, and can also find bass and trout fishing good enough to suit the most fastidious. He mentions "gray trout," which he says is found in some of the smaller landlocked lakes. This is the same fish that is sometimes called landlocked salmon in one or two Wisconsin lakes, and is, of course, only the lake trout of the Great Lakes in a more restricted environment. Mr. Bulkley says this fish gives a very good sport, as he has found it in Ontario. It is much worth while keeping an eye on this immense new region, which lies between the Sault and Hudson's Bay, and which will presently be opened by the railroads.

New Alaskan Railroads.

A friend in Chicago brings me the prospectus of a new Alaskan railroad, which expects to build from the Kenai peninsula northward across Alaska to the Tanana Hills and the Yukon River beyond. It is thought that work may begin on this railroad during the present summer. Should it become a success it will, without doubt, open up the greatest sporting country now left on the American continent. It is something of a contract which these railroad men are undertaking, but railroad builders have always done the impossible.

Hot and Cold Water in Camp.

I am shown the prospectus of a Rocky Mountain guide, and having personally known him to be a very good one, I shall not mention his name. What interests me is his description of the comforts of his camp. To say nothing of "special" hams and bacon, of camp chairs and a very high grade of sleeping bag, a "campfire" every night, etc., I observe one paragraph which reads:

"Hot and cold water is also served at each tent each morning, or at any other time it is wanted."

I surely think the Rocky Mountains are getting to be a pretty degenerate sort of country. When I have to have a man bring me hot water at my tent door in the wilderness every morning, I want to quit calling myself a hunter and go into a hospital, where they bring you hot soup as well. What was the matter with the sort of water our good friend Col. Anderson, of the Yellowstone Park, used to have of a morning when he was in camp? Col. Anderson used to break the ice in Henry Lake every morning and go in for a bath, and he could have had a whole geyser full of hot water any time he wanted. No hot water for the real campaigner. As they say in France, Ah! bah! the hot water. I never did think this sort of thing would ever really come in the Rockies, but it shows well enough the sort of sportsmanship which pertains to modern days. As for me, gimme the tin washpan of our daddies, or gimme death.

The Habits of Raccoons.

In reply to the 'coon hunting comments in a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. W. A. Powel, a mighty 'coon hunter in the land, has the following to say regarding the habits of the ring-tailed gentleman as he finds him in lower Illinois:

"I noticed the New York gentleman's remarks about 'coons last week, and he is all right, but a 'coon is about the wisest ever, and takes pretty good care of himself. At Mr. Spears' place, in Mississippi, we had a 'coon hunt one night, and started our first one about 7 P. M., and from then on we just kept on treeing them, with intermissions of chopping 4-foot gum trees (by proxy), treeing the last 'coon about 5 A. M., as they seem to run all night in Mississippi. Once near Bald Knob, Ark., I shot one in a tree at about noon. Here, a year or two ago, Harner and I were duck hunting, had quite a little pile of ducks, and Harner was sitting down leaning against a tree, when he heard a noise, and looking around, saw a large 'coon within a couple of feet of our ducks. This was about 10 A. M.

"A 'coon is a much better weather prophet than any goose bone, and I think the weather and moonlight and lots of other things, have considerable to do with the time of his rambles. I know that last fall when quail shooting, we saw lots of 'coon tracks, and went there several evenings without the dogs striking a single trail; so Harner and I got up at 3 A. M., went to the same place, and had a coon treed in a half hour or so. My dogs have treed 'coons at 9 or 10 o'clock A. M., also early in the evening, but of late years, near here, under most conditions of the weather, they seem to run late rather than early.

"The gentleman is all right about the advantages of having a friend named Spears, in Byhalia. I never expressed a desire for anything to be found in that country, but what it was presented to me as soon thereafter as possible. If every one in this country was like our friend Spears, this would surely be a glorious place to live.

"I suppose it is about settled by now that the squirrels do migrate. My father says that when he was a boy and lived at Parkersburg, W. Va., a squirrel migration took place, and they swam the Ohio River, landing at the town, and he, with other boys, caught a great many of them.

The wolves are getting numerous here again, and some one comes in about every day wanting me to come out and chase them. They seem to be catching lots of pigs and poultry, and soon as the young ones get a little older I will have to take a hunt or two for them. I think I could hardly kill even a rattlesnake while it had little babies depending on it.

"The weather is fine here now. The babies are well and everything lovely. Come down and we will go fishing."

The squirrel migration was settled when Col. R. E. Bobo described what he had seen. As to those wolves, it is interesting to know that they are in a closely farmed district, which has been settled for 60 or 70 years.

From the Blackfoot Country.

March 27.—A letter from Jack Monroe, of the Blackfoot Reservation, just at hand, says that in the neighborhood immediately about Blackfoot and for 50 miles east the winter has been very mild and the loss to stock very slight. In the Milk River Valley the weather was much more severe, and along the foot of the mountains it was also hard upon cattle. Jack says that he thinks that up in the mountains it has been a hard winter also on the game animals.

Jack has put out a line of baits for a bear hunt with Dr. Henry, of Philadelphia. He says that Collins Anderson and Malcom Clark last spring killed four bears in one day, and rather thinks this was the bunch of four bears which we saw when I was out there, but states that there was no grizzly, whereas we were sure that we saw one grizzly in the bunch which we followed for so long.

Anyone wanting a good elk might do well to address Jack Monroe, as he advises me personally that he has a spot located which he thinks will produce the goods without much difficulty and within a ten days' trip from Blackfoot, out and back. Our other friend, Joe Kipp, of the Blackfoot Reservation, is building a big hotel over at Browning, and will start a general store at Blackfoot. Joe is about the hustlingest all round proposition there is west of Havre, and may be counted upon to turn up with something new any minute.

From Lake Superior.

A few months ago I mentioned the invitation of Mr. P. F. Stone, of Munising, Mich, to go up there and have a little fall fishing after lake trout. Some brief description of this syle of sport was made at the time. This morning Mr. Stone himself dawned at my office with photographs and other corroborative material. He showed me one picture of five trout which weighed 90 pounds. These fish were taken by himself and his brother Louis in two hours' fishing. Another picture showed 15 trout weighing 122 pounds, which were taken by C. H. Worcester and E. H. Everard. All this fishing was done in Munising Bay. Mr. Stone tells me that the biggest trout he ever took there was 35 pounds, and adds that in October the numbers of trout taken off that point are very large. Frequently a fishing boat will bring in 1,000 pounds as a catch, and do this day after day. These nets are set on the spawning grounds, the fish coming in to spawn in the month of October. Of course all the rod and reel angling is also done on these same spawning grounds. The depth of water in which the fish are taken is from 20 to 30 feet, and in good weather a fish is easily discernible at this depth in the beautiful clear waters of Lake Superior.

Mr. Stone tells me that he believes the habits of the trout during the spawning season are quite similar to those of the black bass. They don't take the spoon

when feeding, but in anger. Hence the best lure is a pair of very large spoons, say No. 13, the gang removed from one of them and the two being used as a tandem. This is too heavy for casting. A pair of No. 8 spoons can be cast tandem, and this offers the best sport. Frequently the trout would be seen to rise from the bottom in 30 feet of water and strike the spoon just below the surface. In play these fish are a bit dull and loggy. They follow in to the boat readily enough, but when they strike the surface near the boat are apt to make a splash and a stiff run. It is necessary to gaff the fish. Mr. Stone says that angling after them is about as good fishing as fishing for muscallunge, although he does not call them a very game fish.

According to my informant, there are in Munising Bay the two varieties of lake trout, those having white flesh and those having red flesh. The catches of these fish are enormous in the total, much of the catch being bought by A. Booth & Co., of this city. The 5 and 6-pound trout are marketed in the cities, but the large ones, more especially those having pink flesh, are sent to the Sault or to another factory on the lake and made into "salmon." The innocent purchaser thinks that most of his Columbia River canned salmon comes from the Columbia River. This is not necessarily the case. I don't know the names of the companies canning "salmon" on the Great Lakes, but that it is done admits of no question. Mr. Stone says that the fish is very good to eat as taken fresh in Munising Bay.

Of large experience in operating in hardwood and other timbers, Mr. Stone has been engaged for three years as director of large lumbering interests at Munising. He says that region is full of deer and is abundant in fur-bearing animals. His men do a little trapping on the side, and there are some regular trappers near by. These take a good many otter. Last week a live fisher was brought into camp. Every year a few beaver are caught. These are taken alive when possible, the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. having a permit from the State warden to trap beaver alive for their preserve on Grand Island, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Mr. Stone states that two or three beaver have been killed for every one taken alive, but that some of them have been taken over to Grand Island, and are believed to be there now. The company's game preserve includes moose, elk and other large game animals. The moose is supposed to be extinct in Michigan and Wisconsin, but this is not really the case. In Schoolcraft and Alger counties there have without doubt been two or three moose within the last few years; in fact, one bull moose was killed there not long ago. Last fall some of Mr. Stone's workmen saw a cow moose and called for Mr. Stone, who, however, got there only in time to see the tracks of the animal. I mentioned some years ago the report of a Wisconsin trapper in regard to seeing a cow or small bull moose in one of the northern counties of Wisconsin. It is generally supposed that these animals swam the river near Sault Ste. Marie, but this may perhaps not be the case.

All this upper Michigan country is now under 5 or 6 feet of snow. Mr. Stone looks hard as nails and fit to run for his life. He says he is good for 20 miles or so daily on the snowshoes, and never felt better in his life. He uses the web shoes when the snow is soft, but when it crusts resorts to the skis, and tells me that he has become quite proficient with the latter One envies him his life of regular exercise in the keen northern air. He invites all his Chicago friends to come to Munising in the summer time, and declares that a better summer place was never seen.

No Caribou in Nova Scotia.

I should add a word of correction, which is prompted by a personal letter just at hand from Mr. Frederic W. Jenkins, of Binghamton, N. Y. He says: "You are a little twisted in your story of March 14. We did not kill any caribou in Nova Scotia last fall, and though I hunted in Nova Scotia a number of years, I have never seen one there, although it is said there are a few there. I never killed or saw one in that province. We got our caribou in New Brunswick and Newfoundland. The fall I killed the big moose in New Brunswick Mr. Hotchkiss killed two caribou there. In Nova Scotia Mr. Hotchkiss killed two moose, Mr. Phelps one, and I killed the one about which you wrote. Mr. Phelps has hunted a great many years, but has, until last fall, had hard luck on the moose proposition." E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

California Duck Shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past season's duck shooting which closed February 15, has been one of the best in many years. The fresh water birds—mallard, teal, sprig, widgeon and spoonbills—were unusually plentiful early in the season, but the preserves, with their baited ponds, had almost a monopoly of these birds in the neighborhood of San Francisco. The canvasbacks and bluebills furnished excellent shooting during the remainder of the winter. Owing to the fact that they are open-water ducks the preserves did not succeed in killing all of them.

Conditions are changing in California, as elsewhere; birds are becoming scarcer and most of the open marsh land in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay is being absorbed by preserves, so that the outlook for the unattached sportsman is not particularly cheerful. The floating brush blind, moored in the open water, concealing the hunter's boat and surrounded by a large stool of decoys, is a recent innovation on our bay, and has been wonderfully successful during the past season. Bags of from 20 to 40 "cans" and bluebills have been taken regularly throughout the season, within an hour's travel of San Francisco, from these blinds; so the "outsider" still has a chance to have a little sport without being compelled to buy it at a price which is prohibitive to the man in ordinary circumstances.

Public sentiment in favor of game protection is yearly becoming stronger in California, and many wise laws protecting game and fish have recently been added to our statutes, and there is yet hope that we may stop the indiscriminate slaughter of our game and fish before it is entirely exterminated. F. E. B.

Game Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 4.—But few game bills received consideration by the Legislature during the past week. The status of those acted upon as follows:

The Senate passed these bills:

Senator Malby's P. No. 183, relative to fishing in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county.

Senator Warnick's, P. No. 717, relative to the close season for grouse and woodcock in the counties of Schoharie, Montgomery and Otsego.

Senator Bailey's, P. No. 621, relating to the powers of supervisors in Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, P. No. 1386, relating to wild birds.

Assemblyman Cowan's, P. No. 724, prohibiting the taking of trout and game in Delaware, Ulster and Sullivan counties for the purpose of selling same.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 871, in relation to the sale of grouse and woodcock.

The following bills were advanced to third reading in the Senate:

Senator Fancher's, P. No. 785, in relation to pickerel and pike and nets in Lake Erie.

Senator Raines', P. No. 920, in relation to taking fish through the ice in Canandaigua Lake.

The Assembly passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Palmer's, P. No. 612, relative to the close season for quail in Schoharie county.

Assemblyman Nichols', P. No. 813, relating to the taking of woodcock.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, P. No. 711, relating to penalties.

The Assembly Committee on Fisheries and Game reported the following bill:

Assemblyman Nichols', P. No. 1722, in relation to spearing fish in certain towns of Greene county.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Ar Looking for Game or Fish.

90

BRANT ROCK, Mass., April 4.—Last fall, while gunning at North River, Franklin Bryant lost a handsome finger ring. He searched for it, but was unable to secure any trace of it. A few days ago Fred Keene, a young gunner of Marshfield, was shooting ducks on the marshes and secured a number of the spring visitors. In the crop of one of the birds was Mr. Bryant's ring, looking as bright and clean as when it was lost. It was returned to the owner.—New York Times.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

II.—The Black Bass Fishing of its Upper Waters.

"All these, and many more of His creation,
That made the heavens, the angler oft doth see;
And takes therein no little delectation,
To thinke how straynge and wonderfull they be:
Framing thereof an inward contemplation
That sets his thoughts on higher fancies free;
And whiles he lookes on these with joyfull eie,
His mind is wrapt above the starry skie."

—Davors.

NEARLY all anglers are obliged to fish during mere vacations—periods of escape from the cares and worries of business. Often they desire to have their families with or near them, and so they cannot visit distant angling waters. Scant time and a limited supply of spare cash may be obstacles. Instead of visiting remote lakes and streams in British Columbia, Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Quebec, or Colorado, Minnesota, Wisconsin or Michigan, they are obliged to fish in waters that can be reached in a few hours by rail, say from the cities of the Atlantic Coast, or of the central Mississippi Valley. And this is no deprivation, for excellent fishing and exquisite natural beauty dwell around hundreds of inland lakes and along the rivers and trout streams of the East. New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey have sylvan scenery quite as fair as that of the rock-guarded, black waters of Kootenai, Lake Crescent or the Saguenay.

More, a few hours of travel by rail can take the resident of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia or Buffalo to fair waters where any fisherman of average skill can not only hook and land enough fish to satisfy any true sportsman, but where he can also use his camera, which is becoming an almost indispensable part of a fishing outfit. And he can camp in thousands of places that are wild and beautiful, and as seemingly remote as those to be reached only after days of plodding, portaging with canoes, or heart-breaking effort through forests with pack-horses.

On October 26, 1870, a few mature black bass were placed in the Delaware River at Easton, Penna. The result is well known to eastern anglers. That royal fish abounds in the Delaware from source to mouth, and has given royal sport to a generation of anglers, amid scenes of rare beauty. The black bass is always a tremendous fighter; all anglers thoroughly respect him. He becomes a burly water athlete when he lives in a swift river, and is obliged to breast currents, mount rapids, dart through eddies and struggle with water that changes from a seething mass of air bubbles of less than half the average density of water under normal conditions, to the plunge and power of its downpour and onrush among boulders and around their points and crags. Such a fish, taken amid such environment, is a foe worthy of any rod. The foliage, birds, flowers, rocks and mountains, the sweet, perpetual change of light, the shores and vistas also changing as the canoe glides down the stream in storm, sunshine, or under moon or stars, furnish an almost infinite variety of natural beauty—a condition upon which anglers are insisting more and more. They know they can buy fish in a dark corner of some noisome fish market. Work, perhaps hardship, sound of clear, cool waters, sough of wind through pines and hemlocks, pungent smoke from a camp-fire, the novelty and unexpectedness as the current grows swift, and warning roars come from rapids below that yet are felt to be full of good-fellowship—these are what the angler longs for through many a weary week of waiting in town, and that satisfy him when possessed! There he finds happiness, sleep, appetite, all too short days! What becomes of the hours that passed with such leaden pace in the office? By what magic do they now run so swiftly? He looks at his cheap watch, procured for use during this outing, wonders how it can possibly be two o'clock, and longs to put a prop under the sun. He wakes at daylight, goes to bed with the birds, eats for two, and sleeps like a child while health broods over his pillow, and waits to accompany him on the morrow as he casts the feathered lures over rapids, eddies, and on those deep, still pauses where he feels the real giants lurk. And he revels, yes, glories, in old clothes, uncombed hair, beard a week old. dirt, hunger and happiness; even going barefoot, drinking from a spring as he lies prone on the earth, wet from his deliberate, seal-like roll from the boat into the water out of very love for it!

And this is why two graybeards made that canoe trip down the Delaware from Deposit to the Gap. How slow-

ONE MILE FROM OUR STARTING POINT.

ly time had passed—Thanksgiving snows growing deeper! Christmas with its kindliness and good-cheer; spring with the robins, crows, bluebirds and flowers; finally summer! And two men in shocking bad clothes stand beside canoes on the upper Delaware. We have already fished it from Walton to Deposit, finding excellent sport with the trout in its tributaries, and with the bass in the river that averaged about a pound and one-half, and so plentiful that there was not a day on which we did not release a dozen.

That was done with the regulation modern tackle—lithe rods, oiled silk lines, shining reels and landing-nets. But now my comrade smiles as the tamarack poles are taken from the peak of the barn, and a line two feet longer than the pole is tied to its tip, with two flies, a Parmacheene-belle and a Montreal, fastened by snells to a six-foot leader. What a mongrel combination! I test his purpose:

"Here are the lancewoods and bamboos. We can rig them up in a few minutes and cast sixty feet. We can-

WHERE WE CAMPED THE FIRST NIGHT.

not cast at all with these tamarack sticks unless the wind favors us, as well as the current. And then the limit will be about thirty-five feet, instead of seventy-five."

But he is sincere. "What do you suppose I came up here for last fall, and cut these poles, if I did not use them now? If we are to 'be boys again' we should do far more, and bait with earthworms, minnows and frogs. However, the feather lures, even on these awkward sticks, will bring us more fish than we can use. Besides, I want to do the most of my fishing with a camera. Here goes!"

Kindly hands shove our canoe from shore, and into the grip of the current, with two extra tamarack poles extending far over the stern, and two anchors ready for use at any "likely" fishing place.

He paddles to the center of the stream. It is a glorious morning! An occasional lazy use of the paddles, the current always carrying us onward! Mists low on mountains that seem like visible dreams through the evanescent night-caps that slowly rise, leaving earth, air, sky and water perfect in beauty!

Five, ten, twenty minutes go by, and we grow less awkward with our nondescript rods. Then, a small jerk, and my comrade whispers, "Hist!" He is "getting a bite!"

Then the unexpected happens. He pulls in a *ten-inch catfish!*

"Misery! I wonder if he knows I paid twenty cents for that Montreal fly—imported it from Edinburgh! Now that is what I call assurance!"

He cuts the wriggling, slippery mud-lover from the hook, and eyes the fly regretfully; and, in desperation, I tell him that a cat may look at a king, and to try on the other side of the boat.

Each of us soon lands a lively, angry bass, slightly under two pounds. Then we stop and take the picture herewith, one mile below Deposit.

Onward, always onward, and the real fishing begins! The bass are long, slender, like race-horses. Soon a half-dozen lie in the canoe. That is enough, and we string and trail them in the water, using them as a brake and helm to keep the canoe pointed down stream. More catches with the camera as we admire the noble views of river, forest, mountain, cloud and shore!

Luncheon—fried bass, bacon, coffee, cheese, brown bread. The sky for a ceiling and clouds for frescoes, each of their changing aspects seeming to be more exquisite than the one just vanishing; the hills for the dado of our dining room, the birds for our orchestra, ourselves for waiters; spring water, and the music of the river, ruffled by a breeze that makes each leaf flutter and tug at its anchorage, each twig full of trouble, and the boughs all bend to spring back again with happy life!

And then a long, long run through vanishing hours, past little towns, under bridges, close to boats holding fellow fishermen; and the inevitable question, "What luck?" and again we drift between lovely hills, the still pauses showing as much in the water as above them.

"Sweet views, that in our world above
Can never well be seen,
Were imaged by the water's love
Of that fair forest green."

The whole upper Delaware is singularly wild and sylvan. Yet railroads and highways make it accessible over nearly every mile of its length, with hotels and farm houses where mountain hospitality dwells, so real that we often had to urge the receipt of the small charges for accommodations and supplies.

It is a region of cloud-views that seem to be unique in magnificence. Sky-ranges full of caught and held sunshine, white mist-wraiths along hills, dreamy and far vistas opening as we approach them; life-lusty, smiling-earnest water flowing and talking to itself, noble salience and re-entrance of banks! Hundreds of tiny dells and nooks invited us to stop; springs purled with offered water; robins called their *"Cheer up! cherries are ripe, up! up! cheer up!"* A pair of bald eagles sailed over the hills below Hancock. Red squirrels, warblers, buntings, larks and blackbirds scolded in surprise or voiced their happiness. This was our experience that evening as the canoe was brought to shore, just above Southport, and we established our first camp.

"No wonder the Delaware Indians made this river the 'center of their possessions,'" I remark. "What a perfect place this must have been hundreds of years ago for a young Delaware to talk nonsense in 'Injun' to his best girl!"

Then my comrade's rhyming skill appeared. I believe he had studied all day on that stanza, getting it ready:

"Here came, long ago, the Indian maid,
Awed by the Great Spirit's power;
And as she knelt by the spring and prayed,
Each rhododendron flower
Bent toward her, to kiss the forest belle,
Whose dusky and blushing face,
As she worshipped here in this little dell,
Was the light of the sylvan place!"

This river was the favorite stream of the Delaware branch of the Algonquin Indians. Along its lower flow they called it Pautaxet. Deeds from them to William Penn in 1682 call the stream Mackeriskickon and Zunikoway. Some of the sub-tribes called it Pohoqualin, or river between two mountains—manifestly referring to its passage between Mounts Minsi and Tammany at the Gap. Up here on its higher waters the stream was known as Lamasepose, or Fish River. But it was best known as the Lenape-Wihittuck, the name given to it by the Confederated Tribes of the Lenape.

I close this second article of a series by asking careful study of the two pictures furnished. Note the grace, finish and companionship of the shore plants in the foreground of one of them. Remember that white is the most brilliant color that even the painter can use, and that the blue of the sky is really blue fire—throbbing with faint shadows always, and far more brilliant than the whitest paper—and realize how pitifully slight and meager at best must be the small picture that the reader can entirely cover with either hand—a picture that is merely black ink on white paper. Yet observe the sharpness of the hills on the sky-line, the mystery in the banks and masses of foliage on the far shore; and what must have been the brightness of the sunset glow in the other picture; and the tenderness and delicacy of the gloom as it gathered in the forests of those hills. Besides, in the picture are no colors—golden green of sunset on foliage, dazzling radiance on rapid water, purples and mauves and browns and yellows blending. No bird-notes, no sough of wind, no harp of foliage that it stirred and caressed, no glancing motion, purl and water-oboe harmonies!

There are no mosquitoes. We did not discover a dozen in all that voyage.

And so, to all fellow anglers and sportsmen, good-night.

L. F. BROWN.

Shad and Striped Bass on the Pacific Coast.

As a result of the introduction of shad and striped bass on the Pacific Coast by the U. S. Fish Commission the yearly catch of each of these species amounts to one and a half million pounds, which net the fishermen about one hundred thousand dollars. One of the first plants of shad made by the Commission was carried in an ordinary baggage car by Mr. Frank N. Clark and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean. This was in 1876, when nearly one hundred thousand lively fry were planted in the Sacramento River. These had been collected at South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts, from the Connecticut River. Earlier plants of shad fry had been made in the Sacramento for the California Commission by Mr. Seth Green and Livingston Stone. In 1885, and for several succeeding years, shad fry were introduced into more northern waters, including Puget Sound. The species is now found from the Sacramento to the Sound, but the striped bass as yet is confined to the streams of California.

BON.

The Sea Trout Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As stated in a previous letter, had I not verified my belief in the identity of the so-called Sea Trout of North America with the widely distributed and universally known *Salmo fontinalis* by a study which precluded all reasonable probability of error, I should scarcely have ventured to combat the opinion of Mr. Charles Hallock. This gentleman's writings have been in the hands of several generations of sportsmen, and he is acknowledged by those competent to judge to be the best living authority on all subjects to which he has devoted his careful attention and on which he has exercised his acute powers of observation. In his several instructive and fascinating books which have done so much to create and foster a love of genuine sport in the United States and Canada, he leaves the impression on the minds of his readers that he considered the Sea Trout a species of *Salmo* entirely distinct from *fontinalis* in the same sense that it is distinct from *Salmo salar.*

In his letter on the subject in your last issue, he explains that this was hardly his meaning; that he considers it a distinct *variety of fontinalis,* though in no way differing from this species in its anatomical structure. With this opinion I have no fault to find, though I do not, in all points, agree with his conclusions about the difference in their habits and habitat. He thinks their home is the sea, and that, like the Salmon, they resort to fresh water only to propagate their kind. My belief is that they are true Brook trout; that their home and proper habitat is the fresh water of our rivers, lakes and streams; that they go out to the mouths and estuaries of rivers for the greater abundance and variety of food to be had there, but that they never go far to sea, seldom leave the estuaries of their native rivers, and always spend the summer and autumn in their proper home—fresh water. There is little to argue about in our differing opinions, and as neither of them is susceptible of absolute demonstration, I will devote this letter to some general observations on the "Sea Trout," and on the different varieties of undoubted *fontinalis* which are found in most all of our rivers, lakes and streams.

So far as the writer has been able to discover, without having opportunity to refer to the great libraries of the United States or England, the only writers who speak *ex-cathedra* of the Sea Trout are Hamilton Smith, who named it *Salmo canadensis,* but gave little information as to its habitat or habits and still less to the specific characteristics of its physiology. Sir Wm. Jardine mentions it as a species distinct from *fontinalis,* but gives no satisfactory reasons for his opinion. In describing the habits of the fish he says: "In approaching the entrance of rivers, or in seeking out, as it were, some one they preferred, shoals of these fish may be seen coasting the bays and harbors, leaping and sporting in great numbers, from about one pound to three or four pounds in weight, and in some of the smaller bays the shoal could be traced several times circling round it and apparently feeding." Following these, Thaddeus Norris, in his Angler's Book, gives a detailed description of the Sea Trout, and in his later book, "American Fish Culture," says: "From all my researches the only scientific account given of this fish is by myself. It is decidedly distinct from the varieties of *S. fontinalis* which migrate to and from salt water and acquire a larger size and darker tinted flesh by feeding upon crustacea found there; nor has it but slight affinity to the Sea Trout of Scotland and Ireland. These fish come in large schools into Canadian and New Brunswick streams. On their arrival they are beautifully bright and of surpassingly delicious flavor; but, like the Salmon, which they precede a month or so, they lose their brilliancy and flesh up to the time of spawning, which is in October. As far as I have examined them, their stomachs are empty after entering fresh water, while an occasional Brook Trout taken in the same pool has a well-filled paunch. They are, therefore, purely anadromous, and, like the Salmon, attain all their growth and flavor at sea."

From further and more exact investigation, Mr. Norris found he was incorrect in every statement made above. He found, in the writer's company, that these Sea Trout never had an empty stomach, but were always ravenous in fresh water and their stomachs always full of undigested food of all sorts, from flies to young field-mice. The writer pointed out to him that he was not the first nor the only *savant* who had fallen into the same error from hasty and inaccurate observation. He showed him that, in 1849, H. Robinson Storer, of the single specimen of Sea Trout which he saw at Red Bay in the Straits of Belleisle, gave the following luminous scientific description:

"Length of head about one-sixth length of body; depth of head two-thirds of its length; greatest depth of body directly in front of dorsal fin, equal to length of head. Upper jaw the longer. Jaws with numerous sharp incurved teeth. Eyes laterally elongated; their diameter one-third the distance between them. Opercules rounded posteriorly; lower portion of operculum naked, marked with concentric striæ; lateral line commences back of superior angle of opercle, and assuming the curve of the body is lost at the commencement of the caudal rays. The dorsal fin commences just anterior to meridian line; is nearly quadrangular. Adipose fin situated at a distance back of the first dorsal little less than one-half the length of the fish. Pectorals just beneath the angle of operculum; their length three-fifths of the head. Ventrals just beneath posterior portion of first dorsal; the plates of their base very large. The anal is situated at a distance back of the ventrals just equal to the length of head, and terminates directly beneath the adipose fin; caudal fin deeply forked; its length equal to greater depth of body. Dorsal fin, 9 rays; pectoral, 13; ventrals, 9; anal, 11; caudal, 30 rays."

Principally on this learned trifling has a new species been formed. Savant Storer gave tongue as above, followed by Savants Jardine and Hamilton Smith, and all the lesser lights yelped in full cry, until to express a doubt of this unique Sea Trout is rank heresy in the eyes of the Savants, whom I defy to show any substantial difference between it and *fontinalis* when the same professional patter is applied to the latter. With trout in Nepissiguit and Tabusintac and Storer's luminous description before us, we failed to find any substantial difference; certainly not so much as the most casual observer can see at a glance between the *Salmo salar* of Restigouche, Nepissiguit and Miramichi. Even the Millionaires of the Restigouche Club can distinguish between the Salmon of Matapedia and those of Upsalquitch, Patapedia and Quatawamkedgwick. Mr. Norris frankly admitted this on comparing his own description of the Sea Trout with the undoubted *fontinalis* we caught on his second visit to the North Shore and Tabusintac. I have always considered Mr. Norris's death a great loss to piscatory science. As he was largely responsible for the widespread delusion of the Sea Trout myth among American and Canadian anglers, it is much to be regretted that he died before his more mature convictions were made public.

When Savants tediously describe the colors of fish, which they all do *ad nauseum* under the head "Coloration," they are simply leading themselves and their readers astray and exhibiting to observant fishermen and intelligent anglers their practical ignorance. The Old Angler never saw two Salmon or two trouts precisely alike in color; but he has seen trouts taken from the same lake so entirely different in their "coloration" that they might well be thought of different species. In Kingston, Kings county, are two lakes not far apart; one has a bright, white-bellied, brilliantly spotted trout that often attains three pounds weight. The other lake, not a mile distant, has trout not larger than four to eight ounces, which are yellow-bellied and dirty colored on sides and back, the vermillion spots barely perceptible, but sprinkled thickly from back to belly with minute jet black specks, as numerous as if a pepper-box had been shaken over them from head to tail, the specks not larger than finely ground coffee. The speckled fish from the low, swampy lake, if placed in the clear water of the higher lake, soon lose these minute black spots; the vermillion spots become brighter, the belly whiter and the back vermiculated. Another instance of the same kind is seen in Tracey and Henry lakes in St. John county. In the former the fish are clean and bright; in the latter, dirty and dim, covered thickly with the minute jet-black specks above described. Every observant angler knows how various are the colors of trout in different waters, but he never has a doubt that all are of the same species. These remarks apply to perch, chub, suckers and pickerel in fresh water, whose colors are as various as the waters they inhabit. Even among salt-water fishes like Cod, Pollack and Haddock, the colors vary with the individual. I have seen vastly more difference between trout taken from the same lake than I could ever find between a so-called Sea Trout and an undoubted *fontinalis* of the same size.

In your issue of January 17, Mr. R. T. Morris writes about the difference in appearance and habits of Sea Trout in northern and southern streams. Every fisherman with his eyes open must have observed considerable difference between the appearance and habits of Salmon and trout in different waters, and indeed in different parts of the same water. Any Salmon fisherman on the north shore of New Brunswick, after a few seasons' experience, can tell Miramichi Salmon and trout from those caught in the Nepissiguit. A Miramichi angler can readily distinguish between the Salmon of the northwest and those of the southwest branch. A Restigouche angler, if he is at all observant of small differences, will have no difficulty in distinguishing an Upsalquitch from a Patapedia Salmon, and detect among them all a Matapedia fish or one from Kedgwick. The man must be "color blind" who can see no difference between the Salmon in Port Medway River in Nova Scotia and those from Gold River; between those from Indian River and those from the Margaree, and yet no one doubts that all are of the same species. Mr. Morris tells us: "The sea-run brook trout likes to remain near cover or under it when in the stream; while the sea trout lies in the middle of the most open pools, * * * and cares very little about the presence of the fisherman in full sight, and will rise freely to the most clumsy cast. * * * *The sea trout often rises near the surface and makes a wake like a muskrat before getting to the fly. The sea-run brook trout runs for cover when hooked; the sea trout keeps in the open when hooked and splashes about near the surface."* (The italics are mine.)

Then comes Mr. J. W. B., in your issue of February 7, and tells an entirely different story of his own experience in the Escuminac at the extreme head of Chaleur Bay, in which and in the Nouvelle the Old Angler and the late John Mowat, for twenty years Fishing Overseer of the district, have had the finest angling in all the lower pools and never found it necessary to go higher for fish. J. W. B.'s experience is the "exact opposite" to that of Mr. Morris, for he writes: "* * * The pools and reaches of the lower five or six miles of the river never contain any large trout, * * * but countless thousands of fingerling trout." Unlike the Sea Trout of Mr. Morris, which keep in the open and splash about near the surface, those of J. W. B. *"seek the shelter of the banks and the overhanging bushes, and then, to get your fly where the concealed fish can see it, requires skill, patience and profanity.* But they are there, great spotted beauties, as plenty as the angler can wish. *When you fasten to a four-pound fish after digging him out from under the alders, he is very liable to exhibit a frantic desire to return to cover."* Let the reader compare these two descriptions, especially the passages I have italicized, and he may well doubt whether these observant gentlemen are writing about the same fish; and yet both give their opinion that these Sea Trout, with such opposite habits, are a distinct species from *fontinalis,* with a different habitat. Thus sciolism rushes blithely in where knowledge creeps with cautious steps, and a few hours' fishing of a single stream is put against the laborious study of forty years on all the principal rivers, lakes and streams of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. Island. Mr. Morris is quite right when he says: "I suspect the matter is well understood, and that differences in opinion are simply differences in information on the part of correspondents."

Your issue of January 10 contains some very sensible remarks from Mr. W. B. Mershon, who seems to know the Cascapedia well and has had great facilities for studying its trout. He says: "My observations on the Cascapedia River, extending through a good many years, lead

me to believe that there is no difference between brook trout and sea trout."

In issue of January 24, Mr. E. A. Samuels, author of that charming book, "With Rod and Camera," which every angler ought to have and read often, gives a great deal of useful and interesting information about Sea Trout. His remarks show that he is a careful and accurate observer. Peculiarities of habit in different waters and mere "coloration" have little weight with him, because he knows that all these vary with the rivers in which they are found, and indeed with different parts of the same river. His experience seems to have been large and various, his observation careful and exact, and his conclusion irrefutable. Only in one respect does he differ from my own conclusion, carefully and laboriously formed after 40 years' study, viz.—that the home of these trout is the open sea, and that their visits to fresh water are only episodes in their life. My conclusion, based on most carefully ascertained facts, is that their home is in fresh water, and that their visits to salt water are only two episodes in their history—the first in spring to feed on smelts, the second in the fall to recuperate after spawning. During these two visits to salt water from their home in fresh water, I have the strongest reasons to doubt that they ever go far to sea, or indeed far from the estuaries of their native rivers. Some of these reasons were given at length in FOREST AND STREAM of December 20 last, and until the facts therein set forth are either disproved or rationally explained, I must continue to hold my present belief that the so-called Sea Trout is simply the universally known *Salmo fontinalis,* and that it goes from its home in fresh water to brackish and salt water in the mouths and estuaries of its native rivers for the better feed found there; but that it returns to its home in the upper waters after a longer or shorter stay lower down, dependent on the state of the river and the supply of food. If anyone—Scientist, Savant, Angler or Fisherman, who all agree that this trout follows the smelt *up* rivers—can prove to me that after the smelt have spawned and left the rivers, this trout follows them down to sea again, I may be inclined to reconsider a question I have held as settled for the last thirty-five years of my investigations.

VENNING.

Since the above was written, I have read with much pleasure, in your issue of March 28, the letter of a brother Octogenarian, Mr. Von W., who says: "The weight of evidence is against Mr. Venning." If so, it must be against himself as well. An attentive reading of what I have said in combatting the widespread belief that the so-called sea trout is a species of *Salmo* distinct from *fontinalis,* will show him that I have expressed throughout precisely the same belief that he himself holds about these trout spending the winter in salt water. He will perceive, also, that I incline to the opinion he expresses that *Salmo salar* was originally a fresh water fish, as the *Ouananiche* now is.

Since reading Mr. Cook's letter in your issue of March 14, the disappearance of wild pigeons from the Eastern States and these Provinces is no longer a mystery to

THE OLD ANGLER.

BOSTON, Mass., March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you allow me space for a few words in regard to the so-called sea trout. I notice that my old friends, Charles Hallock and W. H. Venning ("The Old Angler"), differ as to their being a distinct variety of the salmon. Allow me to say that after thirty summers spent in the pursuit of my favorite sport of salmon fishing on the Restigouche and tributaries, the York and St. John at Gaspé, and for the past twenty seasons on the St. Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay, all of which rivers abounding in sea trout (so-called) during all these years, I have been a careful observer of their habits, structure, etc., and have yet to find a single point of difference between them and the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), excepting that they have acquired the habit of spending a part of each year in the salt water, but always in the vicinity of the streams in which they are bred. They spawn in the upper reaches of the streams under the same conditions and at the same time as other trout

As the question of food supply determines the habitat of all animal life, it is easy to account for their yearly migrations to the sea, for there they find a much larger supply of the most nutritious food, and as a consequence they soon become the most perfect brook trout to be found on this continent. Their bodies are almost round, their meat a deep salmon color. They are nearly as silvery as the salmon. Their red and yellow spots disappear, as does also the brilliant color of their fins. In fact, they are transformed into what seems to be a higher order of the *Salvelinus fontinalis.* All of this change is in consequence of a much more favorable environment. Can you blame him for making the change? But the instinct of reproduction forces him back to his original habitat, where he once more assumes his old garb of bright colors; but loses very soon his perfect condition. I have angled for them; I have dissected them; I have eaten them; I have painted their portraits in every detail; hence I say that not a doubt exists in my mind as regarding their being brook trout and nothing else.

In answer to Mr. Hallock's question, "When is a 'sea trout' a 'brook trout?'" I will say, *ever* and *always,* whether in fresh or salt water he is the much-loved *fontinalis* pure and simple.

WALTER M. BRACKETT.

OUR readers will doubtless be grateful to President Jordan for consenting to arbitrate and settle finally the thirty years' discussion of the sea trout question which of late has been traversed in all its breadth by Messrs. Venning and Hallock, who of all men are perhaps the best qualified to treat it intelligently. In Mr. Jordan's letter, which we append, he takes the same position which Mr. Hallock has always held, namely, that the brook trout and sea trout are the same species, but differing so widely in traits and habits that they require distinctive vernacular name to designate them.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., March 26, 1903.—Mr. Chas. Hallock, Washington, D. C., Dear Sir:—The sea trout of Canada is scientifically the same species as the ordinary brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis.* It is, however, brought up in the sea, better fed, and developed under other conditions which makes it larger, fatter, more rangy, and without the peculiar colors which characterize the brook form. Presumably the young of any brook trout hatched out in the sea and fed in the sea would be the same, just as the son of a peasant becomes an aristocrat if brought up with plenty of money and under favoring conditions as to growth.

Speaking scientifically, they should bear the same name, as all men are *Homo sapiens,* but in popular language, the difference in habits, appearance and conditions certainly justifies the use of the name "Canada sea trout," or of any other name one may like to use. The red spotted trout of Alaska spreads out in the same way in the sea, and often weighs eleven or twelve pounds, turning gray at the same time. The same is true of the Dolly Varden trout about Puget Sound, and in the upper Sacramento it never reaches the sea, and the large gray unspotted ones are therefore unknown in California.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

About Trout.

CHICAGO, Illinois, April 4.—Mr. Horace Park, superintendent of the Ohio State fish hatchery at Sandusky, is good enough to send me a little bunch of flies of his own tying, and he writes in addition:

"Your article of the 28th inst. has so much good sense and forceful truth to it I thought I would write you, as I do some fly-tying myself. I am a veteran fly-fisher, having had over forty years' experience. I have used all makes and qualities of flies, from American specimens at fifty cents each to Scotch flies at thirty cents a dozen. I have never found anything equal to flies of my own tying. The inclosed samples of Rocky Mountain buck tails I have found the very best killing flies for bass or trout. No. 8 for trout would be best. I use No. 4 for bass."

These buck tail flies have the hackles black, the bodies yellow orange, and the wing of brown buck tail hairs. There is a little red tag of worsted or crewel. The buck tail has, in the experience of many Chicago anglers, been found good for bass. I have not known many to use it for trout, but I have sometimes killed trout on the Prairie River with squirrel-tail hackle flies of my own rude manufacture. I should not be surprised if Mr. Park has given us a tip worth following, and myself and friends will try to imitate some of his very excellent amateur workmanship.

I asked an intellectual friend of mine the other day whether he thought trout struck at the silver-doctor fly on account of the blended colors of the wing or on account of the shining tinsel body. He answers:

"I know a little of the psychology of humans, but ichthyological psychology is beyond me. A fish goes along the line of least resistance; but why a salmon unwilling to feed and unable to digest will seize an artificial fly is beyond me. Were it not for this I should be inclined to think that the silver body of the silver-doctor was the attraction and that the feathers had little to do with it, and that perhaps the body suggests to the trout that it is a minnow; it is possible that the feathers render the outlines less sharp and aid the simulation. I shall try a silver-doctor stripped of its wings and see how it works."

The one unsolvable problem of all the ages is this same spotted little enigma. I am inclined to think this is what the Sphinx had on its mind all the while.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Some Mistaken Adages.

ALL adages are not true. Little by little one learns of new discoveries in natural science to upset many ideas once believed to be the truths of natural history. For the young student the best plan is first to make sure that all which he thinks he knows about the habits of animals are facts. If they are not, he should correct his mistaken ideas as fast as he can to make ready to learn better next time. Legendary stories of the best sort are beautiful, poetical, instructive always—if one accepts them as stories, not histories. But to learn history truly, to know the character of any people, one must, of course, know what they believed, thought and felt in their lives. Many a funny old adage, however, ought to be put in its place and not be confounded with fact. Let us try to follow that plan with some of the most familiar sayings about animals.

As Cold-Blooded as a Fish.

Of a person who has very little regard for the feelings of others, it is said generally that he "is as cold-blooded as a fish." For years it was not understood that fishes are not invariably cold-blooded. Taken as an order, reptiles and fishes are colder animals than mammals and birds. But the bodies of all the so-called "cold-blooded" animals vary in temperature according to their surroundings. To our sense of touch a fish in water is of the temperature of the water. But the warmth of the blood depends on the amount of blood in the body. All fishes are not cold-blooded by any means. The adage is only imperfectly true. There is a tunny, a sort of giant mackerel, which has a three-chambered heart, which breathes only the air it gets dissolved in water, but which, nevertheless, has blood as warm as that of a pig, and a pig is supposed to be a very warm-blooded animal indeed. If the brook trout cannot live in water which is at all warm, the catfish, on the contrary, can live and thrive in water which is disagreeably warm to the human hand. The great Humboldt is himself the authority for the statement that he has seen fishes thrown up alive and unhurt from volcanoes when the water which spouted them forth lacked two degrees of the boiling point. That, perhaps, is not so difficult to believe when one also knows that fishes are to be found in hot springs where the temperature of the water is 120 degrees Fahr.

To Drink Like a Fish.

Does the fish drink at all? That is the question. How ridiculous it is to say of a human being that he drinks like a fish! It is exactly what no human being can do. The reason is interesting. A fish takes water into its mouth, because that is the way it breathes the air. Where water is stagnant no fish can live, it being necessary for it to have the air which passes through water. When you see fishes opening and closing their mouths regularly, as they do in water, they are not drinking; they are breathing. The act of breathing is as follows:

The fish opens its mouth to let the water flow in; then closes it and contracts the gill cavity to force the water out. The water, you understand, is not swallowed by this process. What the fish does not swallow it cannot be said he drinks. If, by any chance, a fish is dragged backward through the water it will be drowned, just as a human being is drowned for want of air. By the creature being dragged backward the gills become clogged. They close completely, making it impossible for the air in the water to be properly breathed. If, on the contrary, the fish is obliged to keep its mouth open for any length of time while in the water, it must also drown, because the water is then not forced past the gills. How, then, does a fish drink—if he drinks at all? Perhaps you may find the answer. One fact is certain, that the more a human being drinks, the less true it is to accuse him of drinking like a fish.—Our Animal Friends.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If I could see where the laugh comes in, I would readily join my old friend Livingston Stone in his merriment against myself. I said nothing in my rejoinder to Mr. S. to convey the impression that I thought his letter to Mr. Marston was a reply to mine. On the contrary, I stated explicitly that it was his letter to Mr. M. I considered disingenuous, and I now regret to see the same disingenuousness in his allusions to me printed in your issue of March 28.

Mr. S. says his letter to the editor of London Fishing Gazette was a friendly and private one, not intended for publication, hence he did not feel called on to furnish statistics. But all the same, Mr. S. did publish his letter, and still he gave no statistics nor any proofs of the confident assertions he made to the public. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Stone, but I cannot take even his opinion as final in a matter of such great financial and economic importance as the efforts now being made on the Pacific Coast by the United States Fish Commission and the Canadian Government to enable a few wealthy canning companies "to eat their cake and have it, too."

Had Mr. Stone been candid with his friend, or had he wished to give him data on which to base a sound opinion as to the utility of Salmon Culture on the Pacific Coast (it being, according to Mr. S.'s own showing, utterly useless on the Atlantic Coast), he should have mentioned the overcrowded state of all the Pacific Salmon rivers north of Sacramento, as described by every writer who has dealt with the subject, and even by Mr. Stone himself.

Mr. S. seems to think that the Sacramento facts and figures given by Mr. Babcock in your issue of March 21 are applicable to all the rivers north of it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Babcock confined his *statistics* to the Sacramento River. What he says about the Columbia and its branches consists entirely of *opinions* and *assertions*; but he does not deny that "the 1,200 miles of drift nets, the destructive wheels and the other murderous appliances" mentioned by Mr. Stone, are still in full activity on a river where the commissioners are striving to keep up the supply by hatching houses operated at the public expense.

Though residing in Victoria, B. C., it is significant that Commissioner Babcock has not a word to say about Salmon hatching on the Fraser and Skeena rivers; nor does he drop a hint as to the overcrowded state of these rivers; nor does he express an opinion about the wisdom of taxing the whole people for the benefit of a score or two of rich canning concerns who also are trying to achieve the feat of "eating and having their cake." Would Mr. Babcock tell an interested public what he thinks about these things?

THE OLD ANGLER.

New York Angling.

UTICA, N. Y., April 4.—Under the game laws of New York Steate the taking of brook trout will be permitted on and after April 16, a date which is now not far away, and fishermen who are accustomed to go in quest of the speckled beauties, are preparing for an early start. Ordinarily, there is apt to be more or less ice and snow remaining when the season opens, and the trout do not bite well in central New York streams for some time thereafter, but this spring the weather conditions have been so exceptionally favorable, there is every reason to believe the fish will be ready to rise as soon as the angler is allowed to cast his lure. In the Adirondacks, too, the indications point to a remarkably early fishing season, as the last vestiges of winter are rapidly vanishing. The prediction is made with considerable confidence by many anglers that there will be excellent trout fishing this summer in the larger streams up north. Last year the streams were so high all through the season, owing to the continuous rains, that but very few trout were taken from these waters, hence it is anticipated that there will be rare sport this year, providing, of course, that the conditions for fishing are favorable. For more than a dozen years past the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association has annually placed in the waters of Oneida County thousands of small trout, and the beneficent effects of this work have become very apparent. Excellent fishing is now to be had in a number of streams, which, had it not been for the restocking, would have long since been depleted. It is gratifying to note that similar organizations are being formed in different parts of central New York to assist in replenishing the trout streams, and that public sentiment in favor of this work is constantly growing. The season when pike, pickerel and lake trout can be legally taken opens May 1, and black bass fishing begins June 10 on the St. Lawrence River, and June 16 in other waters of the State. The muskallonge season opens May 31.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Not a Fish Story.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though the ancient files of the Government are not rich in fish and game lore, yet occasionally there is found a faded paper relating tales of heroism, adventure and endurance that "would stir a fever in the blood of age"—tales of the makers of the Republic that appeal to all good and patriotic men, such as read and write for FOREST AND STREAM, for doubtless good fishermen may be thus designated. Now and then a gruesome story is suggested by a scrap yellowed with age.

What scenes of vigil, stealthy pursuit, midnight foray and surprise are called up by the following:

"Received September 12, 1780, of John Weitzel, three hundred and twenty dollars in part of my proportion of the subscription that was raised in Sunbury and Northumberland for the scalps that were brought in by myself. I. Cramer, Wm. Campbell and Michael ————."

The price of scalps must have been pretty steep or there were a lot of them.

Doubtless after the Wyoming massacre the sense of insecurity was so great and the people so incensed by the horrible butcheries there perpetrated that heroic measures were adopted by offering rewards for the red man's hirsute adornment.

Many of your readers have hunted and fished along the route of that wonderful march of Arnold and his men through the Maine wilderness in the fall of 1775, and can appreciate the difficulties troops would there encounter even at this day, but the imagination can hardly picture what that heroic band endured one hundred and twenty-eight years ago.

I give below a copy of a letter from an officer of that expedition, written in old age to a comrade and friend, recalling some of the incidents of the campaign—written in the friendship born of perils shared by men of heroic mold. The writer was a prominent officer after the war, serving until his death, and men of his name and blood have ever since served the country in honorable and responsible stations. The letter is given *verbatim et literatim et "spellatim,"* and is as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, March 15, 1816.—Sir:—I intended to write you a long letter to bring to recollection a number of incidents on our assending the River Kennebec.

We left the army lying before Boston on the 9th of September, 1775; after marching to Newburyport we embarked on board 19 schooners for the mouth of Kennebec River.

We assended that river to Fort Western; there we embarked part of our little army with provisions for the expedition against Quebec. When we arrived at the head of the river one hundred and eighty of our Battoes were lost or had become useless; we carried three or four over the Alleghanee mountain to the head of the Chaudiere River; our march from that time was by land through a trackless wilderness, one Boat only dessended the Chaudiere to the first French settlement, where we arrived without a mouthful of provisions. The French inhabitants having been apprized of our approach received us in the most friendly manner; they had provided for us fine Potatoes and Butter. We fed luxuriously on these and continued our march 75 miles to Point Levi opposite to Quebec. All the water craft had been destroyed or taken away by the Brittish to prevent our crossing the St. Lawrence River. We, with some delay, procured Boats of the Indians made of Birch Bark. With these we crossed the St. Lawrence in the night between 2 ships of war which had been placed to intercept our passing. We landed at Walefes (?) cove and assended the heights and formed our men on the plains of Abraham on the 13th of November, having been 75 days on our march. The incidents from that time to the 31st of December I will pass over.

On the 31st at night, say 11 o'clock P. M., we marched to the assault of the Town. We succeeded in storming a Battery and made prisoners of about 70 men, commanded by a Captain belonging to the regular troops in the City. Here you recollect we were surrounded by three or four times our number, General Montgomery having been killed. The whole garrison was turned against our column. After holding the Battery we had taken several hours we were made prisoners, except a few; you and I were in the column commanded by Arnold. You recollect that in the attack we had six small mortars in the subberbs of St. Roe, six shells were frequently in the air at the same time from our little Battery under the walls of the City. The Brittish were at the same time throwing shells from the City and their 32-pounders were playing on us at the same time. Their shot and shells flew harmless over our heads, but they killed and wounded about 90 of our men with their musquetry as we approached the Battery mentioned, and notwithstanding our loss of men the march of our column was not stoped a moment till we reached the Battery and took possession of it. Such an attack and defence exhibited a night scene of exquisite splendor and the senses of sight and hearing were saluted if not gratified. It is now forty years since that interesting event happened; time has silvered our heads. This daily reminds me that I am now an old man, I am 75 years old—15 years probably older than you. I hope we can both look back and forward and console ourselves that we have done our duty to our country and that we will never shrink in prosecution of that duty while life shall remain.

Most of our companions are gone before us. A kind providence has protected us—this ought to awaken in our hearts the finest sensibility.

With esteem and respect,

Your Ob't servant,

(Signed) ————————

Major.

P. S.—I recollect all the names of the Cadets who voluntarily attached themselves to our little army in that expedition.

Besides yourself, there were Matthias Ogden, Peter Grubb, Eleazer Oswald, Matthew Duncan and Aaron Burr, of which two only are now living—yourself and Aaron Burr.

(Signed) ————————

The men composing that band were a strenuous lot, many of them living on the remote frontiers battling with the wilderness and wild beasts and wilder savages. Some of them dwellers by the ocean, where they wrested a scanty subsistence from a tempestuous sea and a reluctant soil. Who shall say that if Montgomery had not fallen or if the fire ship had accomplished its purpose, the stars and stripes instead of the cross of St. George would not to-day float over the citadel of Quebec.

"Their bones are dust, their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Their spelling may not conform to modern orthography, but they wrote with their swords in unmistakable and imperishable characters the words Independence and *E Pluribus Unum* for our beloved and God-forever-blessed country. P. ENTION.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

April 8-11.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Show of Atlantic City Kennel Club.
April 8-11.—Seattle, Wash., Kennel Club's show.
April 14-17.—Sharon, Pa., Kennel Club's show.
May 19-21.—Montreal, Can., Canine Association's show.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

The Strenuous Life.

THAT life in general in Chicago is strenuous, is passively accepted by the outside world; that life there in the kennel world in particular is particularly strenuous, the following, published in the American Field of last week, in reference to the recent Chicago Kennel Club's bench show, affords ample proof:

"For expert handling of placing benching this performance beats the record, and we had intended to illustrate what could be done by a 'before and after' picture, for Mr. Oldham had stated that he expected the benching on Tuesday afternoon; but the light was too poor, and the photographer said he could not get a good negative.

"In connection with this a most regrettable circumstance occurred. The general manager of the American Field, in the pursuance of his vocation, while in the show building Wednesday afternoon, was assaulted by a member of the bench show committee without any provocation whatever. Whatever suspicions may have been entertained as to our manager's motives, they were entirely without foundation, for, as is well and universally known, both the American Field and its management have always demonstrated by their acts, tangible donations and through the columns of the American Field that they stand only for the right, the ennobling and elevation of sportsmanship.

"As a consequence of the unwarranted assault suit has been commenced in the Circuit Court of Cook county for $25,000 damages in the case of George W. Strell, plaintiff, vs. Frank Brown, Samuel Summerfield, Harry J. Cassady, Philip Henrici, Jr., C. A. White, Caleb B. Whiteford and the Chicago Kennel Club, a corporation, defendants, which proceeding the American Field, with the knowledge it possesses of the circumstances, heartily approves. We trust our friends will share this sympathy with us; it is imaterial to us whether our enemies do or not."

The Tell-Tale Tail.

A WRITER, in tracing the ancestry of the dog to wolf and jackal notices typical differences in the cast of their eyes, their body colors and markings, the habit of turning around before lying down, and other interesting peculiarities; but he does not mention the most striking and infallible way of distingushing them, namely, by the fashion in which they carry their tails!

Wolves and coyotes have a sneaking way of carrying their tails low, almost dragging on the ground, while dogs carry their tails up; and the further removed they are from the feral type the higher they carry them. Shepherds and collies, which retain many of their racial characteristics, carry their tails lowest of all; setters and pointers a degree or two higher, stiffening out straight when drawing on game; terriers and hounds elevate their tails to the spinal line; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands affect a curve over the back, while pugs actually come to a full twist. An old plainsman could tell a wolf or coyote as far as he could see him; and in buffalo days this was a most useful indication of buffalo herds being not far away. These predatory creatures always followed a moving herd. CHAS. HALLOCK.

Yachting.

THE result of the early trials between Shamrock I. and Sir Thomas Lipton's new boat demonstrate that Mr. Fife's latest production is much faster in every particular than the old boat, and we may now look forward to some very close and interesting racing next summer between the American defender and the third Shamrock.

The boats had their first trial on March 31 in a light breeze. In windward work the new boat sailed much faster and pointed higher. The boats were out five hours, and sailed some forty or fifty miles, the experts who followed them were more than pleased with the new boat, as was Mr. Fife and Sir Thomas. Shamrock III. was fast in stays, and left the water very clean and made little fuss under the bows when moving through the water at a good rate of speed.

The two Shamrocks had their second trial on the afternoon of the first of April. Both boats were tried with club topsails, and there was a fresh breeze blowing. It was rather unusual to set a club topsail on the new boat on her second trial, but as all her standing rigging was thoroughly tested and stretched on Shamrock II., by having a season's use, there was little fear of a breakdown. The result of the second trial was very satisfactory, Shamrock III. showing her heels to the older boat in the fresh breeze. A squall came up about four o'clock, and the boats doused their topsails and ran back to the harbor.

On April 2 the two boats had their third trial. The boats again carried club topsails, and at first the breeze drew out of the lochs rather fresh. In the windward work the new boat again proved herself better than Shamrock I., but in the running and reaching there seemed to be little difference between them, and Shamrock III. did not get away from the old boat very fast.

Shamrock is far too new to be in perfect tune, but she has got to show greater speed than she has already done before she will be a very dangerous competitor for Constitution, not to mention our new boat Reliance.

Cruise of the Rambler.

Winner of Second Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY WILLARD B. COOK, DENVER, COL.

After clearing Morse Island the breeze flattened out and was succeeded by an oily calm. The tide was extremely strong, and for four hours we drifted steadily back toward Victoria; as the reader will notice by consulting the chart. Our senses were sharpened and on the alert to discover the least trace of a breeze, and presently the writer imagined that he could detect a disagreeable odor in the air. Appealing to the Lawyer for confirmation, the latter replied, "Smell something dead? No wonder. Dead calm!"

Along in the afternoon a slight breeze came up from the south, and we laid our course for Reid Harbor. On the way we regaled our guests with tales of the delicious spring chicken to be had at Reid Harbor. These tales fell on willing ears. The Lawyer became enthusiastic over the prospect, and thought it would be a good plan to stock up with live ones on our departure, remarking, "We ought to have no difficulty in keeping chickens alive in the hatchway." As we approached the harbor the breeze failed, and we towed the last mile. A large salmon trap occupies the west side of the entrance, but there is plenty of room left to beat in or out.

Reid Harbor is about one mile long by one-quarter of a mile wide. It is completely landlocked and surrounded by heavily timbered hills. It has a soft, sticky bottom, with a uniform depth of 4 to 6 fathoms, and deep water right up to the banks. Fruit of all kinds, eggs, milk, and chickens can be purchased here reasonably. On the north side of the island and separated from Reid Harbor by a narrow strip of land, is Prevost Harbor. This is somewhat shallower and has sandy beaches. The scenery is even more beautiful than Reid Harbor, but I do not consider the anchorage as desirable.

The next day we climbed to the top of a hill 640 feet high in the middle of the island and were well repaid for our trouble by the magnificent view to be had in all directions for a radius of 30 or 40 miles. Words cannot do justice to the beautiful panorama presented by this lovely inland sea dotted with hundreds of wooded islands ranging in size from a few feet across to as many miles. We descended the hill on the opposite side as it looked easier, and as we were very thirsty approached a farmhouse and asked for a drink of water. The woman who answered the knock asked excitedly, "Did you see anything of the bull?" We replied in the negative. "Well, you better look out for him. He killed a horse yesterday." This inspiring information banished all fatigue and materially accelerated our return, besides permitting the writer to again perpetuate his favorite saw, to-wit: "One is never safe except on the water."

When we got back to the Rambler the barometer had fallen and late in the afternoon a strong wind came up from the south. Quite a heavy swell came in the harbor as far as where we were anchored, and as the motion was disagreeable we got up anchor and towed in under the shelter of a point where we were well protected. Then we took the launch and hugging the lee of the shore until nearly to the mouth of the harbor, we ran out into the force of the wind and squaring away raced with the big swells coming in from outside. The motion in a small boat with such a following sea was exhilarating to a degree. When on the crest of a swell its momentum added to our own speed, made the launch appear to fairly leap forward as though shot from a gun. I have often read of the Kanakas riding the breakers on surf-boards and imagine the sensation must be somewhat similar. Try it sometimes if you have an opportunity.

The next morning (Sunday) we weighed anchor and started with a strong wind from the southwest. Mindful of the sailing directions of the British Columbia Pilot we essayed first to negotiate the channel north of Spieden Island, as we had to buck the tide, which is very strong between Spieden and San Juan Islands. As soon as we brought Spieden Island abeam it shut off all our wind and left us becalmed. Then the tide took a hand and backed us out until the wind got another try at us. After see-sawing in this way for half an hour we gave it up and tried the south channel with better success. As soon as we cleared the north point of San Juan Island we found the wind to come from the southeast, which made our course to Friday Harbor a beat to windward. However, as the ebb tide split on this same cape we had the tide with us the rest of the way.

I have almost always found the wind strong and squally in this San Juan channel. The tide made a short choppy sea in which we plunged a good deal. The squalls came in puffs every minute or two which required the man at the wheel to keep a watchful eye to windward and luff into them promptly. We soon took in the jib-topsail and could have comfortably carried a reef in the mainsail, but we were in a hurry and carried on until she laid over to about her limit. Starting the main sheet just a trifle is frequently as good as a reef if the wind is only blowing hard in puffs, but with a steady hard wind there is nothing like a reef or two for comfort and safety, and yet during ten weeks of almost continuous

cruising in the summer of 1902, we never once sailed the Rambler with a reef in any sail. We had the foresail down altogether several times to ease her when we didn't have time to reef; but here I go moralizing again instead of driving the Rambler into a stiff gale and head sea to Friday Harbor. We got there about noon and repaired to the hotel for dinner, the mate remarking that the culinary department of the Rambler would require a Sunday off. Thus a mutiny was quelled and every one made happy, including the hotel proprietor.

Friday Harbor is an excellent one, albeit a little deep for raising a heavy anchor. It is well protected from all winds, easy of ingress and egress, and is the best place among the islands for purchasing any kind of supplies. On a previous visit only a few weeks before we had

AMONG THE SAN JUAN ISLANDS.

anchored in company with the U. S. Revenue Cutter Grant, and exchanged visits with her officers. The principal article smuggled in these waters is Chinamen at $50 per.

On board again at 2 P. M. we immediately got under way for East Sound. Once outside the harbor we found that the wind had increased rather than decreased, but as our course soon brought it abeam and then aft we started sheets and proceeded to get as much speed out of the Rambler as she was ever guilty of. The tender towing astern made one continuous roar that almost drowned conversation in the cock-pit. The painter was tight enough for one to walk out on it, but although every one conceded the fact there were no offers. We carried the wind aft clear up to the end of East Sound. This is a good place for yachtsmen to stay away from. We walked several miles and worked all the farm-houses for milk and bread, but didn't get a rise. Query—what does the local creamery make butter of? The anchorage here is very exposed with a south wind, and it is apt to be a tedious beat in or out. We found it a beat out the next morning. The Artist had become so engrossed in a sketch composed of a broken-down wharf and the back end of a grocery store that we delayed our departure with the anchor hove short until the "color-scheme" could be evolved.

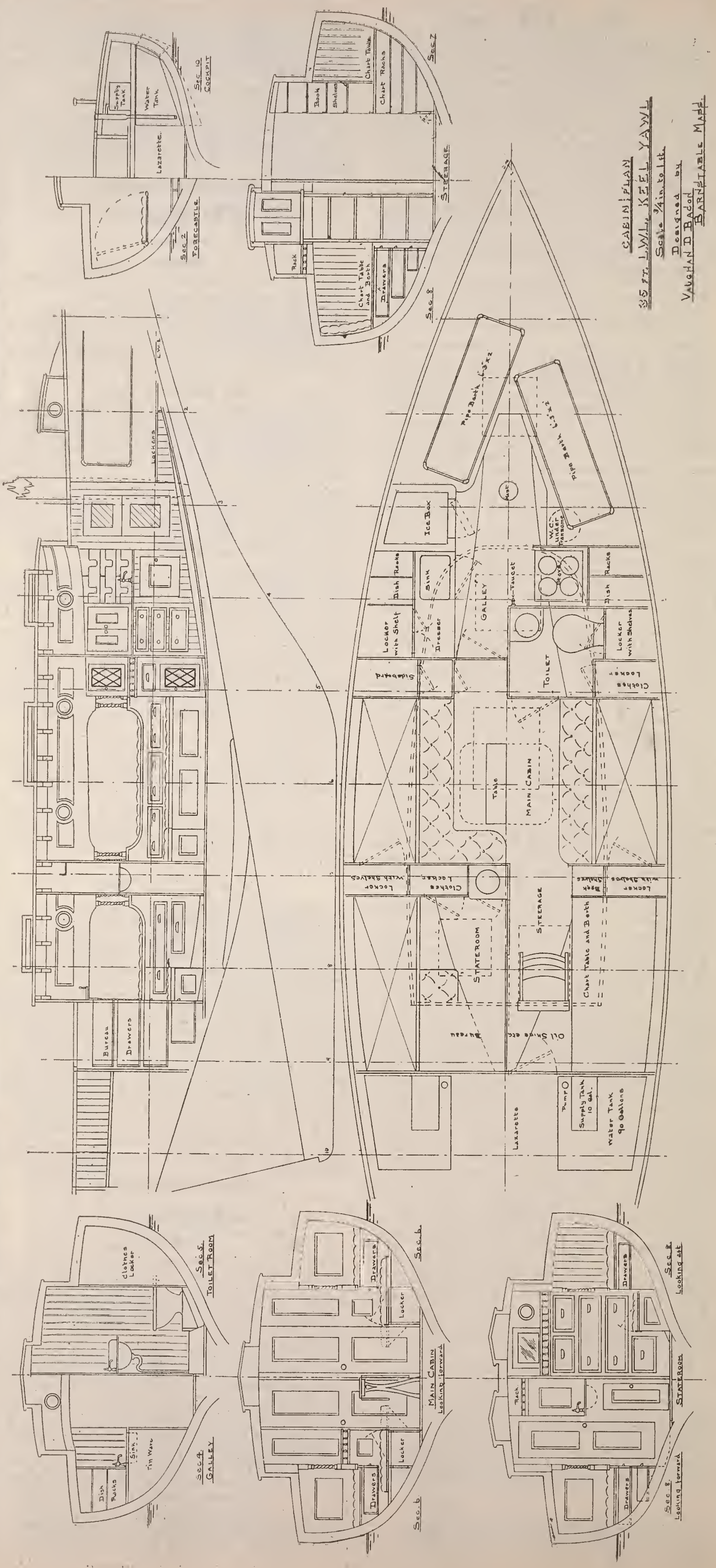
Now, if the reader will refer to the chart he will observe a small island almost blocking the passage between Blakely and Orcas Islands. This is appropriately called Obstruction Island, and the passages north and south of it the Obstruction Passages. We took the north passage this time because it is wider (although longer). We will know better next time. I have been through both and the narrower and shorter passage is best, as the wind can draw straight through. We got becalmed when almost through the north passage, and for about half an hour had a rather anxious time drifting back and forth within 100 yards of a fine breeze that we could see on the water at the mouth of the passage just ahead. It is so much trouble to take the cover off the tender and put it on again tight that we thought we would try to get through without it, but we couldn't. We finally got Chris out in the tender and five minutes' tow was enough. Whew! How that wind did blow up Rosario Strait. The

"A STRONG WIND AND A SMOOTH SEA."

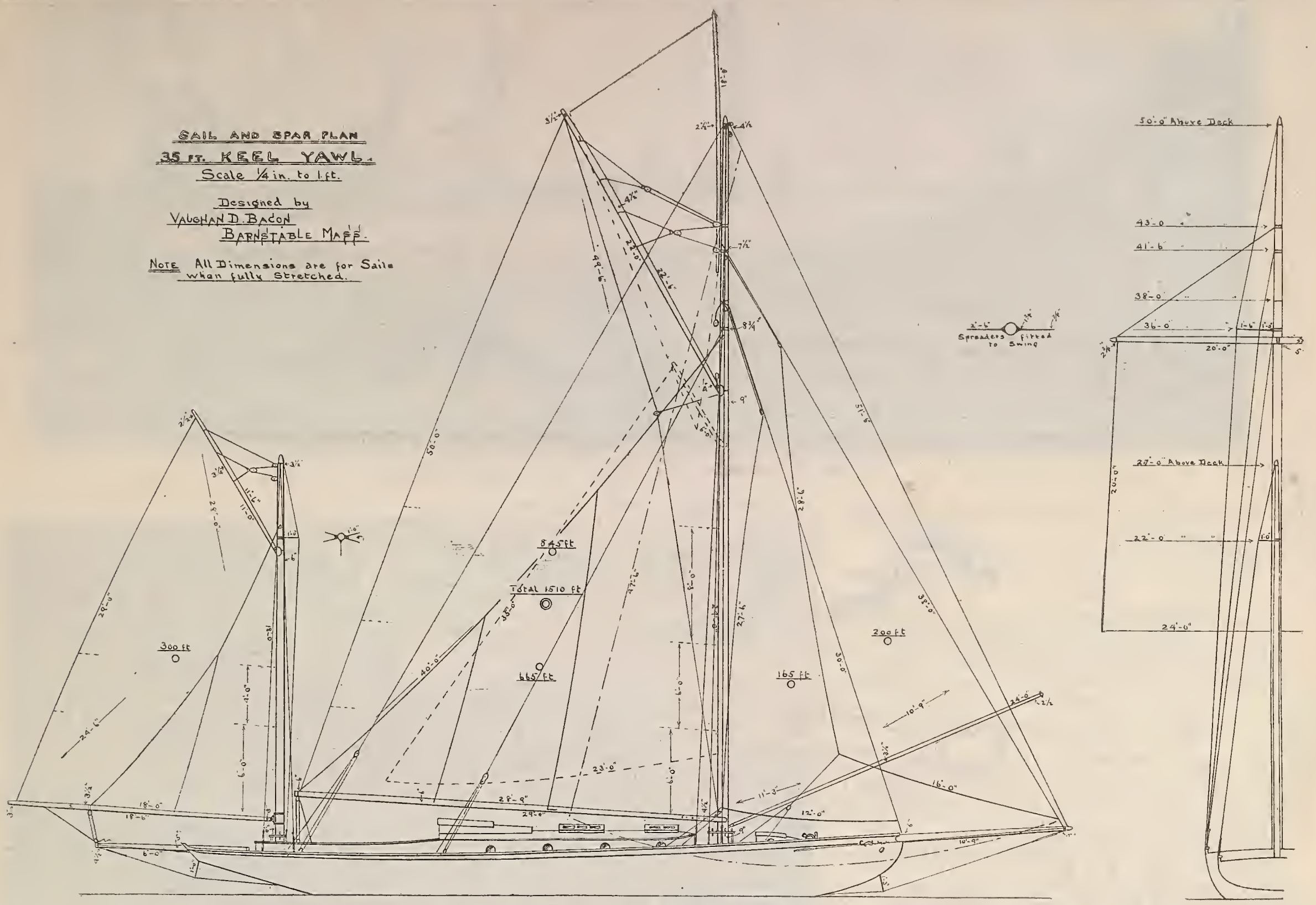
tender dropped the tow line and then tried in vain to catch up. We had to heave to and wait for it. Then easing main and head sheets we jogged along under foresail only until the cover could be made fast on the tender. With a quartering wind we romped across Rosario Strait, rounded the southern point of Lummi Island and opened up the city of Whatcom, off which we dropped anchor about 6 P. M.

We spent two days in Whatcom and said good-bye to the Lawyer and the Artist, who left by train for Vancouver, B. C. We left Whatcom about noon and anchored that night in Watmouth Bight, a very secure and sheltered harbor in the southeast side of Lopez Island. This is a good port of departure for the run across the straits. A salmon trap is situated here and the trap men kindly presented us with a king salmon that would weigh at least 25 pounds.

For our passage across the straits we had very little



CRUISING YAWL—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY V. D. BACON FOR T. W. HOBRON, COMMODORE HAWAIIAN Y. C., 1903.



CRUISING YAWL—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY V. D. BACON FOR T. W. HOBRON, COMMODORE HAWAIIAN Y. C., 1903.

wind and evening found us becalmed off Smith Island. There is anchorage off the north shore in about four fathoms, protected to some extent from prevailing westerly winds by a bed of kelp nearly a mile in extent. No vessel should lie here, however, with any appearance of bad weather. The next morning we were under way at 4 A. M., but with a very light breeze which failed altogether about 7 o'clock with us not more than three miles on our way. We started towing and kept at it steadily the whole morning, Chris, Jim and the writer each taking one hour shifts and relieving each other. The water was just like oil. Not a single catspaw visible in any direction. The sun was like a ball of copper through the haze, caused by smoke from forest fires. We took the circuitous course shown by the chart in order to avail ourselves of the ebb tide on which we left Smith Island, and later the flood tide, on which we wished to be sure and make Port Townsend, and not be again carried back up Rosario Strait. Everything worked to a charm. We towed through the very spot where the tide rips had been so fierce less than two weeks before, and passed inside of Point Wilson about noon. Inside the bay there was a nice land breeze, so we trimmed the sails which had been flapping idly all the morning and stood in until off the town where anchor was dropped only long enough to get the mail and some fresh provisions. Then anxious to get back to Seattle, we were again on our way with a nice free wind which held until evening, when we anchored about five miles north of Apple Tree Cove.

Nearly another whole day of light airs was necessary to make the last 25 miles, but it was accomplished at last and about 4 P. M. we picked up a mooring at the Seattle Yacht Club anchorage and the cruise of the Rambler was finished.

Design for a Cruising Yawl.

IN 1899 Mr. T. W. Hobron, commodore of the Hawaiian Y. C., had a 25ft. waterline cruising knockabout built in San Francisco from designs made by Mr. Vaughan D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass. The boat, which was named Gladys, was shipped out to Honolulu on the deck of a steamer. For the last four years Mr. Hobron has used Gladys constantly for racing and offshore cruising in the Pacific. She proved to be such a very satisfactory craft that when the time came when he wanted a larger boat he commissioned Mr. Bacon to get up the plans.

We publish in this issue the plans of Mr. Hobron's new boat. She is 10ft. longer on the waterline than Gladys, and is to be rigged as a yawl. The new boat will be built in San Francisco and will make the long trip out to Honolulu on her own bottom.

The dimensions of the boat are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	50ft.
L. W. L.	35ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	.6ft.
Aft	9ft.
Freeboard to plankshеer—	
Bow	3ft. 11in.
Least	2ft. 6in.
Stern	3ft. 3in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	12ft. 8in.
L. W. L.	12ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	7ft.
Displacement	19 tons
Ballast	7.5 tons
Sail area—	
Jib	200 sq. ft.
Staysail	165 sq. ft.
Mainsail	845 sq. ft.
Mizzen	300 sq. ft.
Total	1,510 sq. ft.

The displacement is generous, and the construction ample for a boat of 40 to 46ft. waterline, as she is intended for offshore cruising. The deadwood is arranged so that an auxiliary can be installed at any time, the engine being placed under half deck between cabin and cockpit. The companionway is on the starboard side of the center and leads into a steerage containing chart table (which can be used for extra berth, if desired), drawers, chart and book shelves, and locker for oilskins. Opposite, on the port side, is the owner's stateroom, with bureau, clothes locker, set wash bowl, drawers under berth, etc. The main cabin has two regular berths with transoms to extend, making two extra berths, with lockers and drawers under berths, floor space between transoms, 4ft. sideboard and small lockers and extension table. Forward of the main cabin is the toilet room to starboard, with patent closet, set wash bowl and linen and clothes lockers. The headroom, in cabin under carlins, is 6ft. 2in. The galley is large and roomy, with dresser, sink, ice chests, food and dish lockers. Forecastle has patent closet for crew, lockers and two pipe berths. The water tanks, under the cockpit at each side, have a capacity of 200 gallons, and are piped to stateroom, galley and toilet. The sail plan is small and snug, and includes topsail, balloon jib topsail, storm topsail and square sail for running in heavy weather.

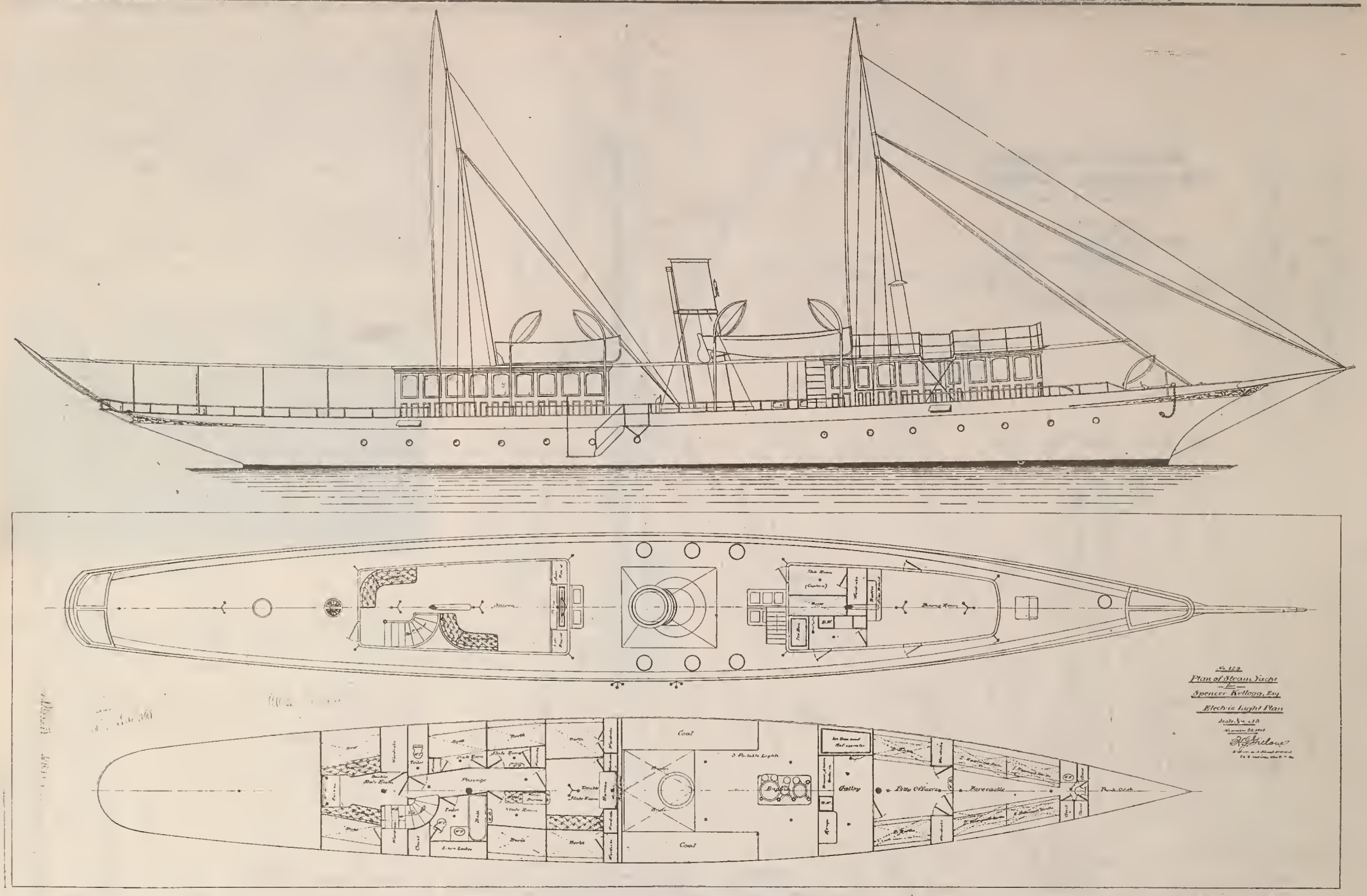
Yale Corinthian Y. C's. New House

IT is hoped that the new Yale Corinthian Y. C. house at Morris Cove, will be ready by the middle of this month. The house is 31ft. wide, 40ft. long, with a piazza 12ft. wide running across the entire front. From this piazza two large double glass doors lead into the main room of the building, which is 30 by 20ft., with a great fireplace at the rear end. The woodwork of this room, when finished, will be stained a dark color and the hangings will be red. To the left and rear of the main room, looking from the front, will be a large kitchen, while to the right and rear will be the locker room, completely fitted up. On the second floor three large rooms are being fitted up for the servants of the club. C. F. Greishaber, of Norcross Brothers, who is superintending the work on the Bicentennial buildings, is the architect of the new house. The officers of the present year are as follows: Com., D. R. McKee, '03; Vice-Com., W. A. Clark, '03S.; Rear Com., David Boies, '04; Treas., R. H. Thomas, '05; Sec., W. L. Mitchell, '04.

The Yale Corinthian Y. C. from a very small beginning in 1881, has grown to a membership of nearly 400, with a large field of boats. In 1881 the club was known as "The Yale Y. C.," and its membership was about thirty. The officers were: Com., John J. Phelps, '83; Vice-Com., William H. Parsons, Jr., '82; Sec. and Treasurer, John B. Woodward, '83. The fleet consisted of nine yachts, varying from a 21ft. catboat, La Cigale, owned by J. E. Wayland, '83, to a 45ft. schooner Edith, owned by H. L. Whittlesey, '84. This unpretentious fleet had its anchorage at Morris Cove, where the clubhouse was situated. From this humble beginning the club grew very rapidly, tripling its membership the following year, and enlarging its fleet In 1885 the interest in yachting began to decline and shortly after that the club went out of existence. It was not until 1892 that sufficient interest was shown in yachting to warrant reorganizing the club. The following year the yacht club was reorganized under the name of the Yale Corinthian Y. C. The officers at this time were: Com., Guy B. Miller, '94; Vice-Com., Henry B. Harris, '95; Rear Com., William A. Delano, '95; Sec. and Treas., Harold W. Buck, '94S. The members numbered about 200. The fleet also was greatly increased, amounting to about thirty yachts. The clubhouse and anchorage as before were situated at Morris Cove.

From this time on the club advanced rapidly. In the summer of 1894 a regatta was sailed with Harvard, on June 27, the day before the Yale-Harvard boat race at New London. There were five classes entered, ranging from sloops and cutters of 30 to 40ft. waterline, to catboats of below 20ft. waterline. Schooners were entered in the race, rating 84 per cent. of their waterline. The challenge cup offered for this regatta was won by Yale with a total of 21 points to Harvard's 16. In 1895 the club had a regatta open to all yacht clubs having stations on Long Island Sound. The yachts entered in this regatta were restricted to a racing length of 60ft. In the spring of 1897 the club decided to build a new 15ft. racing class of half-raters. These boats were designed and built by W. H. Hand, of New Bedford. Their dimensions were 15ft. on the waterline, 21ft. 9in. over all, 6ft. 3in. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft, with the centerboard down. There was a sail area of 350 sq. ft. in their jib and mainsail rig.

Although the one-design class of 1897 proved a failure in point of design, the idea of a one-design class was followed out in 1901 in the Swampscott dories. These boats were built by Gerry E. Emmons, of Swampscott, Mass. Their dimensions are: Length of the waterline, 17ft.; over all, 21ft.; beam, 5ft.; draft, 6in., with centerboard down 3ft. The rig is a leg of mutton mainsail and a small jib, with a total sail area of 190 sq. ft. The fleet of dories now numbers 28, and for this class two races are given every week for cups offered by the club and by graduates. The scoring for a series is one point for finishing and one point for every boat astern. Besides the one-design class now in the Yale Corin-



STEAM YACHT ELGRUDOR—OUTBOARD PROFILE, CABIN AND DECK PLANS—DESIGNED BY HENRY J. GIELOW FOR SPENCER KELLOGG, 1902.

than N. C., there are 22 other yachts in the fleet, ranging from a 85ft. yawl to a 20ft. catboat.—Yale Alumni Weekly.

The Steam Yacht Elgrudor.

WE publish herewith the outboard profile, cabin and deck plans of the steam yacht Elgrudor, that is now under construction at Mr. Robert Jacob's yard at City Island. She was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, and is being built under his supervision for Mr. Spencer Kellogg, of Buffalo.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	127ft.	6in.
L. W. L.	101ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	11ft.	
Aft	15ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	16ft.	4in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	9ft.	
Least	5ft	6in.
Aft	6ft.	6in.

Elgrudor is a handsome vessel of steel construction, and will undoubtedly prove fast. She is schooner rigged, and has one funnel. Four boats will be carried on the davits.

There are two deck houses each 23ft. in length. In the forward house is the dining saloon 14ft. 6in. long. In the after end of the deck house, on the port side, is the captain's stateroom, and opposite, on the starboard side, is the pantry, which is connected with the galley on the deck below by a dumbwaiter. The deck house aft will be used as a general lounging room.

The forecastle is 12ft. long, and has accommodation for eight men. In the forward end is a wash basin and patent closet for the men, as well as ample locker room for their clothes. Aft of the forecastle is a room for the petty officers, which is 9ft. long, and has berths for four men. On either side is a large wardrobe for their belongings. Next aft comes the galley, which is 6ft. long and runs the full width of the boat. This room is equipped with all modern fittings that will aid the cook in his work. Aft of the galley is the engine and boiler space, 22ft. long.

The owner's quarters are aft of the engine space, and are reached by a staircase from the after deck house. The owner's stateroom is 8ft. long and extends the full width of the vessel. This room is separated from the engine room by two steel bulkheads with an air space between. Along the forward end of the stateroom are hanging lockers, drawers and the bureau. On either side of the room there is a berth. A passageway runs aft from the owner's room that gives access to the other staterooms. On the port side of the passage are two staterooms, each 6ft. 6in. long and a toilet room 2ft. 6in. long. On the starboard side of the passageway is a stateroom 6ft. 6in. long, and a bath room 6ft. 6in. long. A door at the after end of the passage opens into the after stateroom or ladies' cabin, which is 8ft. 6in. long. All the staterooms are roomy and will be very attractively fitted up. The rooms below are well ventilated by either port holes or skylights. The yacht is lighted throughout by electricity. Elgrudor is fast nearing completion, and will be launched early in the season.

Conditions Governing Match for Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup.

Conditions agreed upon between the Manhasset Bay Y. C. and the Indian Harbor Y. C., to govern a match to be sailed for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup under the auspices of the Manhasset Bay Y. C., during season of 1903:

Management of Match.—The match shall be managed by a committee of three judges; one to be selected by the Manhasset Bay Y. C., one by the Indian Harbor Y. C. (neither of whom shall be a member of the respective clubs), and the third to be chosen by the two thus selected. Each club shall nominate its representative and notify the other club of his acceptance of the nomination, not later than May 1, 1903.

This committee shall have all the powers of a race committee, and shall elect its chairman from their own number.

Subject to the Declaration of Trust governing the cup and these conditions, the committee shall have the entire direction of the match.

Date of Races.—The races of the match shall be sailed on Monday, June 29; Tuesday, June 30, and Wednesday, July 1.

In the event of failure to race on any of the dates scheduled, for any reason deemed sufficient by the committee, or in the event of a tie, as a result of the first three races, the series shall be continued daily thereafter, Sunday excepted, until the match is won.

Crews.—Each club competing shall file with the committee on the completion of each day's race a crew certificate on the standard form of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, which, in addition to the details called for, must state the club to which each amateur member of the crew of its representative yacht belongs.

Time Limit.—For a race of the match to count as such one of the yachts competing must cross the finish line within five hours after the starting signal is given for such race.

Courses.—It is hereby agreed and understood that the distance to be sailed over windward and leeward courses shall approximate 16 nautical miles, and over triangular courses, 18 nautical miles.

The races of the match shall be sailed in the following order: Monday, June 29, to windward and leeward; Tuesday, June 30, over triangular course; Wednesday, July 1, to windward and leeward.

Should any additional races be necessary to decide the winner of the match they shall be sailed alternately over the above courses.

Starts and Signals.—The starts shall be made from the black and red buoy to the northward and eastward of Execution Light, except where a windward and leeward course cannot be laid from this point, in which event the committee shall establish a starting point as near as possible to said buoy.

The windward and leeward course shall be laid to a mark down the Sound, four nautical miles to windward or leeward of the starting point, and shall be sailed twice over, the marks to be rounded on the starboard hand. The compass bearings shall be announced before the hoisting of the preparatory signal.

The triangular course shall be from the same starting point to the red spar buoy off Scotch Caps, thence to a mark off Red Springs point in Hempstead Bay, thence to the starting point, the course to be sailed over twice. All marks to be rounded on the starboard hand, unless it be deemed desirable by the committee that the course be sailed in the reverse direction, when they shall be left on the port hand.

The starting signals shall be as follows:

Preparatory—Hoisting of the blue peter on the committee boat.
Warning—Five minutes later, hoisting of a red ball.
Start—Five minutes later, dropping of the red ball.

Attention shall be called to each signal by the firing of a gun or blowing of a whistle aboard the committee boat.

Signed, sealed and delivered on the 3d day of April, 1903.

MAMHASSET BAY Y. C.,
Per Secretary.
INDIAN HARBOR Y. C.,
Per Secretary.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

At a recent meeting of the Ocean Y. C., Stapleton, Staten Island, the following officers were elected: Com., Otto E. Schroeder; Vice-Com., William Olsen; Rear Com., William Anderson; Fleet Captain, William Lindsay; Fleet Surgeon, Arthur T. Welch; Sec., Henry Harder; Treas., Frank Rieff.

The Yacht Masters' and Engineers' Association have elected the following officers: Pres., George E. Nutter; Vice-Pres., Jefferson S. Briggs; Treas., Elbert F. Bishop; Sec., Henry T. Smith; Trustees, T. I. Miller, Henry Lang, Harry Betts, D. W. Pratt and D. C. Packard; Quartermaster, C. W. Wood and C. J. Peterson. The association's headquarters are at the foot of Twenty-third Street, South Brooklyn.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. has given out the racing schedule for the coming season, which is as follows:

May 21, Thursday, Glen Cove course, 90-footers; 23, Saturday, Glen Cove course, 90-footers; 26, Tuesday, Glen Cove course, 90-footers; 28, Thursday, Glen Cove course, 90-footers; 30, Saturday, Glen Cove course, 90-footers; June 8, Monday, off Sandy Hook, 90-footers; 11, Thursday, Annual Regatta, New York Bay; 12, Friday, off Sandy Hook, 90-footers; 15, Monday, Glen Cove cups; 27, Saturday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers; 30, Tuesday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers; July 2, Thursday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers; 4, Saturday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers; 6, Monday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers; 8, Wednesday, Newport, R. I., 90-footers.

Annual Cruise.—July 16, Thursday, Glen Cove; 17, Friday, Morris Cove; 18, Saturday, New London; 19, Sunday, New London; 20, Monday, Newport, R. I.; 21, Tuesday, Vineyard Haven; 22, Wednesday, Newport, R. I.; 23, Thursday, Astor Cups, Newport, R. I.; 24, Friday, disband, Newport, R. I.

Newport Series.—July 27, Monday, Newport, R. I.; 28, Tuesday, Newport, R. I.; 29, Wednesday, Newport, R. I.

Trial Races.—July 30, Thursday, Newport, R. I.; Aug. 1, Saturday, Newport, R. I.; 4, Tuesday, Newport, R. I.; 6, Thursday, Newport, R. I.; 8, Saturday, Newport, R. I.

America's Cup Races.—Aug. 20, Thursday, Sandy Hook lightship; 22, Saturday, Sandy Hook lightship; 25, Tuesday, Sandy Hook lightship; 27, Thursday, Sandy Hook lightship; 29, Saturday, Sandy Hook lightship.

Autumn Race.—Sept. 17, Thursday, Glen Cove course.

* * *

The complete racing schedule of the New York C. C. for this season is as follows:

June 13—Spring regatta.
June 20—Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Brooklyn Y. C.
June 27—Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.
July 11—Record sailing for open and decked canoes. Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Bensonhurst Y. C.
July 18—Record sailing.
July 25—Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Marine and Field Club.
Aug. 1—Record sailing. Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Brooklyn Y. C.
Sept. 5—Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay.
Sept. 12—Fall regatta.
Sept. 19—Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, Bensonhurst Y. C.

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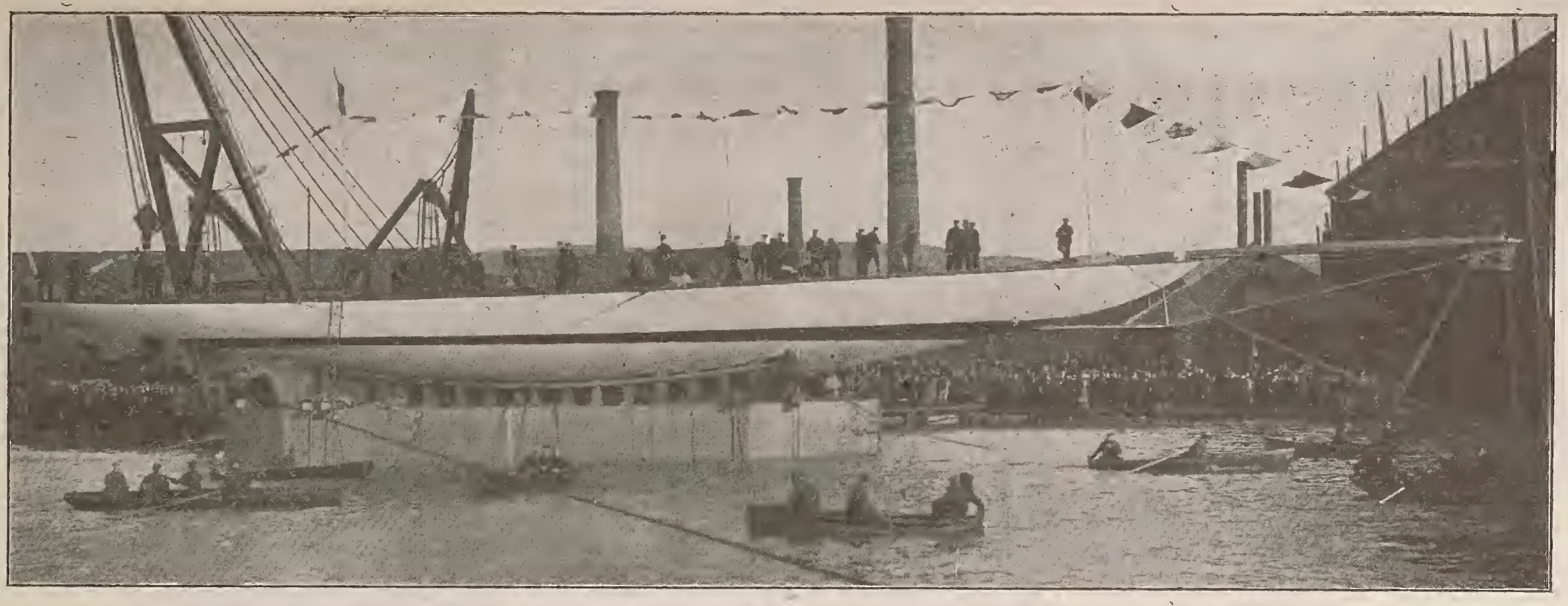
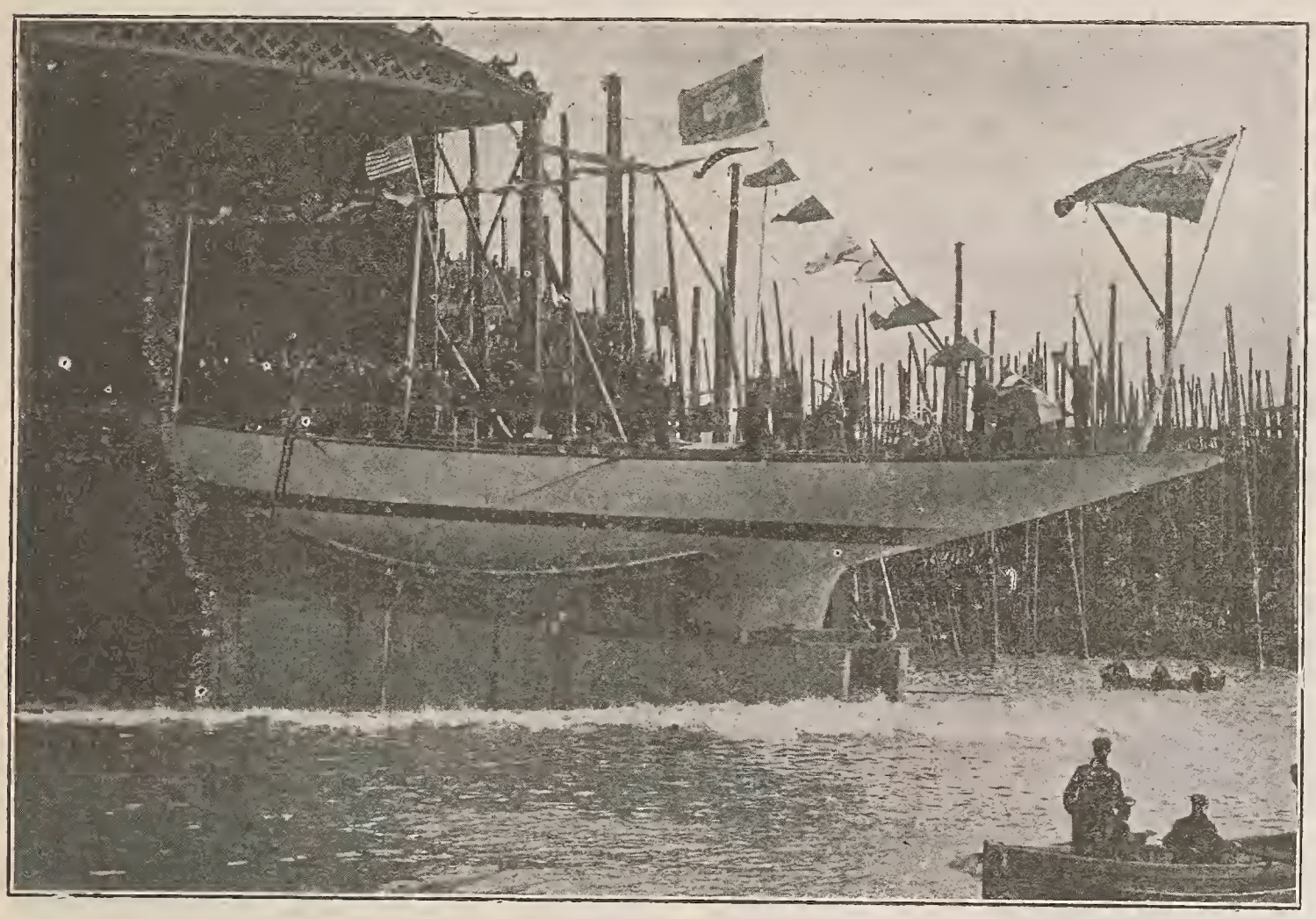
At the annual meeting of the Portland Y. C., held in March, the following were elected officers for the coming year: Com., Dr. Charles W. Bray; Vice-Com.,



THE LAUNCHING OF SHAMROCK III.—BROADSIDE VIEW.



THE LAUNCHING OF SHAMROCK III.—STERN VIEWS.

Fritz H. Jordan; Sec., Charles W. Small; Treas., Carl F. A. Weber.

The following were appointed by the Commodore: Fleet Captain, Philip I. Jones; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. William H. Bradford.

* * *

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Southern Y. C. took place at New Orleans, La., April 2, the following officers being elected: Com., Albert Baldwin; ViceCom., A. M. Cooke; Rear Com., J. A. Rawlins; Treas., J. J. Hooper; Sec., L. D. Sampsell.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Czarina, the steam yacht built at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., for Mr. Charles S. Bryan, was successfully launched on Saturday afternoon, April 4. She is built throughout of steel and the hull is sub-divided into six watertight compartments. There is a double bottom which runs the entire length of the vessel. She is 166ft. 3in. over all, 140ft. waterline, 22ft. breadth and 8ft. 6in. draft. Her engines are of 1,800 indicated horse-power, and her builders guarantee a speed of 15 knots. Her coal bunkers have a large capacity, and she will have a steaming radius of 3,000 miles at a 9-knot speed.

In the forward deck house are the music room, owner's room and bath, dining room and pantry. Below deck the owner's quarters are forward of the engine space, while the officers' and crew's quarters are aft.

Four boats are carried on the davits, a launch, a gig, a cutter and a dinghy. The yacht is lighted throughout by electricity.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.

Second, $25.00.

Third, $15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Life Members.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to inform you that in accordance with the amendments to the constitution and by-laws of the American

Canoe Association, the following have been constituted life members. The names are entered in the order of their receipt by the Board of Governors from Edward Muller, purser, Atlantic Division A. C. A.:

Robert J. Wilkin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; Frank C. Moore, Bensonhurst, N. Y.

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
President Bd. of Gov. A. C. A.

APRIL 4.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on March 29 the following scores were shot. A strong, changeable wind prevailed all day, which made high scores scarce.

Our semi-annual 100-shot match took place at this shoot.

Gindele and Nestler shot well, considering the weather. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, Standard target:

Nestler	90	88	83	82	82	81	80	80	79	77—822
Gindele	89	89	87	84	84	82	82	79	76	73—825
Strickmeier	84	84	82	80	79	79	79	78	74	66—785
Payne	83	81	80	76	74	74	74	72	70	63—747
Hofer	82	80	78	78	77	74	71	71	69	66—746
Lux	81	79	77	76	74	73	72	68	67	67—734
Bruns	81	77	74	74	73	..	..	..	..	..
Odell	80	79	79	78	77	76	74	74	72	72—761
Roberts	79	77	77	74	72	69	69	68	65	52—702
Jonscher	79	76	75	72	71	..	..	..	..	..
Trounstine	76	75	74	73	68	67	66	66	65	61—691
Hofman	76	75	72	70	68	..	..	..	..	..
Drube	75	73	70	60	58	..	..	..	..	..
Freitag	75	73	69	65	64	..	..	..	..	..

Honor target: Nestler 21, Gindele 23, Payne 24, Hofer 23, Lux 18, Odell 23, Roberts 20, Jonscher 21, Trounstine 20, Hofman 21, Drube 17, Freitag 24.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

*April 8.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

April 10.—North Hudson Driving Park, N. J.—Second annual individual Eastern championship at live birds; 20 birds, $10, birds included.

April 10.—New Haven, Conn., Gun Club's all-day tournament. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Can.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec-y-Treas.

April 14-17.—Kansas City, Mo.—The Interstate Association's fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, at Blue River Shooting Park. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

April 16.—Kent, O.—Portage County Gun Club's tri-county shoot. W. L. Lyman, Sec'y.

April 18.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Open shoot for live-bird championship of York county, Pa., and all-day shoot of Glen Rock Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.

April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

April 20.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.

April 21-22.—Attica, Ind., Gun Club's tournament. C. B. Lamme, Sec'y.

April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.

April 22.—Rushylvania, O., Gun Club's shoot.

April 22-23.—Troy, O., Gun Club's tournament.

*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.

April 26.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's shoot. G. R. Schneider, Sec'y.

April 28-30.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's tournament.

April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.

April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.

May 1-2.—Annual spring shoot of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.

May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.

*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.

May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.

May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.

May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.

May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.

May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crousc, Sec'y.

May 14-16.—El Reno, Okl.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament.

May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.

May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.

May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.

*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.

**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.

June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.

June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.

**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J0 Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The tournament of the Limited Gun Club was held on April 2 and 3.

There were thirty-six shooters on the first day. Kit Shephardson was high gun with 188 out of 200. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	10	25	20	15	15	10
Nash	7	13	17	20	8	11	12	20	14	13	11	10
Jeffers	7	14	19	22	10	15	8	22	19	12	14	10
Partington	10	13	20	22	10	13	..	22	16	13	15	..
Michaelis	8	15	19	22	8	15	17	15	18	14	14	9
Clark	10	13	20	24	9	14	18	20	18	15	13	10
Farrell	8	13	16	24	9	11	11	19	14	11	10	..
Wiggins	9	14	19	21	10	13	16	21	17	13	14	8
Voris	8	12	18	21	9	14	16	21	18	15	13	10
Davis	7	10	15	24	9	13	15	18	15	..	..	..
Phellis	7	14	16	25	10	12	17	23	16	14	14	9
Le Compte	9	12	20	24	9	15	15	24	18	14	15	10
Faust	6	14	19	22	8	9	17	22	17	14	15	10
Kirby	6	11	17	22	8	11	15	22	14	11	15	9
Washburn	6	8	16	20	5	14	12	18	14	12	14	8
Head	10	15	17	21	6	12	16	22	19	12	14	7
Shephardson	7	15	18	25	10	15	18	22	20	13	14	10
Flynn	9	14	18	23	10	15	16	20	19	15	15	9
Tripp	7	15	18	23	10	14	13	23	17	14	14	10
Harcourt	5	9	9	7	0	5	..	..	17	6	9	7
Hardesty	7	12	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	11	13	..
De Lunch	7	13	16	16	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dietrich	..	..	..	23	9	15	..	..	19	14	13	10
Mac	..	..	..	21	7	13	14	22	15	14	10	9
Leeson	..	..	..	16	9	13	..	..	18	10	..	..
Smoke	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	17	16	..	..	..
Short	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	16	14	9	..	..
Adamson	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	18	..	..	..	..
Gus	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	21	17	13	11	8
Trout	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	17	18	12	13	..
Bridges	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	17	8	..	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	..	..
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13	..
H M S	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..

On the second day there was a falling off in attendance. Mr. J. L. Head was high gun on the second day with 183 out of 200 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	10	25	20	15	15	10
Head	10	15	18	24	10	13	16	19	18	8	23	9
Tripp	9	12	19	22	9	14	18	23	17	13	13	8
Wiggins	8	11	20	22	10	15	17	18	16	11	13	9
Faust	7	13	18	24	8	12	16	21	12	12	11	9
Clark	8	13	19	24	10	11	16	22	14	8	12	8
Shepardson	10	15	18	22	9	14	16	18	13	12	13	10
Flynn	7	13	18	23	9	15	14	20	16	10	12	8
Washburn	8	12	15	20	8	9	12	18	10	9	10	8
Le Compte	9	15	19	24	10	14	19	23	17	12	13	9
Gus	9	9	14	22	6	8	16	12	13	10	12	5
Michaelis	10	15	19	24	7	13	11	23	12	8	9	8
Kirby	8	15	15	16	5	13	14	22	13	9	14	8
Nash	6	13	19	22	8	13	16	18	12	12	11	6
Phellis	8	14	19	21	9	14	17	21	13	11	12	8
North	9	13	16	16	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jeffers	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crawford	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	15	12	13	7

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Wissinoming, Pa., May 18-21, under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club, has an attractive and elaborate programme. There will be $1,000 in prizes. The special events are as follows: First day, Tuesday, May 19.—State event No. 1, sweepstake, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $100 guaranteed, surplus added, divided 25, 20, 18, 15, 12 and 10 per cent.; State event No. 2, Milt Lindsley trophy, two-man teams. 25 singles and 5 pairs, $4 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30, and 20 per cent.; State event No. 3, Florists' handicap, 25 targets, $1 entrance, optional sweep, $1.50, Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1 points, Speed handicap. Second day, Wednesday, May 20.—State event No. 4, Wolstencroft trophy, 50 targets, $1 entrance, optional sweep $2, $10 added, divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; State event No. 5, Sportsmen's merchandise handicap, 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, speed handicap; State event No. 6, Harrisburg trophy, three-man teams, 25 targets, $6 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Third day, Thursday, May 21.—State event No. 7, Sweepstake, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $100 guaranteed, surplus added, divided 25, 20, 18, 15, 12 and 10 per cent.; State event No. 8, Reading trophy, four-man teams, 25 targets, $8 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; State event No. 9, consolation handicap, 25 targets, $1.50 entrance, optional sweep $1, Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1 points, speed handicap. On May 19, 20 and 21 respectively there are six amateur events, four at 15 and two at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2; $8 added to each event. Fourth day, Friday, May 22.—On Keystone Shooting League grounds, at Holmesburg Junction, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League.—Event No. 1, open to all, 12 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included, handicap rise 26 to 33yds., divided, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; event No. 2, State event, L. C. Smith trophy, three-man teams, 15 live birds per man, entrance per team $25, divided 40, 35, and 25 per cent.; event No. 3, State event, Denny-Wilson trophy, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, cup and 40 per cent. to winner, the next three highest scores to receive 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. Event No. 4, open to all, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, birds included, handicap rise 26 to 33yds., divided three high guns, for every five entries over twenty an extra money will be made. Fifth day, Saturday, May 23.—Event No. 5, open to all, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, birds included, handicap rise 26 to 33yds., divided three high guns; for every five entries over twenty an extra money will be made; event No. 6, State event, Williamsport trophy, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., class shooting; event No. 7, open to all, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included, handicap rise 26 to 33yds., divided, three moneys, Rose system, 8, 5, 3 points.

In open amateur sweeps daily average will be given Pennsylvania State Association members only, as follows: Ten dollars to the four high guns and $5 to the two low guns, $2.50 each. In open amateur sweeps general average will be given State Association members only, as follows: Ten dollars to first; $7 to second, $5 to third, $3 to fourth; class shooting. In open amateur sweeps lowest general average will be given State Association members only, as follows: Five dollars to lowest, $3 to the second lowest, $2 to the third lowest; class shooting; general average means total for three days, or 300 shots. A trophy will be given State Association member making highest average in State events Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 9, a total of 165 shots; also a trophy to lowest average. A tax of 50 cents a day will be required of all shooters in open amateur sweeps. This purse will be divided among all amateurs, State or outside, who shoot through the three days' events and fail to win back their entrance. Divided on percentage of loss, the greatest losers will receive the largest amount. The events at flying targets on May 19, 20 and 21 have been arranged and are under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club. The events at live birds on May 22 and 23 have been arranged and are under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League. Annual meeting will be held at Florists' club rooms, Horticultural Hall, Broad street, below Locust, Philadelphia, Wednesday evening, May 20, at 8 P. M. Shooting will commence each day on arrival of 8:25 A. M. train from Broad street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Railroad. Interstate Association rules will govern. Four magautraps with electric motor will throw bluerock targets. All ties in sweeps to be divided. Ties in merchandise handicaps will be shot off unless otherwise agreed upon. Traps ready for practice and open sweeps on Monday, May 18. No practice shooting will be allowed before events on May 19, 20 and 21. To reach grounds, take Pennsylvania Railroad from Broad street to Wissinoming, Pa. Trains leave 8:25, 9:58, 12:02, 1:10, 1:50, 2:33. Leave Wissinoming 3:20, 4:35, 5:04, 6, 6:51. Trolleys on Third or Fifth street marked "Frankford," or on Third street marked "Bridesburg," change at Bridge street for Wissinoming.

The programme of the Mississippi Trapshooters' tenth amateur target tournament, May 4 to 6, under the auspices of the Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club, can be obtained of the secretary, J. J. Bradfield, Vicksburg. Valuable prizes and $300 in cash are added. Targets, 2 cents. No handicaps. Moneys divided Rose system. Sweepstakes open to all amateurs. One and one-third fare on all railroads for the round trip, certificate plan, has been secured. On the first day, there are seven programme events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. On the second day there are ten events at 15, 20 and 25 targets, $15 added to each event. Events 9 and 10 are for the Febacher individual championship trophy, to which only League members are eligible. On the third day there are ten events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, of which event 7, at 25 bluerocks, is for the Peters Cartridge Company team championship trophy, and event 9, 25 bluerocks, is for the Schneider trophy, open to all amateurs. In event 1, the Peters Cartridge Company offer an $80 gun as a prize. In each event $15 is added. Entrance based on 10 cents per target.

The prospectus of the seventeenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, at targets, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Gun Club, June 9-11, is now ready for distribution. On the first day there are seven events at 15, one at 25 and one at 30 targets; the Press-Post trophy, and State Journal cup is shot for on this day. On the second day there are seven events at 15, one at 50 and one at 25 targets; the Smith trophy and Sportsman Review trophy are shot for on this day. Third day, five events at 15, one at 100, and one special event at 25 targtes, and the five-man team race for Shooting and Fishing cup on this day. To the five high guns, $50; to the ten low guns, $50. To the gun making the longest run, $25. To the gun making the greatest number of straight scores, $20. Manufacturers' agents barred. Every one can shoot for moneys, but only members of the League can win the trophies. The official programme will be issued May 1.

The programme of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournament, Allegheny, Pa., April 8-9, provides ten like events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1 50 and $2. Targets 2 cents, included in entrance. From each target trapped, one-half cent will be deducted and added to the purses in each event. Money divided Rose system. No contestant other than a paid representative will be permitted to shoot for targets only. Events 5 to 7, inclusive, a total of 50 targets, will be the four-man team contest for the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooter's League trophy. Events 2, 3, 4 5 and 6 will have merchandise prizes.

On Monday evening of last week Gen. William H. Jackson died of Bright's disease at Belle Meade, near Nashville, Tenn. He was a splendid type of the Southern gentleman, and the Southern mansion at Belle Meade was of more than national fame for its generous hospitality. Gen. Jackson was best known, in the world of sport, as a breeder of thoroughbreds, many horses of his breeding proving to be of the best. He was also well known in sports of dog and gun. In 1878 the Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association held its fifth annual trials at Belle Meade, Gen. Jackson acting as one of the judges. A few years ago, a trapshooting tournament of national scope was held at Belle Meade.

Gen. Jackson was born at Paris, Tenn., Oct. 1, 1835. He graduated from West Point in 1858. In the war between the States, he espoused the Confederate cause, and was conspicuous for chivalry and bravery. He rose to high place, and near the close of the war was in command of Forrest's division and a Texas brigade. On the death of Gen. W. H. Harding, whose daughter he married, Belle Meade came under his control. A list of the famous horses bred at Belle Meade would be a long one. About a year ago, owing to financial reverses the horses and mares at Belle Meade were sold at auction, and the worry entailed by his troubles were no small cause in hastening his end. The universal esteem and affection which he won by his courteous and upright life is the greatest testimonial to his sterling worth.

Victory again perched on the banner of the Crescent Athletic Club, of New York, in its contest with the Boston Athletic Association on April 4. This was a return match, and was shot on the B. A. A. grounds at Riverside. The first match was shot on the Crescent Athletic Club grounds, at Bay Ridge, L. I., March 21, and was won by a score of 599 to 645. The second by a score of 701 to 633, a total of 107 targets in favor of the Crescent for the two contests. The $100 cup thus becomes the property of the Crescent Athletic Club. In each contest there were eight men to a team and each man shot at 100 targets.

A correspondent writes us that Mr. James M. Spencer, president of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, recently returned from North Carolina, where he has been sojourning for several weeks in search of health and recreation. While there Mr. Spencer experienced the novelty of hunting quail on horseback, and pronounces that method a success. As this gentleman is an expert horseman, as well as wing shot, this method of hunting must have indeed been very fascinating to him.

At the shoot of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, April 2 and 3, Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., won the Grand Hotel cup, with 47 out of a possible 50.

The daily press recounts that at Shenandoah, Pa., on March 30 a pigeon-sweepstake was shot at 5 birds. There were eight entries. Earl Frost killed straight and won $25. John Galvin, Joe Farnell and P. Grant killed three and divided $15. In itself the performance was not remarkable, but as an El Dorado for a good New York shooter, it has its fascinations. "If you win you lose, and if you lose you're ruined" is a colloquialism which does not apply to that section.

Mr. F. J. Waddell, of Cincinnati, writes us that "the Cincinnati party will leave Cincinnati for the Grand American Handicap, on Sunday, 12th inst., at 8:30 A. M., going via the C., H. & D. and Alton lines, arriving at Kansas City at 8:45 A. M. Monday, April 13. We are anticipating a very pleasant trip, and trust that all our sportsmen friends who are contemplating attending the Grand American will join us at Cincinnati."

Mr. Geo. W. Mains, secretary of the Enterprise Gun Club, McKeesport, Pa., writes us that his club's old grounds at Wildwood Place have been abandoned and new ones secured at the point of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny rivers, that city, and have built everything new. The dates of the club's tournament for this year are June 17-18 and Sept. 9-10, ten events each day, Rose system.

At a meeting of the Enterprise Gun Club, held March 28, officers were elected as follows: Chas. H. Baird, President; Robert Knight, Vice-President; Geo. W. Mains, Secretary; J. F. Calhoun, Treasurer; Phil Rotzsch, Captain. Executive Board: Chas. H. Baird, Geo. W. Mains, Phil Rotzsch, L. W. Cannon, H. V. Bradshaw.

Mr. Charles G. Grubb, secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, Pittsburg, informs us that dates have been claimed for the clubs herein mentioned, as follows: Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, Aug. 5 and 6; Enterprise Gun Club, of McKeesport, June 17 and 18, and Sept. 9 and 10. These tournaments are under the auspices of the League.

At the Hopkins-Sears tournament, Des Moines, Ia., April 2 and 3, Mr. Fred Gilbert was high average for the two days with 88 per cent. Mr. C. B. Adams was high amateur on the first day with 88 per cent. Mr. W. B. Linell was high on the second day with 90 per cent.

Dr. J. W. Meek, secretary-treasurer of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, informs us that his club will open its trapshooting season on April 25, and will shoot regularly thereafter every Saturday till Nov. 1. He further states that the members anticipate an active and interesting season of trapshooting.

Mr. A. J. Miller defeated Mr. A. Felix, in a match at 100 live birds, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, on Saturday of last week. The scores were 68 to 66. The weather conditions were unfavorable, a gale of wind blowing across the traps.

The Grand American Handicap at target entries number 151, a list of which is presented in our trap columns elsewhere. With post entries, there will probably be about 175, which is something less than the wild estimates of 500 to 1,000.

The secretary, Mr. C. B. Axford, informs us that on April 18, at Rutherford, N. J., the Union Gun Club will shoot against the Boiling Springs Gun Club, for the Shooting and Fishing cup, and that all shooters are cordially invited.

F. H. Bushnell, a popular and skillful sportsman, of San Francisco, died March 22, in the forty-second year of his age. He was a member of the Field and Tule Gun Club, the Quo Vadis Fishing Club, and the Anglers' Club.

The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, will take place on April 26, a change made so as not to conflict with the date of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City. Mr. Geo. R. Schneider, Sec'y, 302 Broadway.

At the consolidated tournament of the Buffalo Bill and Grand Island, Neb., gun clubs, April 1 to 3, Mr. W. R. Crosby won high average. Mr. Townsend won the Schmelzer trophy with a score of 24 out of 25.

In the report of the Grand Island, Neb., tournament, Killmore presents the unpleasant information that the Nebraska Legislature at its present session may by statute make pigeon shooting at the traps illegal.

The Riverside Shooting Club, Topsham, Me., has fixed upon July 4 as the date for an all-day tournament. Mr. Fred W. Atkinson is the secretary.

The regular shoots of the Union Gun Club are fixed to take place on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at Rutherford, N. J.

The Scranton Rod and Gun Club commenced club competition for this season on April 4.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold its next shoot on April 19.

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., March 28.—There were a cloudy sky and a stiff wind blowing from the traps toward the firing points. Mr. Ed Rike, at the 16yd. mark scored 94 out of 100. His score fell off in the medal shoot, the extra 2yds being more difficult to solve. Gambell was able to be about again, and managed matters notwithstanding his recent injury in the way of a strained leg.

The indications are that Cincinnati will be well represented at the G. A. H. at Kansas City.

Mr. J. B. Mosby predicts not less than two hundred and fifty shooters to Ohio State shoot, and Superintendent Gambell says, "Bring 'em on; the more the merrier." The scores: Randall (16) 43, Medico (18) 41, Coleman (17) 40, R. Trimble (22) 40, Ahlers (19) 39, Rike (18) 39, Steinman (18) 38, J. B. (15) 38, Barker (18) 37, Dreihs (17) 36, Faran (17) 35, Nye (16) 35, Maynard (19) 35, E. Trimble (18) 35, Parker (17) 35, Falk (17) 34, Mc.B. (16) 34, Herman (16) 32, Block (18) 32, Roanoke (16) 31, Linn (16) 31, Capt. (16) 29, Willie (16) 29, Ackley (17) 29, Corry (18) 28, Jack (16) 27, Underwood (16) 27, Colonel (15) 20.

Randall's handicap was 19yds., but he stood at 16.

New England Kennel Club.

BRAINTREE, Mass., April 4.—At the weekly shoot of the New England Kennel Club to-day the club cup was won by G. Perry. In the contest for the Brookdale cup, to win which a member must have the best score at three different times, there was a tie between Mr. Perry and R. O. Harding. The scores follow:

Club cup, 25 targets: G. Perry (5) 21, R. O. Harding (7) 19, W. F. Beal (1) 17, E. Brooks (9) 16, C. S. French (0) 14, A. Blanchard (0) 5.

Brookdale Cup, 25 targets: G. Perry (5) 25, R. O. Harding (7) 25, E. Brooks (9) 22, A. Blanchard (0) 21, E. F. Beal (1) 21, R. H. Morgan (0) 18, C. S. French (0) 17.

Irwin Gun Club.

IRWIN, Pa., April 1.—The Irwin Gun Club held a shoot to-day and was favored with pleasant weather. The scores were commendably good, as follows, each man shooting at 100 targets: Brown 89, Withrow 88, Ross 84, Dr. Taylor 84, Wolf 82, Morris 82, Low 80, Wampler 76, F. Hockensmith 75, W. Hockensmith 71, Plank 70.

Grand Island Tournament.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb.—The spring shooting circuit in the West was introduced under favorable conditions April 1, 2 and 3, at Grand Island, in a tournament given under the management of Seivers and Carter, representing the North Platte and Buffalo Bill gun clubs. The shoot was well managed and favored with a good local attendance—and we all know that it is the local support which contributes most to the success of such events nowadays. Weather was quite favorable the first day, and some fine scores were made on the targets, thrown from expert traps. Crosby won first; Reed, second, and Linderman, Starkey, Cox and Harney third honors. The Dickey bird cup was also shot for on the first day, and was won by Townsend.

On the second day the weather had made a comple somersault, and blew fearfully, with such a cold breath that it was not comfortable on the grounds except inside the tents provided by the management. The attendance was even better than the first day, but scores averaged much lower. Crosby won high honors for the shoot, while Heer, Reed, Bray, Townsend and Carter won the other points. The scores:

April 1, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Crosby	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	19	15	20	173
Waddington	15	18	12	16	13	18	13	18	15	19	157
Morrill	14	17	13	17	15	17	15	19	14	18	159
Linderman	14	18	14	19	15	18	14	17	15	19	163
Townsend	14	16	14	19	15	16	15	14	12	18	153
Riehl	12	19	13	19	13	16	15	19	13	17	156
Carter	15	20	13	18	15	19	12	17	15	18	162
Heer	12	18	15	18	13	19	15	18	13	18	159
Reed	15	19	12	19	15	19	14	19	15	18	165
Sack	14	17	15	19	14	17	14	18	13	20	161
Illian	13	19	14	20	14	18	15	18	15	16	162
Bray	14	19	13	17	14	18	12	19	13	20	159
Schroeder	13	17	13	20	13	16	15	17	12	11	147
Simpson	14	17	10	15	14	17	15	19	14	17	157
Seivers	12	18	13	15	14	18	14	18	11	17	155
Hayden	15	18	13	17	15	19	13	14	14	18	157
Miller	12	14	13	17	15	16	15	17	15	18	152
Diffenderfer	14	17	13	18	15	17	14	12	13	19	152
Winko	15	14	12	16	14	14	14	17	11	16	137
Starkey	15	16	15	15	13	19	14	17	14	15	153
Bacon	14	19	15	18	15	18	15	15	14	15	163
Dolson	9	14	13	17	10	17	13	16	14	17	140
Cox	14	19	14	19	15	18	14	19	14	17	163
Harney	14	20	15	19	15	18	14	20	14	19	163
Mann	14	13	15	20	13	18	13	13	14	16	149
B-27	13	17	11	15	12	16	14	12	12	16	138
Rogers	14	18	13	19	14	16	15	16	12	16	153
Maxwell	13	17	14	18	14	12	12	15	12	17	144
Anderson	14	17	12	19	13	18	14	19	14	20	160
Poffenberg	10	14	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dominie	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harding	12	..	12	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	...
Hart	13	..	11	..	14	..	13	..	..	..	...

Schmelzer trophy:

Linderman	1111111110111011111111111—23
Morrill	1111111011101111111111111—23
Waddington	1110111110111111111111111—23
Townsend	1111110111111111111111111—24
Reed	1111111110111111011111101—22
Harney	100w
Cox	111111100w
Seivers	1111111101111011011110111—21
Carter	1111111011111111111111111—24
Diefenderfer	0110011111111010101111111—19
Holdsworth	100w
Bray	110111110w
Maxwell	1011111111111110l0w
Starkey	1111111100w
Travers	1101111111011111110111101—21

Shoot-off of tie:

Carter	1110011111111111111111110—22
Townsend	1111111111111011111111101—23

April 2, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Crosby	15	20	15	19	15	19	15	17	15	19	169
Waddington	14	14	12	17	13	19	12	16	14	17	148
Morrill	15	16	13	14	12	19	13	14	13	15	144
Linderman	11	17	14	13	12	15	14	16	11	13	136
Townsend	14	18	13	14	14	18	11	20	14	18	154
Riehl	12	13	11	14	14	15	12	18	15	15	139
Carter	14	15	14	16	11	12	13	16	15	19	145
Heer	14	19	14	17	12	18	15	18	14	18	159
Reed	13	18	13	15	12	17	11	18	14	20	151
Diefenderfer	12	18	15	15	14	15	12	15	14	15	145
Illian	14	18	13	15	11	13	12	18	12	15	140
Bray	14	18	15	15	13	17	15	16	14	18	155
Schroeder	14	16	8	17	13	13	14	18	8	18	139
Simpson	13	10	12	14	9	16	10	12	13	14	123
Sievers	13	13	10	16	10	12	14	13	11	14	128
Hayden	13	14	15	16	11	15	13	17	11	15	140
Miller	12	13	12	17	12	12	10	13	14	16	131
Simpkins	8	13	13	11	12	13	12	12	9	15	120
Bacon	12	13	13	13	10	11	14	15	13	13	129
Anderson	12	15	9	16	13	13	15	15	13	15	136
Cox	9	17	13	17	14	16	14	17	10	14	141
Harney	12	13	12	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ragan	14	15	14	18	14	15	13	17	10	15	145
Myers	9	16	13	13	12	11	12	14	11	15	126
Phillips	12	14	12	15	12	10	9	10	8	14	116
Winko	10	10	9	13	9	16	11	13	10	13	114
Starkey	14	14	12	16	12	16	13	14	12	16	139
Hart	12	17	14	16	9	17	12	13	12	13	135
Dolson	10	10	13	12	11	17	13	14	15	13	128
Dingman	12	13	10	9	11	11	..	..	..	..	...
Sack	13	14	13	15	15	17	13	14	12	14	140
Wright	12	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	7	...
Maxwell	11	14	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Travers	11	7	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Shadduck	10	16	12	17	12	14	10	..	11	17	...
B-27	14	11	11	16	7	15	11	17	11	15	128
Redman	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	...
Deeter	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Reynard	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	17	..	..	...
Koch	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	..	...
Poffenberger	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	12	13	8	...
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	14	...
Van Cott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	...
Voigt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	...

April 3, Third Day.

Ten live birds:

Anderson, 30	01010w	Heer, 30	22111112*2— 9
Dolson, 28	0222*2222*— 7	Phillips, 30	1211102121— 9
Morrill, 28	0120*w	Hindmarsh, 30	122121*112— 9
Townsend, 30	02*112210w	Slusser, 28	1110221*22— 8
Bray, 30	2222222222—10	Winkowitch, 28	1021110112— 8
Carter, 30	0222222222— 9	Starkey, 28	1020112211— 8
Slattery, 28	020220w	Hart, 28	111201010w
H Sievers, 30	1110221212— 9	G Sievers, 30	2111201022— 8

Ten live birds, sweep:

Morrill, 28	1112110221— 9	Heer, 30	1111111122—10
B-27, 30	1212202222— 9	Anderson, 28	1211111012— 9
Waddington, 28	0220212122— 8	Reed, 30	*1100w
Diefenderfer, 28	11122*1212— 9	Phillips, 28	2111221122—10
Bacon, 28	2121211121—10	Starkey, 28	1221102*11— 8
Winko, 28	2022*2w	Hayden, 28	0112111211— 9
Simpson, 28	0020w	H Seivers, 30	211022122*— 8
Meyers, 28	110100w	Townsend, 30	1221022222— 9
Seivers, 30	*101110w	Bray, 30	1120222222— 9
Carter, 30	2220222022— 8	Illian, 28	2110222211— 9
Linderman, 30	22222*2222— 9	Crosby, 30	2212111222—10
Hindmarsh, 30	1221102121— 9	Riehl, 30	2221222221—10
Schroeder, 30	2120*0w	McAllister, 28	2*0212120w
Shattuck, 28	11012111*1— 8		

Friday was devoted to live birds, two ten-bird events being shot. In the principal one of these Heer and Bacon made the only money straights, and in the second Dan Bray got high money alone. Crosby and Riehl, who as the only trade representatives in attendance, shot for birds and targets only, also killed all their birds. The pigeons were fresh from the surrounding country, and a very fast lot. This was probably the last live bird match of importance in Nebraska, as it is anticipated that the Legislature will put a ban upon the sport in the present session.

KILLMORE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., March 28.—Scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	8	15	15	10	10
Greiff	7	6	5	8	7	7	..	..	..	10	..	..	8
Con	5	7	..	6	5	..	6	4	4	4	5	..	5
Sedore	9	..	5	..	..	12	8	6	..	13	..	..	5
Bittner	5	6	7	7	6	7	..	5	2	7	8	4	3
Eickhoff	..	6	5	7	10	9	6	..	7	11	10	7	7
Morrison	..	7	8	8	8	..	..	7	6	14	..	8	8
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	5	..	7	14	14	6	7
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	3	..	6	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	12	..	7	7
Townsend	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Bittner, re-entry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

JAS. R. MERRILL.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., April 5.—Following are the scores of the regular shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. The club had to use a temporary set of traps, as the box for the trappers is sunk in the ground and leaked so badly that it could not be used. The members hope to have it fixed and the traps working better for the next shoot, which is on the 19th inst. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Schorty	13	11	12	13	15	13	12	14
Staples	13	11	11	11	10	13	11	13
Dudley	14	13	13	11	13	12	..	14
C V L	14	10	15	11	12	14	14	..
Banta	10	12	13	13	12	11	13	12
Van Dyne	12	13	14	10	12	14	12	12
Gilkies	3	9	9	9	7	10	8	..
Wells	10	11	11	11	15	14	..	13
Cowan	9	12	12	12	11	12	..	11
Pearsall	11	10	9	10	7	7	..	..
Pearsall, Jr	10	8	9	10	7	5	..	.
Hennessy	10	11	11	8	..	..	..	.
*Schorty	12	12	11	12	..	..	..	..
*Wells	13	11	12	11	..	..	..	14
Hansman	..	10	8	11	10	12	..	..
*Hansman	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	..	..	9	10	9	..	.
*Dudley	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Staples	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
*C V L	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Cowan	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

* Re-entry.

JAMES HUGHES, Sec'y.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., April 4.—Very bad weather made unfavorable conditions for a good attendance at the shoot of the newly formed Union Gun Club. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Jacks	9	8	12	11	13	13	13	17	..
Carlough	11	11	13	14	13	13	10	21	13
C Von Lengerke	11	11	13	13	10	12	13	16	19
Gemp	8	8	6	6	10	..	8	..	..
Ford	11	11	13	13	13	11	..	20	..
Paul	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
England	6	7	6	9	9	5	7	15	12
Piercey	12	10	13	14	14	11	14	22	22
Glover	12	12	13	13	..	..	..	..	..
Lane	..	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..
MacClements	..	5	9	9	6	..	..	..	..
Brooks	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Von Lengerke	..	9	4	10	8	10	9	15	..
F Axford	..	1	1	2	..	..	2	..	..
Fredericks	..	8	10	9	11	..	10	15	..
Matzen	..	..	9	11	8	10	9	10	.
Baldwin	..	..	8	5	8	9	6	19	..
Wise	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
England	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Matzen	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
C Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..

C. B. AXFORD.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., April 4.—On its grounds to-day the Montclair Gun Club held a handicap shoot. The weather conditions were bad, stormy and a high wind. Shooting at 50 targets, the first prize was won by Mr. Tichenor, with a handicap of 5 points; the second was won by Mr. Cook, scratch, and the third was won by Dr. Case, with a handicap of 15 points. The scores: Soverel, Jr., 27, Tichenor 34, Case 22, Winslow 20, Crane 25, Cook 38, Cockefair 32, Doremus 22, Howard 18, Holloway 24, Howe 17, Wheeler 33, Babcock 35, Connett 32, Soverel 34.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 5.—Mr. A. Woods won the club medal with a handicap of 5 targets at the shoot of the Fulton Gun Club. There was a good attendance of contestants. The scores follow, the first event being the medal shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	25	15	25	25	15	15	15	15
E B Smith	13	15	8	19	15	13	12	11	10
Charles	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	6	..
Davis	11	..	10	10	7	10	..	..	..
May	10	..	7	10	..	10	11	8	..
Goetter	13	12	13	..	..	9	13	12	..
Eickhoff	15	..	9	..	..	8	13	9	..
Gaughan	17	..	12	19	12	10	8	6	10
Bissing	9	..	7	5	..	8	8	12	9
Vosselman	11	..	9	..	..	7	10	10	.
Hearne	11	16	12	17	..	7	9	4	..
G E Kaiser	8	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	..
Glover	21	..	..	..	..	11	15	14	.
W J Moore	7	..	..	..	..	2	3	6	7
Norris	5	..	..	..	11	3	4	..	..
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Schneider	8	16	..	..	..	10	10	10	11
O Sakker	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Woods	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

GEO. R. SCHNEIDER, Sec'y.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 4.—The weekly shoot of this club was held to-day under very unfavorable weather conditions. The wind was worse than awful; it was with difficulty that the men could stand on the platform and retain their balance long enough to level their guns and shoot. The principal event, No. 5, was for the Marshall cup. This is a handicap event, and was won to-day by Mr. M. S. Pickenpack, who, with an allowance of 8 misses as breaks, scored 22. As this was but the third time that Mr. Pickenpack ever shot over a trap, the boys were all pleased to see him the winner, and heartily congratulated him upon his success. A committee was appointed this week to select and purchase a club cup, to be shot for monthly, under the handicap system. The cup will cost not less than $50. A gold medal will be put up for the member making highest average for the year. We are also about to install two expert traps on a special site, for those wishing to practice for field shooting. This is a good idea, and will tend to improve the boys in "the real thing"—wing shooting, while with some of them regular trap work has had the reverse effect.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	15	25	25	25	10	at.	Broke.
Pickenpack, 8	4	..	..	10	22	..	..	60	28
Marshall, 4	7	..	..	12	17	5	3	95	40
Hew, 2	5	..	..	10	10	17	4	95	44
Du Bois, 2	5	5	8	..	14	..	..	60	32
Fenn, 1	7	..	8	..	13	..	..	50	27
Claymark, 3	3	..	8	..	18	..	..	50	26
Buckley, 1	..	..	10	..	11	..	..	40	20

SNANIWEH.

G. A. H. Entries.

WE are indebted to Secretary-Manager Elmer E. Shafer for the appended list of entries of the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, as follows:

Adams, C. B., Rockwell City, Ia.
Allen, Billy, Hutchinson, Kas.
Ambrose, R. L., Pine Bluff, Ark.
Arnold, E. W., Larned, Kas.
Arnhold, Fred, St. Joseph, Mo.
Atkinson, J. T., New Castle, Pa.
Avery, John E., Atlanta, Ga.
Burmister, John, Spirit Lake, Ia.
Bonebrake, H. E., Weatherford, Okla.
Bates, H. D., Detroit, Mich.
Baker, W. A., Griffin, Ga.
Batcheller, Jr., Jo., Kansas City, Mo.
Bramhall, J. W., Kansas City, Mo.
Bennett, Mrs. A. L., Denver, Colo.
Beasley, O. L., Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Budd, C. W., Des Moines, Ia.
Bottger, O. C., Ollie, Ia.
Burrows, Nettie King, St. Louis, Mo.
Brookman, John H., Central City, Ia.
Cunningham, F. B., St. Joseph, Mo.
Crosby, W. R., O'Fallon, Ill.
Crowder, W. B., Roff, I. T.
Connor, A. C., Pekin, Ill.
Clayton, Wm., Kansas City, Mo.
Cornett, John J., Kansas City, Mo.
Cockrill, F. N., Kansas City, Mo.
Campbell, J. E., Kansas City, Mo.
Cook, Dr. C. E., New London, Ia.
Cumberland, L. W., St. Louis, Mo.
Chingren, E. J., Sioux City, Ia.
Crosby, Geo. E., O'Fallon, Ill.
Decker, Ernest, Pleasanton, Kas.
Dove, R. L., Centerville, Ia.
Daudt, D. S., South Bethlehem, Pa.
Dixon, Harvey, Oronogo, Mo.
Diefenderfer, M., Wood River, Neb.
Dreihs, Chas. F., Cincinnati, O.
Davis, H. M., Richmond, Mo.
Daw, R. C., Lakefield, Minn.
Eick, Ben, Sterling, Ill.
Elliott, J. A. R., Kansas City, Mo.
Elliott, Dave, Kansas City, Mo.
Essig, George, Plattsburg, Mo.
Fisher, A. G., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Faurote, F. M., Dallas, Texas.
Frank, A. H., Memphis, Tenn.
Foust, Ed, Warren, Ind.
Fulford, E. D., Utica, N. Y.
Ford, O. N., Central City, Ia.
Fort, E. C., Fostoria, O.
Franke, Paul, Kansas City, Ia.
Foley, L., Nichols, Ia.
Garrett, John W., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Guy, R. B., Mechanicsburg, O.
Gilbert, Fred, Spirit Lake, Ia.
Gibson, Fred, Kirkwood, Ill.
Gambell, Arthur, Cincinnati, O.
Gottlieb, Chris, Kansas City, Mo.
Gossett, Claud, Kansas City, Mo.
Gilson, Al., Fonda, Ia.
Grueninger, John J., Kansas City, Mo.
Gravett, E. M., Gravett, Ark.
Heer, W. H., Concordia, Kas.
Head, J. L., Peru, Ind.
Hardy, Dr. J. W., Sumner, Mo.
Haughawout, Dr. J. W., Fort Dodge, Ia.
Hensler, M. E., Battle Creek, Mich.
Heikes, Rolla O., Dayton, O.
Hughes, J. M., Palmyra, Wis.
Hirschy, H. C., Minneapolis, Minn.
Hickman, Ed. A., Kansas City, Mo.
Howe, W. M., Kansas City, Mo.
Hodges, Frank, Olathe, Kans.
Hellman, F. X., Hanover, Kas.
Holmes, Robt. G., Scammon, Kas.
Hutchings, Jr., J. H., Galveston, Tex.
Irwin, W. T., St. Louis, Mo.
Jackson, J. A., Austin, Texas.
Jenkins, Dr. G. L., Osage City, Kas.
Jenkins, Geo. W., Wamego, Kas.
Kalash, Frank, Lakefield, Minn.
Kirby, H. N., Greensburg, Kas.
Kleinhans, Chas. H., Grantville, Kas.
Linderman, C. D., Lincoln, Neb.
Leggett, J. P., Carthage, Mo.
Lord, F. H., La Grange, Ill.
Le Compte, Eminence, Ky.
Linell, W. B., Eldora, Ia.
Lawrence, Arthur, Lincoln, Ill.
Lytle, W. G., Atchison, Kas.
Merrill, Richard, Milwaukee, Wis.
Miller, G. H., Chanute, Kas.
Money, Capt. A. W., Oakland, N. J.
Morrison, Harry F., Lakefield, Minn.
Mermod, Alex. D., St. Louis, Mo.
Morrison, J. L. D., St. Paul, Minn.
Miller, F., Berwyn, Neb.
Moinc, Louis, St. Joseph, Mo.
Mackie, Geo. K., Scammon, Kas.
Moody, Lee, Bessemer, Ala.
Matteson, W. A., Abilene, Kas.
Marshall, John M., Richmond, Mo.
Marshall, Tom A., Keithsburg, Ill.
McKelvey, J. A., Hedrick, Ia.
McCrea, A. M., Lamar, Mo.
McBride, C. O., Muscatine, Ia.
McDaniel, H. T., Gravett, Ark.
Nash, W. T., Indianapolis, Ind.
Norton, T. F., Kansas City, Mo.
O'Brien, Ed., Florence, Kas.
Park, Will K., Philadelphia, Pa.
Patch, F. R., Hartley, Ia.
Patrick, E. W., Mechanicsburg, O.
Phellis, C. W., Mechanicsburg, O.
Pendleton, A. B., St. Louis, Mo.
Powers, Chauncey M., Decatur, Ill.
Quick, Dr. A., El Dorado Springs, Mo.
Rike, E. D., Dayton, O.
Rogers, Fred E., Bucklin, Mo.
Roll, Geo. J., Blue Island, Ill.
Rickmers, A. F., Kansas City, Mo.
Rohrer, J. H., El Reno, Oklahoma.
Rue, L., Lakefield, Minn.
Sanderson, D. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Squier, L. J., Wilmington, Del.
Snyder, D. H., Snyderville, O.
Skelly, Jas. T., Wilmington, Del.
Spencer, Chas. G., St. Louis, Mo.
Smyth, Count, Lamar, Mo.
Stephens, C. R., Moline, Ill.
Still, C. E., Kirksville, Mo.
Sherman, Harry, Kansas City, Mo.
Scott, Lil, Kansas City, Mo.
Sherman, L. A., Kansas City, Mo.
Stauber, A. J., Streator, Ill.
Smith, S. A., Hartley, Ia.
Trimble, R. L., Covington, Ky.
Tolsma, Alex. S., Detroit, Mich.
Thiele, Henry, Junction City, Kas.
Tipton, Harry, Kansas City, Mo.
Troch, Ed. P., Watertown, S. D.
Vankeuren, W. E. Hutchinson, Kas.
Watson, H. C., Sewickley, Pa.
Wade, L. I., Nacogdoches, Tex.
Waters, Hood, Baltimore, Md.
Willard, Lem, South Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, Alva, Kansas City, Mo.
Wickey, F., Kansas City, Mo.
Williams, W. C., Wichita, Kas.
Wetzig, E. L., Junction City, Kas.
Ward, P. C., Walnut Log, Tenn.

We are indebted to Mr. Will K. Park, of Sporting Life, Philadelphia, for a copy of "Trapshooting Review of 1902," a work of thirty-two pages, treating of important doings at the traps, best individual work, standing of eminent experts and amateurs, State champions, high average winners, long runs at targets, portraits of famous trapshooters, etc., the whole representing an infinity of labor and comprehensive record.

Des Moines Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., April 3.—Hopkins Sea's two-day amateur tournament had thirty-six entries the first day and twenty-five the second. The programme had 200 targets for each day with $2.50 added to the 15 and $3 to the 20-target events.

The shooting was very hard, owing to a high wind blowing across the traps. C. B. Adams was high amateur the first day with 176. W. B. Linell was high the second day with 180. Fred Gilbert was high for the two days with 88 per cent.

Some twelve or fifteen of the sportsmen will go to St. Joseph Sunday morning to attend the tournament April 7 to 11, and from there to Kansas City for the Grand American Handicap. Herman Hirschy, Fred Lord, Fred Gilbert, F. C. Whitney and C. W. Budd were the trade representatives in attendance. Tom A. Marshall came over from Keithsburg, and was one of the star performers. Hopkins Sea's Co. will hold a tournament each year and offer attractive programme in way of cash and special prizes.

April 2, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Marshall	13	11	18	12	14	16	13	11	16	10	11	15	160
Gilbert	12	13	20	13	13	19	13	13	18	13	13	19	179
Hinshaw	9	12	16	11	11	15	13	10	15	14	11	16	168
Watson	1	9	17	12	13	17	15	13	13	14	12	17	163
Lord	11	10	14	11	6	12	8	9	9	10	9	10	119
Adams	16	13	18	15	13	18	12	10	18	11	14	19	176
Gilson	13	11	15	14	11	15	11	11	13	10	10	16	150
Stege	9	9	18	12	13	13	15	12	13	9	11	15	149
Storm	9	12	16	14	12	11	15	13	19	13	14	17	165
Milner	10	13	15	13	11	16	13	7	16	8	10	10	143
Neff	10	14	16	10	11	18	13	6	17	12	11	19	167
Wallace	12	13	14	9	9	12	10	12	18	8	11	18	148
Layman	13	12	11	14	10	13	12	12	16	12	11	16	152
Linell	14	10	15	15	11	19	13	11	18	12	14	17	169
McDowell	15	14	17	14	11	17	15	12	14	13	12	15	167
Burnham	15	10	19	10	14	16	11	13	19	..	..	..	...
Patty	11	12	16	10	10	16	14	10	17	11	..	..	...
Furst	10	11	14	..	..	..	12	10	15	..	..	..	...
Saunders	..	..	11	10	9	13	..	9	..	..	..	..	...
Burger	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Goodwin	..	..	15	8	12	9	8	11	12	10	11	15	...
Harkins	9	9	15	13	11	14	12	10	17	..	..	..	...
Bottger	11	13	15	11	14	19	12	15	16	13	14	20	173
Mitchell	11	12	15	8	8	13	10	12	15	11	..	..	...
A E Smith	9	8	14	11	14	17	14	9	17	10	11	15	149
Yeafous	13	12	18	12	8	14	11	12	15	13	8	18	154
Peterson	16	14	18	13	14	14	15	13	19	11	13	17	171
Hoon	14	12	20	12	10	18	12	11	15	9	13	15	161
Slosher	..	..	16	12	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McCluen	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	12	17	..	..	..	...
Biggs	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	14	..	..	..	...
Marvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	..	..	..	...
A W Swain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
J Burmister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	12	10	17	...
J A Watt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	...
Texas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	16	...
L T Crisman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	...

April 3, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	12	13	15	16	10	17	13	14	18	14	13	19	173
Marshall	12	12	16	12	14	13	13	14	17	12	12	16	163
Henshaw	11	12	18	14	13	18	13	15	16	13	12	18	173
Bottger	13	10	18	15	15	14	14	12	19	15	10	13	171
Burmeister	14	11	15	15	13	17	7	14	17	12	13	15	163
Adams	14	15	19	10	10	15	14	9	15	12	13	18	164
Gilson	12	13	19	13	13	18	13	6	20	13	13	19	172
Stege	12	14	17	14	12	18	14	13	17	10	13	17	171
Storm	13	10	19	13	15	18	13	12	19	13	14	15	174
McDowell	13	13	15	12	12	15	11	9	13	11	12	..	...
Neff	11	11	17	11	10	17	14	11	16	15	12	20	165
Starr	12	11	16	14	9	10	13	11	12	..	..	..	...
Wing	12	11	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Linell	14	13	19	14	14	18	14	11	19	13	13	18	180
Crisman	9	10	16	13	13	13	10	10	17	13	12	13	149
Hirschy	11	13	17	12	13	16	14	13	19	14	15	19	...
Layman	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	17	12	13	17	...
Talbott	10	12	..	..	9	13	10	11	12	13	13	12	...
Burnham	13	12	16	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Patty	12	12	17	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lord	11	13	13	10	7	12	6	8	12	11	10	16	...
Goodwin	9	12	14	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Watson	.	..	14	14	14	15	15	14	17	15	13	17	...
Hazelwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...
Starr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	...

HAWKEYE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 3.—A few of the boys came out for a little practice to-day. A. Bedell, Bruin, J. Hyland, A. Smith and C. Blandford started the ball rolling at 2 P. M. The weather conditions were such that the scores made would not look well in print. Bruin got 8 out of 10 in one event, which was the best string made during the afternoon. J. Hyland did good work with a strange gun.

Later, Col. Fiske and Gayl Hubbell came up and tried their luck. Their scores have not as yet been received.

During the coming week, work will be started on the addition to the club house. Forty more lockers will be put in and a cashier's office will be built.

The writer has received a communication from Mr. E. D. Fulford, calling attention to the fact that this coming shoot in June will be the forty-fifth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and suggested that it be advertised as such. He also mentioned that it is the oldest shooting event held in the United States annually.

C. G. BLANDFORD,
Sec'y Ex. Tournament Com. Ossining G. C.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 4.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club held their opening shoot of the season to-day. The grounds are situated on top of a hill at Dunmore, and on account of the severe cold weather and the wind blowing a gale from the northwest, made shooting difficult.

Because of the weather conditions, only a few shooters attended. Following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	Broke.	Av.
Spencer	9	9	..	..	..	..	18	72
Raine	3	10	8	7	6	..	34	56 2-3
Shoemaker	8	12	9	9	7	3	48	68 4-7
Jackson	3	2	5	2	2	..	14	23 1-3
Griffin	4	10	8	8	9	4	43	60 3-7
Bittenbender	5	10	8	10	5	7	45	64 2-7
Mason	8	9	6	11	5	6	45	64 2-7
Cullen	..	..	..	12	8	7	27	77 1-7

J. D. MASON, Sec'y.

Crescent—Boston.

BOSTON, April 4.—The eight-man team of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, again defeated the gun team of the Boston Athletic Association at Riverside, on the grounds of the latter, to-day. The scores were 701 to 633. The weather conditions were stormy and bad. This was the second victory of the Crescents, and established a property right to the $100 trophy. The scores:

Crescent A. C.—Bedford 88, Keyes 89, B. Stephenson 85, Remsen 93, G. Stephenson 90, Fish 89, Lott 79, Brigham 88; total 701.

B. A. A. Gun Club.—Daggett 79, Edwards 65, Clarke 80, Hallett 84, Howell 81, Ellis 79, Dennison 83, Weld 82; total 633.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia, April 4.—Shooting was specially difficult owing to a gale of wind blowing across the traps steadily during the shoot. Mr. Davis and Dr. Darby killed straight in the club event. Harrison was high with 14 out of 15 in the officers' event. The scores:

Club handicap, 10 birds: Davis 10, Darby 10, Budd 9, Geikler 9, Miller 8, Harrison 8, Morris 8, Jenkins 4.

Officers' trophy, 15 birds, handicap rise: Harrison 14, Budd 13, Fitzgerald 13, Morris 13, Darby 11, Geikler 11.

Arkansas State Shoot.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., April 1.—The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association has selected July 8, 9, and 10 as the dates for holding its thirteenth annual meeting and tournament at Jonesboro, Ark., under the auspices of the Jonesboro Gun Club. The tournament will be conducted on much the same lines as characterized all the previous tournaments of the Association. There will be $330 cash added money, and the Rose system of divisions will prevail. Targets only will be used, and these will be thrown from expert traps arranged on the Sergeant system. The Jonesboro Gun Club is a young organization, though active and very enthusiastic, and is putting forth every effort to make this the most successful tournament in the history of the Association. New grounds have been secured, and these will be put in first-class shape for the occasion, so that the visisting sportsmen will be well provided for and assured a good time.

Mr. Gordon Matthews, one of Jonesboro's sterling young business men, is the chief executive of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, and also secretary-treasurer of the Jonesboro Gun Club; he will take pleasure in answering all letters of inquiry and supply programmes when the same are issued.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Riverside Shooting Club.

TOPSHAM, March 28.—The Riverside Shooting Club held their annual meeting to-day and elected officers, and did such other business as came before the meeting. The result of the election was as follows: President, A. E. Hall; Vice-President, Dr. H. O. Curtis; Secretary and Treasurer, Fred W. Atkinson.. Executive Committee: A. E. Hall, Dr. H. O. Curtis, Fred W. Atkinson, Claude Strout and George Rogers.

FRED W. ATKINSON, Sec'y.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, April 2.—The annual meeting of the Garfield Gun Club was held last night. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Thos. W. Eaton; Vice-President, A. H. Hellman; Secretary-Treasurer, Dr. J. W. Meek; Captain, J. D. Pollard.

The secretary-treasurer's report showed the club membership full to the limit and nine applicants on the waiting list, a very few delinquents on dues, no debts, and about $100 cash in the treasury.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A., Prince's Bay, N. Y.—There are two English starlings that roost under the eaves of my barn every night. Would it be a charitable act to destroy them and give other birds a show, or will they become a useful bird like our robins, bluebirds, etc.? They seem to live in harmony with the English sparrows. Ans. Starlings are not reported to do any harm or to be quarrelsome with other birds. On the other hand, they are very destructive of injurious insects. The starlings are firmly established about New York, and are attractive birds. We should not advise their destruction unless they develop bad traits.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Irving Snyder, for thirty-five years of the firm of Peck & Snyder, about three years ago bought out the tackle departments of Peck & Snyder and A. G. Spalding & Co. and since then has been located at 130 Nassau street, this city. He publishes "The Fisherman's Friend," a handy booklet, giving salt-water and fresh-water fishing points about New York, tide tables for 1903, and much other useful information for anglers. It will be sent to any address on receipt of price of 10 cents.

Having acquired the telescope business of the Cataract Tool and Optical Co., of Buffalo, the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., are prepared to furnish telescopes, or rifles and pistols mounted with telescopes, of which they have a long line, magnifying from two to twenty diameters. They have published a catalogue, illustrative of the telescopes, mountings, rifles, with a price list, and much valuable information concerning telescopes in their relation to rifles, which will be sent to those who apply for it.

The calendar for 1903 issued by Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., bears portraits of famous shooters who have used Parker guns in keen and successful competition, and a summary of their greatest achievements. Fred Gilbert holds a place in the center, and grouped around him are many portraits new to the Parker calendars. A high-grade Parker gun is portrayed on the top of the calendar, with a mention of Grand American Handicap winnings.

Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., have issued a circular illustrative and descriptive of their new Parker automatic ejector. Sectional views are shown, with full explanations of the mechanisms, in the text. For the present the ejector will be put on guns only of special orders, and will not be furnished on any guns now in finished condition. The circular will be sent to those who apply for it.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, though best known as dealers in guns and ammunition, by no means neglect the angling side of sport. The new artificial bait which they call "Silver Soldier," and for which they are sole agents, is so made that its course when drawn through the water is zigzag, in imitation of a living, moving fish. It is privately reported to be a most killing bait, and as the sellers say, "No fishing outfit is complete without one."

Mr. J. H. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., began to make canoes and boats a long time ago, and he is still doing it, and making boats that are constantly better. His canvas-covered white cedar canoe, known as "Indian Girl," would seem to be very near perfection. Beside these special canoes, he manufactures all sorts of wood boats, canoes, oars, paddles, etc., and furnishes free a catalogue of his goods.

The Whitestone Hollow Spar & Boat Co., formerly the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., has recently moved to Whitestone Landing, Long Island, N. Y. The company manufactures the Fraser hollow spars, and builds high grade davit boats, paddling canoes, St. Lawrence River skiffs, launches, etc. Catalogues mailed on receipt of application.

Messrs. Berner & Co., of 752 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., beside the automatic fish hook which they advertise, carry a full line of fishing tackle, including split-bamboo rods, multiplying reels, silk lines, collapsible landing nets, fishing baskets, etc., and these they give a premium to agents. Their premium list is furnished on application.

Of the making of trolling and casting spoons and imitation minnows there seems to be no end. Of these, one of the most perfect and effective is that called the "North Channel," manufactured by the Detroit Bait Mfg. Co., of Detroit, Mich. Its spinning qualities would seem to be perfect, and it should be a most successful lure.

The opening of New Spruce Cabin Inn, the celebrated headquarters in the spring for trout fishermen, which has been set for Wednesday, April 15, promises to be marked with the advent of a large number of old guests, and all the indications point to a prosperous season.

B. D. Nobles, of Olean, N. Y., shooting a Winchester repeating shotgun and Winchester factory loaded shells, won high average at the Jamestown, N. Y., tournament, held April 2, breaking 126 out of 130 targets.

At Trenton, N. J., April 1, Jas. T. Skelly, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company, made two runs of 52 and high average for the day of 96.2 in 180 targets. Mr. Skelly shot 25 grains of "Infallible."

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE COMIC OPERA SPORTSMAN.

Have we not seen a comic opera king—complacent, strutting, posing, loquacious? Was he not comic, indeed? And yet the character, with all its exaggerations of costume, color and action, had a subbasis of fact in real life. It contained fact and fancy, for all the comic opera of life is not on the stage. Real life, serious life, has it in abundance.

Since lordly man, tilting his haughty nose toward the empyrean first set his arch foot on this beautiful dollar world of ours, he has been a hunter or an imitation of a hunter, a creature of fact or fancy, for man is a being of both earth and air. His advent as king of creation, with feet on earth and nose turned perky skyward, is typical of the double life he leads from the neccessities of his being; that is to say, leading a life both real and imaginary. Gravity holds man's body in contact with the earth, but his imagination is not bound by any laws or forces. Thus, while his feet rest on matter, his head most of the time is in the clouds.

In the actual struggle for existence, each man reasons and acts more or less logically according to his cerebral make-up and the circumstances of his environment. Then he may be said to think soundly by virtue of his feet resting perforce flatly on the earth's surface. But when he smartly turns nose skyward and thinks, his ego, freed of bodily restraints, does glorious transformation feats in the pathless clouds, brilliantly ennobling by their valor, their genius, their sterling worth, their pure perfection. The clouds become a stage then in imagination. On it the disembodied ego does capers of marvelous excellence in the individual comic opera, the earthly man for an audience, the paradoxical situation of the ego being the actor and the egotist the audience. When the egotist draws the curtain, ego and egotist depart together, both vested with all the vanities of the ego. And yet it may have been all a day dream. It is unwise to dream through one's nose if one's mind is not well disciplined, or if one's natural mentality is not quite strong.

Sportsmanship has more than its share of the comic opera of life, funny and sad, for there is no comic opera so funny that it is free from pathos. And of all the comic opera of sportsmanship, none is more comical than the claim to sportsmanship by virtue of contemplation, or how to be a sportsman without any of the qualities of true sportsmanship. How does it so happen? Because the ego gets into the clouds, returns, and the egotist imagines that his dreams were true.

Thus there is the man with the camera who sallies forth into the wilderness, photographs trees, water, flowers, and perhaps some deer, moose or rabbits. He returns and declares that the men with dog and gun on killing bent are cruel, barbarous, unsportsmanlike; that he himself is your true sportsman because he indulges in the only true sport. He mistakes an idea, of which he himself is the king, for the only true domain and definition of sport. Now, it is sport if it pleases him, but it is distinct, differentiated from true sportsmanship more than a balloonist is from a coal miner. Let him enjoy it at its face value. La! la! That would be asking too much. It is something to be a sportsman, and how can the prestige of the ages and the praise due individual prowess be more quickly secured than by photographing a deer and by force of insistence becoming a sportsman?

Then there is the man who takes himself to the wilderness a few miles from town, seats himself on a moss-grown rock in propinquity to some trees, a few wild flowers, a sheen of water, a deep, deep blue sky over all, rests his hand upon his chin and thinks about the lovely things he beholds. He tries to think differently about them, else his thoughts will have no currency; for, mind you, he is not thinking solely for himself—the public must know of it. He returns heavy with the perfection of his form of sportsmanship. He has gazed on rabbits which have hopped by, squirrels which have run and sat and peered and quivered; observed flowers bloom and the mellow winds wave the green grass. He writes of it, talks of it. He has discovered the true sportsmanship. All other is savage and cruel. And yet, while he contemplated the beautiful he probably had a round steak in his stomach, or chicken, or other animal food, according to the law of his being. He mistook the workings of his mind for a universal law governing this terrestrial vale of tears. The ego broke through the boundaries and by mere force of thought a star thinker within the confines of his subject became a comic opera king in the domain of true sport. Say not alas! to this. It is the nature of man to have his toes on earth and his nose in the clouds. Blame him not for his nature. He did not make it.

Real man has been always a hunter. His passion for the chase has ever been enthralling. His aversion to being chased as an object of sport, or as a food possibility, has been stronger yet. All the obtainable evidence, past and present, on this subject, enormous in scope, is in support of this allegation. The traditions of mankind from time immemorial are largely devoted to the deeds of mighty hunters, to a glorification of the hunters, and to the laudation of them as examplars for the generations to emulate. Then there is testimony which goes so much further into the past that it makes all history and tradition things of yesterday. The geological strata tells of man's doings on earth tens of thousands of years ago. Flint knives, flint axes, arrows and lance heads, human bones, together with the bones of wild animals found together deeply buried, bear silent witness of man's manner of life on earth æons ago, probably contemporaneously with the cave bear, the extinct rhinoceros, the mammoth. Why man is by nature a hunter no one knows. The question why? involves the problem of life itself. His nature is as it is, a part of his being. No man with a camera, or his chin resting in his hand in deep meditation, can change it. To question it is to rebuke the creator, and all the generations of mankind who were hunters. If it were essential to know the why as well as the what, man would probably have been taught it all long since.

Yet the prestige of a hunter is desirable. It presupposes good qualities of mind and body, fortitude, vigilance, patience, courage and valor, the enduring of fatigues and hardships without murmur or yielding.

Imagine the man with a camera or the man seated on a log at the dawn of creation going forth to subdue the earth, and to take dominion over the animals.

Hurrah for the comic opera sportsman!

GAME LEGISLATION IN SECRET.

IF Connecticut is called the land of wooden nutmegs and shoe-peg oats, this is a humorous tribute to the astuteness, progressiveness and go-ahead-qualities of its citizens. But even as Homer is said sometimes to nod, so the citizens of Connecticut occasionally go to sleep, or if they do not go to sleep, they become so drowsy that they permit themselves to be buncoed by their representatives in the Legislature in a fashion which is more or less humiliating.

At the present time, when the sentiment of sportsmen throughout the country strongly advocates the abolition of the spring shooting of wildfowl, when a considerable number of the Northern States have already abolished such shooting, and when a hard fight is being made in New York to pass such a bill, the State of Connecticut takes a long step backward and extends the shooting for wildfowl one month later in the spring. A bill was recently introduced making the close season for web-footed wildfowl from May 1 to August 31, both inclusive, instead of from April 1 to August 31, and the Committee on Fisheries and Game reported through Mr. Arnott, of Manchester, chairman of the Committee, on the part of the House, that the bill ought to pass. The bill has passed both Houses, and Governor Chamberlain has said that it will become law.

The act is absolutely opposed to the sentiment of the majority of gunners in Connecticut, and its passage is due to the fact that it was secretly introduced, and that nothing was said about it in the public prints of the State, so that the announcement that the bill had passed both Houses was an absolute and bewildering surprise to most Connecticut gunners. It is understood that two members of the Legislature, one from Hartford and one from Bridgeport, engineered the passage of the act, doing it with absolute secrecy, and taking measures to keep the whole matter from the public until the bill was passed. It is alleged that no hearings were given before the committee, that the sportsmen of the State had no opportunity to advance arguments against the bill, and that every effort was made to preserve the utmost secrecy, and to rush the bill through with what is termed indecent haste.

Many Connecticut gunners are highly indignant about the matter, and feel especially mortified for the State; less at the action of the Legislature, perhaps, than at that of the Committee on Fisheries and Game. They feel and say that if this committee can be manipulated in such a fashion, proper game and fish protection is impossible unless counsel shall be hired to reside in Hartford during the whole session of the Legislature to watch every movement of the Fisheries and Game Committee, and make public each act of that committee which is opposed to the general welfare.

Incidentally the second section of this bill does away with the prohibition against battery shooting which existed in the old law.

The good sportsmen of Connecticut—and there are very many of them—are likely to express their views in no uncertain terms over this action of the Legislature. Public opinion in the State is greatly aroused over what is regarded as an outrage, and we shall be surprised if it does not find expression strong enough to force an immediate reconsideration of this Act by the present Legislature.

Assemblyman Finigan, of Rockland county, has introduced in the New York Legislature a bill which is an excellent illustration of the spite-fence spirit prompting much of the anti-non-resident shooting and fishing legislation of the time. Rockland county adjoins New Jersey. New Jersey compels Rockland county and other non-resident sportsmen to pay a license fee of $10 before shooting in the State; and now Rockland county sportsmen are bent on retaliation. They would out-Jersey New Jersey by exacting from non-residents a license fee not only for shooting but for fishing in any county of the State which borders upon New Jersey. The supervisors of the several counties may fix the amount of the fee, but in no case may it be less than the $10 exacted by New Jersey. Such a law would affect the fishing in Greenwood Lake, which lies in both States, and it would have direct and unwelcome application to many of the citizens of New Jersey who have been accustomed to repair to Rockland and Orange counties for shooting and fishing. Mr. Finigan and the constituents he represents may not be censured for this move. It is human to give tit for tat. "If the Jerseymen make us Yorkers pay them," they reason, "we will make them pay us." As retaliation these non-resident tax measures are excellent and noble, and their promoters are worthy of all applause. But they are not game and fish laws. Fish protection is one thing; building spite fences is another.

Mr. Justus Von Lengerke recorded in our columns two years ago the discovery of a colony of beavers in the wilds of New Jersey, a region from which the animal was supposed to have been exterminated long ago. The precise location of the colony Mr. Von Lengerke judiciously withheld, for he was apprehensive that the beaver would prove a temptation to the trappers. But now the animals have revealed their whereabouts and forced themselves into public notice by reason of their beaver nature and the activity and enterprise which it has prompted. They have built dams and overflowed the adjacent farm lands, and the land owners have at last become tired of destroying their work, and are now seeking some measure of relief. At Mr. Von Lengerke's suggestion, the New Jersey Legislature passed a bill for the protection of beaver; and the aggrieved farmers are thereby restrained. Taken altogether, this is a very curious conflict between wild life and agriculture within two hours of New York city.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Perilous Ride.—II.

A Story of Indian Days.

(Concluded from page 283.)

THE next morning proved beautiful. The storm was over, the sun came out warm, with a slight south breeze, and the snow began to disappear rapidly. We made no fire, and had a scant breakfast. About 10 o'clock we saw the Indians about a mile to the south making their way down the river, but taking good care to keep out of gun shot of our long range rifles. They went below the island about three-quarters of a mile, turned toward the river, crossed on the ice, saw no signs of our leaving and returned. About noon we built a small quick fire and made coffee, the last we had. Our flour and bread was gone, but we had about half a pound of salt and about two or three pipefuls of tobacco. We were getting short. Nevertheless we would be compelled to remain a few days longer on account of snow, for the making of a fresh trail which from the surrounding hills could be seen so far would surely bring the Indians on us.

We passed the time in shaving bark for the horses and lamenting our shortage of tobacco. The next day, after the Indians had made their third trip to see if we had left the island, we made up our minds that on the following morning we would make a break for the lower country. After supper, which meal consisted of buffalo straight, except a little salt, I took a stroll down the north river bank, keeping just within the timber. After going about half a mile, I was amazed to see a small column of smoke on the island toward the lower end. I got out my glasses and took a long and careful survey in all directions, but could see nothing but the smoke. Somebody must have made it, but who, was the question. I waited until it got quite dark, got under the bank of the river on the ice, but hugging the bank as close as possible, and made my way slowly and carefully toward the smoke. When I had reached a good point to look over the bank, and not a great way from where the smoke appeared to be coming from, I crept to the top and cautiously peeped over and discovered a small, brightly burning camp fire not over thirty steps from where I stood; but not a soul could be seen.

I kept my position, not moving an inch for at least five minutes, and still no signs of life; when all of a sudden there came from near the fire one of the loudest sneezes I ever heard—it was easily heard by my partner up the river, who, mistaking it for a call, immediately started in the direction from which it came. I could not help laughing—but not very loud—when I heard a voice saying: "That d——d nose of yours will be the death of you yet. You'd jess as well fire a cannin'." I could stand it no longer, and hallooed out: "Hello, there, supper ready?" "Bet your life," came the answer. "Got any salt?" "Yes; have you got any tobacco?" "Bet yer life we have." "It's a swap, then," says I, going forward and shaking hands with two of the roughest-looking men I ever saw. They were both dressed in buckskin, old and greasy, and had bands of antelope skin about five inches wide for hats, buffalo leggins and moccasins. They had some tobacco and any amount of meat, the finest I ever saw, but that was all. In a few minutes my partner had got near enough to hear us talking and came to camp. Having the salt with him, we divided, and lighted our pipes, which was worth all the grub in Ameriea just then. We began to smoke, talk and roast buffalo.

These two men had come from the Black Hills, somewhere near Deadwood—Bill Tripp and a man by the name of Hammond. Tripp was a desperate man, and about a year afterward, single-handed, robbed the Virginia City bank in broad daylight, escaped with several thousand dollars, and was never captured. They treated us well, however. They had been on the island for some time trapping beaver, and had a fine lot of skins. We all stayed together this night, as they had plenty of buffalo skins for bedding.

About 10 o'clock the next morning, seeing no Indians, we all crossed the river, going down to the abandoned Fort Pease and for some distance below. The snow was about all gone, and a warm wind blew from the south. On returning to the old fort we were startled by the most dismal sound one ever heard. What on earth could it be? Not Indians; it sounded to me as if the whole earth was going to pieces. Tripp spoke up and said: "Run for the island, the river is breaking up." As I ran I looked, and such a sight I never saw before. The whole bed of ice the full width of the river seemed to rise up and then fall to pieces with the most terrific noise one could imagine. On it came, and we must get on the island if possible. When about one hundred yards from the lower end, I saw our horses on the ice and very badly frightened. The mule was not there. When the ice suddenly left the island, away went my pony and Lowery's horse on a cake of ice. A moment later here came the mule with the picket rope on, and, plunging into the water, she followed the other horses. Now we were in a fix—200 miles from the Cantonment and a-foot. On went the horses, still on the ice, and the mule close behind in the water. We followed on down the bank of the river, keeping opposite the horses. Below the old fort the river makes a bend, and the ice began to jam, and the cake of ice that the horses were on stopped almost in the center of the stream. As quick as thought Tripp ran on to floating ice, gave the two horses a slap, and the ice being jammed so tight, they came to land safe and sound, but the poor mule could not be seen from the shore. Tripp, however, saw the end of her nose between two cakes of ice; he caught her by the nostrils, shut her wind off and she came to the top. He at once seized the rope and started for shore, when we all four of us got hold and pulled her over. She was badly cut by the ice in places, but was all right otherwise. We did not give three cheers, but we felt like it. Not over five minutes later the jam went out, and on went the ice. We took the animals into one of the old fort rooms and we occupied another and remained all night without bed or supper.

Early next morning, the river being much lower and free from ice, we took the horses and went to the point nearest to the island and swam them over, three of us going with them; Tripp swam back with two of the horses and brought Hammond over. Now we were safe. We built a good fire and [illegible] to roast meat, and pretty soon were quite comfortable.

I was now quite anxious to get on; so next morning we packed our mule, saddled our horses, bade our two friends good-by, and were off for Tongue River. The breaking up of the river was very much in our favor, not but the Indians could and would cross, but they could not do it so quickly. We made a good day's ride, saw no Indians, but plenty of fresh signs. We kept as much in the timber as possible. When night came on we camped just before reaching a deep, wide, dry coulee. The next morning it was brim full of water and mush snow which had been washed down from the mountains during the night. We traveled up the stream for about a mile to a place where it looked as if we might cross. Lowery took the lead, as he had the largest horse. The stream was spread out so that it looked like a great river, but seemed not over knee deep, and continued about that depth until within a few feet of the opposite side, when out of sight went old man Lowery, horse and all. The next instant he was up, and within a few feet of the bank, which he easily reached. Not wanting any of that, I turned back, went down to the river, unpacked and unsaddled, took the mule and horse back to where Lowery had crossed, started them in, and away they went. They got a good ducking, but crossed all right. I got three small logs down at the river, lashed them together with my picket ropes, put my saddles and other things on the raft, and away I went, intending to raft across the mouth of the water-filled ravine. I was getting along finely until I got pretty close to the mouth of the incoming stream, when I discovered that it was coming with such force as to almost cut the river, and looked to me to be at least three feet higher than the river. I tried to stop my raft and get off, but I kept getting further from shore. When I saw I was in for it, I threw my steering pole away, laid down flat on the raft and let her slide. I struck the incoming stream and began to whirl round and round until I was almost at the opposite side of the river, where I came within an ace of being knocked off by an old root of a tree that projected out from the bank. I kept spinning round and round, landing back on the side of the river I had entered, and exactly where I wanted to be. As soon as I got near enough I got my rope in one hand and rifle in the other and jumped ashore, on what seemed to be a beautiful black sand bank, which I had no sooner touched with my feet than down, down, down I went, not touching solid bottom until the sand was up under my arms, and then I was held as tight as in a vise, and it was getting tighter. I gave a yell for my partner, who soon came and looked over the high bank. He threw me a rope, and finally I worked out, and with much labor and difficulty got my things ashore. I was in a terrible fix, wet and muddy, sore and hungry and disgusted with the whole country, and wished myself back in old Kentucky. We made camp, which consisted of a fire and a good smoke, but we had nothing to eat that night. Still I slept well.

Next morning we were off early. About 9 o'clock we found a dead buffalo that someone had killed for amusement some time before. For all we knew, it might have lain there half the winter. It was frozen. We hacked out a chunk with our hatchet and ate it raw as we rode along. Don't laugh when I say it was good. It *was* good, and I enjoyed it very much; and to this day nothing so disgusts me as to hear some one say, when they are surrounded by almost everything in the way of grub, "Oh, dear, what shall I get to eat? This is a time of year when there is nothing." Such talk as that always makes me sick, since my trip to Tongue River Cantonment, when bread would have been a luxury.

About noontime we were at the mouth of Froze-to-Death Creek, which had broken up, and the ice from the river had jammed up in its mouth and stopped the ice from going out of the creek. I crossed over on the ice on foot. It seemed solid, I hacked a little trail over with my hatchet, and we started to cross with our horses, Lowery in the lead; when about half way across, his horse stepped on a large flat piece of ice, when it began to tip; I being behind, gave him a slap, the ice tipped more and the horse slipped down into the hole. It was something strange; the ice was piled up several feet deep, but in this one spot there was no ice under the top piece. It looked just like a well. Lowery held on to the bridle, or the horse would have gone below. We tied a rope around his neck and to a tree on the bank, and went to work to cut a trail through the ice to the bank, which was a tedious job with hatchets. On either side of the stream the bluffs were quite high, and being now in the very worst part of the country for Indians, we were in danger of having them get right on top of us before we knew it. Every few minutes we would have to stop work and go to the top of the bluff and take a look. I concluded to tie my mule up on the bluff, behind a thick patch of pines, and then watch the mule and save running so often. On account of the thick pines, the mule could not be seen by anyone except us. We went to work now in earnest, but in a few moments I looked up at the mule and there she stood, with ears straight forward as if she might be looking at the devil. We dropped our hatchets, grabbed our guns and made for the top of the bluff, where not a single thing was to be seen. We soon went back to work, and a few moments afterward had to go through the same performance, and with the same results. So we dropped our attention from the mule. About 6 o'clock we had our trail ready to get our poor tired horse out of the hole, where he had been hanging by the neck all evening. He got out all right and was walking up the bank when he stopped to shake himself, like a dog coming out of the water, and immediately after doing so, dropped dead. We took the saddle off, neither of us saying a word. I took the mule and pony across, got down under the bank and sat down and smoked.

While smoking we heard someone talking. We could hardly believe our ears. I was so hungry and weak that I thought I must be dreaming. Lowery had also heard the talking, and on looking over the bank, we saw two men rolling something on the ground.

"What the devil are they doing?" said Lowery.

"It looks like a barrel to me," said I.

We went down toward them in full view, and had come to within thirty feet of them before they saw us. When they did so, both made for the timber, but stopped as soon as they knew we were white men. Sure enough, what they were rolling was a barrel of beer that had been lost with a boat late the fall before and had lodged on the sandbar and was frozen. They rolled it down to their dugout, where they were trapping beaver, and soon had the staves off and a solid barrel of ice, except about a gallon or two in the center which was what they were after, and soon had it. I would not touch it until I had had something to eat, which was very quick. I then took a sup of the beer. It was strong as alcohol, but did me lots of good; at least I thought so. The two men were soon as drunk as drunk could be, and ready to fight all the Indians in Montana. They were all right next morning, but wanted no more beer.

We remained in the dugout all next day, resting and eating. I thought I never would get filled up. On the following morning we made another start and were told we could make the Cantonment in two days if we had no trouble. As Lowery had lost his horse, we were now compelled to abandon our pack saddle and most of our bedding and considerable other stuff, so that he could ride my mule. We cached our things in a safe place in the timber, each taking an extra blanket under the saddle, and what we could tie on behind, taking care not to overload our animals.

We took some bread and cold boiled buffalo, and at daylight were off, keeping in the timber, which made the traveling much slower. It was cooler and cloudy, and what should it do in the afternoon but begin to snow again. Snow was what we wanted now more than ever. It would check the Indians from moving around, and beside would cover our trail, which could now plainly be seen in the soft ground whenever we went outside of the timber, which we were compelled to do every little while in crossing open spots. It continued to snow fast until after we had made our night camp in a patch of cottonwood timber, when the timber belt on our side of the river gave out, leaving a space of three or four miles to the next belt. We made camp about the middle of the timber, when we discovered we were on a sort of an island, the timber being almost surrounded by a slough, which was still frozen over and quite wide, connecting with the river below, leaving a narrow space at the upper end of solid ground, where we had entered the timber. We shaved bark for the horses, ate a cold snack and made our bed on the snow, which was now about six inches deep, but had ceased to fall.

Next morning we were up early, intending to sleep at the Cantonment that night. I went out to shave a little bark, when I thought I heard a horse snort. So did Lowery, who came to where I was to see if I had heard it. We slowly and carefully walked through the heavy timber. The small undergrowth was heavily laden with snow, making it difficult to see any great distance and the timber getting thicker with willows as we got nearer the lower end. Suddenly we ran on to fresh shod horse tracks and a moccasin track of a white man—the big toe turning back instead of in. We followed the trail a few yards, when we heard two men talking. After listening a few minutes, I recognized the voice of one of them as being the notorious "Yankee Jim," who is at this time the sage of the Yellowstone Canyon a few miles north of the Yellowstone Park. I was well acquainted with him, and had assisted him to some extent in making his toll road through "Yankee Jim" Canyon toward what is now the National Park. We boldly went forward, making noise enough so as not to surprise them. You may rest assured that we were gladly received. The other man was Muggins Taylor, who had been one of Custer's main scouts, and was with Reno, at the Custer battle.

He and "Yankee Jim" had been at this point all winter trapping beaver and drying elk and buffalo meat, of which they had several thousand pounds. They had a lodge made of poles about six inches in diameter and about twenty or twenty-five feet long, placed in a large circle, standing on end and meeting in a small circle at the top. It was covered with raw elk skins, hair side down, and heaped up from the ground to a height of five feet, was from 2½ to 3 feet deep of earth, with port holes in every direction. The remainder of the covering was of skins alone. After talking until quite late, we all went to sleep on a big bed of tanned buffalo robes. The next morning my eyes were paining me dreadfully, feeling as if sand had got in them, and I soon found I was snow blind. Pretty soon I could not open them at all, and as far as Indians were concerned, if I had to depend on myself, I was completely at their mercy should they find us. "Yankee Jim" went to work doctoring me. He took a large boulder which he had brought from the river bank, heated it almost red hot, then bringing me a bucket of cold water told me to sit on the ground with the hot stone in front of me. He covered me over with a large buffalo robe, and directed me to hold my head over the stone and sprinkle cold water on it, and let the steam go in my eyes. This I did and in a very few moments got much better, and by night was very nearly cured.

The next day was beautiful and warm, and as we had lost the day with my eyes, we concluded to make the ride to the Cantonment at night, as we were told the Indians were watching the actions of Gen. Miles from every direction, and a night ride would be much safer, and, in fact, the only way we could get there. We bade our friends good-by and started about 8 o'clock at night, and instead of keeping the river and timber, we took to the bluffs about a mile from the river, keeping under the bluffs as much as possible, and made good headway. When daylight appeared we found we were about one mile above the Cantonment, which was on the opposite side of the river from us. We rode down to the river, near the mouth of Tongue River and close to the camp of Gen. Miles, when we were halted and asked who we were. I told the guard I had dispatches from General Brisbin at Fort Ellis to General Miles, which being reported to General Miles, a boat was sent over after us, and a few minutes more I was in the presence of General Miles, and delivered my dispatch, forty-one days old, but none had been ahead of me from that direction. That route had been abandoned for some time as not possible to be traveled at this season of the year, and all news from Fort Ellis or the East had come by way of the Missouri River and Fort Buford.

What always was a mystery to me was this: I was shown a copy of the New York Sun—I believe it was—giving an account of my running on the ice down the Yellowstone Canyon, and being killed and scalped by

the Indians. How that run was ever found out so soon, sent East, and published and back before I had finished the journey, who reported it and to whom, I never could imagine.

I remained at the Cantonment until in the fall, or late summer, trading with the Indians and soldiers, and looking after the mail from Tongue River to Fort Buford, when I again took the trail toward the headwaters of the Yellowstone on a hunting and trapping expedition.

Coon Tail.

Letters to a Chum.—I.

Chicago, September 22.—Dear Clark: Here we are home again after one of the most delightful hunts I ever experienced, but it is good to get home again. After all, the best part of going away is the coming back.

Well, old pard, I feel almost guilty of something in going away for a good time without you. I felt one-sided all the time I was gone—my right-hand man was absent. I felt mighty queer about it, too; didn't seem right, somehow. I needed my old partner every day. I hope I will have him again next time. Here is how it happened:

Last fall when you and I returned from our Utah hunt I told my wife about our good time, and the wonderful things we had seen. She was greatly interested in my stories, and I sure had some good ones to tell, as you know. We did have a good time and no mistake. I got carried away with enthusiasm in the telling, but didn't romance so very much—didn't have to, you know. She listened with wide eyes when I told of our adventure on Old Ben Mountain, and when I'd finished my yarn, she says: "Why don't you take me with you on some of your trips?" I said: "I'd like to, if I thought you could stand it, but we rough it too much for a lady. We make long journeys over rough country, sleep outdoors, eat anything we happen to have, get our clothes pretty dirty, get dog tired, and have an all around good time for men; but it don't seem just the thing for a lady. You would get sick of it the first day and want to go home."

"No," she says, "I wouldn't do any such thing. I could stand it as well as you can. You know that I could walk as far as you can. I would keep my clothes cleaner than you do yours, and I can excel you in frying trout, broiling venison or making hot bread. I can shoot and I can catch fish."

Now, this was all true, and of course I had to admit it. Still, I was not convinced; but it was a long time till next time—a year—and I thought she would probably forget all about it before that time or change her mind. So I says, "All right, you get ready and I'll take you along on my next year's hunt."

Rash words! And spoken without consideration, but the edict had gone forth, and she held me to my promise. I don't believe there was a day of that year that she didn't say something about our trip. Such planning and such getting ready I never saw. She had her trunk packed four months before it was time to go, and then she thought of a lot of things that she didn't have which necessitated sundry trips down town. Then we had to have another trunk.

She enjoyed the thing so much in anticipation, and I enjoyed seeing her enjoy it, that I don't know when I've had so much pleasure in getting ready for a hunt.

We couldn't decide on a location for a long time. We studied the map of the United States together, and finally concluded that Colorado would about suit us. But what point in that State would we select? That was the rub.

We wrote letters to the postmasters of about every out-of-the-way place we could pick out on the map, with addressed and stamped envelopes for a reply. Soon the answers began to come in and then we were more puzzled than ever. There seemed so many good places to select from. Each one had some advantage that the others didn't have. We could only go to one of them, and wanted the best—didn't want to make any mistake, you know.

Well, we finally sifted the places down to five, and I guess we never would have made a selection if it hadn't been that one of our correspondents said in his letter that he was a guide of many years' experience (so were the other four). He had a complete outfit—horses, wagon, saddle horses, tents, cooking outfit, etc. (The other four had the same). But this man said that he had a good bear and lion dog. That settled it. None of the others said a word about their dog—forgot it, I guess.

Lem Crandall was his name, and he lived in De Beque, Colorado. I want to say right here that we made no mistake in our guide. A better fellow never straddled a "hoss." Tall, straight, and powerful, he seemed to know things by instinct. Eager and untiring in the hunt, modest and retiring in camp. But give him a pipe and good tobacco over the camp-fire, after the labors of the day were o'er, draw him on carefully, and he could tell a story of adventure that would raise the hair on a dead man, and he didn't have to "make them up," either. He had had experience in his thirty years of roughing it.

Well, the time finally came to start, though it was mighty hard waiting for it toward the last. In fact, we couldn't wait for the appointed time, but pulled out four days ahead of time and spent them sight-seeing at the show places in Colorado.

On the morning of August 13 we alighted from the train (D. & R. G.) at Rifle, and found Lem awaiting us at the station, with everything all packed and loaded for an immediate start in to the hills, and it was not long till we were in the wagon on our way north.

But, oh, what a day! The dust enveloped us like a fog, while the sun beat down on us unmercifully. Lem said there hadn't been a drop of rain in that valley for two months, but that we would soon get out of the dust as we left the valley. This was encouraging, and I heard no word of complaint. For about two hours we stifled and cooked. Then we reached the foothills and entered a canyon where the trail followed the windings of a noisy, roaring little brook. As we advanced green trees filled the canyon and covered us with a grateful shade. A cooling breeze sifted down from some cool mountain top, the quaking aspen whispered to us overhead, while the brook sang us a lullaby at our feet. Birds sang in the tree tops, and mountain trout sported in the stream.

What shall I say of such a place? I cannot tell its beauties. I leave it to your imagination. There was only one drawback—the road was all uphill. We had a splendid team of horses, and would not have got to the head of that creek.

Dismounting from the wagon, we walked ahead, leaving the team and driver to follow as fast as they could. Getting out of the dust and hearing of the wagon, we seated ourselves on a handy log and drank in the surrounding beauties. Never had nature made a more beautiful spot, nor a more pleasant. It is beyond me to describe it. I will take you there some day and show it to you.

On we went, and up we went, forgetting to feel tired or weary in that wonderful place. Long before we were ready for it darkness came upon us, and we pulled into a little valley across the creek, where there was a good place to camp, with plenty of grass for the horses. Then we were all busy. Wood to get, fire to build, tent to set up. Then supper. Oh, how good it tasted! No time that night to try for trout, the dark caught us before we were aware of it. But the next morning I was out at the peep of day, determined to have fish for breakfast.

A white frost lay on everything, and our water pail had a scum of ice over it. What a change from yesterday in the valley! Hastily putting a rod together, and selecting a light colored fly, I started down stream. It seemed a joke to fish in such a little stream. It was about six feet wide by two deep. There were fish in there, though; I saw them, and they saw me, too, I guess, for I had no luck. Two fingerlings looked lonesome in my basket when warned by the sun peeping over the hill that it was time to go to breakfast.

Walking up the trail that we had come over the night before, I saw a fresh deer track crossing the road, with one hoof mark in our wheel track. I was feeling cold, hungry and desolate, but when I saw that track my pulse went up, and my heart rejoiced again, as I eagerly scanned the hills for a sight of him, but he was not visible.

Reaching camp I found breakfast ready, and a big bright fire that warmed my shins and dried my wet garments. The bay horse was at camp eating his oats, but the gray had not come in with him, so I went out to look for him.

Going out in the direction the other had come from, I gave a call to him, and heard an answering whicker up among the trees, and presently Old Gray came hobbling out into sight 200 yards away. But what a sight! He could not walk. His leg was broken or his shoulder out of joint. I couldn't tell what was the matter with him. When he saw me he whickered again so pitifully that I could not bear to look at him. My heart went away down into my boots. Good, honest, faithful Old Gray suffering like that! How will we get on without you? One horse can never pull us up those hills, and the saddle horses are forty miles away, up at our permanent camp.

I hardly had the courage to go up and look at him. I hesitated and turned back to get Lem. Then, getting my wits again, I went on and Old Gray hobbled on to meet me. Poor old fellow! He talked to me in horse language, trying to tell me about it, and a sob came into my throat as I went up to him. Then I stopped and stared. Then I laughed and shouted as I hadn't done for many a day. Old Gray had his front feet tied together with a rope.

Clark, did you ever think you were falling off a precipice—down, down to sure death, and just as you struck bottom, wake up to find yourself in a nice warm bed and everything all right? That's how I felt.

Bundling our camp into the wagon we joyously went on our way, up and up, hill after hill, always following the crooks of the creek. Lem said that this forenoon would be our hardest pull, that we would all have to walk for about ten miles, then we would be on top of the mesa and could all ride as much as we liked.

So we trudged on cheerfully, my wife and I in the lead; now through a box canyon with bare old rocks rearing their height a hundred feet above our heads, almost coming together at the top, now through a wooded dell, every tree set by a plumb-line so straight were they. Everywhere a deep dark green, only where Jack Frost had set his mark. Animal life everywhere. Strange birds that I had never seen before. A kind of bluejay and magpie, then a covey of mountain grouse trot out of the road and stand looking at us wonderingly. Luckily I had my .22 short Winchester repeater in my hand with the magazine full of cartridges. There stands a grouse at forty feet in plain view! Taking a quick aim at his head I unhitch, and the grouse don't move. Then again, and again, with the same result. My wife titters behind me and I am becoming exasperated. Confound that bird! I'll make him move, and aiming at his body I knock him over. Then turning on another I lay him out, but he dies hard and flutters around, making such a racket that the others are alarmed, and some fly while others run off into the bushes.

Gathering our birds as we go, we pick our way carefully through the bushes, looking for another, but they are hard to see. Pretty soon my wife whispers, "There's one." "Where?" "There on that log." But I can't get my eye on him, so I hand the gun to her and she aims at him. Then I see him very plainly about a hundred feet away, the most conspicuous object in view. I hadn't looked high enough. Rose tries her best to hold the gun still, but the excitement has got into her veins and she wabbles. "Steady now." And she nerves herself, holds the gun steadily an instant and touches the trigger. Over goes the bird and I congratulate her on the shot, but we fail to gather him—must have been crippled and ran away, which makes Rose feel very badly. "Poor thing," she says. "I wish now I hadn't shot at him at all." I finally convince her that if it was a mortal wound he is dead by this time, but if it is a flesh wound he will be well in a few days, and her face clears.

Lem and the team have pulled up opposite us and stopped. "What did you get?" he says. I hold up the two grouse. "How many was there?" he asks. "Oh, about a dozen or fifteen," I says. "Well," he says, "you ought to've got mor'n two of 'em. What was the matter—couldn't you hit 'em?"

Now, I thought we had done pretty well. We had enough meat for dinner; but after I had seen Lem operate on a covey of nine grouse for about nine seconds with that same gun, then go and pick up all of the nine, each shot through the head, I began to understand what could be done with a .22.

On we went, up and up, the breath coming fast and loud, but we had no time to think of being tired. We were in fairyland, with thoughts only for the surroundings. At each turn a new view bursts upon us. Here a mighty monarch of the forest of magnificent proportions had fallen across the trail and some former traveler had cut out a section of the bowl, making a passage for the wagon. What a splendid tree it must have been! At least one hundred feet, perhaps more, and straight as an arrow.

Further on we find a spring of clear, cold water gushing out of the rocks, making a streamlet across the trail down into the creek. We get out our pocket drinking cups and sample it. How good it tastes!

Look there! Just at the junction of the two streams in the mud, what tracks are those? Good Lord! they almost make my hair raise. I had never seen a bear track, but I had heard of them, and there they were, life-size, looking as if they had been made but a moment before. We glanced quickly around, half expecting to see him coming for us, and only a .22 to meet him with.

"What's that?" my wife says in a hoarse whisper, holding up her hands in a listening attitude. I hear a rattle down the creek, then a cheery "Go on there, Barney," and Lem comes into view with his puffing horses.

Lem got down and examined the tracks. "Yes," he says, "that was a pretty sizable silver-tip. Must have gone along early this morning. No telling where he is now; up on the Macy, mebbe."

"D'you notice that feller in the wagin we passed 'bout an 'our ago, with his arm in a sling and his head tied up? That was ol' man Harris. Lives back there a piece whar you see them hay stacks in the little bottom at the forks. Well, 'bout two weeks ago he was up here sum'ers lookin' after his cattle, an' he run across a little cub. Thought he'd take 'im home, as the cub looked lonesome. No old bear around as he could see. So Harris got off his hoss and caught the little cuss after a right smart run and started back to his hoss. Didn't get fur, though, till he run right smack into the wust kind of trouble. The old bar was on him 'fore he know'd it. Well, this is the fust day he's been out. He tole me just now that the ole bar's hide was nailed up on the stable. Done it with his knife alone. He was a blamed ole fool, though, to tackle a cub at this time o' year 'thout shootin' the ole bar fust."

Clark, it makes a tenderfoot feel funny to see in front of him a bear track about the size of a dishpan, and about two minutes old, and no gun handy. He feels like making a fool of himself right then and there by climbing a tree till things get settled. I went to the wagon and got out my .30-30 Savage and filled the magazine with soft-nose bullets. Then I felt better, but we walked along the wagon for awhile.

All long roads come to an end if you follow them far enough, and about 1 P. M. we reached the topmost hill. And what a view opened to the vision!

Lem stopped the horses and said we could get in the wagon if we wished. You bet we were dead willing. My wife had walked with a quick and springy step all of that long steep climb, and never once complained of feeling tired. I don't believe I was ever more "beat out" than I was right then, but I kept it on the quiet. I guess we had both determined not to peep first.

"Thar," says Lem, pointing to the southward, "is Man's Cap, seventy-five mile away, and here," pointing to northeast, "is Sleepy Cap, sixty mile away."

Neither of the peaks looked to be over five or ten miles away, and both stood out clearly and plainly above all the other lesser mountains.

Lem said that we would drive about a mile further, where we would find a good spring of water, and would camp there for dinner.

Up at the spring we found a large camp, with several men lolling around in the warm sunshine. One of them came forward and asked if we had a permit to camp on Government land. Lem answered in the negative. So the man said that if we would walk over to his camp he would write us out one.

This was something new, but the man said it was necessary; that he was a game warden with instructions to arrest anyone found camping without a permit. Luckily it only cost fifty cents, so we got the permit and went into camp about a quarter of a mile away in a grove of trees.

Soon our coffee pot was boiling, but we didn't have any fried grouse that day. Lem had hidden them somewhere, and whispered to me that the open season for grouse and deer did not begin till twelve o'clock that night (August 15).

We had an abundance of tinned stuff, and it never tasted better. While we were eating our dinner a cowboy rode up on his pinto, and told us that a bear, a big silver-tip, had killed one of his steers the night before about a mile and a half from there, and that he had just seen him near the carcass.

I was now full of courage, so I told Lem to hurry and unharness the horses so that we could ride out and get Mr. Bruin. But now occurred the first disagreement my wife and I had on the trip. She wanted to know what I was going to do. "Shoot the bear," I says. "Yes, and get all chewed up like the man we met in the wagon," she says. "Oh," I says, "there's no danger on a horse; besides, I'll kill him dead the first shot." "Like you did the grouse," she says. "You are not used to hunting bears and you shan't go; besides the horses are tired now, and we've a long way to go yet to-day."

Well, after some more argument, and after I'd promised to only go over and look at him, I gained a reluctant consent. Meanwhile, Lem had been pottering around, making no headway at all. He seemed very reluctant to start out for some reason, which surprised me mightily. He now beckoned me around behind the wagon and said: "See here, Mr. Paddock, if you say so we'll go and kill that bear, but I'm not in favor of it. My gun is up at the camp for one thing. I wanted to go as light as possible, so left everything there when I came away that I did not absolutely need. But my main reason is that the bear's

hide will be absolutely worthless if killed at this time of the year. Two months from now it will be worth $100, and that's a good deal of money to me."

That kind of argument was unanswerable; besides, I had shown up my courage bravely. So I said, "All right, then, we'll let him go."

So we hitched up the horses and went our way. About five miles of comparatively level road was before us. Across the mesa green grass, green trees and thousands of wild flowers everywhere. The man that gave us the camping permit had told us that about two inches of snow had fallen on August 10, which seemed mighty queer to me. It hadn't done any damage that I could see. The air was keen but the sun was warm.

After crossing the mesa we began to descend. Down, down, down, nearly all the afternoon, through a rather unattractive country. About all of our attention was absorbed in hanging on. We made good time, and before sundown we pulled into the camping place selected by Lem for the night, on the bank of a raging torrent that Lem said was full of trout. So hastily getting things in shape for the girls to get supper, Lem and I got out our rubber boots and fishing outfit, and were soon in the water. Only about twenty minutes of daylight remained. I did my best, but did not get a bite. Lem landed three beauties, and we soon had them in the pan.

That night we had a concert of wolves. It was a clear, frosty night, perfectly calm, with millions of stars blazing down on us, and later a big moon came up. Sound carried well and for some time we lay enjoying the music, snugly tucked away in our sleeping bags. The next thing I knew the sun was shining brightly through the canvas, and a hundred blackbirds were twittering on the ground outside where we had fed the horses their oats.

Hurrah! the open season is here. We'll kill a deer today or bust. Everybody was hungry and happy. A little stiff in the joints at first, may be, but that soon wore off.

More fish have to be caught while the coffee pot is doing business. "Where's Lem?" "Get up, you lazy fellow, it's almost noon." (Lem slept in the wagon.) No answer. Going up to the wagon I find his nest empty and his fish pole gone. Soon he came out of the willows with four speckled beauties, one of them weighing 2¾ pounds. Oh, why did I sleep so long!

Lem said that our permanent camp was only about twenty miles away now. With a fair road and with good luck we ought to be there soon after noon.

If you had one of our appetites, you would enjoy reading about that breakfast—fried trout, hot biscuit, bacon and coffee. Ye gods, what a feast! But time flies. I must hasten on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

The Intelligence of the Wild Things.

False Natural History.

BY HERMIT.

I HAVE before me the Atlantic Monthly for March, containing Mr. John Burroughs' attack on Ernest Thompson Seton and the Rev. William J. Long.

I do not care to express an opinion on either side at present, but do desire to call attention to some of Mr. Burroughs' false natural history. Mr. Burroughs is a naturalist who is widely quoted by other writers, and should not, to use his own language, "Disseminate false notions of nature."

Keen observers are springing up throughout the world, and their studies of nature are deeper, and far more logical and far beyond the knowledge of Mr. Burroughs' studies if one must judge by his writings. Mr. Burroughs is positive in his statements. Too positive, for he is careless enough to contradict his statements in many cases. I will quote one of his positive statements: "There is nothing in the dealings of animals with their young that in the remotest way suggests human instruction and discipline."

This is a broad statement, but Mr. Burroughs contradicts it in the same paper. He contradicts it when he tells how the crows teach their young to forage; when he tells how birds induce their young to leave the nest, and when he relates how doves push their young from the dovecot to make them use their wings. If Mr. Burroughs will visit the Central Park menagerie and the Zoological Park, up in The Bronx, in his own State, he will see animals chastise their young. Two ways of chastisement are decidedly human. By spanking and by a box on the ear.

"The New Babies at The Bronx" is the title of a paper in FOREST AND STREAM, March 28. The writer, when referring to Susie, the baboon mother, states in relation to her baby:

"When he got a bit obstreperous she gave him a dainty box on the ear, and then smoothed his head anxiously to make sure she hadn't hurt it. The baby squeaked, but he was good after that."

Reads like human discipline, don't it? I will quote further:

"It appears that chastisement is an important part of animal bringing up, as seen at the Zoo. All the animals have different ways of chastisement for their young, but all the children get it, and some of them get it hard."

Last spring I saw an old crow discipline her baby. I was watching the nest from a bluff, which was nearly on a level with the nest. The three young crows were calling for food in dead earnest. A crow came and fed one of the youngsters. Another came and fed number two. This crow discovered me, and instantly called to the babies to stop their cries. Two stopped, but the third, the hungry one, cried louder than ever. The old crow circled above me, then flew to the tree and knocked the baby crow into the bottom of the nest. This rough usage stopped its cries, but it was discipline just the same. The crows bring their young to my cabin door yard when I am absent. On my return the old crows fly away calling the young to follow. It often happens that the latter remain without fear of my approach. The old crows return and beat the youngsters until they are glad to obey. If these young crows were left to themselves, I would soon have them tame enough to eat from my hand, like the chickadees. But the old crows give them lessons in wildness until they become as wild as their parents. It is instruction beyond a doubt.

A pair of towhee buntings come to my cabin for food. The male bunting takes charge of the first brood, while his mate rears a second brood. When the second family appears, the male bunting takes his charge to a bird resort. It sometimes happens that a young bird finds its way back. The old bunting pounces on the little one; gives it a severe whipping and takes it to the resort again. Truly, the young bird gets a lesson that is very much like human discipline.

I could fill a volume with proof that animals chastise their young, but it is unnecessary, for any one can visit a Zoo and find proof for himself. So much for one of Mr. Burroughs' positive statements; here is another:

"No bird teaches its young to fly."

This is positive enough, but as usual, Mr. Burroughs contradicts it. He writes: "I have often thought that the parent birds sometimes withheld food for the purpose of inducing the young to leave the nest." Then he adds: "The common dove will undoubtedly push its fully fledged young off the dovecot to make them use their wings."

In the name of common sense, why did Mr. Burroughs, with this knowledge, positively assert that "No bird teaches its young to fly." That assertion will stand and be quoted by scores of writers. Thousands of persons have seen the swallows teach their young to fly. The parent swallows take their young, perhaps two broods, to the fences or telegraph wires, and at short intervals teach them to fly. Soon the birds will gather, in what might be called companies. They mount and wheel and drill until the young are hard of muscle, and can touch elbows, and are fitted for the long, dangerous journey South. In the face of these facts Mr. Burroughs asserts: "No bird teaches its young to fly." Here is another assertion:

"The young of all the wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did."

If this be true, why don't a tame crow fly to the clam flats; or to the beach when the tide is out; or to the carcasses of horses in the woods, as its parents do and did? Mr. Burroughs may claim that the change is due to tameness, but the argument will not hold. When farming in Maine, if I caught a young crow in the cornfield, in a foot trap, and tamed him, I found he would pull up corn the following spring. All through a long cold winter he had remembered the lesson taught him by his mother. Young crows taken from the nest would not pull up corn, although their parents before them did. They had been fed on sprouted corn, but without a lesson in the cornfield did not connect the food they craved with the rows of green blades.

Wild fowl, bred on our northern lakes, will not go south without old birds to lead the way. I have hatched black duck's eggs under a hen, but the young did not go south, as their parents did before them, although their flight feathers were perfect. Farmers around me had flocks of wild black ducks, hatched under hens. I never heard a flock that went south. One flock foraged on a trout brook until cold weather. Their life was nearly that of the wild ducks, and I thought they might go south, but instead, they trooped to the farm buildings for food and shelter. They did not go south, as their parents before them did, because they had no old bird to lead the way.

"The bird sings at the proper age," asserts Mr. Burroughs, and then adds: "Without a hint from its parents."

A song sparrow in my dooryard has failed to comprehend this law of nature laid down by Mr. Burroughs. He is teaching his year-old boy to sing. I stop my writing to listen. The old bird sings the mating song, note for note, but in a much lower key than usual. The young bird imitates the singer in an imperfect song, he sings one song after another rapidly, while the old bird sings at short periods, just often enough to give the beginner a lesson. The old song sparrow has visited my dooryard for fourteen years. He would desert the fields for a life in the woods, if his wife would consent. As it is, he puts in many days, spring and fall, at the log cabin. He is usually alone, but sometimes he brings one of his children with him. If it is a female he does not teach it how to sing, but does teach the young males. When the old bird is alone he does not sing the mating song, but instead sings a low twitter by the house.

I often take my visitors to a wood thrush's singing school. The old male sings the loud clear song, then the young males begin. Some sing one note, some two. Some notes are hoarse, others are shrill. As the birds forget their lesson, they drop out one by one, and when all are silent the old male sings again, and so it goes on for hours.

It appears that Mr. Burroughs tried to discourage an amateur naturalist, who had discovered a fact in her observations. I quote from his paper:

"The other day a lady told me she thought she had heard a robin in the summer teaching its young to sing. But I said the young do not sing till the following year, and then only the males. If they are taught why don't the females sing?"

The lady was right, robins do teach their young to sing, and teach them all the call notes besides. I hear the old males sing, for the purpose of teaching the young, every season. The singing is not in the loud notes of the mating time, but is confined to a minor key. One cannot go blundering through the woods and hear the robin teach its young. It takes hours of patient observation to overcome the fear of man, before the robins will go on with their domestic affairs. When Mr. Burroughs flippantly asked: "If they are taught why don't the females sing?" the lady could have asked in return, why don't the females sing, anyway, like the males, if they are not taught?

The little girl plays at housekeeping and imitates her mother. Through observation and teaching she will in time become proficient in domestic affairs. The boy whistles and whittles and imitates the man. It is just the same in bird life. The young females learn nest building and how to rear a family, and the young males learn to sing. These young birds learn by observation and by teaching.

Mr. Burroughs asserts: "A young bird takes its appropriate food without a hint from its parents."

Again Mr. Burroughs contradicts himself. Here is what he writes:

"You may see the old ones (crows) with their young foraging about the fields, the young often being fed by their parents. It may be permissible to say that the old are teaching the young how to forage."

Yes, and all the birds teach their young how to forage, from warblers to crows. It would be a poor observer that could not understand that the old birds are teaching the young how to procure food. Robins, catbirds, buntings and oven birds bring their young to my dooryard and feed them on bread. When the young birds are old enough their parents give them a hint to feed themselves. An old bird will drop bread before the baby, with some sort of a clucking note, which may mean "help yourself." The young bird takes the hint when right down hungry and picks up the food.

According to Mr. Burroughs, the old roosters do not teach the young to crow, and the cock grouse does not teach the young male to drum. Writers on natural history, for many years, have called attention to the drumming of the grouse in the fall, heard mostly in the night time. Some have claimed that the old males were teaching the young, and my experience leads me to believe that this is the true solution to fall drumming. For eighteen years it has been my practice to sleep in the open air from April to December. I hear all the wild sounds that abound in the woods, and some of these sounds are very interesting. Not far from my cabin there is a boulder where the grouse drum. In the early fall, before the birds are scattered by hunters, I hear the old grouse teaching the young to drum. The old bird sends up the roll with as much force as in the mating season. The young birds, at first, make a poor imitation of the roll, but keep trying every evening, until they meet with fair success. Hearing I believe, and no assertions by Mr. Burroughs can make me discredit my sense of hearing. Mr. Burroughs asks: "Does the rooster teach its young to crow?"

Certainly it does. I am surprised that Mr. Burroughs should express a doubt on the subject. I have understood that he was reared on a farm, and I supposed that all farmers knew the proverb: "The old cock crows and the young one learns." The old roosters confine their crowing mostly to the morning hours, until the young roosters are old enough to learn to crow. Then they crow throughout the day, at short intervals, to show the young the proper thing. The young birds slowly acquire the true notes, but the old ones patiently continue the lessons. Young birds removed out of hearing, will not learn to crow. A grasshopper year, when I was farming, threatened the destruction of a large field of cabbage. I put up a chicken house in the center of the field and stocked it with over a hundred chickens. There was a large number of males in the flock, but not one attempted to crow, although they remained in the field until cold weather. Their mates left at the poultry house had become fair crowers, under the teaching of several old roosters. As soon as the young roosters returned to the poultry yards they began to learn to crow. Every now and then, poultry papers bring out the fact that young roosters will not crow without a teacher. Mr. Burroughs and the cat:

"The cat brings her kitten a mouse, but does she teach him how to deal with the mouse? Does he need to be taught?"

That a naturalist should ask such questions is beyond my comprehension. I thought every one knew that cats teach their kittens all the ways of cat life. It was my first lesson in natural history. In my boyhood days a fall confined me to the house. At the foot of my trundle-bed a litter of kittens in a basket afforded me amusement. I noticed the thin voice that gradually developed into the strong mew of the old cat, and I knew the mother was continually giving a lesson in cat language. When the kittens were old enough to leave the basket I was surprised to see the old cat playing with them. Pussy, as we called her, was a staid old cat, and I did not know that she had any play in her. I soon noticed that she played with each kitten. She had no favorites. After a while it dawned on me that Pussy was teaching her kittens how to fight. The arched back and spiteful spitting was soon acquired by the kittens, and they practiced together. The mother gradually dropped out of the game when the young ones took it up. Pussy's family was reduced to one kitten. As this kitten had no mates to practice with, the old cat gave it lessons again in self-defense and aggression. She taught the kitten how to deal with a mouse. She would drop a live mouse near the kitten and then stalk it when it attempted to escape. The kitten looked on several days and then tried to imitate the old cat. The mouse nearly escaped. Pussy caught it, just in time, and let the kitten try again. This time the kitten succeeded in catching the mouse. The old cat often brought in a mouse, but was a long time before she would allow the kitten to deal with it alone. When the kitten's education was completed, Pussy gave it to understand that it must strike out for itself. When the kitten persisted in following its mother, crying for its natural food, the old cat would turn and box its ears soundly. Very like a human mother when she boxes the ears of the child for over-teasing.

Mr. Burroughs would have us believe that animals are born with a knowledge of the calls common to their parents. Messrs. Long and Seton never promulgated such an unnatural theory as this. As well claim that the human baby is born with a knowledge of the language common to its parents. Mr. Burroughs says:

"Young chickens and young turkeys understand the various calls and signals of their mothers the first time

they hear or see them. At the mother's alarm note they squat, at her call to food they come, on the first day as on the tenth."

From my own observation I know that this statement is founded on error. When farming I handled thousands of chickens, hatched in the old way, under hens. Mr. Burroughs claims that chicks understand calls the first day as on the tenth. The first day of a chicken's life is a blank. It is hovered by its mother nearly all the time. It knows nothing of calls the first day. It gradually learns the calls of the mother. The call to food first, the call to hover next and the danger call last. Chickens hatched under turkeys soon learn the strange calls of the turkey mother. Ducks hatched under hens soon learn the meaning of the calls of the mother hen. Certainly Mr. Burroughs cannot claim that chickens and ducks understand the calls of their foster mothers when first hatched. This would be too ridiculous for a thinking mind. Now, if a chicken can learn calls in a strange language by observation and association, why not learn its mother's calls in the same way? The mystery would not be half so great as it would be to claim that a miraculous power implanted in the chicken a knowledge of its mother's calls, before it was born.

Without a mother's care, guidance and teaching wild life would be blotted from the face of the earth. A grouse hatched thirteen chicks within sight of my cabin. When the young were ten days old the mother was killed by a stoat. I looked after the orphans for several days, but they perished one by one. Without a mother's care and teaching their fate was inevitable. I leave the subject here as I do not care to occupy more valuable space.

Red Squirrels.

I WAS greatly interested in "Hermit's" article on Red Squirrels, and can attest the accuracy of his observations, as most of what he describes I have seen squirrels do. As he has the advantage of living among them in the open country where English sparrows and rats are common, he has seen some things which cannot be seen in the deep woods. His account of a battle between a squirrel and a rat was something entirely new to me. I had not supposed that a squirrel was able to defend himself against a rat.

I think the reason why people know so little of the habits of squirrels is that they are so common that everybody thinks he knows all about them, and so takes no pains to observe them. Thirty or forty years ago I thought I knew all there was to be known about red squirrels, and so rarely spent much time watching them. I had always seen them eating pine and spruce cones, but I had no idea they ever cut and stored those cones or that they ever followed any particular method in eating them. It surprised me to find that they had a regular time to cut them, as a farmer has to gather any crop, and that they gathered them for the seed only, and always handled them in the same way when getting the seed.

As most people know, cones are covered with soft pitch when green. As the season advances the pitch dries up into separate particles and later the scales bend back and the winged seeds fly out on their mission to reforest the surrounding region. After the seed is gone the cone is of no more use to the squirrel than a corn-cob would be to the farmer. Knowing this, the squirrel cuts his cones just at the time when the seed is ripe, but before it is detached from the cone. He works for hours at a time and for days in succession doing this until he has all he cares for. These cones he stores up in some dry place to furnish him with food during the following winter. In most cases he places them in piles among low bushes, or on rocks or in holes under stumps. I have sometimes seen as many as two hundred pine cones stored in one place. When he wishes to use one for food, he sits upright and places the cone small end down; then he cuts off the upper scale at the butt, exposing the seed beneath. In a pine cone the seed is about the size of an apple seed. In a spruce it is the size of a turnip seed. He cuts off a scale to get at each seed, and as the scales are arranged in spiral rows he keeps turning the cone as his work progresses. When enough of the central pith has been stripped so that it interferes with his nose, he cuts it off and gets it out of his way. Many people think that he eats this central pith, but the seed is the only portion eaten. Knowing that the seeds near the small end of the cone are undeveloped and worthless, he rejects the tip of the cone.

Squirrels in late fall and winter are more local than most people suppose. They do not wander a great way from their stores and will bore down through several feet of snow to find them. Many think that they can find a cone under the snow by scent, but I feel quite sure that it is by remembering the spot where they stored them. I have noticed that when a very hard crust has been formed by an ice storm, so that they cannot get their cones, they will live for days entirely on the mast of the white birch. They can, and sometimes do, live for weeks at a time on the buds of the elm. A few years ago a squirrel took up his residence for the winter under the outbuilding of a neighbor. Within a few feet of where he lived was an elm tree, the only tree that he could reach without going some distance. He used to climb this tree nearly every pleasant day from December till into March and eat the elm buds. We watched him with a field-glass and could see the buds as he ate them. He certainly got no other food for some three months. When it was stormy sometimes he did not appear for several days at a time. In all my traveling in the woods I never saw a squirrel eat an elm bud, but this one lived all winter entirely on elm buds.

Most people know that squirrels tap maple trees for the sap, and when writing of it speak of the squirrels sucking the sap. I have seen squirrels getting sap for some sixty years, and always thought that they sucked, till this winter I had a chance to learn better. Though living in a city, a pair of squirrels took up their abode in my attic last fall and stored a great quantity of horse chestnuts for their winter supply. Early in the winter a cat caught one of them, but the survivor has remained till the present date, March 27. As the weather of late has been unusually warm, he tapped some limbs in warm days in January, but in March he began regularly. A maple grows so close to a chamber window that one can reach its branches with the hand. As I have been for weeks confined to my chamber by illness, I have had such an opportunity to watch him as one seldom gets in the woods. I was very much surprised to find that he did not *suck* the sap. He lapped it with his tongue. There could be no mistake, as often he was within six or eight feet of me, and I could see his tongue plainly. I watched him day after day, and while in some cases he would hang back down under a horizontal limb and let the sap drop into his mouth, in all other cases, whether lying head up or head down, or holding on crosswise, he always lapped it with his tongue. He did as I have often seen others do, keep busily getting sap for a while and then stop and wait quite a spell before resuming work. I think they do this to let the sap thicken by exposure to the air. While this may not be the true reason, I have been able to give no other for their action, as there is always plenty of sap flowing if they wished to keep busy. I notice that the squirrel sometimes varies his sap diet by going to an elm close by and getting a few buds, but he seldom eats many at a time.

While many years ago I thought I knew all about red squirrels, I now think that there is a good deal yet to be learned about them.

MANLY HARDY.

A Remarkable Rat's Nest.

THE remarks on the wood rat's nest recently published from the always entertaining pen of our California friend, Ransacker, recalled to us an account of a mountain rat's nest published nearly thirty years ago in FOREST AND STREAM under the title given above. We reprint it here:

Mr. A. W. Chase in a recent letter to one of the editors of the American Journal of Science, gives the following account of the habits of the California wood rat—*Neotoma*, no doubt:

"While on the northern coast, I noticed a fact in natural history, to me quite curious, regarding the habits of the so-called wood rat. I am not sufficiently versed in such matters to give you the name of this interesting creature. It is a little larger than an ordinary Norway rat, dark brown in color, with large, lustrous eyes, and a tail covered with thin hairs. This creature builds its nest in the woods, sometimes on the ground; more frequently on the lower branches of trees. They accumulate a surprising quantity of dried twigs, which they interlace to form a dome-shaped structure, often ten or twelve feet high and six or eight feet in diameter. Openings in the mass lead to the center, where is found the nest, consisting of the finely divided inner bark of trees, dried grass, etc. But it is to the peculiar thievish propensity of this little creature that I wish to call your attention. To make my story intelligible, I would first state that I am partial owner of some property on the Oregon Coast, on which a sawmill had been placed, but which, owing to various causes, has never been in operation. On this property was a dwelling house for the hands, in which, on work being discontinued, was stored a quantity of stuff—tools, packing for the engine, and six or seven kegs of large spikes; in the closet, knives, forks, spoons, etc. A large cooking stove was left in one of the rooms.

"This house was left uninhabited for two years, and, being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps, who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house, I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside to be composed entirely of spikes, all laid with symmetry, so as to present the points of the nails outward. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely divided fibres of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons, all the butcher knives, three in number, a large carving knife, fork and steel, several large plugs of tobacco; the outer casing of a silver watch was disposed in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool chest, among them several large augers. Altogether, it was a very curious mixture of different articles, all of which must have been transported some distance, as they were originally stored in different parts of the house.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, for component parts, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this iron-clad nest, which I think unique in natural history.

"Many curious facts have since been related to me concerning the habits of this little creature. A miner told me the following: He once, during the mining excitement in Siskiyou county, became, in California parlance, 'dead broke,' and applied for and obtained employment in a mining camp, where the owner's hands and all slept in the same cabin. Shortly after his arrival, some articles commenced to disappear; if a whole plug of tobacco were left on the table it would be gone in the morning. Finally a bag, containing one hundred dollars or more in gold dust, was taken from a small table at the head of a bunk, in which one of the proprietors of the claim slept. Suspicion fell on the newcomer, and he would perhaps have fared badly, for with those rough miners punishment is short and sharp; but just in time a large rat's nest was discovered in the garret of the cabin, and in it was found the missing money, as well as the tobacco and other articles supposed to have been stolen."

The same wood rats are among the greatest pests of our western country to those who live in log cabins. They establish themselves in the roof beneath the sod, and once in possession they seem to be constantly on the watch to see what they can carry off. We have long been familiar with their purloining proclivities, and have even suffered by them, but the above narration far exceeds any experience of our own. Can any of our readers match it?

Massachusetts Bird Arrivals.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue for April 4, that Morton Grinnell remarks on the early arrival of the white-bellied swallows at Milford, Conn. My record for the last five years gives the following dates for this locality, which is 125 miles east northeast from Milford: 1899, April 4; 1900, April 4; 1901, March 26; 1902, March 22; 1903, March 18.

I have a box that these birds use to nest in every year, and have observed that the first birds to arrive are males. It is singular that although there are two separate compartments in their box, they have never used but one. Each year they raise one brood, and still, while several pairs come around to examine it every spring, only one pair use it. On several occasions I have had to oust the English sparrows that took possession before the swallows were ready. At first I watched their proceedings and destroyed their nest before any eggs were deposited. This did not discourage the sparrows, and when my vigilance slacked they got to work and had five eggs laid before I was aware of it. I may say that this box is placed on the inside of one of the gable ends to my barn, and two holes are bored through for the birds to enter. This situation was chosen so that cats could not disturb the occupants, and at the same time the box could be examined and undesirable tenants ejected. I cleared out the sparrows nest, eggs and all; still they would not give up, and drove the swallows off whenever they came around. I finally shot the female sparrow and for two years no sparrow has ever peeped into it.

We have a post near by on purpose for the male swallow to sit upon while the female is on her nest.

Other arrivals have been noted as follows: Redwinged blackbirds reported on February 25; I saw them on March 5; bluebirds on the 4th; wild geese on the 7th; song sparrows on the 8th, pine creeping warbler April 6, and field sparrows singing on same day. We have had no snowflakes, no crossbills, and I have not seen a pine grosbeak in the last five years.

Game birds wintered well, and twelve quail of our home flock survived. Pheasants are in sight every day; mine were turned loose early in March, and one of them comes to the barn about every day to be fed; she comes right in without fear and eats corn at my feet.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

A Misleading Tail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very sorry to have to disagree with Mr. Charles Hallock in a statement which I understand him to make on page 293 of FOREST AND STREAM of April 11. He says: "Wolves and coyotes have a sneaking way of carrying their tails low, almost dragging on the ground, while dogs carry their tails up: and the further removed they are from the feral type the higher they carry them. Shepherds and collies, which retain many of their racial characteristics, carry their tails lowest of all; setters and pointers, a degree or two higher, stiffening out straight when drawing on game. Terriers and hounds elevate their tails to the spinal line; St. Bernards and Newfoundlands affect a curve over the back, while pugs actually come to a full twist."

My observation is that American wolves often carry the tail high, just as dogs do. The same is true of foxes, especially of the little kit fox (*Vulpes velox*), which is so familiar an animal of the plains.

We are accustomed to think that wolves carry their tails low and in a "sneaking" fashion, chiefly because we always see wolves frightened and running away from us, at which time the wolf lowers his tail, precisely as a frightened dog lowers his. In the same way, a wolf that is greatly terrified put its tail between his legs just as a dog does. In support of these statements, let me quote at some length from my article entitled "Wolves and Wolf Nature," published in 1897 in one of the books of the Boone and Crockett Club:

"I have often seen wolves, young and old, at play when they were ignorant of my presence, and have been impressed by the similarity of their actions to those of the dog under like circumstances. When not alarmed they often hold the tail high up. I have seen them hold it nearly straight up, and also curved up at various angles, as a dog may hold his. To show affection or friendliness toward their fellows they wag their tails just as a dog does: and some young wolves seen a year or two ago in the zoological park at Washington on the approach of the keeper showed the evidence of affection and delight that a dog would at the approach of a friend; laying back their ears, grinning, wagging their tails and wriggling their bodies in an absurd transport of joy. When the wolf is frightenend, it tucks its tail between its legs and forward under its belly precisely as does a frightened dog."

This is of the gray wolf, the so-called timber wolf, buffalo wolf or lobo of the plains; but I have seen precisely the same thing in the prairie wolf, and I am not alone in this, since in the same article I quoted from Mr. Lew Wilmot, an old timer in the western country, who, speaking of the coyote, said:

"On another occasion I was coming down from a neighbor's, when near the bottom on the Columbia I noticed a couple of coyotes hunting through the grass and low bushes; they had their tails up like dogs and seemed to be as busy.

"Soon they were joined by two more, and all had their tails up, and as they had not discovered me, I waited to see what they were after. I never saw dogs hunt through a flat more diligently than they did, and it was very amusing to see them with their tails up. I think they were hunting chipmunks. Not having anything to shoot with, I started on, and when they saw me they started off up the gulch, but lowered their tails coyote-like."

The coyote has often been seen to point game, and when doing so holds his tail straight out behind him, just as a stylish setter or pointer holds his.

"As he is usually seen, the coyote gives the impression of a down-trodden, much-bullied animal, that desires nothing so much as to get away. It sneaks along with downcast mien and lowered tail and casts fearful glances

backward over its shoulder, as if it expected every moment to have a stone thrown at it. But if you happen to be without a gun when you meet it, there is no animal on the prairie more unconcerned and impudent. They will bark at you from a nearby hilltop, or trot a few paces from the trail you are following, and lie down and yawn as you ride by with an assumption of being bored that would be aggravating if it were not so comical."

In the old days on the plains country when one would no more have thought of shooting at a kit fox than at a buffalo bird, these little animals were extremely tame. It was a very common thing to come upon them lying at the mouths of their burrows or indeed anywhere on the prairie, and to see them get up and walk about for a moment or two with the tail held absolutely vertical. After a brief inspection they would commonly retreat to their holes, or trot off to a distance; then carrying the tail straight out behind them.

I do not venture to say why some dogs carry their tails in one way and some in another.

In the same volume, "Trail and Camp-Fire," from which these quotations are made, President Roosevelt has an interesting paper which treats of wolves at some length. G. B. G.

The Squirrel's Bite.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems somewhat amusing—at least to me—that your correspondents on the subject of squirrel migration should be led from the point at issue into a discussion of a subject on which there is no grounds for contention.

As I understand it, the criticism on the original story was not as to squirrel migration, but in reference to rowing along in a boat, picking the squirrels up by the tail and dropping them into a bag, or bags. Now, if it had been reported that the party picking the squirrel up by the tail had at the same time rapped it on the head, there would probably have been no criticism offered, though some doubting Thomas might have wondered if the said rap fractured the skull.

The fact of the matter is, while a squirrel lives its propensity is to bite, as anyone will find to his sorrow if he picks an untamed one up even by the tail. Imagine a sack partly filled with live squirrels, held open for the reception of another that is being lifted from the water by the tail! Even if they were nearly exhausted, it don't take a squirrel long to get his wind, and he could get out of an open sack quicker than you could say scat.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Ducks Among the Sand Hills.

OMAHA, Neb., April 8.—I have just returned from my annual wildfowl shoot among the western sandhills—probably the greatest ducking grounds in the world to-day. With my boy Gerard, I was at Stillwell's ranch in the central southern region of Cherry county. Stillwell runs a hunters' hostelry—a commodious sod structure—and entertains large numbers of sportsmen during the wildfowl season, spring and fall, as well as in the black bass season, from May till October. George A. Hoagland, Omaha's millionaire lumberman, and one of the oldest and best known sportsmen in the West; Rev. Edwin Jenks, a shooting minister, and a cracking good one, Chester Jenks, Wilber Fawcett, Fred Goodrich, Tom Foley and Walt Miesner, of this city, as well as Major Doolittle, of Lexington; the Hon, R. J. Green, Judge Holmes, George Holmes, Douglas Frye, De Forest Moore and Billy McClay, of Lincoln, were also guests of Stillwell's at the same time I was.

But the spring ducking has not been what was anticipated, and yet good enough for any rational gunner. While the northern flight, which is still on, by the way, was one of the biggest and most picturesque seen in Nebraska for many years, there was too much water, too much latitude for the birds. Since the first rain and thaw early in March, the whole State—and think of it, once designated on our geographical maps as the Great American Desert—has been almost entirely under water. The Platte, the Elkhorn, Loup, Rawhide, Snake, and Blue rivers have been rushing and roaring, brim full for more than a month, while the overflow and back water cover large expanses of the prairie, and the lakes have been changed into sprawling marshes almost immeasurable in extent. Thus a haven was furnished for the birds, and the most ingenious hunters were set at defiance. It requires plenty of water to make good wildfowl shooting, but this spring, out this way, we have had too much of it, and yet many good kills have been and are still being made, and the sport promises to extend on through the month of April.

The Omaha party at Stillwell's this spring, however, was a full ten days too previous. We arrived there on March 18 and it was not until the 27th that the lakes began to open. Everything, even to the deepest and coldest creeks, was frozen tight, and what birds were in—and there were thousands of pintails and geese, with a spattering of canvasbacks and redheads—put in their time sitting idly on the ice or on the highest slopes of the distant plain.

For the ten days' freeze-in we barely managed to kill enough for the table, but what we did kill were in fine condition, and enjoyed beyond measure. In the crops of the geese we killed, and the two or three mallards that fell to our guns, Mrs. Stillwell and "the girl" took out several pints of undigested corn, showing conclusively that these birds had traveled something like ninety miles from their feeding time to the moment they were killed—the nearest grain fields being fully that distant. In the crops of the pintails and canvasbacks and bluebills was found a mixture of green grasses, wild parsnip tops, gravel, dried rosebuds and the desiccated polyps of the slough umbellaria and smart weed, the grasses predominating. I examined the crops of most of the birds that were prepared for the table, and found all of them tolerably well filled with the exception of the pintails, many of which were empty.

On March 27, when the ice in the lakes began to crack and boom, and to recede from the northern shores, the real flight from the overflowed valleys of the Platte and the Loup, a hundred miles to the south, began to manifest itself, and I must say I never saw such flocks of canvasbacks and redheads since my days at Koshkonong, twenty-five years ago. There were plenty of bluebills, too, and pintails and geese all the time, but precious few mallards and widgeon. Sheldrakes, the lesser and the greater, were more profuse than I have ever known them, and the sight of flocks of swan were of daily occurrence. We saw also, off on the low lands north of Hay Lake, a bunch of ten or a dozen big whooping cranes, rare, indeed, even out here nowadays. The sandhills just began to show themselves the day we left.

But before going further I desire to impart a bit of information to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and, as incredible as the statement, mayhap, may sound to your eastern readers, it is nevertheless incontinently true, and that is that as fine canvasback grounds as are to be found in the length and breadth of the United States are situated right here in the desolate heart of Nebraska's great sandhills country.

Years ago, and many do yet, for that matter, eastern sportsmen and authorities on game birds held that the Chesapeake canvasback was really the only canvasback, save from the standpoint of the naturalist, to be found in this or any other country—that the Illinois, Texas and California canvasback could no more be compared in gastronomic merit to the bird that frequents that legendary Maryland waterway and its myriad of tributaries, than a mud hen can be likened to an acorn-fed mallard. But this ridiculous opinion has gone for naught these many years with us sportsmen who have enjoyed the facilities for teaching them better.

I have shot canvasback on the Chesapeake and at Currituck as well, and I know the bird taken there is season is a beauty, a good thing and a joy forever; but I have also shot canvasback at Koshkonong, Wis., English Lake, Ind., and above Liverpool on the Illinois River, as well as right here, over the waters of the Missouri and Platte, and out on the sandhill marshes, and I assert with the most uncompromising emphasis that the latter bird has no superior in the world, and if anything he is bigger, fatter, more luscious and succulent than the bird that makes his vernal and autumnal habitat amid the estuaries and friths of the Atlantic seaboard. More than this, I believe that the evidence could not be produced, even by culinary art or science, that would make the Nebraska ducker confess that there is a bird in the world that can hold a candle to the tawny-headed, ashen-winged beauty he brings to bag every March and October along the Loup, Platte and Elkhorn, and on the marshes at Stillwater, Waubuncey, or out in the dear old lonely sandhills.

The Chesapeake and its companion waters are assuredly the oldest canvasback grounds in the country. It was here that the birds were evidently first found in their greatest numbers, and for a long time it was honestly believed that they could be found nowhere else. Why, at one time the Eastern savants (and I was one of them) went so far as to claim that the bird shipped in to the Eastern market from the West was only an ally of the true canvasback, *Aythya vallisneria.*

The aristocratic shots and gourmets were extremely jealous and refused to be convinced that this feathered morceau, so long distinctly their own, could be knocked over by hundreds by even an ordinary shot along the rivers and streams of the plebian and vulgar West.

But such was, and is yet, incontrovertibly the case, for if anything these royal birds are appearing here, especially in the springtime, more numerously than ever, and of the countless millions of wildfowl that make a transitory halt here at this season, none seem to be more plentiful than this king of them all, and their favorite resorts seem to be the lake country within the yucca-covered sandhills of the western sections of this State.

If this region, then, is the chosen home of these royal birds, it is but natural that sportsmen will want to know something specific about it, and, impelled by the obligation which rests upon every follower of the gun to give his fellows in the craft the fruits of his own experience and knowledge, I will tell them something of this wonderful country.

The sandhills territory extends somewhere from the middle of the State, both north and south, a couple of hundred miles west until a high plateau bordering Wyoming is reached, when the character of the country materially changes. What I denominate as the "sandhills wilderness," however, begins with central Cherry county and stretches west into Cheyenne and Dawes county, Deuel county being its thoracic center. There is range after range of sandhills in this country, undoubtedly left thus by the receding of prehistoric oceanic waters, and presenting in the main such a homogeneousness of scene that actually, at times, it becomes bewildering to the senses. Still, there is exceeding beauty in all this monotony, and a wagon ride through the seemingly limitless waste is full of interest to all those who love nature in any of her many and varied forms. The sandhills present the rounded dome-like summits of all sandhills, though at times, notwithstanding there is nothing of the hypersthene in their formation, they are cloven into jagged, whitish, chalk-like peaks, which in height sometimes touch many hundred feet. In the summer time they are clothed with matchless verdure, with myriads of flowers, including the yucca, with its fragrant golden blossoms, and the cactus in many forms. Lying within the basin of the hills from the Dakota line clear south through Deuel county to the South Platte River, is a remarkable chain of lakes and insignificant streams, filled with pure, cold water, save through the alkalescent belts, which frequently cut through the country, but in almost every instance devoid of piscatorial life, excepting the pure waters that have been stocked by the State. In this sea of sterile hills there is no stone, no timber or ore of any kind, but instead it is one vast pasture of hay land, as extensive, probably, and as luxuriant as any in the known world. When I use the word "wilderness" in connection with this region it must not be taken in its literal sense, for all the valleys east of the plateau are capable of supplying most all of the agricultural products indigenous to the State, even corn, rye and buckwheat and peas, beans, turnips, horseradish, cabbage and potatoes. The soil, however, is especially adapted to grazing and haying, and a cereal patch is an oasis, indeed. Among the hills there is absolutely, almost, no arable land.

I will not attempt to enlarge upon the weird grandeur and picturesqueness of this strange region, as that is something that must be seen to be appreciated. Settlements throughout the hills of any considerable size there are none. Here and there, under the protection of a choppy chain, are occasional clusters of rough adobe habitations, and along the lakes and streams are the sod palaces of the ranchmen, cattle dealers and hunters and trappers. Muskrat trapping in the hills is quite an extensive industry. The tent of the sportsman alone, in addition, dots the boundless sweep of grass and sand. All of the wild animals of the western country were here in swarming plentitude up to within a very few years, the elk, black and white-tailed deer, antelope, wolf, both the big gray and prairie, badger, otter, swift, mink, weasel, skunk and muskrat. The elk has entirely disappeared and the deer and antelope are following fast. Still not a season passes but what a number of these are slain within these melancholy wastes, which were once their favored haunts. Of the feathered family, there is an abundance of life, from the huge golden eagle, hawks of all species, owls, loons, swans, cranes, geese and ducks, chickens and grouse, down to the swamp sparrow, meadow lark, blackbirds and finches. A robin is but seldom encountered, and while the magpie abounds, bluejays and members of the woodpecker genus are rare occurrences. And this is the region where the canvasback and redhead duck to-day is to be most plentifully found.

A few days before we left the sandhills this spring, the birds came in by thousands and the sport was fine. On Monday morning last Gerard and I, from a hole on the shelving shore of Dewey Lake, bagged thirty-two canvasback and twelve redheads, the biggest kill made by any of the hunters there, although Mr. Hoagland and Rev. Jenks, on the whole, killed more than all the shooters combined. SANDY GRISWOLD.

Deer in Colorado Wilds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are, as a whole, a plenty selfish people, and yet would it not be better if we were in some respects more selfish. For instance, when relating a successful hunting trip in your columns, would it not be better for the game and for posterity if we withhold the exact location of our successful hunt. I know that when contemplating a hunting trip I usually go over my files of FOREST AND STREAM to find the location of some other hunter's "patch." This would be all well enough if every reader of your journal was a true sportsman and not a game hog, or market hunter. But there are too many hunters who go to the woods to kill, and kill only. So, before we give the exact location of our game pockets, let us know who is listening.

Last fall I was "unchained" for a month, and went to Colorado for an outing, and was successful so far as the killing of game goes. I would be pleased to give anyone the exact location if they will furnish FOREST AND STREAM credentials. No Chicago parties need apply unless they come recommended by Mr. Hough. Our party of four was made up of Prof., Jim, G. and the writer, and a royal time we had, camping, loafing, fishing and hunting "deer with horns," grouse, sage hens and jack rabbits. Our success with the deer was all we could wish; in fact, all the law allowed us. We killed our two bucks each, with just the proper amount of hunting to make it enjoyable, and I am glad to state that no one of our party fired a shot at a doe or fawn, although we saw from one to twenty-five every day we hunted.

We could not bring any meat out with us, but we wasted none, and knew the residents of that section will welcome us another year.

Not so as to some parties camped near us. One Chicago outfit, camped about a half mile below us, was shooting at does to our knowledge, and our teamster told us that they had been there the year before shooting does, and when remonstrated with, simply said they shot the does for practice. The idea of slaughtering does and fawn simply for practice!

Another Chicago party, camped near us, consisting of two young men and their guides, were the production of the yellow novel, as they dressed like bad men with revolvers and full cartridge belts on them at all times. When they moved on they left a half of a deer, a doe, I think, rotting in the roadway. Then a party from Georgia camped near us for four days; when they left we found, on the site of their camp, a full carcass of a deer untouched and ten whisky bottles much touched.

The only gentleman sportsman that camped near us during our stay was a Mr. Miller, of Chicago; he with his guides camped across the creek from us for four or five days, killed his two bucks and was greatly pleased and satisfied. To such as him you may give the exact location of your "game pockets"; but not to such as the others mentioned above. I have mentioned three bad parties that we met; there were perhaps 300 in a radius of 100 miles in that part of Colorado just as bad. Is it any wonder that our game is about gone?

On this trip happened the most touching incident of my hunting experience. I was going up a gulch alone one day when I heard a peculiar throbbing sound, and upon looking around I discovered a little spotted fawn lying near a pile of rocks, getting its breath in gasps. I kneeled by it and lifted its head in my hands; as I did so it rolled its innocent eyes toward me, gave a few feeble gasps and died. It may be that I am a little too tender-hearted, but I admit that I wept for that poor innocent, as for a dear friend. What caused its death I could not tell. Its tongue was swollen until it forced the mouth open.

One day three of us were climbing a steep mountain and had stopped to rest on a log that lay in the trail, when we heard a noise, and looking around saw two small fawns coming toward us on the run down the trail. They ran up to within five or six feet of us be-

re they discovered us, and it was laughable to see he surprised look they gave us. They then made a ew jumps to the side and went on down the trail.

The guns we used were a .30-30, a .38-55, .38-56 and 45-70.

On this trip I used what I consider the best all round game gun, a three-barrel, one cylinder 12 gauge shot barrel, one choked 12 gauge shot barrel and a 38-55 rifle. In the cylinder barrel I used a solid ball, and it is very accurate up to 50 or 75 yards. The penetration of this ball with three and a half drams of good powder is good. We tried this on this trip, as compared with a .30-30 and a .45-70; the 12 gauge ball penetrated about two inches more wood than the others.

The Prof. killed a deer with one of these, and the hole it made in that deer's neck was "great." One day G. and I went after grouse, he taking a shotgun and I my three-barrel. We had killed seven grouse, and were coming back to camp, when we saw two bucks cross the valley and start up the opposite mountain side; G. said he saw where the large buck went into a scrub oak patch, and as he did not see him come out, he proposed to cross over and see if he could not drive him out so that I could get a shot, as he had only a shotgun. I sat on a log and waited. G. had walked to within about twenty yards of the scrub oak patch, when out jumped the buck, taking two or three jumps along the side of the mountain, and then turned up toward the top. After he turned I pulled between his horns and held high. At the crack of the rifle he fell over backward, shot through the neck. I confess I was about as badly surprised as the buck. So much for the three-barrel. If I had been hunting with a shotgun with no rifle attachment, that beautiful buck's head would not now adorn my wall. I mounted it myself, and I believe I can tell any reasonably "handy" man how to mount his own game heads equal to most taxidermists.

I met my first mountain grouse on this trip, and I think them very choice as an article of diet when well cooked; but as a game target, you cannot tell what to expect. Perhaps he will sit on a log until you can get close enough to knock him over with a club; and again he is up and off at the first sign of danger; and when flying through a quaking asp thicket, they are not easy marks.

We also had some sage hen shooting, which is, I think, similar to prairie chicken shooting. The young ones, if drawn as soon as shot and properly cooked, taste about the same as grouse. The old ones we did not try, but would think they would taste about like underdone sage brush.

Colorado needs more and better game wardens. We only met one on our thirty days' trip, and of him our teamster said, "He is afraid to call me down for anything, for I caught him killing a cow elk last winter." And he also said, "Anyone with $10 can fix him." This is the sort of protectors that protect the "game hog" and the "sooner," but not the game.

But I believe the law protecting does is generally observed by the residents, as the hills seemed alive with them, and many were quite tame.

EN AMI.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, April 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Massachusetts Legislature has another good deed to its credit. This relates to marsh and beach birds.

Section 5 of Chapter 92 of the Revised Laws, has been amended by striking out the word "May" in the third line and substituting the word "March." By this action March and April are included in the close season for "plover, snipe, sandpiper, rail and the so-called shore, marsh or beach birds." The remainder of the section is left as before, and is susceptible of further improvement as regards the "herring gull' and the "black-backed gull." There was never any good reason for making an exception of those birds.

A former chairman of the Fish and Game Committee was instrumental in making this exception on the flimsy plea that some of his constiuents about Martha's Vineyard were accustomed to kill them for food, and the other members yielded to his wishes—an illustration of the fact that much of the legislation in these days is secured by compromises and concessions, if not by downright bargaining. As regards the two bills presented by the Central Committee, viz: the anti-sale law on partridge and woodcock, and the deer law, there is no longer any fear—the former having (it is thought) secured the Governor's signature, and the latter having met no serious opposition in its amended form providing recompense to farmers for actual damage done by deer to crops.

On the recommendation of the commissioners several bills have been reported favorably, and we shall soon know their fate. One of these is for better protection of song and insectivorous birds.

Another relates to "possession of bodies or feathers of certain birds." One authorizing the "Commissioners to re-stock certain great ponds with food fish," and another "To prohibit the use of trawls in certain ponds," in which "the use of more than ten hooks by one person shall be deemed a trawl." Still, another prohibiting the "use of dynamite or other explosive in fishing waters." If all these salutary measures run the gauntlet the present session of the Legislature will surely be a record-breaker, so far as the cause of protection is concerned.

On Thursday there was a very hot debate in the house over Representative McCartney's bill to allow Sunday fishing in salt water. The reference of this bill was to the Committee on Probate and Chancery—just why it was so referred the writer has no knowledge, as it would naturally go to the Committee on Fish and Game. It was favored by the socialist member from Haverhill, Mr. Carey, by Representative Dean, of Wakefield, one of the strong men in the house, and by Mr. O'Rourke, of Worcester, while the speakers in opposition were Representatives Quinn and Ham, of Boston; Everett, of Wareham, and others. The bill was up for the third reading, and was defeated by a large vote.

Two years ago a bill presented by Ward N. Boylston, which was drawn to repeal the law against Sunday fishing, was lost by one vote.

Trout Fishing.

A few anglers of Boston and vicinity have tried their luck, but owing to the cold weather of the first few days this month they have not been very successful.

At Wakeley President Reed, who never misses fishing April 1, and Prof. Myron Whitney, took a few trout. Several others who have visited the Cape waters have not yet returned to the Hub.

From Worcester come reports from a score or more of fishermen, several of whom took a good number, but most of them report that they found unmistakable evidence of illegal fishing during the warm days at the end of March in well-worn and numerous tracks along the banks.

This suggests the need of more extended warden service to patrol the brooks just before the opening of the fishing season. A larger reserve force for special emergencies is greatly needed, and probably in due time will be provided.

I have interesting information from New Hampshire, but must defer it to another time, only mentioning what I presume many of your readers have heard, the license fee voted by the last Legislature for non-residents hunting large game is $10.

CENTRAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Big Jacksnipe Flight.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 1.—What will doubtless prove to be the best flight of jacksnipe this spring is now all over this country, and those who get afield inside of the current week will no doubt have the best sport of the season. There were warm rains for three or four days back, and for the last twenty-four hours the earth in all this neighborhood has been simply covered with angleworms. This shows that the feeding is good for the jacksnipe, and the latter seem not slow to appreciate the fact, since they have appeared in good numbers in all the better known grounds in this vicinity.

Mr. J. G. Kendall and one companion in Indiana last week bagged forty-six jacksnipe, shooting on the Kankakee bottom.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke on last Monday bagged thirty-three jacksnipe, and sixteen on one shoot a few days precious. On last Thursday he and some friends went out over the same ground near Morris, Ill., and only got a dozen birds between them. He thinks that now the flight will be better, and intends to try them again today.

Billy Cutler, a very ardent snipe shooter, got back from Momence, on the Kankakee, the other day with a fine bag of jacks and other snipe. He reported very pleasant sport, indeed.

At Fox Lake, along Squaw Creek and other bogs, the snipe shooting has been excellent within the past few days, according to scattered reports which are now coming down.

Along the Skokie marsh north of Chicago and in the region of Crystal Lake in this State, jacksnipe have been about as numerous as they usually are within the past four or five days. I hear of some very decent shooting in these neighborhoods.

Along the Calumet country, which was formerly famous snipe ground, although it is now almost within the limits of Chicago, the longbills have been present in good numbers. Henry Kleinman killed fourteen in one day this week, and other shooters have been heard hammering the birds pretty hard in that neighborhood, so that there would seem to have been quite a little flight in on these once much frequented marshes.

As to a tip for this present flight, I would suggest the Little Calumet marsh near the B. & O. bridge, at the points which are commonly used by the members of the Calumet Heights Club.

The Tolleston members also ought to get a few snipe around their preserve this week. There may be a few birds along the western prairie sloughs adjoining this city. Sometimes a few jacks can be picked up among the fields near Arlington Heights, a suburb in the northwest corner of this city. I have no reports from the Illinois River or Mississippi bottoms, but presume they are having their share of jacks from this general flight, which now seems to be working north.

Ducks Gone.

The ducks seem now to have pretty much all gone. I hear of a last flight of bluebills now far up in Wisconsin on Fox Lake, and suppose that the shooting is over for this season in this part of the world.

No Spring Law Needed.

I was talking this morning with a friend who sometimes kills a good many jacksnipe and a few ducks in the spring. I asked him why he was not out duck shooting, and he said that he had not in very many years shot ducks so late in the season as this. He admitted that he had killed eight ducks this spring, and that sometimes earlier in the season he did a little spring shooting on ducks. In this he is joined by a good many others who also, I fear, sometimes take down their guns in spite of their consciences. I recall having made recent mention of the rules which Mr. J. B. Castle, the member of the House of Representatives who has in charge our present game law bill, always laid down for his personal conduct. These rules do not frame themselves according to the game laws. It is Mr. Castle's theory that you do not need a game law to stop yourself from spring shooting, if that is the way your convictions lie. He feels the same way about large bags and a great many other unwise things in sportsmanship.

When you come to think about it, Mr. Castle and gentlemen like him are quite in the right of it. No one compels you to go shooting ducks in the spring if you don't want to. If you are really a thinking sportsman, the kind that you and I write about, you don't wait for the Legislature to tell you what to do. You are not obliged to kill 100 ducks in a day's shooting if you don't want to. If you do this I would suggest that, as a matter of personal consistency, you don't say anything whatever about the desirability of having spring shooting stopped. Of course you probably will, for such is human nature. I simply say that it is not obligatory upon you.

In my own case, I gave up the spring shooting idea with considerable reluctance. Like nearly all other sportsmen, I am very fond of a little exercise, especially in the spring. It is such a joy and comfort to get out of doors and become good and tired, and incidentally to shoot a few things beside. I stopped duck shooting largely because the FOREST AND STREAM said it was not the right thing to do, and I did not think it was quite consistent not to practice one's own preaching. The first season I found it a little hard to stay in the house on the first few days when the passing of winter made it desirable to get out of doors. The second season I though little of it, and of late years the giving up of spring duck shooting has been perfectly painless with me. I admit that I shot jacksnipe two or three years after I quit duck shooting. Then I saw that the principle was the same, and I stopped that also. I don't think that to-day I really suffer very much from it. Under the laws of this State this has not been obligatory upon me any more than it has been upon anyone else, but I have proved to my own satisfaction that you don't have to have a law to prevent your doing things which you say you do not think are right.

Now suppose instead of spring shooting one would take to spring fishing. Early spring fishing is wrong in the case of those fishes which spawn during the spring time. I used to catch bass on the spring run under the mill dams, and many and many a bass I have taken which was loaded with spawn. A few years ago I figured out that this was hardly consistent or proper. I don't fish for bass now until along in June. Under the laws I can if I care to. This statement on my part I certainly hope will not be taken as any expression of self-righteousness, for I have never found it necessary to be self-righteous. It is just an unbiased statement as to a possible personal attitude in regard to good personal game laws.

Now, in the case of brook trout, they are fall spawners. There are more trout now in Wisconsin and Michigan than there were ten years ago. You will see that nature has offered you a certain compensation for your self-abnegation in renouncing spring shooting and early spring bass fishing. After the 15th of April—that is to say, by the time the leaves have begun to come out and the grass has begun to shoot—you are at liberty to legally and sportsmanly to go after a form of sport in its natural and proper season. Is there not sufficient in the possibilities of trout fishing to reimburse one for the unseasonable forms of sport against which many of us declare openly, but which so few of us are personally so willing to renounce? It is certainly a question which every fellow can solve for himself, and solve it without any claim of special virtue one way or the other.

Geese Around Chicago.

Within the past week there have been very large numbers of Canada geese in the neighborhood of Crystal Lake and on some parts of the Skokie marsh, though they are more usually to be found on the corn fields adjacent to these regions. These geese seem for the most part to roost out on Lake Michigan and come inland to feed. One farmer who lives near Crystal Lake came in to town for some No. 5 buckshot to-day. He says that day before yesterday he made a sneak up to a bunch of geese in his corn field and fired into them with No. 2 shot, killing seven geese. He thought if he had buckshot he could have done better execution here, or on some other chances on which he had still longer range. I have from time to time mentioned this flight of wild geese along the lake shore north of Chicago. Mr. Townsend Smith is one of those northern suburbanites who sometimes do a turn at the passing flocks of geese which come over the bluffs along the lake shore.

Good for Texas.

The most startling news in the world, if it can as yet safely be called news, comes in the form of a report of the proposed sportsmen's bill in the Texas State Legislature. My friend Guessaz, of San Antonio, writes: "Our game bill has passed both Houses and we are expecting the signature of the Governor every day. It is a corker. It absolutely prohibits the sale or barter of any game bird, or any bird of brilliant plumage—even of any song bird. It limits the bag to twenty-five birds of any kind, shortens the open season fifty per cent., limits deer killing to bucks, and allows only six bucks per man each year. We admit that it is weak in that it has no provision for wardens, but that will come in time. It is certainly a fine measure."

It is certainly a fine measure, and one most startling as coming from this hitherto careless State of Texas. If this law shall really stop the market shooting along the Gulf Coast—including the unscrupulous and unlimited market hunting of Banker Moody at Galveston—then certainly the millennium will seem to have arrived in the Lone Star State. We may be crowing before we are out of the woods, but it is much to be hoped that the Governor will put his signature to this bill, and that, indeed, he has done so before this writing. Two years ago this advance along the lines of game protection would have been considered impossible for the State of Texas. One year ago, or six months ago, it would have been almost chimerical to expect that the State of Illinois would stop the sale of ducks. Yet it is hoped and believed that the Illinois game bill, which has hitherto been outlined, will pass and be signed, just as it is hoped and believed that this Texas measure has by this time become a law. The sportsmen of the West need by no means be discouraged. The splendid progress in game legislation within the last few years seems to indicate that at last the people of the West are beginning to value their game and to take measures for preserving it. While I was in Texas I heard a great deal of talk about this proposed sportsmen's game bill, but must confess that I thought nothing would come of it, as hitherto the Moody idea and allied influences have been too strong in the Legislature of Texas to allow sportsmen to get a decent bill upon the statute books.

The limited bag idea also seems to be growing in the

West. As I have earlier stated, it would seem an excellent substitution for spring shooting prohibition where nothing better can be done. This idea and the non-resident license seem to be the growing features of Western ideas on protective lines to-day. I do not doubt that eventually Texas will put a non-resident license law upon her statute books.

Singing Mouse No. 26.

TIFFIN, O., April 2.—J. H. Davidson, who conducts a grocery store on Market street, recently captured a curiosity—a whistling mouse. For several weeks past noises like the whistling of a canary bird were heard in his store, coming from boxes, barrels, etc. Mr. Davidson had no idea what was the cause of the noise, but determined to set a trap, and the result was the capture of a mouse, which whistled and sang like an ordinary canary bird. The little animal was on exhibition at the Central fire station till last night, when it died.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Deer and Quail in Washington.

KELLER, Wash., April 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I returned to camp a few days ago from a trip down on the Colorado River, where I had a pleasant trip, this being the first time I ever wintered in a warm climate.

The boys in camp tell me that deer have been much more plentiful this winter than they have been since the opening of the reservation to miners. I tell them that it is easily accounted for; the snow has been much deeper in the mountains the past winter than it has been for several years, and the deer had to come down from their old winter quarters, and the whites as well as the Indians killed all they could.

One of the miners killed a fine cougar; it is a fine specimen. Several years ago I claimed in your paper that the cougar and the panther, or puma, were two distinct animals, and I have had no reason to change that opinion, for this skin is about as near like the skin of a puma as is the skin of a fox like that of a big wolf. But then I am going to allow anyone to think as they please, for I certainly ask that privilege.

Grouse have evidently done well. notwithstanding that the snow has been so very deep, for they have made their appearance in large numbers.

As I came home I asked about the bevy of quail that was seen on the river last fall; there were several gentlemen present, but no one had seen the birds. If they survived the winter some of them should soon be heard, for eight out of the eleven were Bob Whites. I do hope they survived.

I have not heard any ruffed grouse drumming; there were several on the creek near my cabin when I left. I fear they have been killed.

The pictures of Kettle Falls and that of the Old Church remind me that I am getting along toward the divide. I was there forty-one years ago, and think I will be there again before long. LEW WILMOT.

Narrows Island Club Election.

THE annual meeting of the Narrows Island Club was held at the Hoffman House, New York City, on Monday, April 13, at 8:30 P. M. There was an unusually large attendance of members; the president, Mr. Lawrence, occupied the chair. After the reading of the usual reports, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Burling Lawrence, Jr.; Vice-President, Henry Sampson; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. Trotter; Executive Committee, the officers and R. H. Robertson, T. S. Young, Jr., and George Bird Grinnell. The House Committee for the year, as appointed by the President, consists of Mr. Jones, Dr. Markoe and Mr. Austin.

Sea and River Fishing.

Adirondack Notes.—I.

WE were camped in a private car festooned with balsam boughs where the blue waters of an Adirondack lake showed through the trees, and after breakfast of trout and pancakes we all started across the lake and up river, Old Skiff, the guide, and Jack in one boat, Old Hi and the Colonel, Old Bill and the Doctor, and finally Hank and I. Let me stop to say that Old Skiff, usually called by the Colonel Old Skiff, after a well-known financier of that name, was the father of Old Bill, the Doctor's guide, and as villainous an old blasphemer as one could find. His contemporary in age and comrade in villany and in obscene and lurid language, Old Hi, was originally the village blacksmith, a man of a lost generation, who thought railroads were ruining the country. To prove it he told us amid flashes of cuss words how as a blacksmith he had once conducted a nice trade in plowshares and harrows, but the advent of the railroad had ruined the trade. Now, the Colonel knew considerable about railroads, and thought otherwise than old Hi, but as he could not swear in competition with him decided any discussion of the matter would be unprofitable. Going up the river that beautiful May morning, Old Skiff and Old Hi lingered within speaking distance of each other, so that one could cheer the other's drooping spirits with witty references that deteriorated into the most grewsome of dirty stories, and which they seemed to think reduced the beauty of the scene to a state of lowliness more easily comprehended by the "sports." Hi's "sport," as I've tried to show, was hardly appreciative of his efforts, but when night came and we were once more sitting around our good table, the Colonel would say: "Well, Hi's killed more than a million deer on the river, and he's told me about most of them to-day," or "Hi says he's caught most 1,000 pounds of trout in the hole about the dam, but come to find out this extends over a period of fifty years when he and his 'woman' camped on the inlet. If the fish were like the ones we got to-day, I suppose it would take 10,000 to make up that 1,000 pounds." Then Jack would tell us about Old Skiff's war record. Old Skiff must have been a bit sensitive on that point, and fearful that some enemy would get a first chance at said record, for he always started off to say he was "Tender hearted and never took no plunder, no, not any; and when the general told me to take a file of men and go burn down Sinders' Mills down to Savannah, what did I say to the general, says I, 'You old pirate, you go to hell and burn them mills yourself; I'm too tender hearted.'" Now it was May, but Old Skiff had his rifle along, and I suspect the rifle made no bones about being tender hearted when Skiff found a deer in the water. Up the river was a long stretch of dead timber and flood woods caused by the Government dam at the outlet, which, we were told, was put in to help the pulp people out with their logs. That the Government had incidentally destroyed the standing timber, to say nothing of the scenery, was of no account. This is the manner of governments. But to return to the fishing.

I began with worms on my flies and was trolling deep and had landed three or four fish, when we caught up to Jack and found that he had landed about the same number with bait pure and simple. We continued to work back and forth where the holes were deepest under the bank, and managed to get as many more, one of three-fourths of a pound, which was high hook so far. Then we carried around a quarter mile of rapids and shallows, and launched the boat above the dam. Where the water ran through the broken down sluice it had worn a deep hole, a fine looking place where the shadows lay thick in the amber-colored water. "You won't get nothin' there," said Hank. "Them other fellers has scared what they ain't caught," but Hank was good natured, and I wanted to try, so try we did. Two or three little rascals popped out, and as we put them carefully back Hank informed me we were not likely to see anything larger up in that part of the brook. These fish were only about the limit, and it is not great sport to pull them out of their quiet homes; however, we worked down to where the rocks broke the stream into smother, and I cast over a smooth little roll just above where the water broke. Over the rocks went the dancing flies, and slap, a big fellow hit the stretcher, the line straightened, and I was leading him over the swift water to the surprised and delighted Hank. There was another equally pretty place fifty yards below, where the water had hollowed out a black hole under a big balsam. I could not quite reach it, but by great care of my back cast managed to get the flies in the swift water at the head of the pool and let the current carry them down. This time Hank scored, for the little fellows that came up were hardly of a size to take in my No. 8 flies. Down lower a quarter pound fish rose nicely to the black gnat from under a great log, but I missed him twice, and no self-respecting fish will come more than twice.

We went back to the dam, and found the Doctor and Jack hard at work among the infant class, while Old Bill and Old Skiff gloated over each baby that came into the boat. Those old reprobates would stretch out a four inch trout to seven inches if you showed any sign of "puttin' of 'em back." My man Hank was of different breed, and when I told him to put back the first little fellow he approved strongly, nor did I have to remind him again. We now went along up the brook and found the Colonel with some twenty-five nice fish, but no large ones, waiting for the rest of us to join him at lunch. After lunch the Doctor and I tinkered my rod, which I had carelessly broken on a fingerling, and then, after dividing up the brook so that we could all fish, we started off in the hot, bright afternoon to try our luck. it was no use. I didn't want to catch those little fellows, and then the bright light was an awful handicap on the open brook, so Hank and I started down, fishing as we went. The small fish were jumping everywhere. I believe you could have caught a barrel full up that brook, but the fair sized ones were few and far between. Down below the dam, at the head of the stillwater, I got a half dozen very nice fish, bright in color and firm in flesh, and good little fighters, too, so that when evening came my fifteen fish outweighed and outclassed anyone else's, though the Doctor had sixty odd. Coming down the river I missed several good strikes, one fish coming out from under a log that Hank pointed out on the way up as a good place and which we approached with great care. He was better than half a pound, possibly a pound, and so I hated to make a flubdub and miss him. Altogether I missed too many. Hank said I was throwing too long a line. Something was wrong, but the string I had was altogether beautiful, the day had been one of pleasant changes, my guide was a clean-mouthed and enterprising backwoodsman of optimistic temperament, and so we were happy. He told me there was plenty of good work in his part of the world for any man who would work, and no one needed to starve. His only complaint was against the pork trust, which he afterward acknowledged might not be so much the cause of the advance in "fried meat" as was the price of corn, but anyhow he thought he was agin the trusts. The day had been a great success. My friends had, however, one reason for lament. Hi and Old Skiff drank the last of their supply of so-called whisky, which looked like pure spirits, early in the morning, and by 10 A. M. their flagging zeal needed bracing up. There was no bracer forthcoming, and they consequently had pains in various places and aches in other spots all the rest of the day. Hi would call out to Old Skiff to know how he was "feelin'," and recommend a little whisky as a cure "fer the ——— misery in his head," and how it happened their supply of medicine got "upsot and they ain't had no drink since early morning." This discussion gave rise to the breaking upon my narrow horizon of a sovereign remedy named "Five Drops," so named because you took that amount on a lump of sugar. It was great for "rheumatiz," said Hank. He knew "A woman who weighed 300 pounds who was took so bad with rheumatiz that you couldn't move her, and she took Five Drops and in some two months she was well and spry as ever. So I bought it, one hundred doses for a dollar, and cheaper than most any doctor, and do you know, sir, it done me a heap of good. I give it to one of my sick sheep and doubled the dose, seeing it was a tough old he, and do you know, sir, he got right up and chased me outer the barn. Did you ever take it? Five Drops. You get it down to New York."

That afternoon there was an aged citizen working along the railroad burning dead timber, "clearin' up," he said, and I stopped on the way to the car to pass the time o' day and warm my hands by his roaring fire. It was a marvel to me that anyone should want to farm or live in such a hard climate as this, and I so expressed myself to the old man. "Yes, sir," said he, "it be pretty freezin', come winter, and the season is short. Can't raise no corn of any account. I had a fine farm way back yonder," and he pointed with a huge poker over his shoulder to the south, "and I says to my son, 'Son, I'll give ye the farm, and two sheep and a steer and three cows and the team (and one of them horses was as fine a horse as you'd care to see and worth near $100), yes, and seventeen hens and two roosters and a sow pig, I'll give you all this,' (an', sir, the farm had thirty acres cleared), 'I'll give you all this if you stay here and settle down and live here.' But he wouldn't stay, sir, and so we sold out and drove over here, and now he wishes he hadn't come to so freezin' a place." Come to find out this rural scene was only some ten or twelve miles away in the mountains, and not, as I had first supposed, where the seasons were long and the corn could grow. So I stood there and we talked about the trees and the snows of last winter, and the trout, until Frank called me to dinner, and then I hated to leave the old man for fear he'd fall into his fire.

The next day I wanted to try Mountain Pond. They all said it wouldn't pay to fish it, but we ought to walk up and see it. There's nothing in walking up to see a pond where you understand it's no good for fishing, but the more I heard about it the more I wanted to fish it. Few went there, it was too much of a climb, a nasty place to lug a boat to, etc. So Hank and I started this windy afternoon and waded up the dryest part of the brook. The first tramp to such a place is always the longest, and my efforts to keep reasonably dry added to the trip. However, finally we came out on the pond, half a mile long, nearly as broad, and with lilypads all over it, except right at the outlet. It was a perfect place to float for deer, and many the white-tail, Hank said, had there taken his fatal look at a bright light. The sun was bright, the hour was about 2 P. M., and the water shallow, but not too clear. I tried a cast of black-gnat, brown-hackle and Parmachenee-belle around the outlet. Nothing doing. Then on the other side of the boat toward the pads. Nothing. Then toward the shore, and slap, a quarter pounder came up. I snaked him into the boat and got another, a trifle larger, and that was all. We fooled along and I suggested a spoon, for the Doctor said that once he'd seen a man who said there were some big trout in that little pond. It was a casting spoon, and we put a common garden hackle on it, but the wind blew us where it listed, and the paddle was not able to keep us straight. My, that was a whale! Where he turned in the water the swirl was as big as the head of a barrel, but I missed him and he wouldn't come again. That, however, was enough. They were there, so we backed off into the pads and let things quiet down. I rigged up with the same flies, only smaller, No. 10 hooks, except the tail fly and wormed them (shame on it). The wind blew stronger and there was quite a little sea on. Soon a fish rose, a half pounder, I cast over him with the baited fly, making no perceptible splash in the wind, and I had him. Again I did it. another about the same size, and the most brilliant fish I have ever seen. Soon they were really jumping all around us. There was no time to bait up; a big one came up and I missed him, and then I got caught on a pad and had to paddle over and loosen the cast. While doing so with the hackle two feet out of water, a ten-inch trout jumped out from among the pads within his own length of the boat, for that fly. He went up straight in the air higher than I ever saw such a fish go, but fell short of the fly. This showed the anxiety I liked.

Back we went into the pads; up and down the line went the flies, and they took first one and then another. I tried a Montreal, instead of the hackle and they took it as well. Slap, a whale. This time the hook went in and he gave us quite a tussle, 1⅛ pounds, and a beauty. Bang, another big one, and a good battle again, 1⅜ pounds, and several running between half and three-fourths pounds; but then a beauty, say half a pound, and all sunset color and bronze that I was holding in both hands, admiring his rainbow hues preparatory to knocking him on the head, jumped overboard with a little twitch of his tail, and must have told his brothers all about it. The wind began to drop, and with it the fish ceased to rise. We had one or two more medium sized ones, but the fun was over. We stayed, however, till the shadows lengthened across the water, long enough to see three deer come into the head of the pond. It was like old times, when the sight of a deer would drive me nearly crazy with excitement, and I paddled up as close as possible, till they threw up their white flags and ran. Then we crept quietly out of our boat and started down to the car, frightening a hedgehog into a small balsam and stopping to watch his slow motions, so much like a rickety old man. My catch counted up only fifteen. There should have been five or ten more, but they were the most beautiful fish I have ever seen, and gave me as much sport as any I ever caught.

The next morning the pirates appeared with four fine lakers; they said they had found "the old man" set out by some wicked person from down river and pulled it in the night. I had my suspicions, but have noticed such things are usually done by "a feller who lives down river," and so, no doubt, they were in the main correct. The Doctor told me the pirates were old friends of his, representative citizens, who had done just right to "pull the old man," and he, for one, was in favor of this kind of local protection by public sentiment; that those fellows from down river should lose their set lines and their fish, too, for fish illegally taken didn't belong to them, and he, for one, thought they would never put in a claim. He was right, they didn't, and so he kept them. That day we tried Mountain Pond again, but only took some seven or eight fish. We had a pleasant afternoon, however, over a smudge, the Colonel, Jack and I talking over quiet outdoor things and former good times under the balsams and laying up a store of ozone, which, I am sorry to say, was altogether too little for poor Jack, who within the year has joined the great majority. Evening found us in the car again, and next morning we pulled into the Grand Central Station with a better color and some very pleasant recollections.

GEO. F. DOMINICK, JR.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

Snaps With a Pocket Camera, and Fly Casts With Tamarack Poles.

III.—A Day and Night in Camp. Poetry of the Weeds.

"Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think;
But thousands can think for one who can see."
—Ruskin.

"Days that never dim or darkle.
Nights that spangle; nights that sparkle.
Dawns that flame with burnished splendor,
Eves that melt in raptures tender.
Noons that glow with sapphire burning,
Singing waters seaward yearning.
Shouting rapid, lilting shallow,
Green of forest, vistas mellow!"

Trout fishermen seldom fish the brook "slow" enough, and walk over and past hundreds of those kings of the jeweled coat. Bass fishermen here on the Delaware glide by pools, rapids and eddies, where hundreds of the quarry lurk and dart, and, oh, the pity of it! are all but blind to the loveliness of these changing panoramas of hill, forest and stream. How few of us even pause to reflect that it is a vital part of the Great Plan that the land has been elevated to give motion to this blue-green water of the hills, talking and singing toward the sea?

And so we beach the canoe, and camp, and try to behold! We want leisure to watch the gray squirrel as he barks and scolds at us from his perch of safety, or scurries up and down a tree from sheer exuberance of sturdy life, and intense curiosity at these interlopers who have pitched a cloth tent in his domain. And we must become acquainted with our vigorous comrades, the crows, that fill the morning air with their raucous cries. What a knowing bird! Hued black until he glistens, curious, watchful, he yet impresses us as being cheerful. He is so vigorous and alert! Handicapped with such an unmusical voice, he yet tells us with it of power and enjoyment. He is so happy with his quiet mate, sitting on that roughest of nests, made of a jumbled lot of sticks and coarse twigs in the inmost fastnesses of the tree selected for its unobtrusiveness! He is an accentuated clergyman in somberest black; yet he is also a humorous thief. The crows lend cheer and novelty to the Delaware canoeist, and would be sadly missed.

Readers are forewarned that what now follows may be deemed rhapsody, mawkish sentiment and feeble audacity, instead of knowledge.

From the hundreds of photographs in my album, I cut two for reproduction here. One is a wild camp and garden scene below Long Eddy; and the second, a view of the mystery of woods, and of the onrush and millions of simultaneous dimples all over the wide face of rapidly flowing water, life-lusty, smiling-earnest, busy with its mission and duty between banks where happy plants have come to dwell and drink. Note them by the score in the foreground of the picture, growing in nature's wild garden—their joyous life to be seen and felt, and their profusion, all full of that "felicitous fulfillment of function" which Ruskin calls "vital beauty."

And in the other picture, what a good time that angler is having! Pipe aglow, canoe safe but ready, tent, tackle-box, camp hatchet, cooking utensils, even the last touch given by the planting of a little star spangled banner! He is in care-free communion with what is fairest, purest and most divine, close to the bosom of Mother Earth!

Yet that wild garden is what we call "the weeds," so feared and fought by the farmer, so harried and exterminated by the plow, scythe, spade and hoe. Yet that angler, if he is a botanist, is drawing heavily on his wild garden for much of his food. The "crinkle-root" is there, more delicious than celery when eaten with salt; the dwarf, or ground-nut, grows thick in the moist land of the adjacent "bottom." There are the red berries of the wintergreen, lush water-cresses; and the leaves of the swamp marigold, cowslips and trillium make fine "greens" when boiled in his tiny camp kettle and "dashed" with salt and vinegar. The dells are thick with several kinds of ferns, waving in their green and mystery of refreshing plumes and spires; and their white roots are delicious eating. Of course there are the aromatic twigs of the birch and sassafras to browse upon. The brier-patches often grow to the water's edge, yielding several kinds of berries ready to be picked and eaten fresh, with sugar. The black-red and purple of the wild cherry is often seen. Wild grapes gleam from amid the green of their vines, like painted glass. And the wild crab-apple is quite as fully a globe of sunshine as the orange or the peach. The best tea I ever tasted was made with wild chicory. Thoreau liked the tea made by steeping hemlock leaves. An outing with one who knows the gastronomic possibility of the wild plants, is a revelation.

And there is more of loveliness in the "weeds" around that bass-fisherman in the picture than he could discover by studying and searching for it all his life.

The master artists loved and painted such "weeds." Titian, in his "Bacchus and Ariadne," decorated his foregrounds with the blue iris and columbine, and said there was more of intricacy of form, light and shadow in a single tuft of grass, than any painter could depict in a lifetime. Raphael expended months of alert, careful work in painting the sinuous leaves and blossom clusters of the common colewort and ox-eyed daisy. See the engravings of his "Charge to Peter" and "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes."

Hear Maeterlink about the "weeds":

"They live on, audacious, immortal, untameable! They have remained similar to what they were a hundred thousand years ago. They have not added a fold to their petals, re-ordered a pistil, altered a shade, invented a perfume. They keep the secret of a mysterious mission. They are the indelible primitives. The soul is theirs since its origin. They represent, in short, an essential smile, an invariable thought, an obstinate desire, of the earth.

"That is why it is well to study them. They have evidently something to tell us. Let us not forget that they were the first, with the sunrises and sunsets, with the springs and autumns, with the songs of birds, * * * to teach our fathers that there are beautiful things in this world of ours."

Thus, our greatest living writer about nature. And that greater (alas! now silent) beholder, Ruskin, says of these same "weeds":

"The leaves of the herbage at our feet take all kinds of strange shapes, as if to invite us to examine them. Star-shaped, heart-shaped, arrow-shaped, fretted, fringed, cleft, furrowed, serrated, sinuated; in whorls, in spires, in tufts, in wreaths endlessly expressive, deceptive, fantastic, never the same from footstalk to blossom, they seem perpetually to tempt our watchfulness, and take delight in outstripping our wonder."

So, too, the poets love and describe them:

"Cuckoo gossips, never quiet,
Blossoms revel, blossoms riot.
Every breeze abrim with fragrance
From the hill and valley vagrants.
Roses in the tangled coppice;
Privet, pimpernel and poppies;
Harebell, thyme, in purple stretches,
Vervain, violets and vetches;
And through all, above and under,
Something moving like a wonder,
Something vigorous and vernal,
Evanescent, yet eternal."

So we learn that God is in these still, small voices, and strive for humility and insight as we realize what nature is to the far-piercing, worshipping, beholding eyes of the really great artist or poet—that, as Melanchthon said: "The humble ones are the giants of the battle." The best modern analyst of poetry, W. J. Courthope, stated in his lectures at Oxford, that Homer was the greatest poet, because he best saw that the humblest things have a divine life of their own. No wonder that the Greek name for the earth was Beauty. No wonder that as we see this fair stream at Long Eddy, with its cloud-ranges massed in scarlet and pearl, its hills so stately and far-reaching, we become dazed, and the eye can look no more for gladness.

HARMONIES.

HAPPINESS.

Our camp comrade yet uses the tamarack poles, and has caught three bass, and dressed them. There is an odor of boiling coffee in the air. Twilight is settling on the scene as supper is eaten. Cigars are a comfort after a day of such scrutiny of the small things right about us. No extravagant fish stories are told, and there is no whisky drank, no liquid "fish-bait" or "snake-bite" tolerated. It is the crying duty of all true anglers to rebuke drunkenness in camps, so often used against them as a reproach, and so often deserved. To emphasize this, attention is asked to the most tremendously important and vital fishing story that has occurred, or that possible can occur, in the annals of mankind.

Read, carefully, the last chapter of the Four Gospels, that essence of Scripture. It is not mere history, no Epic Poem. It is fact, never more imperatively demanding attention than now—the last earthly life of the already crucified and risen God Man, and His parting plea to us as He partook of the fish that were His last food on earth.

Seven disciples—rude, roughly attired fishermen—had cast their nets all night in the Sea of Tiberias. Dawn had lighted the solemn, encircling hills; but the nets had gathered no fish. Then, just before leaving the earth, He appeared on the shore and called to them, directing that the nets be cast on the other side of the ship. Even before the nets were hauled, Simon knew His voice, girded his rough fisher's coat about his loins, cast himself, naked, into the water, and swam a hundred yards to shore. There he found his Master, and a coal fire, where fish were cooking even while the nets were yielding one hundred and fifty-three large fish.

Think of that open-air scene in Palestine—of the fish, of our Lord's question: "Simon, lovest thou me?" and of his command: "Feed my sheep"; and then marvel in humiliation that after almost two thousand years of human progress and boasted civilization, with church spires pointing heavenward, and faith-incense burning on myriads of family altars throughout Christendom—yes, with His love and pleading now even more fresh and vital, and with the marvelous beauty of the golden summer brooding over all our angling waters—think that as the stars of heaven shine and beckon, so many men who call themselves anglers, should, by some strange travesty on the pursuit of happiness, delight in being false and drunken! It is a miracle of miracles—infinitely sad and tragic!

He said: "Bring ye the fish that ye have caught." Brother anglers, if we will not do that, at least we should not crucify Him anew. The comfort is great that sport becomes, yearly, more and more a life of love and insight, and less and less one of orgies and untruth.

But my sleepy chum is scolding over the attempt of his sinner tent-mate to sermonize, and we "turn in" to continue our good time in the morning.

L. F. Brown.

The Blooming Grove Dinner.

ONE must reckon back to a very respectable age to recall how many annuals have been enjoyed by some of our game and fish preserve associations. The recurrence of such reunions is peculiarly gratifying because they indicate that the organization is fulfilling its purpose; long life and a large membership mean that there are game to hunt and fish to take. These conditions are characteristic of the Blooming Grove Park Association, whose extensive preserve in Pike county, Penn., is one of the pioneer institutions of the character in this country. The membership is made up for the most part of business and professional men of New York city, and the annual dinner held here gives occasion for a reunion which the members are wont to regard as one of the pleasantest social gatherings of the year.

The banquet of 1903 was held at Delmonico's on Tuesday evening of last week. On the right of President Nathaniel S. Smith sat Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of the New York Times and vice-president of the Blooming Grove Association; Chief Justice Wm. S. Gummere, of New Jersey, and Adjutant-General R. Heber Brientnall, of New Jersey. On the left of President Smith were Messrs. A. A. Anderson, Superintendent of the Government Teton Forest Reserve; Robt. B. Lawrence, formerly secretary of the Association; and T. Elmer Batten, of FOREST AND STREAM. The members present were:

H. Powell Ramsdell,	R. Heber Brientnall,
Frank L. Froment,	Charles R. Miller,
Thomas G. Barry,	James Wills,
Charles Edison,	William W. Cook,
Dr. William R. Pryor,	Henry E. Passavant,
Milton G. Starrett,	Dwight C. Dorflinger,
D. D. Allerton,	Louis J. Dorflinger,
H. A. Caesar,	Dr. Spencer M. Nash,
Edwin A. Richard,	Edwin A. Cruikshank,
Henry F. De Puy,	Pell W. Foster,
Eugene McK. Froment,	E. M. Youmans,
L. Victor Froment,	James S. Taylor,
Frank M. Lockwood.	George R. Rehmann,
Charles R. Hedden,	William H. White, Jr.,
William M. Copp,	James M. Seymour, Jr.,
Fred Engle,	Hosea Webster,
Lawrence E. Sexton,	Bette E. J. Eils,
James L. Livingston,	James D. Foot,
Frederick K. Gaston,	Robert C. Post,
Luther Loomis,	William C. Post.

After the elaborate menu had been discussed, and the banqueters had come to that stage where the mind is in its most receptive mood for the appreciation of flashing wit and good counsel, President Smith read his annual report and in a felicitous address congratulated the Association upon the happy condition of its varied interests, and the promise of the future.

Mr. Charles R. Miller found his text in that portion of Exodus xx. 17, which enjoins, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox." The application was to the conflicts the Blooming Grove Association has had from time to time with the people of the neighborhood who have failed to recognize the Association's rights in the fish and game of its preserve.

Chief Justice Gummere told an entertaining story in humorous vein, and Mr. Robert B. Lawrence, in reminiscent mood, recalled an occasion when he had been guilty of what had afterward been credited to the Association as one of the sins for which it was guilty, when eighteen years ago he mistook a highholder for a woodcock and killed it. This fortunately occurred before heavy fines were instituted for bad memories and nearsightedness. Mr. Anderson gave a most interesting review of the changed feeling prevailing throughout the United States toward the protection of game and fish and the enforcement of the laws; especially in the remote West, they not only make arrests for offenses against these laws, but secure convictions where a few years ago arrest would have been dangerous and conviction impossible. Other speakers were Mr. Passavant, of Philadelphia; Dr. Pryor, Mr. James T. Foot, and Mr. T. Elmer Batten.

The incident of the evening was a presentation to Otto, the head gamekeeper, whose service has been continuous for a term of twenty-five years. To his faithful study and care the club is largely indebted for the splendid conditions that prevail, as betokened by the whirr of the partridge, whistle of woodcock and leap of trout. The Blooming Grove members are in a high degree appreciative of Otto's worth, and in their behalf President Smith presented to him a check for $250. Otto's response was sincere and heartfelt and given in original style; and all those who heard it could recognize in it the whole heart of a whole man. "This is the supreme moment of my life," he declared; and it was.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, April 11.—I would suggest the beautiful little Prairie River as the best open stream for the Chicago man who wishes to go out April 15. This is the earliest river I know. After that I believe the Ontanogan would be a good one to have in mind. I hear the Paint and the Fence mentioned, but have had no recent reports from these streams.

Mr. B. K. Miller, of Milwaukee, will open the season on his preserved stream, the Pine, with several friends on the 17th.

The first of May will be early enough for the average Wisconsin river, the first two weeks in May affording the best fly-fishing of the year in any usual condition of weather. I should regard the first week in May as safer even on the Prairie than the first legal week in April.

The Pere Marquette River and other streams near Baldwin, Mich., should hardly be visited before the 10th of May, in the opinion of some Chicago anglers who frequent that locality.

The Saginaw anglers are getting ready for one or two good trips this spring and summer, but they have not yet determined upon their streams. Wherever these gentlemen land is apt to be pretty near delectable.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Mr. I. H. Bellows, Secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, issues the table of handicaps as below, with the following advice:

The handicap committees have been working overtime, and the result of their labors is enclosed. When handicap is not given, the committee had not sufficient information to base their figures, and handicap will be based on the first half of the season's work. Prizes this year will consist of medals, rods, or reels, as winners elect. A new casting weight and target have been adopted and higher scores in bait are certain. Members in arrears for dues on day of last contest are not eligible for prizes. All rules governing contests of last year, not in conflict with above, are in force this year. It is hoped that members will bear in mind our event days in arranging their fishing trips. Come out to the park as often as you can. A full company looks better than a corporal's guard. Club tackle always on the ground.

	Long Distance, Fly, Feet.	Distance & Acc'y, Fly, Per Cent.	Acc'y & Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.	Delicacy, Bait, Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth	8	3 1-2	6 1-4	1 1-2	1
I. D. Belasco	10	7	..	2	..
I. H. Bellows	..	1 2-3	4 1-3	1	1 1-4
L. I. Blackman	..	..	..	5	5
C. F. Brown	..	7 1-2	7	3 3-4	2 1-2
W. T. Church	..	..	..	2 1-2	2
G. A. Davis	..	..	..	3 1-2	..
F. G. Fuller	..	..	..	2 1-2	..
B. W. Goodsell	4	1 2-3	..	..	..
H. Greenwood	10	4 1-2	..	2	..
H. G. Hascall	3	1 2-3	5 1-2	1	1
N. C. Heston	..	5	6 2-3	1	1
G. Hinterleitner	..	6 1-2	..	2 3-4	1 1-2
J. Hohmann	..	..	..	2 3-4	2
E. R. Letterman	..	5	..	2 1-2	..
E. L. Mason	..	..	..	2 3-4	2
F. N. Peet	..	1 2-3	4 1-3	1	1
H. W. Perce	12	2 1-3	7	1 1-2	1
C. B. Robinson	..	9	..	3 1-4	3
G. W. Salter	..	..	..	2 3-4	3
A. C. Smith	6	4	5 1-2	1	0 3-4
F. S. Smith	..	..	..	1 1-2	1 1-2
J. L. Woods	..	..	..	..	2

Pickerel in Wisconsin.

The biggest pickerel, or rather pike, of which I have heard this spring was taken by Bill Leidtke in Fox Lake, Wis., last Wednesday. The fish weighed twenty-eight pounds and was a fine specimen.

By the way, it seems to be mighty fishy around Fox Lake this spring. A dog belonging to Frank Griffin saw a pickerel in the water near the boat dock on last Sunday, made a plunge and succeeded in retrieving the fish, which weighed about a pound. The temperance and moderation shown by the narrator in establishing the weight of the fish robs this story of all possible features of doubtfulness.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Ouananiche of Grand Lake Stream.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Me., April 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With your permission I would like to notify the readers of FOREST AND STREAM about the "ouananiche" (land-locked salmon) fishing in Grand Lake Stream, Washington county, Maine; also of the special law governing it. In past years people have been allowed to fish in the river here from the first of May until the 15th of September with any device except with nets and spear. Under the new law the open season is from June 1 to October 1, from one hundred yards above the dam at the outlet of Grand Lake to Big Lake—about 2½ miles. This river is open to fly-fishing only, and since the bait-fishing has been prohibited the fly-fishing has not only doubled in number taken, but anyone can catch ouananiche at any time up to October 1. A great many people think you cannot catch ouananiche during July, August and September with the fly; but such as have that notion are mistaken, for here catches of from ten to twenty-five are common during August and September.

Last season there were more than 12,000 ouananiche taken in Grand Lake and the river below; and the year before there were 8,209 taken during May and June. This is the home of the ouananiche, and we have the best fishing in the world for them; the nearest approach to us is Lake St. John in Canada. Our fish are about a quarter pound larger on an average, and you can catch more in the same length of time. Usually the land-locked salmon are dry when broiled, but these salmon caught in the lake and river are very juicy, and have a beautiful flavor which cannot be excelled. Anyone wishing to try their luck at ouananiche fishing would do well to visit Grand Lake Stream. The salmon come down from the lake and go on the run during May and June and do not return; and as any fish that lives in quick water will take bait at any time, and as the law used to allow bait-fishing, they were nearly all caught before the last of July, and, as everyone knows, where there are no fish you cannot catch any. But since we have put a stop to all fishing except with the fly, there are plenty of fish at any time during the summer.

J. T. MERRILL.

A New Jersey Devil Fish.

IT is not generally known that a large specimen of the devil fish (*Manta manatia*) was taken last fall in New Jersey at Stone Harbor, about a mile from the shore. It was harpooned in a pound net by some fishermen, and was then towed to the beach behind a boat. When in the net it was quiet until it was harpooned. Then it became very violent, but was unable to escape. When brought to the beach it soon died. The only portions of the great ray preserved were one of the eyes and a small piece of the skin. The eye, which at present is at the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia, measures about 2⅛ inches in diameter. Mr. Henry W. Fowler, who records this interesting capture, calls attention to the fact that the scientific name in current use—*Manta birostris*—should be changed to the name given above.

Sportsmen who visit Florida, and generally the south Atlantic coast, are more or less familiar with the appearance of this species, and with the excitement which sometimes attends its capture. These captures have often been described, notably in Elliott's "Sports of the Carolinas," and in various articles in FOREST AND STREAM, one of them printed only a few weeks ago. The species belongs in tropical or subtropical waters, and is extremely rare, if not unexampled as far north as the locality where this one was taken, although reported as far back as 1824 by Mitchell "off Capes May and Henlopen during the warm season."

The Sea Trout Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to the dispute over the "question" whether a sea trout is merely a brook trout who lives in salt water: Is not this "question" immaterial to the sportsman? Is there not often a rather amusing eagerness, even among naturalists, for Latin names and hair-splitting? Of what practical moment is it to anglers whether wiseacres brand either or both of these beautiful fishes *Salmo* or *Salvelinus?* We already know that one is a trout that lives in a brook, that the other lives very largely in salt water, and that both are splendid fish, and have much in common.

Many old anglers are disposed to demur that these kings of the jeweled coat are not more appreciated for themselves alone. Some cataloguers seem to joy in them principally because they furnish places for pedantic Latin labels that will sound learned in books. Both fish are well known, and can be adequately named and perpetuated in English; and their relationship or ancestry is of very little practical use to "science," and none to sport. In other words, in this matter, nearly all anglers care nothing whether "sciolism rushes blindly in," or "knowledge creeps with cautious steps."

L. F. BROWN.

Brilliant Trout.

Two 9-10 inch trout, astonishingly brilliant in their color, have been shown us by Mr. Robert B. Lawrence as taken near Flushing, L. I., within a few days. The fins, lower sides and tail are brilliant carmine, while a narrow strip, varying from ½ to ¼ inch in width, running from chin to vent in the median line of the belly is pure white. The line of demarcation between the red and the white is sharp, and there is no shading of one color into the other, but in one case the white is bordered by a very narrow thread of dusky.

These fish come from a pond owned by Mr. A. L. Thorne, situated on the edge of the salt meadows near Flushing. The pond was made about five years ago, and is only about seventy feet in diameter. It has no inlet, but it is fed from beneath by a strong spring of fresh water, and also by a small iron-colored spring. The fish were put in as fingerlings four years ago, and have not greatly increased in size. Where the fish came from is not known. Anglers who have seen them call them *Salvelinus marstoni.*

Florida Black Bass.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 11.—Willard Nye, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., has set his heart on catching a twenty-pound large-mouthed black bass, so that each year, along in February, our genial Nye is to be found somewhere in Florida looking for *Micropterus salmoides.* This season he stopped in long enough to say that he had succeeded in catching a bass of 11½ pounds' weight; a beauty; female, 26½ inches long, 21 inches around the girth.

Nye says the fish of medium size were plentiful. Twenty-six were taken one day. A bass of sixteen pounds' weight was once taken in the neighborhood fished by him.

Nye says the fish are excellent eating; the big ones especially, simply boiled without seasoning, served with potatoes and seasoned to taste when on one's plate. The phantom minnow was a successful lure.

BON.

Legislation at Albany.

ALBANY, April 11.—Now that the end of the legislative session is drawing so close at hand, game bills are being rushed forward with all possible dispatch. Two have lately been signed by Gov. Odell, as follows:

Senator Bailey's, P. No. (Ass. Print.) 1485, providing that the board of supervisors of the counties of Queens, Nassau and Suffolk may respectively pass laws regulating and controlling the taking of fish and shell fish in arms of the sea, and fish bait from public lands of such counties, and may also prescribe what violations thereof shall be punishable as misdemeanors, and may impose penalties, the same to be enforced under the provisions of Article X. of this act.

Senator Fancher's, P. No. 785, providing that pickerel and wall-eyed and yellow pike shall not be taken or possessed from March 1 to April 30, both inclusive, in Lake Erie, and allowing the taking of sturgeon, mullet, suckers and carp with nets in parts of Lake Erie.

The Senate has amended Senator Townsend's wild deer bill, P. No. 780, so as to make the close season from Nov. 10 to Aug. 31, both inclusive.

The following bills have passed the Senate:

Assemblyman Bedell's, P. No. 453, relative to the close season for trout in Orange county.

Assemblyman Whitney's, P. No. 1243, relative to fishing in Saratoga Lake and Lake Lonely.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 697, relating to the sale of venison in certain parts of the State.

The Senate Committee on Fisheries and Game has reported the following bills:

Assemblyman Palmer's, P. No. 612, fixing the close season for quail in Schoharie county.

Senator Gates', P. No. 1068, relative to information concerning leases and franchises for the cultivation of shell fish. The bill was restored to its place on third reading.

Assemblyman Reynolds', P. No. 1060, relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Rensselaer county.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's, P. No. 443, relative to the taking of fish from the waters of Waley's Pond, Dutchess county.

Assemblyman Nichols', P. No. 813, relative to the taking of woodcock.

Senator Townsend's, P. No. 776, relative to privileges of witnesses.

Senator W. L. Brown's, P. No. 935, relative to fire wardens.

Assemblyman Burnett's, P. No. 1696, relative to taking fish in Canandaigua Lake.

The Assembly has advanced to third reading these bills:

Assemblyman Allston's, P. No. 1721, relative to fire wardens.

Assemblyman Moran's, P. No. 1324, relative to fishing for non-game fish in Cayuga Lake and its tributary streams.

Senator Townsend's, P. No. 392 (S. Print.) for the protection of wild black bear.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, P. No. 1873, giving the chief game protector an annual salary of $2,000, with $1,000 a year for expenses.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman McCormack's, P. No. 1715, relative to game in Richmond county.

Senator Malby's, P. No. 183, relative to fishing in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county.

Senator Armstrong's, P. No. 805, relative to the close season for grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan, Greene and Orange.

Assemblyman Simpson's, P. No. 1100, to prohibit hunting and fishing on Sunday in the county of Sullivan.

Assemblyman Nichols', P. 1722, relative to spearing fish in Greene county.

Assemblyman Cowan's, P. No. 1727, relative to the close season for mink, skunk, muskrat and foxes in Delaware county.

Yachting.

Reliance, the new yacht built for the defense of the America's Cup, was successfully launched from the Herreshoff's yard on Saturday afternoon, April 11.

Bad weather had been predicted, but the day broke fine and clear and was ideal for the event. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff was on hand early in the morning, as was Captain Charlie Barr. Both had their men attending to the many things that turn up at the eleventh hour. Shortly after eight o'clock Sunbeam, Reliance's tender, dressed ship, and as the bunting went aloft it added a bit of life to the scene. Sunbeam was lying at the end of the south pier. Lying in the offing was Constitution, the boat built by the Herreshoffs two years ago. Constitution was launched on May 6, almost a month later than the day fixed for launching Reliance this year.

Shortly before noon Mr. W. B. Leeds' new steam yacht Noma, flying Commodore Frederick G. Bourne's private signal, appeared on the scene. She came to anchor off the shops, and Commodore Bourne and his guests went over to the tender Sunbeam to call on Mr. Iselin, and then came ashore to see the new boat. With Commodore Bourne were ex-Commodore E. M. Brown, Mr. W. B. Leeds, Secretary George A. Cormack, Fleet Captain C. L. F. Robinson, Mr. Edward H. Wales, Mr. J. Frederic Tams, Mr. Whitney Warren and Mr. Arthur Kemp. Noma left New York on Friday afternoon, where Commodore Bourne and his guests joined her, and they had a delightful run through the Sound and up Narragansett Bay to Bristol.

Early in the afternoon a special train brought a number of people from Providence, who were guests of Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the managing owner of the new boat, and they went directly aboard the tender Sunbeam. As the day wore on trolley cars, carriages and automobiles brought many people to the town, and quiet Bristol presented a very busy appearance. Constitution's tender, Satellite, was in the harbor with Mr. August Belmont and a large number of guests on board. A gun was fired from Constitution just before half-past three, and she went formally into commission. She dressed ship, and Mr. Belmont's colors went to the mast head. The torpedo boat Winslow, with a party of naval officers on board, came over from the Newport station during the afternoon.

The launching was scheduled for half-past five. A limited number of tickets had been issued, and those holding them were admitted to the south shop, where Reliance was built. Many people were allowed on the piers, which extended into the water on the north and south sides of the shop, and were thus afforded a good opportunity to see the launching.

Reliance rested in a cradle, which was built on a low car. The marine railway on which the car ran was specially strengthened and tested in order that there would be no accident. A wire cable was attached to the forward end of the car, which led to a windlass. In this way the yacht's speed could be regulated as she moved down the incline.

The yacht's bottom had been burnished to a high degree of perfection, and the white topsides did not show the lines of the plating or the rivet heads. Festoons of laurel leaves and bunches of carnations decorated the bow of the yacht, and streamers of red and black, Mr. Iselin's colors, were in evidence.

A gong sounded in the shop at 5:28, and Miss Nora Iselin broke the bottle of American champagne over the bows and named the yacht Reliance. The boat was only allowed to move slowly down the ways, and it was some twelve minutes before she was water borne. As Reliance moved out of the shop, the American yacht ensign was hoisted over the taffrail, the New York Y. C. flag was hoisted at the bow, and Mr. Iselin's private signal appeared on a staff amidships.

As the boat took the water, there was quite a demonstration, the crowd present being very enthusiastic, and while the attendant fleet of boats was small, it made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. Captain Barr and a number of his men were on board, as was Mr. "Nat" Herreshoff, when Reliance took the water. After the launching Reliance was warped over to the north pier under the big shears, so that her mast and other spars can be put in place without delay.

Reliance is essentially a big craft, big even for a 90-footer, was the information gained by everybody who saw her launched on Saturday last. Her great breadth and remarkable over all length conveyed the idea of large proportions, for the boat quite filled the big shop where she was built.

For some time it had been said she would be something of the scow type, and would combine some of the features of Independence. To some extent this rumor has been borne out by the facts; not that we would hint that Mr. Herreshoff had copied or adopted a single feature of Mr. Crowninshield's boat. That Mr. Herreshoff is a creator and not an imitator is a well-known fact, and there is no question that the design of Reliance would have been just exactly what it is now had Independence never been built. Reliance only shows the natural development and expected improvement over Constitution as did this latter boat show these same points over Columbia, even though in the actual racing the progress was not demonstrated. But we think it but fair and just that we give Mr. Crowninshield the credit of having been two years in advance of the Bristol designer, and had it not been that Independence was his very first experiment in designing big yachts, we believe she would have beaten Columbia had she been handled by as capable a skipper as Captain Barr.

Reliance is not so pretty a craft as was Columbia; in fact, she reminds one more of the 70-footers, particularly in the forward part of the boat. Her forward overhang is much longer in proportion, and her bow sections are a little fuller. In Reliance it is very evident the designers have endeavored to turn out a boat that will combine, so far as it is possible to do so, all the speed elements of the scow, such as gaining length quickly when heeled and having great sail carrying capacity, and yet reducing to the minimum the disadvantages of this type of craft. Scows are not fast in light air, and their full bow is a great handicap when there is any sea on, and particularly when the wind is light. Reliance has a much flatter floor than Constitution, but yet has more deadrise than Independence; her bilge is also a bit harder than that of Constitution. Reliance is 25ft. 8in. wide, and although her over all length is not known exactly, it is said to be 140ft. The draft is put at 18ft. 9in., somewhat less than Constitution's, but she is longer on the keel than the latter boat, and the lines of the lead are finer and drawn out more. There are practically one hundred tons of lead on the keel, a gain of something over seven tons in Constitution. This increase was made by a material reduction in the freeboard and a saving of weight in the construction, and will therefore give greatly increased sail-carrying power over the older boats. As Reliance heels she will gain power fast because of her form, and this fact, together with the advantage of the increased quantity of lead on the keel, should make her a wonderful sail carrier. She will swing, probably, in the neighborhood of 15,000 square feet of sail, although we would not be surprised if it were even more than this. The rigging on the 70-footers stood the rack of hard racing without parting a single rope yarn, so that if the material put into the new boat is made proportionally as strong there will be little danger of breakdown or accident.

The construction used throughout Reliance is practically the same as that put into Constitution. Deep belt or web frames of nickel steel are spaced 6ft. 8in. apart, these being located at every fourth station. The hull is plated with Tobin bronze, with the exception of the top strake, which is of nickel steel. There are seven strakes of plating which are laid with flush joints. A series of T irons and bulb angles make up the longitudinal frames. The T irons are placed over the seams in the plating, the plating being riveted through them. The bulb angles serve mainly to stiffen the boat longitudinally. Web frames are strengthened by braces extending from the bilge up to the deck. The deck is covered with aluminum and under this are diagonal straps which will add to the general stiffness.

Races took place between Shamrock III. and Shamrock I. almost every day last week off Weymouth. The new boat is sailing well and from the reports is getting into better shape daily. On Saturday last the two boats sailed a race over a thirty-four mile course, and Shamrock I. received ten minutes' time allowance from the new boat. The wind was light during the race, and the water was smooth. Shamrock III. beat the old boat six and one-half minutes, but lost the race on time allowance. Shamrock I. was favored by better wind, and had it not been for this it is believed that the new boat would have saved her time and won the race.

Columbia Y. C., Chicago.

Captain Fred Pabst, of Milwaukee, shows his fondness for the water still, although many years retired from active service thereon, by annually (through his company) offering yachtsmen of Lake Michigan valuable trophies for competition. In 1900 he presented the Columbia Y. C. with a magnificent silver water cooler, for competition in Class 2A. This trophy was won by Mr. F. W. Morgan's Prairie of the Columbia Y. C. In 1901 he presented the Columbia Y. C. with a sterling silver loving cup for Class 3B sloops and cutters. This cup was contested for on August 17 of that year, and was won in a heavy weather contest by Commodore J. F. McGime's Eleanor II., she handily defeating such cracks as Vixen, Wizard and Martha III., to the surprise of all the wise ones. This year Capt. Pabst has, through his company, presented the Columbia Y. C. a most exquisite and beautifully etched sterling silver loving cup for competition in Class 1A sloops and cutters on July 4.

The following Lake Michigan yachts are eligible to start for the Pabst cup the morning of July 4, next:

Vencedor, the crack mahogany fin keel, owned by ex-Commodore Fred A. Price. Vencedor was built in 1896 as the first yacht from the United States to defend the Canada cup. She was designed by Pokel and built at Racine for the Messrs. Berriman Brothers, Mr. E. C. Berriman at that time being commodore of the old Lincoln Park Y. C. The first races for the Canada cup were sailed on Lake Erie off Toledo. The Canadian Y. C. won three straight races. Vencedor was unquestionably the best yacht, but was under construction before rules for races were adopted, and the Canadians proposed rules to sail under that defeated Vencedor, and refused to sail under any other conditions.

Vencedor won several races from Siren in fall of 1896, and won from Vanenna at Cleveland in 1896. Vanenna was given a race at Milwaukee July 4, 1896, on account of buoys drifting away. In spring of 1897 Vencedor was sold to Commodore Gillig, of the Larchmont Y. C., of New York. She made a very creditable showing there. When Commodore Gillig retired from yachting in 1901 Mr. Fred. A. Price purchased her and brought her back home. Last year she was the flag ship of the Columbia Y. C., and won several big races, among them the Michigan City Cruising Race, July 4 open regatta, cruising races to Waukegan, Holland, and South Haven, and one of the three match races with Vanenna. In match with Vanena more overconfidence was indulged in, the match being arranged as a flat event, no time allowance, and Vanenna, being much the larger, had a great advantage. However, this match resulted in bringing about two of the best yacht races ever seen on the Great Lakes, Vencedor winning the first race of the series by a few seconds. Vanenna won the second race, sailing the course alone, Vencedor breaking down immediately after the start, and Vanenna won the third race quite easily, on the last leg of course, her lofty rig catching the high air and driving her in ahead with a couple of minutes to spare.

Siren and Vanenna were from designs of Joseph Meyer, and were also built at Racine in 1896. They were built by Columbia Y. C. members to compete in trial races with Vencedor of the Lincoln Park Y. C., to see which should represent the United States in match with Canadians, but as Lincoln Park Y. C. decided to send Vencedor without holding trial races, they did not have a chance at that time to show what they could do, and to date the three have never been in a race together, although they have raced two at a time on several occasions since that time. Siren has demonstrated time and again that she is as good, if not better, than the others in light weather, but has never shown any great liking for heavy going.

Vanenna claims the championship of the Great Lakes on series sailed last September with Vencedor. Vanenna was originally built for W. R. Crawford, then of the Columbia Y. C., and was sold last season to Wm. Cameron, of the Chicago Y. C.

Siren was originally built for a syndicate composed of Ildo Ramsdell, Judge Loren Collins, Robert Hayes, and Mr. Dyrenforth, all of the Columbia Y. C.; was afterward sold to Geo. R. Peare, of the Columbia Y. C., and by him to her present owner, Mr. Frank J. Canty, of the Columbia Y. C.

Neva is a Lake Erie product, and was undisputed champion there, but has never duplicated her performances here, although she has been a strong factor in all races in smooth water, but the most of the time her spinnaker and spinnaker boom and big club topsail have been left ashore and over half the races she has been in have been sailed with small cruising mainsail instead of her big racing mainsail, her owners and crew being particularly fond of comfort. Such cries as "Ease her sheets, so can cook," and captain yelling at crew to "Jibe over as wind has shifted," and crew telling captain to "Wait awhile until card or crap game we are playing is over," being frequent occurrence during races. Just try to imagine a winner under such circumstances. This year she will be placed in pink of condition and raced hard. She is now owned by Messrs. C. T. Bailey and F. Palmer, of the Columbia Y. C., who claim her to be the most comfortable ever as a cruiser. If the weather on the morning of July 4 next happens to be light, these four yachts should make a magnificent struggle for this elegant trophy, and it is nearly a toss up as to which would win. If there is heavy weather, race should be between Vencedor and Vanenna, with yacht with best crew given preference. Ex-Commodore Price announces that he has engaged the services of one of the crack eastern skippers for the season, and that he intends doing all he possibly can to capture the time prizes for A Classes and prizes for Class A1.

Vencedor, with new hollow mast, boom and gaff and new racing mainsail, will undoubtedly be in front at the finish on most occasions, Commodore Price being particularly anxious to regain championship of Lake Michigan—in fact of the Great Lakes—the coming season.

It is hoped by all yachtsmen that these four are brought together in the Columbia Y. C.'s eleventh annual Michigan City race, to be held June 13 next. Such a race would indeed be a rare treat for the spectators.

It is hardly probable that any Lake Erie or Lake Ontario yachts of this class will be here to compete on this date, as it is too early in the season to entice them this far from home.

These are the giant sloops and cutters of the Great Lakes, being the largest fresh water craft of this style or rig in the world, and embracing some of the finest yachts of the world in the class, all four being champions of the class in different years. Neva of Lake Erie; Vencedor of the Great Lakes in 1896 and 1901; Siren in 1898 and 1899, and Vanenna in 1897 and 1902, the three latter having defeated one another on several occasions. This lends enchantment to the coming season's contests.

Vencedor is being fitted with complete sets of hollow spars and new suit racing canvas.

Siren, not to be outdone, will have new racing suit and entire rebuild, and be placed in best possible condition. Owners are already selecting crew, and expect to have her in her old time form for season's contests.

E. T. B.

Endurance Races for Motor Launches.

Arrangements are being made by the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. to hold endurance races for power boats. The idea is a good one, and should prove a real and valuable test of the motors and the boats themselves. The plan has much to recommend it.

"There are so many possibilities of mishap to motors in the sailing of launches that a straight race is of little value in determining the relative merits of the various boats and their engines. Even a fairly well behaved boat is apt to become stalled in the midst of a race by a minute or two of crankiness on the part of the motor, and notoriously uncertain motors have been known to work to a charm in a most unexpected way and win out without trouble.

Under the arrangements planned for the proposed endurance race, all these uneven conditions will be taken into account, and the running qualities of the engines will be scored as well as the speed attained and the time made in reaching the finish. Each launch will have a scorer aboard to keep tally on the amount of attention required by the motor and a limit of three minutes will be allowed as the total time that an engine may be stopped during the race.

The start will be made some distance above the starting line to give opportunity to warm up the engines. As the launches come to this point a gun will be fired and all engines will be stopped. The starting gun will be fired a minute or so later and the scoring will then begin.

The run will be of about an hour's duration, and any boat whose engine is stopped for more than three minutes during that time will be disqualified. This will count the same, whether the time lost is in one stop or in two or three, the total time of which amounts to more than three minutes. A one minute stop will count one point against the boat; two minutes, two points, and three minutes, three points.

The boats will be classified according to size and power, and everything being equal, the first boat in will win. There will be a time limit on the race, however, so arranged that the motors will have to be pushed to a fair speed, and no wily skipper can loaf along in order to coax an uncertain engine into a semblance of good behavior, and thus dodge the possibility of scoring the losing points on account of time stopped."

A CHARITY CRUISE.

Winner of Third Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD, BOSTON, MASS.

I am, alas, a "charity sailor"—not having a boat of mine own I am dependent upon friends for my cruises. Some times I am able to do something for them. Thus it was in the present case.

The Armorel's owner wished to have her at Portland, Maine, when his vacation began, but could not find the time to take her down from Marblehead himself. So I charitably agreed to sail her down for him and he in turn charitably said that if I would have her there on time I could use her for a little cruise beforehand. Our final arrangements provided that he and a friend would sail her from Marblehead to Gloucester one Saturday afternoon, that I should join them early Sunday morning and then they would sail with me as far as we could get that day, when they would return to Boston and strenuous life while I continued on my way with the Armorel and Albert, the boy. This arrangement was carried out to the letter.

The Armorel is a 21ft. knockabout and was designed by Mr. Arthur Binney, and built by the Lawley & Son Corporation in 1895. She was originally known as the Sally. She has rather more freeboard than is customary with boats of her length, but owing to the fact that her waterline is painted quite high she appears to have only the usual height of side. Her ends, which are moderate for these days, are sharp and so well balanced that she is very easy and dry in a seaway.

She is 31ft. over all, 21ft. on the waterline, 7ft. 11in. extreme beam, and draws 5ft. when in cruising trim. She has about 4ft. 9in. headroom under a low cabin trunk with a very flat roof. There is a hatch in the deck forward of the mast.

ARMOREL.

The cockpit which is self bailing is roomy and comfortable. From it you enter the cabin. On either side of the companionway is a hanging locker. The floor is 2ft. 6in. wide between the transoms which are nearly 2ft. wide and have very comfortable cushions. The transom tops are hinged to lift and beneath each is a large stowage space for bottled and tinned goods.

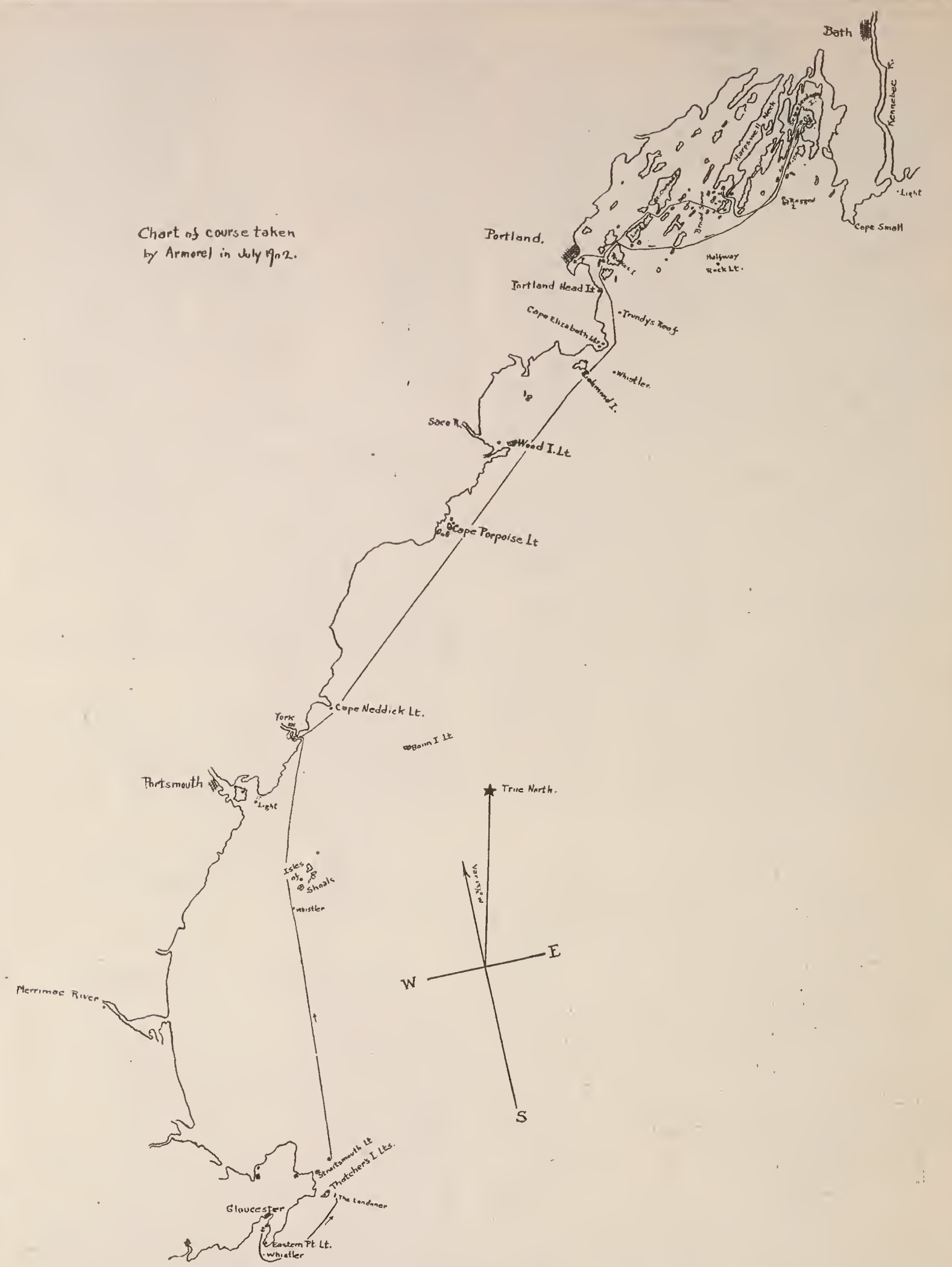
At the forward end of each transom is a buffet with a locker behind and drawers beneath it. These drawers have a novel feature, an idea of the owner—a tin box with hinged lid was made to fit inside each drawer so that everything stowed therein might be kept dry. It is extremely "comfy" to have one's linen, socks, towels, and bread always free from dampness.

On the port buffet a large lamp and an ash tray are securely fastened. Over the lamp, in the cabin top, is a brass ventilator which when opened carries off the heat from the lamp. It can be closed and made water tight by simply turning the flat brass top. Above the starboard buffet are the ship's clock, aneroid barometer, and thermometer. Back of each transom is a net for clothing, toilet articles, etc., etc.

Access is had to a large lazerette beneath the cockpit by removing the companionway ladder. In this lazerette are kept the three spare anchors and rodes, spare rope, oilers, rubber boots, etc.

The blankets, which have been converted into sleeping bags by folding them and sewing them across the foot and two-thirds of the way up the side, when not in use are folded and rolled up in a waterproof cloth so that they keep remarkably dry.

Forward of the starboard buffet is the stove space which is a sort of cuddy of galvanized sheet iron. In it are two brass Primus stoves. There is a brass plate in the deck above them which can be removed and a ventilator screwed in to carry off the surplus heat. This stove cuddy has doors which can be shut—then anything hung in front of them can be well dried out. This furnishes a convenient method of drying socks, underwear, dish towels, etc., after sundown or during wet weather.



Forward of the stoves is a narrow bunk (with an air cushion) just far enough below the deck to admit of one's turning over when lying thereon. Opposite the stove space is an ice-chest with a capacity of 150 lbs. This amount of ice, when wrapped in a cloth, will last three or four days. The drip from the ice drains into a small tank which can be removed and emptied—a daily task. Or better still, the drip can be used when washing dishes and silver, thus reducing the demand on the supply of drinking water. Forward of the ice-chest is a locker for such things as coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, cereals, plates and tableware. Still further forward are hooks and lanterns, dust pan and brush, etc., and here are stowed the jibs and spinnaker, each in its separate canvas bag.

Fresh water is carried in a wooden breaker which is stowed beneath one of the seats in the cockpit. It has a faucet so that the water is easily drawn off and it holds enough to answer all the cooking, drinking and washing needs of two men for three days. A box for vegetables, stops, light gear and tackle, and a pail stow away under the other seat. At the aft end of the cockpit are small doors on either side of the rudderpost—these doors give access to small lockers where are kept kerosene, metal polish, paint, varnish and tar.

She has 580 square feet of sail in mainsail and jib. Sunday, July 27, 1902.—Got underway at 8:15 A.M. with a light south south-west wind. Beat slowly down Gloucester harbor to the buoy off Eastern Point, overtaking and passing a small yawl with a clipper bow—the Keren, if I remember aright—and then squared away for "the Londoner" off Thatcher's Island. The wind was rather soft but we got along fairly well and pulled steadily away from the yawl. Armorel's spinnaker boom does not have jaws—they have such a heavy clumsy look. Instead a becket is made by the passing of a light line through a hole in the heel of the spar splicing it back onto itself. As the old one had disappeared I occupied myself for a few minutes by splicing in a new becket.

We had the two lights on Thatcher's abeam at 10:10 A.M. and a few minutes later set the spinnaker. This bit of "muslin" is of no mean size, having a hoist of some 25ft. with a 24ft. spinnaker pole. After the sail was hoisted we snapped its clew to the tip of the spinnaker pole, ran that out to port and passing the becket around the mast, thrust the heel of the boom through the becket. We also stuffed a bit of canvas between the mast and boom to prevent chafing. When the spinnaker was sheeted home and its tack taken down to the bitts it added a good bit to our speed. All this takes time in the telling but was a short task and had been easily accomplished some minutes before we had Straitsmouth Light, (Rockport) abeam at 10:20 A.M.

Our course was now N. ¾E., to take us just inside the Isles of Shoals, and the wind was a couple of points off our port quarter. We wallowed along through the long, easy roll at a good, steady gait, constantly drawing away from the yawl and slowly overhauling a craft ahead, which was steering about the same course as we were. The day was warm, but not hot—the sun only showed occasionally—inside of us up Newburyport way the weather looked rainy. On this run the owner brought out a jar of prunes and insisted upon our eating some of them. It did not take much urging to persuade us to fall in with his wishes, and I mention the fact merely because we found the prunes of value medicinally—they are a slight laxative and offset the effects of amateur cookery and the salt air.

The craft ahead of us was caught up with as we passed the whistling buoy south of "the shoals"—she proved to be the Reynard. I suppose her crew attributed our superior speed to our large spinnaker—they had their jib poled out, but, of course, it was not as effective as our "merrie muslin." The Reynard now held more to the westward and was evidently running for Portsmouth.

We had the Isles of Shoals abeam, to starboard, just before two o'clock. The wind had pricked on a bit and we had taken on quite a turn of speed. The yawl was hull down and hard to see. The light air hardly suited her rig and large displacement.

As we ran on for York River the breeze took on more and more, reaching a quite respectable velocity and backing until we were running a bit by the wind. We held on, however, not wishing to take in the spinnaker until we reached York and being too lazy to shift it over to starboard. But it finally had to come down at 3:30 P.M., just as we were passing inshore of Stone's Rock Spindle. The shore thereabouts is not high, but is steep and rocky with almost no land-

ing place—save at Brave Boat harbor. The country is fairly flat while in the distance Agamenticus Mountain rises sheer out of the plain. It resembles a large sugar loaf and is quite a prominent land mark. Soon after passing Stone's Rock we reached York River and ran up it on the last of the flood. We anchored at the first turn in the river, well in toward the apex of the angle and out of the current which sweeps with great force around the bend. All the other boats that we saw at York Harbor swung to the tide, but the Armorel kept her nose to the wind throughout our stay.

The owner and his friend left us soon after the mainsail was furled—giving us final directions as to the rendezvous at Portland.

July 28.—Up at six o'clock and had breakfast half an hour later. The morning was beautifully clear and crisp with a strong S.S.W. wind. We dallied over grub and the subsequent cleaning up so that it was 7:40 when we got our anchor. We had taken down a single reef in the mainsail as the wind came off the shore in fierce gusts. When reefing I always roll up the slack of the sail instead of merely knotting the points around the bunt. This gives a neater look to the reef and makes the sail set better over it. I also take pains to pass a gasket through the reef cringle and around the boom, tying it tight so that if the pennant stretches the last reef points will not tear the sail. The reef was a needless precaution and under reduced canvas we were rather slow about getting out of the river. I soon ached to shake it out and did so the minute that we were well out of the ebb from the river, and then, after getting the mainsail well swayed up, made the course N.E. ¼ E. for Cape Porpoise.

The wind offshore was rather light and as our course was so nearly dead to leeward we felt almost becalmed. Should have set the spinnaker at once, but the breeze looked as though it might shift any minute so I waited until it should give indications of steadiness.

We passed Cape Neddick Light at 8:43. The lighthouse is on a small "nubble" just off the mainland. The wind had backed by this time a full point and had hardened a bit so I dove below and got the spinnaker out of its bag. I sent the "fairy fabric" aloft in stops, swung the boom out to port, ran aft with the sheet and made it fast, and then broke her out by hauling down on the tack. I found this the easiest and quickest way to set such a large spinnaker when doing it alone. It drew nicely for half an hour, but then the wind dropped and became so variable that the spinnaker had to be dowsed.

The breeze continued very light and shifty for some time, amounting to little more than a series of catspaws, which varied in direction all the way from S. by W. to N.W. We did not lose steerage way, but were engaged in a series of ladylike jibes for the best part of an hour. Finally at 10:30 we caught a nice W.N.W. air.

At eleven o'clock we met a tug with a barge in tow bound to the westward. The next incident occurred a half hour later when we set the Kay taffrail long. This was a pretty toy and a valuable one as well. (The day before we had towed it for several hours during which time it overran a fourth of one knot—or an error of less than one per cent.) Soon after setting the log we met the schooner yacht Redskin III. beating to the westward. She is about as homely a sled as ever I saw. Her owners came out this summer in an open letter to a Boston paper and resentfully bewailed the fact that she is commonly considered a freak. As they strenuously objected to her being called by such a name I won't call her anything, but I know a chap who had the misfortune to be anchored near her one night and he could not sleep a wink, she made so much noice pounding the small sea with her long flat bow.

We came up with Goat Island Light (Cape Porpoise) just before noon. There the wind came straight offshore with some weight so that Armorel took a comfortable list and did some pretty sailing. But as we drew away from the shore the breeze lightened again. However, when we looked at the log it had registered 5½ miles for an hour's run.

As we drew up to Wood Island there seemed to be less and less air so that we felt that the lighthouse would never be abeam. In fact the prospects of having wind enough to carry us to Portland, seventeen miles away, before late that night, seemed so remote that we debated whether or not we should run in behind Wood Island and anchor. But as it was then only 1:37 P.M. we decided to keep on and trust to luck for more wind.

The run across to Richmond Island in the hot sun was very tedious. We had again set the spinnaker to port and made better time than we realized for we had the Red Whistler, south of Cape Elizabeth, abeam at 3:26. We passed halfway inside of Taylor's Reef can buoy and took in the spinnaker as we brought the Cape Elizabeth lights abeam. The day boat down from Boston passed us at this point.

The wind now came off the land in wholesail quantities so that the Armorel put her lee rail awash and walked up the harbor right cleverly. We cut the can on Trundy's Reef and passed in by Portland head and the new fortifications at 4:31. Then reaching between Cushing and House Islands we arrived at the Peakes Island anchorage (Portland Harbor) at 4:55, took a look around for a good berth and anchored ten minutes later.

We took our breaker ashore to be refilled and found a place where any quantity of ice water could be had for the drawing—talk about luxury.

Peakes Island is a popular but rather cheap summer resort. I'll say this for it though—we would get the best of everything at the shops for very moderate prices. For supper we indulged in fresh raspberries and thick cream.

During the night I heard a hail and turning out in my pajamas found that the tide had turned and that as we swung to it we were in altogether too close proximity to the bowsprit of the famous old 40ft. (L.W.L.) cutter Gorilla. The weight of her chain had kept her from swinging far from her anchor, but the tide took us pretty well out to the end of our manila warp. Then too it was pretty near low water, so that we had an extra two fathoms of rode to deal with. I shortened up as much as I cared to, but soon saw that that would not get us out of the impending pickle, so roused in the warp smartly and, as the anchor broke out easily, got way enough on her to forge ahead and sheer enough to starboard to get a better berth.

Tuesday, July 29.—The morning was as "hot as the hinges" without a breath of air to temper the sun's rays. The thermometer registered 84° in the cabin at 10:30 and on deck the temperature was, of course, much higher. I was, however, grateful for the heat as the summer had been stupidly cold, rainy and disagreeable. Sent the boy ashore for some provisions and while he was gone nearly broke my backbone trying to go below without opening the companionway slide. Just as I was crouching on the companionway ladder preparatory to ducking under the slide a steamer went by and by her swell gave Armorel such a lurch that I was thrown off my feet. In my fall I struck my spine, at the base of my neck, against the slide, which felled me like a log. Well, it taught me not to be too lazy to push the slide back.

Just before half after eleven o'clock a light E. by S. breeze sprang up. We were soon underway and stood out between Peakes and the Diamond islands. The channel is narrow, on a slight curve and we had a head tide. Could not lay our course through but made it in two long starboard tacks and one little port hitch across the channel.

Ahead of us was the knockabout Thistle, a boat of our class, but newer and more of a racer. We determined to trim her if we could, so worked our sheets for all we were worth. We managed to keep the jib full and drawing well and still gave it considerable sheet so that it had quite a lift to it. I find this takes a boat up the wind faster than does flattening the sheets and trying to point too high. Albert could not be persuaded to see it in the true light, so I had to take the jib sheet into my own hand. We soon began to pull the Thistle back.

As we crossed Hussey's Sound the wind came more S.E. so that we were able to ease our sheets a good bit. As we drew up on the Thistle she held well to weather of her course and inside of black buoy number eleven, north of Long Island. I suppose the idea was to drive us off and make us attempt to force a lee passage, but it was no go. We forged up on her weather quarter, hung there a moment and then by rousing in our mainsheet jumped into her wind and walked ahead. After that we drew steadily away from her.

Our course was about N.E. by E. along the northerly or inner side of Long Island for two miles, leaving the buoys on the Channel Rocks to port. This brought us to Chandler's Cove, a pretty bight formed by Little and Great Chebeag and Long islands. There are ten fathoms in the cove and as it is nearly landlocked it makes a fine young harbor—three quarters of a mile in diameter. Entering the cove we pinned in our sheets and fetched through on the starboard tack, leaving Deer Point buoy just to port. Then eased away again and ran along E.N.E. up between the Great Chebeag and Hope Island. This passage is less than three-eighths of a mile wide. We had a slight head tide and the wind was extremely dainty, but by hugging the Hope Island side we got over the bottom at a decent gait. We invariably found more air close to the lee shore of those islands than there was two hundred yards out.

Just beyond Hope was a smaller island which we knew from its look must be Sandy Island before we even looked up its name. It is rather an oddity for that region as it has no trees or rocks upon it. To N.E. of this island is a black spar buoy which we left to starboard and hauling to E. ½ N. left Little Bang's I. to port and ran for the spar off Stave I. ledge. This reads like a chronicle of islands—well so must any record of a trip in Casco Bay. They are so thick that you find it hard not to butt into one while dodging another.

Stave I. ledge runs off N.E. from the island of that name and typifies the striking geologic formation of the region—the islands are all comparatively long and narrow and extend in a N.E. and S.W. direction as regularly as if laid off with parallel rulers. When up with the spar buoy we hauled our wind a bit and reached across Broad Sound for the end of Haskell Island—two and one-quarter miles away, S.E. by E. This reach was rather slow work, the breeze being in very delicate health. On our way over we passed inside of Eagle I., which is small, high, rocky and thickly wooded and is owned by the Arctic enthusiast, Lieut. Peary, U. S. N.

On reaching Haskell Island we found quite a gut between it and Haddock Rock on the southwest and Little Mark I. on the southeast. The latter is treeless and is made prominent by a white-washed stone monument about thirty feet high. The gut was well buoyed, but we had to fight to get through against the current. After rounding the end of Haskell we started to cross the mouth of Merriconeag Sound, but the wind failed utterly, leaving us to slat gently on a very quiet sea. This was all very well for a while, but as it threatened to become monotonous I jumped into the dinghy at 2.15 and started a white ash breeze. Once I got the Armorel started she towed nicely for half a mile when we picked up a light air, which made off of Haskell's so ran up the sound to the easterly entrance to Pott's Harbor. This entrance is very crooked and is more or less of a tide race, but with a fair current and light breeze we worked through it nicely and anchored off the steamer landing, in four fathoms, at 3.20 P. M. Soon after we had laced the cover on the mainsail the breeze quit work for the day—we could see the Thistle becalmed out in Broad Sound all the rest of the afternoon.

Pott's Harbor lies between Potts and Basin points which extend like arms from the shoulders of Harpswell Neck. It is protected from the open sea by Haskell I., several ledges, the Thrumb Cap, Upper Flag, Little Birch, and Horse islands.

Went ashore with Albert to the Merriconeag House for dinner and found some southern acquaintances there, so took them aboard in the evening and showed them the ship.

Wednesday, July 30.—A beautifully clear, cool day. Had a fine plunge before breakfast—the water was icy. After giving our friends a spin in the early forenoon we cleared at 10.30 with a rattling east wind. It came along with some wicked puffs so that wholesail was perhaps a bit too much, but she lugged it, so we did not reef. She steered easily, even in the worst puffs, with just enough weather helm to make her handle well. We beat out the east way, with fair tide, in several short hitches—were thankful she was so quick in stays and so speedy in gathering way—in fact she never seemed to slow down, but shot around from one tack to the other as if eager to show her ability.

ARMOREL.

Reached down Merriconeag Sound to the red spar on Turnip I. ledge and then flattening in gave her a good full for the climb to windward. Here the Armorel showed us what a grand sea boat she is. The wind across the current had kicked up a nasty, short, criss-cross sea; and as we had, as I have said, a bit too much sail she had her lee rail under. But she bucketed her way up the wind in fine shape, keeping her feet well, and going over the seas handsomely. Now and then she threw some spray aft to the cock-pit—not much—just enough to make it exhilarating.

While we were working along I went forward to see that the anchor lashings were secure. We carried the hook always with stock in place and flat on deck, one arm erect and the other down over the bow—it fitted the curve of the stem quite well. A strop around the crown and stemhead held the anchor securely in place and the rode was led direct from the ring to the bitts and belayed with two half hitches. Armorel was jumping considerable, so that while making sure that the strop was properly knotted I crouched on all fours, of course she could not resist the temptation to stick her nose through one green sea and wet me down. She did it and gave me "fisherman's luck," but I was used to that.

After a hitch out to sea we stood in towards Jaquish I. and then turned to weather in short hitches in to the Pond I. ledges, over to Saddleback, in to the Middle Ground, which was just awash, then over to Ragged Island. We were working across the chart diagonally and somehow or other the islands were hard to place—it seemed as if we must be further to the S.E. than we really were—but by taking cross bearings we located ourselves aright. When Ragged I. bore east, distant one-quarter of a mile, we taeked to port and starting our sheets laid her head N.E. by N. to run up between Cedar Ledge and Blacksnake Ledge. The name of the latter is particularly appropriate. Two Bush Ledge (really an island) and the Elm islands were left to starboard—this was the only proper course.

We were now entering Quohog Bay—a sort of fjord, four and a half miles long and less than a half mile wide. Its head opens out into a most beautiful sheet of water with several little gems of islands and innumerable enchanting little coves. Midway, and for about half its length, the bay is split into two passages by Pole Island and the north and south ledges. This island is narrow, thickly wooded, with very steep sides and is about sixty feet high. The passages on either side of it have an average breadth each of less than 250 yards. As the sides of the bay, like those of Pole I., are high the wind generally abandons its true direction and draws up or down the bay; it did so this time and we had to beat in. We went up the east channel and got a glimpse back of Yarmouth Island into Ridley's Cove, which furnishes another entrance to the bay from the sea.

After passing the north (Pole I.) ledge we left Centre and Snow's islands to port (turning sharp to starboard) and slowly worked up into a bight among some half dozen tiny islands, finally anchoring at 1.38 P. M. at a spot where the chart shows thirteen feet at mean low water.

I had long heard the beauties of this place sung by my friends, but scarcely credited their poetic accounts of it. I had been a doubting Thomas until I saw the reality when I could only sit and gape wonderstruck at the land-

scape. There we were with land within a hundred yards in every direction, no sign of a definite way in or out, the water like a mill pond and as clear as crystal, and apparently surrounded by the forest primeval. Through a vista between two diminutive isles we could see a small clearing with a neat, old-fashioned white farm house—the only building in sight save for a weather beaten fishing shanty on a near-by point. Not a beach in view, the rocks rose straight out of the water six or eight feet and the trees grew on their very edges. The only landing was a sloping rock with a path leading away among the pines. Now and then we heard the whirring of a mowing machine at some distant field, but could see no signs of a farm in the direction whence the sound came. The whole effect was supremely restful and dreamy.

When I had had my fill of gazing I took the tender to do a bit of exploring. I would row up a cove and when I thought I had exhausted its beauties a bend would open out a new bit of enchanted land. All the while I could hear no sound but those of the forest and the drops from my oars and see nothing but water, rocks, trees and sky. At what I had supposed to be the head of one cove I found a small steep rapid leading into still another. I shot down through the rapid and then landed on some shelving rocks. Near at hand was a stretch of black mud—by hopping from rock to rock over this area I traversed it and on my return picked up half a bucketful of clams which lay on the surface in surprising profusion.

On getting back to the dinghy I set out to return to the Armorel. I had much difficulty in rowing up the rapid, but by putting my back to the work finally got through. This rapid is rather peculiar so I will describe it. It is about twenty feet wide and only forty long, in which distance the water dropped more than a foot. It is caused by the fact that when the flood tide sets up the outer cove the level of the water rises faster there than in the inner cove because the latter is supplied only through this narrow sort of gut. The result is that the water simply falls in. At high tide the level of the water in both coves becomes the same. Then when the tide ebbs the outer cove empties quicker than the inner one, so that the water tumbles over itself to get out. It is a reversible rapid, good either side out and warranted not to wear, tear or fade.

Once back to the Armorel I rinsed the clams in a bucket of salt water and then went in for a swim myself. The water proved to be delightfully warm, so that I stayed in for some time. Then I climbed out and lay full length on the deck and had a jolly good sun bath.

Having dressed I went ashore in the dinghy to make repairs. When rowing up one of the coves I had been so occupied in admiring the scenery that I failed to observe where I was going, so ran plump into a rock, smashing a hole in her bow just above the water line. She was a fine little boat, light, easy to row or tow, and of considerable carryig capacity, but altogether too flimsy for a Maine trip, being built, canoe fashion, of very thin cedar planking covered with canvas painted white. Reaching shore I pulled her out on the rocks, melted some tar in a big spoon and ran it into the hole. Then I took two thicknesses of linen soaked in varnish and fastened them on with some liquid fish glue. The patch was a bit unsightly but made her perfectly tight. Incidentally the accident emphasized the advantage of carrying a small stock of tar, white lead, glue, etc.

That night we had a grand feast on clam bouillon, steamed clams with melted butter, etc. We two fellows devoured the half bucketful of clams and sighed for more. Put the mosquito netting over the main companionway and fore hatch for the night, but did not hear a mosquito.

I must mention an experience which Albert had with one of the Primus stoves while I was ashore repairing the tender. When the alcohol burnt out and he started to pump, he forgot to close the air-valve and so was soon pumping kerosene, instead of gas, out of the jet. It all blazed up and completely rattled him. There was no danger since the stove sits inside of a galvanized iron cuddy, but he valiantly grasped it and rushing on deck thrust the whole business overboard. He put out the fire but I had to take the whole stove to pieces and clean it before I could make it work once more.

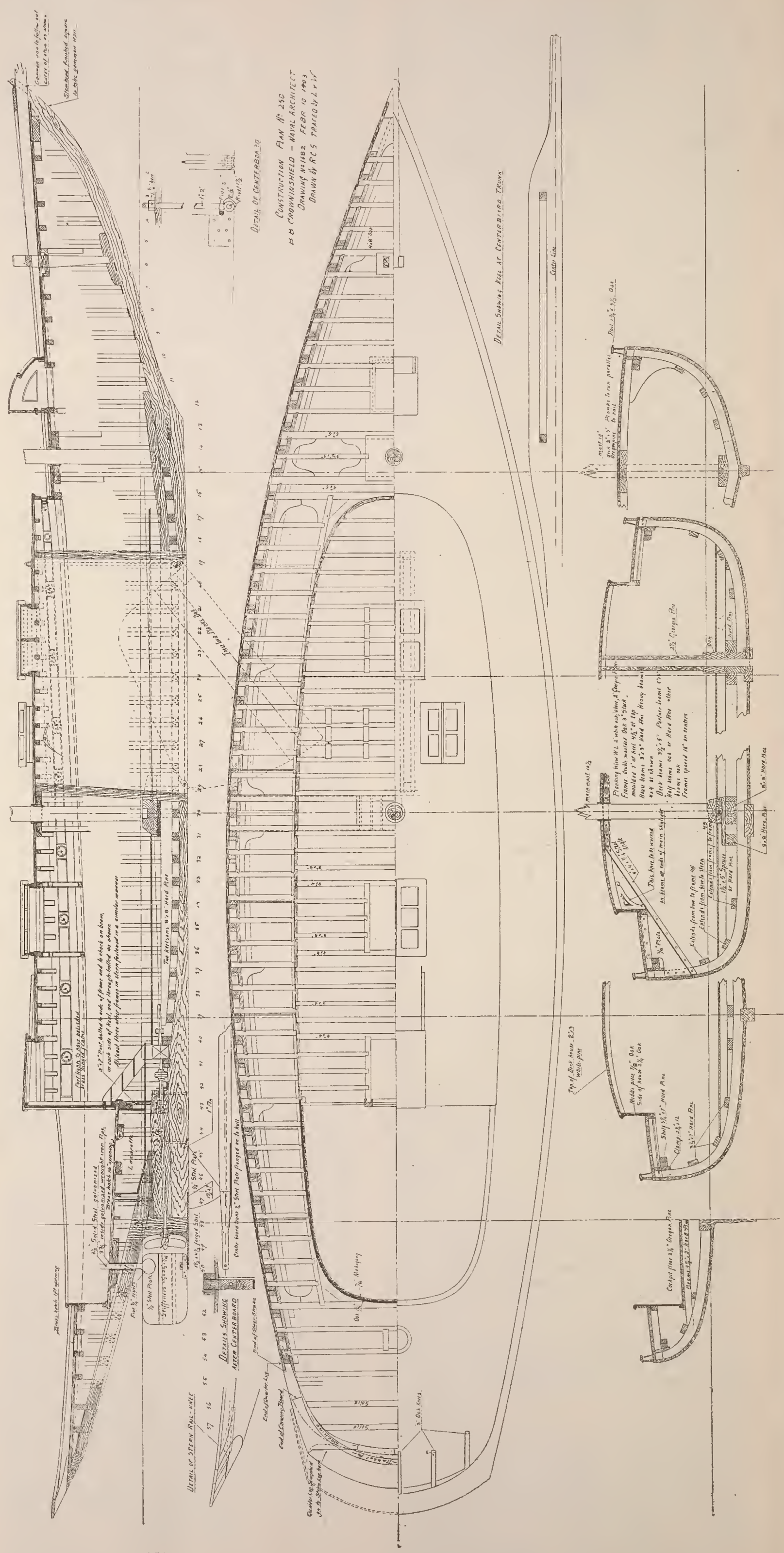
Before turning in for the night we took a row looking in to Brickyard and Rich's coves and landing on one of the islands—it was about eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and like all the others, was thickly wooded. The only signs of life we saw during our row were a few dories moored in the cove south of Rich's and a few shanties on the shore where there was a small clearing in which a cow grazed contentedly. No one was about. Finally we saw a man sculling down the bay—this strange sight made us feel like Robinson Crusoes discovering Friday's footprints. We did not get within hailing distance of the apparition.

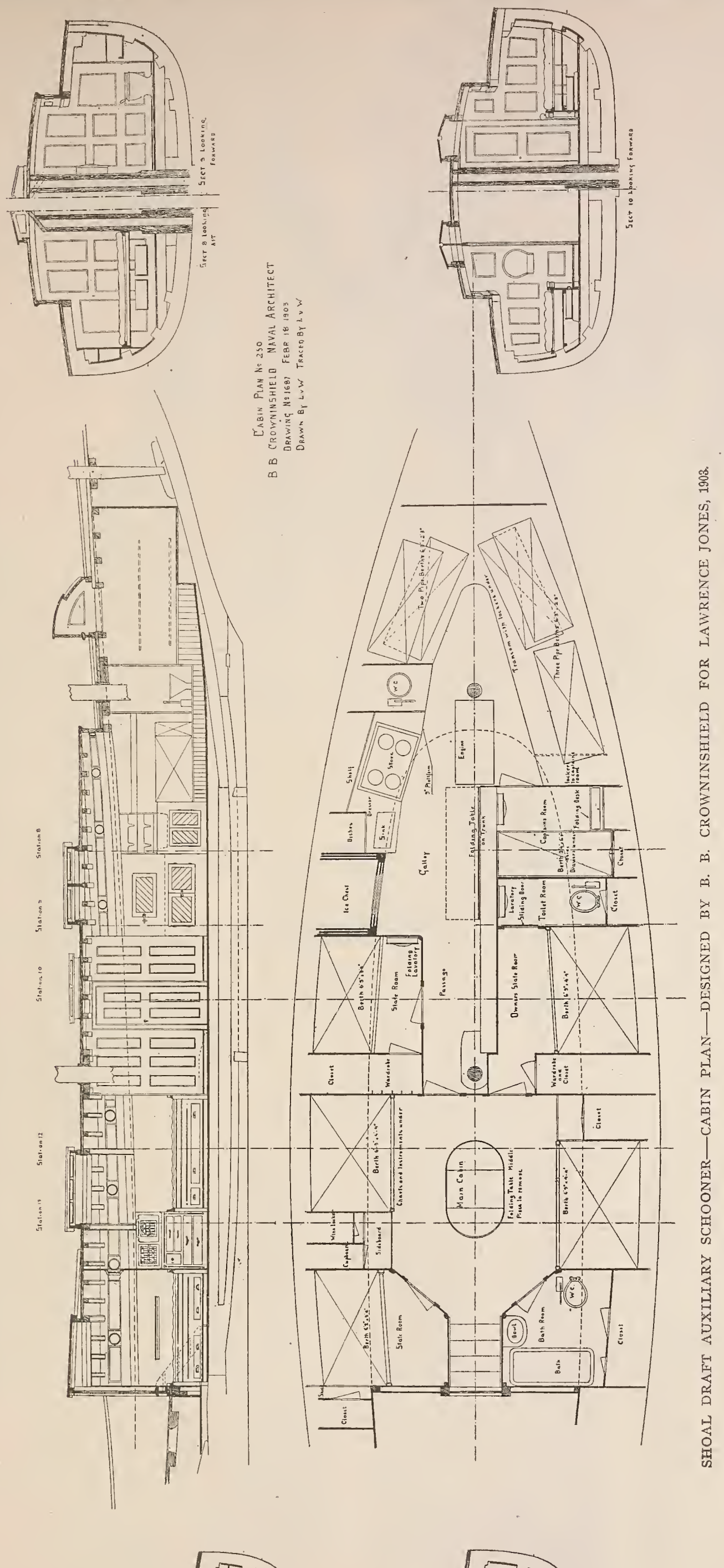
Thursday, July 31.—The morning dawned bright and still. After a delicious breakfast of plums, grape-nuts with cream, scrambled eggs and toast, we got under way at 7.57 A. M. There was almost no wind, so that we had to tow out the bight. When south of Snow's I. we picked up a light air which blew straight up the bay. We decided to go out by the west passage so as to have seen the whole bay. Stood past Centre I. and ran right up to the shore before tacking ship. Like all the shore in the vicinity it was very bold—all the way down the channel we stood right up to within a few feet of the rocks before coming about.

I have not mentioned the fact that Quohog Bay extends up into the heart of Sabascodegan Island. The latter which has a total length and breadth of six by three miles is so indented by coves, etc., that it has a coastline of some fifty-four miles.

To resume my narrative, beating out the west passage we saw more signs of the human race and actually beheld a man and woman. We waved them a hearty good morning which, after some hesitation, they returned in most reluctant manner. This channel, like the one east of Pole I., is narrow but deep, the soundings running from eleven and a half to six and a half fathoms.

Opposite the foot of Pole I., and to the west, there is a broad cove. Its entrance, between a ledge and the shore, is very narrow, but once inside it is a fine anchorage having four fathoms in the middle and from ten to twelve feet close up to the shore. It ought to be a good


Detail of Centerboard
Construction Plan No. 250
B. B. Crowninshield — Naval Architect
Drawing No. 1182 Febr 10 1903
Drawn by R. C. S. Traced by L. F.
Detail Showing Keel, Ar. Centerboard Trunk
Detail Showing After Centerboard
Detail of Stern Rail-Knee
Scale Line
Deck beams 3½ x 5"
Half beams oak
Frames sawed 16" on centers
Planking How W.L. 2" with oak plank, 2" thick,
Frames double sawed Oak 3" thick,
moulded 7" at keel, 4½" at top
Keel beams 3½ x 5" Hard Pine Heavy beams
4x4 at throw
Half beams oak
Frames sawed 16" on centers
Top of Deck beam 8½
White pine
Midel piece 7/8" Oak
Side of keson 2¾" Oak
Shelf 1⅛ x 3" Hard Pine
Clamp 2½ x 12
3½ x 5" Hard Pine
Cockpit floor 2¼" Oregon Pine
Beams 4½ x 3" Hard Pine
Stem
Main mast 10½
Deck beams 3½ x 5"
Half beams oak
Frames sawed 16" on centers
This keel is 8x8 worked
in stem at ends of main skeg
Extends from frame 56 to frame 76
Extends from frame 56 to frame 76
¾" Plate
16" x 5" Spruce
Or Hard Pine
8x8 Hard Pine
Extends from frame 56 to frame 76
Extends from frame 56 to frame 76
Two bolts 9'0 Hard Pine
Two bolts 9'0 Hard Pine
Two bolts 9'0 Hard Pine



SHOAL DRAFT AUXILIARY SCHOONER—CABIN PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR LAWRENCE JONES, 1903.

place to be overnight when intending to make an early morning start.

As we went out we left the south (Pole I.) ledge to port. There is a break in the middle of this reef giving a chance to cut through from the west to the east channel if occasion arises—the gap is narrow but carries fifteen feet of water.

When down between Long Point and the Yarmouth I. ledges, and out from the steep shores of the bay, the wind veered a little, allowing us to make a long and short hitch out to Yellow Rock, where we passed a native fisherman in a lobster boat with a loose-footed spritsail and exchanged greetings with him. The breeze was light but took us out by Blacksnake ledge and Ragged I. at 10:20, when we made our course W.S.W. ½ W., which we could just lie with sheets slightly eased. The sea was smooth, but was breaking rather heavily on Round Rock and the Middle Ground.

Passing Jaquish Island at 10.55, we held on out to sea, going between Mark I. ledge buoy and the spindle on Drunker's ledge. The lighthouse on Halfway Rock—two and a half miles outside of our course—was in plain sight. There was a strong current setting out of Broad Sound causing a steep little sea. The edges of this current were very plainly marked, as the volume of water running out did not seem to mingle with the rest of the sea—it was perhaps five hundred yards across the broken water. It set us to windward very handily so that before reaching Inner Green Island we were able to start our sheets.

Ten minues before noon we passed between Jewell's and Inner Green islands. The sea was still very smooth, but the wind (S. to E.) had taken on strength. We had a beam reach, with sheets checked, across the mouth of Luckse's Sound. It was a delightful bit of sailing—the sun warm and the atmosphere very clear. My favorite seat when steering is to leeward, so that I can look ahead under the mainboom and keep an eye on the jib to be sure it is drawing well. This seat also, by bringing me nearer the water, adds to the charm. We had a small strip of sheet brass which we tucked in between the rudder post cap and the tiller arms, and by this means held the tiller at any desired vertical angle. This took the weight of the tiller off of one's arm and yet allowed of shifting it readily to any comfortable height. (A bight of the mainsheet would answer in place of the brass strip.) We romped along over to Overset Island, covering the three and a half miles in thirty-three minutes.

We bucked the tide up Hussey's Sound to the Pumpkin Nob, which we rounded at 12.31 P. M., and then could just fetch the Government wharf on Little Diamond Island on our way between the Diamond and Peakes islands. The wind was very fresh from the S.S.W. and came tearing through the islands in wicked puffs. We could just fetch along the weather side of the channel and had our hands full, for we could not luff to the puffs owing to the shoal water close to windward; on the other hand we did not wish to work off to leeward, as that would mean stemming the full strength of the head tide. So we "gave it to her," only letting the sheets run in the worst puffs, regular "williwaws," to quote Capt. Slocum of the world renowed Spray.

When up with the Government wharf we made a few short hitches and then stood in to the Peakes I. anchorage where we dropped our hook, in four fathoms, at 12.55 P. M. We were careful to pick out a berth outside and to weather of the fleet. We wanted to keep out of the ruck. It was a wise decision—during the afternoon we witnessed series of mishaps among the boats inshore of us. Several new comers fouled boats already anchored—one fifty-foot sloop in trying to cut across the bow of a small knockabout caught the outhaul block of her main reefing gear on the latter's jib stay and walked away with her bodily, ground tackle and all. Several other laughable mishaps occurred before nightfall, and I for one "allow" that many a man envied my secluded berth outside the bunch.

During the afternoon Albert went up to Portland, via the steamboat, to get our mail. I put in the time going over the deck with some cold tar which I paid into the seams wherever it was needed.

Friday, August 4.—It blew very fresh during the night and in the morning we got sail on her about ten o'clock and tore up to the city, picking up the cutter Sirroco's mooring, in eight feet of water, opposite the Portland Yacht Club, at 10.20. The rest of the day was spent in a general overhauling and airing, washing the deck, the top of the cabin trunk, and the cock-pit, polishing the brass work and picking up the cabin. By turning the ventilator over the stoves to windward we forced a fine draught of air through the cabin.

I want to add that we received every kind of hospitable aid at the Portland Yacht Club. They are always courteous to visiting yachtsmen and will receive and hold their mail.

I had to leave the boat before the owner arrived, and as I trained up to Boston I could not help feeling that charity is the noblest work of man, especially if it takes the form of giving a chap a charity cruise. Vale! Vale!

A double launching took place at Morris Heights on Saturday, April 11. The two boats that were launched were the high speed steam yachts Velthra and Levanter. The former was built for Mr. S. Parker Bremer, of Boston. She is 110ft. over. all, 104ft. waterline, 14ft. breadth and 4ft. draft. Velthra is of wood construction, and is double planked and is similar in design to Niagara IV., Mr. Howard Gould's new steam yacht. Her engines are of large horsepower, and it is expected that she will do better than twenty-three miles an hour. She is lighted throughout by electricity, and will carry a crew of six men. The owner's quarters are commodious and all the fittings are of mahogany.

Levanter was built for Mr. Alfred Marshall, of New York City. She is also of wood construction and double planked. Levanter is 90ft. over all, 84ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 8in. draft. Levanter will be fitted and equipped in very much the same manner as Velthra, only on a slightly smaller scale. She will have a guaranteed speed of twenty miles.

All communications intended for Forest and Stream should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Shoal Draft Auxiliary Schooner.

IN 1899 Mr. B. B. Crowninshield received an order for a 70ft. waterline cruising schooner. The prospective owner was to use the boat in southern waters, and in consequence it was essential that she should not draw over 3ft. of water with the centerboard hoisted. To turn out a boat of 70ft. waterline length with only 3ft. draft that would be safe and able at sea, was considerable of an undertaking. Mr. Crowninshield dealt with the problem in a very intelligent manner, and he designed a boat that not only met all the owner's requirements, but proved to be an excellent all around boat in every particular. She was named Attaquin, and as she has done a good lot of cruising she is a familiar craft to yachtsmen on the east coast of the States.

Attaquin was such a success that she brought her designer another order for a boat of the same type, although a little smaller in size.

The plans for the new boat appear in this issue. She was designed for Mr. Lawrence Jones, who will use her for cruising on the coast and inland waters of Florida.

Her dimensions follow:

Length—		
Over all	81ft.	11in.
L. W. L.	55ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	12ft.	5in.
Aft	14ft.	6in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	20ft.	
L. W. L.	19ft.	4in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	2ft.	7in.
Extreme	2ft.	9in.
Board down	10ft.	1in.
Sail area—		
Mainsail	1,483 sq. ft.	
Foresail	685 sq. ft.	
Forestaysail	313 sq. ft.	
Jib	332 sq. ft.	
Area lower sails	2,813 sq. ft.	
Jib topsail	223 sq. ft.	
Foretopsail	187 sq. ft.	
Main topsail	270 sq. ft.	
Total sail area	3,493 sq. ft.	

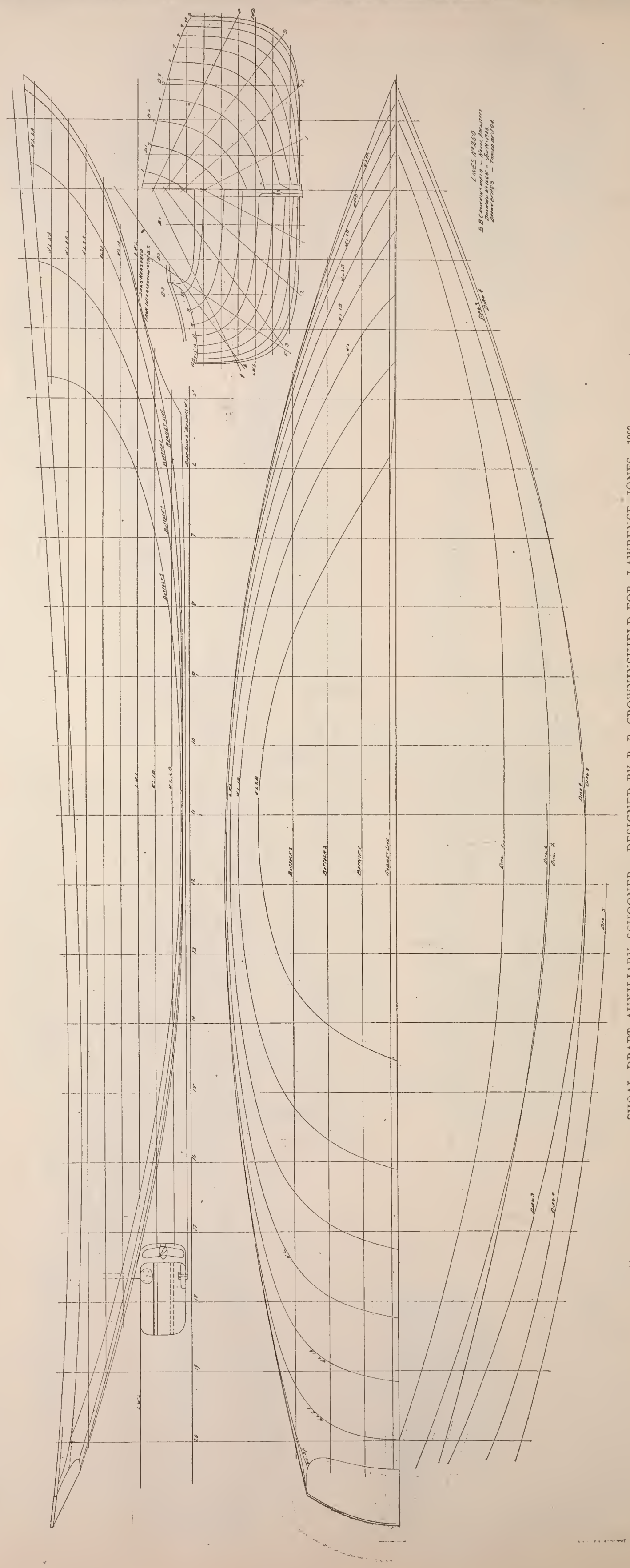
There is considerable room below, and the accommodations are laid out to good advantage. There are quarter rooms on either side of the companionway, the one on the port side being used as a stateroom, while the one on the starboard side is used as a bathroom. The saloon is 12ft. long and extends the full width of the boat. On either side is a very wide berth. The sideboard and wine locker are on the port side, while the linen and china closets are on the starboard side. A large skylight directly over the cabin table will give ample light and ventilation. Port holes in the cabin trunk open into all the cabins, and will materially help to ventilate them and make them cooler.

Forward of the main saloon, on the starboard side, is the owner's cabin, 9ft. in length. In addition to the wide berth is a large hanging closet. Just forward of and connecting with the owner's room is a lavatory 2ft. 6in. wide, fitted with a folding wash basin and patent closet. There is a skylight over the owner's room.

Running forward from the saloon on the port side, is a passage which leads to the galley. Just forward of the saloon and reached from the passage is another stateroom 9ft. long, fitted up very much the same as the owner's room. The galley is large, roomy and well arranged. The forecastle has berths for five men. There is a closet for the crew on the port side of the forecastle. Aft of the forecastle, on the starboard side, is the captain's room.

The centerboard trunk, which is 14ft. long, is placed a little on the starboard side of the center; this was done so that the propeller shaft might run along the center line of the boat. The motor is placed just aft of the foremast. It takes up but little room and still is quite accessible.

There is 6ft. 3in. headroom in the clear under the cabin house, which is 35ft. long. The cockpit is 11ft. long and is watertight. There is a waterway 3ft. 6in. wide all around the cabin house and cockpit.



SHOAL DRAFT AUXILIARY SCHOONER—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR LAWRENCE JONES, 1903.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 13.—This season there will again be harmony between the clubs which are enrolled in the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts and those clubs that are not members of the Association. Last year there was a conference between the three largest clubs in the bay and the Yacht Racing Association, with the result that there was more harmony in the selection of dates than there has ever been before. In fact, there were only two instances where there was actual conflict. The result of such action has gone a long way toward creating a precedent, and this year another conference was held. Some of the clubs not in the Association gave way, and like concessions were made on the part of clubs of the Association. The result was the following list of fixtures:

May 30, Saturday—South Boston, Y. R. A. open, City Point.

June 17, Wednesday—Boston Y. R. A. open, off Point Allerton.

June 17, Wednesday—Dorchester, small classes, open, Dorchester.

June 19, Friday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.

July 3, Friday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.

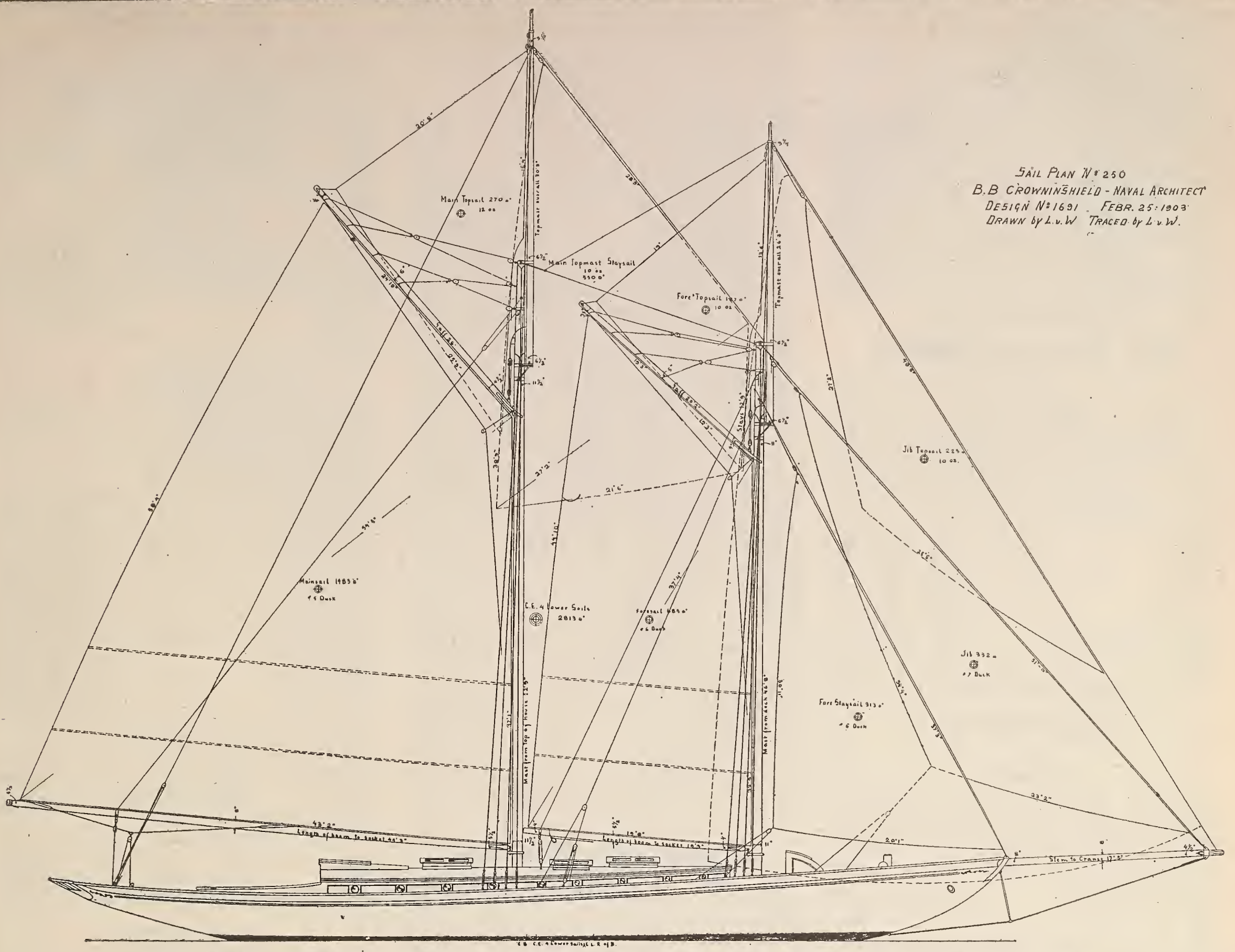
July 4, Saturday—Corinthian, special open, Marblehead (morning); Eastern, special open, Marblehead (afternoon).

July 18, Saturday—Winthrop, Y. R. A. open, Winthrop.

July 28, Tuesday—Squantum, Y. R. A. open, Quincy Bay.

July 29, Wednesday—Quincy, Y. R. A. open, Quincy.

July 30, Thursday—Boston, midsummer series, invitation, Y. R. A., Hull.



SAIL PLAN No. 250
B. B. CROWNINSHIELD - NAVAL ARCHITECT
DESIGN No. 1691 FEBR. 25: 1903
DRAWN by L. v. W. TRACED by L. v. W.

SHOAL DRAFT AUXILIARY SCHOONER—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD FOR LAWRENCE JONES, 1903.

July 31, Friday—Boston, midsummer series, invitation, Y. R. A., Hull.
Aug. 1, Saturday—Boston, midsummer series, invitation, Y. R. A., Hull.
Aug. 3, Monday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Aug. 4, Tuesday—Boston, Y. R. A. open, Marblehead.
Aug. 5, Wednesday—Corinthian, midsummer series, invitation, Marblehead.
Aug. 6, Thursday—Corinthian, midsummer series, invitation, Marblehead.
Aug. 7, Friday—Corinthian, midsummer series, invitation, Marblehead.
Aug. 8, Saturday—Corinthian, annual open, Marblehead.
Aug. 10, Monday—Manchester, Crowhurst cup, open, West Manchester.
Aug. 11, Tuesday—Manchester, Y. R. A. open, West Manchester.
Aug. 12, Wednesday—Misery Island, Y. R. A. open, Salem Bay.
Aug. 13, Thursday—East Gloucester, Y. R. A. open, Gloucester.
Aug. 14, Friday—Annisquam, Y. R. A. open, Annisquam.
Aug. 15, Saturday—Annisquam, Y. R. A. open, Annisquam.
Aug. 17, Monday—American, Y. R. A. open, Newburyport.
Aug. 20, Thursday—Duxbury, Y. R. A. open, Duxbury.
Aug. 21, Friday—Duxbury, Y. R. A. open, Duxbury.
Aug 22, Saturday—Duxbury, Y. R. A. open, Duxbury.
Aug. 24, Monday—Wellfleet, Y. R. A. open, Wellfleet.
Aug. 25, Tuesday—Wellfleet, Y. R. A. open, Wellfleet.
Aug. 27, Thursday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Aug. 28, Friday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Aug. 29, Saturday—Cape Cod, Y. R. A. open, Provincetown.
Sept. 5, Saturday—Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
Sept. 7, Labor Day—Lynn, Y. R. A. open, off Nahant.
Sept. 12, Saturday—Bay State, Y. R. A. open, Lynn Bay.

Only the Y. R. A. open races will count for Association percentage.

There are still some clubs to be heard from in the matter of Y. R. A. open races, and there are good dates remaining which may be taken. By this early arrangement the clubs that have not yet laid out their club races may select the dates and for the classes which will insure the best attendances.

The yachts are already commencing to appear in Dorchester Bay, as many as half a dozen being seen this morning. The yards where the smaller boats are stored, were the scenes of great activity all day yesterday. Every one turned out for the general overhauling festival, before fitting out. In a few weeks they will be as thick as bees all over the bay.

The first races of the season will be sailed on April 20, Patriot's Day. There will be a race given by the Savin Hill Y. C. for one-design sailing tenders, and there will be a scrub race down in Duxbury Bay between some of the 18-footers that have been built during the winter and some of the older boats. The Savin Hill Y. C. has prepared the following list of fixtures for the season:

April 20, Monday—One-design tenders.
July 18, Saturday—Club race.
Aug. 15, Saturday.—Club race.
Aug. 29, Saturday—Club race.

On account of the arrangements made by the larger clubs and the Yacht Racing Association, the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has prepared a new list of fixtures, which are as follows:

June 20, Saturday—First championship.
July 4, Saturday—Invitation. A. M.
July 11, Saturday—Second championship.
July 18, Saturday—Third championship.
Aug. 5, 6, 7 and 8, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Midsummer series of invitation races.
Aug. 15, Saturday—Fourth championship.
Aug. 22, Saturday—Fifth championship.
Aug. 29, Saturday—Sixth championship.

Three new courses have been added to the number already laid out by the Regatta Committee. This makes 14 courses in all, which will cover every condition of wind and weather.

It is expected that the new steam yacht building at Lawley's, from designs of Mr. A. S. Cheseborough, for Mr. Charles Fletcher, will be launched about the first of May. The steam yacht, by the same designer, for Mr. C. G. Emery, will be launched about three weeks later. Deck beams are being placed on the 64-rating schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond. The interior work is being finished on the 43-rater, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, for Mr. Trenor L. Park. The keel for Sally VII., designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley for Mr. L. F. Percival, has been turned out. Mrs. H. D. Gobson's 50ft. auxiliary yawl has left the basin for New York.

Messrs. Small Bros. have placed the order for building the Lipton cup defender, Little Shamrock, with a Swampscott builder. She will be tried out here before being sent West. Another boat on the same lines has been ordered, which will be built in the West. The 85ft. auxiliary schooner, designed by Messrs. Small Bros. for Mr. W. Amory Gardner, is being built at East Boothbay, Me., and is now planked.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. G. P. Granbery, of New York city, has sold his 30ft. racing sloop Zaza to Mr. A. C. Fairchild, and has bought the knockabout Firefly through agency of MacConnell Bros.

* * *

Mr. Morgan Barney is now associated with Mr. Frank Bowne Jones. Since Mr. Barney was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he has been with Mr. Henry C. Winteringham and the George Lawley & Son Corporation.

* * *

The schooner Ramona has been sold by the Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, Mariners Harbor, S. I., to Mr. Stephen Peabody. The sale was made through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The second meeting of the newly formed Bensonhurst Y. C. was held in the Johnson Building, Brooklyn, on the evening of April 3. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., A. C. Bellows, sloop Carrie; Vice-Com., Arthur T. Wells, auxiliary yawl Cygnet; Rear Com., Charles E. Allen, catboat Pleione; Treas., Clarence H. Clayton; Sec'y, Charles H. Parsons; Meas., Richard Rummell. Auditing Committee: W. J. O'Neil, chairman; Allan Semple, James E. Nicholson. Regatta Committee: Alfred Mackay, chairman; George B. Waters, G. D. Eggert, W. V. Collins, P. L. Wells. Delegates to Yacht Racing Asshociation of Gravesend Bay: Alfred Mackay, George B. Waters. Delegate to Special Y. R. A. of G. B. Committee for Revision of Racing Rules, etc.: Alfred Mackay. Building Committee: John R. Brophy, chairman; Richard Rummell, G. Ashton Kay. House Committee: T. A. Hamilton, D. F. Lacy, W. R. Sainsbury.

Nineteen new members were elected. Beginning March 1 the dues of the club will be $15 a year. The club's quarters are now located in the construction building of the new yacht basin, near Ulmer Park. There will be no bar on the premises. The governing rules of the Indian Harbor Y. C. were taken as a model. A committee was appointed to confer with the Y. R. A. of G. B. in regard to the adoption of racing rules.

* * *

The eighth annual dinner of the Hartford Y. C. was held on the evening of April 3 at the Allyn House, Hartford, Conn. The guests of honor were: Governor Chamberlain, Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German envoy to the United States, Rev. Dr. John Coleman Adams, of this city, and Commodore Woodward and Rear Commodore Ladd, of the Springfield Y. C. One

hundred and twenty members and their guests were present. Commodore Louis F. Heublein presided.

The annual regatta of the Gloucester (N. J.) Y. C. will be held on the Delaware River June 21.

The officers and committees of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bay Shore, L. I., are as follows: Com., J. Adolph Mollenhauer; Vice-Com., Willard L. Candee; Rear-Com., Charles A. O'Donohue; Treas., Richard A. Bachia; Sec'y, Joseph E. Owens. Board of Governors—Rawson Underhill, Allan Pinkerton, William A. Tucker, Edward C. Blum, William A. Hulse, M. D.; J. Campbell Smith and George W. Burchell. Regatta Committee—Josiah Robbins, Robert W. Haff, A. W. Seaman and R. Tucker. House Committee—William A. Tucker, C. O. Grimm, Edward C. Blum, Richard A. Bachia and C. A. O'Donohue. Membership Committee—Joseph E. Owens, Richard A. Bachia and Chester B. Lawrence.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., will hold its spring tournament on April 21-23. It will be opened with the Memorial trophy handicap match, open to members only. Each contestant will shoot 50 shots on five targets of 10 shots each. The member having the highest total score with handicap added, will receive a valuable silver trophy presented to the club in honor of its late member, A. C. L. Hofmeister. The cup was given the club by Hofmeister to be shot for annually. The last two days will be devoted to a continuous prize shoot, open to all:

The scores for last week's shooting are:

Medal match:

Eli Reed	244	244	243
A J Huebner	245	244	244
R Rahm	239	235	234
J O Smith	239	239	239
H Sperling	233	236	238
K W Zoeller	228	230	230
C C Hofmeister	243	239	239
R G Vogeley	226	226	228

Secret handicap:

Eli Reed	243	242	242
R Rahm	233	242	231
H Sperling	237	237	235

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

April 16.—Kent, O.—Portage County Gun Club's tri-county shoot. W. L. Lyman, Sec'y.
April 18.—Glen Rock, Pa.—Open shoot for live-bird championship of York county, Pa., and all-day shoot of Glen Rock Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
April 20.—Springfield, Mass.—Spring tournament of the Springfield Gun Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
April 20.—Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
April 21-22.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
April 21-22.—Attica, Ind., Gun Club's tournament. C. B. Lamme, Sec'y.
April 21-23.—Concordia, Kans.—Kansas State Sportsman's Association's State shoot, under auspices of Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club; $300 added. F. W. Olney, Sec'y.
April 22.—Rushylvania, O., Gun Club's shoot.
April 22-23.—Troy, O., Gun Club's tournament.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 26.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's shoot. G. R. Schneider, Sec'y.
April 28-30.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's tournament.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 1-2.—Annual spring shoot of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—El Reno, Okl.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament given for the Dubois, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, May 13 to 14, is now ready for distribution. There are ten programme events each day, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance $1.50, $2 and $2.50. Lunch served on the grounds each day. Targets 2 cents. Grounds open for practice on May 12. The Rose system will govern. Send guns and ammunition prepaid to Mr. Frank Guinzburg, Dubois. The club will add $37.50 each day, to be divided equitably to those shooting through the programme who fail to get their entrance back.

The hosts of friends of Mr. Harold Money will rejoice to learn that he was sufficiently recovered to journey from Kansas City to his home at Oakland, N. J., where he was due on Monday of this week. He came in charge of his mother, Mrs. A. W. Money, who nursed him through his illness in Kansas City. Our best wishes go forth to him for a speedy recovery.

The Birch Brook Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., held a meeting on April 6, and elected officers as follows: President, Frank Hilliard; Vice-President, J. W. Hay; Secretary, Henry Rood; Treasurer, H. A. Emery. The club will hold a shoot May 30. The weekly shoots will commence on June 6, and will continue through the summer.

Mr. D. W. Hallam, secretary, writes us as follows: "In accordance with their usual custom, the Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association will open the season of 1903 at their grounds on Fast Day, a day of April not yet appointed. Our friends of the surrounding towns and elsewhere are cordially invited."

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., has arranged to hold a shoot on Decoration Day, the main features of which will be a team shoot in the forenoon, and a club handicap prize shoot in the afternoon.

The daily press dispatches recount that Peter Dennis and Martin Winters have agreed to shoot a match at 19 birds, April 18, for a $400 purse. It sounds a little odd in some of its details.

Mr. Chas. E. Humer, of Carlisle, Pa., won the gold medal at the shoot of the Carlisle Gun Club on April 7 with a score of 19 out of 25.

The next shoot of the Richmond Gun Club will be held on April 25, commencing at 2:30 P. M., on the club grounds, Staten Island.

BERNARD WATERS.

New Haven Gun Club.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 10.—The day was pleasant and favorable for good enjoyment. There was a good attendance, several of the visitors being New Yorkers. The shoot was a success. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	10	25	15	20	10	15
Whitney	7	11	9	14	9	11	9	17	5	18	13	17	9	13
Clark	8	10	8	12	6	11	10	16	9	21	12	13	9	10
Winchester	9	12	9	19	9	15	9	15	10	23	15	19	10	15
Kelley	7	14	10	15	9	13	9	14	8	21	12	17	7	13
Orty	10	12	8	16	8	12	6	19	8	19	11	13	7	10
Savage	7	13	8	16	9	12	10	11	8	20	10	17	..	..
Bristol	7	10	7	9	4	12	4	14	8	15	6	14	10	14
Welles	7	11	8	17	10	12	10	19	10	16	13	19	8	14
Dudley	9	13	8	16	6	12	8	18	10	20	14	17	9	14
Strong	9	13	6	14	8	12	8	16	10	21	12	16	6	11
Gough	4	4	2	3	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	7	10	8	10	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ockford	8	10	6	16	8	11	8	13	8	19	10	12	7	11
Prest	7	10	7	16	9	9	7	10	6	17	11	8	7	9
Edgerton	9	14	7	17	6	13	9	17	8	19	12	17	6	11
N L Bates	7	12	7	15	7	7	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Schortemeier	..	..	7	15	8	8	9	19	8	25	15	20	9	13
Keller	..	..	7	19	10	13	9	15	8	23	13	17	10	12
Sanford	..	..	..	..	7	9	4	11	5	19	11	11	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	15	8	20	12	14	6	9
H Bates	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	12	7	22	13	17	7	12
Robertson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	21	15	18	9	11

JOHN E. BASSETT, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 8.—A heavy rain and small attendance were the main features. The birds were very good, considering the weather. The club now shoots at 14 birds instead of 7, on account of not shooting in June, July and August. The conditions were governed by club rules and handicap.

Schofeldt	00100000112002—5	Meader	01201210022222—10
Finigan	20101210211200—10	Mohrman	11011012102212—11
Dohrman	11011021202222—11	Jankonsky	00210000120010—5
Detlefsen	11211112122222—14	Roberts	00122110200100—7
Lynch	00000111100010—5		

Practice, 5 birds:

Dohrman	11121—5	Schufeldt	11121—5
Lynch	11121—5		

Heflich—Piercy.

East Rutherford, N. J.—The match between Mr. H. Heflich and G. Piercy, on Heflich's grounds last week, was at 25 live birds, $25 a side, 30yds. rise, and birds. A strong 7 to 8 o'clock wind was blowing. The birds were good. Piercy had by far the hardest of the draw. They tied on 23. In the shoot-off Heflich won. The scores:

H Heflich	222201112212*222222121222—23
G Piercy	12122121112120102222122211—23

Shoot-off:

Heflich	22212—5	Piercy	22120—4

Eastern Championship.

April 10.—At the North Hudson Driving Park, the Eastern championship at live birds was shot to-day. Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, was the winner, he being the only one to kill straight. On No. 1 set of traps there was a 10 o'clock wind; on No. 2 set a 5 o'clock wind. The birds in the first half were an excellent lot; in the second half of the race they were about average. The conditions were 20 birds, $10 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds. The scores:

H C Koegel, 31	02201221202121111122—17
S M Van Allen, 30	22222222222202222222*—18
O Chiaricati, 28	21*110001222220w
L W Colquitt, 28	22222222222222222220—19
G H Piercy, 30	22222222222121212222—20
W H Sanders, 27	22212*11022020001212—16
J H Hainhorst, 28	121221*2220102102201—15
C Steffens, 30	2222*121112212212221—19
H Pape, 27	12122121122222100010—16
E Steffens, 28	11212121121212*201222—18
J H Kroeger, 28	11110122121111012112—18
E B Smith, 28	11122111222222**02210—16
C L Kyte, 29	22021222222112221221—19
C Von Lengerke, 29	22222112121121221222—19
M S Mackay, 28	02000222220*2222202—13
G E Greiff, 30	22222222202221221220—18
S Glover, 32	22*22222222222222222—19
C Marcy, 28	22222222102212202222—18
F Muldoon, 29	22122100001121121221—16
D E Gavin, 29	22**21222001111111111—16
C Interman, 29	11222211020122112021—17
C E Eickoff, 28	2012212*020011221121—15
R Mohrman, 28	2022I211*21111122220—17

Event 1, 7 birds, $5, birds included, 30yds., high guns, one money, resulted as follows:

H C Koegel	2222122—7	L W Colquitt	222022*—5
S M Van Allen	0221222—6	G E Greiff	1222112—7
E B Smith	*101112—5	O Chiaricati	1112101—6
H Pape	2022000—3	C L Kyte	212*010—4
M S Mackay	2022*02—4	S Glover	2212222—7

Miss-and-out, 30yds., $1:

Koegel	121222211—9	Kyte	20
Intermann	122122222—9	Steffens	212212222—9
Smith	20	Marcy	111210
Colquitt	2222220	Muldoon	2I2211221—9
Greiff	120	Kroeger	222110
Van Allen	22*	C Von Lengerke	220
Piercy	21222210	Williams	2220
Mackay	*		

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., April 11.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day:

Event 1, open to all: F. Sutharn 4, A. Wright 5, J. Williams 5, F. Kishpaugh 3, P. Glynn 2, W. J. Pope 7, H. Pope 2, H. Corner 5, J. Hawkin 2, J. Madden 10, A. Wright 2, W. Stephens 6.

Event 2, 20 targets: J. Williams 14, F. Kishpaugh 12, A. Wright 7, W. J. Pope 10, H. Corner 13, J. Hawkin 6, J. Sweeney 6, J. Madden 15, Alfred Wright 11.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 11.—The weather was delightfully pleasant, though cool. A stiff breeze made erratic flights, and the targets were not of the easiest in regard to speed. Mr. S. Glover was easily the star performer of the shoot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	15	25	15	15	15	15	5p
Eickhoff	7	..	12	22	7	10	9	12	6
Vosselman	6	..	9	14	6	..	..	..	5
Hearne	7	..	13	18	12	11	9	..	5
Richter	10	7	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
Glover	10	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	7
Marshall	7	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Bittner	..	..	..	11	9	5	5	7	4
Waters	..	..	..	18	10	13	11	11	4
Hearne, re-entry	..	..	..	17	12	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	5	9	9	9	..
Bancroft	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 11.—The scores made at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	10	15
T E Batten	5	10	8	6	8	..	6	9	12
Corins	9	14	7	..	7	7	5	7	11
H Bergen	5	9	7	8	12	..	8	8	11
Knapp	4	5	9	13	7	10	8	10	10
Frost	6	5	7	10	8	6	6	5	..
Newton	7	12	7	11	..	11	8	..	12
Wright	6	10	6	12	12	11	8	8	12
Hopkins	9	15	..	12	..	12	..	..	12
Griffith	9	14	..	15	13	..	9	..	13

Richmond Gun Club.

NEW YORK.—Herewith are the scores of the Richmond Gun Club shoot Saturday, April 11. Our next shoot will take place Saturday, April 25. Our new club house and grounds are in good shape, and we ask all trapshooters to pay us a visit. It takes about forty minutes from New York. For any information address F. Schoverling, 312 Broadway, New York.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	15	25	15	15	25
Scott	9	10	13	14	17	13	20	12	13	..
Bechtel	8	9	12	13	17	12	23	12	13	21
F Schoverling	9	10	14	13	18	13	20	13	12	20
Rierson	7	8	9	11	15	10	17	11	10	..
T Davis	7	6	11	10	14	9	16	9	8	..
Winchester	9	8	15	14	19	14	20	14	13	..

F. SCHOVERLING.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 11.—Six men shot at 100 targets each. A. R. M., was high with 86, Chew second with 85, Edwards third with 79. Scores:

Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Total.
A R M	10	12	9	12	9	12	9	12	86
Chew	9	12	9	12	9	13	10	11	85
Brewster	6	7	7	10	7	10	7	11	64
Kessler	5	6	5	10	6	13	7	10	62
Edwards	9	10	8	11	9	9	10	13	79
Bridgford	7	10	9	9	9	10	9	13	76

Missouri State Shoot.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Mr. Frank B. Cunningham, manager and chief hustler of the Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, with his fellow officers, conducted during the past week the twenty-sixth annual meeting and tournament of the Missouri State Game and Fish Protective Association, and they made it a record occasion. The staid old target and live-bird shooters of the East who feel as if they have ever experienced about everything possible in the game at the traps, would have found something new under the sun had they been here, and a perusal of the scores will convince any one that there was something doing all the while. The dates were April 7 to 10.

The first three days were devoted to targets. These were thrown from a new rapid expert trap, and at such a rate and speed that they presented a new condition, and heretofore unthought of problems in the manner of target shooting. The birds were simply so hard to score that none of the contestants from any handicap made any record scores, and the total averages are so far below what they ought to be ordinarily as to seem absolutely ridiculous. However, all went along smoothly, and visitors were nicely provided for. Owing to the general desire to work into form for the G. A. H., a great many of the trade representatives gathered here to line things up for the coming event. When the last shot was fired it was found that Fred Gilbert had won another general average, the other places going to Hirschy, Hughes and Garrett. Scores and totals follow:

First Day, April 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Gilbert, 22	15	15	18	12	14	18	13	14	17	14	14	16	180
O'Brien, 20	14	14	18	13	12	18	14	14	19	13	14	16	179
Anderson, 17	10	14	18	13	11	17	15	14	18	13	15	20	178
Arnold, 19	15	15	19	13	12	17	12	12	18	13	13	16	175
J Elliott, 21	10	12	17	15	13	19	13	13	17	12	14	18	173
Garrett, 21	12	14	18	14	12	17	13	13	17	12	12	19	173
Watson, 20	12	13	16	13	14	18	12	12	18	11	13	18	170
Hardy, 19	13	14	16	13	11	17	12	11	18	14	14	17	170
Hughes, 21	11	14	17	14	14	14	14	13	18	12	14	16	171
Hensler, 17	12	14	18	13	12	17	14	12	17	14	12	16	171
Gilson, 19	14	12	16	12	11	15	12	14	20	13	14	16	169
Thompsou, 17	12	14	14	13	13	18	14	10	18	15	12	14	167
Fulford, 18	14	14	15	15	9	13	14	14	18	14	13	16	167
Crosby, 22	13	13	15	10	12	18	14	12	18	15	13	14	167
Moine, 17	13	11	15	14	12	18	14	12	18	9	12	18	166
D. Elliott, 19	12	14	16	12	13	17	12	13	17	9	13	18	166
Heikes, 21	15	14	16	11	13	15	13	11	15	14	13	16	166
Hirschy, 21	12	13	16	12	12	14	15	12	16	11	12	19	164
Waters, 20	14	15	15	8	9	17	15	14	15	13	11	19	163
Merrill, 18	12	14	15	10	12	15	11	14	19	11	13	16	162
Fort, 19	11	13	15	10	13	17	11	13	15	13	14	17	162
Mermod, 20	12	12	14	14	11	14	11	15	14	12	14	19	162
Crider, 17	12	13	15	10	12	14	15	10	17	13	13	18	162
Heer, 20	15	13	14	11	10	15	13	10	16	13	13	16	159
Speneer, 20	9	14	18	13	14	15	9	10	15	11	14	17	159
McGee, 18	11	14	9	14	13	14	11	13	10	10	13	17	159
Timberlake, 19	13	15	17	11	13	16	14	10	15	10	11	12	157
Linderman, 20	12	8	15	10	12	17	14	13	16	13	10	16	156
Murphy, 19	12	11	14	14	11	17	15	12	13	9	12	16	156
Budd, 20	10	12	16	10	12	17	11	14	17	14	9	14	156
Sanderson, 18	11	13	15	9	9	19	12	11	17	9	13	17	155
Faurote, 21	13	11	13	10	13	16	13	11	18	11	10	16	155
O'Neill, 17	12	14	17	11	10	14	13	7	17	13	13	14	155
Cunningham, 19	11	13	18	14	10	15	11	11	14	13	11	16	154
Davis, 18	11	12	13	12	13	15	10	12	16	11	14	14	153
Adams, 20	14	13	16	10	12	15	14	15	11	11	8	14	153
Morrell, 19	12	12	17	9	12	16	12	12	13	10	10	17	152
Speneer, 20	7	11	13	11	13	16	11	12	16	10	13	18	151
Bonebrake, 19	11	8	15	12	11	11	15	12	14	12	14	16	151
Burmister, 16	10	11	15	14	11	15	11	15	13	11	9	15	150
R Thompson, 17	7	10	14	9	12	17	10	12	15	14	13	17	150
Morton, 17	11	8	14	9	10	16	12	13	18	11	12	16	150
Riehl, 19	11	14	9	12	14	13	12	12	15	11	13	13	149
Libbe, 16	14	13	11	9	15	14	7	13	17	13	8	16	149
Neff, 18	12	12	16	13	8	16	12	11	17	11	9	11	148
Bates, 20	9	10	14	11	8	17	11	11	12	9	12	17	141
Waddington, 19	12	11	12	14	7	13	8	10	11	10	11	13	132
Pendleton, 16	9	10	14	11	8	10	9	7	9	..	..	8	...
Vogel, 16	..	..	..	..	10	7	15	9	9	..	8	8	..	...
Batcheller, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	...
Burnside, 20	11	7	16	9	10	13	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Bramhall, 17	11	10	10	9	11	16	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Baker, 19	11	15	15	12	5	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lytle, 17	11	11	17	11	13	13	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Weeks, 17	12	8	13	14	10	14	10	9	12	..	..	10	...
Hillman, 17	10	8	11	7	7	12	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Davis, 17	11	11	..	..	11	14	7	..	..	9	10	..	..	...
Stafford, 17	..	..	16	8	15	14	12	10	16	13	12	15	..	...
Cockrell, 18	11	9	9	9	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Scott, 18	12	14	9	12	13	15	10	11	15	..	..	14	..	...
Clark, 18	..	..	..	..	9	11	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	...
Hamilton, 18	..	..	10	13	9	10	15	11	10	16	..	..	..	...
Carr, 20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	...

Second Day, April 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Garrett, 21	13	12	18	13	11	16	14	13	19	14	13	19	175
Gilbert, 22	11	13	18	11	11	16	15	14	17	15	15	17	173
Fulford, 18	14	14	17	12	10	15	13	14	20	14	13	15	171
Waters, 19	12	13	15	12	13	16	14	12	19	11	15	18	170
Fort, 18	13	12	17	13	15	17	13	12	16	12	12	15	167
Hirschy, 21	13	12	15	10	15	14	12	15	17	14	13	17	167
Heer, 19	12	12	17	12	12	17	11	18	14	15	14	20	164
C Speneer, 19	9	14	18	13	10	17	12	12	15	13	12	18	163
Budd, 18	14	12	15	12	11	14	13	12	17	14	13	16	163
Hughes, 21	12	10	15	12	13	16	12	13	18	12	13	16	162
Watson, 20	10	12	15	14	14	16	13	8	14	11	14	17	158
Adams, 18	14	7	16	13	13	17	9	9	17	11	14	17	157
J Elliott, 21	13	13	15	9	6	18	12	12	14	15	14	16	157
Sanderson, 18	12	12	16	6	11	16	11	11	18	14	14	15	156
Burmister, 16	14	11	14	12	12	18	9	11	15	13	13	14	156
Timberlake, 17	9	11	15	12	8	17	12	11	16	14	14	17	156
Cunningham, 18	11	12	18	13	14	16	8	9	12	13	12	17	155
Riehl, 17	11	10	13	14	11	17	10	13	11	13	14	17	154
Heikes, 21	11	12	12	11	11	18	11	11	16	14	11	16	154
Crosby, 22	10	10	15	11	14	15	11	11	14	12	13	18	154
O'Neil, 16	11	11	16	9	14	13	11	12	17	12	9	17	152
Murphy, 18	12	13	17	11	12	17	12	12	9	14	5	16	150
O'Brien, 21	10	10	13	8	8	12	12	14	14	13	14	20	148
Merrill, 18	8	13	11	13	13	15	14	12	11	14	12	10	146
Norton, 17	14	10	17	9	10	13	12	10	17	11	11	7	141
Stafford, 17	11	10	16	7	8	15	12	8	13	14	10	17	141
Burnside, 18	12	10	15	10	13	12	9	11	13	12	11	10	138
Arnold, 20	14	10	14	11	8	14	7	9	16	9	13	12	137
Waddington, 18	12	11	14	11	13	16	..	..	14	..	..	16	...
Neff, 17	8	10	13	11	12	10	..	..	13	..	..	..	...
Linderman, 18	11	11	17	11	6	16	..	..	9	..	..	..	...
Gilson, 19	13	15	16	10	13	16	15	..	18	13	11	13	...
Faurote, 20	10	11	15	14	10	13	13	..	13	15	11	17	...
Baker, 18	12	14	19	12	10	13	10	..	16	12	12	18	...
Bottger, 18	11	8	15	9	9	15	11	..	16	10	8	14	...
Morrell, 18	..	10	13	15	6	15	12	13	..	17	11	14	15	...
Anderson, 18	12	11	18	14	12	14	12	..	13	13	13	16	...
Libbe, 16	9	7	16	14	8	11	9	..	18	15	8	17	...
R Thompson, 16	13	10	12	12	12	9	12	..	16	12	12	13	...
Pendleton, 16	9	9	10	8	7	13	7	..	7	12	10	13	...
Hamilton, 16	10	12	11	9	9	15	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
Weeks, 16	8	13	14	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hensler, 17	12	12	17	11	14	17	11	..	15	11	11	16	...
Davis, 17	15	13	15	10	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Howard, 17	8	6	12	6	11	11	8	..	16	11	8	12	...
Scoville, 17	8	9	15	11	15	16	13	..	8	15	12	16	...
Gray, 17	10	14	14	11	10	..	..	..	13	..	..	14	...
Hardy, 19	11	10	14	10	9	16	10	..	15	13	12	15	...
D Elliott, 19	12	10	13	13	10	16	12	..	15	13	14	17	...
Mermod, 19	11	12	18	11	8	13	14	..	15	12	11	17	...
Bates, 19	9	11	8	9	11	17	..	..	11	..	..	13	...
F Dougherty, 17	6	11	10	6	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	13	...
R Dougherty, 17	10	10	11	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Running, 17	..	8	..	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gorman, 18	9	11	14	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Richter, 17	10	9	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
H D Speneer, 16	9	10	14	13	12	13	..	..	18	14	..	16	...
Crider, 16	11	12	15	12	14	16	..	..	17	11	..	13	...
M Thompson, 17	..	..	16	10	12	15	15	..	15	14	13	17	...
C Spencer, 16	..	..	10	9	7	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burgin, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Linthcum, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Miner, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kupper, 16	..	..	12	11	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wainwright, 16	..	..	13	11	10	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Strickler, 17	..	..	13	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burkhalter, 17	..	..	13	13	10	11	9	..	13	11	8	17	..	...
Moine, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11	12	..	...
Money, 17	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	...
Tramp, 16	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	...
McDonald, 16	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Essig, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	...

Third Day, April 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Hirschy, 21	13	13	18	14	14	19	15	13	19	15	14	16	183
Mermod, 18	14	12	18	14	13	20	14	14	17	13	15	17	181
Heer, 19	13	10	20	13	13	17	14	14	20	14	11	19	178
W Thompson, 16	13	14	19	12	14	17	12	14	18	14	15	14	176
Gilbert, 22	13	14	18	15	13	17	14	12	18	13	13	15	175
Bottger, 16	13	13	19	15	13	16	11	9	20	14	13	18	174
D Elliott, 18	12	11	16	14	13	14	12	14	19	14	15	20	174
Arnhold, 19	13	12	17	11	13	18	13	14	16	15	15	18	173
Budd, 18	11	12	17	13	15	14	11	14	18	14	15	17	171
Hughes, 21	12	12	12	14	13	19	14	14	17	14	12	18	171
Linderman, 17	14	11	18	14	13	17	15	12	18	13	12	18	175
Howard, 16	11	12	19	14	12	16	14	11	19	10	14	17	169
Timberlake, 16	10	13	14	12	15	18	14	12	18	13	13	17	169
Holmes, 16	12	11	18	12	12	16	14	12	19	14	13	15	168
J Elliott, 20	12	13	17	13	11	16	13	9	18	13	12	19	166
Stafford, 16	13	8	18	15	14	17	14	10	18	12	11	15	165
Heikes, 20	10	10	18	12	11	19	12	10	14	14	15	19	164
Merrill, 17	13	14	17	12	12	14	14	11	19	13	12	13	164
Crosby, 21	12	15	17	14	13	18	11	12	18	11	11	16	168
Cunningham, 17	10	13	17	14	12	16	15	8	16	13	13	17	164
Fort, 18	9	9	17	14	14	16	14	13	18	12	10	16	162
Faurote, 19	11	13	12	13	12	16	12	10	19	14	14	16	162
Hensler, 16	14	13	13	13	14	15	12	12	16	11	12	17	162
Adams, 17	10	9	16	15	12	18	12	9	19	12	13	16	161
H B Speneer, 16	11	9	14	14	13	19	12	13	16	11	14	15	161
Watson, 19	11	9	17	8	14	15	11	13	15	14	14	19	160
Norton, 16	10	13	18	12	13	13	12	12	13	14	13	17	160
Libbe, 16	10	13	16	15	13	17	10	10	19	10	13	13	159
Sanderson, 17	11	10	14	13	11	15	13	15	15	13	10	19	159
C Spencer, 18	14	12	17	10	11	15	12	10	17	12	13	15	158
Riehl, 16	13	11	16	13	12	15	11	11	16	12	10	18	158
O'Brien, 20	8	14	17	12	13	15	13	12	19	10	13	11	157
Waters, 19	11	12	16	13	12	10	13	11	19	11	12	17	157
Gilson, 19	14	12	17	13	12	12	12	6	16	12	15	15	156
Morrell, 16	11	12	15	13	12	12	12	9	17	14	14	15	156
Burmister, 16	12	14	12	13	11	17	14	13	17	9	12	12	156
Garrett, 22	11	14	16	11	12	13	14	11	15	11	12	15	155
Anderson, 18	13	8	16	14	9	15	13	10	16	14	11	14	153
Hardy, 18	8	8	12	14	11	15	11	10	15	15	13	16	148
Neff, 16	11	7	12	12	11	14	11	11	15	10	13	13	140
Fulford, 19	14	11	13	10	12	15	12	11	15	12	8	12	145
Gorman, 17	10	13	13	14	9	18	10	5	11	8	13	14	138
Burnside, 17	11	16	14	6	11	14	10	14	13	13	11	11	138
Vogel, 16	13	11	11	14	10	11	9	7	16	12	11	13	138
O'Neil, 16	10	9	16	15	11	17	10	5	9	13	10	12	137
Bates, 18	11	5	12	11	9	10	12	7	16	11	11	20	135
Pendleton, 16	8	8	7	12	12	9	11	4	9	7	8	12	107
Murphy, 17	10	10	16	13	10	16	8	..	16	..	..	16	...
R Thompson, 16	9	13	11	14	11	12	14	9	18	13	..	..	...
Baker, 18	12	13	19	13	11	17	10	9	17	..	..	..	...
Miner, 16	9	7	17	13	12	14	8	8	18	..	..	..	...
Clayton, 17	11	10	14	11	10	13	8	9	19	13	..	..	...
Scoville, 17	9	9	..	..	8	..	11	12	18	12	14	16	...
Burgin, 16	8	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
L'holun, 16	8	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Money, 16	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	15	16	13	12	15	...
Crider, 16	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	14	12	..	13	15	18	...
Care, 16	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Irwin, 16	..	..	..	14	12	..	11	..	16	..	..	..	..	...
C Spencer, 18	11	9	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wade, 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	8	13	15	...
Moine, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	...

Totals for the three days:

	April 7.	April 8.	April 9.	Total.
Gilbert	180	173	175	528
O'Brien	179	148	157	484
Arnhold	175	137	173	485
J Elliott	173	157	166	496
Garrett	173	175	155	503
Watson	170	158	160	488
Hughes	171	162	171	504
Fulford	167	171	145	483
Crosby	167	154	168	489
Heikes	166	154	164	484
Hirschy	164	167	183	514
Waters	163	170	157	490
Merrill	162	146	164	472
Heer	159	164	178	501
Fort	162	167	162	491
Spencer	159	163	158	480
Timberlake	157	156	169	482
Budd	156	163	171	490
Sanderson	155	156	159	470
O'Neil	155	152	137	444
Cunningham	154	155	164	473
Adams	153	157	161	471
Burmister	150	156	156	462
Norton	150	141	160	451
Riehl	149	154	158	461

Live Bird Events.

The management wisely decided not to mingle the target and live-bird events, and the last two days were given to the latter exclusively. These included a sweep at 25, open to all and handicap rise; the annual four-man club team event; the State and Interstate championship events, and the final contest between former winners of the State amateur trophy, at 50 birds. The live birds also were a fine fast lot, with the weather favoring them, and the average scores were again low.

The next State meet was voted to St. Louis during the world's fair, and that city was given the offices. H. B. Speneer is President; Joe O'Neil, Secretary, and Dr. Burnett, Treasurer. J. H. Felt, of St. Joe, was re-elected Vice-President.

Four-man team contest:

Kansas City Gun Club.

F Cockrill	202201222122220—12
O'Brien	2022112002202l2—11
C Cockrill	112111011110210—12
Bramhall	200222222222220—12—47

Washington Park Gun Club.

McGee	101210002100111— 9
D Elliott	022020001202222— 9
Clayton	221002210222120—11
Tipton	220020000222222— 9—38

Students' Gun Club.

Clark	212001200222222—11
Mermod	200200122200222— 9
Speneer	222220002002220— 9
O'Neil	122221222222022—14—43

Belt Line Gun Club.

Holmes	011111110111222—13
Glossner	202020022000200— 6
Smith	200220010000022— 7
Millett	001221020120102— 9—35

Dupont Park Gun Club.

Tramp	012002210020021— 8
Pendleton	210000010000200— 4
Alexander	000122020002121— 8
Spicer	020200220020020— 6—26

Metropolitan Gun Club.

Cunningham	220022222200222—11
Arnhold	121122022020020—10
Libbe	222220022222202—12
Moine	120000000200210— 5—38

Sweepstake, 25 birds, open to all:

Crosby, 33	211111222202221110122202l—22
Heer, 30	221122012122222222122222—24
Fulford, 31	122121220122221120122222l—23
Bottger, 30	222022220222220220222222222—22
Merrill, 30	22110101*211020w
Heikes, 32	111122222222*2122222222—24
Linderman, 31	202221222202022222222222—22
Bates, 32	22222*222221222222222020—22
H Speneer, 30	022220222200222200222222—18
O'Brien, 30	222222222222222222221222—25
Gilbert, 35	212112222221112222210222—24
Money, 30	020102222222022122122212—21
Budd, 31	212122222211122112222222—25
D Elliott, 30	222212211201122222222*22—23
O'Neil, 30	221211101122020102022221—20
Clayton, 29	21121112120220w
Pendleton, 28	101020221010222222020222—17
Hirschy, 33	002222222202*222202*2200—17
Garrett, 31	222222*222222012222222222—22
F Cockrill, 30	222202221022202w
Waters, 31	121220221202122000112112l—20
Richl, 30	122222222022222222*22*20—21
Cunningham, 31	22*222222222220022022*22—20
Fort, 30	220221202222222222222022—22
Watson, 29	100221102022222220221202l—18
Gorman, 30	111121111221211211121122—25
Litherbury, 28	200*12202*221200221*02002—14
Stafford, 28	101212201l*111222022212l1—21
M Thompson, 28	11212211*21*2202*01110221—19
Gilson, 28	210222122221222222222202**1—21
Conser, 29	221222220202120011w
Baker, 30	222022221212112001Ow
Adams, 29	2211201*221222202202w
Mermod, 31	221022222122222022210w
Bramhall, 30	222202220211122222221202—22
Alexander, 27	121210222212201202221220l—22
Richter, 28	222202202212102w
Anderson, 29	100*12022210112w
Wade, 30	212122122220222221112122—24
Quimby, 29	022022022222022w
Clark, 29	202212220200101w
C Cockrill, 30	2101*1220201221w
Arnhold, 30	2122212*2*11121101110w
C Spencer, 32	222122222222222222222222—25
Tipton, 29	221201111122112222211112l2—24

KILLMORE.

North Side Gun Club.

Allegheny, Pa.—The first shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League was held under the auspices of the North Side Gun Club here on April 8 and 9. The weather was bad, and caused a late start, competition not beginning until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Nevertheless, the attendance was pleasingly large, about forty shooters taking part in the different events, many of whom were of the two classes, amateurs and professionals. High average for the day was made by Messrs. Kelsey and Lutz, who tied on 112 out of a possible 120. They were closely pressed by Messrs. Schley, Raven and Squier with 111. Denieker broke 110.

On the second day there was a high wind, which interfered materially with high scores. There was a good attendance, larger than on the first day.

The League's team championship contest was won by the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny. The Milvale Gun Club team was second; Irwin team third. In the contest for the Hunter Arms Company gold medal Irwin and Hickey tied on 45 out of 50. In a toss-up Hickey won. The scores follow:

First Day, April 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Hickey	13	19	14	19	13	17	13	108
Pontefract	11	11

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 2.—A large crowd of sportsmen witnessed the live-bird match between J. George Kuersten, of this city, and James Wertz, of Friedensburg, which took place at the Spring Valley grounds. Friends of both contestants were out in full force, and played their favorite heavily in the betting ring, Wertz being the favorite. Kuersten won by killing 43 birds to Wertz's 37. The match was for $50 a side and the 50 birds. Interstate rules governed the contest, and both men shot at 28yds. The birds were a selected lot and were exceptionally strong. Wertz had a bad start, and not until it was too late did he recover and shoot in form. The scores follow:

Kuersten .....2201112122122101212200222222220222221022202221121—43
Wertz .....1000220200212212120221222222002222220220122100222 2—37

Pottsville, Pa., March 31.—Over 1,000 sportsmen witnessed a live-pigeon shooting match to-day between William McMutrie, of Pottsville, and William Fox, of Morea, for $100 a side. The match was to have been at 13 birds, but after the ninth bird had been released from the trap, Fox being ahead, he having killed 6 to McMutrie's 5, his opponent put two "drivers" into the trap and raised a heavy smoke by burning black gun powder at the trap, so that he could not see the birds. R. E. Coogan, of Pottsville, the referee, declared the match no contest and called off the bets.

Milton, Pa., March 28.—The Milton Rod and Gun Club of this city, held a target shoot to-day. The high winds made shooting very difficult. In the team shoot, best two out of three matches, between the Regulars and the Crescents, the former team, captained by Godcharles, won by a total score of 56 to 54. The scores follow:

Team shoot; teams of two men, 10 targets per man; best two out of three events:

	1st match.	2d match.	3d match.	Total.
Crescents (Rangler and De Haas)	19	18	17	54
Regulars (Godcharles and Roth)	18	19	19	56

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10
Godcharles	9	7	7	Dehaas	4	8	6
Roth	5	7	7	H Strine	2	4	4
Strine	7	6	9	Rangler	9	4	9

Tower City, Pa., March 28.—The live-bird shooting match between Charles Shugar, of Pinegrove, and Joseph Hand, of this place, held here to-day attracted a large crowd of sportsmen. Hand won, killing 9 out of 10, while Shugar killed 6. The match was the first of a series of three, for a purse of $100 each match.

Milton, Pa., March 28.—High winds prevented good scores being made at the regular weekly target shoot of the Social Gun Club, of this place, held to-day on the Island grounds. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	5	10	10	10	Targets:	5	10	10	10
Sears	3	8	7	5	Whitmeyer	..	..	9	6
J Moyer	3	7	8	4	T Moyer	..	2	3	..
Botts	2	7	4	..	Gensel	..	..	9	7
Renn	4	6	6	..	Geltz	..	..	7	3

Robesonia, Pa., April 4.—The team shoot at live birds held at Robesonia House to-day resulted in the following scores: Link 5, German 6, Bricker 7; total 18. Gundy 8, Brossman 7, Sherman 8; total 23.

The conditions of the match were 10 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, Interstate rules, for a purse of $50.

Temple, Pa., April 4.—In a live-bird shooting match here to-day for a purse of $10, William Becker killed 7 out of 10 birds from the 30yd. mark, winning the event. The conditions of the event were 10 live birds, handicap rise, 27 to 30yds., Interstate rules, high gun. The scores follow: Becker, 30yds., 7; Ziegler, 27yds., 6; Jas. Keller, 28yds., 5; Albert Miller, 28yds., 5; Frank Miller, 27yds., 4; John Keller, 29yds., 6.

Reading, Pa., April 4.—A shooting match at 25 targets was held on the lot in the rear of the Reading ball grounds to-day by well-known marksmen, when these scores were made:

Graul .....1111101111110111111111111—23
Dierolf .....1110011011111111111110010—19
Saylor .....1111111101010011111111011—19
Katzenmoyer .....0111110110011011100101110—16
Heileman .....0101111101100111111010 01—16
Clouser .....0010000100000001100110100— 7

DUSTER.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 1.—The Boston Gun Club's regular Wednesday shoot took place to-day on their Wellington grounds, and a more enjoyable occasion could not be asked for. Twenty shooters furnished the enjoyment, Secretary Hallam, and Wentworth coming all the way from Dover to be there. Griffiths and Cake, from Providence, Tozier from Haverhill, and all the regulars you could think of, not forgetting the new faces of Nowelles and one or two friends who seemed to keep in the fast company without much trouble. Bell again was out for keeps, averaging second high for the afternoon, sharing first honors in the prize match and securing the only 15 straight of the afternoon. Harvard can well thank herself that she has such good material for future interests, as we are told that Yale is not far behind, and waiting the call in May.

One of the welcome changes noted during the afternoon was Frank's recovered form, and now we all think it will be a different story from now out. Let us hope so anyway, as Frank's shooting lately has not been what we expected from him, and we have been trying to figure out what was the matter. We did not do it, however, but he apparently has attended to that himself, and once again is on easy street. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	10	15	5p	15	15	10	10	5p	15	15	15	Av.
Howe, 19	11	9	12	6	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	.789
Griffiths, 19	8	4	12	5	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	.650
Frank, 18	10	9	14	8	10	12	..	..	..	12	..	..	.789
Cake, 16	11	7	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.740
Prior, 16	3	0	2	0	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	.288
Bell, 16	13	6	14	5	15	12	9	9	..	..	..	..	.830
Nowelles, 16	6	5	13	6	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	.830
Tozier, 16	13	7	9	5	12	11	5	9	7	..	..	..	.710
Woodruff, 17	13	8	12	6	12	11	9	6	9	..	..	..	.782
Hallam, 16	4	4	6	..	6	6	3	1	..	9	..	..	.372
Kirkwood, 18	12	9	14	8	13	14	9	10	9	14	14	14	.909
Retwood, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	..	..	..	.320
M E K, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	5	..	..	..	.400
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	5	..	12	10	9	6	14	..	.800
Wentworth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	7	..	..	8	.520
Wadleigh, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	11	8	12	.707
Masure, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	4	11	10	9	.614
Adelina, 16	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.334
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	.734
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	.867

Consecutive breaks: Bell, 16yds., 32; Kirkwood, 18yds., 21; Spencer, 18yds., 16; Griffiths, 19yds., 13; Tozier, 16yds., 13; Cake, 16yds., 13; Frank, 18yds., 11; Nowelles, 16yds., 10.

Prize match, distance handicap, 30 unknown:

Bell, 16 .....1111111111111111111110100111—27
Kirkwood, 18 .....0111111101111111111111011111111—27
Griffiths, 19 .....1111101011110111101110111111100—23
Tozier, 18 .....1101111111100111111001110011111—23
Wadleigh, 16 .....1111010111001111111101100111111—23
Woodruff, 17 .....1011110111111011110111001110111—23
Frank, 18 .....1001111110111001101111110111011—22
Nowelles, 16 .....0101110100011111111011110111111—22
Masure, 16 .....1111111000001110110111111001111—21
Howe, 19 .....1110001100011110011111111101111—21
Prior, 16 .....0001111011110001111111010100 01—18
Wentworth, 16 .....0100000001000011111100111101 01—14
Hallam, 16 .....1010100000001110101100000100 11—12

April 8.—The regular weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held here to-day, and the inclement weather prevented a large attendance, just nine shooters braving the elements, and are now on the fence as to whether they should have been there or not.

Just one clean score marred the afternoon's sport, Frank making that mistake, and also securing high average for the afternoon; not really a Heikes or Gilbert average, but very creditable for our grounds. Woodruff, too, was much in evidence, securing first position in the prize match, and running second to Frank for high average. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	Av.
Frank, 18	8	8	13	10	11	10	8	9	8	10	..	.760
Lee, 16	6	6	7	5	10	8	6	8	8	..	..	.582
Prior, 16	2	7	3	2	5	5	3	8	..	3	..	.330
Woodruff, 17	8	6	12	9	10	13	8	9	..	..	..	.750
Hallam, 16	1	2	3	2	4	2	..	1	4	5	0	.192
Williams, 16	7	4	12	8	11	8	7	13	..	..	..	.700
Howe, 19	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	10	6	..	..	.680
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..		.467
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3			.330

Consecutive breaks: Frank, 18yds., 19; Woodruff, 17yds., 13; Williams, 16yds., 8.

Woodruff, 17 .....01110101101011111111111011110—23
Frank, 18 .....11111001011101101011101101110—21
Howe, 19 .....01110111110010101110111110001—20
Williams, 16 .....01111100111101100101011101100—19
Lee, 16 .....01001101011111111010000111001—18
Hallam, 16 .....00000010101100000000010000100— 6

April 11.—The Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot takes place on their grounds at Wellington, April 29, and we wish to extend an invitation to any shooter in the United States happening to be in this vicinity at that time, and we assure him he would be more than welcome.

This is the fourth annual contest of this kind that the club has held, each one going the former one just a little better, and this year's promises to be a repeated success, some ten teams of five men each having been entered, and a few more to hear from. The club itself has not been idle in preparing for this shoot, an extra set of traps having been installed with electric pulls, which with the regular magautrap, constitutes the trapping facilities and puts the club in position to take care of any number of shooters. There is also a long-felt want in Boston and vicinity to see the crackerjacks shoot, and while we only put up prizes for the amateurs on this occasion, there would be no place that the expert would be more welcome than on our grounds. In fact, it is some years since any of the Western cracks graced our platform, and if there were a possible chance, we would like them to tread our festive boards once again, and see how they have grown.

But, then, we realize that Boston is just a trifle out of the regular route, still this does not prevent us from wanting them to come, and nothing would stimulate trapshooting circles in this vicinity more than a visit by these expert exponents of firearms, powder and shells.

H. C. KIRKWOOD, Sec'y.

Colt Hammerless Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The scores of the Colt Hammerless Gun Club, Hartford, Conn., April 10, are appended. There was a high wind, heavy rain and hard shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	10	15	25	20	10	10	
Hermen	7	7	9	12	16	6	6	
Puritan	4	2	8	14	10	6	6	
Cook	8	4	8	16	..	..	..	
Hubbell	9	8	12	20	12	6	7	
Keller, Jr.	8	7	9	15	13	6	6	
Apgar	9	9	13	21	18	10	10	
Hollister	8	8	11	21	13	9	8	
Miller	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	
McPatridge	6	8	11	19	17	9	7	
Field	3	5	..	19	15	..	..	
Palmer	9	4	6	13	9	4	4	
Rose	..	2	7	10	..	7	..	
Hollis	..	3	8	14	6	5	..	
Capron	..	8	10	17	13	..	..	
Calkins	..	2	..	5	..	2	..	
Allison	..	4	..	..	..	5	4	
Colt	..	7	11	13	..	..	..	
Kiersted	..	..	9	..	..	5	..	
Ed Clark	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	
Hurst	..	..	..	..	4	3	3	
W Field	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 11.—The members of the Ossining Gun Club, at their regular Saturday shoot to-day were glad to have as guests two of the best exponents of the fine art of shooting in and around New York, Dr. Martin and Bob Schneider.

The competition was keen, for the Ossining boys, though not out in great force, were intent on getting high average on their own grounds. One of the members of the prize committee came up during the shoot with the medal this club is to donate to the shoot in June. The medal cost $100, and is most appropriately designed, the main pendant is a clay bird, on which is the arms of the State of New York and proper wording. In the space between this and the bar is a 1-karat diamond on a small pendant. This medal is for the amateur championship of the New York State Association at 60 singles and 20 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	25	25	25	Av.
Dr Martin	9	9	9	8	8	9	8	9	10	22	22	23	22	25	.897
G R Schneider	9	10	8	10	10	9	10	8	9	21	..	..	..	..	.904
Hans	8	7	8	7	6	8	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	.740
J Hyland	..	6	7	8	8	6	7	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	.660
J C Barlow	..	7	8	7	..	8	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	.720
I T Washburn	..	..	8	7	9	9	9	8	10	20	23	22	22	21	.860
C G Blandford	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	8	9	24	..	..	..	..	.907
D Brandreth	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
G Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	8	..	..	..	..	....

C. G. B.

York Shoot.

SHOOT at York, Pa., April 19, for the county target trophy and the club cup event, each at 50 targets, MacMiller, of Felton, won the trophy with 49, and now holds both the live-bird and target championship county trophies; Burnham and Jackson tied for the cup event with 42, and in the shoot-off Jackson won with 21 to Burnham's 19. The total scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	50	50	at.	Broke.
Jackson	..	..	5	9	8	8	8	8	36	42	160	124
Bob White	8	8	6	7	4	6	7	9	36	32	180	123
Grove	7	6	7	8	5	7	4	..	32	36	170	112
Nevin	9	6	5	5	4	7	5	..	34	29	170	104
Miller	8	9	9	9	6	8	8	..	49	41	170	147
McSherry	5	7	8	8	6	8	7	8	38	38	180	133
Smith	..	6	9	7	8	7	8	8	36	..	120	91
Bush	..	..	3	6	8	7	9	7	30	28	160	98
Seitz	..	..	..	..	8	9	7	10	39	37	140	110
Burnham	..	..	..	..	9	8	9	7	43	42	140	118
Deardorff	..	..	..	..	7	4	..	..	30	21	120	62

ALLEN M. SEITZ.

Delta Shoot.

GLEN ROCK, Pa., April 11.—Shoot at Delta Pa., April 9:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Somers	6	5	10	6	10	5	9	9	9	10	8	8	9	8	7	8	8
Grove	8	8	7	8	8	9	8	8	9	6	9	10	4	8	9	4	7
McSherry	5	4	7	7	9	9	7	9	8	10	8	8	8	8	8	7	8
Hyland	8	6	7	7	9	6	7	6	8	8	6	9	9	9	8	10	7
Seitz	8	7	8	10	5	7	9	6	7	10	8	6	8	7	6	8	9
Deardorff	5	5	8	7	6	7	6	9	8	9	6	10	9	8	9	7	7
Nevin	6	8	4	6	7	6	6	7	8	7	9	9	10	8	10	7	7
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	7	6	5	6	1	5	5	6	8
Proctor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	8	..	..	..
Famous	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	9	..	..	..
Silver	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	6
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

ALLEN M. SEITZ.

Omaha Items.

OMAHA, Neb., April 8.—The recent trap tournament at Grand Island under the auspices of the Grand Island and North Platte gun clubs, was one of the best attended, most spirited and best regulated tournaments held in the State this year. There was three days' shooting, with a daily entry list of over forty, among whom was champion Bill Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill. In the two days he shot he dropped but two targets out of 250 shot at, but being a professional, was barred from getting in on the money. Billy Townsend, the popular sporting goods man, of this city, captured the Dickey Bird cup, emblematic of the State's championship, with 47 out of 50, against thirty-nine competitors. W. H. Kerr, of Concordia, Kas., won the high average.

The Grand American Handicap at targets opens up at Kansas City next Tuesday, and Billy Townsend will chaperone a delegation of Nebraska shooters to the scene of action, leaving via the St. J. & K. C. R. R. next Monday night. In Townsend's bunch will be Sandy McDonald, Dave Morrell, Frank Dvorak, Joe Dreisbach, and Frank Togg, of Omaha; Frank Beard, of Herman; A. Reed, of Ohiowa; W. H. Illian, of Albion; G. A. Schroeder and Dan Bray, of Columbus; F. R. Patch, of Hartley, Ia.; Dick Linderman, of Lincoln, and Deputy State Game Warden George Carter, of North Platte. The week following the same delegation goes to Concordia, Kas., for the State shoot, thence back to Lincoln, the succeeding week for the Nebraska State Sportsmen's annual meet.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Peru Tournament.

PERU, Ind.—The seventh annual tournament of the Peru Gun Club was held on April 7 and 8. The weather was good, and the management was perfect.

On Monday the match between Mr. J. L. Head, the State champion, and Mr. Hugh Clark, of Wabash, Ind., took place, the scores of which were as follows:

Head .....2*2211222222212*1*22222201222211121*212122120122—44
Clark .....2**22*22*22222222*2*22222*20222*2222222222222222—41

The conditions were 50 birds, $50 a side, for the live-bird championship of Indiana. Mr. Fred H. Lord, of Chicago, was referee. Mr. Max Witz, of Ft. Wayne, challenged Mr. Head for the championship, and the match may take place on April 24.

First Day, April 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets, 15 to each event:													
Long	13	14	14	14	14	14	13	13	12	13	13	12	159
Wiggins	11	12	13	11	14	10	13	12	14	13	11	12	140
Phil	15	8	14	14	12	12	12	12	15	13	13	15	155
Powers	12	14	14	13	11	11	15	15	15	13	14	13	160
Partington	11	9	12	12	12	13	12	12	14	11	13	11	144
Slow	14	14	14	13	12	13	13	12	13	14	12	12	158
Vietmeyer	12	10	12	12	14	13	12	10	13	11	12	11	143
Smoke	12	12	9	14	12	12	14	12	14	11	15	8	145
Dr Wilson	14	9	10	12	14	12	13	14	14	7	13	9	141
Head	12	12	13	7	15	12	14	11	12	12	13	12	145
K Wilson	8	11	13	12	14	11	13	7	..	..	..	..	...
Ebey	9	11	11	13	14	15	12	12	14	13	13	12	149
Lord	13	11	15	11	13	12	15	6	14	11	13	13	147
Fast	10	10	12	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lamme	9	15	7	13	10	10	13	12	12	14	8	11	134
Clark	10	11	14	9	15	12	14	11	15	12	13	14	150
Rose	10	14	13	14	14	13	13	14	12	14	12	15	158
Myrick	10	13	12	12	12	14	13	10	..	..	..	..	...
Dunbar	10	15	13	13	12	13	13	14	11	14	10	12	150
Chadwick	10	11	12	14	13	11	10	13	10	14	13	13	144
Parsons	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Anderson	..	..	8	13	13	14	12	10	15	13	13	14	...
Apperson	..	..	..	12	12	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
Gregg	..	..	..	..	11	12	11	14	11	11	11	9	...
Chambers	..	..	..	..	10	11	7	11	12	11	14	9	...
C Bruck	..	..	..	..	10	11	7	11	12	11	14	9	...
N Bruck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	...
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	...

Second Day, April 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Fifteen targets in each event:													
Eby	14	12	13	8	9	13	8	9	11	15	12	10	134
Wiggins	13	14	11	14	11	10	5	15	12	13	14	7	139
G P Wilson	14	15	14	13	14	13	13	14	14	13	13	12	163
D Gregg	9	13	9	12	14	11	13	9	12	11	..	..	...
Smoke	10	13	10	12	14	13	14	10	14	13	15	11	149
Head	12	13	13	13	14	12	11	14	10	14	11	13	150
Powers	15	14	15	13	14	14	14	13	14	15	11	13	165
Lamme	7	9	8	14	8	15	8	11	10	13	13	9	121
Vietmeyer	15	14	8	13	11	9	11	13	14	10	8	1	137
Lord	13	15	11	12	12	14	6	13	8	12	12	12	140
Chambers	10	12	12	14	8	..	12	14	9	12	..	..	...
Phil	14	13	14	9	14	13	13	14	12	12	15	11	154
Rose	14	12	11	10	13	13	14	10	15	10	11	12	145
Clark	13	13	15	10	11	13	12	11	15	10	12	12	147
Willis	15	8	13	13	13	15	11	13	13	13	11	12	150
Dunbar	13	13	10	9	14	10	13	12	14	10	13	12	143
Apperson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	14	13	13	...
Atkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	...

Pittsfield Gun Club.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., April 11.—The scores made at the shoot of the Pittsfield Gun Club to-day are appended. Neaf Apgar made the extraordinary total of 117 out of 120 targets. The weather was comfortably pleasant:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	at.	Broke.
Cutting	6	..	7	5	6	..	6	..	..	50	30
Kellogg	9	..	10	8	7	..	7	..	..	50	43
Shearer	10	..	9	8	8	7	8	21	..	85	74
Hubbell	8	7	8	..	..	..	7	..	21	65	47
Woodruff	7	..	6	6	7	7	6	21	23	110	83
Stebbin	0	..	4	4	2	..	1	..	..	50	11
Sidway	9	6	6	9	6	6	7	18	18	120	95
Tracy	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21
Haynes	8	..	8	7	9	..	5	..	..	50	37
Graves	6	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	18	55	42
Keller, Jr.	6	7	8	7	7	9	9	18	17	120	98
Apgar	10	10	9	10	10	10	9	25	24	120	117
J Wood	..	5	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	30	15
Shedd	..	6	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	30	18
A Wood	..	4	7	..	7	..	..	..	..	30	18
Mackie	..	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12
Messenger	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19
Henry	..	..	6	8	8	7	7	20	20	100	76
Spencer	..	10	7	10	8	..	8	..	..	50	43
W Henry	..	..	3	..	..	8	..	..	..	20	11
Vesburg	..	..	..	4	7	..	..	..	..	20	11
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	10	4
West	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	10	1

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT DEDICATION LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the Dedication ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, Mo., April 30 to May 2, and the National and International Good Roads Convention, April 27 to May 2, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to St. Louis and return from all stations on its lines, April 26, 27, 28 and 29, good going only on date of sale and good returning to leave St. Louis not later than May 4. Tickets must be executed by Joint Agent for return passage, for which service no fee will be charged.—*Adv.*

The Laflin & Rand Powder Co., informs us that Mrs. Nellie Bennett, widow of the late A. L. Bennett, of Colorado, has joined the company's forces as a traveling representative, and that she is the only woman representative on the staff of a smokeless powder company in the United States. Her favorite load at the traps is 24 grains of L. & R. "Infallible" and 1⅛ ounces of chilled shot. She will take part in the Grand American Handicap at targets at Kansas City, this month, and any other shoots that take place along her line of travel.

"The Trapshooters' Guide" is an artistic booklet issued by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. It contains the Interstate Association's Trapshooting rules, the standard systems for dividing purses, a list of loads for traps and field shooting, some bright shooting apothegms. It will be sent complimentary to applicants.

Capt. George E. Bartlett was recently a guest of the Douglas Gun Club, of Bristol, Ariz., one of his feats being specially marvelous. After throwing a tomato can in the air, he with a repeating shotgun hit it six times before it reached the ground. He uses Peters ammunition and a Marlin pump gun.

The Crown Land Department of Fishery Leases, Province of New Brunswick, will sell at public auction on April 23, some ten salmon streams. Further information can be had of D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B., Canada.

L. W. Ferdinand & Co. have recently sold the Herreshoff Mfg. Company a quantity of Jeffrey's patent liquid quick-drying marine glue, "C" quality, for use in laying the canvas on the decks of Reliance.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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VOL. LX.—No. 17. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE PLANK IN NEW YORK.

THE New York Assembly on Monday last passed the Armstrong Bill, which had already gone through the Senate, to prohibit the sale of woodcock and grouse killed in the State.

This is not all that it should be, but it is a tremendous step in the right direction.

It will mean an end of lawful killing for market in New York. It will mean that the most destructive element in the reduction of the game supply will have been eliminated. The action of the Legislature is a great victory for the cause of game protection and for the sportsmen. That is to say, for the citizens of the State of New York. For the sportsmen are the citizens. That blatant objection to the anti-sale restriction which is put forward under pretense that to stop the sale of game would be to deprive the masses in favor of a privileged class, has not the slightest foundation in reason. The sportsmen are the masses. The market shooters are the class. There are scores of sportsmen to one market shooter. The anti-sale law gives the scores a chance to get some game on their holidays, that is to say, their shooting days. It deprives the market shooter of pursuing game on his work days, that is to say, his shooting and snaring days. It insures the permanence of the outdoor sport of shooting. It stops the outdoor business of market hunting. It secures the greatest good to the greatest number. What has been done this year in Massachusetts, Texas, New York and elsewhere by the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank —"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons," may be done and soon will be done for the entire country by the enactment everywhere of the same beneficent law.

LIMIT THE BAG.

THE game protective idea is growing more and more rapidly as time passes, and a large class of people whose pursuits give them little interest in it and who are without practical knowledge of its working, are unconsciously acquiring proper ideas on the subject. Even the average legislator now considers game bills with a certain amount of respect.

One form which this game protective idea has taken is the acquiring of large tracts of land by individuals or groups of sportsmen, and the stocking—or at least the stringent protection—of this private property. All along the lakes of the West, and at many points throughout the central region, as well as at many localities on the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Florida, are the grounds of shooting clubs, associations and individuals from which the general public is rigidly excluded. Such grounds the birds are invited by various attractions to visit or to remain on. They are protected from molestation by all except the owners of the land, often some spots are set aside as actual game refuges, where even the owners do not shoot. Frequently the birds are liberally fed, in case their natural food seems to be growing scarce.

In exchange for the time and money expended to induce the birds to resort to such protected grounds, the owners take from them such toll as they can during the season, and when the shooting is good they kill as many birds as practicable. This certainly is natural enough, and is very likely what we all of us would do, even though we may preach a different doctrine.

Among the restrictions placed on shooting by the statutes of various States, there is one often advocated by FOREST AND STREAM, and which in time is likely to be generally adopted. This is a bag limit. It is coming to be recognized that if the greatest good of the greatest number is to be considered, no man should be allowed to kill in a day or a season more than a certain number of birds—his share. The game belongs to the State, and the State presumably desires the greatest good of all its citizens, and wishes its game to go as far as possible and to furnish as much pleasure as possible to all its citizens; it is certainly within its powers to limit the quantity of game to be taken precisely as it limits the period during which game may be taken. We may say, that to be absolutely fair, the State should divide up the game within its borders—which can be killed without injury to the game supply—and should allow to each gunner or each person wishing any of the game his relative proportion of that game. In other words, the State should issue a ration of game to its inhabitants.

There are many States which have not yet reached the point of legislating for a bag limit. But since such legislation is likely to come and probably within a few years, we are inclined to think that it would be a fitting and a graceful thing were the owners of these private preserves voluntarily to establish for themselves without legislation, a limit for the birds to be killed each season. It would be fitting, too, for such clubs and associations by their by-laws to abolish—as, indeed, many such clubs already have abolished—the shooting of wild fowl in the spring. The members of such associations being commonly well-to-do, and presumably persons of intelligence and education, may be assumed to know perfectly well that wildfowl ought not to be shot in the spring, and that the number of birds to be killed in any season ought to be limited.

It is easy to recognize how very strong is the temptation to take advantage of the rare days when birds are flying well, when at last there comes the opportunity to make up for all the dull days that have gone before. Here is a man, let us say, who has an opportunity to go shooting once a year and for a single week. Perhaps for five days of that week, he sits in his boat or blind, and sees the clouds of wildfowl flying, or resting in great beds on the water and never moving or coming near his decoys. On the sixth day comes gunnning weather, and the birds pile into his stools so fast that his gun gets hot, and he has to wait for it to cool off. The stress of such circumstances might tax one's resolution; but even under such conditions it would be easier to stop shooting when one could say he had reached the prescribed limit, than it would be to lay down one's gun without any such gratifying consciousness.

In view of game conditions, the gunner ought to put a limit on his shooting, and just as we advocated that a part of their season should be cut off in spring from the Long Island gunners, so we firmly believe that the members of clubs and associations controlling private preserves, the well-to-do men who spend their time and their money to protect the birds—though for their own uses—ought to be limited in their shooting, both as to bag and as to time.

THE TARGET SHOOTING OUTLOOK.

THERE are those who predict the decline of target shooting as a consequence of the prohibition of live bird shooting in a number of States, and of a certain degree of public sentiment against it. The signs of the times do not sustain the calamity prediction. The large number of target tournaments already held and to be held throughout the United States this year, show an increase instead of a decrease in the sport.

The recent Interstate Association Grand American Handicap at Targets, held at Kansas City, is in itself an object lesson of the stability and breadth of the trapshooting interests in the United States. It did not have half the number of entries of the live bird handicaps, held in Kansas City, last year, yet those who deduce a decrease in trapshooting from this difference of entries, have given the matter only a superficial analysis. The two events do not admit of comparison as an index of the trapshooting situation. There were special reasons why the G. A. H. at live birds, held at Kansas City last year, should have a large entry. It was a new event in that region; it was held in a section of country containing excellent field shots; it was held in a city centrally situated; it had the prestige of years of history, and the money rewards to the contestants were incomparably greater. Let us now consider the Grand American target tournament. It has not the money attractions that the corresponding live bird event had; target shooting in the West was an old, old institution, and, therefore, was not a novelty; and it could not draw on the field shooters as could the live bird shooting. Probably the true reason for the greater entry in the live bird event was the large sums of money to be won in it. Let the inducement be sufficient in the way of a reward and men will journey long distances on a possibility of winning. However, with nearly 200 contestants in an event, no one can therefrom deduce a decline in interest and support of trapshooting. With gun, gunpowder and ammunition factories running to their utmost capacity, there must be a corresponding consumption of their output, all of which denote activity in the wholesome sport of trapshooting. A glance at our column of fixtures will also be proof that there is no cessation in the target interests.

STEPS FORWARD.

IF the cause of game protection receives a setback now and then, as was the case recently in Connecticut, its advocates have yet abundant reason to congratulate themselves on the continued progress which it is making.

Last week the New York Assembly passed Senator Brown's bill to prohibit the shooting of ducks in the spring, and it has now gone to the Governor for signature. It will undoubtedly be signed, for the Assembly passed it in response to an urgency message from the Governor. As finally passed, it excepts from its operation the brant, which birds, as is well known, make their appearance in Great South Bay in shootable numbers only in the spring. The advocates and opponents of the bill have thus each won something of a victory, and may fairly feel satisfied.

In our news columns reference has recently been made to the excellent game law just passed in Texas. While we have not received the text of this it is understood to prohibit the sale of game, to protect many insectivorous birds, to establish a bag limit, and absolutely to forbid the taking of mountain sheep, of which there are a few left in Texas.

Wyoming is reported to have put a ten-year close season on moose, and a five-year close season on antelope. The Wyoming winter in the Rocky Mountains has been one of great severity, and unquestionably a vast amount of game, chiefly elk, has perished by starvation. FOREST AND STREAM has more than once called attention to the fact that the settling up of the country south of Jackson Hole has cut the elk off from their winter range, and the letters received by Mr. A. A. Anderson, Special Superintendent of the Yellowstone Forest Reserve, and printed in another column, show the terrible straits to which these animals are reduced.

It is understood that Mr. Anderson has contributed out of his own means a large amount of money to be used in purchasing hay to feed these starving elk, an act of humanity which entitles him to the greatest credit. Mr. Anderson suggests that the recurrence of a period of starvation like that of the past winter may be avoided in future by making provision for feeding the elk, and this should be done, if it is impossible to open a way to these animals to their old time feeding grounds in the Colorado Desert. These feeding grounds are very likely useless now, even if the elk could get to them, because they are being more and more run over by the domestic sheep and turned into barren wastes where no vegetation grows.

George W. Van Siclen, of this city, who died last Monday, April 20, at the age of 62, was one of the well-known anglers of New York. He was for many years a member of the Willewemoc Club, whose club house was on the shore of Willewemoc Lake in Sullivan county. Mr. Van Siclen was of the class of scholarly anglers, and in 1875, desiring to add to his angling library a copy of Dame Juliana Berners' "Treatyse of Fysshynge," and finding that it would cost in the original edition of 1496 from $2,500 to $3,000, he brought out an American reprint, based on the text of the English reprint of 1827.

Mr. Joseph B. Thompson's consideration of the bearing of the recent Supreme Court lottery case decision upon the constitutionality of the Lacey Act, will be read with deserved attention by all who are interested in the operation of the Federal law. Mr. Thompson is a member of the New York bar, who has devoted much study to the subject of game legislation and the principles underlying it; and by his published writings he has done much to advance a popular understanding of the theory of game protective system.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Cruise in the Ojibway Paradise.

In Two Parts—Part One.

THE attractions of the Ojibway Paradise, or the Temagami Lake region, had become irresistible, and after many conferences with Mr. Salsbury, passenger agent of the C. P. R. R., who was most patient and obliging, and did everything in his power to procure information for us, we left Pittsburg on the evening of August 26, 1902. Leaving Toronto at one o'clock we reached North Bay about half past ten on the 27th and spent the rest of the night at the hotel. We dressed in our cruising suits the next morning and soon after six o'clock were rushing eastward to Mattawa on the C. P. express.

Mattawa is quite a pretty town with several hotels, a number of large brick business buildings and many pretty homes. There is a magnificent stone cathedral here, but we did not have time to visit it.

From Mattawa we took the branch road which connects Mattawa with Kippewa. The train on this road runs only three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, leaving Mattawa about ten in the morning and returning about five in the evening, thus making connections with the steamer on Lake Temiscaming. We had but a short wait at Mattawa and did not try to see the town until our return.

The branch road follows the windings of the Ottawa River, which, with its high bluffs and numerous rapids, is very picturesque. We arrived at Temiscaming before one o'clock and went to the Bellevue Hotel for dinner. We were already dressed in our cruising suits, so arranged to have our trunk left in the wareroom, after taking out our duffle and putting in our suit case, traveling hats and coats. We should have taken our trunk through to Haileybury, changed our clothes at the hotel there and had the trunk sent back to the hotel at Temiscaming.

About three o'clock we began our journey up Lake Temiscaming. The day was warm, the air pure and clear and the scenery charming. The steamer is small, but we were fortunate enough to get a stateroom, and the meals were good. About dark we passed the mouth of the Montreal River, and an hour later tied up to the dock at Ville Marie for the night. In the morning the steamer left Ville Marie before I had commenced to think about getting up, so I did not see the town. As we came from the dining room, after an excellent breakfast, the whistle blew for Haileybury, and we rushed down to see after our baggage.

There are but few docks and the water is so shallow the steamer has to anchor out in the lake. A pointer, which they tow, is brought alongside the steamer and baggage and passengers taken ashore in that. A surveying party was going ashore at Haileybury to do some work up the Montreal River, and we had to wait for the pointer to make the second trip. There will be no trouble of that kind at Haileybury in the future, for they were building a dock when we were there.

Tourists can outfit at Mattawa and start on the canoe trip at the mouth of the Montreal, and then into the Matabitchouan River; but this is going up stream, and a shallow one at that, with a heavy load of provisions. The Matabitchouan is full of shallow rapids that can be run coming down stream with light loads, but must be carried around going up. Then there are two portages over a mile long on this river, and both of them are hard, so it is well to have the loads as light as possible when you reach them. These are the only long, hard portages on the trip.

We had written to Mr. Paul A. Cobbold, at Haileybury, to engage two good guides and, when we finally got ashore, he and the two guides were waiting for us. The guides picked up our baggage and we all went to Mr. Cobbold's store for provisions.

Our guides were Samuel Stata and Robert Morrison, professional guides and thoroughly reliable and trustworthy. They know all this region well, are first-class woodsmen and old hunters, and as an outdoor cook Sam has but few equals. These men spared no pains to make us comfortable, and took us on side trips for extra good fishing, to show us game and for good duck shooting. For carrying they used the tump line, a leather strap not less than twenty feet long. This is made by taking a piece of leather from two to three inches wide and about two feet long, then sewing to each end a strap about ten feet long and tapering from an inch wide at one end to less than one-half inch at the other. For carrying the narrow straps are tied, one around each end of a box or large pack, in such a way that when the broad strap is placed around the forehead the pack rests on the hips. Other packs are then piled on this till a man has all he can carry. The last pack rests on the back of his neck and head, thus leaving both hands free. Our guides could carry two hundred pounds over a short portage without stopping to rest.

In outfitting we used the provision list we had last summer, adding two pounds of dried peaches, two pounds of raisins and two cans of evaporated cream. At Mr. Cobbold's suggestion we changed our list to three pounds coffee, two pounds tea, ten pounds flour, ten pounds corn meal and twenty-two pounds bread. The bread was baked especially for carrying, in a brick oven, and, while not hard, was well baked. Each loaf was baked in a separate pan and well browned all over. We had no trouble keeping it, for while it did not get hard, neither did it mould, and we ate the last of it the twelfth day out. We got all our provisions from Mr. Cobbold, and found the bacon and everything first-class, with prices about the same as at home. We had with us a cooking outfit, one tent, two gum blankets, duffle bags, small sacks for provisions, a small ax and two pair of six-pound woolen blankets. Mr. Cobbold said we would not be warm enough and, at his suggestion, we hired a rabbit skin blanket. These are made by the Indians. They cure the skins and cut them round and round till they have a long string like a carpet rag, which is then twisted, fur side out, and knit into a blanket. We would have suffered with the cold without our rabbit skin blanket. We also hired one tent and two pair of blankets for the guides, one tarpaulin for covering provisions at night, two tump lines, one additional bucket for cooking, a shotgun and a large ax, for Sam said we would need good fires to keep us warm. Everything needed for either hunting or fishing trip, except guns and fishing tackle, can be hired from Mr. Cobbold at very reasonable rates. Indeed, when we had bought our provisions and paid our bill we felt that we had never been more fairly treated when outfitting.

Mr. Cobbold has for hire birchbark, basswood and cedar canoes at from twenty-five to fifty cents per day. As we had never cruised in an Indian canoe we hired one large birchbark.

The guides packed everything in the sacks and went to engage the team to haul us over the six-mile portage to Sharp Lake, and we went to the hotel for dinner. There is a good hotel here, and we got an excellent dinner for twenty-five cents. The guides had got their dinner at their own homes, and when we came back to the store had everything on the wagon and were ready to start. The first part of the road is good, and has been enchanting before the pine forest, through which it runs, was burned. We passed several clearings with comfortable log houses on them and stopped at the last one for a drink. An old gentleman was sitting by the door reading a book that he had gotten out of the library at Haileybury. I have forgotten the title, but remember it was a story of the far North.

The road was getting very rough and we had given up our seats on the wagon soon after leaving the burnt country. We found a coat and small satchel on the road. The satchel contained a rosary, a prayer book, and a deck of cards. The owner was evidently gettings things badly mixed. A wagon, carrying provisions for the surveying party, was ahead of us making the trip overland to Partage Bay, and these things had fallen off the load. We enjoyed the walk through the woods very much, but decided that, by the time the driver got his team back to Haileybury he would earn his $5, for the road is horribly rough in places.

The guides had our canoe loaded and we were about ready to start across Sharp Lake when the rest of the surveying party arrived and the coat and satchel, which the guides had put in the shelter house that stands here, found owners. We crossed Sharp Lake, made a short portage to and crossed Mud Lake, camping for the night on the end of the portage from Mud Lake to the Montreal River. By seven o'clock the next morning we had crossed the portage and were ready to start up the river.

We were traveling in one large birchbark canoe, 16 feet long, with a 37-inch beam. It had never been used and weighed about 65 pounds when we started and 100 pounds at the end of the trip. One guide would carry the canoe over the portage and the other one, making two trips, all the baggage, which weighed 350 pounds.

The shores of the Montreal for some distance were high bluffs, and one especially high point on our left is called Huckleberry Hill. All along this part of the river were beds of the most exquisitely colored moss. The dark maroon, which was a rich wine color in the sunlight, blended into the faintest, most delicate of yellows and greens. Nature, when furnishing her kingdom, had, with lavish hand, spread a carpet for her feet that exceeded, in texture and color, the far-famed weaves of the Orient.

We had paddled through two or three short rapids and gone some distance up the river when we came to the first portage, which is quite short. Above these falls are beaver meadows, where the shores were full of moose tracks. On the second portage there is a good camp ground and we stopped here for dinner. After dinner the guides ran a hot skillet handle over the pitch on the seams of the canoe, for it was leaking in a dozen places. Our canoe was just new, but I believe that is not a recommendation for a birch bark.

Birch bark suitable for making canoes has become very scarce in this region. Mr. Cobbold told us that the Indian who made his canoes had only succeeded in getting enough for four the past season. As we were about ready to push off, the surveying party we had left on Sharp Lake the afternoon before crossed the portage and began preparations for dinner. The chief engineer was very courteous, offering to render any assistance, and giving us some valuable information regarding the country north of this.

We were now in a part of the river known as Bay Lake, which is very pretty, and when we came to Partage Bay we could look over great stretches of open water to the blue hills away off in the distance. Just before we reached Pork Rapids we crossed a bay to visit an Indian named Joe Watta, who was camped in a red pine grove. He had two or three tents but no house. There were three rabbit skin blankets hanging out. One of them was new and the fur, which is whiter than on our rabbits, makes a very handsome gray fur blanket that is soft, light and very warm. The blankets sell for $15. A tanned moose hide, with two bullet holes in it, had been hung up to dry. It was a lovely shade of yellow and very soft and pliable. The moose meat was hanging on the drying rack over a smouldering fire, but the flies had been there before us, so we did not buy any. In the garden were cucumbers, pumpkins, potatoes, beans, onions, corn and rutabagas. Vegetables grow well here, for, while the season is short, it is warm and the soil is very fertile.

We made a short portage around Pork Rapids, and when we launched our canoe again were in the forest reserve. For some distance the river is broad with low shores fringed with reeds and covered with hemlock, maple, poplar and an occasional cedar, while the hills in the distance are covered with pine. The frost had painted the poplars yellow and touched the maples with red, adding much to the beauty of the river. About five o'clock we landed on Red Pine Point at the head of a bay just below the narrows, where the river makes a sharp bend. We camped in a grove of red pine trees, magnificent specimens, many of them a hundred feet high, growing tall and straight, with no limbs except a clump at the top. We were sheltered by a hill back of our camp and had a pretty view across the bay and down the river.

Taking our rods and fly book, we went to the narrows to try our luck while the guides put the tents in shape for the night and cooked supper. The fish were not hungry, but we were, and gladly went to supper when the guides called. Some time in the night we were wakened by the cry of an owl. I thought it was a pack of wolves, for I had never heard an owl make a noise like that before. There was a first cry that sounded quite near, followed by a peculiar hooting that sounded some distance away.

The next morning was very cloudy, and as it was Sunday we did not move camp. The Doctor and Sam went out and caught a fish for breakfast, and Sam baked some corn cakes that were not hard to eat, but I never cared to count the number that disappeared off my plate.

After applying hot skillet handles to the bottom of the canoe, we took our storm coats, camera, two tin cups and the gun and went up the river. Above the narrows the river widens until, near the mouth of the Mattawapika River, it is almost a lake and contains great beds of rushes and wild rice. We had expected to get a duck here, but they were so wild we could not get close enough for a shot. Jamie Mowett, a Scotchman that used to be in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, is married to an Indian woman and lives at the head of this bay. He has a comfortable log house, but his garden was not as good as the Indian's we had seen the day before. It was still early, so we bought a loaf of bread, a jar of huckleberry jam and a quart of milk and continued on our way up the river in the hope of getting a duck. We paddled through marshes and beds of wild rice, but did not get a shot at a duck, and about one o'clock went ashore for dinner. Sam had a small hunting knife and we cut the bread with it, but the blade was too narrow to be of much use getting jam out of a jar. Bob cut two notches, one above the other, in a small poplar, split off the piece between and made two nice little paddles that brought out the jam. We ate all the jam, nearly all the bread and drank all the milk. There were high bush cranberries growing around us and we gathered about a quart and Sam found some black currants and put with them. We were at least six miles from camp, with a stiff head wind and an occasional shower, so we gave up the ducks and returned.

We cooked our cranberries in lots of water, strained them through a piece of clean muslin, sweetened the juice, put it on the fire again, and in a few minutes had our jar full of jelly, which proved to be delicious; the handful of currants had greatly improved the flavor.

The wind had been increasing all evening, and as we sat by the fire I kept watching the tops of the big pine trees swaying back and forth till one of the guides, thinking I was afraid, said there was no danger as long as the wind contined in that direction. It commenced to rain, and the guides covered the provisions over carefully with the tarpaulin and we went to bed. About eleven o'clock Sam called us and said he did not like the conditions of the weather; he was afraid we were going to have a storm. The wind had changed and was very high, and the clouds had a stormy look. The guides thought we had better move across the bay to a clearing where an Indian, Petin Albany, lived. We soon had our shoes on and I gathered up my hairpins out of the crown of my hat, tied them in my handkerchief, and we were ready to start. The canoe was launched, and taking our pine bed, blankets and tent we paddled across the bay. It was a good deal of a disappointment to be blown out of such a warm, comfortable bed into the cold at twelve o'clock at night. The night was dark, the sky very stormy looking and the wind high enough to make things more than interesting. I thought we would surely be blown on the rocks before we could find the Indian's landing, but after paddling along the shore a couple of times we found a tiny dock.

The canoe was lifted ashore and we went up to the Indian's house but he was away and the door fastened on the outside with a padlock. Our tent was soon up and the bed made, then the guides, wrapping up in their blankets, crept under the canoe and we heard Bob say: "I wonder what we did with the jelly?"

The wind had been increasing and was now blowing very hard, but we were safe and slept well. We had a 7x7 "A" tent, and it was almost impossible to put it up so the wind could not blow under. The best tent for such a trip is a 7x8 with an 18-inch wall, and when put up there should be 6 inches on the ground, leaving a 12-inch wall. The six inches on the ground is drawn in under the tent and the bed is made on this, thus shutting out the cold wind.

The blow was over in the morning, and the pine trees were all standing. The guides were inclined to apologize, but we concluded that guides who would go to that much trouble for the sake of protecting tourists were worth having. After an early breakfast we loaded the canoe and were soon at the Mattawapika Falls, which are very wild and picturesque. The water falls over in three divisions, or falls, which are separated by well wooded islands. We were just on the edge of the Laurentian formation and the ragged cliffs were of a slaty rock while the river bed was full of boulders, many of them weighing hundreds of tons. For some distance above the falls the high bluffs are very rugged. There is a copper mine on the right shore, but it is too far from the railroad to be profitable.

Coming through a narrows into a wide bay full of rushes and wild rice, we saw a number of muskrat houses and a big flock of ducks. Landing on a cranberry swamp we gathered low bush cranberries, or the berry of commerce. On the sandy beach where we landed we saw fresh tracks of a wolf following a deer. The side trips on which the guides took us for berries, ducks, or fish, or up some little hidden creek, or to see a pretty fall, or to the top of a hill where we could get a wonderful view, were quite a rest, and added much to the interest of our cruise. When we reached Mattawapika Lake we landed on an island, made tea and ate a lunch. Near the foot of the lake we went ashore on a sandy beach to explore what seemed a lake lying some distance back from the bay, but proved to be an arm of the bay that could be reached through a narrow outlet some distance further down. On the beach we found moccasin and moose tracks. Early in the afternoon we passed through the Obisaga Narrows, and were in Lady Evelyn Lake, with its cold, sparkling blue water and its beautifully wooded islands. The day was perfect. the sky a clear, bright blue with here and there an island of fleecy white clouds. The water was rough from the wind the night before, which added to the exhilaration and made the canoe seem a thing of life as it bounded over the waves.

On our right, in the distance, was the house where one of the fire marshals lived; in front was water and islands and pine trees; on our left was water and islands and pine trees, and beyond them rose the Maple Mountains, a broken line of deep, intense blue against a blue sky.

It was a magnificent view, and if once seen would never be forgotten.

Lady Evelyn Lake is almost a thousand feet above sea-level, and the Maple Mountains are over two thousand

Keeping to the left across Lady Evelyn we passed near an island on which there is a fine camp ground, table, benches and everything convenient. We were on an arm of the lake stretching toward the west and intended to camp for the night on the portage around the Sucker Gut Falls. About half way down this arm we passed the home of a Pagan Indian who had died the year before, but his family still lived here, and on a little island near his house there were not less than a dozen bear skulls hanging on the trees. The old Indian had, no doubt, recited the harangue, or apology, to the spirit of the bear when he killed it and then hung the head where no animal could desecrate it, for the lower jaw-bone was securely tied to the upper jaw with cedar bark. The cedar bark was in a fair state of preservation, though the skulls had evidently been hanging there for years, as the bones were old and moss-grown.

We were traveling almost due west and directly toward the Maple Mountains that rose up grand and beautiful far beyond the wide expanse of water we were traversing. This arm of the lake ends in a pocket inclosed by high bluffs with a break on the left where the Sucker Gut River comes tumbling down over the falls. We camped on the upper end of the portage, and after supper the guides took us two or three miles up the river, where there are good feeding grounds for moose. We saw plenty of ducks, but no moose, although they had been tramping all along the shore.

We had heard of the wonderful trout fishing in McPherson Lake, and, like many other tourists, were under the impression that we could make the trip to McPherson Lake, catch all the trout we wanted, and return to the Sucker Gut Falls in one day. On learning that this could not be done, we left the arrangements for the trip entirely to the guides. Bob had taken two parties over this route, and one of the parties had gone through to Florence and Smoothwater lakes, then down the East Branch to the Montreal River, which they followed to Mud Lake, and so back to Haileybury. We took with us enough provisions for three days, one tent, all the blankets and the cooking outfit. The other tent was left standing and everything we did not take along we cached in it until our return. I wanted a light to get some things in our tent that we were to take along, and Bob made me a candlestick. He took a round stick an inch in diameter and two feet long; one end of this he sharpened and split the other end down about two inches; then, taking a piece of birch bark, made a kind of pocket in which he set the candle. The loose ends of the birch bark were then drawn through the split in the end of the stick till the candle was held firmly in place. By shoving the sharp end of the stick in the ground the light could be placed where it was needed.

A. W. C.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Bad Men of the West.

The recent articles on the "bad men" of the West were quite interesting. They call to mind many dark incidents of border history. I quite agree with Mr. Day in his contention that these frontier terrors should not be paraded as heroes. Yet I think that some of these bad men were not as bad as they have been pictured. There were two distinct classes of bad men. One class consisted of men whose quick aim and intrepid bravery made them a terror to evildoers. The other was of those who killed for the mere love of blood and for the sake of notoriety. James Hickok, or "Wild Bill," as he is better known, was an example of the first class, while King Fisher, Alf Shade, Bill Longley and the Daltons were examples of the second class.

Wild Bill rose to fame as a man killer in the celebrated Rock Creek fight, in which he whipped ten desperadoes in a fierce hand-to-hand encounter. From that time on he was a target for the bullets of the aspiring bad men and was thus forced into many a deadly encounter which otherwise he might have avoided. As marshal of Abilene and Hays City, he succeeded in clearing that locality of most of its desperadoes, but in no instance was he the aggressor. That his heart was not in the work is shown by his many acts of kindness to the widows and children of his victims. He always paid the funeral expenses of the man he killed, and always appeared as chief mourner. Were it not for such men the West would never have been tamed. They had a mission of their own to fulfill, and knives and revolvers were the only life insurance policies they could carry.

With King Fisher and the Daltons the case was different. These men performed their bloody deeds for the notoriety it gave them. That King Fisher thirsted for notoriety is evident; he was a law-breaker instead of a law-enforcer. It is said that he once placed a signboard at the forks of the road that ran by his home, bearing the inscription:

TAKE THE RIGHT-HAND ROAD.

THE OTHER IS KING FISHER'S ROAD.

So great was the fear of him that both desperadoes and law officers dared not travel on the forbidden highway.

Bob Dalton was another candidate for the title of "man killer," else why did he say, just before his raid on Coffeyville, Kansas: "I will beat Jesse James and go him one more."

Most of these bad men met death "with their boots on." Wild Bill, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton, Jesse James and numerous others met death at the hands of an assassin; Alf Slade was hanged by the Montana vigilants, and so the list might be extended.

There is a tendency among writers to idealize these desperadoes. Never was this more evident than in the recent case of Harry Tracy. On every hand, even among people of education and influence, could be heard words of sympathy for the outlaw and ridicule for the officers of the law. Story papers, novels and even history teems with the words of praise for these border villains. The example is bad for the rising generation. If we must be hero worshippers let us choose more worthy examples on whom to lavish our praise.

Clarence Vandiveer.

Letters to a Chum.—II.

About 1:30 P. M. we were pushing down a steep bank to the water's edge. Lem stuck a pole through the wagon wheels so they could not turn, and it was well he did. The horses set the brakes on their legs and we all slid down about one hundred feet to the bottom.

Here was an acre of level ground, a natural park. Big trees, green grass and the river pouring along as clear as crystal. Here was our camp, all made ready for us, and a beauty it was. Camp stove, table, awning, seats, spring, shade, everything within twenty feet of the water's edge. How pleasant and home-like it seemed. And we were to stay there two weeks, or longer if we wished.

What shall we do first? Dinner, of course. All right, I'll catch the fish while you build the fire. No, let's just have a lunch with some hot tea, then all go and get a big mess of trout for supper. That seemed good advice, and we were soon seated round our new table.

Then rubber boots, rods, reels, lines, book of flies, basket—a grand assembly of our entire fishing outfit. Some of it is hard to find, and my best reel and line can't be found at all. I try to hold my temper as I rummage through everything. I had it last night at the ford, and I'm sure I put the blasted thing back in my tackle-box; but it isn't there, and it isn't anywhere. Confound such luck! I'd rather stay in camp than to try to use that old one; still, it might be better than nothing. "You all go ahead; don't wait for me; it'll take me a half an hour to get that old thing in running order."

And so I hurry and sweat. Finally I get my outfit into some kind of shape, after some unmentionable language, and pick up my boots and ram a foot into one of them. Down in the toe is something sharp and hard. More cuss words. Over goes the boot and out drops my lost reel. Well, did you ever! If I'd had sense enough to put on my boots first I would have been fishing an hour ago.

There were plenty of fish in that stream. I could see them, twenty at a time sometimes, watching me blunder. Throw a fly over them and they would dart away. I soon found it was no use trying to catch them that way. There they were, a continuous line of them, all with their heads up stream. All standing perfectly still without apparently any movement of the fins, while the water rushed past them at breakneck speed. "Tell me how they do it."

For an hour I did not get a bite. Then I caught a small grayling. Then moved down stream a mile or so to where there was dead water. Here I got a two-pound trout; then another larger one that made things lively for a few minutes. Getting down on a mud bank under the overhanging willows in the deep shade, the water looked dark and deep, with scarcely any current at all. The sun had gone behind the mountain. The air seemed cooler immediately. Making a good cast down stream, close to the willows, there was a lunge and a splash that almost gave me palpitation of the heart, and the reel began to sing. I had 150 feet of new silk on and I let him go till he got enough of it. Then brought him in a ways till he got ready to go again. Then buz-z-z-z-z goes the reel till only a few yards of line is left on it. Then I snub him at the peril of my rod, and he throws himself high into the air away off there mid a cascade of sparkling water. Slowly and sulkily he comes back, and I feel safer as I get more line on the reel. Then a short spurt and another gain for me. Then he changes his course and darts up stream, almost faster than I can reel in, but he finds it harder pulling up stream, and I gain on him till he comes in sight near the shore—tail first, and I can't get him turned around. Giving him an extra hard yank to get him headed right, I rouse his ire again and away he goes, and nothing short of a log chain would stop him. All my line is out again, and the fish is more lively than ever. I begin to get warm under the collar. I don't want to spend all the afternoon on one fish. I want a lot of them. So I begin winding up whether he likes it or not. Then he takes another spurt, but I put my thumb on the reel, and crack goes the rod, and two or three feet of the tip hangs slack on the line. This will never do. If I want that fish—and I bet I do—I've got to keep my nerve and handle him like a fisherman. Careful is the word. Back and forward he goes; now almost near enough for the net, and now my line is all out again. I'm sorry, Mr. Fish, that I can't accommodate you with more line, you seem to want it, but when you get so far you've got to stop if it busts the firm. Slowly and carefully I work him in. God! how my arms ache. And my beautiful new rod is a complete wreck. Still the line holds, and still the fish is on. If I only had a little more room I'd snake him up on the bank, but there is a solid hedge of willows behind me. I must fight it out right here.

I get him up close again, but can't see him, the willows make such a shade; but I know he is there, and make a dive for him with the net, but it is no go. He's off again, throwing the water all over me, and I have my work to do over again. When I get him back to the sticking place again he seems low spirited and sulky. He shows signs of giving up, and I say, "Now I've got you," and yank him out on the bank. But something happened. Something gave way—but it wasn't the fish. I suddenly sat down in the mud while my fish went off somewhere to rest.

Well, we both needed a rest. So I sat still. I didn't cry, but I felt foolishly like it. "Dick, my boy, that fish outgeneraled you. It was a fair fight and you lost. Take your medicine like a man and try him again."

I wiped the perspiration out of my eyes and looked around me. Holy smoke! it's pitch dark and about a million stars laughing at me. I wonder where camp is? What makes it so still all at once? Now, let me think a minute. Which way did I come from? Why, down stream, of course. All I've got to do is to follow up the stream to camp. Hi, ho! I wish I had a boat. Well, no use sitting here in the water any longer. I'll go to camp.

Easier said than done. Solid walls of brush confronted me at every turn. My line and basket caught on them, so I left the things and went through somehow. Good Lord, what a place, and how dark it is! It pains me yet to think of that trip, but I got through to an open place, more turned around than ever.

I looked for the North star and found five of him. Standing still trying to decide which star to tackle, I heard a faint halo-o-o-o away off to my right. Then six shots in rapid succession. I gave an answering whoop and started on, letting a yell every few steps, till I found Lem coming to meet me, with my Savage and his big yellow mastiff, Bull, the bear and lion dog.

Lem had a lantern, and, what was better still, he knew the way to camp, though I still maintain that I would have got in all right. I'll not harrow your feelings with the scolding I got when we got to camp; but honestly it sounded good, for I was eating my supper at the same time. It was good to hear Lem's big laugh when I told them about my fish. "Thar's rainbow trout in thar," he says, "that'll weigh fifteen pound. You mustuv hooked on to a big feller."

We had planned to go out after deer early the next morning, so I asked Lem what time we were to turn out in the morning. "Oh, the earlier the better," he says. "The moon's up now and deer feed the rest of the night and lay down before sun up. Our best show is to start early." They then told me that they had seen three deer while coming in before dark, a doe and two fawns.

Well, to make it short, we were on our horses, Lem and I, at dawn, with a substantial lunch, and everything we thought we should need, I with my .30-30 and Lem had my .22 for grouse. Straight up the mountain side we went, through thick clumps of aspen, where we had to look sharp to our legs. I caught some sharp scratches before I learned the knack of putting my hands against the trees and pushing the horse away from it.

Once we were within ten feet of a deer when he jumped and ran, but the leaves were so thick that we never saw him at all, or her rather, for Lem said it was a doe, but how he knew is beyond me.

Higher up it was more open, with lots of deer tracks. Once we saw some buckshot on the ground that Lem said was elk sign.

Half way up the mountain Lem, who was in the lead, stopped his horse and quietly got off. I stopped to see what he was going to do. Taking the .22 out of the holster he stepped around his horse and pointed the gun at the ground under a tree. Then I saw a grouse. .22 smokeless don't make much noise, but the grouse lay over with hardly a struggle. Then for a few seconds Lem worked the slide and shot. Chuck-caslump, chuck-caslump, caslump, chuck-caslump. Then he walked in there and brought out nine young grouse—all there was in the covey. Sounds like a fish story, don't it? But it isn't, and I can prove it, for I've got the .22 here now that he did it with.

The sun was high by this time, and deer tracks were thick wherever there was a soft spot for them to show. We had the big dog along, but Lem kept him at the horses' heels.

Up on the next bench we found a big patch of down timber. Been a cyclone through there, I guess many years ago. The timber must have been heavy in there some time, for big logs were thick on the ground. Our horses knew how to get over them, though. All we had to do was to let them take their own course. We went all right till Lem's horse tried to go over a little log that lay across two big ones, and couldn't make it. The horse wanted to turn back, but Lem urged him on, and over he went, bottom-side up, with Lem under him.

Gosh, but I was scared! But it wasn't necessary. Before I could get there to help them, they were both on their feet, none the worse for their tumble. I thought Lem was going to lick the horse for falling, but he didn't. "You poor ole cuss," he says, "if you had a rider that knew as much as you do, it wouldn't have happened."

Lem said it wasn't safe to ride any further; so we would leave the horses there and go on foot. It was pretty bad walking for a while, but later we found smoother going. Lem said that it was a good place to find a big buck lying in there sunning and hardening his horns, which were yet in the velvet.

Pretty soon Lem says: "Give me that air field glass o' yourn an' I'll set down here on a log and scan that air hillside over thar; mebbe I can see one, while you go on round that ridge and I'll meet you over yonder."

So I went on along the top of a little ridge till I got to the end of it.

Before going down off the ridge I took a look around in all directions. Back where I had come from, about 500 yards away, I could see Lem and Bull sitting side by side. Lem had his arm around the dog and held my glasses in the other hand.

While looking at them, I saw something moving in a line beyond them. Another look and I saw it was a big buck, or an elk, coming straight toward me on the jump. I got behind a handy stump and waited, my heart going pitty-pat. The buck, for such he proved to be, and a big one, too, was going to get to Lem before he did to me. Would he change his course?

He was soon up to Lem, but did not seem to see him till he went past about twenty feet away. Then Lem heard him and looked around. "Here he goes! Here he goes!" yelled Lem. "Shoot, shoot! Sick 'm, Bull, sick 'im! Shoot, shoot!"

Well, if I'd shot then I would have been pretty sure to get Lem or the dog, they were all about in line. I was aiming at the buck's head, but he was coming nearer all the time, and I know how to wait for a mallard when he comes that way.

Bull started after the deer like a yellow streak, but he couldn't keep up. The buck had changed his course and wasn't coming so good now. Still, I was sure of a shot. All this time I had been aiming at his head, and Lem had been yelling, "Shoot, shoot!" As the deer came nearer his head looked to be about all horns, and not a very substantial target, so I lowered down to his neck and cracked away. Nothing dropped.

I worked the lever as fast as I could, but by the time I was ready to shoot again the buck was opposite me, going like the wind eighty-five yards away. I swallowed my heart and tried to draw a bead on his. Bang! Nothing dropped.

I worked the lever again, and was trying to hold myself together for another shot, when the buck stubbed his toe on a log and stood right up on his head for a moment, then fell over and lay still.

Lem yelled till he was hoarse, and Bull pounced on to

the deer and began to chew his neck. I raced down the hill too fast, caught my foot in something and took a header. Soon we were shaking hands over the buck.

I want to tell you he was a magnificent specimen of a blacktail. I'll show you his head when you come to see me.

We found that my first shot had cut off his jugular vein and windpipe. The bullet had mushroomed and made a hole an inch and a half across on the far side. The other shot had hit his heart, a little too low for center, but that organ was simply pulverized and shattered.

Lem congratulated me on my shooting. Then I wanted to get back to camp just as fast as possible to show my game and tell how I did it. No general ever marched in prouder than I did that day. My wife's eyes sparkled and the roses were in her cheeks.

"Oh," said she, "how I would like to have been with you." "It was a pretty stiff climb," I says, "but by going around a little, and taking it easy, I think you could make it. So, if you think you can stand it, I will have a horse ready for you on our next hunt, and you will be one of the party."

After that she was always by my side in about all our expeditions, and I want to say that I never had a more enthusiastic, patient and pleasant hunting companion.

Now, old friend, that sounds as if I had gone back on you, but don't you think it. There wasn't a day that I did not wish you were with us, and I sincerely hope that I may have the pleasure of your good and ever welcome company, as well as the benefit of your true sportsman's inbred sagacity and instinct that has ever been so pleasant and welcome to me on many, many trips, in the future.

And now, old chum, I must hold up on this and take a lay off. I have sat here all night long, living over again as I wrote them the many pleasant incidents of this glorious trip, till daylight is peeping in at me through my open window. If you enjoy the reading of this as much as I have enjoyed the writing of it, my time has indeed been well spent.

But I cannot now complete my story of how we hunted the mountain lion and found the underground cave with its many wonders, its underground lake and its animal inhabitants. Nor how I killed my next buck. All that I leave for my next installment.

So with best wishes for your health and happiness, I wish you a very good morning.

RICHARD A. PADDOCK.

Natural History.

Amiable Bears.

Most Sociable of all the Bronx Park Prisoners.

"ONE half the world does not know how the other half lives" does not apply to human beings alone. If the saying were transposed and made to state that but a small portion of humanity—a very small part—realize how the members of the brute creation survive, by what means they do so, and what interesting material is to be gained by even a casual study of their species, it would be perhaps nearer the mark.

But few of the visitors to the New York Zoological Park, commonly called the Bronx, as they pass the four-footed occupants, consider what strange animals there are in the collection, and what unexpected traits of intelligence they possess.

Animal keepers declare that every creature in their charge has the same individual characteristics and idiosyncrasies as persons. Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the Park, says emphatically that wild animals have much more sense than they are generally credited with. Whether it is simply instinct or is an understanding gained by experience is a question. They learn enough to be able to gain sustenance and save their lives in time of peril.

"It has been often said that a bear and a wolf know the range of a rifle," said Mr. Hornaday. "I saw two coyotes out west that knew I had no gun—but that is another story," he added, reflectively.

"Of all the living creatures in the New York Zoological Park, some 2,000 in number, the most grateful and comforting are the bears," continued Mr. Hornaday. "They make less trouble, better repay care, cause less anxiety, and yield more satisfaction per capita than the members of any other collection. Since the starting of the bear collection in June, 1899, only one bear has been ill. One was executed by another and one was killed by a kind-hearted visitor with four peaches, fed on the sly. It is a pleasure to keep animals which repay our care with good health, good temper and fine development.

"Beyond question comfortable captivity, or what I call freedom in confinement, reveals many phases of animal nature which cannot be developed or observed in a state of entire freedom. The wisest animals are the most appreciative and the most philosophical. They study how to be happy though corraled; leave all fretting to be done by professional fretters, and mind their keepers. All this is when under proper conditions, remember. Of a bear roaming free in a big, sunny yard, climbing, swimming, skylarking and romping with several jolly companions, and never teased with food, much may be expected. But of a bear in an 8x10 cage, a solitary prisoner in a miserable, sloppy, stinking cell—cribbed and confined in perpetual violence to every sense and desire save appetite—what can you ask? Such an animal is but one remove from a well mountd skin in a museum. In fact, a dead animal finely mounted is better than a live one badly kept; for the latter is a sin against nature.

"In nineteen cases out of every twenty, a bear that is taken young, properly denned and intelligently cared for, promptly becomes a thing of beauty and a joy as long as he lives. No man who knows anything about bears prefers to capture them when full grown, and keep them alive in his zoological garden. The most terrible incarnation of fury which I ever saw was a newly caught, full grown grizzly. The worst black leopard ever caged was a lamb in comparison to him. The longer he remained in captivity the angrier he got; and at last he died of an overdose of misery and a broken heart.

"When bears are caught young and reared in captivity, under proper conditions, everything good in them is developed and stimulated and the bad traits are correspondingly dwarfed. Take the grizzly. As the wild animal to be hunted and killed on his native mountains, his reputation is very bad. Everywhere, save in the Yellowstone Park, he is an Ishmaelite, his hooked fist against every man, and every gunner against him. No time has he to show his real nature. He can only eat, run and fight. But in the reservation mentioned, a wonderful fact has been developed. Even in a wild state a grizzly is not dangerous when he is let alone. He haunts the hotels and tourists' camps and steals food whenever he can, but thus far, despite a thousand opportunities, he has harmed no one!"

So, indeed, by far the most amusing part of the great zoological show is the bear department. Happier and more playful creatures than these bears it would be difficult to imagine. They are much more interesting than those in Central Park, because they have more room; they display greater variety and are in greater numbers. Nowadays the majority of them are feeling just right.

In fact, so continuously are they playing tricks and pranks on one another and going through all sorts of antics, that the public suspicion is often aroused to the point of asking whether they haven't been trained to do these things. Not one of them has been trained; it is all pure animal spirits. The grizzlies in the center attract the most attention. They are big, clean-furred, hard-muscled fellows and their growth has been as rapid and satisfactory in every way as if they had been in their own native wilds. They will come shambling to the front at a call and sit there blinking with solemn good nature, or poke their big noses between the bars as a suggestion that if you have anything good to eat in your pockets they would be glad to pass judgment upon it.

Prohibitive signs all over the place warn persons against feeding the animals or throwing anything whatsoever into the cages, but the crowd around the bears the other day made an exception in favor of peanuts. So did the bears. All of them lined up in front of the pit and wagged their noses so suggestively that many a peanut, originally designed for the delectation of the buyer, found its way to the big fellows, to be promptly and appreciatively crunched up and swallowed, shell and all. One small boy of six years or thereabouts became so interested in contributing that before he knew it his paper bag was empty and he was led away bawling.

The deftness with which a bear will pick up in his clumsy paw and transfer to his mouth so small an object as a peanut is extraordinary. Some of the spectators tried the experiment of shelling the nuts and tossing in only the edible kernel. In this case the nearest bear would run out a big red tongue, lick up the dainty and poke out his nose for more. The only member of the bruin family that fared poorly the other day was the little yearling. Every time a peanut was thrown toward him one of the big bears who stood next to him would growl out: "That's not good for a small bear," or words to that effect, and would gobble it himself. Finally a peanut was thrown almost under him, and he promptly sat down on it by way of concealment until a favorable opportunity of snatching it up should occur. In vain. The predatory neighbor came over and growled. In reply the little fellow ventured to growl a bit himself. The next instant he went whirling head over heels from the force of a whack on the side of the head. The bigger bear ate the peanut, while the little fellow whimpered in a corner.

In the center of their pit is a deep pool, in which floats a large knotted log. Two of the bears are at that log nearly all the time, playing water polo with it. One will hit it a bat with a huge paw, sending it rolling across the pool, where it will be met with a swing from the other bear that rolls it back again. Suddenly both bears will make a dive for it; and the next instant the air will be full of waving paws and water will be splashed for yards around until after the "mix-up," when two great shaggy faces will reappear above the surface and one could almost swear that the faces wore a grin.

Meantime two of the other grizzlies are having a wrestling match. They are about of a size, and to see them run at each other open-mouthed with their white teeth gleaming one would suppose that when the matter was settled the Zoological Society would be out one specimen of *Ursus horribilis*. Nothing of the sort. The savage teeth close on the thick fur of the neck, the two contestants rise on their hind legs and grapple, and presently over they roll, panting and grunting and snorting with glee, while the others look on approvingly, and perhaps lay a side bet on the contest. After a fall they nose around and shake themselves and rub against the side of the pit until they happen to meet nose to nose, when they grapple again. They never lose their tempers, and when one of them gets tired of the play a little growl apprises the other, who promptly stops and lies down to rest.

The writer was present the other day when Keeper Mulvehill went into their cage to sweep it out. Naturally the crowd of onlookers was much interested when he came to unlock the door, and looked to see him provide himself with a club or iron rod or some other means of protection should the beasts attack him. The only thing he carried in with him, however, was his broom. All of the bears were lined up at the front bars, but when he entered they politely waddled away, leaving the coast clear; all except the little bear, who came around and rubbed against him and wanted to be friendly. The keeper paid not the slightest attention to any of the animals, not even taking the precaution of keeping his eye on them, nor did they seem much if any more interested in him. They accepted him as a matter of course. Once when he went over to dip his broom in the water one of the two medium sized grizzlies, who are the liveliest and most playful of the lot, ambled toward him. The man flirted a shower of drops from the wet broom into bruin's face and that animal promptly made a mild pass at the instrument, then sat down and washed his face with his paws.

The polar bears in the next pit spend nearly all their time in the pool, which they nearly fill with their huge bulk. They have a wooden ball to play with, and the chief object of the game seems to be to keep it submerged. Whenever it pops up they both whack at it at once; then, as likely as not, they forget the ball, clinch and both disappear beneath the surface. Presently one of them comes up and occupies himself with pawing down the other until it seems as if the under bear must be on the verge of drowning. All that one sees of him is an occasional pinkish paw waving signals of distress, and the curve of his back through a swirl of water. Then up comes the white head and one is amazed to see that he isn't even gasping for breath. There was one period of a trifle over a minute that one of the polars was submerged while the writer was watching, and all that time he was struggling at a rate to breathe any creature, but he was apparently perfectly comfortable when he came up, and promptly proceeded to put his companion down. They are beautifully white and clean looking fellows, and seem to be in as fine condition as the grizzlies.

On the further side of the grizzly cage are the black bears and Japanese bears. The latter are quiet fellows and don't pay much attention to their fellow citizens. Both of the black bears were brought up in captivity and fed on sweets and ice cream, which is very bad for little bears, and in consequence their growth has been stunted, and it is doubtful whether they will ever be more than anything but dwarfs. But they are as lively as crickets, and one of them is possessed of an abiding curiosity. He loves to climb up the side of his cage that adjoins the grizzly cage and look down on the grizzlies. Maybe he would climb right over there if there weren't ingrowing spikes at the top to prohibit such visits, and then there wouldn't be any more black bear. The grizzlies always come over and rear up to meet him, and he clings like a fly to the wire side of the pit above their heads and makes faces at them. When he isn't doing that, he is showing off his paces around the pit, for he has a great conception of his ability as a runner.

When the cinnamon bear and the Kadiak bear get to wrestling, as they do nearly every day, there is no end of fun. The other day they wrestled right on the edge of the water pool in their cage, and the Kadiak rolled his huge friend head over heels into the water. Then he stood on the edge and seemed to jeer. The cinnamon struggled and sputtered, and one seemed to hear the profanity that he let loose. To add insult to injury the Kadiak refused to wrestle any more with his chum until he dried off; so Brownie chased him all around the pen trying to corner him, while the grizzlies looked on with evident amusement.

This Kadiak is one of those rare bears who have their home on the long string of islands running out westward from Alaska, and until a few years ago it was considered one of the great tasks of the naturalists to get a live specimen of this splendid brute. The management of Bronx Park are very proud of their specimen, which was born near Cook's Inlet, Alaska, in 1899.

In the middle cage there is never any end to the frolic. The brown bear is the prize buffoon, and his particular friends are the two cubs, black and brown. He plays the star in the daily variety show, and they support him. He lies down and they roll all over him. pull his ears, make tats of his long hair, chew his throat, and maul him generally.

The other day the small brown cub was manifestly homesick. He went pacing restlessly up and down his cage, refused to eat, simply could not bring himself to play. His big friend tried every way to coax him into some game, but all to no avail. He moped and moped, and was as sad as any little brown bear could be who longed for home so that he thought his heart would break. Even the mournful old bear from Borneo, who thinks this is a beastly cold country, tried to cheer him up, telling him, in all probability, that he himself was about 5,000 miles from home and never expected to see Borneo again. Of course this did not make the baby bear any more happy. At last the small black bear just about his own size, succeeded in doing just what all the other bears could not do. He had respectfully stayed in the background while his elders were trying to fix things, but when they failed he came out and coaxed his lonesome chum into a game of chase around the pen and up the dead tree. The old bears sat around and approved, though the big brown bear was evidently jealous. After that the little exile was all right again.

There is no animal of them all, not even excepting the monkey, whose antics and games recall more vividly to the stroller's mind the characteristics and weaknesses of the human animal than do those of the bears. For instance, they are never satisfied with the good things that they get, but they always think that the particular steak or loaf of bread which has fallen to their neighbor is a much nicer and better steak or loaf than their own. For that reason they constantly change around from portion to portion during meal time. Very seldom does bruin sit down and eat his meal without some of these shifts.

The bears' nursery at the Park is a big yard, with a tree to climb, a swimming pool, three sleeping dens and a rock cliff. It seldom contains fewer than six cubs. It is considered a test of courage and temper to turn a new bear into that roystering crowd. Usually a newcomer is badly scared his first day in the nursery and very timid during the next. But grizzlies are different. They are born full of courage, and devoid of all sense of fear.

Director Hornaday tells that when Cyclone's traveling box was opened, and he found himself free in the nursery, he stalked deliberately to the center of the stage, halted, and calmly looked about him. His air and manner said as plainly as English:

"I'm a grizzly from Alaska, and I've come to stay. If any of you fellows think there is anything coming to you from me, come and take it!"

Little Czar, a very saucy but good-natured European brown bear cub, walked up and aimed a sample blow at Cyclone's left ear. Quick as a flash out shot Cyclone's right paw, as only a grizzly can strike, and caught the would-be hazer on the side of the head. Amazed and confounded, Czar fled in wild haste. Next in order, a black bear cub, twice the size of Cyclone, made a pass at the newcomer, and he, too, received so fierce a counter charge that he ignominiously quitted the field, and scrambled to the top of the cliff.

Cyclone conscientiously met every attack, real or feigned, that was made upon him. In less than an hour it was understood by every bear in the nursery that that queer looking gray fellow with the broad

head and short nose could strike quiek and hard, and that he would fight any other bear on three seconds' notice. From that time on Cyclone's position has been assured. He is treated with the respeet that a good forearm inspires, but being really a fine spirited, dignified little grizzly, he attacks no one, and has never had a fight.

"Speaking of young bears," said Mr. Hornaday, "the average eitizen has all he wants of a pet bear cub in six months. In a year he is tired of it, and in eighteen months he is siek to death of it. When I was in the West I heard rather a good story in that connection: A gambler out in Denver, it appears, had a couple of cinnamon bears. When they were little he had lots of fun with them, but after they grew up he could not take care of them himself, and there was nothing to do but board them out. This cost him $100 a year for each bear. By and by another gambler came along, saw the bears, and thought he would like to have some like that. 'How much will you take for them?' he asked. 'Three hundred dollars,' said the owner. They dickered for a while, and it ended in the sale of the two bears for one hundred dollars. After he had pocketed the money, the Denver man said, 'Bill, you're not so bright as I thought you. If you'd held on fifteen minutes more I'd have given you a hundred to take them bears.'"

J. Poston, Jr.

Wolf Traits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested and edified by your intelligent correspondent's (G. B. G.) delineation in your issue of April 18 of wolves' behavior when at large in their native haunts, and not disturbed or frightened by man, or conscious of man's presenee. The information which he gives of their antics, attitudes and idiosyncrasies covers a field of observation which was not studied as now in the days when I used to follow the western trails. At that time there were no Rudyard Kiplings or Seton Thompsons: no "Jungle Books" or "Animals I Have Known." Trappers and hunters aequired a close familiarity with the habits of animals only so far as the knowledge served for their pursuit and capture. Exhibitions of wolves' doglike behavior were seldom afforded to prairie travelers. Timber wolves and coyotes both kept their distanee in the day time, excepting a few of the latter which followed the wagons and were given names, and were individually recognized. Usually when seen they were loping off over the brown swales nearly of their own color, looking askance, with tails lowered in a sneaking way, "preeisely as a frightened dog lowers his," to quote from G. B. G. Again, in another passage, he says of the eoyote (prairie wolf), "it sneaks along with downcast mien and lowered tail," etc.

So it would seem, I plead, that exception eannot fairly be taken by this observant naturalist to my original statement when differentiating the traits of dogs and wolves.

But it was when we made eamp in the evening or at dusk that we had the best opportunities to beeome acquainted with the "nature of the beast." Then they would gather in a eircle around the seething pots, and sit on their haunches, and fidget and whine just like dogs (*Canis latrans*); and later on, at supper, when an oeeasional bone was thrown at them, there was a desperate seramble and no politeness wasted. This foolishness of baiting these nuisances with tidbits was not kept up many days. The mistake soon beeame uncomfortably apparent; for at night, just as the tenderfoot was wooing sleep, the "varmints" would gather around the tent or wagon-tilt and crunch bones till we couldn't rest! So the cook was instrueted to earry the offal and remnants away out beyond the limits. This was in the fifties. Years after, when I have seorned a tent and laid out with my back to the sod and my face to the stars, I have had the starveling scamps steal the shaganappi (raw hide) from under my pillow and eat that!

Memory plays a lively part in respect to the days when I went gipseying, not only in the eountry of the Platte and Arkansas and in Dakota and Minnesota, Idaho and Montana, but in the "Prairie Provinees" of the British Northwest, where buffalo grazed galore. In those flush times when "meat was a-runnin'," the wolves didn't carry their tails down, I'm sure.

Charles Hallock.

Goodnight Buffalo and Catalo.

There have been so many eonflicting reports of the success of Mr. Goodnight's enterprise that in erossing the Staked Plains of northern Texas last September, I stopped over a train to learn something definite about his herd of buffalo, and the eatalo, as he calls the crosses between the buffalo and polled angus cattle. From the little station of Goodnight I walked a quarter of a mile back to the fine old ranch house surrounded with fruit and shade trees, an attractive spot in the big grassy plains. Mr. Goodnight said the buffalo were a couple of miles baek in the pasture, so getting into his buggy we drove out through a big corral where nine beautiful elk that had been brought in the day before to be "gentled," merely looked up as we passed them, not half as wild as the range cattle usually are.

The small pasture in whieh the herd of fifty full-blood buffalo were kept contained a few thousand aeres and was inclosed with a barbed wire fence about seven or eight feet high, of thirteen wires. As we drove through it over the prairie we could hardly see that the grass had been eaten or trampled, and when we came to the herd of buffalo lying down or grazing along a gentle slope, there was not a fence in sight and it was easy to imagine that these were wild free buffalo of the plains. It did not seem so much as if they had been feneed in, as that the hunters had been feneed out.

Mr. Goodnight said that all of the full-bloods were in this herd exeept the three largest old bulls that kept away in the corner of the pasture. The herd was a mixture of eows, calves, yearlings, two-year-olds and a few fine full grown bulls, all in perfect health and fine eondition. They were not as wild as the ordinary range cattle, and paid little attention to us. Mr. Goodnight said it was not safe to go among them on foot, but that they did not objeet to a man on horseback or in a wagon. I started up one of the best bulls and photographed him at twenty feet from the buggy, and we were often eloser to them. Unfortunately, I set my camera with too slow a speed for snap shots and spoiled all of my photographs.

In this herd there were but two of the eatalo, a three-quarters buffalo eow and her seven-eighths buffalo calf, and these kept at one side by themselves. The eow had much the build of a buffalo, but had slenderer horns, was a yellow brown eolor, and had long, straight instead of curly hair. The ealf eould not be told from a full-blood buffalo ealf. Mr. Goodnight says the buffalo and catalo will not herd together, nor will the catalo herd with the eattle. Part of the seventy catalo of various grades were out in the big pasture, so I saw only a dozen in the field near the corral. These were half and three-quarters polled angus and kept apart by themselves, not mixing with the eattle in the same field, though not different from them in general appearanee.

The half-bloods were black or with only a traee of brownish; some with little erumply horns and others without horns. The high shoulders and light hindquarters of the buffalo were noticeable in them, but not more than a fair compromise between the two parent speeies.

The three-quarter polled angus are what especially interest Mr. Goodnight at present, and he thinks promise to develop into the finest breed of cattle in the world. They are blaek without horns, have the build and heavy form of the polled angus eattle and far exeeed them in size and weight. Three yearlings standing together at one side were as large as any of the two-year-old polled angus in the herd near by, although they had been raised in the same pasture with no advantage on either side. The superiority of the grade, Mr. Goodnight says, is kept up to maturity, and full grown steers weigh eighteen hundred pounds.

By careful erossing he hopes to establish a permanent breed of very superior catalo of about the proportion of one-quarter buffalo to three-quarter polled angus, and his success seems almost assured. The grade eows are said to breed freely, but most of the bulls are eonverted into steers for the market.

Mr. Goodnight crosses his full-blood buffalo only from the bulls and keeps increasing his herd as fast as possible. As they are worth something like a thousand dollars apieee, he naturally cannot afford to experiment with full-blood buffalo eows. He has no diffieulty in making the desired erosses and both full-bloods and grades are perfeetly hardy. He has never lost any of his buffalo exeept by injury when shipping or handling them, and I see no possible danger to his herd exeept through in-breeding.

Vernon Bailey.

Chamberlain's Nuttall's Manual.

Several years ago we called attention to the enterprise of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in issuing an edition of Nuttall's Ornithology, and to their exeellent judgment in choosing Mr. Montague Chamberlain to supervise the editorial work of the volume. At that time we said:

"Of the earlier writings on Ameriean ornithology none have a greater charm than those of Thomas Nuttall. The result of his labors were modest by eomparison with the elaborate produetions of Wilson, Audubon and Bonaparte, but in the two little volumes whieh eonstitute his work there was careful study and painstaking care. Whether as botanist or ornithologist, Nuttall was a elose observer, and he wrote with a deep feeling that appeals most strongly to all lovers of nature. He it was who first wrote a eonneeted history of our birds in sueh form that it was accessible to the general publie. Other works on the subject were expensive and to be seen only in the libraries of the wealthy, but the two plain volumes of the 'Manual' with their pleasing text and their simple yet truthful wood engravings, were within the reaeh of all. It was a popular hand-book of ornithology, and the eharm of its style, as well as of its subjeet, at onee seeured for it a large share of the popular favor, so that after a few years it passed to a second edition."

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have now issued a new edition of this work, the title page of whieh reads, "A Popular Hand-Book of the Birds of the United States and Canada, by Thomas Nuttall. New revised and annotated edition by Montague Chamberlain, with additions and 110 illustrations in eolor."

So far as the type matter of this edition goes it is essentially similar to the earlier one in two volumes, which bore date 1891. There are, however, some additional notes on the speeies and twenty lithographic plates of different speeies, chiefly reduetions from Audubon's plates, with a few from Wilson and others. Everything good that was said about the earlier edition thus applies to this one, and the eolored plates are particularly good in color, most of them being exceedingly truthful and life-like. The two volumes of the old edition, printed on light weight paper, are bound up in one quite thiek volume, and yet the book is not heavy to the hand, although eontaining about 900 pages. We note an apparent error or two in naming the species figured in colors, since figures 4 and 5 on plate 16 do not appear to be herring gulls; nor does figure on the same plate appear to be a Bonaparte's gull, though Audubon's figure and name are given.

On the whole, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have performed good service in presenting again to bird lovers so charming and useful a book as this, to which the colored plates add a very great deal. The priee of this edition is very modest, being only $3.

"The Intelligence of Wild Things."

Northwood, April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to thank Hermit for his article on "The Intelligence of the Wild Things." His straightforward statements will be approved by every observer of wild life who reads Forest and Stream.

John R. Spears.

Four-Legged Fowls.

Four-legged fowls are mentioned in the Bible—in Leviticus xi. 20! Which see.

Charles Hallock.

One Way to Cast out Devils.

Boston, Mass., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Who was the inspired idiot who proclaimed that if you take the piazza off your bird-house the English sparrows forthwith will eease their troubling of the bluebird inmates? If you know him, present to him my eompliments; for, to quote a friend, "I am ever polite;" and tell him that it may be all right in his latitude, but in the neighborhood of Boston, where the sparrows as they choose ean make small gargoyles of themselves along the publie library eaves or take a (lamp) post graduate course at Harvard University, they are altogether too well educated. Theoretieally I thought so, for I found them nesting in a knothole in an apple tree not two inehes wide, and on the under side of a sawn off limb. Praetieally I know it, having believed too easily others knew best and removed the piazza in eonsequence.

I set up a model tenement house in my garden; lofty within, with a half-chamber above, and two rooms back to baek. In a day, two bluebird families entered into possession. In a week, a pair of sparrows began to interfere with the family on the most desirable, sunny side. So I took my saw to the piazzas and abolished them. I forgot to add, the house has a gable roof with an attic open to the breezes from end to end, and thus in summer will be espeeially eool.

Did the sparrows go? Not they! On the eontrary, the bluebirds had to, on that side. Twice I rose in my wrath and my pajamas after dark and ripped out the sparrow nest bodily. Baek they eame, with the persisteney well known as one of the attributes of devils, and built again. So, as my polite hints were thus ignored, and guns are tabooed, I set a flipflap wire mousetrap in the room after onee more elearing out the straw; and next morning found it at the bottom of the pole with a very mad sparrow in it fast by the neck. "So much for Buekingham!" And the other imp has never come baek after the first whirl of indignation. Once or twiee I have caught the bluebirds clinging to the lower sill and looking in, as though they realized that some great tragedy had happened there; but not once have I seen them enter on that side, as yet. Still I am hoping. Meanwhile, I ean commend that mousetrap for neatness and dispateh. I don't know it's name; but as it is a patented artiele your hardware man can find it doubtless. It has a flat bedplate, a wire loop bent baekward and eaught down, and a foodplate. Its value lies in its small size and flatness. It eould be slipped in most anywhere that it is wanted.

J. P. T.

P. S.—By the way, go easy on John Burroughs, boys! Remember, he is no longer young; and while, like others, he ean now be eaught napping, still he's probably learned and forgotten more than many of us young fry ever knew, and has helped greatly to spread abroad the gospel of outdoor life and observation.

Swimming Squirrels.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Early last Saturday morning, April 11, while out on the lake near this plaee in my eanoe, I heard a splash near the shore one one side of an arm of the lake, and saw some animal that I thought was a muskrat swimming and headed for the other shore, whieh was some forty or fifty yards distant. Turning the eanoe in that direetion I quietly paddled toward the animal, the head of whieh then looked very small for a muskrat's. As I got nearer it seemed more like a big watersnake than anything else, as it had quite an undulatory motion; but as it crawled ashore I found it to be a very large gray squirrel. After getting ashore it slowly crawled up the trunk of a nearby ehestnut tree and dragging its tail. Then it erawled from limb to limb and slowly jumped from one tree to another, without using its tail seemingly, until I lost sight of it. As it swam I noticed that it dragged its tail all the while under the water, and when it got ashore it eould have been caught very easily had one been there when it landed.

As I was within perhaps ten feet of it when it got ashore, I had a good opportunity to observe its movements; and sinee there has been quite a discussion of late in Forest and Stream in regard to gray squirrels erossing bodies of water, I was greatly interested; so much so that I took particular notice of this one's every move. I noticed that it swam as easily as a muskrat, and as the water was very eold—since there was a heavy frost the night before—I came to the conelusion that that branch of the squirrel family is accustomed to swimming in cold weather, and as I saw nothing that eompelled it to swim across, it showed conclusively that gray squirrels can take to the water and handle themselves easily in it when they choose to do so, or when neeessary.

About gray squirrels migrating, I have never seen them do it, but last year my brother up in Connecticut told me that onee some three years since when he was in the woods he saw scores of them, all big ones, going through the woods all in the same direction, and as he was in the midst of them, they would turn a little away from him on each side and continue on their way, showing but little fear. He said it surprised him greatly to see so many of them at the same time all going the one way.

A. L. L.

Asbury Park, N. J.

One Buffalo the Less.

America's deeimating colony of buffalo has lost another chief. "Ben Tillman," the prize bull in the herd in Pawnee Bill's Indian show, yesterday bit the dust, dying with honor in a fatal battle with a rival of his own fierce breed. The fight took place in Pawnee Bill's winter quarters in Carnegie. "Ben" weighed 2,100 pounds, and was valued at $5,000.—Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette, April 14.

Misser—"Is there anything I ought to do while waiting for the bird to rise?"

Farmer—"Yep; you might as well hand me $10 in advanee fur shootin' the dog."—Washington Evening Star.

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Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

My First Hunting Trip.

WHO would believe it? Two years ago I fired a shotgun for the first time. I handed it back with disgust, swearing never to touch such a cursed thing again, for not only did I miss the bird, but, as if for punishment, I had my shoulder kicked green and blue. The consolation which I got from my companion was a laugh and the advice to hold the gun to the shoulder next time, not half a mile from it.

It took quite a while to get over my disgust with shotguns, though I could not withstand the temptation to accept an invitation to a pigeon shoot. Once there I overcame the distrust and brought up the gun as advised. I soon found that I could do as good work as the rest, if not better; in fact, after a while I could understand how a man can be in love with his gun. Christmas brought a most welcome gift, a fine rifle—a Savage little affair which promised me lots of fun. Too late in the season, I had to wait for my occasion the coming October. I found a companion who shared my inclinations, and by the middle of October we were off to the nearest hunting grounds which promised to give us the much looked for sport.

As I cannot absent myself too long from my professional work, we decided to go to Maine, and on inquiry we selected Mesardis as our starting point. The trip was uneventful, although for me—and I have traveled much—full of interesting sights. An amusing incident occurred on board the train while nearing Bangor. It was a traveling rum shop. A lot of robust looking lumbermen came into the smoker led by a decrepit looking fellow, who had his hip pockets stuffed with quart bottles of gin or applejack. Every now and then he would march up to a fellow and address him with: "Come, I have one with you now." He then produced a dirty looking tumbler and filled it to the other's heart's content with fire-water. After the tumbler was returned, he took his horn with a smile. A few words of conversation followed and out came a little book, the ledger, and the victim was charged with so much; and these tactics he kept up, returning to the same man three and four times, and never forgetting his book. When we were near to the station our Boniface made his final trip, asking each one to pay or to sign his name to the amount he was indebted. But alas! it was easier to give the drinks than to collect the pay. Bangor made an end to the squabble and we all felt relieved.

From Bangor upward the route is rich in scenic effects; the most impressive sight is the Katahdin Mountain, a giant among giants, its summit covered with fresh fallen snow. Station after station the crowded cars became emptier, and when we reached Masardis only a few sportsmen remained who went further up into the woods.

Our host, Mr. Libby, was awaiting us with a comfortable buckboard; he bundled us up snugly in buffalo skins and soon we were on the way to Oxbow, a distance of about ten miles, which we covered, although the roads were bad, in less than two hours. Once in Oxbow we were cared for with all home comfort, almost too tenderly for sports who are out to rough it.

After a good night's rest we started early in the morning on our trip up the Aroostook River. As usual, our guides had provided for the canoes. It was our intention to travel all day to reach a certain camp in the evening. The weather was raw, rain drizzled all day, the river was very low; in short, there was no pleasure for us or guides, who had their greatest trouble to push the frail craft over the eddies up stream.

Toward evening my man, who was of the two the stronger, but not the wittier, was quite a distance in advance of my companion's canoe. We reached a carry where canoe and outfit have to be carried for about a mile; he thought it best that he would bring his canoe to the upper side, that meanwhile my friend would come up and could follow. So it came that I found myself alone on the banks of the Aroostook River in pouring rain, peeping expectantly down stream for the second canoe. Now, that canoe did not come, nor did my guide come back, but night came, and that suddenly, too. Shivering from cold, sneezing and coughing, I looked around and tried to decide what was best to do under the circumstances. The blankets were gone, the victuals were in the second canoe. All I had were the few belongings which I carried on my person, including matches, hunting knife, and on my chest a Boston Sunday paper to keep warm.

Before it became too dark I began to cut off all the branches which I could reach from the surrounding firs and pines. Soon I had a big pile and before long I had started a blaze, which illuminated the skies to such a distance that even my guide a mile away noticed that something was wrong and returned. I had my great troubles to keep the fire going, as my knife had become dull and as dry wood was not to be found. The guide felled some trees and green as they were they burned lustily.

What had become of my companion? Undoubtedly his canoe had sprung a leak while passing one of the many shallow places; the poor man was probably in the same stress some miles down the stream as I was up here.

We decided to spend the night here. Supper consisted of a drink of chocolate made in an old tin can which we found on the ground and a swallow of whisky; to keep warm, I danced around the fire all night like an Indian, steaming in front and freezing on the back.

At daybreak we decided to continue our trip to the camp and to return in the afternoon for my companion, if necessary. About 10 A. M., after crossing a lake, we reached the camp. The first man we met was our lost friend, who asked us most sympathetically where we had been so long, why we spent the night in rain while a good warm bed was awaiting us nearby. His guide had injured his hand and had to give up canoeing. They had tramped several miles over an old tote road, and had many times been in danger of breaking their necks, but nevertheless had reached the lake about 10 P. M. They built a fire to attract the attention of the camp and soon a canoe called for them, and after a hearty supper they had retired.

I was suffering from a peculiar feeling of misplaced confidence, but I got over it, and the incident ended in a laugh and a change of clothing.

We needed a rest, so we spent the day in restoration of the inner man and turned in soon, as we wanted to start early next morning.

The weather had changed; though cold the atmosphere was clear and bracing. My friend's guide had fetched the abandoned canoe the previous day, and we both embarked, I taking good care not to lose sight of the second canoe again. For a distance of about four miles we had a chance to stretch our legs in a brisk walk along the borders of the river, a most welcome exercise after being cramped and frozen in a canoe for hours. The night we spent in a camp which we reached shortly before sunset.

Seven o'clock saw us in our canoes again; a ride of three hours brought us to a tote road, and a tramp of eight miles lay before us to reach our final destination—Spider Lake.

The guides packed themselves with our luggage; small as it was, a great burden considering the distance and the poor condition of the roads.

We had not gone 500 paces when my first opportunity for action came. Stepping out of a pine cluster I saw standing before me a big buck. To say anything as to the size of horns would simply be an invitation for me to lie, for they could not have been as big as I thought and still think they were. My rifle rested leisurely against my shoulder, prepared for the long march, my eyes were fixed on this thing of beauty—my first buck. It took quite a while before it was clear in my mind that something had to be done, and when I did it the buck ran off, showing me, as a cordial adieu, his white flag. I had made a botch of it. Strong language followed all around. I saw in the eyes of the guides that they did not think much of me as a shot.

Arrived at the camp our arrangement was great. Sixty miles from Oxbow, after a three days' trip over land and water, we found anything and everything the most spoiled city chap can ask for, from a good dinner with daily changes of table linen to a library of well selected books. To think that all these luxuries had to be carried here the same route we had come made a strong impression upon us and spoke worlds for the good will of the dear people to please in every way. The camp was so inviting that I can easily understand that a man with time on hand could content himself with the pleasures he finds in and around the camp for almost any length of time. With us it was different; eight days was all the time we could spend here, and in this time our sporting tastes had to be satisfied.

Next morning after a short consultation with the few sportsmen whom we met in the camp, each guide selected a different corner of the compass and we started to test our luck. Considering the short time of eight days I must confess that we did not economize properly our time, but I suppose many others have made the same mistake. The hunting was not done with the same zeal the first few days as later on. True enough, we spent the whole day in the woods, but foolish things were done which should have been left undone. For instance, the first day I killed many partridge, and I do not know how much game I frightened away by my cannonade. On the fourth day I surely missed in this way my second opportunity; a big buck started right in back of us after I had decapitated a partridge.

From then on I kept my gun in control. I became foxy in a certain sense, for the first thing I met next day was a fox, which walked right up to me the same as if I was nobody; so near, in fact, that I could have used my rifle to give him a hypodermic injection of morphine instead of a shot. I had really no trouble to shoot him, so near did he come to my legs. The result of such a shot is plain—only head and neck of his fur were worth taking along. The same day I shot at a doe, but I think there was still some buck fever in me, for I shot low, breaking one leg. We followed her up for some time, but we lost the track of blood among fallen trees in the swamp. That animal made wonderful jumps with that broken leg; she jumped over obstacles six feet high.

The sixth day snow had fallen, the best hunting conditions were prevailing, but it was the quietest day of all. We saw absolutely nothing of game; they were to an important meeting somewhere, as my guide said. Something happened, though, which I want to relate for general benefit. We had taken our lunch on top of a hardwood ridge and worked our way downward to the swamps, when suddenly my guide, who had become nettled by this time by our poor luck, raised his rifle in the direction of a cluster of firs some 200 yards away. At the same moment a pair of arms came up in the air, and a loud voice hallooed: "Don't shoot!" A tragedy was averted by a hair's breadth.

The man came up to us. He was as white as a sheet, and I suppose we were no ruddier color, either, to judge from the agitation I felt. It took a painful minute before we could speak. He had come from another camp fifteen miles away; he had left his guide a little while before to inspect some undergrowth. He saw us, or better, saw me come down the hillside for some time. The red cap which I wore had served its intended purpose as a danger signal. I had reflections of my own in how much more danger would we have been of being shot at by him in case I had not worn that flag, he being without guide and inexperienced, as he showed himself in the course of our conversation. Therefore, rather miss a chance to shoot a thousand times than to fire at the first moving object you meet in the woods. See your game distinctly, take time to aim, and then shoot straight if you can. This is sound advice.

Guide and I were homesick after this; I do not think we spoke ten words until we reached camp.

The seventh day we started early as usual. It seems we had found the meeting place of the game my guide had spoken of. In one bunch I saw ten does not more than 200 yards away, but they were not to my taste, as my friend had shot two already. After an eight mile zigzag tramp, we saw four bucks, but it was beginning to get dark and we could not think of following them; we knew at least where they were. When I came to camp I gave my solemn promise that next day I would shoot a buck.

We started early and did not make halt until we had reached the spot where we had seen the game the day before. After a while we saw two bucks far off and in a great hurry. Shortly after another buck came up and I knew that this was my buck. He was not as big as I would have liked to see him, but pleasing otherwise. He gave me the necessary time for aiming and fell shot through the shoulders.

Now we could return to mother with a clear conscience, and after a farewell all around we started on our homeward trip the next morning.

Although satisfied with my luck of having shot one buck, I kept in mind that each man was entitled to two; and so it came that after the eight mile walk was over I sat in my canoe, rifle over my knee, ready for emergency.

The first day was uneventful, we spent the night in a camp. The next day we reached the river, which, after the plentiful rain and snow, had become well filled and rapid. We shot along at good rate; we were near Oxbow when suddenly I saw, about 300 yards off, a big buck getting into the stream trying to cross it. My canoe came so swiftly upon him that when 150 yards off I fired and the buck rolled in the water over and over. The next moment I was close up to him, and in my joy I got hold of his tail, an undertaking which might have turned out disastrously to me and the guide, but fortunately it did not, for the buck was stone dead. The swift current turned us around like a shot, the buck acting as an anchorage; the judicious use of the paddle of my guide did the rest, and we landed safely. My companion having seen the lucky shot shared the joy of my luck; he saw our abrupt landing, but did not notice how much assistance against his will the buck had given us. His and his guide's aim was to see that buck and quickly, too; they made a landing like we did, minus anchorage, and the result was an overturned canoe, a sport, guide, guns and dunnage in the icy water. Now, ice water is all right at its proper time, place and combination, but surely not on such an occasion. Everything was wet; we had to forget our buck for a time and start as quickly as possible a big fire, and from our meagre store of clothing we tried to make our poor adventurers comfortable.

Who's fault was it? That was the question. We did not want to make anybody feel bad, so we put it on the dead one—the buck did it! Then curse the buck! was all our wretched fellows could say. Now, that curse did not keep me from taking that buck home with me, and by the time I served him to a circle of interested friends even my fellow sport had forgiven him the trick he had played him when he was the innocent cause of such an untimely balk.

SEA CLIFF, L. I. H. G. W.

Lottery Cases and the Lacey Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The relation between game laws and interstate commerce has always been a matter of interest to sportsmen; and this is especially true since the enactment of the Lacey law by Congress. In this connection, therefore, it is of interest to notice the development of the law as announced by the Unted States Supreme Court, on the various phases of this important question. Perhaps no single question, which still remains unsettled in the highest court of the land, is more important than this of the relation of the general Government to and its power over interstate commerce.

The late cases, commonly called the Lottery Cases, have attracted widespread attention, and have been variously commented on by the newspapers and by law writers throughout the land. Many of these comments have been immature and hasty, and have displayed a very slight knowledge of the law, as well as an inaccurate reading or understanding of the decisions themselves.

The cases in question were two: The first and most important being that of Champion vs. Ames, in which Champion had been indicted in the United States District Court for Texas for conspiracy, under Section 5440 of the United States Revised Statutes, in attempting to do an act prohibited by the Act of Congress of 1895, for the suppression of lotteries, the specific act charged being sending by express from Dallas, Texas, to Fresno, California, a package of lottery tickets in the Pan-American Lottery of Paraguay. The second case was an indictment of one Francis, under the same section, for a somewhat similar offense, that of sending policy slips from Kentucky to Ohio. As the court held in the latter case that the act charged was not an offense under the statute for the suppression of lotteries, it is not necessary to further consider that case.

The contention of counsel for the prisoner in the first case was that the law was unconstitutional, that lottery tickets had no commercial value and could not therefore be articles of commerce, and that in any event the power given to Congress by the Constitution to regulate commerce among the States did not include the power to absolutely prohibit it, as was attempted to be done by the act of 1895 referred to.

The court, however, laid down the broad proposition that the act complained of constituted interstate commerce; and that the power to regulate included the power to prohibit. The court was careful to confine its decision to the precise question before it; and while it did not accept the suggestion of counsel for the prisoner that the question of whether or not an article had value was the only test of its commercial character, still held that lottery tickets were things of value. As to the suggestion made that if Congress could prohibit traffic in lottery tickets it could prohibit traffic in any and every article of commerce, the court said that such a result by no means followed; that the legislation of Congress was supplemental to that of most, if not all, the States, making lotteries illegal; saying also that "It is a kind of traffic which no one can be entitled to pursue as of right;" and that "As a State may, for the purpose of guarding the morals of its own people, forbid all sales of lottery tickets within its limits, so Congress, for the purpose of guarding the people of the United States against the 'widespread pestilence of lotteries' and to protect the commerce which concerns all the states, may prohibit the carrying of lottery tickets from one State to another."

This, therefore, is another illustration of the often disputed but well-established doctrine of the exercise by the general Government of a police power of its own in aid of the exercise of such a power by the several States; a declaration, in another form, of the enunciation of the same court in a former case, that "there is a peace of the United States."

The bearing of this decision on the question of the validity of game laws, and especially on the Lacey law, is at once apparent to anyone who understands the subject. Laying aside, for the moment the question whether, owing to the peculiar nature of the property in game, it can ever become a subject of interstate commerce, it appears that where the States, in the exercise of what is called the police power, limit or prohibit the traffic in an article, Congress may, as supplemental to the State right, further declare that there shall be no interstate commerce in such an article; and that the only practical limit to the exercise of such power is the legislative discretion. In saying this, it is not assumed by me nor was it assumed by the court, as has sometimes been suggested by careless readers of the decision, that this power extends in all cases to the exclusion of legitimate articles of commerce; nor is it to be assumed that Congress, even had it such power, would arbitrarily exercise it to the injury of the commercial interests of the nation.

In regard to game, it has been repeatedly declared that the individual citizen has no property therein, save and except such as the mass of the people, acting through their Legislatures, think fit to give him: that the right to take game is a mere boon or privilege which can be bestowed or withheld at pleasure; that a State may permit its citizens to take and dispose of game within its borders, thus making it an article of State commerce; and may at the same time prohibit its export beyond the limit of the State. If a State can do this, cannot the same State further say that game brought into the State contrary to the laws of another State shall not be possessed or dealt in? Clearly such can be done.

The constitutionality of the Lacey law, which prohibits interstate commerce in game taken in violation of the laws of a State, had not been passed upon by the Supreme Court of the United States; but it seems perfectly clear that the application of the decision in the Champion case to that law would make it invulnerable to any attack on that ground.

Furthermore, as no one has, under the law, any absolute right to or property in game at any time, and as the possession thereof is at all times subject to the will of the Legislature, it would seem that no one has or could have any "right" to make it an article of interstate commerce any more than he has a right to traffic in lottery tickets. It may also be said that the case of game is even stronger than that of these tickets; for to admit that a specific thing is an article of commerce assumes at once, it seems to me, that it has all the attributes of ordinary commercial articles, one, and perhaps the most important, of which is that it can be and is the subject of absolute ownership, an attribute which game does not possess.

It has often been suggested that the enactment of game laws comes within the exercise by the States of what is commonly called the police power; and it may be as well, for lack of a better classification, to continue to so treat this class of laws. But it is submitted that they can be sustained on a higher and different principle. Police regulations almost universally operate upon persons or property directly; that is, such property as is capable of ownership in the common acceptation of the term; and their validity is frequently disputed on the ground that they deprive persons of their property without due process of law. Indeed, this is one of the commonest grounds of attack. Even here, however, the courts have said that such laws are not invalid because they have the effect to destroy property of small value, or to indirectly deprive the owner of the use thereof. It would seem, therefore, that in legislating in regard to an article like game, the ownership of which is always in the whole people of a State, in their aggregate capacity, the question of individual right of ownership was not involved; and that, as no one had any right therein, no law could deprive him of that which he did not possess.

How far Congress can go in prohibiting interstate commerce in an article not in itself injurious to morals and not prohibited by any State law, was not, as has been already stated, decided in the Champion case; but it may well be that such a power exists in regard to game; and that Congress might go further than it has done at present, and declare that there shall be no interstate traffic in game; and this entirely regardless of any State law. This and other questions will probably be decided in due time.

Joseph B. Thompson.

New York, April 15.

Deer Hounding.

Springfield, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith a clipping of a reprint of a recent article in the New York Sun regarding the subject of hunting deer with dogs. This article pretty nearly expresses my own idea on the subject, and it would please me to see it reproduced in Forest and Stream if you can find room for it.

E. M. Wilkins.

"I was among those who strongly urged the passage of the law prohibiting the hunting of deer in this State by hounding," said a well known Sullivan county sportsman, "but after seeing the effect of that law the last season in Sullivan county I am just as strongly in favor of repealing that clause.

"The chief argument against hounding deer was that it did not give the deer a fair chance; that it was cruel and tended to the annual decrease of their number in the woods. The law permits the killing of but two deer during the season by any one hunter.

"Now, two deer are two deer, the opponents of the anti-hounding clause argued, and it did not lessen the number of deer in the woods whether the two were killed before hounds or by still-hunting. To this the answer was that by still-hunting the hunter was not so likely to get the range of the game and if a first shot was not a killing one he could not follow the deer and locate it with any certainty by stalking, and with hounds on the trail he could. Hence many deer that might otherwise fall to the hunter's score would escape during the season.

"In Sullivan county last season, which was the first open season for deer in that county for six years, not less than fifty deer were shot at and wounded during the two weeks the season lasted, but managed to get away from the hunters. I have heard of the finding in the woods since the season closed of the carcasses of eighteen deer, seven in the Black Lake region alone, all with bullet or shot wounds, proving the cause of death.

"The seeing of crippled deer here and there is also reported. A buck walking on three legs came into a field near Sackett Pond the other day, and a trackman on the Erie saw a doe cross the track above Cockerton dragging one hind leg helplessly. It is reasonable to assume that these were victims of the chase and got away, their wounds not proving fatal, and there are doubtless many others.

"But there, at any rate, were eighteen deer killed by hunters who never knew it, and who, of course, kept right on hunting, eager to get a showing for their time in the woods, thus, perhaps, killing more than their quota of two. The intention of the law was certainly not served, and how did it benefit game preservation?

"With dogs to follow their trail those eighteen deer would have gone to the credit of the hunters from whom they escaped, and the chances are that the lives of as many more that were killed to make those misses good would have been spared. In other words, the still-hunter in many instances killed four, and maybe more, deer in Sullivan county last fall, where the hound hunter would have killed but two.

"It seems cruel to chase a deer with hounds that never relent on the trail, but isn't it cruel to hunt the deer, anyhow? Hounding may be cruel and not entirely fair to the deer, but I am satisfied by the result in Sullivan country that it is more merciful to the deer than still-hunting, less apt to breed infractions of the law, and, with the same number limit to the hunter as now and an open season of but two weeks, I believe it would be better for the preservation of the deer."

The Connecticut Wildfowl Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why our legislators and other officeholders do things at times which they must know to be diametrically opposite to the wishes of the vast majority of their constituents, passes ordinary comprehension. We pick up a daily paper and behold, our gaze falls on a head line which stupefies our understanding. Hardly believing our sight, we rub our eyes and look again. Then we smile, laugh or swear. What we believed to be impossible has come to pass! Yesterday all was progression, apparently; to-day we find retrogression at the helm, and we are left to grope in the dark and wonder the reason why.

Who or what has caused the Committee on Fisheries and Game of Connecticut to recommend the passage of a bill extending the spring open season on wildfowl, and why was such a bill originated? Nine out of every ten sportsmen are asking this question, and nine out of every ten who think at all are emphatically opposed to the measure. In the name of reason and common sense, can anyone tell of any benefit to come out of such a measure? The great good accomplished by doing away with grouse snaring has been partly undone by this latest legislative betrayal of the public's interest.

Sportsmen who have shot ducks on Long Island Sound for years will testify that they are getting scarcer and scarcer each season. And the fowl that stop here on their spring and fall migrations are almost exclusively coots and old squaws—though there were more broadbills last fall than in a number of years. Instead of betraying the sportsmen's interests by extending the open season to exterminate the few remaining wildfowl, the Forest and Stream's platform should have been followed, and all spring shooting legislated out of existence, and our ducks given so much more chance to propagate. And it would seem that the Committee on Fisheries and Game ought to work with its whole might and power for the perpetuation of all game rather than for its extermination. Should the committee continue its blundering policy it would be a wise and economical move for the State to abolish the committee and appoint a new one.

There is abundant opportunity for the committee to use its influence for a stricter enforcement of existing game laws, rather than in encouraging retrogressive game legislation. It must be admitted that this body has a great deal to contend with in its various labors—that it cannot be expected to perform impossibilities. But there are such glaring violations of the game laws in many instances, that stupid legislation is a direct encouragement to the evildoers. Any Sunday in the ducking season, and many times out of it, fusilading can be heard and shooters seen along the Connecticut shore. While it is easy to get out of sight in thick woods, here, on the water and along the shore, violators could be easily apprehended. And this Sunday shooting is in direct violation of the game law which imposes a fine of $25 for the same, and which forbids "having in possession in the open air the implements for shooting" on that day. If the committee has not ample power to end this condition would it not be more in keeping with its usefulness and dignity to encourage legislative action to give to it the necessary authority? These lawbreaking duck exterminators should be fined and imprisoned rather than aided in their nefarious work by a retrogressive Legislature.

If a little digression is permissible, I would say that there have been many violations of the game law where justice has miscarried, and where there is abundant room for the Legislature to do a good work instead of a poor one. It seems absolutely impossible to get convictions in most glaring cases in some sections. Local justices apparently sympathize with the law-breakers, and impose very lenient fines—if any at all. There have been a number of cases where deer have been killed, but, personally, I do not know of a single instance where the penalty has been paid! Now, here is an excellent field in which the Fish and Game Committee can wield for good that influence which it seems to possess. Let it induce the Legislature to take out of the hands of local justices jurisdiction in these cases and put the same into the hands of specially appointed judges, who will not sympathize with neighbor violators of the law, and whose findings will be impartially rendered. But, first of all, for the good of the State, let the committee and the Legislature work to undo the blunder they have made. May they awake to a realization that the people created them for "building up, not for tearing down." If the blunder was thoughtless and unintentional, they should "'bout face," fall in for progresssion, and labor for the abolishment of all spring shooting, and the better enforcement of the game laws.

But should the Legislature not voluntarily reconsider, then there remains nothing for the thousands of Connecticut sportsmen to do but enter their protest. And this should be done emphatically and fearlessly. Petitions are well enough, at times, but there is a more impressive way. I would suggest an individual letter protest. Let every interested sportsman write a personal letter to his Senator, Representatives, and the Governor. Demand the reconsideration of the present obnoxious bill, and the abolishment of all spring shooting. Make their mail heavy and imposing. It will cost but a few cents, and will take but a few minutes of time. It may be the means of saving to us, fellow sportsmen, many dollars in transportation, by perpetuating wildfowl shooting near home for years to come. It may yield hours of recreation, an abundance of health, and it will surely prove a desire on our part to keep the ducks and other wildfowl with us.

William H. Avis.

Highwood, Conn., April 18.

Woodcock Reminiscences.

A paper read by Charles A. Richardson before the Hillsboro County, N. H., Association.

I have been invited to contribute some reminiscences of woodcock and woodcock shooting of fifty years ago. I fear this may seem like ancient history to most of you gentlemen present, but I trust it will not prove without interest, if I can succeed in picturing to life what must be to most of you tradition. When I reflect that I am almost the only one left in this community of those who participated in the sport of that period, I am very glad to make even a slight record of my recollections.

To judge from the present scarcity of woodcock in this region you can hardly imagine their abundance at the period of which I write. Within a radius of ten or fifteen miles of Manchester will be embraced, probably, one of the finest portions of our State as a breeding ground for these birds, and I might add one of the best for hunting them at the season of flight or migration.

Our springy hillsides, flowing trout brooks, rich swales and alder runs were once tenanted with an abundance of these choicest of game birds, and one could hardly go amiss in seeking them in any likely cover. Even within our city limits they were numerous both in breeding and at flight time, and were often seen in our gardens in quest of food. I once shot eight birds one afternoon in that portion of now Derryfield Park, just east of the "Old Pound"; also at "The Eddy," on the west side of the river, below the Amoskeag Falls; and there were other nearby localities within a mile of the city hall where they were numerous, either in summer or autumn. I have found them in all stages of development, from the downy fledgling of a few days old to their full growth. I have found them when nesting, and my dog has pointed them then as stanchly as at any other period.

I have seen them perform their peculiar gyrations during the mating or breeding season, and have heard their bleating or singing, as some have termed it, though think no one claims them as songsters. I have never seen them transporting their young to and from their feeding grounds, but that they do so is well authenticated; indeed, I have a truthful friend who has seen this performance.

It has never been my fortune to find much written about woodcock in the early part of the last century, I mean locally, and I have wondered if they were as much sought or as highly prized as for the last fifty years.

Dr. Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire one hundred years ago scarcely refers to them, although he does to ruffed grouse and gives a little surprising statement as to their being prolific. He says: "They are very common in our woods. Some of our epicurean gentry have begun to fear that its race will be too soon extinct, but there is no danger. This bird is very prolific; it is common to find twenty eggs in a nest, and it has several coveys in a season." Dr. Belknap would not be taken as authority on ornithology, yet it is amusing to read the notions prevailing in his day on that subject, but I would remind you that it is only recently that a popular interest has been manifested in ornithology, and I presume many of you have had occasion to know the ignorance concerning woodcock. I have frequently been asked, "What are you shooting?" by people in the immediate neighborhood, and have them manifest surprise that there was such a bird.

In some of his writings Dr. Belknap says: "A goose caught in the spring and kept on a farm with a flock of domestic geese, and when the time of migrating arrived flew southward, but returning in the spring came back and alighted in the same farmyard with four young ones she had produced in her absence."

Again: "The swallow was formerly supposed to migrate, but evidences of its retiring to the water or marshy ground and there remaining torpid during the winter are so many that this opinion is now generally received." Or that "the beak of the crossbill is like a pair of shears, by which it cuts off the stalks of wheat and rye and then lays its head on the ground to pick up the kernels."

Naturalists have different opinions respecting the music of the swan. Dr. Goldsmith seems to think the account of the music of the wild swan fabulous. What is deemed fabulous in Europe is often realized in America. It is certain that our swan makes a sound resembling that of a trumpet, both when in the water and on the wing. I am not sure that the trumpet swan does not make a sound like our wild geese, although I do not find any reference to the subject in any authorities I have consulted.

The doctor says: "Hunting is an employment followed by some people who prefer rambling to a life of steady industry." Steady industry was the rule with us half a century ago, and only an occasional day of sport snatched from employments demanding our almost constant attention was indulged in. I think there was no one in this city who followed hunting exclusively, either as a pleasure or employment. There was no one in this busy community with leisure to make hunting an "employment," but only as a recreation.

I have hunted woodcock in nearly all the towns adjoining Manchester, and have been familiar with all the notable covers therein. Of all, my preference was given to those west, including Goffstown and Bedford, and I think they afforded the best results for numbers, with one exception, "The Parsonage," in Auburn. Whoever was familiar with such places as the "Old Saw Mill," "McDougalls," "Shirley Hill," "Orrs," "Sprague's," "Roby Run," "The Greeley Place," "Tinker Run," "Nichols," "Plummers," "Worthleys," "Hadleys," "Witherspoons," "Voses" and "Dunlaps" will not feel his blood quicken as his memory reverts to days of pleasure and excitement unsurpassed by any others in his experience, when the days were not long enough, and fatigue unfelt until on our homeward journey.

You will remember that at the time of which I write wing shooting was an accomplishment acquired by few; it was the day of single-barreled muzzleloaders and spaniel dogs. Breechloaders and highly trained pointers and setters were almost entirely unknown in this vicinity, when the popular method of capturing ruffed grouse was the employment of any yelping cur that would tree them, or the use of the deadly snare more fatal than the gun. Then there were no laws for the protection of game birds or songsters. Previous to 1842 there were on our statute books laws only for the destruction of noxious animals and the restriction of the killing of certain fur-bearing animals. It was only as late as 1867 that a game law was passed restricting the shooting of woodcock between Feb. 1 and July 1, and grouse to Sept. 1. Previous to that time it was only an unwritten law with sportsmen that woodcock should not be shot before the 4th of July, but I fear it was not strictly observed.

My first knowledge of any person shooting woodcock in this vicinity was of Joseph Marshall, who kept a book store and bindery at the corner of Elm and Stark streets. He hunted "The Parsonage" and shot over a spaniel dog. This was between 1845 and 1850. But my first initiation, about 1848 or 1850, dates from my acquaintance with George Barnes and Samuel Brooks, who were the earliest sportsmen and most persistent hunters of that day. Samuel Brooks was my "guide, counselor and friend" for more than fifty years, and to him I owe the little knowledge of woodcraft to which I attained. He was almost my sole companion through all the years of my active sport life and my valued and sincere friend to the day of his death. "Age could not wither nor custom stale" his love of sport, and he was as eager to take "a day off" until a short time before his death as when in the prime of life. It was to him I was indebted for the introduction to the then known covers, and with him made the discovery of many others. Our success was varied, but I imagine that the total result was not equaled by any other two persons at that time. We both used muzzleloading guns and continued their use to the last. We had the use of well-bred pointers and setters, famous in their day, and I presume some of you may remember my Old Don, one of the noblest and most intelligent of noble dogs, with a Websterian head and an endurance that hardly knew fatigue.

The next person I recall was the late Col. Waterman Smith, about 1853, as strenuous as a sportsman as in other pursuits. I think he must have been about the first person here who used a breechloader and to have well-trained setter dogs. He was the first to control the exclusive use of any cover that I can remember, and it caused dissatisfaction to those who were denied the privilege they had once enjoyed. This was "The Parsonage," in Auburn, one of the most famous covers in this vicinity from time immemorial. It contains only a few acres, but it was marvelous the number of birds it yielded. I am not sure that it was a notable breeding ground, but for flight it was unsurpassed. I know that one day's shooting afforded twenty-eight birds, and large scores were frequent. I hear that it is deserted ground now "and none so poor as to do it reverence."

About 1858 our now veteran sportsman, Col. Samuel Webber, entered the field, although he was no mere tyro in other fields with the use of the gun and rod. I think his ruling passion, however, was the use of the rod; indeed, in a letter from him at Charlestown, N. H., a few days since, he informed me he had nearly entered his eightieth year, and intended to try the trout in his vicinity when the season opened. I had many pleasant days' shooting with him and enjoyed his agreeable companionship.

Between 1859 and 1864 one of our best known and successful sportsmen, George Bisco, was added to our number. Familiar with the use of the gun from boyhood, he was a good shot, a most persevering hunter, and almost always successful in making a good bag. He used muzzleloading guns at first and shot over spaniels and setters. With him was associated that splendid gentleman, William W. Colburn, a true lover of nature and a most genial and interesting companion. Together they followed shooting woodcock and grouse for several years, or until Mr. Colburn removed to Springfield, Mass. But Mr. Bisco, veteran as he is, has not yet given up the business. Later, with the advent of breechloaders, well-bred pointers and setters, an increased number of skilled wing-shooters came upon the stage.

Many of you can recall the time when shooting seemed contagious, when it was the fad to engage in trapshooting, and when the "woods seemed full" of amateur sportsmen. Of those who were active thirty or forty years ago, I recall the two Moores, Gilman and Ira; the two brothers, Goodwin, Bill and Harvey; Treat Potter, Charley Jackson, Sam James, Frank Bradbury, Dick Lynch and B. F. Clark. They frequently hunted together in numbers and were designated as "The Regiment" by other sportsmen, but they were successful in making good bags, and enjoyed the sport with a zest unequaled. Then there were the Dodge brothers, James and Ed; John Wadleigh, successful fisherman and grouse hunter; "Nick" Nichols and Hiram Young, although Young was more noted as a 'coon and squirrel hunter than for birds. He was one of the most inveterate hunters of his time.

And later, our former mayor, William C. Clarke, who, to an inherited disposition for sport and sportsmanship from his father, Col. John B. Clarke, acquired by practice the skill which made him the equal of any of his compeers. Although his exercise in the field has been restricted of late years by more important duties, he has furnished to a large circle of interested friends a weekly contribution of matters relating to sport and sportsmanship under the nom de plume of "Joe English," which has been their delight.

I could perhaps entertain you with the citation of incidents and accidents in the field, of rare shots and unaccountable failures, of quail shooting in Connecticut, prairie chicken in Iowa, or for that now somewhat rare but beautiful bird, the upland plover, but such relation would be more appropriate to some occasion when we could swap stories.

In conclusion, I have one suggestion to make, viz., that you endeavor to cultivate friendly relations with the farmer upon whose premises you desire to shoot. In all my experience I was never refused such privilege by any one when approached civilly and with the assurance that walls and fences would not be recklessly destroyed or cattle annoyed, and often afterward our presence was welcomed and we were regarded as friends rather than trespassers.

I am informed that woodcock and grouse have been more plentiful in this vicinity during the past year. Make close time on both the first of October, and then, perhaps, you may enjoy sport equally as good as that of fifty years ago.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mysterious Disappearance.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—It has been a case of mysterious disappearance this week in regard to the jacksnipe. As reported last week, there was a pretty good flight of birds in all over this country about ten days ago. Then came a good moon, which so far from bringing in more birds to us, seems to have taken away the ones that we had. The most indefatigable hunters of this elusive article failed this week to secure any good bags of jacksnipe either on the grounds below this city or anywhere within fifty miles to the north of us. The Illinois River was out of its banks all through the middle part of this State, and there was really more water than was necessary. Yet there was abundance of good ground back on the edges of the bottoms, grounds just warm enough and dry enough now to offer good feeding places. On the best of these grounds no snipe could be found, and even searches in the corn fields and dry sloughs failed to bring any results. The birds simply had gone—just where nobody seems to know. This was the case around the better marshes fifty to seventy-five miles of Chicago.

To-day Otto Muerchke, of Nippersink Bay, came down to Chicago and told some of the boys that there were some snipe in and around the Fox Lake grounds, and that he wanted someone to go up and help kill them. It is not known whether any considerable flight of birds is in or not on that part of the snipe region, but to the contrary is the report of the Graham boys of Fox Lake, who are good hunters and know the best snipe bogs. These shooters came in from a hunt last Thursday, and only saw two snipe. The probabilities are, therefore, that the first flight of jacks has left us. The second flight will probably come in about the 30th of this month, a few days after the close of the season.

My friend, Mr. Von Lengerke, tells me that in his shooting a couple of weeks ago he rarely found one snipe without putting up another. Yet he says that no eggs were found in any of the birds killed at that time. If the second flight of snipe be like the second flight of bluebills, made up mostly of male and unmated birds, then the damage of shooting on the second flight will be less than that executed on the first, supposing that the first flight was made up of paired birds, which seems probably to be the case.

Plover.

The first of the plover flight will probably get here just too late to connect with the legal season. A wise bird, the golden plover, to time his journey so that he reaches Illinois after April 25. I am not sufficiently well posted on the habits of the snipe and plover to know which really does the first nesting on the northern breeding grounds. The inference would be that the jacksnipe is the earlier breeder. The plover, following along in a more leisurely fashion and striking the northern country when the feed is more advanced, nearly always reaches us here in a better condition than the jacksnipe. In a lot of jacksnipe killed early in April there may be some very lean and some in very good condition. The plover are nearly all fairly fat when they reach this latitude. I do not know whether they would naturally breed so far to the south or not, but I have earlier reported the fact that John Watson, of this city, once found a jacksnipe nest, about the first of May, on the marshes of the Kankakee River.

Radical Improvements in Game Laws.

By all means the most important Western news of the past two weeks is the advice from Texas and from Illinois on the passage of new and successful game laws. The men of Texas are especially to be congratulated, for they won their victory unexpectedly and with a rush, in spite of a very determined opposition from the market hunting element and in spite of the animosity of a strong lobby hitherto supposed to be possessor of great influence in the legislative halls. I cannot but feel like congratulating friend Guessaz, of the Texas Field, who took off his coat and went to work for the passage of this law. It is a bit of unwritten history that the latter gentleman, at the very critical hour when the Governor was hesitating about affixing his signature to the bill, secured an interview with the Governor and made so strong a talk that the latter was glad to sign. I do not know whether the husky San Antonian threatened him with sudden death or otherwise or not, but the signature was given and the measure is a law. The men of Texas now exult in what is called "The best game law in the United States," whose good features are enumerated below:

No more killing of does;
No more killing of fawns;
No more killing for hides or antlers;
No more enormous bags for the game hogs;
No more hunting for the market;
No more traffic in song and game birds;
No more killing of over six bucks each year;
No more killing of over twenty-five birds.

When you stop to look at it, these are indeed good features in any game law. It is no wonder that the market shooters of the coast cried out against the severity of this new law. Good advices state that two men near Rockport within the past year killed between them 9,000 ducks, the great majority of them redheads. All these birds were sold. The slaughter along the salt water bars and the fresh water lagoons of the coast country of Texas has been something simply enormous. My friend earlier above mentioned thinks that there are one hundred market hunters between Port La Vaca and Corpus Christi, and that in a year would perhaps average 2,500 birds to his gun. Figure on that for a while and realize that it is but a part of the great southern wintering grounds, not including the organized slaughter grounds near Galveston, and you may begin to see where some of our wildfowl are going. Texas woke up suddenly, promptly, without even taking time to wipe her eyes. She woke up just in time. More power to her arm, and may she long live to be the ground of unstinted hospitality in all reasonable ways! There will be no more big slaughters at Lake Surprise, no more Gum Hollow "records," no more, let us hope, of a great many other scenes of a similar nature which have been all too frequent in the history of this magnificent and bountiful land of the Southwest.

As for Illinois and her game law, we are in the same category with Texas, as proud as a boy with a new pair of red top boots. Full comment has been made on this measure at a previous date, and it is only necessary now to recapitulate by saying that we now have the best game law in Illinois that we ever had. Illinois and Texas can both stand flat-flooted on the FOREST AND STREAM plank and shake hands, as they voice the common cry, now becoming general throughout the West: "Stop the sale of game." For nearly fifteen years I have been hollering with the voice of one in the wilderness, and doing what little can be done in the way of personal kicking on the immoderate slaughter of game birds. I never expected to see the sentiment change so rapidly in this matter as it has in the past year. When the editor of FOREST AND STREAM first swung out the banner with the strange device of "Stop the sale of game," I doubt if he ever anticipated so early and so large a following. All this is a matter of very much comfort, indeed. We have not a tithe of the game in the West to-day which we had twelve or fifteen years ago, but we have very much better game laws and a very much better sentiment regarding their enforcement. Perhaps, after all, there is hope. At least, let us hope there is hope.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boone and Crockett Club Dinner.

THE Boone and Crockett Club gave a dinner at the University Club on Saturday, April 18, at which there were present about sixty members and invited guests. The president, Mr. W. Austin Wadsworth, occupied the chair. Among the guests were Mr. De Windt, the Siberian traveler; Col. D. L. Brainard, the Arctic explorer; Senator Elon R. Brown, of Jefferson county, N. Y., and Mr. John J. White, Jr.

At the close of the dinner, the president called on Mr. Madison Grant, the secretary, for a brief report of what the club has done this year, since many of the members and guests present did not attend the annual dinner in Washington, and perhaps had no clear idea of the club's present purposes.

Mr. Grant gave an interesting talk, referring briefly to the club's work in the past with relation to the Yellowstone Park and the New York Zoological Park, and then spoke of the recently passed law protecting Alaska game, which is working well. Up to within a year the whole vast territory of Alaska was without protection of any kind. Its big game fauna includes two species of moose, four of caribou, two sheep, two goats, one deer and nine bear. These were being killed off in the usual wasteful American way by miners, meat hunters, skin hunters and head hunters, who were destroying great numbers of game, largely for the purpose of exporting skins and heads to be sold to so-called sportsmen who were unable to secure these things for themselves. One of the great bears of Alaska, the largest carnivore in the world, is on the verge of extinction, and a species of caribou inhabiting the Kenai Peninsula is believed to be reduced to thirty or forty individuals and must pass out of existence. The passage of the Alaska game protective bill, chiefly through the efforts of the Boone and Crockett Club, put an end to the wholesale killing, and has done great good, although one species of bear, one caribou and the walrus are probably doomed to speedy extinction.

Incidentally the interesting work in investigating the fauna of Alaska done by Mr. Andrew J. Stone for the American Museum of Natural History was referred to, and attention was called to the collection of Alaska animals now on exhibition at the museum.

The present work of the club is to strive for the carrying out of the game refuge idea and the passage of a bill on the lines of that introduced at the last session of Congress by Senator Perkins, of California. This bill authorized the President in his discretion to set aside in any forest reservation an area where no killing of game shall be permitted. In other words, to establish in one or all of the forest reserves, places like the Yellowstone National Park where game shall be free from molestation, and shall have an opportunity to live and breed undisturbed. This is something that will unquestionably come, and the sooner it is done the better. In anticipation of such action, Mr. Alden Sampson, recently the Boone and Crockett Club's secretary, has just been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture Game Reserve Expert, and is giving his time and his money to investigating this question in the western reserves. Mr. Sampson's work will probably include, as suggested by Dr. Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, not only all the matters bearing on the selection of sites, but—after certain game refuges have actually been established—the preparation of rules and regulations for their management. While under the De-

partment of Agriculture, Mr. Sampson's work has the cordial support of the Department of the Interior, and of course of the President.

The condition of the game in the forest reserves bordering on the Yellowstone Park is one of great interest, and on this subject the following letters will be of much interest:

Department of the Interior, General Land Office, 80 West 40th St., New York, April 10, 1903. Mr. Madison Grant, Secretary, 11 Wall street, New York city.. Dear Mr. Grant:—I have received your communication asking for a statement regarding the "state of things" in the Yellowstone Reserve, and herewith quote you the following letters in regard to same:

"Feb. 2, 1903. Hon. A. A. Anderson, Special Superintendent Forest Reserves, New York, N. Y. Dear Sir:—We have had an awful snow storm and the entire country is snowbound—have had only one mail since the 22d of January. There is seven feet of snow at the Scott Road Ranch, and 4½ feet at the Lockwood Road Ranch, one and a half miles from Wilson P. O.

"The elk are desperate and are breaking into the yards where there is hay everywhere. I started for the railway on the 27th and drove to the Lockwood Road Ranch the first day and returned the next. It snowed eighteen inches while I was there, and no one has crossed the Teton Pass for four days.

"I will start again as soon as the road is opened.

"(Signed) Robt. E. Miller,
"Forest Supervisor.

"Elk, Wyo., March 6.—Mr. A. A. Anderson, Special Superintendent. Dear Sir:—I have started feeding the elk; to-morrow I will feed some south of Squirrel Creek; the next I will feed at Mr. Uhl's ranch, etc.

"I saw Mr. Lovell as he came from Jackson and he says the elk are dying—people drive them away. You can hear dogs barking, and guns at night. I have also seen Mr. Romey, scout from the Park, two days; he estimates a thousand elk will die. Elk go in the evening and try one hay corral after another. One drives them away from his corral and they run to some other corral, and are driven off again, and so on. He claims hay can be gotten down here, and as it is not too late to help, leaving the calf elk there to be fed and driving the old elk to the foothills to feed, but it will take about twelve to eighteen men to drive the elk away.

"People at Jackson are sleeping at their hay stacks. Snow has not gone, hardly any up to date. My hills are pretty much fed off.

"I have been trying to get elk fed for years, and it has come at last, and people all in here now say they should be fed, so I will have to help agitate the feeding question. In summer where they try to save one elk, in the winter they die wholesale by starvation, and it would be more humane to let the elk be shot in summer than to die by starvation in the winter. I shall write again in about ten days how I am getting along feeding the elk.

"(Signed) Emile Wolff,
"Ranger."

The last report from the Jackson Hole country is more encouraging, and the snow is commencing to disappear. From reports I have received I should judge that we will lose this year about twenty per cent. from starvation in this region. I hope this may never occur again, as it can be avoided by making proper provision in time for the feeding of the calves of the elk during a severe winter like the present, which is not apt to occur more than once in ten years.

I have not yet received a copy of the game laws of Wyoming, but am told that they have been amended so as to greatly help us in protecting the large game on the reserve. The open season has been shortened from three months to six weeks, commencing September 15. The killing or trapping of bear is prohibited during the closed season; the killing of moose is prohibited for ten years, and the killing of antelope for five years.

Thanking the Boone and Crockett Club for the interest they have taken in the preservation of game upon the Yellowstone Reserve, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
A. A. Anderson,
Special Superintendent.

Mr. Anderson, it is reported, has himself advanced a very large sum of money for the purpose of purchasing hay to feed these starving elk, and other organizations, the Boone and Crockett Club and the New York Zoological Society among them, have also made contributions of money to this end. Mr. Grant referred to the presence of Senator Brown at the meeting, and paid a high tribute to the latter's devotion to the cause of game protection, as shown by his successful efforts in behalf of the New York anti-spring duck shooting bill just passed.

At the request of the president, Senator Brown spoke briefly but most interestingly concerning the game protective work that he had been engaged in at Albany. The big game, the wildfowl, the land birds and the fish are resources of the State which should be protected and increased if possible, for economic as well as for sentimental reasons. In these days we see too little of nature, and as time goes on we and our children will see less and less of it. The work done by the Boone and Crockett Club and by similar organizations is work that is well worth doing. The time should come before long when the spring shooting of wildfowl should be abolished from Maine to Maryland.

Mr. Harry De Windt gave an interesting talk illustrated by lantern slides, detailing the difficulties and hardships of his famous trip from Paris to Moscow, across Siberia, the Bering Straits, Alaska and the United States back to Paris in 248 days. In the brief time allowed for his talk he held the absorbed interest of his audience.

The meeting was one of very unusual interest, and broke up at a late hour.

Ohio Birds.

Miamisburg, O., April 11.—The duck flight has been smaller this spring than it has been for several years. Song birds are here in large numbers, however, and the outlook for a good squirrel season is promising.

Clarence Vandiveer.

A Little Hail Storm.

Wymore, Nebraska, April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in a late issue of Forest and Stream that I have an invitation to shoot ducks with More Anon on Currituck Sound. I am very much gratified, and will surely avail myself of the first opportunity to try some of those ducks; I know they will be easy.

My trouble with More Anon seems all to have arisen from a misunderstanding, as such things generally do, as he now explains that the tornado only swept over the north end of the Sound, and that explains the fact that there are still ducks in the Sound. A man who has weathered as many western tornadoes as I have, naturally gets a little touchy on the subject, and when someone describes a little whirlwind, such as we see here every day in the spring, and calls it a genuine western tornado, I find it hard to keep still. I return the compliment to More Anon, and would like to have him spend a week with me some time, and I will take him a-fishing.

Speaking of fish, reminds me of a hailstorm we had here a few weeksc ago about the tenth of May; the hail fell in a narrow strip, from forty to eighty rods wide, along a little stream leading into the Big Blue River, just east of our town; and the torrent of water and hail together that rushed down that little stream was over twenty feet deep, and when it reached the river it made the water so cold that the fish rushed for the shore to find warmer water, and in a bend of the river just below where the hail entered there was a sand bar of five or six acres, where the farmers had been scouring their plows; the furrows were irregular and ran in every direction, and when the floods of cold water and hail subsided, these furrows were full of fish of all sizes, mostly catfish, some of which weighed more than twenty pounds, and they were so chilled that they remained in the furrows until the water went down and left them high and dry. George Mitchell, a respectable farmer, near the sand bar put the sideboards on his wagon and hauled a load of the fish home and distributed them among his neighbors. A week and one day after the hailstorm, my wife and I were riding along the little stream where the hail fell, and we found several places where the hail was still several feet deep, and I dipped up a bucketful of hail and took it home in the buggy, and my wife carried it around to the neighbors in saucers.

A. D. McCandless.

Snowshoes.

Godbout, Quebec.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to Mr. C. M. Stark's query in Forest and Stream, February 21, as to where he could buy prepared hide for snowshoes, I would advise him to purchase it from the Hudson Bay Company's stores or through some of their agents. The best and lightest kind of hide for that purpose is caribou, which in the trade of the Hudson Bay Company goes under the name of parchment. It is prepared in different sizes and quality; for the ends of the snowshoes the thinnest kind is used, and is usually cut very fine, about the size of coarse sewing thread. For the middle part heavy and thick skins are used and cut according to the fancy of the wearer, but the best way is to guide one's self on the thickness of the hide, cutting it so that when stretched it will be square. When the strips are cut too wide they will be flat on one side when stretched. The hides as purchased in the parchment state are not ready for use, but require to be stretched on a frame after having been well soaked in water. The drying of the hide should be in a cool place, preferably in the open air if in winter. After the strips are cut the proper way to stretch them is to wind them around two strong wooden pegs driven in a frame and then put a piece of hard wood between the strips and twist them tourniquet fashion. Snowshoes laced with this kind of filling won't sag when wet, but on the contrary will get very tight and springy. Good parchment caribou is worth about $3 a pound, and one and a half pounds is sufficient for an ordinary sized pair of snowshoes. A good pair of well made snowshoes is worth in this part of the country from $8 to $10, according to size and the fineness of the work. I would not advise Mr. Stark to make his own snowshoes unless he has had previous experience, as the probabilities would be that his first pair would not prove very satisfactory. Will supply him with any other information he may require if he will address me.

Nap. A. Comeau.

Game in the Woodpile.

C. W. Stoddard, who up to a few days ago ran a restaurant at 130 Wall street, in the old postoffice building, has been fined $75 for having wild game in his possession during the close season.

Complaints were received by the Schenectady County Fish and Game Protective Association on December 17 last that Stoddard was displaying game birds for sale. An officer of the Association found that grouse and quail was being sold by Stoddard, although it was the close season.

The law, however, provides that game on hand after the close of the season (December 16 for quail), must be disposed of during the rest of the month. Stoddard was so notified.

On January 1 of this year complaint was again lodged against Stoddard and Chief Game Protector W. H. Jackson and an assistant visited Stoddard's restaurant. Stoddard denied having any contraband game, but Protector Jackson made a search of the premises and discovered one of the help concealing game birds under a pile of wood in the cellar. Jackson took possession of the game and later turned the case over to the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

John D. Miller, who is the attorney for the local association, was retained by the State Commission to proceed against Stoddard to recover penalties in the sum of $160. The case was called in city court on January 31, and Stoddard confessed judgment in the sum of $75.

Stoddard was in financial difficulties, and he was granted an extension of time in which to pay the fine. When the ownership of the Wall street restaurant was placed in doubt last week, and Stoddard endeavored to sell out his business, he was called upon and compelled to pay the $75 fine.—Schenectady (N. Y.) Star.

In West Virginia.

Romney, W. Va., April 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The law as to license for non-residents has been cut down to $15, and the license is good in any county. The law also changes the time for wild turkeys and puts rabbits and squirrels on the protected list, except to owners of land, where they may be destructive as to apple and other trees with reference to rabbits, and corn in reference to squirrels. We now have a new State game warden, Frank Lively, of Hinton, instead of Capt. E. F. Smith, who resigned to enter other business. Capt. Smith made a good official and all were sorry to see him resign, but his place, we think, will be ably filled by the new incumbent, and with the assistance of his deputies the law can and will be enforced.

We have a beautiful club house, costing in the neighborhood of $25,000, about four miles above this town. Five or six of the members are from New York city, but the majority of the stockholders are of Wheeling and Pittsburg. Their manager is an able one and an all round sportsman, and is running the place successfully. They open the first of June and a large crowd is expected this year.

I have heard of two flocks of wild turkeys this spring, and several nice coveys of birds being seen. A stringent enforcement of the game law in this county will bring about a large increase of all kinds of game.

The fishing will be better this season owing to a dam in the river near its mouth having been washed out, thus enabling the fish to get up the stream. A strong law was enacted by our Legislature last winter in reference to the pollution of any stream or streams. This covers the case better than ever before, and will certainly be enforced.

J. B. Brady.

The Chinese claim to have discovered a method of fish culture which is both quick and strange. They take a hen's egg, remove the contents through a small hole in the shell, and fill it with fish eggs. The shell is then sealed and put under a setting hen for a few days. The heat makes the spawn develop rapidly, and when the fish eggs are put in warm water they hatch at once. The Chinese are clever, but the chap who incubated this story was cleverer.

Sea and River Fishing.

Brilliant Trout.

The brilliant brook trout taken last week by Mr. Robert B. Lawrence and described in the last issue of Forest and Stream, were sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for examination. The following letter will interest all who saw the fish:

Color, as is well known, is a most misleading character in trout, and cannot at all be depended on in the identification of species. It has been the cause of a thousand wordy battles in the past and is likely to originate as many more in the future.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The brook trout forwarded by you for determination of species is undoubtedly the common form native to the waters of the eastern United States, *Salvelinus fontinalis.* The color is the most brilliant we have ever seen on trout. The following account of trout found in northern New York, and which we think must have been very like these from Flushing, is given by Dr. De Kay in his "Zoology of New York, Part IV., Fishes," Albany, 1842, pp. 236-238. Plate 39, fig. 126.

"The Red-bellied Trout, *Salmo erythrogaster.* Creek Trout (?) of Doughty, Cabinet of Nat. Hist., Vol. I., p. 134, pl. 13, fig. 2. * * * Color: Above, dark olive green, with confluent blotches of a lighter color on each side of the back, resembling those on the common mackerel. Head, above, uniform olive green. Sides bronze brown, with numerous rounded rich salmon-colored spots, becoming larger toward the tail; these are intermixed with smaller crimson dots. The belly of a brilliant reddish orange, separated by a distinct line from the pearl color beneath. Membrane of the gill-rays and interior of the mouth with a black pigment. The first rays of all the fins, except the dorsal and caudal, opaque white, edged with black; the other rays of a brilliant flesh-red; inside of the pectorals black. Dorsal varied with dark green and opaque or horn color. Ventral with its black margin extending over two or three of its adjacent rays. Caudal broadly margined with bright red. Flesh incarnate red. Length, 15½ inches; depth, 3 inches; weight, 1½ pounds."

Dr. De Kay further states that "this beautiful species, which has probably been confounded with the preceding (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), I first noticed at Indian Lake, Hamilton county; then at the outlet of Lake Janet, one of the Eckford chain, emptying into Lake Raquette; and subsequently in most of the streams in Hamilton, St. Lawrence, Franklin and Essex counties. There is a beautiful variety of this species in Silver Lake, Pennsylvania, with head and opercles unusually dark. They sometimes attain the weight of four and even five pounds. Independent of other considerations, as will be apparent from the description, the regularity and brilliancy of their colors seem to render it proper to designate them by a distinct specific name. * * *

"Various causes have been assigned for the great variety in the color of the flesh of this and other congeneric species. One cause is said to be the difference of food; such as live upon fresh water shrimps and other small crustacea, being brightest; those which feed upon common aquatic insects being next; and those living upon aquatic vegetables being dull and darkest of all. It is very doubtful, however, whether any trout feeds on vegetables, the armature of their mouth very clearly pointing out the nature of their food. All that we know positively on the subject is that in our brook trout, those which inhabit ponds are dark colored externally; those in clear streams running over sandy bottoms are bright; and those which are found in salt or brackish streams are not only very bright externally, but their flesh has more of the salmon color. In the present species, which is only found in fresh water streams, not only the colors externally are extremely vivid, but the flesh is of a bright red approach-

ing carmine. Out of many taken at different times I should be disposed to say that the average weight is about a pound and a half. I do not remember to have seen one weighing four pounds, although I have heard of their weighing more."

De Kay usually found them in the rapids above waterfalls or in the pools below them. Artificial flies and common earth worms were successfully used, and the ventral fins of the fish itself, moved rapidly through the water, proved one of the best baits.

This fish is no longer considered specifically distinct from the common brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; Dr. Gill tells me that many years ago he examined specimens of the fish and tried to find characters of specific importance, but could find none. The examples from Flushing have very large heads for fish of their size, and when received here had the appearance of trout that had quite recently spawned and were poorly nourished. The colored figure given in De Kay's work gives one but a faint idea of the brilliancy of the fish from Flushing.

B. A. BEAN.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, D C, April 16.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

Snaps With a Pocket Camera, and Fly Casts With Tamarack Poles.

IV.—Sight and Blindness.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him;
And it is nothing more."

"Every object, however near the eye, has something about it which you cannot see, and which brings the mystery of distance even, into every part and portion of whatever we suppose ourselves to see most clearly."—Ruskin.

"R-a-t-t-t-t-t-a-t-t-t-t-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

A long-drawn morning rattle and roll, like that from a snare-drum, only much more mellow and resonant.

It is made by the beak of the golden-winged woodpecker, known also as the "flicker" and "highholder," and it comes from far up on a dry, barkless maple stub which stands near our tent.

"O-o-o-oo-oo-oo-r-rr!" he cries, as he hustles into his retreat (a hole made in the stub with that same beak); and then he faces about, sticks out his head and watches us from that high place of double safety. His mate hops up and down the barkless, dry, horny side of the stub, showing the shining plumage on her back. She is locating the noise of the worms boring in the wood.

My comrade has been on the river since daylight trying to get enough fish for breakfast, and he is irritable as he returns and tosses only one small bass ashore, which is picked up by another very early caller—the shrewd lumberman who has brought us milk for our coffee from his house, a half mile distant.

He, also, is irritable. "Say," he growls to my chum, as he holds up the one small bass, "what d'ye call this kind o' fish las' night?"

"*Micropterus dolomieu.*"

"Eh—say it agin. W-a-l-l," he drawls, "he's got a good crop, all right, an' he ain't screwpulus 'baout fillin' it most any way. But he ain't no doll-mew; and, say, don't ye know what that thar fish's name is, really? If ye don't, I'll tell ye. He's a black bass, an' all but one's too cute fur ye ter git 'em this mornin'. Oh, laugh! Any feller that don't know no mor'n ter fish with an' old tam'rack pole don't know nothin' 'baout fish."

"Oh, all right. Wait and have a bite of breakfast with us, and a cup of coffee. Smell its aroma? Kind of you to bring the milk so early."

But this olive branch is vainly extended. He continues, between gulps of coffee:

"An' say, ye sed las' night as how I couldn't see a tree. The idea! After I have lumbered nigh onter forty year, and cut more sawdust 'n'd dam this river, fur ye ter up an' tell me jes coz yer a city feller 't I don't see anythin'! Tell me" (a sniff of disdain), "I can't see that tree thar! D'ye think I'm crazy?" and he pointed to a little blue beech not ten feet away.

"Can't I see 'em leaves an' branches an'—um—seems as 'ough, neow I look sharp, 't I dew see it extry good."

My tent-mate places a leaf from it in the lumberman's hand, asking that it be looked at sharply, both sides, and then thrown away.

"Wal?"

"Now take this pencil and paper, and draw its shape—the edges and the ribs and veins of its structure as they are on its lighter underside. For there is no other leaf in all the forests of the world that is just like it."

"Can't."

"Well, draw the contours and unevenness of the bark on the trunk of the tree; or tell me, with back turned to it, about its spots of color."

"Can't."

"Very well, which is the smaller end of one of its boughs or twigs, the tip or the end where it branches from another bough? Mind, I mean the diameter of its butt, or the diameter above, where the bough next throws off its first bud or twig. Which end is the smaller?"

"Ridickerlus! Why, the part closest to whar it grows from ther bough is thickest."

He is asked to pluck any bough, and is handed a steel measure of small diameters which fits over the bough like a monkey wrench. He tests this and several more boughs, and is amazed. For the first time he listens.

"You now see that no matter how far each normal bough extends outward, it does not get smaller by one hair-breadth until it throws out a bud, twig, or another bough; and that its bulk is then diminished by exactly what it thus throws off, and no more. The tapering of many tree-trunks and larger limbs has been caused by the loss of limbs that have died and long vanished, an incident in the growth of almost every healthy tree, because the sap passed them by and sought limbs stronger and above them that were in sunlight and air."

"Wall, I d'clar! Say, lend me that little steel measure, I wanter fool my forcman up 't ther mill, fur he thinks he's so dum smart!"

By this time we have other and better listeners—two Princeton boys, our tent neighbors. My chum now talks to them:

"No man can see fully, and no deftest worker with the pencil can show on paper the exquisite delicacy and finish of the lines of the boughs and twigs, and their curvature. Very few know of the spiral growth, anticipated even in the yet unsprouted bud, that enables each bough to throw out buds and leaves where each can get farthest away from comrades, and thus secure room, air and light to the utmost. Take up any one of these boughs and observe the neighborly courtesy and companionships of the leaves and twigs—their recognition of the needs of

WADING THE SHALLOWS.

their brothers. Do you see all the leaves of that tree? Here is a photograph of its boughs only, taken last winter. You cannot even see them. It is in foliage now, full of mystery. If you study it long and keenly you will begin to see the purple shadows, and how they cross, interlace and blend. Then how hopeless of comprehension is Nature when she expands and retires from us—when the character and life of a woodland, mountain, lake or river are to be studied! The whole outward world is an organism full of mysterious life, much of which we do not observe, and which even defies our most subtle analysis. That leaf which you have crushed—do you see what makes it grow, or understand its life-principle? To even begin to know these plants, the trees, this river and these hills, we would have to study them for many months, watch their moods at all seasons of the year, all hours of day and night, in cloudy weather, storm and sunshine, and under moon and stars, and love

BOUGHS.

the ferns and forests, the rocks and their lichens, the flowers, plants, colors and perfumes. But the wind has changed, and we must get out for a few bass."

The college men plead with him to "go on."

"Very well. Here is my chum, who has fished for forty years. You also, are anglers; and I am a landscape photographer and botanist. Yet we behold as we look, only some small part of the truth of space, form, color, chiaroscuro. Nature is infinite: man is finite, with limited senses. What he sees is largely determined beforehand by very complex conditions of sense, education and faculty, causing variations in what artists call taste. We use sight over an infinity of forms, and the eye remains dulled through its use for mere purposes of ordinary safe guidance and casual impression. We do not look sharply for specific things; and so myriads of objects pass before our eyes that are actually not seen at all. Hamerton, the etcher, states that he drew oxen for twenty years before he saw them in the artistic sense. Nearly all men glare, and do not behold."

He looks out at the exquisite view of the river as the little sailboats of the early pleasure-seekers began to dot the water—the view shown in the accompanying illustration--and drinks in with carefullest sight, all that fairy-like transparence of air and water, and that under-world of reflection, seemingly as much below the water as above it—the whole one of those occasional moments when Nature seems to put on her most marvelous costumes, robe after robe in quick succession of color and effects of atmospheric transfiguration—beautiful as a capricious coquette!

"Now, watch her don the shadow-robe and adorn it with driving cloud effects along the hills, the silent, forever changing, mile-long shadows slowly creeping over them; while far down the stream the balanced white mist wraiths, 'mixed out of something and nothing,' stoop to play hide-and-seek with the patches of hemlocks and pines. Over all are subtlest hues, like the shadows of old thoughts, peace and seclusion! See how the clouds deepen and dissipate in dreamy rainfall, vanishing in a far-off pathos of silence, melting away in partial effacement, seeming to bring back from nothingness and show as visible dreams, the swellings of those great hills and promontories, their summits now changing from dun and purple when in shadow, to the 'strange, faint silence of possession by sunshine.' Note how the mists are building themselves into a range of towering crags and peaks that fill half the northern sky; and as their shadow covers us, look around and see how much more distinct all objects are in shadow than in bright sunshine. See the bit of blue sky through that cloud-rift? No sky so blue as that! Do you know why? Yet men think that they

'hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled.'

"Can you tell the reasons for the different hues of morning and evening light, or why white sunshine caught and held in clouds often turns them to deepest scarlet? Take this little opera glass and look up and down the river, noting how much more you see. That proves the universal law of obscurity under which we live. Besides, to really see, you must be sensitive to 'tone,' richness and mellowness of effect, limpidity and transparence. Even then, as any oculist will tell you, no two eyes are alike in balance and vision—so no two men see alike.

"It would be easy to carry this same truth into the world of colors—the five hundred tints, each named, as shown under the spectroscope. But I am tired of staying off the water, and I want to land that five-pound bass that I saw over there in the eddy last evening. Put back the tamaracks into the canoe. It is not all of fishing to fish, but we must fish a lot when we go a-fishing."

L. F. BROWN.

Opening of the Trout Season.

CANADENSIS, Pa., April 18.—Many trout fishermen from many sections of the country will welcome the news that Price Brothers have rebuilt the "Spruce Cabin Inn," and are again in shape to entertain their old friends and to make new ones. The popularity of this "Roost," the "Broadhead," the Luvis Branch, Goose Pond Run, and their tributaries is best attested to by the arrivals here on the evening of the 14th and each incoming train thereafter, notwithstanding the fact that a nor'easter was at, and remained at, its height throughout these most desirable nights and days.

There is but one "crank" on earth that exceeds in intentness the gun and dog crank, and that fellow is the "fly-fisherman;" his season is shorter than the season of the other sort of cranks, consequently he will concentrate his bristling energies into a given space of time, and live on its recollections the other nine months in the year.

Here are men with six rods and six dozen of flies to fish two days. He has the cook up at five A. M., and only comes in when he can't see to make another cast. He tells for the last time of his one "rise" during the day at one o'clock in the morning; he hangs out of the window at two condemning the weather, and has his roommate up at three to relieve the strain on his own feelings; at seven he again departs, "rubbered" from toe to crown, while the nor'easter roars down the swales and the torrents of rain swell the already swollen brooks, while the chilled and sluggish trout sleeps on beneath the logs and rocks contentedly, oblivious to the inexhaustible efforts of the crank with the fly.

As night comes on gloom may settle on and somewhat smother his soul, but he shows it not. He has only tried forty-nine varieties of flies, and his supply of flies only equals his store of patience, and smaller streams look more promising. His last call echoes down the hall in the night: "Wes, have the team drop us at the head of Brush Run in the morning; I'm sure we'll do business there." And to the gentle music of the old mill dam just across the road he passes into his dreams. Oh, so tired, yet—"I had two rises."

Would this crank abandon his ivory-leaved book whose pages are made gay, bright and beautiful by their variegated and venerated assortment of flies, and strap to his manly bosom the green painted and gold lettered worm box? Not if he was hungry. He isn't built that way. He has elected himself into a class of his own; he hates a worm because of its ugliness, only the more because when used by his more "prosy" brethren it will destroy that which might be induced to rise to a fly when the wind changes, when the water goes down, when the sun comes out, when the temperature is better, when the trout are ready.

It is to be regretted that this was "wormy" weather entirely. Very few trout were taken with flies; there were some fine catches made with bait, and the trout are of fine size, running from eight to fourteen inches, and are very fat, the freshets having fed them well and defeated the early fly crank. His time is near at hand, however, and fish stories will be told by a weary dynamo during the next thirty days.

Among those "first night" devotees here were to be seen and heard Messrs. E. H. Fitch, Kenneth Fowler, J. C. Faulkner, T. W. Lee, H. P. Seymour, Wm. P. Ketcham, of New York; Dr. C. P. Franklin, of Philadelphia; Dr. H. Ingram and T. S. Ingram, of Atlantic City; Chas. F. Roe and W. H. Schroder, of Elmira; L. A. Morey, of Passaic, N. J.; C. C. Tolcott, of Montclair; L. H. Long and H. H. Howe, of Wilkesbarre; M. B. Hawley, A. C. Monies and A. R. Gould, of Scranton; J. H. Farrier, Geo. A. Cooker, E. D. Stupp, J. D. Stark, C. S. Stark, of Pittston, and E. J. Smith, of Binghamton.

In the new Spruce Cabin Inn, Price Brothers have accommodations for 150 guests. Old friends of these innkeepers and guides will be glad to learn that Mr. Milton Price is fast recovering from a very serious illness.

Canadensis is reached by the D. L. & W. R. R. to Cresco, thence by stage.

T. E. BATTEN.

No More Salmon in Nepissiguit.

THE following article from a Canadian paper foreshadows the speedy destruction of all the salmon in that notable angling river of New Brunswick, the Nepissiguit, famous for half a century among devotees of the two-handed rod in Canada and the United States. And far-reaching will be the result, for it is the nursery upon which the neighboring commercial coast fisheries depend. Our readers will deplore the catastrophe when it comes. Excepting this, the only rivers remaining available to the angler, among the many which once afforded sport, are the Restigouche and the Miramichi and its branches. We reprint from the Chatham (N. B.) World of April 9:

"Are the people of Gloucester county aware that our Legislature has passed an act empowering Alfred Harmsworth the great English publisher, to expropriate lands on the Nepisiquit River, and that he has announced his intention of getting possession of the Grand Falls on that river and erecting near them an extensive pulp mill and sulphite works?

"The justification of this act is 'that the interests of trade and commerce must always take precedence of the interests of mere sport,' on the ignorant supposition that riparian owners of lands and angling pools, from Rough Waters to Grand Falls, are the only persons whose interests will be affected by the total destruction of the only salmon river now left in the county.

"When the old men of to-day were young, every river in Gloucester county—Nepisiquit, Bass River, Caraquet. Pokemouche, Big and Little Trucadie—were good salmon streams, but mills, dams and sawdust have caused their desertion. The sole river in the county that now remains a nursery for salmon is the Nepisiquit, which has escaped destruction only because, hitherto, no mills have been built along its course. On this river alone now depends the whole annual catch of salmon between Point Miscou and Bathurst harbor. The catch on this coast last season, as given in the report of the Fisheries Department just issued, was 458,900 pounds, and in this valuable fishery every farmer on the coast has a vested interest in the shape of boats, nets, ice houses, etc.

"A pulp mill at Grand Falls, with all its waste thrown into the water, will destroy every spawning bed on the river, for just in these shallow and quit reaches will the refuse find lodgment. With the destruction of these spawning grounds and of the salmon that now resort to them annually, goes the whole salmon fishery of the county of Gloucester, because there is no other river on its coast to which salmon now resort in numbers sufficient to keep up the stock.

"Some steps should be taken immediately by those interested to prevent an alien from destroying, for his own sole profit, the interests and vested rights of more than half the people of the county, to say nothing of the finest angling river in the Maritime Provinces—one of the only three now left. What are the electors of Gloucester going to do about it?" V.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout Season Open.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—The Wisconsin trout season opened three days ago, but as yet I have not heard from anyone who has been out and returned. A few of the early and ambitious ones have gone north for the Prairie, the Ontanogan, the Brule and other northern streams, not to mention a number of Oshkosh anglers who are over on the White, Wautoma and other streams in the central and lower parts of Wisconsin. The largest number of early trout fishermen will leave town early to-day and probably return about the middle of next week. There is no very encouraging report from the northern waters as yet, as we have had a peculiarly patchy sort of weather all over this part of the world this spring. I don't think the snow fall in northern Wisconsin was quite so heavy as usual, and this ought to mean that the streams will clear before the end of April. This, however, is but a theory, and everything regarding brook trout and brook trout fishing is something mighty uncertain. To-day is the first decent day in the week, but that is speaking only for Chicago and not for the trout country. Personally I should think it much safer to wait until about May 1 to May 10, the month of May and the first half of June being the best fly-fishing season of the year.

Bass.

Some bass fishermen are talking of sneaking out next week for a try after big-mouths. Most of these go south of Chicago, Cedar Lake, Ind., being the earliest water to show bass in this part of the country. I do not take much interest in these early bass fishing trips, for the middle of April is too soon for sportsmen to take bass. They are then just going on the spawning grounds and ought not to be disturbed until after the spawning operations. It is true that the best of the bait-casting season is during the time the bass are in the shallow water. We usually suppose that they are feeding on frogs around the edges of the water, but the likelihood is that they are hanging around the spawning beds and protecting the latter, after the well-known habits of this species. Of course anyone knows that a bass on the spawning bed will run at almost anything which is passed close to it. While there is no immediate cause for fear of diminution of the supply of big-mouth bass in the better known angling waters of this district, we should have still better sport if we waited until after the spawning operations are for the most part over. This does not mean until the last bass has spawned, for this may in some cases be as late as July or even August; but granted fairly warm weather, the middle of May or first of June will see the bulk of the spawning over at this latitude. Let them spawn. We talk about stopping spring shooting, though a duck may rear only eight or ten young at a sitting. Old mother Bass will hatch about 1,000 young in her sitting, and although the mortality among these little fellows is very large, the rate of increase is much larger with fish than with birds. We shall have fishing in this country long after the shooting is gone.

Tarpon Scales and Indian Trade.

MR. CHAS. HALLOCK, of Washington, D. C., always turns up with something curious and interesting. In a recent letter he says: "By the way, did you ever hear of wampum-moons? It is the peach-blow cheek of the abelone shell of the Pacific side, which used to be affected so much by aboriginal dandies up to the year 1881. The Crows were especially fond of them, wearing them around their necks as substitutes for Great Father medals. Women also wore them as *pend d'oreilles*. They were obtained through middle men in regular course of barter with the Coast Indians. Agent Kellar of the Crows in 1880-1881, Clerk Barstow and I, as the instigator of the scheme, tried very hard in those years to establish a trade with the Florida Coast for scales of the tarpum (*grande ecaille*) with which the Indians were very much impressed. They had a legend that the silver king (tarpum) once 'used' in the coves of the Rocky Mountains when the waters which in ancient days covered the earth made estuaries of the cañon mouths. Consequently they regarded the scales as 'big medicine,' especially the large ones, which would cover the palm of a man's hand. Inopportunely the extirpation of the buffalo at the time mentioned prevented the Indians from gathering robes as before, and besides they were short on dry furs, and therefore 'heap poor.' So my scheme to make the tarpum product marketable most signally failed. I have the correspondence before me, with portraits of leading Crow chiefs who were interested."

An Honored Horse.

In 1849, at the time of the outbreak of the California gold fever, Mr. Robert Miller, of Illinois, started for California on horseback. He rode a gray mare, of which he was very fond. This animal carried him out to California, not only once, but three times. In his three trips from Illinois to the Golden State Miller rode this animal more than 25,000 miles. After he got done with gold mining he came back to settle down near Sullivan. Feeling the years creeping on, not long ago he made a will, leaving his property to his wife during her life and after her death to the Masonic Grand Lodge of Illinois, with certain conditions restricting the use of the property. A year ago the Grand Lodge accepted this trust and began to look into the property. On the old farm near Sullivan they found a large and well kept mound, surrounded by a good fence. Inquiry and investigation showed that this was the grave, not of any human being, but of a horse; in point of fact, the old gray mare which had been ridden by Miller three times from Illinois to California. It is not wholly an unpleasant reflection to think that Miller thus remembered his old and faithful servant, and it is still more pleasant to be able to add that the trustees of the estate have taken means for the suitable and permanent protection and care of this grave of the old gray mare. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Nashua Angler.

THE Manchester (N. H.) Union prints this from its Nashua correspondent, under date of April 12:

"There is no truer or more sportsmanlike disciple of Izaak Walton in New Hampshire nor in any other State than Henry F. Mears, of this city. Mr. Mears is well known among the fraternity of anglers over this section of the State. No one better understands the skillful art of luring from the cold and turbulent brooks of April the shy and speckled trout than does Mr. Mears. His latest achievement occurred Thursday, when he returned with nine trout from a brook near Nashua, and the prizes weighed over six and a half pounds, one tipping the scale at more than a pound.

"Mr. Mears never takes small trout, not even as small as the law allows, but puts them back into the stream. He considers it no victory to take and bring back twenty-five or thirty six-inch trout as evidence of a day's sport. 'Any kid could do that,' he says, 'but to bring back a half dozen from a half pound to a pound weight each, means work.'

"He would rather catch one half-pound trout than twenty seven-inchers. He advocates raising the legal length from five to six inches.

"Mr. Mears is not simply a depleter of waters, either, and during the last three years has put 1,000,000 pike perch, or warlike pike, into the ponds in this vicinity, including Stump Pond in South Merrimack, Round Pond in Nashua, and Pennichuck Pond, between Nashua and Merrimack. He has also put into local waters 40,000 trout fry and 1,000 fingerlings.

"The nine fish Mr. Mears took Thursday were caught in six hours' angling in less than a half mile of brook. The following day he took a trout which weighed 1¾ pounds."

The Colorings of Fish.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think I owe an apology to Mr. Venning for misunderstanding his views as to the sea trout. I certainly thought from his first letters that he believed them to remain in fresh water, only running down to meet the smelts in the spring, but from his letter in FOREST AND STREAM of April 11, I judge that he thinks that they reside in the estuaries, not going far to sea, and running up with the smelts, and also to spawn. Here we agree, but the movements of these anadromous fish are an entire mystery to me, as I believe they are to everyone else, after they reach salt water. They are never, or very seldom, taken in the sea, and I think no one has any definite idea as to how far "off shore" they go.

In the matter of coloration of fish I agree with him that no dependance can be placed on it. I long since ceased to regard it as a matter of vital consequence. I have found so many variations in color in my own experience, not only in the trout of different neighboring waters, but in different reaches of the same stream, that I have come to regard these differences as due to local and often transitory causes. I think I have mentioned in previous letters the difference in the color of the trout in the two Diamond Ponds connected by a clear open stream, those in the lower ponds very dark deep red fleshed, and seldom over eight ounces in weight; in fact, I never caught one quite up to that weight, though I have caught many. Those in the upper pond, paler and brighter, and sometimes running up to two pounds, while those in the head of the Mohawk River, six miles to the west on the Connecticut watershed, are quite white fleshed.

In one of my old favorite brooks, when I was a boy, the trout in one branch, which came mostlyy through the woods, were very dark; in the other, flowing through open pastures and meadows, quite bright; and in another brook, which in its course made a "hole" where it ran against the remains of an old glacial moraine of blue clay and gravel, I always looked for and usually caught at least one with very black back and very white belly, while the fish in the meadow below were bright and high colored. I think color is purely a local matter.

VON W.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

ST. ALBANS, April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is no close season for black bass in Lake Champlain waters this year. It is lawful to catch them with hook and line at any season of the year.

The Vermont Legislature at its session in 1902 seem to have arrived at the conclusion that there were plenty of small-mouthed bass in these waters, and that further protection against hook and line fishing was unnecessary. So they repealed the law which made the open season commencing January 15 the legal time to commence fishing for them. There has been no close season for the various other kinds of fish which inhabit these waters against hook and line fishing for several years. There has been a close season for bass for the past twenty years. So the Legislature removed the temptation to keep the bass in its close season by repealing the law. It is easier to catch bass during the month of May than any other month of the year, the fishing being done along its shores, no anchor fishing; they readily take the fly at that time, both trolling and casting. Bass are very seldom caught in seines as they run on rocky bottoms. After this year there will be no netting fish in Lake Champlain, as per agreement with New York, Vermont and Canada; no more licenses will be granted. H. L. SAMSON.

Rapid Growth of Fish.

EXPERIMENTS recently made in England furnish interesting information regarding the rapidity of growth of fish of the salmon family during their stay in the sea. Says a writer in the Revue Scientifique (February 14):

"A sea trout weighing three pounds when captured and marked July 8, 1901, weighed six pounds when retaken in July, 1902, having thus doubled in weight in one year. A 13-pound salmon taken and marked in January, 1901, weighed 21 pounds in July, 1902, and another salmon weighing 16 pounds in August, 1901, reached the weight of 22 pounds when retaken in July, 1902. An example of still more extraordinary growth has been reported. A male salmon caught at Castle Connell on February 24 of last year, by Mr. S. C. Vansittart, weighed 19 pounds. It was marked by one of the tags used by the Department of Agriculture, bearing the number 1,502 and replaced in the water. On March 26 following the same fish was retaken at O'Brien's Bridge, five miles from Castle Connell, and it then weighed 33 pounds. Its weight had increased by 14 pounds in one month and two days. The fact may seem incredible, but it is indubitable, having been established by a naval certificate."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Tagged Tarpon.

TARPON, Texas, April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find metal tag, such as is being used by Mr. W. B. Young, of New York city, for tagging all his catches. In the past few days Mr. Young has placed these tags on five tarpon, six jackfish, two jewfish, one leaping shark, and one 200-pound turtle. We shall try this season to introduce this idea of tagging fish by all the fishermen.

Mr. Young is to be congratulated on getting the blue, red and white ribbons for landing the first, second and third tarpon of the season, this being the first time such a record has been made here since tarpon fishing began. The Pass is full of tarpon now, and good fishing will be had the rest of the season. J. E. COTTER.

Game and Fish at Albany.

ALBANY, April 18.—One of the interesting events of the week to sportsmen in legislative circles was the passage by the Senate and Assembly of Senator Brown's amended spring shooting bill (Assembly printed No. 2068). It now goes to the Governor for his consideration. As finally acted upon, the bill excludes brant from the classes of game birds whose shooting in the spring is prohibited.

Governor Odell has signed the bill of Assemblyman Whitney (Int. No. 986), providing that perch shall not be taken from Saratoga Lake or Lake Lonely from March 15 to May 1, both inclusive.

The Senate has passed the following bills:

Senator W. L. Brown's, Int. No. 365, providing for the publication of the forest, fish and game laws, as amended.

Senator Gates', Int. No. 778, relative to information concerning leases and franchises for the cultivation of shell fish.

Assemblyman Nicholls', Int. No. 1281, relative to spearing fish in Greene county.

Assemblyman Burnett's, Int. No. 199, relative to taking fish in Canandaigua Lake.

The Senate has advanced the following bills to third reading:

Senator Townsend's, Int. No. 379, relative to the close season for deer.

Senator W. L. Brown's, Int. No. 702, relative to fire wardens.

Senator Townsend's, Int. No. 607, relative to privileges of witnesses, testifying in cases of game law violations.

Assemblyman Nicholls', Int. No. 694, relative to taking woodcock.

Assemblyman Palmer's, Int. No. 541, relative to the close season for quail in Schoharie county.

Assemblyman Reynolds', Int. No. 550, relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Rensselaer county.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, Int. No. 631, relative to penalties for game law violations.

Assemblyman J. W. Smith's, Int. No. 418, relative to fishing in Whaley's Pond, Dutchess county.

The Assembly has passed the following bills:

Assemblyman Moran's, Int. No. 470, relative to fishing for non-game fish in Cayuga Lake and tributary streams.

Assemblyman Finegan's, Int. No. 1384, prohibiting non-residents from hunting or fishing in certain counties without a license.

Assemblyman Fowler's, Int. No. 1402, in relation to licenses for nets in Lake Erie, Chautauqua county.

Senator Raines', Int. No. 182, relative to taking fish through the ice in certain counties.

Senator Goodsell's, Int. No. 261, relative to fishing through the ice with tip-ups in Orange and Rockland counties.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's, Int. No. 1169, fixing the salary of assistant game protectors at $1,500, with $750 annually for expenses.

Assemblyman Apgar's, Int. No. 1201, relative to taking shad from the Hudson River.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

May 19-21.—Montreal, Can., Canine Association's show.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Fritz.

FOREST AND STREAM is truly the sportsman's journal in that it finds space from time to time for eulogy or epitaph or obituary notice of man's best friend.

This is a sketch of Fritz, a water spaniel of undoubted lineage, square-jawed and muscular, dignified and thoughtful.

Raised by a village priest, he led the life of a loafer—or rather he had no chance to show his talents, and when three years old possessed no marked characteristics except a willingness to fight and to fight well when called upon to make good.

At this age Fritz entered the family of a neighbor, John Reed, and straightway became another dog, for here he was appreciated. Amid the large family of boys he chose one for a master—Malcolm, a youth whose heart is always on the lakes or in the woods. There are those who say that a dog loves the master whom he fears. Those who have seen Fritz at the approach of night look earnestly over the fields for the first glimpse of his friend's return from work and run joyously to meet him, know that fear was no element in their friendship.

He was the chum of the babies, and bore their pulling and hauling with philosophical air. Of course, he was the guardian of the premises. What dog worth mentioning ever failed to assume that duty? No person of doubtful appearance ever entered premises or house without giving Fritz the countersign.

No dog ever threw down the gage of battle before him in vain, nor was a peaceful animal ever wantonly attacked. It is not necessary to prove by a long recital of battles fought and won that Fritz was a rare fighter. It is better to show the intelligence he possessed. Two small dogs started a fight one day with our friend as referee. Things were progressing merrily when a larger companion of one of the combatants tried to help his suffering friend. With a rush Fritz threw him away, plainly to insist that the little fellows be given a fair field.

He was a meat dog, as Mr. E. Hough would say. No lake was ever too rough nor water too icy cold to keep him from retrieving his master's game. Many the 'coon in stone pile or log has lost his pelt because of Fritz's sharp nose. Some of us know how well a 'coon can fight. This dog has pulled more than one by the head from the heart of a hollow log. That is proof enough of unalloyed grit. Was it all for love of conflict or love of master? Those of us who have seen the look in his eyes while his master patted his bloody head and spoke the words of praise have their opinion.

And now for the end. A duck to be retrieved, a high cliff, treacherous footing, a fall to the rocks below. These were the elements. A brave attempt with broken limbs to get the duck, a beseeching look in the faithful face, a last "Good dog, Fritz; good-by," and then a merciful shot.

Don't say to me or his master that there is no hereafter for dogs. Our preference would be, "None for dogs, none for us."

B. E. BIRGE.

Yachting.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S new challenger, Shamrock III., was dismantled on the morning of April 17. The accident was caused by a defective turnbuckle. The steward was swept overboard and drowned, and Sir Thomas Lipton was knocked down a hatchway and severely bruised.

The accident happened off Weymouth. The two Shamrocks were maneuvering around outside the harbor. There was a strong northeast wind blowing and occasional heavy gusts would put the boats' lee rails awash. Sir Thomas Lipton and Colonel Sharman Crawford had boarded the boat before she went outside. Shamrock III. was on the starboard tack headed toward the steam yacht Erin when an extra heavy puff laid her out, and the great strain put on the weather rigging caused the weak rigging screw to part. As soon as this gave way the mast fell over the side, carrying the entire rig with it. As the boat was heeled so far over at the time of the accident the heavy spars fell clear of the boat, otherwise the affair might have been very much more serious. The mast buckled about ten feet above the deck and lay flat on the water, but after a short time the weight of the wet sails and other spars caused it to buckle in another place and the end rested on the bottom.

The man who was drowned was named Collier, and he was a brother-in-law of Captain Wringe. Sir Thomas Lipton was standing beside a hatchway, and Collier was near him when the mishap occurred. Collier was swept overboard, and before a boat could reach him he went down. Sir Thomas was knocked down the hatchway head first, and one of the crew tumbled on top of him. Aside from being badly bruised Sir Thomas was not seriously injured, although he had a very narrow escape. Several of the crew of the boat had close calls, but none was seriously hurt.

Immediately after the occurrence boats put off from Shamrock I. and Erin, but no trace of the steward Collier could be found.

The wreckage was cleared away as soon as possible, and all the spars, sails and gear were placed on board a barge that had been sent out from Weymouth. Shamrock III. was towed into Portland Roads.

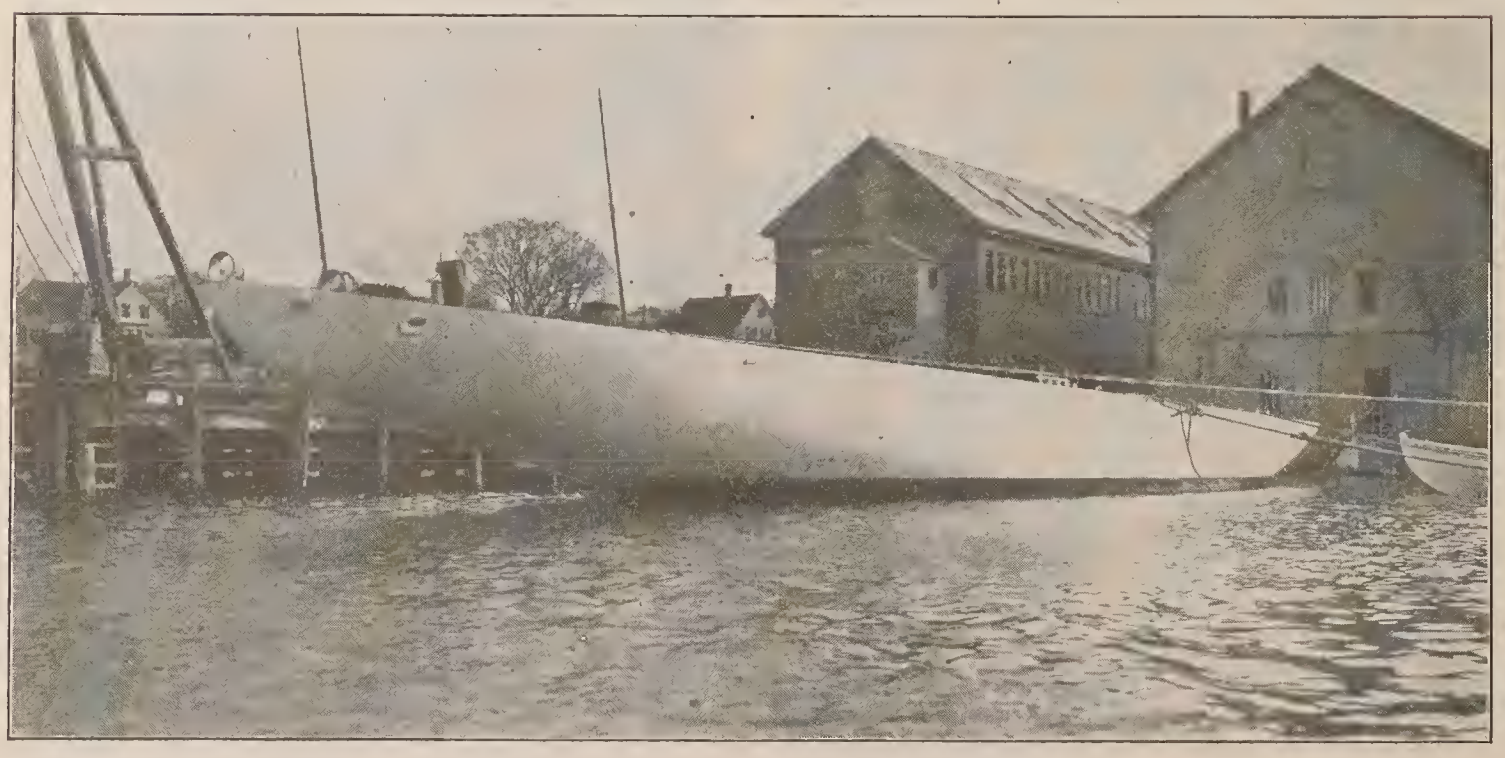
The yacht will in all probability be taken to the Clyde, where she will receive any necessary repairs and have a new mast put in place. It will take about two weeks to make a new spar. A new suit of sails was also ordered.

The delay caused by the accident will not necessitate a postponement of the cup races—although it has unquestionably hurt the boat's chances of winning the cup. It is far better that the accident should have happened early in the season rather than later.

Sir Thomas received cables from yachtsmen and friends all over the world extending sympathy.

This makes the fourth accident of this sort within a few years—Columbia, Constitution and Shamrock II. all having been through the same experience. The dismasting has been caused in every instance by too light rigging, and it is now probable that designers will allow a greater margin of safety in this regard. No lives were lost in the previous accidents, and the drowning of the steward in the last instance makes the affair doubly lamentable.

OFFICERS OF RELIANCE.
Captain Charles Barr sitting on the right. Mate Christiansen on Captain Barr's right.
Photo by James Burton, New York.



RELIANCE THE DAY AFTER LAUNCHING.
Photo copyright by James Burton, New York.

ON Monday, April 13, Reliance was warped alongside the end of the north pier at the Herreshoffs' plant and her big steel mast was put in place. The stepping of the spar was done by means of the shears that are located at the end of the north pier, and the mast was put in place without a hitch or accident. As soon as the mast was secured in the step the shrouds and headstay were fastened in place temporarily. The work

THE LAUNCHING OF RELIANCE.
Photo copyright by James Burton, New York.

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF RELIANCE.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

of stepping the mast was done by the Boston rigger, Billman, and his men, who will also rig the boat. The weight of the mast brought Reliance down nearly to her lines forward. The bowsprit was also put in place. Reliance will have two bobstays, each tested to stand a strain of one hundred and twenty-five tons. Constitution had but one bobstay and that was tested to seventy tons. It appears that the halliards, main and jib sheets are to be handled below. All this gear which up to this time has been kept on deck, will now be out of the way below.

The work of rigging the boat was delayed last week owing to bad weather, and it is doubtful if Reliance has a test under sail before the 25th of this month. The topmast has been put on end, and the standing rigging, which is considerably heavier than was used on the other 90-footers, has been set up. A duplicate set of spars has been made, and in case of accident there will be but little delay in putting the boat in shape again. The height from deck to topmast truck is said to be just under 160ft. The boom is 114ft. long, some 14ft. longer than Shamrock III's.

Constitution is all rigged and her sails bent. She was towed from Bristol to Newport last week, and her trials under sail will soon begin.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 20.—The Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. has been hard at work, and, as a result, has produced a fine line of fixtures for the season. While the club has not arranged so many club races as did the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., this was only to be expected on account of the large number of open races already arranged by other clubs. The Boston Y. C., pursuing the policy of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., and, besides, continuing a precedent already established, has tried to arrange dates so that there wil be no conflict with other clubs. The territory covered by the club is now much greater than it has ever been before, and, on account of the interest that is attached to each particular station, the Regatta Committee probably thought that it would not be good policy to hold a great number of races in one place. The schedule arranged is as follows:

June 13, Saturday—Club race at South Boston.
June 17, Wednesday—Y. R. A. open, at Hull.
June 27, Saturday—Club race at Marblehead.
July 25, Saturday—Club race at Hull.
July 30, 31 and August 1, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Midsummer series of open races, at Hull.
August 4, Tuesday—Y. R. A. open, at Marblehead.
August 10.—Monday—Club race, at Marblehead.

Suitable cash prizes will be offered for every race, and in addition to these prizes the officers and members of the club have contributed cups to be raced for by the different classes. The number of cups donated is unusual, and it shows the great interest that is being taken in the club's welfare by the members.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson has offered a handsome set of cups to be raced for during the midsummer series. There will be eight of these, a first and second cup for the 25, 22, 21 and 18-foot classes. They will be awarded the yachts winning the first and second highest averages during the series.

Commodore B. P. Cheney has offered championship cups for the season's work to be awarded to the yachts in each class making the first and second highest averages. In figuring the percentages of the yachts, it will be considered that each one shall have sailed in at least six out of nine races scheduled. All of the Y. R. A. open races will be counted for percentage in the club championship as well as in the Y. R. A. tables.

A cup has also been offered by the National Sportsman, to be raced for by the yachts of different classes. This cup will be competed for over an outside course, under such handicap conditions as will place the yachts of the various classes upon an equal footing. The date of the race will be announced later by the Regatta Committee.

Mr. Alfred Douglas has offered a handsome cup to be competed for by the 18-foot class. This class will be larger than ever before. The yachts are expected to be very evenly matched, even considering those that have not been built during the past winter. There will be the

keenest kind of competition, and it is expected that the attendance at every race will be very large.

Commodore Cheney has expressed his intention of giving orders for a cruise to take place on September 5, 6 and 7. Several officers have offered to give appropriate cups in connection with each of the three days' racing runs. Mrs. B. P. Cheney has expressed a desire to offer cups for the cruise. The fleet will doubtless disband at the close of the cruise, off Calf Island, where Commodore Cheney's summer home is situated.

For some time past the open race on June 17 has been sailed over an outside course, either off Nahant or Point Allerton. The Regatta Committee has decided to hold the race this year in Hull Bay, on account of the difficulty of small boats anchoring off Point Allerton.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has sold the steel steam yacht Ventura, owned by Mr. C. D. Miller, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to Mr. David Dunlop, of Petersburg, Va. Ventura is of steel construction, and was designed and built by Mr. Miller last season. She is 98ft. over all, 75ft. waterline, 13ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft. He has also sold the 18-footer Vim, owned by Mr. A. T. Vigneron, of Providence, to Mr. Henry Saville, of Boston. Mr. Crowninshield has received an order to design several fishermen for the Gulf of Mexico. They will be somewhat larger than the vessels designed by him for these fisheries last year, and will be equipped with auxilliary power. He is turning out the lines for a four-masted steel schooner, which will be built abroad.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has sold the 18-footer Suzanne, sister boat to the champion Malillian, owned by Mr. Norman F. Greeley, to Mr. G. Q. Hall, of Cleveland, O. She will be sailed on Lake Erie.

The poor weather of the last week has caused the work on fitting out to cease. The amateurs are at it again, however, and one by one the boats are commencing to appear. They were at it hard to-day in all of the yards. The first race of the year was sailed to-day at Dorchester. It was given for sailing tenders of the Savin Hill Y. C. There was also some scrub racing in Duxbury Bay.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

English Letter.

SINCE my last letter, Shamrock III. has had a considerable number of informal trials with the old boat, and the result has been in all cases satisfactory beyond expectation. It seems that in all weathers, and on every point of sailing, the new yacht shows a very marked advance, and her superiority is most pronounced when turning to windward. She is very quick on her helm, and will bear pinching. She seems to work out to windward of her apparent course. Beyond all question, if you are to keep the Cup this year, you will need a flier to defend it.

After the informal spins on the Clyde, in which the new boat always gave great satisfaction, the two yachts were brought to Weymouth last week-end. The Weymouth course offers great advantage over the Clyde at this time of year, for the weather is generally very much better in the south of England, and the hard hail squalls of the Clyde spring are absent. The course is quite open, and much more akin to the real Cup course than any to be found on the Clyde. On Monday it was intended to sail a trial, but it was blowing too hard for an attempt at this early stage. On Wednesday, however, the yachts sailed from the Erin, anchored off Weymouth, round the Shambles lightship—about seven miles out in the channel. There was a nice breeze blowing out of the bay, and Shamrock I. went off in the weather berth, the wind being aft or a little on starboard quarter. Both had jib-headers or spinnakers set. Now, with the wind blowing in this direction at Weymouth you invariably find it more abeam, and stronger, when you breast Portland breakwater (about a mile out on the course sailed). Therefore the old boat picked this wind up first, stowed her spinnaker, and was off like a hare, leading the new boat round the lee mark by 24 seconds. Shamrock III. ought to have found it hard to get past on the turn to windward back, but she did it very easily. Within ten minutes she was through the old boat's lee and out across her bows, leading her home by 1 min. 35 sec. They went round again, and the new boat ran the other by 45 seconds. Beating back she put on 2 min. 55 sec. more, beating the old boat by 5 min. 15 sec. in 28 miles. There was an interval of 15 minutes before they were started again. This time the breeze was stronger. Shamrock III. was first away by about 12 seconds, and rounded the ship one minute more to the good. On the beat back she was let go for all she was worth, and finished the round with a lead of 5 min. 8 sec.—not bad work in fourteen miles! Next day the two boats had a light weather spin down wind 15 miles and back. They both had big topsails, and the new boat ran the old one by over ten minutes. When they hauled their wind again, she simply lost the old boat, and got so far ahead that she was hung up to let the gap lessen. They sailed into the anchorage with 17 minutes between them.

Now, these were mere preparatory spins. To-morrow the first actual race for a prize will be sailed. But it is clear already that Herreshoff has caught a Tartar this time. My own opinion is that he caught one (disguised) in Shamrock I., and that he must turn out his new boat fit to give Columbia at the very least twelve minutes over the Cup course in a jackyard breeze, before he can begin to hope. I don't think there is any weather or any point of sailing in which Columbia could hold Shamrock III. She has not been tried in a seaway, but I shall be surprised if under those conditions she is not at her very best. Needless to say that hopes are high on our side, particularly among those who know the speed of the first Shamrock. Looking back on Herreshoff's work since Defender, it seems quite unlikely that he can make the necessary advance, provided he sticks to the same type. If the new boat is of the scow type, she may be very fast under given conditions, but those will hardly exist in a leeward and return race. Moreover, the scow is somewhat discredited over here. The latest American importation of that type to the Thames is a most gruesome failure, and yet her races are always sailed in smooth water.

The new Shamrock is a striking illustration of a fact that has often struck me before, viz., that the best type for any given rule of measurement is often not discovered until that rule has been abandoned. Under our old tonnage rule, which produced Clara, there is no question whatever but that designers were wrong in so unsparingly sacrificing beam to length. That was conclusively proved by the sail-area rule that followed it. Now it is clear that the new Shamrock, with her deeper garboards, is by far a faster boat than the old ones, which is a true representative of Fife's best sail-area boats. And I am perfectly certain that under our present rule nothing like the most suitable type has yet been attempted. When it is, that type will be found to be a particularly fine class of yacht, as racing yachts go.

SHAMROCK III.
Photo by Agnew & Son, Glasgow.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

A FIRE started at 4 o'clock on the morning of April 14, in a stiff gale at West End, New Orleans. The Lake Ponchartrain terminus of the New Orleans Railway Company was detroyed, as well as nearly the entire fleet of the Southern Y. C. With the wind blowing forty miles an hour, the flames spread so rapidly among the tinderbox hotels and buildings that some of the occupants barely escaped.

The fire destroyed the Capital Hotel, Oliver's restaurant, the Lake House, the old club house and the Alciatore House. It spread to the boat houses and bath houses, which were destroyed. The various boats of the Southern Y. C. were lying inside the levee, and they soon caught fire. Six boat houses, six steam or naphtha launches, one tug and twenty-six yachts were destroyed. Among the sailing boats destroyed were the Druid, Red Stern, Lilian, Zoe and Towanta and a sloop just arrived from New York. Some of the boat houses destroyed were handsomely fitted up as club houses.

The loss is estimated at $100,000.

The following racing figures have been adopted by the Regatta Committee of the New Rochelle Y. C. for the coming season:

May 20, Spring Regatta—Raceabouts, New Rochelle and Manhasset and Larchmont 21ft. one-design classes.

June 18, Raceabouts—New Rochelle and Manhasset one-design classes and 25ft. one-design class.

June 19—Second race for same classes.

June 20, Annual Regatta—Final race for the above, and for other classes to be announced later. In addition to the above schedule, special races will be given for the New Rochelle one-design classes of 18-footers and 16ft. launches.

The Regatta Committee consists of L. D. Huntington, Jr.; J. D. Sparkman, P. L. Howard, W. B. Thomas, O. H. Chellborg.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The Regatta Committee of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. has laid out the following racing schedule for the coming season:

May 30 (Decoration Day).—Open race for raceabouts (Jennings cup, first race); club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers.

June 6, Saturday.—Club races for raceabouts (Jennings' cup, second race); Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, first race).

June 13, Saturday.—Club races for raceabouts (Jennings' cup, third race); Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, second race).

June 20, Saturday.—Special race for sloops, Class G (America's cup class).

June 25, Thursday.—Open races for selected classes to be announced later; raceabouts (Jennings' cup, fourth race); Seawanhaka 15-footers (special series race).
June 26, Friday.—Open races for selected classes to be announced later; raceabouts (Jennings' cup, fifth race); Seawanhaka 15-foters (special series race).
June 27, Saturday.—Thirty-third annual Corinthian race for all classes; raceabouts (Jennings' cup, sixth race); Seawanhaka 15-footers (Special series race); Corinthian prizes.
July 4, Saturday.—Club races for raceabouts; Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, third race).
July 9, 10, 11.—Beverly-Seawanhaka raceabout series at Buzzard's Bay.
July 11, Saturday.—Club races for Seanwanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, fourth race).
July 18, Saturday.—Club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (special races in two classes—one class for yachts sailed by ladies; the other by gentlemen).
July 25, Saturday.—Club races for Roosevelt cup, class to be announced later; Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, fifth race).
Aug. 1, Saturday.—Club races for Robert Center memorial cups, classes to be announced later; 15-footers (Center Island cup, sixth race).
Aug. 8, Saturday.—Club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (Center Island cup, seventh race).
Aug. 15, Saturday.—Club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, first race).
Aug. 29, Saturday.—Special club races, Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (only if there is no race for the America's cup on this day).
Sept. 5, Saturday.—Club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, second race).
Sept. 7 (Labor Day).—Club races for raceabouts; Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, third race).
Sept. 10, Thursday.—Open races for selected classes to be announced later; raceabouts; Seawanhaka 15-footers (special series prizes).
Sept. 11, Friday.—Open races for selected classes to be announced later; raceabouts and Seawanhaka 15-footers (special series prizes).
Sept. 12, Saturday.—Annual fall Corinthian races for all classes; raceabouts and Seawanhaka 15-footers (Special series prize); Corinthian prizes.
Sept. 19, Saturday.—Club races for Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, fourth race).
Sept. 26, Saturday.—Club races for raceabouts; Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, fifth race).
Oct. 3, Saturday.—Club races for raceabouts; Seawanhaka knockabouts; 15-footers (challenge cup, sixth race).

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Red Dragon Canoe Club, of Philadelphia, has scheduled for its eighteenth racing season the following programme:

Saturday, June 13.—Event No. 1, one man single blade paddling one-half mile; Event No. 2, one man hand paddling 100 yards; Event No. 3, one man double blade paddling one-half mile; Event No. 4, tilting tournament; Event No. 5, tail end paddling one-fourth mile; Event No. 6, tandem double blade paddling one-half mile.

Saturday, July 11.—Event No. 1, one man, overboard, single blade one-fourth mile; Event No. 2, one man double blade paddling one-fourth mile; Event No. 3, tandem single blade paddling one-half mile; Event No. 4, swimming 50 yards; Event No. 5, tub race, 50 yards; Event No. 6, one man single blade paddling one-half mile with turn.

Saturday, August 29.—Event No. 1, One man single blade paddling one-fourth mile; Event No. 2, one man standing paddling double blades one-fourth mile; No. 3, tandem double blade paddling one-half mile with turn; Event No. 4, tilting tournament; Event No. 5, one man single blade paddling one-half mile; Event No. 6, one man double blade paddling one-half mile with turn.

Saturday, September 19.—Event No. 1, one man double blade paddling one-fourth mile; Event No. 2, tail end paddling one-fourth mile; Event No. 3, one man single blade paddling one-half mile with turn; Event No. 4, club trophy paddling double blades one-half mile; Event No. 5, tilting tournament; Event No. 6, tandem single blade paddling one-half mile.

The above races are open to all amateur canoeists except Event No. 1 on June 13, Event No. 2 on July 11, and Event No. 4 on September 19.

A. C. A. racing rules will govern all races.

First prizes will be given in all half-mile paddling races and in all titlting tournaments, and second prizes in those in which four or more contestants finish. First prizes only in the other events.

Luncheon will be served in the club house after the races.

The committee reserves the right to alter the order of the events on any one day, and to omit any event for which there is not a sufficient number of entries.

The above schedule may be revised by the omission of the races on August 29, at the discretion of the committee, announcement of which will be made later.

For the Regatta Committee,

M. D. WILT,
Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17.

For information in regard to the races inquiries should be addressed to the chairman of the Regatta Committee, J. C. Maclister, U. G. I. Building, Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The officers of the Red Dragon Canoe Club, whose house is situated at Wissinoming, on the Delaware River, about seven miles above Philadelphia, Pa., are as follows: Com., W. K. Park; Vice-Com., J. C. Maclister; Purser, H. E. Davis; Quartermaster, H. W. Fleischmann; Correspondent, M. D. Wilt; Trustees, Joseph Edw. Murray, Alvin S. Fenimore, Edward D. Hemingway; Regatta Committee—J. C. Maclister, chairman; Jos. Edw. Murray, H. W. Fleischmann, Edw. D. Hemingway, Omar Shallcross.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

H. P. Cunningham, Medford, Mass.; Wm. J. Burbeck, Lowell, Mass.; Wm. A. Packard, Boston, Mass.; John W. Rice, Winchester, Mass.; Wm. E. Crosby, West Medford, Mass.; Clifford Talbot, Winchester, Mass.; A. J. Goodwin, Boston, Mass.; Chas. H. Littlefield, Jr., Lawrence, Mass.; Robert B. Parkhurst, Lawrence, Mass.; John R. Newman, Boston, Mass.; H. K. Newhall, Boston, Mass.; Arthur A. Ridgeway, Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Thompson, Boston, Mass.

O. C. CUNNINGHAM,
Purser E. Div. A. C. A.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A. Central Division:

George S. Kellogg, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by Charles P. Forbush; G. Fred Merrick, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by Al. T. Brown; Frederick C. Irving, Gouverneur, N. Y., M. H. Kennedy, New Brighton, Pa., proposed by H. T. Kreamer; S. T. Blemming, John W. Boyce, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by H. E. McLain; Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Frank T. Sage, Irondequoit Canoe Club, Rochester, N. Y., proposed by John S. Wright; Hiram M. Rogers, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; H. S. Sturdevant, Rome, N. Y., proposed by Jesse J. Armstrong; John Henry Coon, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; and W. O. Amsler, Otto Benkiser, Alton Brown, W. H. Brown, G. T. Hildebrand, C. A. Robb, Gregg Rogers, J. H. Smith, H. G. Welsh, all members of the Duquesne Canoe Club, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by A. W. Heeren and H. W. Breitenstein.

Dr. Stuart Close and George V. Strahan have been proposed for membership to the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.
June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspiees of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on April 12 the following scores were made. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, German ring target:

Gindele	222	221	220	214	212	Lux	209	208	206	203	200
Payne	220	217	213	211	211	Bruns	206	198	188	188	187
Nestler	219	218	216	213	213	Freitag	205	200	197	194	190
Roberts	218	214	208	208	207	Trounstine	205	186	181	179	174
Odell	216	216	214	208	203	Drube	204	202	194	191	186

Honor target: Gindele 71, Payne 63, Nestler 63, Roberts 64, Odell 58, Lux 61, Bruns 59, Freitag 57, Trounstine 61, Drube 52.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

April 22.—Rushylvania, O., Gun Club's shoot.
April 22-23.—Troy, O., Gun Club's tournament.
*April 22-23.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Herron Hill Gun Club. Harry Vandergrift, Sec'y.
April 26.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's shoot. G. R. Schneider, Sec'y.
April 28-30.—Paducah, Ky., Gun Club's tournament.
April 28-May 1.—Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-seventh annual tournament, under the auspices of the Lincoln Gun Club. F. E. Mockett, Sec'y.
April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 1-2.—Annual spring shoot of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illiuois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.
May 14-16.—El Reno, Okl.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association O. R. Dickey, Sec'y
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selcmber, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Richl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 23-24.—Rufisdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The fourth annual team shoot of the Boston Gun Club will be held on the club grounds, Wellington, Mass., on April 29. Shooting commences on the arrival of the 9:55 train. All shooters invited. Lunch served on the grounds. Guns and cartridges forwarded to Kirkover Brothers, 23 Elm street, Boston, and not arriving later than April 27, will be delivered on the grounds free. There are thirteen events on the programme, 10 and 15 targets. Targets, 1½ cents. There are two merchandise prizes for first and second amateur averages.

The grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, at Rutherford, N. J., had an activity on Saturday of last week which was a reminder of old days. There were thirty contestants in the regular sweepstakes. In the six-man team shoot for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, at 50 targets, between the Union Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, the Union club won by a score of 231 to 212. The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, challenged the winner.

The Princeton team defeated the University of Pennsylvania on the grounds of the Clearview, Pa., Gun Club, April 19, by a score of 220 to 211. The conditions were such that Pennsylvania team was severely handicapped. Princeton had six men on its team; U. of P. five men. Each man shot at 50 targets. The scores: Princeton—Archer 41, McKaig 35, Pardoe 42, Stutesman 35, Frick 32, Gaines 35; total 220. Pennsylvania—Lowdon 48, Perkins 47, Adams 42, Farwell 34, Henderson 40; total 211.

Mr. L. W. Colquitt, from the 28yd. mark, won the 20-bird event at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., on April 16. There were six entries. The entrance was $20, high guns, two moneys for every ten entries.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, Jersey City, will be held on May 3.

The Americus, Ga., Gun Club's second annual interstate target tournament will take place July 14, 15 and 16.

BERNARD WATERS.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

April 18.—It has been our luck—ill-luck—for several weeks back to have a howling wind to shoot against. But anything that we have had heretofore was not a circumstance compared with the wind to-day. There was a regular hurricane blowing from the north—from the direction in which the targets are thrown, and which raised the targets to an immense height. Several times targets, after losing their force, given by the trap, were carried back by the wind to the shooting platform. Some of the boys were tempted to shoot at them when coming back. Event 8, for the Marshall cup, was, as usual, the principal one of the day. H. E. Winans scored another win by breaking 18, which, with his allowance of 4 misses as breaks, scored him 22. Buckley was next high with 20 to his credit.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	25	25	25	10	10	15	10	25	15	25	at.	Broke.
Marshall, 5	10	16	14	6	3	11	5	18	11	8	189	97
*Wicker	11	..	12	..	4	..	..	14	..	..	85	41
Winans, 4	..	15	..	..	..	6	..	22	..	..	65	39
Hector, 5	..	..	..	4	3	11	7	19	..	16	95	55
Claymark, 4	..	..	..	..	3	10	..	14	..	..	50	23
Buckley, 3	..	..	..	..	8	8	5	20	..	9	75	47
Spencer, 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	9	..	50	31
Briggs, 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	25	13

*Shot along in cup event. In event No. 10 Buckley dropped out after fifteenth round.

SNANIWEH.

Special Meeting of the Indians.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 16.—A special meeting of the Indians was held at the Midland Hotel, this city, on the above date, by call of High Chief Tom A. Marshall, who presided. The meeting was called for the purpose of selecting the dates and place for the annual meeting and tournament. This business was taken up at once, and the bid of A. W. Arnold, of Arnold's Park, Lake Okoboji, was selected. The tournament will be held there on the dates of August 25, 26, 27 and 28.

It was voted to follow the usual custom of issuing a handsome souvenir programme. Names were also chosen for the six recently elected Indians, as follows: John M. Lilly, Chief Cyclone; E. D. Rike, Chief Sleepy Eye; A. W. Du Bray, Chief Gouchon; E. B. Coe, Chief Decoy; John Burmister, Chief Back to the Woods; Hood Waters, Chief Follow Trail.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of the late lamented Col. A. G. Courtney were passed:

The fleet-footed runner from the far land of the Alleghanies is in the council wigwam of the Indians to-day bearing the heavy tidings that Col. A. G. Courtney, on the roll of Tribal Chiefs honorably known as Chief Sitting Bull, follows the trail no more, but has passed into the mysterious shades beyond which lie the Happy Hunting Grounds of rest and reward for faithful service on this earthly trail.

With these tidings before us we are reminded of the transitory nature of the chase in our present surroundings and of the great change that must ultimately come to us all; but as we turn in this hour to look back upon the record of the hunt for honors and the things that make life worth the living, as left by this lamented Chieftain, we find much of inspiration and satisfaction in the record. To have been a leader in the fight whenever it was worthy of a foeman's mettle, and to have won the plaudits and commendations of his peers, is the acme of achievement for a brave and fearless man, and such at all times was the position of him whose chair stands empty in this conclave, draped in the symbols of tribal mourning. And in acknowledgment of his faithful service be this memento inscribed upon the tablet dedicated to his memory, and his place declared vacant for the space of three moons.

In witness whereof, and in token of our deep sympathy and condolence with the wife and children of our lamented fellow Chieftain, is hereunto affixed the official signature of the Indians.

Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe. Tom A. Marshall, High Chief.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 18.—Owing to the high wind blowing and a local ball game, there was very little shooting on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The scores of those who came out are herewith appended. Each event was at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
J C Barlow	6	5	6	5	..	C G Blandford	10	..	..	..	..
J Hyland	8	5	8	4	7	E Ball	9	3	..	..	..
Hans	10	4	7	5	..	Col Fiske	5	..	..	..	..

It is a pleasure to find how important this time-honored annual event, the shoot of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is considered by the sporting goods trade in general. In answer to our appeal for prizes we have been most liberally dealt with. As the prizes have come rolling in to the net value of $800, not counting local prizes, we are reminded of an appeal we once made as a club, not knowing of the cast-iron agreement the dealers had entered into regarding donations to clubs. We take this opportunity to most heartily thank these generous donors.

Regarding the hotels of Ossining, they are fairly up to the standard of hotels in other towns of this size, 10,000 residents. There are six of them, the prices of which for shooters will range from $1.50 to $2.50 per day. In addition to this, there are a number of desirable boarding houses in town where many could be comfortably housed for the week. During the week of the shoot two military schools here will hold their commencement, which will fill some of the hotels, so that shooters who desire may write to the undersigned, who will take pleasure in booking accommodations ahead for them.

C. G. BLANDFORD,
Care Ossining G. C., Ossining, N. Y.

St. Hubert Gun Club.

OTTAWA, Can., April 13.—The team race and event No. 1, at the tournament of the St. Hubert Gun Club, held to-day, were shot under expert rules, five expert traps. All other events were shot Sergeant system. Entrance moneys were as follows: No. 1, $1; No. 2, $2; No. 3, $1.50; No. 4, $2.50; No. 5, $2; No. 6, $1; No. 7, $1.50; No. 8, $1.50.

The home club lost the Montreal challenge cup, which it had held during two years.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	20	15	25	20	Targets:	10	20	15	25	20
N G Bray	5	15	13	21	17	W L Cameron	5	19	11	18	15
G B Goodhue	6	16	12	18	16	Z Ketchum	8	..	..	..	..
J M Craig	6	12	12	21	16	C Brodeur	5	11	9	12	9
C G Thompson	9	17	10	19	13	H Viau	3	13	12	15	11
A W Throop	5	18	10	19	17	J Marshall	7	11	9	12	..
W Slaney	5	11	7	..	14	G Esdale	5	..	..	..	..
I N Deslauriers	5	16	6	17	13	J Higginson	6	18	12	19	..
E C Eaton	5	18	13	23	15	Wooton	6	..	..	..	..
F E Heany	6	16	13	20	18	C Strangman	16	..	11	13	..
C L Panet	8	17	10	17	11	G Esdale	5	15	11	19	10
R B Hutchinson	8	17	10	22	18	F G Bradley	..	..	10	15	10
S White	6	18	..	18	18	W Fraser	..	..	..	21	18
R Redman	7	16	10	22	16	A H Scriver	..	..	..	16	..
W J Cleghorn	6	17	9	21	14	P Walters	..	..	..	16	12
J K Kennedy	4	17	13	24	17	W Walters	..	..	..	19	17
F C Nash	6	8	..	..	..	A Barre	..	..	..	6	16
R Lewis	5	14	9	14	..						

Team race for Montreal cup:

St. Hubert Gun Club.		Westmount Gun Club.	
Capt Higginson	13	R B Hutchison	13
Dr S White	9	C Aubin	13
Capt T C Boville	10	F C Nash	8
C L Panet	11	W J Cleghorn	10
W L Cameron	11—54	J K Kennedy	11—55

St. Bazile Gun Club.

ST. BAZILE, Que., April 11.—In spite of the high wind some of the boys had their weekly shoot to-day. Following are the scores:

J Piché	1101111001111101111—16
N Frenette	0111011111000111011—14
El Godin	1111100101111100010—12
J Julien	1111000001100
T P Bishop	1111100011111101111—16
E R Pepin	1111111110011110111—17
I Bedard	1110000010
A Jeunnesse	1111111001000111011—14
H Piché	0110011101011001111—13
J Jacques	00011100110
E Bloudean	1111100110001111001—13
J Collette	000001001
E Godin	1101010111110010110—13
E Jacques	1111111100011011011—14
O Collette	11100010010
A Hardy	11011000100
J Chastonay	11000101011
A Germain	110111001000

Pennsylvania Association.

THE thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held May 18, 19, 20 and 21, at flying targets, at Wissinoming, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club. Also May 22 and 23, at live birds, at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League.

In giving the thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, has endeavored to present a new programme, in which many radical changes have been made.

The new plan of adding money to fifth and sixth places positively guarantees a prize to 10 and 11 targets out of 15, and 15 and 16 out of 20 targets in the open amateur sweeps. The 66 to 80 per cent. shots are sure of winning money never offered before.

The daily average money for high and low guns, and general average money for high and low guns in open amateur sweeps is for State Association members exclusively.

There will be individual prizes to winners in team matches, absolute trophy to each winning team, absolute trophy for State average winner, and guaranteed purses in State events.

A special tax purse will be divided among all amateurs and State members who shoot through the three days' open amateur sweeps and fail to win back their entrance.

Three merchandise events for sportsmen's prizes will be shot under a new system of handicapping.

All merchandise prizes, added money and guaranteed purses are offered and given by the Florists' Gun Club.

FLORISTS' GUN CLUB.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

One hundred bird race:

						Total.
Gambell, 16	19	19	19	20	18	95
Squier, 20	17	19	17	19	17	89
Medico, 16	19	18	18	15	16	86
Dreihs, 16	17	18	17	18	15	85
Atkinson, 19	16	17	17	17	17	84
Phil, 20	14	15	16	17	16	78
Daudt, 18	14	15	16	15	18	78

Second 100-bird race:

					Total.
Phil, 20	18	21	20	21	80
Squier, 20	23	22	25	22	92
Atkinson, 20	21	20	20	24	85
Daudt, 20	18	13	15	21	67

One hundred bird race:

						Total.
Trimble	16	18	15	12	12	73
Rike	17	18	13	17	19	84
Phil	17	18	18	15	17	85
Atkinson	17	19	17	19	18	90
Squier	17	18	17	18	20	90
Gambell	18	15	17	16	18	84
Coleman	17	19	19	17	16	88
Medico	16	19	18	18	15	86
Le Compte	20	17	20	17	17	91
Jay Bee	18	13	13	11	13	68
Herman	14	16	14	14	10	68
Dreihs	8	13	12	14	7	54
Faran	18	15	16	17	19	85

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: Squier (21yds.) 46, Atkinson (20) 46, Randall (19) 44, Rike (18) 43, Le Compte (19) 43, Coleman (18) 41, Daudt (17) 41, Donald (18) 41, Block (18) 40, Harris (19) 40, Medico (18) 40, Herman (16) 40, Phil (20) 39, Corry (18) 39, Barker (18) 38, Parker (17) 40, Jack (16) 37, Maynard (19) 36, Ackley (16) 35, Faran (17) 35, Trimble (21) 35, Du Bray (16) 34, Falk (16) 33, Gambell (19) 33, McB. (16) 33, Dreihs (17) 32, Jay Bee (17) 32, Captain (16) 31, Merrick (16) 31.

The Lady and the Dickey Birds.

WYMORE, Neb., April 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I enjoyed reading Mr. Fulford's suggestions to trapshooters, in regard to live birds, and the reasons he gives for the growth of the sentiment against shooting them, and heartily approve of all he said; and while I was congratulating myself on the fact that none of this unhealthy sentiment existed in the West, two things happened.

First, in looking over a list of bills passed by our Legislature and awaiting the signature of the Governor, I discovered one prohibiting the shooting of live birds at the trap. I regret that it was not noticed sooner, as I am very certain that a fifteen minutes' talk with the committee would have put a quietus upon it, for this session at least.

Second, about two weeks ago the Wymore Gun Club opened up with a shoot at dickey birds, and a day or two afterward a lady called at my office and told me that she called to see if something could not be done to prevent the shooting of the poor little dickey birds, at the city park by the gun club. She said she knew I was a great lover of birds, and that if any one could stop it I could. I told her I had noticed reports of the shooting of these little birds in the local papers, and would investigate the matter at once; and in fact would have done so sooner on my own motion if it had not been for the fact that a traveling man had told me that these little birds, if allowed to propagate in this country, would soon be worse than the English sparrows in Philadelphia. I investigated, and a few days later wrote the lady that I was gratified to learn that the little dickey birds were made out of clay.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

The Wymores Get the Park.

WYMORE, Neb., April 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Gun Clubs, like individuals, have their ups and downs; and the Wymore Gun Club is no exception to the rule. A year ago, when the boys went up to the old Fair grounds for their first shoot of the season, they found it fenced with barbed wire, the gates closed and notices up; and they also found a man in charge who informed them that it was private property, and that no shooting would be allowed. It was a stock pasture. This was a body blow, for we had shot, played ball, and had circuses there for twenty years. But it was private property! It had once been a fair ground and driving park, but the company had gone to pieces, the property had changed hands, and we had no right there.

Well, the boys came down town and talked it over with their friends, and things soon began to sizzle. The Mayor and City Council soon concluded that they would take a hand in the game. The property was looked up, and it was discovered that there were thirteen years' back taxes due on the property. And the city authorities concluded that if it was not worth paying taxes on, it would make a good city park anyway, and the condemnation ordinance was drawn up and passed by a unanimous vote, the property appraised at $50 an acre, twenty-six acres, total $1,300. A law suit followed, in which the city was victorious, and to-day it is a city park, and on March 4, this year, the Mayor and Council passed a resolution giving the Wymore Gun Club the right to establish shooting grounds, build a building, and use the land inside of the old driving track for our purposes forever! We took possession and built a nice building, and have about the nicest gun club grounds in the State; and a prouder set of boys you never saw.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 18.—The scores made at John Wright's matinee are appended. Brigham was the leader in the high scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10
Corins	5	6	5	7	7	9	12	..	..
Bergen	5	7	6	5	..	10	6	..	..
Frost	5	6	5	12	6	12	9	..	..
F Stephenson	6	15	9	12	8	11	12	..	..
Brigham	7	10	7	13	10	12	13	11	8
Bedford	8	8	9	10	8	11	12	13	8
Hitchcock	6	10	4	10	4	13	9	..	..
Ackley	3	11	7	5	..	10	..	..	..
Mohrman	6	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	..
Cheeseborough	6	12	6	11	3	7	..	..	..
Hansleiter	2	3	3	5	3	5	7	..	..
G Remsen	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wright	6	9	6	8	6	7	..	..	..

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, April 18.—In the club shoot at 50 targets, the members of the Nonpareil Gun Club who were present scored as follows: Rupel 49, Stannard 47, Kuss 44, Barto 43, Bush 42.

Fifty-cent sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	15	15	Targets:	10	15	15	15
Rupel	7	14	12	..	Mack	6	7	..	..
Kuss	9	13	15	21	Shogren	7	10	..	..
Barto	10	11	14	18	Clark	2	3	..	..
Bush	9	15	13	..	Stannard	..	..	14	21

No. 4 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs, entrance $1.

WATSON.

Missouri State Shoot.

(Concluded from page 319.)

Mayflower medal, amateur State championship:

Spencer	2222222022220222222202022222202022222*22221022200	—	40
Bramhall	0221*222222*202122122121*2*2111022221221221*w		
Clayton	020121121222201*11211212202121212111221222122222212	—	45
Tipton	22212211012022211221222202022212*212122212111222212	—	45
Cunningham	2222222222022222222222*22222222022220222221222022222	—	45

Shoot-off of tie:

Clayton	22122*1122— 9	Cunningham	2220222222— 9
Tipton	1212121212—10		

State and Interstate championship:

Hirschy	10222222222222202222222222	—	23
Bottger	11112221212222212222222222	—	25
Gorman	11211012221201212022112221	—	22
Gilson	11112112221222220121102212	—	23
J Elliott	12011122111111221112211122	—	24
C Spencer	121022222000w		
Pendleton	02222222120200220220022221	—	18
Wade	22211012222020211122112211	—	22
C B Cockrell	22122112222111222210201212	—	23
Bramhall	202212022120220w		
Tipton	20101121122021122222212022	—	21
Heer	11110111212222121211121222	—	24
F N Cockrell	0221100220w		
Stafford	22221112202201010w		
O'Brien	2221000120w		
Garrett	22222222222202222222222022	—	23
Zim	21222222222022222222022222	—	23
Arnhold	21221222212222222221201222	—	24
Holmes	22211211212222002220011222	—	22
O'Neil	12002121111102211212222202	—	21
Fort	10221221222122222222212220	—	23
Clayton	0202102002w		
H B Spencer	02222222222222222122220220	—	22
Alexander	22022000220220222120100020	—	15

State Shooters—Pendleton, O'Neil, Clayton, H. B. Spencer, Alexander, Zim, Arnhold.

Championship of York County.

GLEN ROCK, Pa., April 20.—The shoot for the live-bird championship trophy of York county, held on the grounds of the Glen Rock Gun Club on Saturday, April 18, was a great disappointment to the club. Out of eighteen who had promised to attend and participate, seven were present and participated, a fact reflecting very little credit on the word of at least eleven. The scores were much better than they appear, as the wind was blowing a regular gale, and many of the kills were of a sensational kind. Jackson (Elias Spangler), of York, won the trophy with 17. The scores at live birds follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	12	7	*	Targets:	20	12	7	*
Seitz, 28	12	11	6	4	Heindel, 25	..	..	3	0
Bob White, 26	15	8	6	5	Grove, 26	..	..	5	..
Deardorff, 28	16	9	6	1	P McGuigan, 26	..	..	5	0
Jackson, 28	17	9	6	..	Wilson, 26	..	..	5	..
Lauber, 27	13	8	4	..	G McGuigan, 26	..	..	..	0
Eyster, 26	16	9	7	4	Black Bird, 28	..	..	..	3
Miller, 28	16	..	4	..					

*Miss-and-out.

The target shoot to be held on May 1-2, open to all, by the Glen Rock Gun Club, will no doubt be attended by a larger number of target shooters. The programme will be at 200 targets each day, with average money for both high and low guns shooting through each day's programme.

A. M. SEITZ.

WESTERN TRAP.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18.—The secretary of the Cripple Creek Gun Club, of Colorado, reports that at the meeting of April 11 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Larry E. King; Vice-President, Don. V. Forrest; Secretary-Treasurer, C. R. Hutchison; Executive Committee: L. E. King, Don. V. Forrest, C. R. Hutchison, G. C. Stoddard, Nat. Thorp and J. A. Woodruff.

E. H.

North Adams Gun Club.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., April 14.—At the shoot of the North Adams Gun Club to-day seventeen shooters participated. Mr. Neaf Apgar was easily high average in the total of the programme events. He made an even 90 per cent. performance. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Total Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		
Apgar	10	8	9	10	10	9	8	9	9	8	100	90
A Graves	8	..	6	9	7	..	8	..	6	..	60	44
Keller	6	8	7	6	7	7	5	4	7	7	100	64
Adams	8	9	10	9	8	6	10	6	5	7	100	78
B Stebbens	7	7	7	5	7	7	7	5	6	9	100	67
Hodge	9	7	4	3	9	3	5	5	5	..	90	50
McHale	9	..	6	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	40	29
McCleghorn	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	7
O'Brien	5	6	7	..	4	6	3	..	7	..	70	38
Ryan	7	5	..	4	..	8	7	3	..	6	70	40
Pratt	4	6	8	..	..	7	7	6	5	6	80	51
Smith	..	7	8	..	..	8	..	9	6	7	60	45
Russell	..	10	6	..	..	..	7	..	7	7	50	37
Campbell	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	20	9
Merrett	..	7	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	..	30	19
Kellogg	..	..	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	7	30	22
Graves	4	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	20	11

Portage County Gun Club.

Kent Team—Mingo 45, Yarhling 46, Smith 40, Parks 39, Lyman 31; total 201.

Columbia Team—Galt 39, Pullman 41, Taylor 39, Krider 41, Smith 38; total 198.

Akron Team No. 1—Roots 32, Wagoner 43, Beck 41, Jerry 37, Hull 43; total 196.

Canton Team—Young 46, Wilson 38, Becker 30, Hawk 43, Egley 34; total 191.

Akron Team No. 2—W. W. W. 45, Joy 38, J. R. K. 37, Russel 41, Dobson 29; total 190.

Ravenna Team—Davies 36, Becker 32, Jerry 41, Fairchild 34, Raven 45; total 188.

Sparta Team—Galt 35, Brown 23, L. Becker 29, Wilson 42, Dr. Becker 39; total 168.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—The regular shoot, April 18, was a small affair, although the day was a delightful one. Following are the scores. The handicaps were for the trophy event, No. 6, the seventh being the club event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	25	25
Brodie, 16	10	11	9	10	12	18	15
Reid, 16	9	13	..	7	12	20	18
Guthard, 16	8	14	..	7	11	18	16
Hitchcock, 18	10	8	5	7	13	22	18
Leggett, 16	..	..	..	..	..	13	18

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., April 11. The light was good, but there was a deal of wind. The targets were thrown fast and low. All the events were at 10 targets. Secretary Hallam is hustling for a large attendance on Fast Day, the 23d inst. The scores were as follows:

Out of 60 shot at, Beard broke 45, Fisher 36, St. Evens 30, Hallam 27, Durgin 20; Carson broke 76 out 110; Goodwin 10 out of 20; White 19 out of 40.

A team of the University of Pennsylvania will shoot a match with a team of Harvard College on May 1. On May 2 the intercollegiate contest at the traps will be held on the grounds of the Clearview, Pa., Gun Club.

Grand American Handicap.

THE fourth Grand American Handicap at targets, with its associated events, all given by the Interstate Association, was held in Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo., on April 14, 15, 16 and 17.

On the same grounds last year the Grand American Handicap at live birds was held. It was a record-breaker in point of numbers, and it is probably the last one at live birds which will ever be given by the Interstate Association, on account of the unfriendly public agitation which live-bird shooting, at great tournaments, evokes.

The four sets of traps, installed Sergeant system, were in nearly a straight line east and west on the north side of the house. High board fences between the firing points guarded the contestants, one from another, against any possible accidents from wild pellets of shot or wild shooting. They were not needed in fact, but were a precautionary measure on the safe side. There was an extra set of traps on the south side of the grounds, which was used for practice events. That there was an enormous aggregate of shooting is evident when it is mentioned that 101,930 targets were trapped at this tournament.

President Irby Bennett, alert, debonair and dignified, as became the president of an association and also an officer high in power in a great ammunition company, was ever doing his utmost to promote the interest and comfort of all the shooters, and he won many words of deserved praise for his successful efforts. He filled all the duties of his office with the utmost ease and efficiency.

The management was perfect. The staff was so well selected and organized that every detail was skillfully managed. Indeed, every detail had been anticipated, and carefully provided for by the secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, many weeks before the tournament began. The ordinary manner of managing an ordinary target tournament would not do at all as a manner of managing the Grand American Handicap with its large number of entries and limited time. The taking in of moneys and paying out of moneys for each event, the entries, the withdrawals, etc., were not possible in the scheme of the Grand American Handicap. This Mr. Shaner recognized, and as a result the following condition was imposed: "A contestant who takes part in the regular events any day (events other than the three handicaps) must make entrance for all events called for by the programme of that day. Entries will not be taken for less than the total number of regular events scheduled for the day. In case a contestant, after making entry, fails to take part in any event or events, his entrance will be forfeited for that particular event or events, and the amount so forfeited will be added to the purse the same as if he had contested." This provision kept the different squads permanent throughout the day. The squads were treated as units in so far as managing the competition is concerned. There was no patching up or changing of them. If a man or more dropped out, the squad went on in the competition with what men were left, thus preserving its unity from start to finish. Thus No. 1 squad shot at No. 1 set of traps, after which it went directly to No. 2 set, thence to No. 3, thence to No. 4. When No. 1 squad left No. 1 set of traps, No. 2 squad immediately began at No. 1 set of traps, and followed No. 1 squad down the line. Thus one squad followed another as units of the competition, and the shooting continued without a break till the programme of the day was finished. Organized in this manner, the matter of managing a big tournament was reduced to the simplest ease. Nevertheless, the manager was ever active, and was continually passing on questions submitted, most of which were fully treated in the programme. There was one dominant feature in the policy of the management, namely, to conduct the shoot up to the very letter of the governing rules. If a man neglected or forgot to enter in time, he was out for good. If he was not on deck when it was his turn to shoot, and a reasonable wait or effort failed to produce him, the competition went on just the same. All were treated fairly and alike, but the tournament was not changed in its particulars for the accommodation of the individual. As an assistant manager, Mr. Ed A. Hickman, of Kansas City, was energetic, attentive and efficient. He has had great experience in managing men, and sways them with an ease and grace beyond the compass of most men.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., acted as cashier, which is an assurance that the cash was handled expertly and efficiently. In such matters, Mr. Whitney's fame is second to none.

The compiler of scores was Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, who has had great experience in that relation for several years past, and is esteemed for his ability in keeping the scores in a perfect manner, while maintaining the utmost urbanity when catering to the reporters and shooters who are ever applying for information or extra copies of scores. He was ably assisted by Mr. John B. Hayes, Jr., of Kansas City. Mr. J. H. Monahan was clerk to the compiler of scores.

The different crews at the traps were as follows:

No. 1 set of traps: W. V. Rieger, referee; Ed Casey, scorer; Lee Hickman, messenger; F. M. Denslow, squad rustler, all of Kansas City, Mo.

No. 2 set of traps: E. P. Frisbee, Des Moines, referee; Hugh S. Carnahan, Kansas City, scorer; John Graham, messenger; Lee George, squad rustler; Graham and George, both of Kansas City.

No. 3 set of traps: J. H. Quistgaard, referee; E. H. Glenn, scorer; Lee Hayden, messenger; W. B. Wolbren, squad rustler; all of Kansas City, Mo.

No. 4 set of traps: Ted Turner, referee; H. J. Dooley, scorer; Geo. Hammill, messenger; Frank Workman, squad rustler; all of Kansas City, Mo.

No. 5 set of traps, for practice events: Leonard Shepherd, Osborne, Mo., referee; C. J. McGee, scorer; Harry Lord, messenger; John Lantlin, squad rustler; all of Kansas City, except Shepherd. Cashier at No. 5 set of traps: J. D. Sweet, of Kansas City, Mo.

The background was a particularly unfavorable one for a continuous view of the targets. There were buildings and trees along the river to the left, the railroad embankment straight ahead and to the right, making patches dark and light. The targets flew at hard angles, some very high, at times almost straight up, and some flew very low. These flights were much aggravated by the wind, which blew from the north on the first three days of the tournament, a direction facing the contestants when at the traps.

In reference to the targets, a rather ludicrous episode occurred on the third day, though it was regrettable, too, as showing how misinformed the Humane Society officers may be in matters of which they are presumed to have an interest and accurate knowledge. This was in the form of a communication, received by the president, Mr. Irby Bennett, a copy of which is herewith presented, as follows:

"HUMANE SOCIETY.
"Kansas City, Mo., April 16, 1903.

"To Management
"Blue River,
"Shooting Tournament.

"Gentlemen: You are kindly requested on behalf of the Humane Society to have all crippled or maimed birds immediately destroyed, and oblige,

(Signed) "W. H. Gibbins, Field Officer."

When an officer, who professionally made it his affair as above set forth, had such an utter misunderstanding of the situation, how much more is the people at large to be excused for their indignation and misunderstanding when taught and incited by such leaders?

The spectators, as compared with the numbers which visited the park at the live-bird handicap last year, were not numerous. On the third, the G. A. H. day, they were present in fairly good force, but still the grounds were not at all crowded when compared with their crowded state of last year.

As a matter of course, the Grand American Handicap event was the one of greatest interest. All the programme events before it were stages of advance to it. The first day was devoted to sweepstake shooting, and a part of the forenoon on each of the following days was also devoted to that kind of shooting. All those events were at unknown angles, no handicaps, and in their competition in the sweepstakes, manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc., shot for targets only.

The 100-target events were a succession of surprises as to winners. The Preliminary Handicap was won by a young man, Mr. M. E. Hensler, of Battle Creek, Mich. He is said to be only nineteen years old. He tied with Mr. D. F. Timberlake, of Seneca, Kas., for first, and won out in the shoot-off on the following day, Thursday. Mr. Hensler displayed admirable nerve, being as cool and collected externally as any one could desire. It is not to be assumed, however, that because a shooter in a crisis is steady and methodical externally, he is the same in his nervous interior. There is much more creditable and credible that, having nerves, the shooters have such masterly control over them.

The Grand American Handicap at targets seemed for a time to be also an annex to Mr. Hensler's belongings. He scored 93, which was a high performance, and as contestant after contestant finished his score without tieing it or beating it, there was a general conviction that Mr. Hensler had won two great events, the Preliminary and the G. A. H. There was a keen revival of interest toward the last of the race, when Mr. E. Brady went to No. 4 set with a score of 70 out of 75, and Mr. M. Diefenderfer in the same squad with a score of 69. Brady could lose two out of his last 25 and still tie, while Diefenderfer could lose only one and tie. Brady was shooting in fine form, but was unfortunate toward the latter part and lost 5, finishing with 90, a good performance at that. Diefenderfer shot with perfect steadiness, seemingly without a flutter externally, and broke his last 25 straight, really a marvelous performance under pressure. Mr. Diefenderfer is a hardware merchant of Wood River, Neb. He had but little experience in tournament competition. When he broke his last 25 straight, and was therefore almost the winner to a certainty, there was a friendly rush for him to congratulate him, to praise him, and to do him honor. After a while, in the presence of the assembled shooters and visitors, President Irby Bennett, in a dignified and impressive short speech, presented him with a valuable gold watch, properly inscribed to commemorate the event. Mr. Diefenderfer made a modest response, and hearty cheers were given for the amateur, Mr. Diefenderfer, who had won such a long and difficult contest. His portrait, published with this report, shows him in his winning garb and as he competed. It is but fair to mention that the shooting, owing to the absence of wind, was much easier in the afternoon than in the forenoon, and therefore the later scores improved, but such is the fate of war.

Dr. A. Quick, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., in the Consolation Handicap made an excellent score, and is entitled to much praise for that performance.

It is a noteworthy fact that the East sent no shooters in any important numbers, so that it is a logical inference that the

M. DIEFENDERFER,
Winner of G. A. H., Kansas City, 1903.

G. A. H. at targets East or West will have respectively an Eastern or Western support almost exclusively. Mr. Alex D. Mermod, of St. Louis, Mo., presented strong inducements in behalf of his city to secure the next G. A. H., but no definite action can be taken till the Association meets in due time, as in the past.

Blue River Park is hardly adapted to the requirements of a great tournament, it being too limited in area, and too modestly equipped. It is particularly open to objections in case of rainy weather, on account of the mud.

The tournament was run smoothly from start to finish, and was a success, a much greater success with its numbers of entries than it would have been had there been 500 entries, or 1,000.

The winners of first in the different events used guns and ammunition as follows:

Mr. Hensler used a Smith gun, mixed powders, and U. M. C. shells.

Mr. Diefenderfer used a Lefever gun, Dupont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Mr. Quick used a Smith gun, Dupont powder and Winchester shell.

First Day, Tuesday, April 14.

There were eight events at 20 targets on this day. These had $25 added to each event, and the entrance was $2. There were thirty squads, five men to a squad, a total of 150 contestants for the day.

The weather conditions were all against good scores. A strong wind blew from the north, which was in the face of the shooters when at the firing points. The targets took erratic flights, many times high in air, curving backward instead of going forward. Still there was some good shooting done. Mr. W. R. Crosby broke 20 straight four times. Messrs. Fred Gilbert and W. H. Heer each made two straights at 20 targets. Messrs. R. Klein, F. Riehl, C. R. Wilson, C. M. Powers, H. Watson, E. C. Fort, R. Storm, Geo. Roll, A. C. Connor, J. M. Marshall, H. Sconee and C. Spencer each made a straight score of 20. Crosby broke 152 out of 160. Gilbert and Connor were next with 146. All the eight events were at unknown angles, no handicaps. Manufacturers' agents and paid representatives shot for targets only in these events. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
J Head	17	16	18	15	15	15	14	15	125
F B Cunningham	16	17	11	14	17	15	15	17	122
W Park	13	17	12	12	13	12	10	14	103
Geo Hughes	12	15	12	11	17	14	13	12	101
Al Gilson	15	16	16	14	13	17	16	17	124
C W Budd	18	15	14	15	17	15	14	14	122
A Mermod	17	17	14	13	14	16	17	18	126
R Klein	16	18	17	20	18	18	16	19	133
F Riehl	20	13	15	16	16	18	16	14	128
D Linderman	15	15	13	13	10	18	12	16	112
A Frank	18	14	16	16	16	14	17	16	127
H Bonebrake	19	16	10	16	18	15	16	17	127
D Elliott	17	17	13	10	19	13	11	17	117
E H Tripp	16	16	14	14	18	16	17	15	126
J T Skelly	14	12	14	13	15	12	17	17	114
A Gamble	16	11	15	12	13	13	17	18	115
C W Phellis	19	13	14	8	14	17	13	12	110
L J Squier	17	17	11	15	14	17	17	18	126
J T Atkinson	15	16	17	14	17	16	15	12	122
D S Daudt	16	15	14	11	15	10	17	15	113
Ed Foust	14	15	19	14	14	16	19	19	130
C O Le Compte	16	11	16	18	18	12	17	17	125
R L Trimble	10	12	12	13	13	10	12	11	93
R B Guy	15	16	17	15	15	11	12	17	118
E W Patrick	15	16	17	17	15	13	14	14	121
C R Wilson	20	17	15	13	16	15	16	14	126
R J Wilson	10	10	9	18	9	14	14	11	95
D H Snyder	12	12	13	14	15	11	14	14	105
C F Driehs	11	13	11	13	13	14	13	13	101
A Hill	14	15	10	15	13	15	12	15	109
C M Powers	20	17	18	15	17	18	19	17	141
L Wade	18	19	14	15	15	16	17	16	130
H Watson	12	17	14	20	14	18	17	19	131
H Waters	12	10	16	16	17	15	13	13	112
E C Fort	19	16	18	12	15	17	18	20	135
W H Heer	15	15	20	17	16	19	16	20	138
H W Anderson	10	18	14	14	16	18	14	16	120
E P Troeh	17	13	12	12	12	16	12	14	108
Ed O'Brien	17	16	16	16	16	16	18	17	132
E W Arnold	16	11	17	15	17	16	18	17	127
T Norton	13	14	15	16	13	15	16	17	119
H N Kirby	17	18	17	19	14	19	15	13	132
Capt Money	10	15	15	13	16	13	11	14	107
C Gottlieb	15	17	14	13	14	11	15	12	111
A Hensler	16	14	16	17	17	14	14	16	124
E E Logan	15	17	13	16	13	14	16	13	117
Mrs Bennett	12	9	8	11	10	12	14	11	87
F M Faurote	17	17	12	17	17	18	16	19	134
J A Jackson	14	13	13	18	14	16	13	14	115
W C Williams	13	14	15	12	18	16	13	15	116
J M Hughes	18	17	17	17	14	15	15	18	131
J L D Morrison	18	16	16	18	18	17	15	17	135
O Bottger	17	13	16	15	11	17	16	19	124
A J Stauber	17	14	15	17	12	18	16	16	125
W B Linell	16	14	16	14	15	18	14	13	120
W R Crosby	20	17	18	19	20	20	20	18	152
F Gilbert	20	17	19	20	19	17	17	17	146
H C Hirschy	15	18	16	13	16	18	16	17	129
R O Heikes	16	17	11	14	16	18	15	15	122
J W Garrett	18	16	11	18	18	16	16	14	127
Ed Rike	18	17	17	18	16	19	15	19	139
W B Wilson	17	16	13	13	14	14	15	16	118
F Moseley	17	14	14	16	15	15	14	17	122
F M Bybee	13	16	15	16	14	16	14	15	119
W M Clayton	16	13	15	10	12	15	14	10	105
A Holmes	15	9	12	18	15	12	15	13	109
W C Gresham	..	15	17	16	14	18	17	18	115
J E Avery	16	13	12	12	14	16	11	13	107
E Brady	17	11	15	18	16	13	14	17	121
A M Loudenberg	15	14	10	16	14	15	12	19	115
J A R Elliott	17	18	19	16	18	18	15	18	139
T Hubby	13	15	17	18	12	16	17	17	125
Dr Still	12	9	12	17	13	8	18	10	99
C Millbank	5	10	14	15	14	9	16	19	102
G E Crosby	14	13	15	13	14	11	16	16	112
E D Fulford	19	15	17	19	17	18	18	16	139
Dr Hardy	13	16	15	17	12	16	13	15	117
Col Anthony	14	14	15	18	14	18	11	13	117
W A Baker	10	18	15	14	17	13	16	14	117
P C Ward	17	16	16	16	14	14	14	16	123
D C Sauderson	11	16	14	15	15	15	16	13	115
M Thompson	18	15	16	18	14	19	16	17	133
G W Jenkins	16	17	14	16	18	17	13	16	127
F Miller	13	13	13	12	18	10	12	15	106
Mrs Nettie King	12	13	15	13	12	9	10	10	94
Chas Neff	12	15	15	14	17	14	14	11	112
L W Cumberland	18	14	15	14	15	13	15	11	115
W T Nash	12	15	14	16	17	12	16	17	119
F Arnold	17	17	14	18	15	18	18	18	137
A S Tolsma	10	16	14	14	17	18	16	18	123
Chas Stevens	18	11	15	14	10	13	13	17	111
L Foley	17	18	17	19	17	16	17	17	138
A M McCrea	13	12	16	13	16	15	17	13	115
C Smyth	13	12	11	14	16	13	13	15	107
J McKelvey	14	13	14	15	12	9	13	10	100
H Dixon	17	14	15	17	14	19	16	18	130
G K Mackie	14	13	12	15	12	15	15	16	112
C Dixon	18	18	15	18	19	16	18	19	141
R Holmes	14	15	16	18	16	14	18	13	124
H Pearse	17	17	15	15	17	16	15	14	126
E L Wetzig	12	11	14	15	13	10	16	15	106
H Thiele	15	9	15	14	14	15	16	16	114
C Klemhaus	13	12	14	15	8	13	17	15	107
C F Reust	17	14	16	19	15	17	17	17	132
M Diefenderfer	15	13	14	14	16	16	16	15	119
J H Caldwell	15	15	18	17	15	16	14	17	127
B Eiche	18	13	12	17	16	15	18	19	128
A Lawrence	18	15	17	19	14	15	14	17	129
A W Ryan	13	12	9	10	15	11	15	19	114
T Bacon	13	14	13	13	15	12	13	14	107
E F Confarr	17	18	16	15	17	17	19	18	137
H Sconce	18	16	17	18	20	14	16	19	138
L E King	13	13	9	12	18	16	15	15	121
E M Cravette	15	15	12	13	10	10	17	12	104
H D Bates	16	13	17	17	14	15	16	18	126
H Morrison	19	15	13	12	16	17	19	17	128
L Rue	12	17	16	16	14	18	18	16	127
R C Darr	12	11	10	14	16	14	14	17	108
F Kalash	16	15	19	15	13	15	16	15	124
E J Chingren	17	18	15	18	11	13	19	19	130
R K Ambrose	18	16	10	13	10	11	13	14	95
F R Patch	13	16	16	15	13	12	12	11	110
S A Smith	19	18	11	14	14	13	15	15	119
L Moine	13	13	14	13	16	15	12	17	113
W A Matteson	13	12	11	17	16	15	15	15	114
H S McDonald	17	17	18	16	12	14	16	17	127
A A Taylor	12	12	13	13	10	14	15	14	103
W D Townsend	16	15	15	15	14	19	19	18	131
J F Beard	15	13	14	16	18	18	15	15	124
C O McBride	11	16	13	14	13	15	13	13	108
O N Ford	16	17	18	13	16	11	19	19	129
M E Atchinson	14	15	17	17	17	14	17	19	130
J Brookman	14	18	17	16	17	16	17	19	134
H Stege	15	16	13	16	17	17	16	19	129
R Storm	18	17	16	16	12	11	17	20	128
C Spencer	14	18	17	16	20	17	18	17	137
H C Dorton	16	14	12	16	17	14	15	14	118
G Roll	14	14	18	20	16	16	15	18	133
T A Marshall	15	17	15	15	14	18	14	19	127
F D Ellett	13	18	16	17	18	16	16	14	128
L Willard	19	16	17	16	17	19	17	15	136
F Gibson	15	14	13	18	16	15	16	14	121
A H Durston	10	12	10	10	..	..	..	..	...
J M Marshall	14	15	19	20	18	17	16	15	134
H M Davis	13	16	11	14	11	17	16	16	114
J Coyle	12	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	...
A C Conner	18	18	20	19	19	17	19	16	146
H Baker	16	13	18	17	14	14	15	12	119
Timberlake	15	13	16	18	15	19	16	19	131
R L Dove	14	13	15	17	16	14	14	18	121

Second Day, Wednesday, April 15.

The programme provided four events of 20 targets each, $2 entrance, $25 added. Also the preliminary handicap, open to all.

The wind still blew stiffly from the north, as on the day before, though in greatly diminished force. Straight scores were not at all numerous, considering the quality and number of the contestants. The following are the scores in the four sweepstake events, 20 targets, in which Gilbert did notably well, breaking 77 out of 80.

Events:	1	2	3	4	T'l.
W R Crosby	18	17	17	19	—71
F Gilbert	19	20	19	19	—77
H C Hirschy	16	17	16	19	—68
J M Hughes	13	14	19	18	—64
R L Trimble	15	12	12	11	—50
F M Faurote	14	18	17	18	—67
J A R Elliott	18	16	18	20	—72
R O Heikes	19	17	17	20	—73
H Sconce	16	17	19	16	—68
J L D Morrison	18	16	15	17	—66
W H Heer	17	17	17	19	—70
C O Le Compte	17	16	20	17	—70
J T Atkinson	15	17	16	17	—65
Ed O'Brien	17	18	19	17	—70
E D Fulford	16	14	15	8	—63
H D Bates	15	14	14	14	—57
C W Phellis	11	11	8	13	—46
C Spencer	18	17	17	12	—64
E Rike	20	17	16	18	—71
L J Squier	16	18	17	17	—68
C M Powers	18	20	18	17	—73
G Roll	16	18	19	20	—73
Dr Hardy	18	13	17	16	—64
G W Jenkins	16	16	15	16	—63
F Miller	13	16	11	16	—56
L W Cumberland	15	19	18	17	—69
A W Ryan	14	13	16	18	—65
L Rue	15	18	16	15	—64
R C Darr	11	19	12	12	—54
F Kalash	15	18	14	18	—65
R Storm	15	18	17	18	—68
H M Davis	16	15	11	15	—57
M Thompson	19	18	16	15	—68
C Stevens	16	16	17	18	—67
H O Baker	15	14	15	17	—61
H M Hungate	13	13	8	15	—49
Timberlake	17	17	20	17	—71
A Lawrence	19	16	15	17	—67
J H Caldwell	19	17	15	12	—63
J E Avery	17	16	18	17	—68
Col Anthony	14	13	14	14	—55
T Hubby	..	..	..	19	
M Diefenderfer	15	16	16	17	—64
E Brady	14	17	16	19	—66

THE TROPHY PRESENTATION—G. A. H., 1903.

H Waters	16	16	17	17	—.
O Bottger	17	17	15	18	67
A J Stauber	17	18	15	17	67
L Willard	16	17	15	16	64
D Linderman	17	17	17	16	67
E C Fort	17	17	14	19	67
A C Conner	15	18	19	19	71
H C Watson	17	17	19	18	71
C W Budd	13	15	15	15	58
L J Wade	17	17	18	18	70
B Eich	17	17	11	19	64
A Frank	14	10	15	17	56
H Bonebrake	17	14	19	16	66
D Elliott	16	15	15	16	62
H Tripp	15	13	13	17	58
J T Skelly	19	16	17	17	69
E T Confar	18	20	16	16	70
H C Dorton	15	16	18	17	66
A Gilson	19	14	16	15	64
J A Jackson	15	19	19	19	72
E D Foust	19	16	16	19	70
D S Daudt	13	17	15	14	59
F B Cunningham	14	18	16	16	64
E W Arnold	16	16	19	19	70
E W Patrick	19	18	17	14	68
R B Guy	19	16	19	19	73
A Gamble	14	18	15	17	64
G Hughes	18	13	12	13	56
H W Anderson	14	17	14	16	61
F Arnhold	14	15	18	18	65
H Morrison	19	15	14	17	65
H Stege	17	13	15	16	61
J J Gorman	18	16	16	18	68
W A Baker	19	18	17	19	73
A S Tolsma	16	15	14	17	62
J L Head	16	15	19	17	67
T A Marshall	18	17	19	17	71
F Riehl	15	17	19	17	68
W B Linell	18	17	18	17	70
W C Gresham	14	18	13	18	63
Norton	10	14	14	18	56
Kirby	14	18	14	19	65
Money	13	14	12	17	56
Gottlieb	13	20	12	18	63
Hensler	10	19	13	18	60
C R Wilson	14	17	19	14	64
D H Snyder	16	14	12	19	61
C Driehs	12	11	13	17	56
A Hill	16	14	15	19	64
P C Ward	15	16	18	18	67
E L Metzig	14	15	15	19	63
W H McGee	16	17	15	17	65
C O McBride	18	16	14	13	61
Adams	18	18	17	19	72
W A Matteson	13	16	17	19	65
R J Wilson	14	17	14	15	60
Dr Still	13	14	14	17	58
W E Vankeuren	16	14	16	15	61
R L Ambrose	16	13	13	12	54
J M Marshall	19	15	12	19	65
W B Wilson	18	15	16	15	64
F Moseley	14	15	12	18	59
F M Bybee	17	14	15	14	60
W T Nash	16	13	16	18	63
A Mermod	19	19	15	19	72
R Klein	18	20	18	19	75
A M Loudenberg	15	17	15	19	66
Mrs Bennett	11	11	13	16	51
C Kleinhaus	14	13	14	12	53
W J Graber	16	13	13	13	52
G Tucker	14	12	15	17	58
B W Eisenhour	18	16	14	13	61
H Thiele	18	15	13	13	59
M Cravette	10	10	13	12	45
C Chingren	18	17	16	17	68
G D Leggett	14	14	12	16	56
T D Ellett	13	15	13	16	57
C F Reust	17	18	19	18	72
J M Rhoades	15	16	13	16	60
W T Irwin	15	17	14	14	60
W B Crowder	15	14	16	12	57
W Howe	15	16	13	14	58
G H Miller	15	16	18	10	59
M Beach	13	14	17	18	62
F E Rogers	11	18	17	17	63
F Gibson	15	18	16	17	66
R L Dove	14	11	16	14	55
S A Smith	18	17	15	16	66
C R Millbank	11	12	12	16	51
D A Quick	18	17	16	17	68
K Kennedy	14	12	12	15	53
A A Taylor	14	17	16	16	63
A M McCrea	15	16	17	18	66
C Smith	17	15	15	17	64
F R Patch	16	14	13	15	58
H S McDonald	17	17	18	16	68
W D Townsend	17	16	15	17	65
O Guessaz	7	12	10	13	42
J F Beard	18	16	13	14	61
H Dixon	16	17	17	17	67
J W McDonald	12	13	12	12	49
C Dixon	18	19	18	18	73
R Holmes	13	15	17	15	60
H Pearse	18	18	17	18	71
O N Ford	14	17	14	15	60
S Foley	16	18	19	18	71
Bookman	16	15	17	19	67
Atchison	15	17	18	19	69

The Preliminary Handicap.

The Preliminary Handicap was started after the forcgoing events were finished. The conditions were as follows: Open to all, 100 targets, $7 entrance, targets included; high guns; $100 added to the purse. G. A. H. handicaps, 14 to 25yds., governed in this contest. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was the same as in the G. A. H. at targets. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase it. Entries had to be made at the cashier's office on the shooting grounds before 5 o'clock P. M. April 14. Penalty entries were not taken in this event. Entries were not transferable. Money could not be withdrawn after the entry was made.

The purse was $800. Deducting $50 from it for the cup, left $750 net. This was divided between those who made from 84 to 91 inclusive, as follows: M. E. Hensler and D. T. Timberlake, $71.25 each; C. M. Powers, W. H. Matteson and H. W. Davis broke 90 each and received $52.50 cach; C. B. Adams broke 89 and received $37.50; L. Moine broke 88 and received $30; W. R. Crosby, J. L. D. Morrison, L. I. Wade, C. F. Reust, C. Dixon broke 87 each and received $22.50; R. O. Heikes, E. Brady and L. Foley broke 86 each and received $22.50; G. Roll, A. C. Connor, J. A. Jackson, H. Stege, McGee and Stevens broke 85 and ceived $15. Twelve broke 84—Gilbert, Stevens, H. Waters, Thompson, Skelly, Patrick, C. R. Wilson, Ward, Rue, Avery, Bybee and McDonald—and received $7.50 each.

M. E. Hensler, of Battle Creek, Mich., and D. T. Timberlake, of Seneca, Kas., tied on 91. They shot off the tie on the following day at 25 targets, Hensler winning by a score of 23 to 21. There were 140 entries, under which circumstance there were 28 moneys, divided as follows, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2 and 2 per cent.

Owing to cloudy weather and bad light, four or five squads were left over to compete on the following morning. The names, handicaps, scores and totals follow:

					Total.
W R Crosby, 23	19	22	22	24	87
F Gilbert, 23	22	18	20	24	84
H C Hirschy, 22	21	19	22	19	81
J M Hughes, 22	20	20	19	20	79
R L Trimble, 21	20	14	16	17	67
F M Faurote, 21	19	21	19	16	75
J A R Elliott, 21	20	22	17	21	80
R O Heikes, 21	20	22	22	22	86
H Sconce, 20	21	21	18	20	80
J L D Morrison, 20	21	23	22	21	67
W H Heer, 20	19	22	23	19	83
C O Le Compte, 20	18	24	21	19	82
J T Atkinson, 20	18	20	22	20	80
Ed O'Brien, 20	20	23	21	18	82
E D Fulford, 20	19	19	23	21	82
H D Bates, 20	22	16	11	11	60
C W Phellis, 20	16	19	19	18	72
C Spencer, 20	16	18	20	19	73
E D Rike, 19	21	20	17	24	82
L J Squier, 19	23	20	20	21	84
C M Powers, 19	24	21	22	23	90
Geo Roll, 19	23	22	22	18	85
H Waters, 19	20	22	19	23	84
O Bottger, 19	20	22	19	19	80
A J Stauber, 19	21	23	19	20	83
L Willard, 19	17	16	11	16	60
D Linderman, 19	20	19	20	22	81
E C Fort, 19	20	22	19	21	82
A C Conner, 19	21	22	21	21	85
H C Watson, 19	22	22	22	17	83
C W Budd, 19	20	22	20	20	82
L I Wade, 19	22	25	20	20	87
B Eich, 19	20	21	20	22	83
O N Ford, 18	19	13	19	18	69
L Foley, 18	23	20	22	21	86
J H Bookman, 18	20	22	18	21	81
C B Adams, 18	22	25	22	20	89
M E Atchison, 18	20	22	18	22	82
A Frank, 18	16	15	15	18	64
H Bonebrake, 18	25	21	18	19	83
D Elliott, 18	20	19	18	19	76
H Tripp, 18	14	18	19	16	67
J T Skelly, 18	23	18	23	20	84
E F Confar, 18	22	22	15	21	80
H C Dorton, 18	19	20	21	21	81
A Gilson, 18	17	14	w	..	..
J A Jackson, 18	21	22	21	21	85
E D Foust, 18	18	20	23	22	83
D S Daudt, 18	13	16	19	15	63
F B Cunningham, 18	19	22	19	22	82
E A Arnold, 18	22	21	20	18	81
E W Patrick, 18	21	21	22	20	84
R B Guy, 18	19	21	19	21	80
A Gamble, 18	17	16	17	19	69
G Hughes, 18	20	22	16	23	81
H W Anderson, 18	22	19	19	22	82
F Arnhold, 18	22	19	18	17	74
H Morrison, 18	19	17	18	19	73
H Stege, 18	23	20	21	21	85
J J Gorman, 18	22	21	20	18	81
W A Baker, 18	21	20	18	22	81
A S Tolsma, 18	17	16	18	18	69
J L Head, 18	19	24	16	22	81
T A Marshall, 18	21	19	19	20	79
F Riehl, 18	20	20	18	17	75
W B Linell, 18	17	21	20	19	77
W C Gresham, 17	16	21	22	24	83
T F Norton, 17	17	13	20	19	69
H N Kirby, 17	22	18	22	18	80
Capt Money, 17	21	19	17	19	77
C Gottlieb, 17	17	14	19	19	69
M E Hensler, 17	21	23	24	23	91
C R Wilson, 17	21	22	22	19	84
D H Snyder, 17	20	19	21	15	75
C Driehs, 17	19	19	16	13	67
A Hill, 17	20	24	20	17	87
P C Ward, 17	21	20	19	24	84
E L Wetzig, 17	22	16	22	20	80
W H McGee, 17	20	23	20	22	85
C O McBride, 17	22	18	14	20	74
Dr Hardy, 17	20	19	22	22	83
G W Jenkins, 17	18	20	19	20	77
F Miller, 17	16	21	18	15	70
L W Cumberland, 17	17	19	22	25	83
A W Ryan, 17	15	20	22	21	78
L Rue, 17	23	18	21	22	84
R C Dare, 17	16	18	15	19	68
F Kalash, 17	18	21	21	21	81
R Storm, 17	20	20	18	21	79
H M Davis, 17	22	24	21	23	90
M Thompson, 17	18	23	21	22	84
C Stevens, 17	21	19	23	22	85
H O Baker, 17	20	17	22	23	82
H M Hungate, 17	16	21	14	20	71
D T Timberlake, 17	23	23	23	22	91
A Lawrence, 17	19	18	21	20	78
J H Caldwell, 17	24	13	21	19	77
J E Avery, 17	20	21	20	23	84
Col Anthony, 17	19	18	21	24	82
T Hubby, 17	18	17	18	21	73
M Diefenderfer, 16	22	19	18	20	79
E Brady, 16	19	21	23	23	86
W A Matteson, 16	22	21	23	24	90
R J Wilson, 16	21	21	15	20	77
Dr Still, 16	19	22	14	18	73
W E Vankeuren, 16	17	21	22	19	79
R L Ambrose, 16	14	16	20	19	69
J M Marshall, 16	17	18	20	22	78
W B Wilson, 16	21	19	20	19	79
T Moseley, 16	19	21	22	19	81
F M Bybee, 16	18	23	24	19	84
W T Nash, 16	15	17	18	18	70
A Mermod, 19	16	22	20	23	81
R Klein, 19	21	20	20	21	82
H McMurchy, 19	22	20	17	18	77
C F Reust, 18	21	18	23	25	87
E J Chingren, 18	19	14	17	19	69
O Dixon, 18	23	21	21	22	87
E O Troeh, 18	18	16	19	18	71
H S McDonald, 18	21	18	23	22	84
W D Townsend, 18	19	20	20	21	80
J T Beard, 18	15	15	16	16	62
F E Rogers, 18	21	23	22	21	87
S A Smith, 17	18	18	20	19	75
F R Patch, 17	17	17	18	18	70
A G Fisher, 17	20	18	20	20	78
L E King, 17	16	19	14	17	66
F H Lord, 17	18	15	18	18	69
H Dixon, 17	15	19	20	22	76
D C Sanderson, 17	18	18	20	16	72
F D Ellett, 17	20	21	17	20	78
A A Taylor, 17	16	16	17	21	70
C R Millbank, 17	14	19	21	21	75
J W Bramhall, 17	18	15	16	18	67
L Moine, 16	25	22	20	21	88
D O Quick, 16	17	21	22	22	82
J E Campbell, 16	18	19	14	17	68
D Haughawout, 15	18	15	12	18	73
T Wickey, 15	19	17	14	23	73

Third Day, Thursday, April 16.

As on the other days, there were four regular events on the programme, 20 targets each, $2 entrance, $25 added; but owing to the large entry, the possibility of ties, etc., only No. 1 event was shot. The wind still blew from the north, though much gentler than on the previous days, and died away almost entirely toward midday, so that the afternoon offered much better weather conditions, and the scores improved very much in that time. The scores of No. 1 event follow: W. R. Crosby 19, Gilbert 19, Garrett 19, Hughes 19, Hirschy 19, Trimble 14, Faurote 17, J. A. R. Elliott 15, Heikes 16, Atchison 18, Bates 15, Fulford 16, Heer 18, Le Compte 15, J. L. Morrison 19, O'Brien 17, Phellis 9, Spencer 13, Sconce 18, Rike 17, Squire 13, Powers 17, Roll 13, Waters 15, Stauber 17, Willard 18, Linderman 15, Fort 19, Budd 17, Wade 15, Eick 14, Snyder 11, Price 13, Frank 14, Bonebrake 19, D. Elliott 12, Skelley 17, G. Hughes 15, Mermod 19, Klein 17, T. A. Marshall 13, Arthur 20, Landerberg 15, Daudt 16, Cunningham 17, Arnold 16, Patrick 18, Guy 14, Confarr 17, Dorton 13, Gilson 15, Jackson 19, Foust 15, Anderson 16, Arnhold 15, H. Morrison 18, Reust 15, Beveridge 13, Stege 17, Gorman 17, G. Baker 18, Tolsma 18, Head 16, Riehl 18, Linell 19, Adams 19, Brookman 13, McDonald 12, Chingren 17, Foley 18, McKelvey 18, Rogers 18, Townsend 17, Norton 9, Kirby 18, Money 12, Gottlieb 17, Driehs 9, Ward 19, Wetzig 12, Hardy 18, Jenkins 14, F. Miller 18, Ryan 15, Rue 18, Darr 15, Taylor 17, Kalash 12, Storm 14, Stevens 13, Avery 15, Tucker 15, Cumberland 9, Gentry 14, B. Allen 11, G. E. Crosby 15, H. Dixon 15, Gibson 13, Guessaz 10, Brady 17, Diefenderfer 19, Matteson 15, Still 11, Ambrose 15, Tipton 17, Wickey 7, Timberlake 17, Decker 13, Thompson 18, Pearse 17, Holmes 18, McBride 15, Merrill 15, Plank 16, Atchison 17, Rohrer 16, Watson 15, C. Dixon 10, Peak 17, Brown 12, Anthony 13, Cravett 10, Connor 15, Cook 15, S. A. Smith 13, Gresham 15, McCrea 15, Smith 13, Millbank 11, Nash 12.

G. A. H. at Targets.

The interest in the competition was much greater on this day, as shown by a much larger attendance of visitors than there had been on any preceding day, and of these a goodly part were ladies. After the unfinished competition of the Preliminary Handicap and event 1 of the regular day's programme were finished, the fourth Grand American Handicap at targets was begun. There were 179 entries. Of these 28 were post entries, made by contestants as follows: Alf. Hill, R. Wilson, C. R. Wilson, J. T. Anthony, H. Pearse, H. Sconce, E. Brady, H. C. Dorton, E. F. Confarr, H. McMurchy, M. E. Atchison, R. Klein, H. O. Baker, D. T. Timberlake, J. J. Gorman, M. Thompson, A. W. Ryan, Geo. Tucker, L. E. King, C. Dixon, W. J. Graber, B. W. Eisenhour, C. R. Millbank, F. D. Ellett, R. Storms, Dr. W. H. Gentry, E. E. Logan, H. Stege.

The purse amounted to $1,837.20, and was divided as follows: M. Diefenderfer broke 94, won $184 and trophy; M. E. Hensler, 93, won $165; L. Squier and C. B. Adams, 92, won $137.50 each; J. M. Hughes, H. Sconce, C. M. Powers, A. J. Stauber, E. C. Fort, D. Elliott, S. Foley and M. Thompson broke 91 each and won $59.60 each; C. W. Budd, E. Brady and T. Irwin broke 90 each and R. O. Heikes, C. O. Le Compte, E. J. Chingren broke 89 each, and F. Gilbert, F. C. Riehl, P. C. Ward and E. Rike broke 88 each; the 90s, 89s and 88s won $36.80 each; W. H. Heer, G. Roll, H. C. Watson, I. L. Wade, H. Stege, W. D. Townsend, L. Rue and S. A. Smith broke 87 each and won $23 each; H. C. Hirschy, J. A. R. Elliott, A. S. Tolsma, H. N. Kirby, D. T. Timberlake and G. K. Mackie broke 86 and won $18.40 each; J. T. Atkinson, D. Linderman, A. Mermod, A. Frank, H. Sanderson, W. Clayton, J. P. Leggitt, S. A. Sherman and E. W. Patrick broke 85, and won $8.15 each.

The conditions were: Open to all, 100 blackbirds, unknown angles, $10 entrance, targets included, handicaps, 14 to 25yds., high guns, $200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy presented by the Interstate Association. Regular entries were made on or before April 1, and were accompanied by $5 forfeit; penalty entries were made after April 1, up to 5 P. M. Wednesday, April 15, by paying $15 entrance, targets in-

Chris. Gottlieb. Irby Bennett. M. E. Hensler. D. T. Timberlake. M. Diefenderfer.
Elmer E. Shaner.

THE WINNERS AT KANSAS CITY G. A. H., 1903.

cluded, an entry was not transferable, and entrance money could not be withdrawn after entry had been made..

The names of the contestants, handicaps, scores made at 25 targets at each of the four sets of traps and totals are as follows:

	Yds.					Total.
W R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill	23	21	21	19	20	81
F Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia	23	21	22	22	23	88
J W Garrett, Colorado Springs, Colo	22	22	23	16	21	82
J M Hughes, Palmyra, Wis	22	23	22	23	23	91
H C Hirschy, Minneapolis, Minn	22	22	21	21	22	86
R S Trimble, Covington, Ky	21	18	16	16	19	69
F M Faurote, Dallas, Tex	21	24	18	19	22	83
J A R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo	21	22	22	20	22	86
R O Heikes, Dayton, O	21	24	21	21	23	89
M E Atchison, Giddings, Tex	20	19	24	22	20	85
H D Bates, Detroit, Mich	20	17	19	22	19	77
E D Fulford, Utica, N. Y	20	16	21	23	22	82
W H Heer, Concordia, Kas	20	22	23	18	24	87
C O Le Compte, Eminence, Ky	20	20	23	23	23	89
J L D Morrison, St. Paul, Minn	20	18	21	17	23	76
H Sconce, Sidell, Ill	20	22	24	25	20	91
Ed O'Brien, Florence, Kas	20	21	22	18	21	82
C W Phellis, Mechanicsburg, O	20	16	15	17	20	68
C G Spencer, St. Louis, Mo	20	23	19	20	22	84
E D Rike, Dayton, O	19	23	21	23	21	88
L J Squier, Wilmington, Del	19	21	25	22	24	92
C M Powers, Decatur, Ill	19	24	21	24	22	91
Geo Roll, Blue Island, Ill	19	23	19	22	23	87
H Waters, Baltimore, Md	19	21	18	21	19	79
O Bottger, Ollie, Ia	19	23	20	19	18	80
A J Stauber, Streator, Ill	19	20	23	24	24	91
L Willard, South Chicago, Ill	19	15	17	20	18	70
D Linderman, Lincoln, Neb	19	23	20	21	21	85
E C Fort, Fostoria, O	19	22	25	24	20	91
A C Connor, Pekin, Ill	19	20	20	18	23	81
H C Watson, Sewickley, Pa	19	23	21	21	22	87
C W Budd, Des Moines, Ia	19	23	23	21	23	90
L I Wade, Nacogdoches, Tex	19	20	23	23	21	87
Ben Eich, Sterling, Ill	19	23	23	17	21	84
A D Mermod, St. Louis, Mo	19	23	21	19	22	85
H McMurchy, Syracuse, N. Y	19	21	20	20	22	83
R Klein, Spirit Lake, Ia	19	21	21	22	20	84
T A Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill	18	22	19	21	18	80
A H Frank, Memphis, Tenn	18	21	21	22	21	85
H E Bonebrake, Weatherford, Okla	18	20	21	21	22	84
D Elliott, Kansas City, Mo	18	22	21	24	24	91
H Pearse, Chickapee, Kas	18	21	20	19	20	80
J T Skelly, Wilmington, Del	18	20	20	20	22	82
E F Confarr, Livingstone, Mont	18	22	20	22	19	83
H C Dorton, Fonda, Ia	18	20	20	21	21	82
Al Gilson, Fonda, Ia	18	22	21	19	20	82
J A Jackson, Austin, Tex	18	22	21	19	20	82
E D Foust, Warren, Ind	18	18	21	17	21	77
D S Daudt, South Bethlehem, Pa	18	15	15	17	20	67
F B Cunningham, St. Joseph, Mo	18	20	19	20	23	82
E W Arnold, Larned, Kas	18	20	21	21	22	84
E W Patch, Mechanicsburg, O	18	21	21	20	23	84
R B Guy, Mechanicsburg, O	18	20	18	23	21	82
A Gamble, Cincinnati, O	18	14	19	18	19	70
H W Anderson	18	19	21	18	19	77
F Arnhold, St. Joseph, Mo	18	20	19	21	19	79
H Morrison, Lakefield, Minn	18	22	19	20	20	81
C F Reust	18	17	22	22	23	84
H Stege, Waterloo, Ia	18	21	20	24	22	87
J J Gorman, Topeka, Kas	18	24	21	20	18	83
W A Baker, Griffin, Ga	18	20	18	25	21	84
A S Tolsma, Detroit, Mich	18	21	21	23	21	86
J L Head, Peru, Ind	18	19	22	20	20	81
F C Riehl, Alton, Ill	18	23	23	22	20	88
W B Linell, Eldora, Ia	18	22	20	22	18	82
C B Adams, Rockwell City, Ia	18	22	25	22	23	92
J H Bookman, Central City, Ia	18	20	22	20	22	84
J F Beard	18	19	20	14	21	74
E J Chingren, Sioux City, Ia	18	25	21	22	21	89
L Foley, Nichols, Ia	18	23	21	24	23	91
J A McKelvey, Hedrick, Ia	18	18	22	21	17	78
F E Rogers, Bucklin, Mo	18	22	21	20	20	83
E P Troeh, Watertown, S. D	18	21	22	20	20	83
W D Townsend, Omaha, Neb	18	22	21	20	24	87
M E Atchison, Giddings, Tex	18	21	22	21	19	83
C Dixon, Joplin, Mo	18	17	20	21	20	78
T F Norton, Kansas City, Mo	17	18	12	16	22	68
H N Kirby, Greensburg, Kas	17	20	22	22	22	86
A W Money, New York	17	20	24	18	17	79
C Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo	17	22	22	22	16	82
M E Hensler, Battle Creek, Mich	17	24	24	24	21	93
C R Wilson, Tecumseh, Mich	17	21	20	23	17	81
C F Driehs, Cincinnati, O	17	20	18	20	18	76
A Hill, W. Liberty, O	17	14	18	24	22	78
P C Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn	17	23	22	20	23	88
Col. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C	17	20	16	21	21	78
E L Wetzig, Junction City, Kas	17	21	19	18	22	80
H O Baker, Pekin, Ill	17	19	18	21	20	78
C O Baker	17	14	18	18	17	67
Dr Hardy, Sumner, Mo	17	22	21	20	21	84
G W Jenkins, Wamego, Kas	17	20	20	19	20	79
F Miller, Berwyn, Neb	17	23	16	19	19	77
A W Ryan, Troy, O	17	20	17	22	21	80
L Rue, Lakefield, Minn	17	23	21	21	22	87
R C Daw, Lakefield, Minn	17	19	21	18	17	75
D T Timberlake, Seneca, Kas	17	21	22	21	22	86
F Kalash, Lakefield, Minn	17	22	19	21	15	77
R Storms, Waterloo, Ia	17	21	21	20	21	83
H M Davis, Richmond, Mo	17	21	17	22	20	80
M Thompson, Gainesville, Mo	17	24	24	19	24	91
C R Stevens, Moline, Ill	17	22	21	21	17	81
A Lawrence, Lincoln, Ill	17	23	19	17	21	80
J E Avery, Atlanta, Ga	17	24	20	22	16	82
G Tucker, Brenham, Tex	17	16	22	18	18	74
L E King, Cripple Creek, Colo	17	10	21	23	16	70
W J Grahr	17	16	15	17	15	63
L W Cumberland, St. Louis, Mo	17	22	20	14	18	74
C R Millbank, Kirksville, Mo	17	17	18	21	14	70
T Ellett	17	17	20	22	19	78
W H Gentry, Galesburg, Mo	17	21	19	20	18	78
E E Logan, Larned, Kas	17	18	21	19	17	75
B Allen, Hutchinson, Kas	17	17	18	19	19	73
J W Bramhall, Kansas City	17	19	22	19	16	76
C E Cook, New London, Ia	17	22	19	22	19	82
G E Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill	17	18	19	23	22	82
H Dixon, Oronogo, Mo	17	17	19	22	22	80
F Dvorak	17	22	17	19	20	78
A G Fisher, Colorado Springs, Colo	17	16	19	20	20	75
F Gibson, Kirkwood, Ill	17	20	21	23	20	84
E M Gravett, Gravett, Ark	17	20	19	18	17	74
O C Guessaz, San Antonio, Tex	17	20	14	w		
W M Howe, Kansas City, Mo	17	18	16	17	18	69
F H Lord, La Grange, Ill	17	20	20	22	19	87
W G Lytle, Atchison, Kas	17	21	15	13	16	65
A M McCrea, Lamar, Mo	17	19	22	19	22	82
F R Patch, Hartley, Ia	17	17	18	22	23	80
J H Rohrer, El Reno, Okla	17	23	20	19	22	84
D C Sanderson, Colorado Springs, Colo	17	22	21	21	21	85
Count Smyth, Lamar, Mo	17	23	20	19	21	83
Lil Scott, Kansas City, Mo	17	16	19	15	16	66
S A Smith, Hartley, Ia	17	22	22	22	21	87
H Thiele, Junction City, Kans	17	17	19	18	17	71
E Brady, Memphis, Tenn	16	24	24	22	20	90
M Diefenderfer, Wood River, Neb	16	24	22	23	25	94
W A Matteson, Abilene, Kas	16	21	21	21	21	84
R S Wilson, Springfield, O	16	14	12	16	21	63
C E Still, Kirksville, Mo	16	20	17	18	15	70
W E Vankeuren, Hutchinson, Kas	16	20	17	17	16	70
R L Ambrose, Pine Bluff, Ark	16	20	22	22	17	81
J M Marshall, Richmond, Mo	16	23	18	19	20	80
W B Wilson	16	14	21	19	21	75
T Moseley	16	18	21	20	19	78
F M Bybee, Idaho Falls, Ida	16	20	23	20	19	82
J Batcheller, Kansas City, Mo	16	19	19	19	24	81
W B Crowder, Roff, I. T	16	17	18	19	20	74
W T Nash, Indianapolis, Ind	16	19	20	21	23	83
W Clayton, Kansas City, Mo	16	24	20	18	23	85
J J Comett, Kansas City, Mo	16	19	23	15	20	77
J E Cambpbell, Kansas City, Mo	16	18	21	20	21	80
E Decker, Pleasanton, Kas	16	14	21	17	16	78
R L Dore, Centerville, Ia	16	17	20	22	17	76
W Grueninger, Kansas City, Mo	16	17	19	23	22	81
E A Hickman, Kansas City, Mo	16	21	22	20	21	84
F X Hellman, Hanover, Kas	16	19	21	18	13	71
R J Holmes, Scammon, Kas	16	21	20	18	21	80
W T Irwin, St. Louis, Mo	16	23	22	22	23	90
G L Jenkins, Osage City, Kas	16	13	10	19	17	59
C H Kleinhaus, Grantville, Kas	16	18	18	17	20	73
J P Leggett, Carthage, Mo	16	19	23	24	19	85
G H Miller, Chanute, Kas	16	17	22	20	17	76
L Moine, St. Louis	16	18	17	19	18	72
G K Mackie, Scammon, Kas	16	19	22	23	22	86
W K Park, Philadelphia	16	21	19	16	18	74
T M Plank	16	23	17	18	22	80
Dr A Quick, El Dorado Springs, Mo	16	19	18	22	22	81
A F Rickmers, Kansas City, Mo	16	19	13	21	18	71
H Sherman, Kansas City, Mo	16	16	15	20	12	63
H Tipton, Kansas City, Mo	16	17	21	18	17	73
A Wilson, Kansas City, Mo	16	21	17	15	16	69
W C Williams, Wichita, Kas	16	19	19	19	20	77
E W Eisenhour, Hale, Mo	16	21	18	15	22	76
G Essig, Pittsburg, Mo	15	21	20	18	21	80
P Franke, Kansas City, Mo	15	20	22	19	18	79
J W Haughawout, Fort Dodge, Ia	15	18	17	19	15	69
L A Sherman	15	21	18	24	22	85
F Wickey	15	17	14	14	19	72
Miss Burrows, St. Louis, Mo	14	20	17	17	21	75
Mrs. Bennett, Denver, Colo	14	20	19	19	19	73

Fourth Day, Friday, April 17.

There were four events, 20 targets each, $2 entrance, $25 added, and the Consolation Handicap. In the regular sweepstakes Fred Gilbert broke 79 out of the possible 80. This was shooting to an excellent degree. Mr. W. R. Crosby was close up with 77, only three misses out of the 80 targets. The weather was pleasant, reasonably calm, clear and favorable for the making of good scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	T'l.
F Gilbert	20	20	20	19	79
J M Hughes	19	16	20	17	72
H C Hirschy	18	18	19	18	73
W R Crosby	20	20	20	17	77
J A R Elliott	19	19	20	20	78
R O Heikes	16	19	19	17	71
J Garrett	18	18	18	19	73
S T Atkinson	16	18	18	20	72
W H Heer	19	18	18	19	74
C O Le Compte	15	16	20	19	70
H Sconce	17	17	19	19	72
R S Trimble	15	12	16	17	60
F M Faurote	19	18	19	18	74
A J Stauber	16	16	15	19	66
E D Rike	18	18	18	17	71
L J Squier	18	19	19	19	75
C M Powers	18	19	19	19	75
G Roll	12	19	18	17	66
C D Linderman	16	15	20	18	69
E C Fort	17	14	17	17	65
C W Budd	18	19	18	18	73
L I Wade	17	19	20	20	76
A H Mermod	19	19	19	20	77
H D Bates	13	18	20	19	70
E D Fulford	19	17	17	20	73
Ed O'Brien	18	19	18	19	75
J L D Morrison	17	19	19	19	74

Events:	1	2	3	4	T'l.
E D Foust	20	15	17	17	69
E A Arnold	20	17	19	20	76
W A Baker	17	20	18	19	74
W B Linell	17	19	20	20	76
J H Bookman	18	17	16	17	68
M E Atchison	18	14	15	18	65
E Brady	15	16	18	17	66
J L Head	18	15	18	19	70
C Gottlieb	16	16	18	17	67
C R Wilson	18	18	18	17	71
Col Anthony	18	17	14	16	65
H O Baker	16	14	15	17	62
Dr Hardy	18	17	16	19	70
G W Jenkins	19	18	15	18	70
A W Ryan	17	16	17	18	68
J E Avery	18	17	16	19	70
G E Crosby	16	19	18	15	68
J H Rohrer	19	19	18	17	73
C E Still	15	12	12	10	49
R L Ambrose	16	13	12	16	57
W T Nash	13	11	14	16	54
J W McGee	17	15	17	19	68
A A Taylor	15	17	18	15	65
H W Anderson	16	11	13	19	59
Mrs Bennett	17	14	11	12	54
H Morrison	14	17	16	17	64
L Rue	16	17	16	18	67

C W Phellis	17	13	17	14	61
C G Spencer	20	18	19	20	77
A Frank	15	17	15	18	65
A S Tolsma	14	14	14	15	57
F C Riehl	13	19	12	12	56
C B Adams	19	20	18	16	73
L Foley	18	20	17	17	72
W D Townsend	18	19	20	18	75
H Waters	17	15	16	18	66
O Bottger	16	16	16	19	67
L Willard	18	19	19	19	75
A C Conner	19	19	18	18	74
F Arnhold	13	20	16	19	68
C F Reust	18	19	18	19	74
H N Kirby	19	12	17	17	65
P C Ward	18	18	19	16	71
D T Timberlake	18	17	17	18	70
M Thompson	19	19	19	19	76
R Merrill	17	16	18	17	68
M E Hensler	17	15	16	17	65
H Bonebrake	16	18	14	17	65
H Pearse	15	18	18	20	71
J T Skelly	19	16	18	18	71
E F Confarr	17	18	18	18	71
Al Gilson	18	16	17	20	71
J A Jackson	18	15	16	19	68

R C Darr	16	14	15	17	62
F Kalash	14	10	11	17	52
S A Smith	19	18	17	15	69
E J Chingren	19	17	17	18	71
D C Sanderson	16	17	13	19	65
Dr Cook	15	17	17	17	66
R Klein	17	18	19	16	70
W B Wilson	15	16	18	16	65
T M Bybee	15	13	14	17	59
H C Watson	19	16	17	17	69
F B Cunningham	18	19	19	18	74
C H Arthur	16	11	16	17	60
C W Patrick	17	18	16	16	67
R B Guy	17	17	15	17	66
E A Hickman	14	15	15	16	60
H S McDonald	17	14	13	17	61
G Tucker	18	15	14	15	62
W C Gresham	14	18	17	18	67
F Dvorak	15	14	17	19	65
J F Beard	17	18	17	17	69
W T Irwin	14	12	12	17	55
W J Graber	13	17	14	18	62
C Dixon	17	18	16	16	67
C Millbank	16	13	17	16	62
F R Patch	17	17	12	16	62
W Howe	13	13	19	14	59

The Consolation Handicap.

There were 103 entries in this event. It was open to all, 100 targets, unknown angles, $7 entrance, targets included, handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns; $100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets had one yard added to their handicaps, and non-winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at targets went back one yard. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money the winner received a trophy, $50 of the net purse being reserved to purchase same.

Dr. A. Quick, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., was first with a score of 95. He won $73.45. Connor and Pearse broke 93 and won $56.50. Arnold broke 92 and won $45.20. Gottlieb broke 91 and won $39.55. Spencer, Millbank and McGee broke 90 and won $30.10. Fulford and Confarr broke 89, and won $24.40. Heikes, Budd and Thompson broke 88 and won $15.95. Heer, Chingren, Willard and W. A. Baker broke 87 and won $10.80. Garrett, Townsend, R. Merrill, Gilson, Jackson and Avery broke 86 and won $9.40.

The conclusion of this event concluded the tournament. The scores:

					Total.
F Gilbert, 24	19	21	23	20	83
J M Hughes, 23	22	23	19	21	85
H C Hirschy, 23	15	21	22	21	79
W R Crosby, 22	20	20	21	23	84
J A R Elliott, 22	20	22	21	22	85
R O Heikes, 22	23	21	23	21	88
J Garrett, 21	23	19	24	20	86
J T Atkinson, 21	19	21	19	21	80
W H Heer, 21	20	20	23	24	87
C O Le Compte, 21	22	20	21	21	84
H Sconce, 21	17	21	21	23	82
R L Trimble, 20	14	18	18	23	73
F M Faurote, 20	20	23	16	24	83
A J Stauber, 20	19	20	18	20	77
E D Rike, 20	17	22	18	24	81
L J Squier, 20	22	19	19	22	82
C M Powers, 20	20	23	22	20	85
Geo Roll, 20	22	22	20	21	85
C D Linderman, 20	16	18	19	19	72
E C Fort, 20	22	20	18	22	82
C W Budd, 20	22	24	21	21	88
L I Wade, 20	18	21	16	21	76
A H Mermod, 19	19	20	19	22	80
H D Bates, 19	18	22	20	21	81
E D Fulford, 19	21	21	23	24	89
Ed O'Brien, 19	15	22	18	19	74
J L D Morrison, 19	20	18	18	19	75
C W Phellis, 19	18	18	16	22	74
C G Spencer, 19	25	21	21	23	90
A Frank, 19	20	22	20	21	83
A S Tolsma, 19	13	21	20	18	72
F C Riehl, 19	14	20	12	23	69
C B Adams, 19	18	22	17	23	80
L Foley, 19	22	16	21	24	83
W D Townsend, 19	21	20	22	23	86
H Waters, 18	23	20	18	24	85
O Bottger, 18	22	20	20	23	85
L Willard, 18	20	23	22	22	87
A C Conner, 18	22	22	25	24	93
F Arnhold, 17	18	20	19	20	77
C F Reust, 17	20	17	20	22	79
H N Kirby, 18	19	20	22	24	85
P C Ward, 18	22	20	22	21	85
D T Timberlake, 18	18	17	17	23	75
M Thompson, 18	24	21	22	21	88
R Merrill, 18	20	20	23	23	86
M E Hensler, 18	16	21	23	24	84
H Bonebrake, 17	21	23	20	20	84
H Pearse, 17	19	25	25	24	93
J T Skelly, 17	20	18	22	20	80
E F Confarr, 17	23	22	22	22	89
Al Gilson, 17	21	21	21	23	86
J A Jackson, 17	21	24	21	20	86
E D Foust, 17	21	15	19	21	76
E A Arnold, 17	23	22	23	24	92
W A Baker, 17	21	22	20	24	87
W B Linell, 17	21	20	21	21	83
J H Bookman, 17	23	18	23	21	85
M E Atchison, 17	21	19	19	23	82
E Brady, 17	18	21	22	22	83

J L Head, 17	18	22	21	20	81
C Gottlieb, 16	23	24	21	23	91
C R Wilson, 16	19	18	21	18	76
Col Anthony, 16	19	18	21	22	80
H O Baker, 16	19	20	21	21	81
Dr Hardy, 16	22	18	20	23	83
G W Jenkins, 16	17	19	22	24	82
A W Ryan, 16	23	22	16	18	79
J E Avery, 16	23	20	22	21	86
G E Crosby, 16	20	20	22	20	82
J H Rohrer, 16	20	18	18	23	79
C E Still, 15	17	21	19	15	72
R L Ambrose, 15	19	16	19	16	70
W T Nash, 15	15	16	13	19	63
E J Chingren, 19	19	21	22	25	87
H McMurchy, 18	18	20	20	23	81
H Morrison, 17	11	22	22	24	79
L Rue, 18	20	17	18	19	74
D C Sanderson, 18	19	23	23	20	85
S A Smith, 18	22	20	20	21	83
W T Irwin, 17	17	24	21	21	83
G K Mackie, 17	19	20	17	22	78
W C Gresham, 17	17	20	20	20	77
C Arthur, 17	17	18	19	20	74
T Hubby, 17	19	21	22	19	81
C R Millbank, 17	21	23	24	22	90
J W McGee, 17	24	22	21	23	90
A A Taylor, 17	16	14	18	19	67
R C Dorr, 16	15	19	19	11	64
F Kalash, 16	15	15	w		
G Tucker, 16	15	17	17	22	71
L E King, 16	18	13	21	17	69
B Allen, 16	20	14	22	19	75
C E Cook, 16	20	20	18	22	80
F H Lord, 16	17	19	21	19	76
A M McCrea, 16	19	15	18	20	72
F R Patch, 16	21	19	19	20	79
Count Smyth, 16	20	18	22	24	84
F M Bybee, 15	21	20	22	21	84
W B Crowder, 15	16	17	9	17	59
Dr A Quick, 15	23	24	25	23	95
G Essig, 15	18	20	18	19	75
F Wickey, 15	17	17	15	20	69

How About It?

Had the Humane Society of Kansas City been seeking good food for thought at Blue River Park, it could have found abundance of clay pigeons on the ground, and fresh goose eggs on the blackboard, all gratis.

The parents of many of the goose eggs were a north wind an a perpendicular target. There were others.

There was a chill in the atmosphere of the first two days, though tempered somewhat by hot air here and there.

Mr. Fred Gilbert made high average of the total programme, notwithstanding some setbacks.

The 23yd. mark seems to be about one yard too many for even the best shooters.

Doc A. Quick, in the Consolation Handicap, made the highest score of any made in the 100-target events, namely, 95 out of 100.

Mr. Max E. Hensler, winner of the Preliminary Handicap and second in the G. A. H., is nineteen years old, an age that some of the shooters can imagine by thinking backward.

Mr. M. Diefenderfer, winner of the G. A. H., took his honors as modestly as became a good contestant. He should cut off the last half of his name, for he is no derfer with a shotgun.

Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, an excellent shot himself, watched the scores with deep interest in the G. A. H.

Messrs. W. R. Crosby and F. Gilbert were on the 23yd. mark. Messrs. J. H. Hughes, John Garrett and H. C. Hirschy were on the 22yd. mark; easier marks were nearer.

The two ladies, Miss Nellie Bennett, of Denver, and Mrs. Nettie King Burrows, of St. Louis, shot with an accuracy superior to that of many of the other contestants, and with a grace equalled by none.

The U. M. C. Co. and the W. R. A. Co. made the evenings pleasant for those who chose to enjoy their princely hospitality. Mr. Irby Bennett was the host in behalf of the Winchester Company; Mr. A. C. Barrell in behalf of the U. M. C. Co.

There were a few trade agents at the shoot.

St. Louis would like to have the G. A. H. next year.

The press should feel deep gratitude to the manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, and to the compiler of scores, Mr. J. K. Starr, for uniform courtesy and consideration at all times, and for neat, full and correct copies of the scores, etc., at the right time, the earliest possible moment.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Live Bird Handicap.

Newark, N. J., April 16.—The live-bird handicap, given by Smith Brothers, on the grounds at Newark, had for the main event a handicap at 20 live birds, $20 entrance, birds included; two moneys for every ten entries, high guns. Mr. L. W. Colquitt was the winner with a score of 18, one of his lost birds falling dead out. Five sweepstakes at 5 and 10 birds were also shot. The scores follow:

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, $3 entrance, high guns:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
A A Schoverling	22222—5	02222—4	22222—5
G H Piercy	12101—4	11112—5	12121—5
L W Colquitt	22*12—4	23111—5	22002—3
J Martin	....	21200—3	1*2*2—3
C Steffens	....	12111—5	20221—4
R L Pierce	....	22*20—3	20220—3

No. 5 was 10 birds, $10, two moneys, as follows:

Piercy, 30	0201**w	Steffens, 30	2122112202— 9
Colquitt, 30	2222222200— 8	Pierce, 30	2222222222—10

No. 6 was at 10 birds, $10, one money, as follows:

Colquitt	2222121212—10	Pierce	2021222022— 8
Piercy	0111121110— 8		

No. 4, main event, $20, birds included, high guns:

G H Piercy, 30	1101211112l012022212—17
Chas Steffens, 30	0021201211121112l222—17
L W Colquitt, 28	122222212222222*20212—18
R L Pierce, 28	*22222220222*2222222—17
A A Schoverling, 29	2222022102220l020*02—12
D E Gavin, 28	0222020011202022l222—14

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., April 19.—The shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, held to-day, had seventeen contestants. Schorty, C. V. L., Staples and others did some excellent shooting. Eight events were shot. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	15
Schorty	13	14	14	14	12	22	25	..
C V L	14	14	15	12	13	20	..	..
Staples	12	10	12	11	15	22	25	..
Van Dyne	12	10	8	15	10	20	..	..
Reynolds	12	10	12	13	12	21	23	..
Barker	4	8	7	..	..	..	14	..
Gillies	5	10	11	10	10	15	..	..
Munsey	3	6	5	..	..	..	..	..
Malcomb	9	5	10	9	10	..	..	..
Davis	12	7	11	12	10	..	..	8
Goetter	12	9	13	9	13	..	..	13
Scheftel	4	6	6	8	7	..	..	5
Pearsall	..	..	13	10	10	24	20	..
Jenkins	..	..	5	6	5	10	11	..
Pearsall, Jr	..	..	4	8	6	14	13	..
Hughes	..	..	11	11	12	..	..	..
Hansman	..	..	8	10	9	18	20	..

JAMES HUGHES.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 18.—Sweepstakes were shot as follows at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day, nine shooters participating:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10
Eickhoff	9	..	6	8	4	9	10	7	9	5	9	7	3	7
Richter	8	..	6	10	3	..	7	7	12	..	..	6	..	..
Vesselman	8	..	6	9	4	9	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Harned	..	2	1	3	..	3	3	3	2	..	..	2	..	..
Lindel	..	2	2	4	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	7	7	12	6	9	12	6	..	..	..	..
Bittner	..	..	5	..	5	..	3	2	..	..	2	..	6	4
Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	7	..	6	6

Nos. 12, 13 and 14 were at 5 pairs.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., April 18.—There were thirty contestants at the shoot of the Union Gun Club, a gratifying revival of sport on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. Six events were shot, five at 25 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Gardiner	12	10	13	9	10	18
Engles	9	13	12	15	12	19
Piercy	13	11	12	11	13	19
Glover	9	10	10	9	8	..
Guenther	11	6	10	6	14	15
Yeomans	11	12	14	11	..	..
Baldwin	6	11	11	9	10	22
Morrison	11	8	10	11	8	..
Carlough	9	12	9	12	12	19
Harrington	11	10	11	14	13	14
James	..	6	6	11	..	..
Jacks	..	10	10	..	..	..
Hall	..	14	14	14	12	22
Colquitt	..	11	12	10	11	..
Mac Clements	..	5	6	9	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Van Winkle	..	0	0	0	..	..
Banks	..	..	13	15	12	20
C M	..	..	13	10	..	..
Andrews	..	..	2	0	..	..
Count	..	..	6	..	..	..
C Von Lengerke	..	..	15	11	20	
H Von Lengerke	..	..	10	9	16	
England	..	..	..	5	8	16
Van Tassel	..	..	..	11	5	..
Fredericks	..	..	..	7	..	..
Wise	..	..	..	..	11	13
Matzen	..	..	..	..	7	19
Axford	6	..	..	..	..	13
Dr Brooks	5	..	..	4	..	4

Team shoot, Shooting and Fishing trophy, 50 targets:

Union Gun Club.		Boiling Springs R. and G. Club.	
H Von Lengerke	19 19—38	Axford	15 15—30
Wise	21 22—43	Matzen	19 16—35
Carlough	21 20—41	Pierson	16 13—29
C Von Lengerke	22 23—45	Piercy	23 23—46
England	15 13—38	Hall	23 20—43
Dr Fredericks	19 17—36—231	Jencrette	15 14—29—212

Sander—Meckels—Packard.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 18.—On Outwater's grounds to-day a match at 50 live birds, $50 a corner, was shot between Messrs. W. H. Sanders, E. A. Meckel and R. L. Packard. All stood at 28yds. Meckel won with a score of 34. The birds were remarkably good. There was a strong northwest wind. The weather was pleasant. Sweepstake shooting followed the match. The referee was Mr. J. H. Martin. The scores:

W H Sanders	22022222222*01122020220222—19
	22202100100200000011201O1—12—31
E A Meckel	00222012212212122001020l1—18
	02122220022020212200112O0—16—34
R E Packard	02201020020222220002002O—12
	02200010220210001000001O0— 9—21

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., Aug. 18.—The scores made in event 1 of the Franklin Gun Club shoot to-day follow:

H J Pope	1010011010	Alf Right	1010001010
F Suthern	0001100100	F Kishpaw	1010010001
C Ramage	1000000000	W Stephens	0011100000
A Right	0000000100	J H Williams	0000010110

Jeannette Gun Club.

Guttenberg, N. J., April 17.—The shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club, held to-day, was refereed by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier. In the club event no one made a straight score. Schortemeier won Class A, Interman Class B, and Gerdes Class C. The scores:

F Ehlen, 28	001020*120— 4	N Bruni, 28	01201*0210— 5
J H Kroeger, 28	122101*102— 7	G Greiff, 30	0201*11222— 7
C Meyer, 30	021221**12— 7	C Thyssen, 28	0012020012— 5
Schorty, 30	2222222*22— 9	H Gerdes, 25	1*20120020— 5
G Loeble, 30	2002100222— 7	C Meyerdiercks, 28	1012112102— 8
H Pape, 28	201*101200— 5	H Rohlfs, 28	0120110200— 5
F H Kastens, 28	2120102022— 7	J Luhrman, 25	0020002202— 4
C Interman, 28	12121*1221— 9	A Schumacher, 28	0022000000— 2
J H Hainhorst, 28	111*110221— 8	D Mohrman, 28	2100111121— 8

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

C Meyerdiercks, 28	20100*1101*1101— 8
C Interman, 28	212200211202011—11

Team race No. 1:

Capt Interman	10202—3	C Meyer	20122—4
Hainhorst	002*1—2	Greiff	22222—5
Pape	1*02*—2	Kastens	12111—5
Meyerdiercks	11102—4	Ehlen	10211—4
Rohlfs	111*2—4	Loeble	22222—5
Luhrman	21001—3	Thyssen	21112—5
Schumacher	201**—2—20	Gerdes	11012—4—32

Team race No. 2:

Meyer	222*1—4	Interman	21111—5
Greiff	12122—5	Hainhorst	01212—4
Kastens	11111—5	Pape	11102—4
Ehlen	21120—4	Meyerdiercks	01100—2
Loeble	01220—3	Rohlfs	11211—5
Thyssen	11002—3	Luhrman	02220—3
Gerdes	1201*—3—27	Schumacher	202*0—2—25

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., April 18.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club held their regular semi-monthly shoot to-day. Nine of the members were on hand and did some shooting, but the percentage of breaks was not very high. "Cause why?" The wind was blowing a gale, as is nearly always the case at our shooting grounds. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	Broke.	Av.
Spencer	2	5	5	6	7	9	7	8	9	..	..	58	.61
Bittenbender	4	6	5	8	5	..	9	..	11	8	14	70	.70
Nichol	5	7	2	4	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	31	.52
Jifkins	5	..	6	2	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	20	.40
Mason	..	8	..	..	..	8	..	5	10	9	..	40	.73
Cullen	..	..	..	8	5	..	8	9	12	9	..	51	.78
Snowdon	..	..	..	..	6	4	5	..	..	8	..	21	.53
Watrous	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..	..	..	..	7	.35
Wharton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	11	.73

Our club is in quite a flourishing condition, and as soon as we get settled weather I think the attendance at shoots will increase.

We have opened club rooms in the Williams Building, corner Wash and Linden streets.

J. D. MASON, Sec'y-Treas.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 11.—The weekly shoot of this club to-day was favored by fine weather. In the principal event, No. 5, several of the boys who had shot in the two last shoots under very unfavorable weather conditions, such as to make low scores and consequently low average, had such a liberal handicap to-day that it was comparatively easy work to put up a winning score for the Marshall cup. In this event Smith with 9, and Winans with 5 misses allowed as breaks, tied on 24. In the shoot-off Smith scored 21 and Winans 25, thereby winning the cup for this week. Event No. 6 was the shoot-off. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	5	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Marshall, 7	7	4	2	2	22	..	10	85	40
Briggs, 2	7	7	..	4	18	..	..	50	34
Buckley, 2	9	7	10	3	23	..	..	60	50
Winans, 5	8	6	6	..	24	25	..	80	59
Smith, 9	..	4	3	4	24	21	..	75	38
Pickenpack, 7	..	4	5	..	19	..	..	45	21
Spencer, 4	..	..	5	..	17	..	11	50	29

In event 7 Spencer shot but 15 rounds.

SNANIWEH.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Found at Last.

SEVERAL years since a party of Northern farmers, mechanics and small retail dealers formed a society in Revere, Mass., to institute an investigation in regard to the climatic conditions and business opportunities down South, and after three years of personal investigation through the South, they finally decided that the best all-year climate, the most healthful section in the Union, was at Pinebluff, North Carolina, in the high sandhills of Moore county, a point on main line of the great Seaboard Air Line Railway, seventy miles south of Raleigh, the capital of the State. In the early summer of 1901 they sent two men down to spend the summer, so as to see the effect of going South during the summer months. One of the party was more than sixty years old, and had suffered with rheumatic troubles for several years. He was relieved of the trouble soon after he reached North Carolina and made favorable reports. In the winter of 1901 they sent down three families, two from Massachusetts and one from New Hampshire, to clear up lands, build temporary houses and cultivate the ground and report results. It has been shown that lands which were in the native woods March 1 were cleared of trees, stumps and trash, fenced and planted and crops gathered at a cost of about $25 an acre. The land yielded $75 to $80 an acre planted in sweet potatoes, and after paying $10 an acre for the land it left a clear profit of about $40 an acre; and from the information gathered, the settlers report that the land will after the first year produce greater yields than the first season's crops.

There are many New Englanders and Northern people going to Pinebluff, and a city charter has been granted by the State of North Carolina. Hon. J. W. Pope, formerly of Marlboro, Mass., is Mayor. Of the five City Commissioners, four are Northerners, among whom is Mr. N. Q. Stewart, son of Mr. J. P. Stewart, of the coal dealers of Charlestown, Mass.

Pinebluff, N. C., is the town in which Mr. John T. Patrick, of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, has his home, and it is just six miles south of the prosperous winter health and pleasure resort, Southern Pines.—*Adv.*

Reduced Rates to New Orleans.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT MEETING AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

FOR the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association at New Orleans, La., May 5 to 8, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines to New Orleans, on May 1, 2 and 3, good going on those dates and good to return reaching original starting point not later than ten days from date of sale, at reduced rates. By depositing ticket with Joint Agent at New Orleans between May 1 and 12, and payment of 50 cents, an extension of final return limit to May 30 may be obtained.—*Adv.*

It is a great feather in the cap of any manufacturer to have won the Grand American Handicap, by far the most important shooting event of the year; and the one held this month at Kansas City, was one of the largest target shoots ever held. That this success should have come to the old reliable Lefever gun is a matter of great gratification to the manufacturers, as, of course, it is also to the many men in this country who are using these excellent arms. Mr. Martin Diefenderfer, of Wood River, Neb., as will be seen elsewhere in FOREST AND STREAM, won the great prize with his Lefever Arms Co. ejector gun. In view of this victory, it is not surprising that the Lefever Arms Co. have something to say on this subject.

Any one that has in mind ordering a gun this coming fall and has not decided on the make of gun, will do well to call on Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold and look at their beautiful line of Francotte guns and knockabout guns. They will take dimensions of your old gun and order you a gun in any gauge wanted, to be delivered in the fall, guaranteeing the gun to fit same as your old one and to shoot as wanted, without extra charge. Any one living out of New York City can be furnished with engravings of all the different grades, and by furnishing Messrs. V. L. & D. with dimensions of their old gun or sending their old gun to them, orders will be satisfactorily executed.

The very striking and beautiful cut on the adjacent page calls attention to the business of Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch, who are so well known to our readers as supplying camping and other goods needed by sportsmen. From their new quarters they recently sent out an enormous quantity of material to fit out the Ziegler Arctic Expedition, and these quarters are daily thronged with sportsmen. Mr. E. S. Osgood, for many years with the U. S. Net & Twine Co., has charge of the fishing tackle department, and many of his old friends who have not known of his whereabouts will be glad to learn of his present connection.

Mr. T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co., informs us that a new 50-shot out-door pistol record has been established at the range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Mass., April 4, by Thomas Anderton, of Boston, who, shooting at 50yds., scored 480 points on the Standard American target, four points higher than the previous record. Mr. Anderton used Peters .22-caliber long rifle cartridges in making this record.

At the Allegheny, Pa., tournament, April 8 and 9, we are informed that thirty-five out of forty-seven shooters used Peters factory loaded shells.

New Advertisements.

Messrs. H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., whose advertisement appears in another column, are the New York headquarters for the Rushton and Morris rowboats and canoes, two makes of boats famous among those who travel on the water. Lightness, beauty and speed are the especial qualities of the Rushtons, while strength and durability, combined with low price, make the Morris product attractive. Besides these boats, the Folsom Arms Co. carry guns, rifles, revolvers, ammunition and all the camping goods and other articles needed by sportsmen.

Lake St. John, Chicoutimi and the ouananiche and brook trout of the Lake St. John region are familiar enough names to FOREST AND STREAM readers. That an admirable hotel should stand side by side with unequalled fishing, and a hunting ground where moose and caribou are to be found, seems extraordinary. You can almost play golf with one hand and cast your fly with the other. Full information concerning this country may be had of the agents of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway, whose advertisement, as usual at this season, appears in FOREST AND STREAM.

During last spring and summer a considerable number of anglers visited Washington county, Maine, for the admirable trout and salmon fishing to be found there. The Washington County Railroad, whose advertisement is again this year found in FOREST AND STREAM this week, offers to give information about this fishing territory, as well as about summer places where men can take their families and be comfortable at reasonable rates.

Most men—for their sins, we suppose—are obliged to shave, and we never heard of anybody who could get along without shaving soap. Williams' shaving stick, manufactured by the J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., whose advertisement is found elsewhere in this issue, reduces the suffering of shaving to a minimum and makes that usually painful operation comfortable, convenient and safe.

Complaint is often made by those who in summer do deep trolling for salmon, lake trout and other fish, that the heavy sinkers which it is necessary to use take away all sport from the capture. The Metal Line Mfg. Co., of New York City, have an article which does away with the need of sinkers. What this is their free leaflet will tell the inquiring angler.

Visitors to the Adirondacks, the Maine woods, Canada, and the Rocky Mountains in June and July know something of the sorrows that black fly carries on his small back, and unloads on the human being that he meets with. It is said that the preparation Presto, manufactured at Ossining, N. Y., keeps mosquitoes away and kills all insects. It is thus something that every one needs.

The Fisherman's Novelty Mfg. Co., of Dayton, O., whose advertisement is found in another column, manufacture a variety of landing nets of peculiarly interesting character, because they are adjustable to a variety of different positions. At this season, when anglers are renewing their supplies, the information given by these manufacturers is especially useful.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1903.—No. II.

ARKANSAS.

LAWS 1903.—ACT No. 117.—Sec. 1.—That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person, corporation or company to purchase or have in possession for barter, exchange or sale, or to expose for barter, exchange or sale, or to sell any buck doe, fawn or any part thereof or any wild turkey, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, or any quail, sometimes called Virginia partridge, or any other kind of game, wild fowls or birds, whatsoever within this State, except bear, rabbits and squirrels.

Sec. 2.—That it shall be unlawful for any railroad company, express company, steamboat company, or other company, or any private person to export, ship, remove or carry from this State any game of any kind whatsoever.

THE CALAVERAS SEQUOIAS.

IT is reported that the threatened destruction of the Calaveras growth of giant sequoias is imminent. The Duluth lumberman who paid $100,000 for the forested tract on which the trees stand is building a railroad preparatory to realizing upon his investment by felling the sequoias and converting them into shingles and sidings. Being human, the Duluth man is doing only what would be done by anyone else who had such an amount of capital locked up in giant trees and could not afford to let it remain idle. With him, as with any other practical lumberman, the exploitation of the California trees is a business proposition pure and simple. Sentiment is well enough in its way, but when sentiment and financial interests clash, the money considerations prevail.

And yet there is another side to the matter—the sentimental side, if one pleases—which is the actually important one, and so transcendent that it should prevail to avert the lumbering of the Calaveras grove. The destruction of these majestic sequoias would be a crime against nature, a crime against the human race. Their destruction would mean the robbing of this generation and all succeeding generations for the benefit of an individual. It would mean the demolition in a year or a day of marvels of the vegetable world which have been thousands of years in the making. It would mean a conversion to private gain of something which belongs to the people, to mankind, and which in the very nature of things cannot of right belong to an individual.

The big trees of California are unique. There is nothing else like them in the world. Their towering trunks are the slow development of centuries upon centuries, counting thousands of years. They are believed to be the oldest living things on the globe to-day. Their precise age is a subject of scientific speculation, but all are agreed that it covers thousands of years; President Jordan is quoted as assigning to them an antiquity of 7,000 years. They reach back to a period beyond that remote past when time was reckoned by the years of the reigns of the Pharaohs. Compared with the life of man, the passing of the generations of men, and the succession of races and of peoples, they are as the everlasting hills. And yet a thousand fold more marvelous than the hills, for the hills are of inert mass whose contours have been formed by the convulsions of nature, the raging of fires, the flux and convolutions of molten matter, and erosions by water and wind; they are products of the hazard and chance of the ages. The sequoia, on the contrary, is the development of life, beginning as the minute seed sending its fibres down into the ground and taking precarious hold upon the earth—a frail and tiny plant which the foot of a wild animal might crush, the summer shower sweep away, or the frosts of winter uproot—and expanding slowly and deliberately, but ever in accordance with well defined laws of vegetable growth, into the imposing and stupendous monuments we marvel at to-day. If among natural objects there be any which compel veneration, certainly the giant sequoias must be counted among them. As to such objects there can be in equity no such principle as ownership by individual man. They are heritages of the race; they belong not to one age, but to successive ages, for all time. They may not in equity be alienated. A government which in its scheme of land partition and appropriation to individual ownership fails to reserve such heirlooms from coming into private control is recreant to its trust. The United States should never have parted with its title to the California wonder trees. This having been done, the duty of the hour is to repair the error and to reclaim, rescue and restore to their rightful ownership the sequoia grove. Congress should provide at the next session for the purchase of the Calaveras trees, and give them place with the Palisades of the Hudson, the Falls of Niagara, the Yellowstone and the Yosemite as public possessions jealously to be protected and preserved for all time.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

THE fields and woods and swamps, which so long lay gray and silent under the cold skies of winter, have at last taken on the brilliant hues of spring and are joyous with sounds of life. Green grass has pushed its way up through the brown mat of last year's herbage, and this green is varied with blotches of white where the pale bluettes are clustered close, and with half hidden flecks of purple where modest violets barely push their heads into sight. Thick along the stone walls and fences stand lines of ancient cherry trees, masses of white bloom, whose petals are already beginning to fall to earth; the peach orchards are glorious in their dress of pink, and even the apple trees are showing blossoms, pink now but a little later to be white and sweet smelling. Tiny leaves, white and purple and pale green, are thrusting forth from the tips of every twig on tree and shrub; soon the woods will be verdant.

Already robins and phœbes have built their nests, and the mothers are brooding their precious eggs. Blackbirds, beautiful and glossy, quaint in song and grotesque in action, are seen in the trees overhanging the water, or stalk over the smooth shaven grass near the house, digging actively for grub and beetle, which a little later, if undisturbed, would eat the grass roots and cause the householder to fume and fret at the unsightly appearance of his carefully tended lawn. How brilliant are the colors of the red-shouldered male, or his cousin of bronzy hue and boat-shaped tail, or even of the vagabond cowbird, in their fresh spring dress. It will be but a few weeks before the tips of the feathers are worn off, and the hues of these beautiful birds are less brilliant.

The crows have mated, and while some perhaps have already built their nests, others in small groups spend much of their time flying over the woods, calling loudly and performing various graceful evolutions. During the day, and even at night, from wood and swamp comes the muffled roar of the partridge's drum, and already from fence rail and stone wall is heard the mellow "bob-white" of our friend the quail, a sound more familiar in June than in late April.

Already the warblers are here. How many in number or in species we cannot tell, but their graceful forms are seen flitting through the swamps and about the snowy blossoms of the shadblow and the taller huckleberries, or sometimes, as in the case of the black and white creeper, starting at the top of a tall shrub and working their way downward to the ground, thence to fly to the top of another bush. The yellowrump, the redpoll, the black-throated blue and the black and white creeper are already plenty, and from now on other species will come in greater and greater numbers until a little before the middle of May the migration is at its height and trees and shrubs are crowded with these fluttering fairy forms.

The little leverets, discovered two or three weeks ago by one of the boys in their form down on the edge of the swamp, have already opened their eyes on a new and lovely world, and now, when taken from their nest to be exhibited to the admiring small children, are likely to scramble off the hand and slip away into the ground pine, where they vainly strive to hide. But when put back into their warm nest and covered over with the fur and moss and dead grass which their mother gathered for its roof, they remain quiet, waiting for her return. Before long they will desert the nest and will take to wandering in the swamp, where it may be feared too many of them will fall a prey to prowling fox or light-winged owl.

In an old woodpecker's hole in a rotten stump not far away the flying squirrel has her little brood, and if one raps sharply on the stub she pops her head out of the hole and perhaps runs up the tree a foot or two to another hole into which she darts, stopping as soon as her body is within, and leaving her soft flat tail hanging out in plain view.

The swamp is pleasant for the life it contains. Here the black-capped titmouse, the gray squirrel, the chipmunk and the downy woodpecker, all have their homes and may be watched from day to day and from hour to hour, as they go about their various tasks.

From the office window of a tall building one may look down on tiled roofs and smoking chimneys and streets full of hard working people, and remembering the joys of field and swamp and woodland, may wish that it were his lot, in this lovely spring time, to be one of these outdoor people, even if it were only to stride in the furrow behind the plow or to drop corn or potatoes.

VANISHING WILD FLOWERS.

THE coming of spring and of the spring flowers prompts another reference to the Society for the Protection of Native Plants. This New England society has been formed to arouse interest in the preservation of certain species of wild flowers which are in danger of extinction in some localities. Among such plants are the Mayflower, two of the gentians and some of the orchids. The peril of the wild plants, as in the case of the wild game, is found in the demand of the market and the destruction to meet that demand. The gathering of country wild flowers for sale in citites is the agency which threatens their extermination. The secretary of the society, Miss Mary E. Carter, of the Boston Society of Natural History, Berkley Street, Boston, will gladly furnish such information as may aid in the establishment of similar plant protective societies elsewhere. As is well know, there are several such associations in Great Britain and on the continent. There is one in Ireland to protect the Killarney fern, and another in Switzerland whose care is the edelweiss.

In some localities the taking of rare plants is prohibited by law. There is a famous scarlet orchid of the Cape of Good Hope, the *Disa grandiflora*, or flower of the gods, which is found only on Table Mountain, near Cape Town; and so persistent has been the industry of the orchid hunters, in collecting it for export to Europe, that the very existence of the unique species is threatened; and the authorities have prohibited, under severe penalties, the taking of flower or plant. Thus in all parts of the world intelligent public opinion is waking to a realization that the beautiful things of nature's garden must not be ruthlessly blotted out; that these things of exquisite beauty, which are in form and color the wondrous product of the slow evolution of the ages, must not be annihilated in a moment by the thoughtlessness of man.

Mr. Charles A. Shriner pokes fun at the New Jersey Legislature because it has created in the "sharp-skinned" hawk of the game law a new species. The Trenton legislators are by no means the first to try their hands at introducing new species into the world. In many States "ruffled grouse" owe their origin to such fiats, and in New York there long flourished the famous "gallimule," which was not a quadruped but a feathered biped which the Legislature created and kept alive for a number of years.

The Governor of Massachusetts has signed the bill making permanent prohibition of the sale of woodcock and of ruffed grouse. The Governor of New York has signed the Armstrong bill forbidding the sale of woodcock and grouse killed in the State. Arkansas has a new law forbidding the sale of any game whatever except bear, rabbit and squirrel. These three news items from widely separated States show the growth of the anti-sale system which in time will be of universal application.

There is nothing like having a pull, as the robin said, when it yanked a worm out of the lawn.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Letters to a Chum.—III.

(Continued from page 324.)

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 18, 1903.—*Dear Clark:* It has been such a very long time since I sent you the first installment of this letter that it is doubtful if you remember where I left off, or what it was all about.

I trust you will forgive this long delay, and I think you will when you recollect that I sat up all night long in writing that long letter, and you know how well I love to sleep.

Do you wonder that I have hesitated to take it up again?

In my former letter I gave you a history of our trip into the White River country, and told you of my adventure with the first mule deer I ever saw, and whose head now graces my den and looks benignly down on me while I write this. I also have before me various other trophies of that glorious hunt in the Rocky Mountains, of which I will tell you here.

The following day being Sunday, we decided to stay in camp and rest, and take care of our deer meat, head and hide. We found the deer to be a very fat one, indeed; there were places under the skin on his rump where the fat was nearly an inch thick.

We had made a resolution at the outset to try to kill all the game we could eat, and to eat all the game we killed. As we viewed the mammoth hams and shoulders of the noble animal we had secured, it seemed to us that we would have to wait until Christmas before we could go hunting again, unless we could find someone to share with us. Accordingly Lem saddled his horse and took a goodly portion of the carcass and distributed it among our neighbors ten miles down the valley, whom Lem said were very glad to get the meat.

To provide a cool place for the remainder of the meat, we dug a cave under the overhanging bank at the water's edge, where the sun could never reach. This cave proved to be a living spring of ice water, and made as good an ice box as one could ask. We spent the most of the day at this work, and in dressing and curing the deer head and hide. The day was a perfect one, as were all the days we were out on this trip.

That night we were disturbed by the savage barking and growling of Old Bull, the big dog. We bore with this for some time, hoping he would have done with his uproar. Then I arose and went out to investigate. Bull was out under the trees in the deep shadow where it was black dark. The only animal I could find was the dog, which was glad to see me. He leaped upon me out of the darkness, nearly knocking me off my feet, and gave me a swipe with his long wet tongue right in the face. Then he made off again into the bushes, barking as if he had treed something noble. Then he would dart away in some other direction, and make another stand and more noise. If he heard or saw anything, his senses were better than mine. I had my gun and was ready to use it, but no opportunity occurred.

I came to the conclusion that the dog was playing a joke on me, but I failed to see the point. I was getting out of patience with so much fuss and noise when I wanted to sleep. I didn't like it. So I caught the dog and boxed his ears soundly, then I led him up to the camp and told him to lie down and keep still.

Now, a more intelligent or wise dog than Bull never lived. He could do almost anything you told him. He was a regular trick dog, and learned easily. Talk to him, and he would watch your eye, trying his best to understand you, and it is my opinion that he did understand the most that was said to him. Lem would say to him, "Go and drive in the horses," after they had been gone a half day, and it would not be long till in would come the horses on the dead run, with Bull at their heels. Bull was a good dog, all but the name; he deserved a better one. So when I said to him, "Lie down and keep still," he did so, evidently against his will, and I went back to my cosy nest.

Bull laid still about three minutes, when away he went again, leaving behind him a streak of yelps and barks enough to wake the dead. Then we heard a screech and howl of another complexion, and Old Bull suddenly changed his tune also. Back he came as fast as he had gone, only now his aggressive bark had changed to "ki-yi, ki-yi" at every jump.

I grabbed for my trousers and gun again, but before I got "cleared for action" Bull bounced into the tent and stayed there.

I could find nothing outside to have caused such a commotion; all was dark and silent. Each dark spot looked like an animal, and when a twig broke under my foot, I confess to a queer feeling on the top of my head. I now understand why people speak of their hair rising when scared. I did not go far, you may be sure of that.

Soon I heard Lem coming down the path. He had pitched his tent about 200 feet away from ours, and out of sight of it, and lived there with his wife and two boys. Lem lighted the lantern, and we made an excursion out into the bush. Bull had had enough of it, and was loth to leave the tent. At his master's command he came with us, but his heart was not in the hunt. We could not persuade him to "hie on." He stayed at our heels.

Lem said: "That dog ain't afeared of anything that walks. I can't understand what he had out there in the bushes; it must have been something big. That squall sounded like a cat, don't you think so?"

I said that I had never heard anything like it, but for a genuine hair-raiser it certainly took the cake.

Lem went back to roost, but I sat and watched the spots of moonlight—and they were mighty few in that glade—for a long time, till I got so sleepy I couldn't keep awake, then I turned in, and things remained quiet till morning.

Lem was out at daybreak looking for signs of last night's disturbance, and we all joined him, though the bed never felt better. We had tramped over the ground so much that nothing could be discovered in the way of signs of the marauder. Bull had capered over the ground so long that nothing in the way of tracks could we find. Finally, down at the water's edge, some distance from camp, we found a fresh track pointing toward camp that Lem pronounced that of a mountain lion. This track was not so large as the bear's track we had seen along the trail coming up to camp, but it was big enough to suit us, and rather too near home for comfort. Lem said that after breakfast we would put the dog on the trail and see if we could find the other end of it.

The ladies did not want to hunt lions, nor did they want to stay in camp with all the natural protectors gone. So we compromised by saddling the horses for them, and telling them to ride up on the bank and wait till we found which way the trail led, then they could follow us.

Lem took the dog, who was now as eager and anxious as ever to hunt, and put his nose into the tracks we had found in the sand. The dog soon took the hint, and followed the trail up toward camp and into the place where the fracas had occurred. There the trail seemed to end. No matter where we took the dog, he would soon be back to that spot.

After a half hour of this work, Lem said: "It is no use trying to follow the trail out of here. It can't be done. The cat's been around here so much and crossed his trail so many times that it confuses the dog. Now, it seems to me that the natural direction for the cat to take would be south. He was south of the camp all the time; he could not go north without passing both camps, which I don't believe he would do. He could not go west without going up that bank which nothing but a bird could do, unless at our trail in the ravine, which is north of us. If he went east he must cross the river and we will find his tracks in the sand farther down. But his natural course is straight south between the bank and the river, where he would have an open course through the bushes, in just the kind of a place he likes to travel in. My advice is to strike right out south, and look for the trail in a new place. You follow along the water's edge and watch for tracks in the sand, and I'll take the dog down the center."

So calling to the girls up on the bank to go south, we struck out.

I found it very difficult to follow the stream, there was such a growth of bushes and weeds right up to an overhanging bank; at other places there was a margin of boulders between the bushes and water, where an elephant would not make a track.

I was making slow time when I heard Lem's "Halloo" away off south, so I pushed out into the open and hurried down there.

Lem was waiting for me, and as I came up he pointed to a little spot of soft earth with the cat's track in it. He said that the dog had picked up the trail some distance back in a game trail, and had gone on ahead. Further on we came up with the girls, who were waiting for us at a place where the high bank did not occur, who told us that the dog was away on ahead.

Following the direction they had seen the dog take, which was not along the river, but up into the timber toward the mountain, we hurried on.

Soon we saw the dog coming back to look for us, and it took a long time to find the trail again, then we lost it and could not locate it again, so we struck out in the general direction the animal seemed to be going, till we came to a tiny brook with muddy edges. Here we separated, some going up and some down stream, until we who had gone up stream heard Lem's "Halloo." He had struck the trail again, where the cat had crossed the brook. Here Lem took the precaution to take a hitch-strap from one of the horses and put round Bull's neck, so we could keep up with him. Lem said that Bull was half blood hound, and could follow a trail that was two days old. It is my opinion, however, that some allowance should be made in this statement for ownership, and the unusual affection that existed between the man and dog. Be this as it may, Bull had much difficulty in following the trail, and had it not been for the patience and untiring good nature of the man, who could almost "smell out" the trail himself, we should never have found the other end of it.

Finally the leaders brought us into a path, where evidently the scent was strong, for the dog tugged at his strap and made us go at a trot.

This path led us along a hillside, and then into, or along, the side of a ravine, where the horses could not go without danger of slipping off and rolling to the bottom. So the ladies dismounted. Lem slipped the bridle reins over the horses' heads and let them go where they pleased, and we all went on on foot.

The path became more rugged and narrow until it was along the middle of a veritable precipice, where we could not have gone had it not been for the bushes and shrubs growing there to hang on to.

Luckily this kind of traveling did not last long; our trail ended in a hole in the face of the cliff under a great overhanging rock that went away up half-way to the sky.

This hole looked black and forbidding. It was about three feet high by about twelve feet wide, with a smooth floor and a rough, rugged ceiling. There was a level platform in front of the opening, like the floor of a porch, level with the floor of the opening; there was a roof over it, too, for the old rock overhung the opening by thirty or forty feet.

To stand on the "porch" and look down made one's head swim. Away down there three or four hundred feet below us was a mass of red looking boulders at the bottom of the ravine.

The entrance to the cave was covered with the dust of countless ages, where a drop of rain had never fallen.

In this dust were hundreds of foot marks of the same general appearance as those we had been following; some were large and some smaller, but were great big cat tracks.

Rest assured that I had my Savage ready, and loaded to its fullest capacity.

Lem was for loosing the dog, and sending him in, but here vigorous expostulations were heard from the rear, and not without reason. For if the dog were to drive out anything, there was but one place for it to go, and we were occupying that place.

Nothing could be seen in that black hole. I strained my eyes to get a glimpse of those two balls of fire I had read about, but they were not in evidence.

We called a council of war, and decided to retrace our steps to where we could procure torches of pine knots, which were plentiful in that country, eat a lunch, then come back and fill our game bags with lions.

Soon we were back again with faggots, and built a fire on the front porch of the lion house.

When our torches were nicely lighted, Lem distributed them, one to each, with some extra unlighted ones, except that I had none.

Then Lem said: "Mr. Paddock, you and I and Bull will take the lead, and the rest follow us. I will carry my gun and a torch, but you carry your gun only, and be in readiness to shoot quickly. If you get a chance to use your gun, shoot as you shot at that buck the day before yesterday."

Now, I hadn't supposed that we were really going into that hole. One would have to get down on hands and knees to get in at all.

It seemed to me a good deal like sticking one's head into the lion's mouth. We were well satisfied that there were a lot of lions in the hole, and it seemed to me that they would have the advantage of us in that narrow place, and in the dark. I thought Lem was joking or trying to frighten the girls when he mentioned it. I looked at the girls to see how they were taking it, and could see no signs of weakineng on their part. They were pale, but never said a word against going in there. If they were scared, they did not show it very much, and I felt ashamed of myself for the scared feeling that I could not keep down. I said to Lem: "Let the dog go in first, and we will stand at one side out here and 'pot' them as they come out."

Well, sir, we couldn't get that dog even to look into that hole. He felt just as I did about it. He was scared.

"Come on," Lem said. "The dog won't go in first, but there is no danger; we will keep to one side and leave room for the animals to pass us if they want to."

I had either to go in or back out entirely, and be a laughing stock forever after.

I don't believe Lem had ever heard the word "fear." If there was any of that element in his composition it must have been mislaid where he had never found it. In any event, he walked up to the hole, got down on his hands and knees and started in. Then it was up to me.

Clark, you have been with me years enough to know whether I am a coward or not. What is your opinion?

Honestly I would almost as willingly have jumped from that ledge down 200 feet to the rocks below as to get down on my hand and knees and crawl in there, where I could not see two feet ahead of my nose, and where, from the indications, there might be twenty mountain lions.

On the other hand I had rather take the 200-foot leap than to own that I was afraid. Luckily I had sense enough, or luck enough, to keep my mouth shut as to my feelings, and nobody knows to this day how I felt at that time.

I don't know just what the girls thought about it, but I have a shrewd idea that they felt about the same as I did.

Well, it was up to me, and I went, and the rest followed; all but Bull, and he soon came on as a rear guard.

I could plainly smell the animals in there, and you may bet that I intended to sell my life dearly.

About twenty feet back from the entrance the ceiling rose, and the floor descended until we could stand upright. Further on the room grew wider and higher, until it must have been sixty feet wide by nearly as many feet high. The entire walls and ceiling seemed made of gold or diamonds; there was a sparkle everywhere. I thought we had found a treasure cave, and forgot all about my fear. Upon closer examination we found the sparkling things to be flint. There were things hanging down from the ceiling that looked like icicles. There were other icicles standing up on the floor. I believe these things are called stalactites and stalagmites, but "icicles" describes them exactly. In one place the stalactite at the ceiling had reached down and connected with the stalagmite coming up from the floor, and enlarged until it must have been twelve inches through at the smallest point (the center), and twenty feet high. It looked as if it had grown there to hold up the ceiling.

This large room extended back about three or four hundred feet, then grew smaller. There were numerous holes at the sides at the floor line, looking like a row of dog kennels. We thrust our torches into some of them as far as we could reach, but the depth could not be told. There were about twenty of these holes in the room, of just about the size to accommodate comfortably a good sized wild animal, and they went away back into the rock, no telling where.

Even Lem did not care to get down on his stomach and crawl into one of them; not that he was afraid, but it seemed a foolhardy thing to do. No one volunteered to explore any of them, and it soon became plain to us that we would never find any lions in there—there were too many hiding places for them. Strange to say, no one seemed to care very much whether we found game or not; we had found something more interesting.

Further down the cave where it was about thirty feet broad by about twenty feet high there was a drop off in the floor, straight down about fifteen feet. It was a lucky thing that we had lights or we would have broken our necks sure.

There was no way to get down there safely that we could see. At one side, hanging over the precipice, and resting against one side of the cave wall, was a rock about the size and shape of a load of hay.

Lem was snooping around this rock and found a hole at the back lower corner about the size of his body, and crawled into it.

Soon he called out to us to "Come on, we can go through here."

I left my gun and took a torch and went in.

I have more avoirdupois than Lem; I made a snug fit of it.

About eight or ten feet in I stuck fast and could get no further.

I called to Lem that I couldn't get through, and would have to go back.

Imagine my horror when I found that I could not get back an inch. My clothes would bunch up and wedge me fast until I was as solid as the rock around me.

I certainly had a bad five minutes in that hole. I've heard of people's hair turning gray in a single night, but I don't believe it, or mine would have been white after that day.

My torch was smoking my eyes out, and I couldn't breathe for smoke.

Giving the thing a toss to the front, it rolled down somewhere out of sight, and it was as dark as Egypt in a second.

I'll not harrow you with a description of my feelings at that time. I guess you can imagine about what they were.

I yelled to Lem again that I was stuck fast and could not get back, and he came back to see about it.

He was in a bad fix as well as I, for unless he could get me out of that hole, he could not get back himself.

Lem's torch soon appeared at the other end of the hole, about six feet away, and he asked me what was the matter. When I told him, he had the bad taste to laugh. That was the only mean thing I ever knew Lem to do.

He crawled into the hole, pushing his torch ahead of him, and nearly smothered the two of us. He backed right out again and came back in the dark. "Give me your hand," he said, when he had come up close. He nearly pulled the arm off me, but it was no go; I was there to stay. Then he said: "Turn over on your side a little." Presto! I slipped out of that hole as easy as anything.

May the good Lord forever deliver me from another experience like that one.

There was a kind of a slide from the far end of the hole down to the floor below, and the rock in it looked as if somebody had chipped out "toe holes" in it; at least they were there, and came in mighty handy in getting up and down.

The ladies concluded to remain where they were, and not attempt that narrow passage. They called to us to "hurry back," and Lem and I went on.

A hundred feet further on the cave made a right angle bend, and got much smaller. At one place we had to get down on our hands and knees and creep through. Then it opened up again to fair proportions and we came to another precipice. Here we found a strange thing. Leaning up from the floor below and resting against the ledge at our feet was a dugout canoe, with notches cut in the sides for steps, and it made a very good ladder.

Up to that time I had supposed that we were the first mortals to ever set foot in that cave. It was so far away from all inhabitants, and in such a very inaccessible place, that I thought that we were in a virgin place. That country is almost uninhabited, as we understand the term.

Here before us, however, was evidence that we were not the first to enter there. That old canoe had evidently been there a hundred years; there were cracks in the sides and bottom of it an inch or more wide, but the wood was sound for the most part.

We went down on this canoe ladder to the floor below. The floor all along was strewn with bones of all sizes; some old and black, others fresh with signs of flesh on them. We were evidently in somebody's dining room.

As we went forward we also went downward at about a 7 per cent. grade I should think. There was animal life all around us; we could hear the scampering of small feet, and could hear the scolding and squealing of some animals which Lem pronounced rats, but none of them came into view.

As we passed along we noticed a kind of roaring sound that had come on us so gradually that we had not noticed when we began to hear it. But now it had developed into a good sized steady roar that filled the cave full of sound; we were unable to tell where it came from—nowhere in particular, but it got louder the deeper we went, until we could hear nothing else. We knew it must be water pouring down somewhere, and we were keenly anxious to see it.

As we walked along we suddenly splashed into water, and found that the entire floor was covered with it ahead of us, but it was so clear and transparent that we could not see it in the dim light. We could see the bottom of the cave under the water just as plainly as where there was no water. The roaring in there was terrific. Talk about your thunder storms! They were not in it.

Our way was blocked; we could go no further without swimming, and from the noise ahead it would not be safe to swim very far in that direction. The floor of the cave was here covered with pebbles and sand that looked very pretty in the water where they were washed clean. We gathered some pretty stones there, and while looking for others at the water's edge, where there was sand, we noticed that the sand was full of little particles of bright stuff that looked surprisingly like gold. Indeed, the sand was one-half gold.

We tried to wash the sand out of some of it, so as to carry back only pure gold, but could not do it. We would take up a handful of the stuff and squat at the water's edge and wash away at it; when the stuff was all washed away but a teaspoonful we would find that what remained contained as much sand as it did in the start; the gold washed away just as fast as the sand.

There was enough gold there to make us all rich if it were gold, and, by George, it looked to me as if it were the pure stuff. I really thought we had struck a gold mine. I forgot everything else in gathering gold and filling my handerchief and pockets with it.

Lem said it was either gold or mica. I had seen mica in the front of stoves; this didn't look like that at all, so I knew it must be gold.

In my eagerness to gather a lot of gold, I stuck my torch up in the sand just at the edge of the water; soon it toppled over and fell with a splash into the water, and went out with a splutter.

There wasn't very much of it left, so I didn't care much, but Lem did. "Come on," he said, "we must get out of here while our torches last, or we will be likely to stay longer than we want to." My torch was drifting away with the tide, out into deep water, and I was trying to get it back, while Lem was impatiently watching my maneuvers. "Don't stop for that stick," he said. "It wouldn't burn, anyhow; come on, you have all the gold you will ever want of that kind," he added, with a grin.

I expect Lem had his own fun with me on that trip, and I never suspected the sly humor that was in him.

Well, I had about all the golden sand that I could handle, so I was ready, and we started on the back track.

It seemed a long way back, much longer than coming in, but we made good time and it was not very long till we were standing at the foot of the precipice where the girls were. Then came that dodgasted hole in the rocks to go through again. I took the precaution this time to take off my coat and vest, and to empty my trousers pockets and toss all the surplus up to where the girls were waiting for us, then I went through the hole easily.

The girls said that we had been gone a long time, and they were getting anxious about us, and cold, too. They said that the dog had stayed right beside them all the time, and would growl sometimes, which made them think a lion was coming.

I told them that we had found gold by the wagon load down in the cave and that we were all as rich as anything. Then I showed them the samples I had in my pockets. Then they were exeited, and we all hurried out to the daylight to see what it looked like.

The stuff did not seem to sparkle so much in daylight as it had by torch light, but it was there all right, and to me it had a striking appearance of gold.

I have a bottle of that stuff here in my den; I'll show it to you when next you visit me, and if you don't say it is gold I shall be disappointed.

The sun had gone behind the mountain, and it was getting chilly and dark when we started for camp. Our horses were not where we had left them, so we started toward camp on foot. Soon the moon came up and made pretty fair light. We found the horses about half way there feeding along.

RICHARD A. PADDOCK.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Cruise in the Ojibway Paradise.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

We made an early start the next morning, and were several miles above camp when Sam said: "There is a moose!" We were going toward a marsh and the moose was away at the other end, near the woods, but coming toward us. The guides drew the canoe up a long, sandy beach to the shore. The Doctor took the camera, and we all crept into the grass and crouched down. The wind was blowing down stream and the moose came on, wholly unconscious of our presence. He was some distance to our left, but turned and took a course at a right angle to the one he had been following. This brought him directly in front of us, where he stopped with his side toward us, and not more than forty feet away. When the Doctor stood up to get a picture he turned toward us, and Sam said: "Look out! That fellow is going to charge." We all jumped up ready to run, but the moose turned around and followed his own tracks back, till he was a little to our left, then he changed his mind, and, turning toward us, lowered his head and we saw the hair on his neck rise as he started toward us. The length of time it took us to reach the canoe was sufficient proof that none of us were paralyzed with fear, but I doubt if four worse scared people ever lived to tell about it. We were not only willing but anxious to quit playing in that moose's backyard. When we reached the canoe someone looked back to see what was coming, but the moose had turned his back on us in contempt, and was deliberatetly trotting off across the meadow to the woods. We were very thankful for our escape, for the moose certainly had the best of the argument, and had it been a month later I fear something would have happened. I had never seen a moose before, and thought they were the color of an old red cow, but this one was a beauty. He was so sleek and black and glossy, and had a nice pair of antlers, though they were not so very large. He was a two-year-old, and would weigh about eight or nine hundred pounds.

When the moose had disappeared in the woods, we pushed off and continued on our way up the river. Ducks were very plenty and we shot one for supper. I had never gone duck hunting before, and was much surprised at the length of time they could stay under water, and when they did come up only their heads came above water, and if the canoe was in sight, they were down again in an instant, making hardly a ripple.

The first portage is very short, but we had to step from one boulder to another, which is always hard. The next portage is quite difficult. In one place we had to climb up the face of a cliff and realized the need of empty hands. When I saw the place it was a mystery how the guides got the canoe up, but they did and instead of being cross and surly they came back to assist us lest we should fall. The water here slips over the side of the river bed, making a drop of fifty feet over nine ledges or steps, and continues on its way without changing its direction. All the way along this river the moose had destroyed the beds of water lilies; there were acres of them pulled out of root and tramped to pieces.

About twelve o'clock we reached the Morrison Falls, a regular mountain chute, the water falling fifty feet through a narrow, rocky chasm. It is a bit of nature in her wildest, most picturesque dress. This part of the river is well worth taking a day to see. Every turn of it is full of interest, and very different from anything seen on the regular tourist route. The trip to the Morrison Falls and back to Lady Evelyn Lake can easily be made in one day, and will well repay the time it takes to make the trip. We had crossed the eddy to get a view of the falls, and, on our way back to the portage landing, a game warden came round the bend, pulled up beside our canoe, and handed us his book to sign, all the time looking closely over our baggage. He had heard us shooting, and thinking we might be killing moose had followed us up the river. When we told him about the moose, we knew, by the beautifully serene expression on his face, that he did not believe us. When we were eating dinner he came back to fully satisfy himself that we had neither rifle nor moose meat.

When we came round the bend of the river and Bob pointed out the portage, I decided that we had reached the end of the trip, for it did not seem possible to carry a canoe up that rock. I had no doubt about getting down on our return, for I could see that if once started we would come down whether we wanted to or not. As a portage I did not think much of it, but felt sure it would make a beautiful toboggan slide if the landing could only be improved.

Sam took the Doctor out to try the fishing while Bob and I cooked dinner. Every one seemed to take the crossing of this portage as a matter of course, so I said nothing, but told Bob we would cook as much as we could for dinner and there would be less to carry. I found some onions in the sack, and, thinking we were doing a good turn, we peeled and cooked them every one, but learned to our dismay that Sam had put them in for some special dishes he intended to prepare.

The portage was not as hard as I had expected, for the rock was rougher and more uneven than it appeared, but a climb of fifty feet up the face of a steep rock is not exactly easy. When we reached the top of the falls a sheer wall of rock rose a hundred and fifty feet or more above us. On the top, broken and seamed, were boulders weighing hundreds of tons which were balanced, apparently ready to fall if the wind should blow or a bird or leaf light on them and disturb the equilibrium. We followed the path along the river for perhaps an eighth of a mile and again launched our canoe. Not far above this is a portage that Bob calls the Fifth avenue stone pavement, around a shallow rapids about a twelfth of a mile long. The shore on the right is paved with big round-topped boulders set as close together as they can be packed. The pavement is a twelfth of a mile long and about a dozen yards wide, while the tops of the boulders are three or four feet above the surface of the water and some distance apart. This is an extremely dangerous portage, it is so hard to keep your footing as you step from the top of one round boulder to another, and a fall with a pack or canoe would certainly result in a crushed canoe, if not worse. This pavement is evidently the result of glacial action.

Crossing another portage we were in the Lady Evelyn River where it divides, one branch flowing into Willow Island Lake and the one we had come up into the Sucker Gut. We saw an abandoned eagle's nest on a dead pine tree. The top of the tree had been broken off, but the stump still rose above the surrounding timber with the nest on top.

We had probably traveled a quarter of a mile without making a portage and were getting lonesome, or else Satan had found extra employment for us; at any rate Sam said: "I would like to shove that rock into the river."

"So would I," said the Doctor.

"All right," says Bob, "put me ashore."

The shore on our left was a smooth rock that rose with a steep slope twenty-five feet above the surface of the water and just on the top lay an oblong boulder, with nicely squared edges, weighing twenty-five or thirty tons. Bob took the ax and went ashore to shove the rock over the edge so it would slide down that smooth surface, while Sam took the canoe to the middle of the river, where we could watch the performance. Bob went up the hill and cut down a small tree to get a stick to use as a lever, and gradually working the stone over the edge, it started on its downward journey. It came grinding and sliding down the face of the rock, gaining momentum as it went, and, on reaching the water, went under with a splash, but instead of going down to the bottom with a thud, as we expected, it continued on its way, grinding and sliding down the rock until directly under our canoe, where it quietly settled down. We could follow its course by sound under the water just as well as by sight above. They all insisted that the rock was so smooth there was no danger, but I felt relieved that nothing had happened.

The river is very wild, in places quite narrow, again widening until almost a lake that is surrounded by marsh where we would see ducks and signs of moose. In many places the river bed is full of immense boulders, whose tops are just a few inches below the surface of the water, and some skillful steering is required, especially in swift water. Bob was bowman, and says he knows all the rocks now, for the ones we missed going up the river we struck coming down.

After leaving the Morrison Falls we made just one long portage before reaching McPherson Lake, but there were five or six short ones and a number of rapids where we walked along the shore, and the guides led the canoe through. In the rapids, at the foot of McPherson Lake, we hooked and landed a beautiful speckled trout weighing a quarter of a pound, but it was getting late and we did not try for any more. We camped on a point just above the narrows in McPherson Lake. This is an old camp ground, and we had a table with seats, while near the fireplace was a low table made by driving four forked sticks in the ground, then placing two straight, smooth sticks in the forks, one on each side of the table. The top of the table was made by drawing a piece of birch bark tightly over the sticks at the sides of the table and tying it firmly to them, in several places, with cedar bark. There was also a register made by cutting a piece of bark off a tree and writing the names on the white wood underneath. When these registers are sheltered they last for several years, for we saw one that had been made by a surveying party in 1898, and it was still quite legible, though written with a pencil. When Bob was back in the woods getting pine, he picked up an arrow with a heavy blunt point. They are used by the Indians to kill rabbits and grouse.

Sam skinned and fried the duck and made corn cakes for supper, which we enjoyed with a tin of good tea that we always found refreshing. We could see the trout jumping in the lake, and after supper went out to try our luck. We tried all kinds of flies and fished all kinds of ways, but did not get a trout. When we quit fishing Sam turned the canoe toward the head of the lake, and, as it grew dark, the river seemed to become narrower and the high bluffs on each side to rise higher. Moving slowly and noisely along we watched the transformation until the gorge had become an immense hallway, down which we were drifting toward the light in the western sky, that glowed through the opening at the other end, like the light from some vast aerial space. A streak of light, reflected here and there on the water, increased the length of the hallway and made the opening seem miles and miles away. We were drifting down the Corridor of Time and were in sight of the Gates of Eternity. It was a dream of childhood.

Sam turned the canoe and we went back to camp, where Bob had a good fire burning, and we sat around the fire. In the night we heard a far-off moaning cry, which would increase and then die away. We were all awake, listening intently. It grew louder and louder, until we could hear the hunting cry of a pack

of wolves; then it gradually died away in the distance and all was quiet again. Toward morning there came rain and we did not get up early to go fishing, as we had intended, but the guides were up, and asked if they might take the rods and try to get some trout for breakfast. They returned in about an hour with two small ones, which, with the one caught the evening before, made our breakfast with bacon, corn cakes and good coffee. Sam had hooked a large trout, but did not succeed in landing it.

It was still raining hard, and while Sam cooked breakfast Bob built a fire in front of our tent, by the side of a tree, which I thought was very reckless. I learned, when reading the story of Mr. Hough's hunting trip after we got home, why he built the fire beside the tree, but I did not know at the time that the tree would serve as a chimney and keep the smoke from blowing into our tent. The front of the tent was thrown open, the blankets rolled up for seats, and breakfast was served in the tent, which was nice and warm, on a big piece of bark for a table. About ten o'clock, the rain being over, we all went out to fish, and I caught a small trout and a little herring. We returned to camp for an early dinner, and then went to the falls at the head of the lake for the evening fishing.

Sam made a loaf of squaw bread for dinner and baked it in the skillet. I do not know how he made it, but it was very appetizing. It was always a mystery to me how he succeeded in baking bread in our sheet iron skillets with their shaky, adjustable handles. Through it all I never heard him swear, though Bob claims he said his prayers backwards when the big trout got away.

At the foot of the falls that afternoon we cast flies of various kinds all over the water, until I had hooked everything above water that was in reach and some things not in reach, but nothing under the water. Then I quit for fear I should lose my arm at the shoulder. The Doctor had met with less success, not having hooked as many things as I had. We gave our rods to the guides while we went to take some pictures.

On one side of the falls is a sheer wall of rock fully two hundred feet high, while the other side is comparatively low and broken. There is a small camp ground here, and on a register were names of tourists from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Mattawa, while underneath the following legends were duly inscribed:

"Fine trout fishing—N O T."
"Such an easy place to get to? ?"
"The trout here weigh 2lbs.—that is, a dozen of 'em do!"
"Cheer up! There is much worse farther on."

We were wet and cold so built a fire, and soon the guides came back. Sam had two trout, one was a very dark color and weighed over a quarter of a pound, but the other one was small. It was time for us to return, so we put out our fire and went back to camp, where Sam soon had tea brewing and trout and bacon frying in the skillet. A cold wind was blowing, which increased in the night, and in the morning the rain was pouring down. I had a dreadful headache and could not have gone in the canoe, so was glad the weather and not I kept them from breaking camp. When breakfast was being eaten two whisky jacks, or Canada jays, came around and flew quite close to the tent for bits of bread that were thrown to them, and they finally tried to carry off our soap.

By ten o'clock the rain was over and my headache had about gone, so we hastily packed up and were ready for our trip down the river. We were undecided as to whether the trout fishing had been a success or not, but felt we could answer with the Indian Sam told about who, when asked if he caught any fish, replied: "A few, not very many. One big one, one little one, two small ones."

Our trout fishing was done on the 4th of September, sometimes casting and sometimes trolling the fly along the water, and while we did not get many trout, I believe there are plenty of them there and they could be caught in the fly-fishing season, for we saw them jumping the first evening we were on McPherson Lake. Bob says the trout fishing is better farther up the river, but we were not able to find out anything about the fishing in either Florence or Smoothwater lakes. Bob said the party he took through had caught so many trout that when they reached Florence Lake they never thought to try the fishing to find what kind of fish were there.

A cruise up this river would be delightful, but it is a cruise by itself and not a side trip. The start should be made from Haileybury, where guides, outfit and provisions can be procured; then follow the route we took to McPherson Lake, continuing on up the river to Florence Lake; cross the head of it and enter a small stream, which brings you to Apex Lake. Crossing this lake to the outlet brings you to Smoothwater Lake, and the outlet of this is the East Branch of the Montreal River, which you follow to its junction with the Montreal, near Fort Matachewan, a Hudson Bay post, where supplies can be procured. From this point there are two routes back to Haileybury, one down the Montreal River to Mud Lake, the other down the Blanche or White River to Lake Temiscaming. To reach the White River a three-mile portage must be made across the plateau that separates the waters of the Montreal and White rivers. To come up the Montreal and go down the Lady Evelyn River is not practicable on account of a portage around the Three Mile Rapids on the Montreal, part of which can be run going down, and the current being against one more than half of the trip.

We made our way down the river without difficulty, but I could not help thinking about that Fifth Avenue pavement, for the rain had made the rocks very slippery. The guides wore shoe packs and could get over the slippery rocks much better than we could in our stout walking shoes with rubber heels. When we stopped for dinner they made me some toast, which I enjoyed very much, with a tin of good tea. We found the Fifth Avenue pavement almost dry, and it was a relief to all when we were safely over. We had no trouble making the portage around the Morrison Falls and got down the cliff, where the river falls over the side of its bed, without any difficulty.

When we reached the more open river, a cold north wind was blowing up stream, and we had to face it for four or five miles. Long before we reached camp I was chilled through, and, when some one asked me a question which I had to answer, my voice trembled. Bob, who was sitting in front of me, looked around, and, taking his coat from under his knees, told me to put it on.

I was very glad when we rounded a bend and saw our little white tent as we had left it. Not a thing had been disturbed. The guides made a fire, and as soon as the water was hot made some good beef tea. We drank a tin of that, put on warmer clothes and were ready for any kind of weather. The tents put in good shape and supper over, a big fire was built, and when well warmed we went to bed and were soon asleep. When we awoke in the morning the sun was above the tree tops shining bright and clear, and everything was covered with a heavy white frost.

After breakfast a warm skillet handle was used on the canoe, and we were ready to move. I heard Sam say he was glad those detachable handles were good for something. The day was perfect, the sun warm and bright, and Lady Evelyn Lake perfectly calm and exceedingly beautiful. About the middle of the lake we went ashore on an island, where there is a fine camp ground commanding a splendid view of the lake and its numerous tree covered islands. Mingling with the dark green of the pine was the lighter green of the birch and the yellow of the poplar, whose foliage had already been touched by the finger of frost. On many of the islands in Lady Evelyn Lake are good camp grounds, where a small party, not caring to cruise, but wanting a camping trip, could have a delightful outing.

We cooked our dinner on an island near the end of Lady Evelyn Lake, and when tramping round, found a string of fifteen or twenty black bass that had been thrown away. They were not small ones, but would weigh from two to four pounds, and no doubt had been caught for a picture. The heathen are not all dead, neither are they all converted.

This end of the lake and the river that connects Lady Evelyn with Diamond Lake are full of boulders that are just a few inches under water, and it requires all the skill of an expert canoeman to steer clear of them. Making a quarter-mile portage around the rapids we came to picturesque falls at the mouth of Diamond Lake. Early in the afternoon we reached an island in Diamond Lake, where there is a good camp ground. We had a table and seats with backs, a luxury that was almost too much for us, but we resolved to keep away from the seats by the table, except at meal time, and, as there were seats by the fire without backs, we soon felt quite at home.

Sam boiled some beans that evening and baked them in the skillet, some way I do not know how, but they were better than any of the canned beans in the market. There was a sandy beach at the end of the island, and while Sam was getting supper we went to see what message had been left for us by the wood folks. We found the footprints of deer, wolf, crane, man in moccasin and man in civilized shoe. After supper the guides took the gun and went across the lake in the canoe to try to get some ducks, while we kept house by the camp-fire. They returned after dark, having shot one black duck. A gentleman and two ladies from New York with their guides, were camped on an island some distance farther up the lake. A. W. C.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Real and the Fanciful.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We read stories of hunting and of Indians and adventure; they might be divided into three classes: those told from actual experience, by a participant; those told as having happened within the knowledge of the writer, either direct or through tradition, and those which are the sole product of the imagination, or manufactured stories. There is only one publication pertaining to the woods life which naturally includes all the above subjects, which I have read, that, so far as I can see, excludes stories of the last class, and that is the FOREST AND STREAM. To the person who is thoroughly familiar with the subject about which he is reading, the earmarks of a manufactured story are so disgustingly evident that all interest is lost in the reading, and a corresponding interest in the publication itself. Probably such stories are all right for the novice who is naturally interested in woods lore, but who knows nothing by experience of that of which he reads; but to one who has "been there" the reading of such stories is about as satisfactory as eating meat without salt. What makes them fall so flat is the fact that so many such stories are written by persons who are not familiar with that of which they write, thus making statements which are ridiculous when read by those who know better. For instance that fine Indian story which no doubt was read with rising hair by many, but which Cabia Blanco, in January 24 number of FOREST AND STREAM so mercilessly tore to pieces. Here was the man who knew all about the location and tribes of Indians involved, and was prepared to say unhesitatingly that it was without foundation in fact. It may be a pity to spoil a good story which has been carefully written and put together, but to me it is not only amusing but gratifying to see such stories torn to pieces. It also seems a pity that so many thousands of true stories of adventure remain untold, while so many thousands of fictitious stories are thrust upon the people.

When a boy I was very fond of reading a certain very popular paper which always contained at least one story of adventure, because I supposed them to be all true, of course. As I got experience and became familiar with the habits of wild animal life, it disgusted me to read the same paper, for not only some, but all, of the stories of adventure were simply products of the imagination of someone who was paid for writing that which never occurred. Fiction is all right in its place, but there are too many good true stories pertaining to the wild woods and plains which are yet untold to bore lovers of such literature with the rank manufactured stuff. The reminiscences of Cabia Blanco which appear from time to time in FOREST AND STREAM are all treasures of history which will be preserved in my family and read by many generations to come (that is, if the future generations are inclined as I am). Many other of the "old timers" give occasional glimpses into their past lives, and thereby gladden the hearts of some of us who are younger and who wish we had been born sooner.

We often read of the hunts which were taken "behind the writing desk," where the would-be hunter "heard a noise as of some animal moving about and presently a deer walked out in sight." Anyone who has been much among deer knows that all you can hear of their movements when they are walking about undisturbed would not unduly startle the listener, or disturb the peaceful silence of the woods; in fact, I have watched very many deer as they have moved about in their natural way, when not startled, and have watched some at very close quarters, and I never yet "heard a deer walk;" in fact, I do not know that I ever heard a sound of any kind made by a deer while it was moving about in its natural way. They come as near to being noiseless in their movements as is possible for any animal of their size. A friend of mine with whom I used to hunt, always called them ghosts, for, he said, they seemed more like spirits than solid matter of flesh and blood: suddenly, unexpectedly and noiselessly appearing in plain sight, and then just as mysteriously disappearing, phantom-like, without a sound. One of the peculiarities of their manner of walking is the way in which they lift their feet; lifting them very high with that peculiar quick jerk which reminds one of a string-halt horse, but lowering them slowly and cautiously; thus, with their sharp-pointed hoofs, making it nearly impossible for the slightest noise to be made by walking: and yet the manufacturer of hunting stories will insist on their making a noise in moving about in the woods something like domestic cattle, we would imagine. When studying wild life, the effect of environment is most interesting to observe: notice the deer, for instance, in a park; owing to their surroundings there is no need for their exercising the caution and watchfulness natural to their kind, and after a time they lose, to some extent, some of the characteristics which are the most interesting in their wild state. Deer which have been born in parks, and have never known the necessity of self-preservation by watchfulness, stealthy movement, etc., could readily be detected from a wild deer by a close observer who is familiar with them in their wild state, in their manner of movement.

Man with his present environment can and does allow some of the faculties to become dormant, which, in the old pioneer of long ago, were kept active and acute, because upon them depended his safety, his support, and, in fact, his very existence. His surroundings were such that it was important that he should not relax his vigilance for the shortest time, and so trained did his faculties become through necessity that even while he slept the least suspicious sound would arouse him. So when he went to the woods in search of meat, no matter how many hours or even days he might continue the search, not one careless step was taken, and he did not for an instant relax his watchfulness, because his very existence depended upon the keenness of his eyes and ears, and the constant necessity of it made it a part of his nature, which he exercised unconsciously. In these times a man will go out to hunt and perhaps for a few hours will exercise caution in walking and vigilance in watching, but after a while he gets tired and discouraged, and the first thing he knows he is plodding along as if he was following a plow, in a meditative mood, with his mind on something entirely foreign to the object of his search. So the person of today who leaves his business for a few days in the year to go hunting might be compared with the old pioneer of Indian days, as to constant watchfulness and vigilance in the woods, about the same as park deer could be compared with a wild deer in its exercise of the senses used in self-preservation.

I have spent hours, which, if they were all added together, would probably amount to many days, watching wild game, especially deer, and I never yet saw one which seemed to be off its guard for even an instant, but every sense seems to be strung to its highest tension at all times, and they look and act at all times as if expecting danger every minute. Once while trailing a bunch of deer on snow, I saw through some thick bushes a dark object which looked something like a deer lying down in the snow, but minus the head and neck sticking up, as I naturally expected to see. Walking a few steps to one side to see past the bushes, I got a fair view of it, and saw it to be a deer lying down with its head laid back on its body. Just as I was bringing my rifle to my face to shoot, a red squirrel near by ran up a tree with that fierce chattering noise made by them when disturbed. The deer, no doubt accustomed to accepting "tips" of approaching danger from its small neighbors of the forest, instantly raised its head and looked about in a startled way, but as I already had my aim on it, the warning was too late, and at the crack of the rifle it sprang up, ran a few rods and fell dead. So it is with them at all times: not the least intimation of danger from any source is disregarded by them, even though many of them may live for years without encountering danger, yet it does not tend to make them careless. When a bunch of deer have been scattered, and especially when one of them has been killed, some of them are nearly sure to come back to the same place in a short time to hunt for the missing one, and even if none have been killed they come back that they may get together again. Knowing this fact, and being in need of another one at that time, I dressed the one I killed and, as it was then noon, I went off a few rods and sat down on a log in a thick clump of bushes to eat my lunch, all the time keeping a sharp lookout for any returning deer. Just as I was ready to begin to eat, I saw one coming back, and when it got in a spot just where I wanted it, it stopped, and without moving from my seat I reached for my rifle and killed it. As I went home I saw and shot the heads off two mountain grouse, thus getting two fine deer and two grouse with four shots and got home at two o'clock. I did not realize it at the time, but as it has proven, this was the last hunt I ever had while living in the grand old Rockies, but it was a most pleasant one with which to wind up my woods life.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Natural History.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—I.

AMONG the many wonderful works of Dame Nature which are familiar to her true lovers, perhaps none inspire our antipathy more and excite our curiosity less than the two classes of animals known to zoologists as batrachians and reptiles. On the part of those who have not made a scientific study of natural history, little or no distinction is made between these groups, and snakes, turtles, salamanders, lizards, toads, frogs, alligators and various other forms are all regarded as reptiles. Nor does this confusion seem strange when we consider how closely the members of the two groups resemble one another in outward form and habits. Indeed, it is only within comparatively recent times that zoologists have come to recognize the enormous difference between them and have universally agreed to regard the salamanders, toads and frogs as fundamentally different from the alligators, lizards, snakes and turtles. To the first group they have given the name *Batrachia* or *Amphibia* (*Batrachia* from the Greek word meaning a frog, *Amphibia* from two Greek words signifying both and life in reference to their amphibious habits), and to the second the name *Reptilia.*

It is the aim of the author in this paper to present, in the simplest manner possible, the differences between batrachians and reptiles, and to give some idea of the kinds of animals embraced in each. In a number of later articles the classification will be followed further and an account will be given of certain typical species to illustrate the life histories and habits of these extremely interesting but much neglected forms. In the case of every species of either batrachian or reptile much is to be learned, and only those whose excursions into nature's haunts bring them into actual contact with these animals can tell the scientist that which is so important for him to know, and it is hoped that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be stimulated to contribute to this ever-growing stock of knowledge.

The batrachians differ from the reptiles in several important respects. The skin of the former is usually smooth and moist, sometimes raised into warts, as in the common toad, but never covered with overlapping scales or regular plates. Scales or plates, such as are seen on snakes, lizards and turtles, are almost universal among the reptiles, the only notable exception among American species being in the case of the soft-shelled turtles. The soft skin of the batrachians is usually provided with glands, which supply an abundance of mucus, giving these animals a slimy covering, but in the reptiles such glands are not developed, and, except when wet with water, their skin is smooth, firm, and dry. The common expression, "a slimy reptile," is, therefore, without zoological foundation.

The life history of the members of the two groups is also very different. The batrachians almost always lay their eggs in the water, and the young spend the early days of their existence as tadpoles. At this period breathing is carried on by means of gills and in appearance and habits they are decidedly fish-like; legs are entirely absent or represented by the merest rudiments, and they swim about by means of their broad oar-like tails. After a time, usually a few days or weeks, their anatomy undergoes certain changes by which they come to resemble more closely the air breathing animals: legs are developed, the gills become much reduced in importance, and respiration is carried on in part, if not wholly, by means of lungs, except in the case of some of our common salamanders, which, after losing their gills, fail to develop lungs and apparently must extract their supply of oxygen from air which they take into their stomachs or by absorbing it through their skin. A few batrachians retain their gills life-long, breathing both by means of these and their lungs.

Batrachians, therefore, begin their lives as water-breathing animals and must pass through a metamorphosis before they are able to live on land.

Reptiles, on the contrary, are born alive or hatch from eggs which have been laid on land, and in either case do not pass through a metamorphosis, since at the moment of their coming into existence they have the general form of the adults. Gills are never developed, and from the beginning their respiration is carried on by means of lungs, as in the birds and mammals, but is much less active.

Beside these differences, which are for the most part external and apparent to anyone, there are a number of internal differences which show conclusively that batrachians and reptiles are not only very distinct, but that the relationship of living forms, at least, is very remote. The reptiles, by almost every point in their structure, show a close relationship to the birds, while the batrachians are more closely related to the fishes, and to a certain extent seem to establish a transitional link between that group and the reptiles.

Both groups are very old, having appeared upon the earth in the latter part of the palæozoic epoch, or, more strictly speaking, during the carboniferous period. During this time and the following two or three geological periods they flourished greatly, increasing both in number of species and individuals, and soon came to occupy the most important station among the animals of those ancient times. An examination of rock beds in various parts of the world has brought to light a large quantity of the remains of batrachians which in some cases were very much like our common salamanders in size and shape. Others were long, slender and snake-like, and still others, known as the *Labyrynthodonts,* were more like mammals in form, attained a length of six feet, and were protected by a thick armor of large bony plates or shields. In company with these and in other rock beds have been found many remains of reptiles which differ exceedingly from those species which are in existence to-day. Some of them were as perfectly fitted for a life in the water as are our whales or seals; others stalked about on land, while still others had wings much like a bat's, and flew about in the air. Most of them were of moderate size, but some were enormous and far exceeded any of our living reptiles. Of the forms adapted for a life in the water, the *Ichthyosaurians,* some reached a length of forty feet. The *Dinosaurs,* which, while fitted for a life on land, were to a certain extent amphibious in habits, in some cases reached a length of over eighty feet and a bulk as great as that of a whale. Many of them were armed with great spines and bucklers of bony plate and must have been the most terrible animals of all time. The *Pterodactyls,* or flying reptiles, were in most cases small, a foot or so in length, but some had a stretch of wing of twenty-five feet, and can therefore hold the palm as the largest flying animals that have ever lived. Our modern birds have undoubtedly developed from some of these flying reptiles by exchanging a coat of scales for a coat of feathers, and becoming even more perfectly adapted for a life in the air.

Our modern reptiles and batrachians came into existence rather early in the history of their groups, but have had their qualities so overshadowed by their more glorious relatives and by more perfect classes of animals which later appeared that they have come to occupy a station of comparative insignificance.

Of living batrachians, it is estimated that there are about 1,200 species, and, of this number, probably 120 inhabit North America exclusive of Mexico. These 120 species are divided into two great groups or "orders"—the *Caudata* containing the salamanders, and the *Salientia* containing frogs and toads, and we may pass at once to the consideration of these:

1. Salamanders, order *Caudata,* including all such batrachians as retain a tail throughout life. Limbs may be altogether absent but are usually developed, and the hinder pair is never much larger or stronger than the front pair. Here belong the "mud-eels" or sirens, and the "congo snakes" of the Southern States, long, slender, eel-like batrachians with diminutive legs; the large "mud-puppies" and "water-dogs" of more northern waters, short, stout and with well developed legs; also the forms commonly known as salamanders and newts, which are intermediate in character and more variable in appearance. In fact, all American batrachians which are unlike frogs in form may be regarded as *Caudata.*

2. Frogs and toads, order *Salientia,* including such batrachians as are destitute of a tail in adult life. Two pairs of limbs are always developed and of these the hinder pair is much larger and stronger than the front pair. No one can mistake a frog or toad for anything else if a moment's attention is given.

Both orders occur in all parts of the world embraced in the tropical and temperate zones wherever fresh water is obtainable. So far as the writer is aware no species of either frog or salamander inhabits the sea or even strongly brackish water, and the common conceit of the artists in associating these animals with others which are typically marine is a mistake. In the great fountain in front of the new Congressional Library at Washington, Neptune is represented with his horses in a sea inhabited by sea-serpents, sea-turtles and *frogs!*

The reptiles of the world, although far less conspicuous than in former days, are still well in evidence when it comes to making up the roll of animals. It is estimated that there are some 5,000 species in existence, and that of these, nearly 400 inhabit North America. Leaving extinct reptiles out of consideration we find that zoologists divide all the living species into four orders. Of these, one, the *Rhynchocephalia,* is represented by only one species, a large lizard-like animal which lives about New Zealand, and need not be further mentioned. The remaining three orders which are represented in North America are:

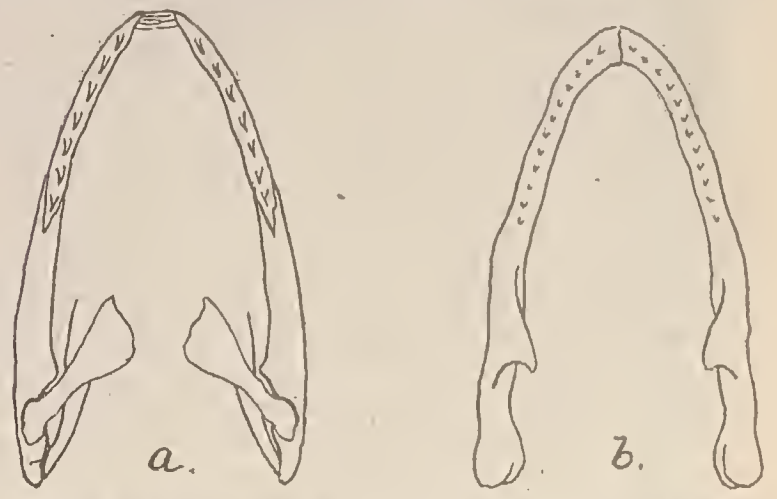
1. Order *Crocodilia,* including the crocodiles and alligators.
2. Order *Squamata,* including snakes and lizards.
3. Order *Chelonia,* including the turtles.

The order *Crocodilia* includes probably the largest living reptiles, and is confined to the tropical and semi-tropical regions of the earth. By crocodiles it is represented in both North and South America, in Asia and in Africa. Alligators occur only in North America and in eastern Asia. Another closely related animal known as the gavial occurs in southern Asia, and still another called the cayman lives only in Central and South America. All these forms are aquatic in their habits, have the teeth firmly implanted in sockets in the jaws, and the body is protected by a thick, heavy skin which along the back bears thick bony shields. The eyes have a vertical pupil and are protected both by lids and a thin membrane (nictitating membrane), which can be drawn across the eyeball from front to back. In the structure of the soft parts of their anatomy they present the highest type among living reptiles.

The order *Squamata,* in which most modern zoologists combine both lizards and snakes, is characterized by the possession of a covering composed of rather small overlapping scales instead of the large, plate-like scales of the *Crocodilia,* or the bony, box-like shell of the turtles. Lizards usually are provided with limbs by means of which they are able to move by walking or running, but there are some lizards which do not have a vestige of such appendages and move and act altogether like snakes. One may usually recognize the lizards, however, by the fact that they have eyelids, or if this character is wanting, by the fact that legs are present, or that the bones of the skull are firmly knitted together. This last character is most evident in the lower jaw, which in lizards has the two sides immovably joined in front at the "chin," but which in snakes are joined only by ligament, and can be moved independently of each other. In all our American lizards the tongue is not at all or only slightly notched in front, and does not present the slender, thread-like divisions as plainly in evidence in the snakes.

The snakes are to be regarded as very degenerate relatives of the lizards. They have entirely lost their legs, and eyelids are altogether wanting. The bones of the head, particularly those about the jaws, are to a great extent attached to one another only by ligaments, so that a much greater range of motion is possible than in any other reptile. The deeply forked tongue has been mentioned above.

Snakes and lizards are distributed very generally over the tropical and temperate zones of the entire world, being absent only from isolated islands which they have not yet been able to reach. The story of St. Patrick's famous campaign against the snakes of Ireland is well known, but it must be taken with a very liberal "grain of salt," for there is every reason to believe that Ireland lacked these animals from the beginning. The largest lizards reach a length of over six feet; the smallest is not more than two inches long. The largest snake must be carefully disentangled from the largest snake story, for, although there are numerous reports from all parts of the tropics of snakes from fifty to eighty feet long,



a, the lower jaw of a snake; *b,* the lower jaw of a lizard. Both as seen from above. In *a* are shown the quadrate bones, by means of which the snake's jaw is able to move back and forth.

the largest one which has been actually measured was less than thirty feet in length. A third of this length—or at most a half—would cover any species found within the United States.

The last order of reptiles—the *Chelonia,* or turtles—is too well known to require a definition or detailed description. Their form alone is characteristic. They are common inhabitants of forests, swamps, streams, lakes, and seas in all the warmer parts of the earth, and although they represent an order which has passed its prime, they still exist in numerous species. The largest ones are the great sea turtles, known as leather-backs, which attain a length of nearly seven feet and a weight of over half a ton. Among the land-inhabiting forms some of the species from the Galapagos Islands reach a length of about four feet. Among American species the alligator-snapper of the Southern swamps and streams is the largest, attaining a length of five feet, while the common "skill-pot" (*Kinosternon pennsylvanicum*), is the smallest, being usually less than five inches long.

With this introduction, we are now ready to look more carefully into the characteristics of some of our common species, description of which will be given in the following papers.

W. P. HAY.

Real and Sham Natural History.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That John Burroughs sees fit to disbelieve statements which other men have made in regard to nature is a matter of some moment to a good many men and women who enjoy reading about woods life and the life of the fields. To those who are just beginning to observe in themselves inclinations to turn toward nature as a study and recreation, it must come as something of a blow against the inclination to have so noted a man come forward to say that animals are moved by instinct alone, and know by instinct how to do everything of the wonders they do perform in the way of home-building and eluding enemies. There are minds that prefer mathematics, but history is far more interesting. With those who have already begun to observe birds or animals, the statement that true reason is not possessed by any of the "little brothers of the air," will quicken the perception, but to those not yet started, it must prove ardor-dampening.

Probably the last man in the nation to desire to check the growth of natural history observation would be Mr. Burroughs. His own fame rests on the fact that he has seen more in the fields than other men previous to or of his day. Other men, with his books in hand, can now go into the meadows and along the streams among the alder bushes and with quickened eyes see what Mr. Burroughs says to look for, and see other things unseen by their teacher, their eyes being clearer for the cobwebs brushed away by their precurser and trail blazer.

In "Signs and Seasons" Mr. Burroughs says: "One secret of success in observing nature is capacity to take a hint; a hair may show where a lion is hid." Still-hunters of deer know that this is true. In having a direct object in view, hunters necessarily learn more about their craft than mere dabblers, who wander afield and pick up forty facts about forty birds, flowers and insects, no two of them related. The hunter's knowledge is something more than a collection of trinkets. It is a means to an end, and embraces the "capacity to take a hint."

If one goes into the observation of nature with no object in view, it is ninety-nine chances to a hundred that he will drop out of the practice. His mind simply won't take the food offered—he must turn to collecting postage stamps, or uncut editions. But instinct will turn a man to nature—so with Mr. Burroughs. His mind needed facts about the field life—it would digest that sort of material along with the rest that it assimilated, so he became, of necessity, a great naturalist. And he observed many curious things, for his mind was built that way. Among others: "The jays, perhaps, had a tougher time during the winter than the crows, because they do not eat fish or flesh, but depend mainly upon nuts." ("Signs and Seasons," page 50.)

Now I never saw a blue jay eat a nut in my life, but only this winter I killed more than six that were eating a dead cat I had hung up on a sapling three rods from the lumber camp, where I was a watchman for two months. We call blue jays, butcher birds (shrikes), ruffed grouse, and other birds that eat meat and rob traps, "meat hawks." This is only to show that the instinct of my mind was to see blue jays eat meat, and that Mr. Burroughs was different, as might be expected.

Now here is a statement from page 56 of the same

book: "There is one thing the red squirrel knows unerringly that I do not (there are probably several other things), that is, on which side of the butternut the meat lies. He always gnaws through the shell so as to strike the kernel broadside, and thus easily extract it; while to my eyes there is no external mark or indication, in the form or appearance of the nut, as there is in the hickory nut, by which I can tell whether the edge or the side of the meat is toward me." A most interesting fact, from which one who has good ears might be led to suppose the squirrel used his ears as well as eyes on a butternut shuck.

True to his "Real and Sham Natural History," Mr. Burroughs speaks of the "provident instinct" in "Signs and Seasons," meaning the reason why squirrels and some birds gather crops of nuts. But quite contrary is the statement on the following page that "They (white-footed mice) evidently travel for adventure and to hear the news, as well as for food." Doubtless Mr. Thompson-Seton would say they had centers of news, as in the case of the dogs he told about. Perhaps he would even have drawn a picture of the grizzled old timer of white-footed mice growing reminiscent in regard to old days when white-foots were young and innocent, and were dissected in order to discover whether they really did have brains and convolutions or not.

Mr. Burroughs says of the white-feet: "When they cross an exposed place they do it hurriedly," for "they know that foxes and owls are about." Perchance, the old timer would shiver instinctively at the recollection of when the first white-footed mouse crossed such an opening and was swooped at by a hawk.

On page 60 Mr. Burroughs tells of meadow larks down in Pennsylvania one cold winter, half famished. The man fed them with grains and seeds, whereupon the birds ate heartily. Next day they came back, and again and again, "each time bringing one or more drooping and half-starved companions with them, till there was quite a flock of them." Just a case of plain instinct? Or did the birds talk to one another about the "graft" they were looking for and had found? On the last page of the essay on "Hard Fare" (61) Mr. Burroughs says of birds of various feathers flocking together in hard times, " 'I will look that way, too,' the kinglet and creeper probably said, when they saw the other birds busy, and heard their merry voices."

On page 67, speaking of orioles' nests and changes wrought in them by civilization, it says they build them long and gourd-shaped along the borders of woods in remote trees, but "in orchards and near dwellings it shortens it up in proportion as the danger lessens." An owl cannot reach young orioles in the bottom of a long nest, and near houses the danger presumably lessens from owls. To suppose the oriole had learned something about the habits of owls—had gone into the study of natural history—might be far-fetched. It might be even farther fetched to guess that birds stand around houses of men to see how much grub is carried home to the human young—just fancy a congregation of students of humanity gathering in a back orchard discussing the habits of humanity, more especially the instincts of the young egg collectors.

Mr. Burroughs says (page 69) that female birds on their nests are sometimes exposed to the merciless sun. "In such an emergency the male robin has been known to perch above the sitting female and shade her with his outstretched wings." What can one say of an action like that? What more could a man do for his sweetheart? How did the robin know his mate was suffering, and how that shade would be a relief, and how that his own body would cast a shadow? Instinct?

To go through Mr. Burroughs's books and select therefrom the incidents of which he tells and says he witnessed for the purpose of proving that birds reason and reckon, would be a pleasure, and is a pleasure to one who likes to think that birds do learn from experience, that they do reason matters out. On page 137 of "Signs and Seasons" is the story of a woodpecker that drilled a hole so as to let the cold and air into the hiding place of another woodpecker for the purpose of driving her from the neighborhood—and what more remarkable than the case of the caged canary (page 204) which tried to feed her eggs! Surely this was uneducated instinct!

To kind of ease the friction between the disputants who think and do not think animals are instinctive and reasoning, I would suggest that they meet each other half way and say they are both. And also, when some one man comes before the public with remarkable stories of bird or mammal life, that we ought to be charitable toward him. Mr. Burroughs, I am sure, would be greatly relieved to know that Mr. Thompson-Seton did really see Two Spot do remarkable stunts, as described. If Mr. Burroughs were to consider that the birds he had seen were mere frontiersmen, very poorly educated, and that Mr. Thompson-Seton had by chance been dropped in the center of ornithological and zoological culture far from Mr. Burroughs's ignorant subjects of observation, perhaps the matter could be adjusted to mutual satisfaction. Of course, anyone can readly see that where foxes are unusually bright the rabbits have to be so to live. So, too, with partridges and deer, and all things. Its like the old woman with the pig that wouldn't cross the bridge—until the cat began to eat the rat, the rat wouldn't gnaw the rope, the rope wouldn't hang the man, the man wouldn't whip the butcher, etc., etc., etc. A good hound in a fox country will liven up the foxes, the foxes will liven up the rabbits, the partridges, the skunks will liven up the mice, small birds—when the prey gets lively, the hunters have to quicken, and vice versa—first thing you know the creatures know everything that is necessary.

It stands to reason that in a country where there was a wolf like the King of Curumpaw, everything just had to get intellects or go dead. We can thank that king wolf for all the wise things Mr. Thompson-Seton has seen wild creatures do. He just happened, that wolf did, and all the rest came perforce.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

The Italian and the Birds.

Robert O. Morris in the Springfield Republican.

ACCORDING to the census of 1900, there were residing within the State of Massachusetts 28,785 persons who were born in Italy. Of this number, 19,034 were males, most of whom are now old enough to use a gun. Since that year the Italian residents of this State have greatly increased, and during the month of February last nearly 1,700 people of this nationality arrived at Boston, exceeding in numbers that of all other races together. About 1880 the immigration of Italians to this country began, at least before that time there were an insignificant few here. At first they settled only in the cities, but now they are spreading out over the whole of the State, and in a few years will probably have so increased that they will do a great share of the manual outdoor labor. They are a frugal, industrious race, and as a rule do not belong to the criminal class, there being rarely any serious charge against them other than for assaults growing out of quarrels among themselves. The children in the schools are well behaved, bright and quick to learn. Many of the grandchildren of these immigrants will graduate from Harvard and Yale. In Massachusetts there are free to their use fine public schools, and they have an easy path to a higher education, if the ambition of any child leads him in that direction. If any of them are in destitute circumstances or fall ill in mind or body, they are tenderly taken care of, and, if necessary, when they become infirm from age, are well provided for at the public charge, and in no other State or country would they receive better treatment.

With all these things freely given them, it would seem fair that they should obey the laws of the Commonwealth. With the first money that an Italian saves, after coming here, he buys a cheap gun, and then takes to the fields and is apt to try to kill every wild bird and animal that he sees, including game in and out of season. Once I examined the contents of a bag that one of a party of three Italian gunners carried, and found nearly fifty birds, including two or three quails, which at that season were unlawfully taken, and among the song birds that constituted the greater portion of what the bag contained were several chickadees, a bird that with its feathers off is not much larger than an English walnut. From many sources I have learned that Italians are in the habit of killing and eating chickadees and all other song birds, and for this purpose will snatch the young from their nests before they can fly.

From early days in Massachusetts one of the most destructive enemies to orchards and certain kinds of shade trees has been found to be the canker or measuring worm, which feeds upon the leaves. Sometimes in June orchards will be found entirely stripped of foliage by these pests. There are two varieties of these worms, which are similar in appearance and habits, both being destructive to vegetation. One kind emerges from the ground in the spring and the other in fall. They are then in the shape of moths. The female is without wings, and she crawls up the trees and deposits her eggs, which hatch out in the shape of caterpillars, ready to consume the leaves of the trees. Nature has developed an enemy to this destructive insect, which has done much to check their ravages, and this is the chickadee. These birds are with us the whole of the year, even during the coldest weather, and are free from any faults toward man. They feed largely upon the female moth of the canker worm and their eggs. In the stomachs of four chickadees E. H. Forbush, ornithologist for the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, found 1,028 eggs of this destructive insect, and has estimated that one chickadee in twenty-five days would destroy 138,750 of these eggs, that, if incubation was successful, would have hatched out into that number of canker worms in the caterpillar stage, ready to feed on the leaves of the trees. Now, this valuable bird never had in this State an enemy in man until the Italians arrived. The Indians knew something of the value of birds as insect destroyers, and placed gourds around their wigwams for martins to occupy, so that they would feed upon the flies that annoyed them. The first white settlers or their descendants have not killed the chickadee, but early spoke of their usefulness; neither have the representatives of the Irish, German or French races that have established their homes here.

It does seem that these little birds should be strictly protected. They have rendered as great service to the State in destroying the canker worm as did the commission which, at an expense of more than a million dollars, attempted to exterminate the gypsy moth.

ROBERT O. MORRIS.

An Owl's Flight for Life.

WHILE the whaleback steamer Forest Castle, from Liverpool, was off the Newfoundland banks, an owl as white as snow fell exhausted on the deck.

The owl made a desperate flight from an iceberg to the ship. It was "dead beat" when it floundered abroad, and without a great deal of trouble was made prisoner.

The sailors were utterly astonished at the arrival of the passenger. Some one saw the peculiar object coming laboriously through the air, making a line fly for the whaleback. Away off on the horizon line was a great iceberg, which had worked its way further south than these terrors of the northern sea are wont to do.

When the "berg" parted company with the icefield of the far north it probably carried with it the owl, which clung to its raft of crystal until flight was useless, a stretch of open sea forming a barrier over which the bird did not dare attempt flight. Like a sensible owl, it held to the refuge in sight, hoping for a better one by and by.

When the Britisher Forest Castle appeared on the horizon the bird made its one last dash for life. It was probably half starved and ill prepared for such a long chase—a stern chase, too—for the vessel, well to the south, was also plying steadily in that direction. However, the race was won by the owl.—Philadelphia Press.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The President in the Park.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT concluded his exploring and camping visit to the Yellowstone National Park on April 24. His companions in the Park were Major Pitcher, the Acting Superintendent, and John Burroughs. Billy Hofer, who in years past has guided Mr. Roosevelt in the Park, was with the party, and by his familiarity with the country, the natural phenomena and its wild animal ways, added much to the President's enjoyment of the trip. On April 24 the cornerstone of the new gate was laid. We take from the New York Times this report of the President's participation in the affair:

GARDINER, Montana, April 24.—President Roosevelt this afternoon resumed his tour, going to Livingston from here. Before going, however, he participated in the laying of the cornerstone of the new gate at the northern entrance to Yellowstone Park. The ceremony was performed according to the Masonic ritual, and was in charge of the grand officers of the State of Montana. Special trains brought hundreds of people here, including a large body of Masons, and as the weather was perfect, the scene was a very pretty one.

The President rode down from the post, accompanied by Major Pitcher, and was escorted to the gaily decorated stand where he delivered an address. Troops B and C of the Third Cavalry, from Fort Yellowstone, were drawn up in front of the stand as a guard of honor. Frank Smith, Grand Master, conducted the services, assisted by Deputy Grand Master Sol Hapner, and Grand Senior Warden Lew Calloway. The President, on behalf of the Masons of the State, was presented with a Masonic charm, mounted on a nugget of Montana gold. There were placed in the cornerstone a photograph of Mr. Roosevelt, a number of coins, copies of newspapers and some Masonic emblems.

The President began his address by thanking the people and the soldiers for his enjoyable two weeks' holiday, and then spoke of the natural wonders of the Park.

"The Yellowstone Park," he said, "is something unique in this world, as far as I know. Nowhere else in any civilized country is there to be found such a tract of veritable wonderland, made accessible to all visitors, where at the same time not only the scenery of the wilderness, but the wild creatures of the Park are scrupulously preserved as they are here, the only change being that these same wild creatures have been so carefully protected as to show literally astounding tameness. The creation and preservation of such a natural playground in the midst of our people, as a whole, is a credit to the Nation, but, above all, a credit to Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. It has been preserved with wise foresight.

"The scheme of its preservation is noteworthy in its essential democracy. This Park was created and now is administered for the benefit and enjoyment of the people. The Government must continue to appropriate for it, and especially in the direction of completing and perfecting an excellent system of driveways. The only way that the people, as a whole, can secure to themselves and their children the enjoyment in perpetuity of which the Yellowstone Park has to give, is by assuming ownership in the name of the Nation and by jealously safeguarding and preserving the scenery, the forests and the creatures.

"At present, it is rather singular that a greater number of people come from Europe to see it than come from our own Eastern States to see it. The people near by seem to be awake to its beauties, and I hope that more and more of our people who dwell far off will appreciate its really marvelous character. Incidentally, I should like to point out that some time people will awake to the fact that the Park has special beauties to be seen in the winter, and any person who can go through it in that season on skis will enjoy himself as he scarcely could elsewhere. I wish especially to congratulate the people of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho, and notably you of Gardiner and Cinnabar, and the immediate outskirts of the Park, for the way in which you heartily co-operate with the Superintendent to prevent acts of vandalism and destruction.

"The preservation of the forests is, of course, the matter of prime importance in every preserve of this character. In this region of the Rocky Mountains and the great plains the problem of the water supply is the most important part of the homemaker's office. Congress has not in recent years done anything more important than passing the Irrigation Bill, and nothing is more essential to the preservation of the water supply than the preservation of the forests. Montana has in its water power a source of development which has hardly been touched. This water power will be seriously impaired if ample protection is not given the forests. Therefore, this Park, like the forest reserves generally, is of the utmost advantage to the country around from the merely utilitarian side.

"But, of course, this Park also because of its peculiar features, is to be reserved as a beautiful playground. Here all the wild creatures of the old days are being preserved, and their overflow into the surrounding country, means that the people of the surrounding country, so long as they see that the laws are observed by all, will be able to insure to themselves and to their children and to their children's children, much of the old-time pleasure of the hardy life of the wilderness and of the hunter in the wilderness. I have been literally astounded at the enormous quantities of elk and at the number of deer, antelope and mountain sheep which I have seen on their wintering ground, and the deer and sheep in particular are quite as tame as range stock.

"A few buffalo are being preserved. I wish very

much that the Government could provide somewhere for an experimental breeding station of cross breeds between buffalo and the common cattle. If these cross breeds could be successfully perpetuated we could have animals which would produce a robe quite as good as the old buffalo robe with which twenty years ago every one was familiar, and animals moreover which would be so hardy that I think they would have a distinct commercial importance. They would, for instance, be admirably suited for Alaska Territory, which I look to see develop astoundingly within the next decade or two, not only because of its furs and fisheries, but because of its agricultural and pastoral possibilities."

Nebraska Fields and Streams.

AT last the dreaded Legislature has reached the end of its tether, and the shooters and the fisher again breathe easy. I use the term dreaded because in Nebraska the people, especially sportsmen, are so accustomed to having obnoxious legislation thrust upon them that they are always happy when the lawmakers' prerogatives cease. This session, notwithstanding the voluminous quantity of idiotic bills pertaining to fish and game that were laid before this august body, nothing was done with any of them, save the passage of the one prohibiting live bird trapshooting and the one repealing the wolf and coyote scalp bounty law. The great solons were too busy boosting the cause of the monopolies and railroads to commit any blunders with other measures, especially those appertaining to such inconsequential matters as our game and fish.

This spring, above all others, for a period of a dozen years or more, has been notable for its extraordinary flight of migratory birds. More wild fowl passed over the Nebraska fly-ways—up the Missouri and the Loup and across the sandhills—than for four or five years last past combined, and jacksnipe have not been so wonderfully abundant for a time much longer back. Heavy bags of the latter incomparable bird have been the rule on all the well known adjacent grounds, and for that matter they were killed by the hundreds up to as late as April 25, both in this State and Iowa. While the open season closed in Nebraska on April 15, Iowa gives no legal protection at all to this choicest and grandest little game bird of them all. Woodcock are next to extinct out here. Thus, you see, it is an easy matter for conscienceless gunners to kill birds on this side of the river, and claim that they got them on the other. At that I think April 15 is too early to close the season in Nebraska. So far as ducks and geese are concerned, this date is eminently the thing, although, along with the jacks, the bluewing teal have barely reached this far north on their polar pilgrimage, and by the time the main issue arrives the season is closed. But there is little call for further comment. The law says we cannot shoot either ducks or snipe any more until Sept. 1 next, and the gunner might just as well lay aside his hammerless till that sweet, far-sounding, deceptive tinkling triplet "tur-wee-tle! tur-wee-tle!" of the upland plover falls from the evening sky. And that will not be long. With the punctuality of Time itself it happens out here—the favorite haunt of this splendid game bird—along about the time the fluffy plume of the golden-rod—July 10 to 15—begins to flame here, there and everywhere over pasture land and plain.

Of course, the Omaha and Dickey Bird gun clubs have mapped out a lively summer campaign, and there will be no lack of this quieter sport. Both organizations will hold their regular weekly shoots—the Omahas on Saturdays, and the Dickies on Sundays—on the former club's handsomely appointed grounds at the other end of the Big Bridge. This park is still under the management of Henry McDonald, and this is a sufficient guaranty that they will continue to be conducted on a plan to suit the greatest number.

The water in the rivers, streams and lakes is now too high and too roily to insure good fishing, and it cannot be expected until both of these conditions are considerably improved. After such a widespread overflow as we have experienced throughout this State, the best fishing will be much delayed this year.

It may be a little venturesome to mention trout when descanting on the subject of Nebraska angling, but I hardly think so, now that there is plenty of good sport to be found on these much-prized fishes in a dozen Nebraska streams, and when hundreds of Omaha fishermen make frequent trips, both up into Minnesota and to the mountains. Fifteen years ago if a man dared mention trout fishing in Nebraska he would have been laughed at, but not so to-day, when, in season, as big baskets, almost, of both speckled and rainbow, are taken from the picturesque Long Pine, the Verdi Gris, Boardman, Niobrara and Slagle, as well as from a number of more insignificant streams, as result from long journeys to the so-called natural habitats of these finny morceaux. In the course of a few more years with our fishcultural affairs properly and competently managed, we will have them in still greater quantities, and the sport will be more economical and readier of access.

Until recent years I have not been a very hopeful or energetic advocate of trout propagation in Nebraska. I always thought the fundamental principle, the most necessary element to their thrift, was largely missing, and that black bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, croppie and sunfish were much better adapted to our waters as well as to our wants. I am convinced now that I was wrong and that the propagation of this priceless denizen of cool, running streams and pure watered lakes, right here in our own resourceful State, is an excellent thing, and the more we have of it under favorable conditions and intelligent and honest handling the better we will be off.

Under no circumstances should persons who receive fish from the State hatcheries at South Bend be allowed to create preserves to whose waters access is denied the public. No man or set of men should have a monopoly of either stream, lake or private pond stocked by the State.

Mart Diefenderfer, of Wood River, Neb., who won the last Grand American Handicap at Kansas City on targets, is a hardware merchant, a man of family, about 38 years of age, and the pride of the thriving little city in which he resides. Diefenderfer is a modest fellow and takes up trapshooting purely as a recreation, and while he has only participated in two of the State's tournaments during the past year, the Omaha shooters have long rated him among the topnotchers. His winning handicap score of 84, he has beaten scores of times.

Frank Crabill and R. Lorenzen, of Atlantic, Ia., and Sam Richards, of Missouri Valley, were on the bottoms northeast of the latter place, Thursday, the 23d, and bagged 191 jacksnipe, Crabill, an old Nebraska shot, killing 143 himself. John Hardin and G. W. Scribner, on the same day, at Percival, Ia., killed 87 jacks and 19 bluewing teal. At Highlands Con Young bagged 57 and J. H. Dumont 39.

Tom J. Foley is one of Omaha's best shots, both with rifle and shotgun, as well as an extremely all round popular sportsman, and an expert bass caster. In a day or so he leaves with a party of Milwaukee friends for a ten days' stay at Pat Sheehan's Red Squirrel's Nest, at Lake Washington, Minn., which for years has been the mecca for Omaha fishermen. When Tom gets on the lake old *Salmoides micropterus* must be on the qui vive, indeed, for there is no more persistent, strategic and successful foeman of this royal fish than this self-same Tom J. As a fisherman and hunter he comes as near wearing the crown among local sportsmen. He not only understands thoroughly the region and the habits of its every bird, fish and animal, but is full of resources in the quest of the same. He handles the gun and rod and oar with equal skill and teaches his lore with cheerful patience. He has laid the whole western country under tribute. He has shot on every marsh, in every field and in every woods, while his fatal hook is familiar with every buoy spot in every lake, and the mouths and eddies and rapids of every stream, not only in the State but over the whole West. Recently, while out in the sandhills, Tom killed a killdeer on the wing with a Winchester rifle at a distance of nearly 150 yards, and to-day among the sandhillers he is the greatest whatever.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Neb, April 24.

April 24.—The arrest of Rev. Robert E. Lee Craig, rector of Trinity Cathedral, Omaha's swell Episcopal church, out in Thomas county yesterday afternoon for shooting meadowlarks, has created a profound sensation here. About a week ago Rev. Craig, panoplied with an improved hammerless ejector and a case of shells, went out to Thedford for a ten days' vacation. Thedford is a small hamlet of some four or five hundred souls and adjacent to both good chicken and ducking grounds, but it couldn't have been that the minister was after these birds, as it is the close season on both, and just what species of game he was after was a mystery up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon when the intelligence of his arrest for killing meadow larks flashed over the wires, and all doubt was removed. It seems that Mr. Craig hired a guide in the village and sallied forth out on to the broad prairie to try his new hammerless. No ostriches, emus, pterodactyls, osmateriums or other lawful birds flushing, this eminent gentlemen of the cloth turned his attention to the tuneful and yellow vested meadow lark, bagging twenty-two of these beautiful birds in about two hours' shooting.

The clergyman's success with his new Parker would probably never have been divulged to the world, had not the sheriff of the county, on a subpœna-serving pilgrimage, happened his way. Hearing the fusilade off over the plain this conscientious limb of the law, knowing that the ducks had all flown north, and that the chickens were exempt from molestation, tied his Rosinante and started out to investigate. He came upon the Omaha minister just as he had made what he called a neat quartering shot on a noisy cock lark, whose choppy flight was doubtlessly slowed by his amorous interest in numerous lady larks who were twittering seductively all around him, and the shot was no great shakes after all. The sheriff strode up to him, asked his name, and forthwith, without further parley or controversy, placed him under arrest. He was taken before the justice at Thedford, and after a brief examination, which, among other things, revealed twenty-two dead meadow larks in his game bag, he was bound over to the district court. Prior to the hearing before the justice, however, Mr. Craig, so says the telegram, was jammed into the rural bastile, but was only kept there for a few brief moments when he was escorted to the halls of justice. S. G.

The New Jersey Commission.

GOVERNOR MURPHY has appointed David P. McClellan, of Morristown, to fill the vacancy in the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners caused by the resignation of Howard P. Frothingham. Mr. McClellan is a dry goods dealer in Morristown. When a vacancy occurred in the board during the incumbency of Governor Griggs the latter decided that the law was very plain on the subject of filling vacancies, and that it could not be done excepting with the concurrence of the Senate. Governor Voorhees said this was all nonsense, and made an appointment while the Senate was not in session. Governor Murphy went Voorhees one better and made an appointment after waiting until the Senate had adjourned.

Commissioner William A. Halsey, who at the last meeting of the board was elected president, agreed to accept the office only temporarily. Mr. Halsey thinks he has done his duty by the sportsmen of the State by serving five years, and he intends to resign next month both as president and member of the Commission.

Query: Had the appointment of a dry goods dealer to the Fish and Game Commission any connection with the recent distribution of calico bass in the waters of this State?—Paterson Chronicle.

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CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Shooting Season Over.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 24.—We may as well call the shooting season done, since it legally ends to-morrow and has sportsmanly ended before this. A review of the spring results show that the duck shooting was up to the average and fully as good as it was last year, although the high waters scattered the birds very much and likewise scattered the shooters. Mr. Harry Thomas, of this city, spent considerable time down at Water Valley on the Kankakee, and for a considerable time had no difficulty in making the limit of twenty-four birds daily. He shot mostly mallards and had a rattling good time for many days; about the best sport I heard of.

The jacksnipe season is not over in any way except legally. We will have another small flight of jacks without any doubt. Considerable numbers have been killed here and there within the past two weeks, but I cannot call the snipe season a very good one, no very great bags having been made. Thus Mr. C. C. Hess, who shoots at Goose Lake Club on the Kankakee, says that none of his friends in that club has succeeded in getting a good bag of jacks this spring, although they are near to very good grounds.

Minnesota Law.

The Minnesota Legislature appropriated $38,000 for the use of the State Fish and Game Commission during the coming year, an increase of a large figure over last year's appropriation. The open seasons are not changed to any great extent. A full copy of the law is not yet at hand, but it is thought to have been duly signed, sealed and delivered. Agent Fullerton has not yet expressed his opinion on the law under which he is to work during the coming year.

The "Forest and Stream" Family.

It is a good family, this of the FOREST AND STREAM. Thus my friend Powel, of Taylorville, who was down in Mississippi on a little business trip this week, writes as below: "I had a nice time with Mr. Speers and Fincher Bobo. I met a very pleasant young man on the train near Clarksdale, Miss., and I spoke of the pleasure I had had in reading the writings of 'Coahoma' in the FOREST AND STREAM. He told me that he was 'Tripod,' and that 'Coahoma' was his father. At once we were brothers in the FOREST AND STREAM family."

From California.

Mr. R. N. Stites returned this week from his long trip on the Pacific Coast. As mentioned in these columns, Mr. Stites stopped for a time at San Antonio, Texas, where I met him in January. He went the customary pace in California, seeing the glorious climate and not so glorious hotels, but does not speak very glowingly of the sport which he encountered. He speaks of seeing very many quail, but the season was over at the time of his arrival. Duck shooting in the lower portion of California he reports to be at times very fine. Part of his time was passed at the Santa Catalina Islands, and he did his share toward the extermination of the goats which have given that district something more than a local fame. It seems to be the customary thing to go out and kill these once harmless but now somewhat shy and wary animals. Mr. Stites says the intention is to exterminate all the goats, and that the tourists certainly do their part toward that end to the best of my ability. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Legislature as a Creator.

LEGISLATURES have at times undertaken to do all sorts of things, but it remained for the Legislature of New Jersey at its last session to usurp the functions of the Creator by making an altogether new bird. The effect of the action of the Legislature in arrogating to itself the powers of Providence will be watched for with some interest.

The Legislature passed an act making it a penal offense to kill any kind of birds, with certain exceptions; in the list of these exceptions is to be found a bird referred to in the statute as the "sharp-skinned" hawk. Presuming that there might be some mistake about it and that the Legislature did not have the hardihood of creating a new bird, The Chronicle procured a certified copy of the law and this is at present in this office with the certificate of the Secretary of State and the big seal of the State attached to it as an attestment that the law is really a portion of the statutes of the State. There it is as plain as English letters can make it, providing that "sharp-skinned" hawks may be killed in New Jersey. Every farmer's boy knows what the sharp-shinned hawk is, and ornithologists give the bird a pretty bad name; in fact, nothing can be said in favor of the sharp-shinned hawk, and we shall probably not know what it is good for until it has been exterminated, and then we shall probably find out that it was an important factor in the economy of nature.

But a "sharp-skinned" hawk is something new alike to farmers, farmers' boys and ornithologists, but there it is, a bird of New Jersey created by legislative enactment. The courts of this State have repeatedly declared that all penal statutes must be construed literally, and consequently by no process known to law can a "sharp-skinned" hawk be turned into the sharp-shinned bird of the same family.

If it were not for the hyphen between the words "sharp" and "skinned" the matter might perhaps be explained. Of course all hawks are sharp, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but we have never known of hawks being skinned and then flying about. No matter how pleasant such a state of undress might be on sultry summer days, it is something new in ornithology. That skinned hawks of all kinds should be legitimate prey for the gunner is perhaps correct from a standpoint of ordinary decency, and so the Legislature can hardly be blamed for placing such birds in the category of birds that may be killed at all times. We should certainly like to see a bird of that kind, and there is no doubt that every ornithological museum in the country is ready to

pay a high price for a specimen of this new product of legislation.

This is not the first time that the Legislature has dipped into the realms of science. Among the fishes which make thier summer homes in the lower Delaware there are two kinds of sturgeon and also a fish called the mammoose, which somewhat resembles a sturgeon. For many years the mammoose was popularly regarded as being the young of the long-nosed sturgeon, but scientists investigated the matter and declared that it was an altogether different kind of fish. This aroused the ire of the Legislature, and in 1891 the Legislature passed an act declaring that mammoose are young sturgeon. Since that time mammoose has been a distinct species of fish all over the world, with the exception of the State of New Jersey, where it is a young sturgeon, although it never develops into an old sturgeon. Now, if the Legislature can make a young fish of one species out of an old one of an altogether different species, there is no reason why it should not add to the numbers of birds frequenting the State a "sharp-skinned" hawk, no matter if no such bird never had an existence before.—Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

Connecticut Spring Shooting.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your remarks on the action of the Connecticut Legislature in passing a bill extending for a month the time during which ducks may be shot in this State have the approval, I believe, of nine-tenths of the sportsmen of the State. It is true that we all wonder at the action of the Legislature, and at the statement by the Governor that the bill is to become a law; but what we wonder at most of all is the action of the Legislative Committee on Fish and Game, which recommended the passage of this act.

It is an open secret now that the matter was carried through simply the efforts of a few men living at points along the shore of Long Island Sound, who were cunning enough and found help enough among the members of the Committee on Fish and Game, to carry through their plans by secret methods.

Since the passage by the Legislature and the signature by the Governor of New York State, of the law prohibiting spring shooting there, the action of the Connecticut Legislature and of Gov. Chamberlain becomes more than ever absurd. As things stand now, ducks swimming in the waters of Long Island Sound on the shores of Long Island are protected, but if by chance these unlucky birds shall spread their wings and fly a few miles to the northward, then let them look out. The rapacious Connecticut gunner will be after them and kill them.

The action of the Connecticut Legislature and authorities in this matter is a direct slap in the face to the better class of sportsmen, and leaves our State in a shameful position between New York on the one side and Massachusetts on the other. The sportsmen of the State hardly feel responsible; yet they cannot deny that they have been tricked and swindled by their representatives, nor can they deny that they ought to have kept a sharper watch on these representatives and to have seen what they were doing. I venture to say that if that good sportsman and earnest game protector, A. C. Collins, were alive to-day, the stigma which now rests on the fair fame of our State would not attach to it.

I cordially agree with Mr. Avis in last week's FOREST AND STREAM when he says that the sportsmen of the State ought to make their feelings known in this matter. The Governor should be written to and told how the real gunners of the State feel. There is no doubt in my mind as to what the sentiment is, and I believe that from Stamford east along the Long Island shore the sentiment against the present change of the law is practically unanimous.

If the sportsmen of the State—of whom I claim to be one—do not show very plainly how they feel about this matter, then they deserve to rest under the burden of this bad bill and cannot escape a certain amount of responsibility for it. BRIDGEPORT.

The Plank in Arkansas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 22.—I inclose you copy of the new game law just enacted, from which you will see that Arkansas, as well as Texas, has gotten squarely on the FOREST AND STREAM platform. And none too soon, either, for the pot-hunter was getting in his work in great shape, and game was getting to be one of the things that were. The non-resident hunter has been a burning question in this Legislature, for they have been coming in by the hundreds and staying all winter, and in many instances have bought up the large lakes and kept the natives out. The last, I suppose, is inevitable under present circumstances, but the native don't like it all the same. There are a number of laws proposed on the subject, and at present I cannot tell what will be done. When it crystallizes into action I will let you know. But certainly the present Whitley law is a great advance in the way of game protection, and one that would not have been considered two years ago. In fact, two years ago we could not get our non-export law re-enacted.

Every embryo statesman was hunting trusts and combinations then and did not have time to come out of the skies and protect game. May be in two years more we can get a decent fish law. We passed a good one through the Senate but the House killed it. It is time to protect the fish, for I find that streams that a few years ago furnished good sport are now played out, and the same applies to the lakes. But the present law shows that the world do move, and may be it will move some more some day. J. M. ROSE.

[The anti-sale law is printed on our editorial page.]

"And now that you have finished college, what are you going to do?" asked a friend of the youthful candidate.

"I shall study medicine," was the grave reply of the young man.

"But isn't that profession already overcrowded?" asked the friend.

"Possibly it is," said the knowing youth, "but I propose to study medicine just the same, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances."—Stray Stories.

The Game Park Question.

ST. AUGUSTINE, April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an item from the New York Times of April 17 for the calm consideration of your contributors who denounce me for the stand I have taken against game "preserves" of unnecessarily great extent. There is a right and a wrong side to this question, and they are free to take either without disturbing my equanimity in the least. The Times' correspondent, writing from Pittsburg under date of April 16, says: "Buckwood Park, owned by C. C. Worthington, of New York, has lost nearly fifty deer from starvation. The park is near Shawnee, this county. So rapidly have the deer increased there that early in the winter they ate up all the food they could find. Keepers have put out food in different parts of the Worthington preserves, but they are so extensive that in some parts the food was not found by the deer."

If the way to preserve an animal is to kill it, then Buckwood Park is a game preserve, but I am not able to see it in that light, and I still hold to my old-fogy notion that no one has the right to violate the laws of humanity by inclosing more of this free country than he can properly control. If a poor man starves an animal to death the humane society pounces on him, but here is a millionaire who can laugh at them, because their penalties are of no account to him. If nearly fifty deer were penned up and forced to die of starvation the number that suffered up to the verge of death must have been too great to think of calmly. If the owner of that park is rich enough to inclose a township he is rich enough to put a sufficient quantity of hay throughout his vast domains to save the animals from starvation.

In the plain language of truthful James, if Mr. C. C. W. cannot feed his deer he has no right to keep them.

DIDYMUS.

Game and Fish at Albany.

ALBANY, April 25.—An examination of the records of the Legislature, whose labors have just been completed, shows more real good accomplished in the interests of sportsmen than might reasonably have been expected, in view of the number of worthless game law amendments offered during the session. More measures designed to change the fish and game law were introduced than a year ago, and more were passed and sent to the Governor. In the latter category are some bills from which the executive should withhold approval. A majority of them are considered not undesirable, however, while several are regarded as eminently proper. It is known that the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission is rather gratified than otherwise over the results of the session, in that more good bills than bad ones managed to get to the Governor.

Thus far the following game law amendments have been signed by Governor Odell:

Assemblyman Reeve's (Int. No. 182), relating to the close season for trout on Long Island.

Assemblyman Bridgeman's (Int. No. 479), in relation to spearing fish in the creeks of Otsego and Orleans counties.

Assemblyman Doughty's (Int. No. 613), relating to the taking of pheasants.

Assemblyman McNair's (Int. No. 549), in relation to the close season for squirrels.

Assemblyman Fowler's (Int. No. 116), for the protection of fish in Chautauqua Lake.

Assemblyman Whitney's (Int. No. 986), in relation to fishing in Saratoga Lake and Lake Lonely.

Assemblyman Cowan's (Int. No. 328), prohibiting the taking of trout and game in Delaware, Ulster and Sullivan counties for the purpose of selling the same.

Senator Fancher's (Int. No. 187), in relation to pickerel, and pike, and nets in Lake Erie.

Senator Bailey's (Pr. No. Assembly, 1485), relating to the powers of supervisors in Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties.

Senator Elon R. Brown's (Pr. No. Assembly, 2068), prohibiting spring shooting.

Senator Malby's (Int. No. 179), relative to fishing in Black Lake, St. Lawrence county.

Assemblyman Denison's (Pr. No. Senate, 728), relative to the close season for wild deer.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 303), relative to the close season for quail.

Senator Armstrong's (Pr. No. 1700, Assembly), relative to the destruction of illegal devices.

In addition to the foregoing bills, which passed the Legislature and are now laws, the following also passed both branches and are before the Governor awaiting his action:

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 305), relative to the close season for grouse in the counties of Ulster, Sullivan, Greene and Orange.

Senator Armstrong's (Pr. No. 2080, Assembly), relative to the sale of grouse and woodcock.

Senator Armstrong's (Int. No. 309), defining the powers of game protectors in various counties of the State.

Senator W. L. Brown's (Int. No. 365), providing for the publication of the forest, fish and game laws, as amended.

Senator Gates' (Int. No. 778), relative to information concerning leases and franchises for the cultivation of shell fish.

Senator Goodsell's (Int. No. 261), relative to fishing through the ice with tip-ups in Orange and Rockland counties.

Assemblyman Bedell's (Int. No. 427), relative to the close season for certain quadrupeds and birds in Orange county.

Assemblyman Burnett's (Int. No. 199), in relation to taking fish in Canandaigua Lake.

Assemblyman Doughty's, (Int. No. 266), legalizing and confirming leases for the cultivation of shell fish, heretofore executed by the State authorities.

Assemblyman Hubbs' (Int. No. 1029), relative to the transportation of fish.

Assemblyman McCormack's (Int. No. 1274), relative to game in Richmond county.

Assemblyman Nichols' (Int. No. 694), relative to the taking of woodcock.

Assemblyman Nichols', (Int. No. 1281), in relation to spearing fish in certain towns of Greene county.

Assemblyman Palmer's (Int. No. 541), relative to the close season for quail in Schoharie county.

Assemblyman Reynolds' (Int. No. 550), relative to the close season for grouse, woodcock and quail in Rensselaer county.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's (Int. No. 886), relative to wild birds.

Assemblyman C. W. Smith's (Int. No. 631), relative to penalties.

Assemblyman J. T. Smith's (Int. No. 418), relative to taking fish from the waters of Whaley Pond in Dutchess county.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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READ the story of the cave in "Letters to a Chum" on another page of this issue.

Publications Received.

Our Northern Shrubs and How to Identify Them. A handbook for the Nature-Lover. By Harriet L. Reeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

Snaps With a Pocket Camera, and Fly Casts With Tamarack Poles.

V.—A Native's Satire.—Moods of Light.

"What we find in most writers on nature that is disagreeable and deterrent of steady reading is a certain conceit, a more or less definite and conscious claim to an esoteric relation to things that grow or lie in the open air which the people not of their set cannot hope to understand, and are contemptible because they do not understand it."—New York Times' Saturday Review.

"The gray clouds kindle with red and yellow fire that burns about their purple hearts in tints of infinite variety, while behind them and the dark blue rampart of the mountains, flames the last glory of the departing sun, fading in a tint of tender green to the pure blue."—Rowland E. Robinson.

MEN expend untold sums on frescoes and paintings for palace and cathedral, while the blue vision of eternity skyed over them is scarcely noticed, even when the star-jewels of Orion and Ursa Major embellish it. Such apathy dwells in us, with such clouded perceptions! We do not care what nature might teach. Much of this is due to the oceans of rhapsody about her with which the world has been flooded. She should be studied rather than described. How few but could paint a puny scene in words about the lessons of the

A STUDY OF FOLIAGE.

wan fading of the last sunlight on the transient mist as its rose and purple change to gray on the mountain side! "How beautiful, delicate, exquisite are those charms!" cries the mere enthusiast, who could not, by any stress of feeling, realize the divine strength and feeling in the simple words of Genesis: "And there went up a mist from the earth; and watered the whole face of the ground." "And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight; and a river went out of Eden to water the garden."

The men who see nature best realize that all words of description of her are but a pitiful approximation. "Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest?" or a bee take heed of its "cunning instinct of proportion" as it constructs its comb of wax? Facts about

SHADOW.

landscape, light and color, and capacities for seeing and enjoying them, have been stated by one or two men when putting forth their utmost power; yet even the actual scenes can for many years only be known to natures which require to be created or cultivated.

Still less is this any vaunting of superiority. He who sees best is least of all willing to boast over one who cannot see at all. While he may pursue nature with the worship of religion, he has no criticism for those who do not see or really love her. For here, as in so many other fields, he knows that all men possess a pathetic weakness.

And he who writes of her must well nigh perform a miracle if he rids himself entirely of self-consciousness, no matter how humbly and even with tears, he may struggle to wrench himself away from that taint which will make his words as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Ruskin chafed under the disposition of England to resent as offensive, his "assumption of superior knowledge," and mourned over it. Hear him after having spoken of that "long attention" necessary before nature may be known:

"It is not singular, therefore, nor in any way disgraceful, that the majority of spectators are totally incapable of appreciating the truth of nature, when fully

A DYING VETERAN.

set before them; but it is both singular and disgraceful that it is so difficult to convince them of their own incapacity." For "we constantly recognize things by their least important attributes."

And up here on the Delaware my comrade has been studying this sure resentment, as shown in our friend, the keen and satirical lumberman. This native, if he knew the words, would first call us rhapsodists, and then spasmodists. He cannot stay away from the magnet of the camp and its fire; but he sniffs and sneers his contempt and indignation for our constant admiration of earth, air, sky and water.

Last night my tent-mate named to him over fifty birds that he had seen along the river, and the flowers—cowslips, blue and yellow iris, white and yellow daisies, elecampane, arrowhead, eight kinds of ferns and six mosses, hawkweed, fuchsia, foxglove, harebell, honeysuckle, hyacinth, creepers, lichens, pansy, myrtle, pitcher-plant, moccasin-flower, marigold, loosestrife, Jack-in-the-pulpit, ivy, jasmine and four kinds of lilies.

And he picked grasses, naming them as nimblewill, porcupine, reed, sheep's fescue, bunch, vernal, and wood-grass.

Then he likened the dewy white of the flowers to frozen moonlight, to sea-foam, to pearl and opal, and their blue to azure skies; and the wet black to night. And this morning he exhibits several butterflies fastened to the canvas wall of the tent with pins—his captures during an arduous day of chases through the woods. And he calls these flies "Oreades," "Aphrodites" and "Ursulas."

This offensive pedantry has thoroughly roused the resentment of the lumberman. To use the words at the head of this article, he feels that he is thought to be "contempible because he does not understand it."

Finally, he is baited by my humorous chum with a lot of rhapsody about the beauty of flowers—ostensibly a talk to the two Princeton men, who are our tent neighbors:

"He who intently studies the colors of flowers will get rare lessons, noting hues like pale-green ice, frozen rainbows, snowy pallor, deepest crimson; iridescence of pearly corolla, black of stamen, and many shades of heliotrope, yellow, amber and purple in the wild dawn-flowers. The blooms of these wind-bells that nod and sway in the wind, are wild, often stand in the gloom and shadow of forests, and are far more precious than those from a hothouse. For they are the midsummer ground-stars of the woods—their blossomed chalices showing in hues of corn-flower, mauve, lavender, violet, lemon and indigo—with grays as of storms on hills, pearls in fogs, and intense scarlet and purple of sunrises—all peeping out from among the lances, halberds, plumes and arrows of the ferns."

This is bad enough, but worse follows. This native regards all rhyming as the work of lunatics; and his fury is fanned as he has four stanzas of a "poem" read to him about the silence in which the greatest work of the universe is done. Here is a sample verse:

"The lark is lovely as he sings up in the morning sky;
That vault above in silent love is singing to the eye.
Sublimity and wondrous power are in the thunder's crash:
Sublimer yet the silence of the dreaded lightning's flash.
Through space all noiseless ever moves our loving mother, Earth;
Still days and nights as on she rolls are given wondrous birth.
For silent sunshine comes to us from that great heaven afar,
Each distant sun in silence twinkling like a little star."

This is the last straw, and the explosion follows:

"Say!" he slowly drawls, with half-shut eyes. "I invite ye ter kum with me in yer canoe, 'baout er mile daown ther river, an' go up a crick. Bin wantin' ter show ye that place fur a week.' It's jest the purtiest wun ye ever sot yer eyes on."

Early the next morning he takes us to a stagnant, miasmatic lagoon, running back and widening into a horrible marsh between hills. Croaking frogs, green scum, steamy mist rising from foul-smelling water where snakes and tadpoles swarm! Flies and gnats torment us. Suffocating malodors and muskiness rise from miry ooze and slimy grass!

"Thar!" growls our guide in triumph. "Yew fellers see so much durned bewty in all 'Nachur' an' water an' sky, that I jes' natch'ly wanted yer 'pinion 'baout this yer! Yer purtend ter see it all so miz'ble purty round hyar jes' 'cause yer thinks it's er mitey big credit ter yer own fool selves ter let on yer see it! (A roar of laughter.) Yer talk 'bout light, an' stars, 'an dew, an' colors, an' durn 'preshus' green trees! It makes me sick! An' when ye made up some sickish stuff ye call 'potry' 'baout everythin' bein' so tarnation still an' 'sweet,' I jes thought I'd like yer jedgmint on this lot o' fever an' agur, an' yaller jandice, an' skunk's cabbidge. Jes' pint 'aout sum purty things hyar, will yer!"

He poles the boat into the reed-grass, and through a channel curving to the left, that opens into—a vision!

Solemn hemlocks stand in a wide half-circle around a silent, windless basin of shallow water, thirty rods across. It is margined by emerald reed-grass, and inside that plumy crescent smiles a great, blue border of iris flowers!

And over that whole basin the water is thickly starred with the fragrant white and yellow blooms of the pond lilies—great wax-like flowers, wet nymphæ buds just opened! Out in the hemlocks the warblers and crows are calling. A hawk screams in circling flight. The blue gleam of a kingfisher's plunge from a low tree, comes through the reed-grass, followed by his rattling cry as he rises from the water!

We thank the lumberman, and his disgust deepens.

But he cannot resist the hypnotic attraction of our camp, and shames us the next day by bringing milk for our coffee and wild berries and honey for our bread. We have sent a dozen fine bass to his house, and once have helped to eat fish at a "tea" given by his gentle-voiced and sweet-faced wife. We wonder how this burly, rough man ever succeeded in winning her, and begin to realize how full of human life and history, effort and self-sacrifice, many of these river cottages must be.

Sorrow and disaster were soon to visit him. When we make the canoe run from Hancock to Lackawaxen a month later, we find him suffering from a crushing blow and slide of a log at his mill. The doctors give him little hope. He has tried to hobble down to the river in response to our telegram. We beach the canoe and go to his house; it is but a few rods from the water. His eyes have the patient, hunted look of one whose remaining days are few.

"I am now like that tree," he tells us in weak and broken words.

Here is a picture of it. We wonder how many readers of FOREST AND STREAM would realize its desperate state, and note its scanty foliage and scarred trunk, without the aid of the caption.

We are to camp on a little wooded island two miles below Hancock; and to-night the canoe and tent go back up the river on the train, for the fishing on the run to-day has been excellent, and it has been a day of thunderstorms, sunbeams and sky-wide ranges of cloud-mountains, all now hurrying eastward before high winds.

Mindful of the criticism that we risk, we yet try to tell something of the day's variations and moods of light.

A picture is given of the sharp, sombre gray, lights falling over hills and river on a cloudy day at a point near Lackawaxen, and showing, but with woeful incompleteness, even in that favorable light, the river rushing over rocky shallows, and its waves, curvature and foam.

Statements of the laws by which light changes, would lead us very far into algebra and geometry, and involve the reader in a fog of technical terms in connection with over five hundred named colors—all of which would not be read. But we may state some of the "effects" during such a day as this.

Daily, from east to west, march many sources of light, sunshine flooding all, but with an always changing angle of incidence, and itself never alike for two moments—clouds, moisture and hues reflected back from water and forests, varying forever! Twilight, dusk, moonlight, starlight, sometimes all these sources of radiance joining!

Brilliant sunshine at dawn, flooding the Delaware Valley! Then the duskiness of gathering storm! Fear and gloom of three thunderstorms during the day, their bellows roaring and echoing among hills! Blinding flashes from the retreating clouds; then, sunshine after rain along a windless river, while rain-curtains exhaust themselves dreamily on far eastern hills! Shimmering heat; radiance caught and held in clouds of infinitely varying form and volume, letting down long shafts of light; and this all modified and adorned by reflections from hills and flowing water—emerald of forests, yellow of banks! Rose-light of titanic cloud-domes—crimson canopies interwoven with banners of waving flame that dart and sway across the vault; steam-like rags of fantastic vapor changing to lurid wreaths; white mists floating upward, rallying in surges and boiling up the unsubstantial, quivering blue! All seemingly the merest chaos of chance; yet not one line, hue or motion that is not governed by sternest law. Never one false curve, not a single light that is not complex. It is the music of infinitely changing form and color—fragility of form—toppling, uprearing, evanescent, yet always with the most exquisite grace of undulation—all wilderness, seeming accident, and with perspectives of hopeless intricacy, yet perfect in curvature, and flow and freedom of every line. And before the rising of the steady sunset gale from the west, a rainbow!

All day we have also noted the intricacy, glide and play of the shadows, often more visible than the objects which cast them. All day we have felt that the tortured or peaceful clouds were not so much clouds, as the visible form and presence of the winds that drove them. And now, at night, eye and heart are bewildered.

The pen drops, impotent, for it attempts the impossible, and the words border on the ridiculous—which every satirist hunts, and, when found, whips without mercy.

And yet very few of these satirists can see, much less feel, the grace and beauty of natural scenery; and almost none of them recognize or believe in its sublime and transfigured moments. I note this frequently in conversations overheard before famous paintings in the New York galleries. Men who cannot tell the normal number of their own teeth, or even ribs, will "analyze" the figures in a painting by Corregio, Rubens or Turner, and are even paid art-critics! Many confident picture buyers, capitalists who have rushed through half the galleries abroad, will chatter in voluble fault-finding with the "technique" of Gerome, Tintoret, or even Angelo. I have before me several amusing letters between such wealthy buyers, masterpieces of inane "criticism."

We are exhausted with work on the flooded river, the roar of its waters and the many hours of electric agitation in the sky. We board the Erie train and smoke silently, watching the changing vistas as forests bow before high winds and night deepens, and the ragged clouds are blown in a sky-dance to the east like withered leaves.

L. F. BROWN.

[One of the illustrations for the chapter of this series published last week was omitted; and that the picture may go with the text we reprint here these paragraphs.]

The college men plead with him to "go on."

"Very well. Here is my chum, who has fished for forty years. You also, are anglers; and I am a landscape pho-

tographer and botanist. Yet we behold as we look, only some small part of the truth of space, form, color, chiaroscuro. Nature is infinite: man is finite, with limited senses. What he sees is largely determined beforehand by very complex conditions of sense, education and faculty, causing variations in what artists call taste. We

POND EDDY.
"There's no place like home."

use sight over an infinity of forms, and the eye remains dulled through its use for mere purposes of ordinary safe guidance and casual impression. We do not look sharply for specific things; and so myriads of objects pass before our eyes that are actually not seen at all. Hamerton, the etcher, states that he drew oxen for twenty years before he saw them in the artistic sense. Nearly all men glare, and do not behold."

He looks out at the exquisite view of the river as the little sailboats of the early pleasure-seekers began to dot the water—the view shown in the accompanying illustration--and drinks in with carefullest sight, all that fairy-like transparence of air and water, and that under-world of reflection, seemingly as much below the water as above it—the whole one of those occasional moments when Nature seems to put on her most marvelous costumes. robe after robe in quick succession of color and effects of atmospheric transfiguration—beautiful as a capricious coquette!

Adirondack Notes.—II.

I had been at the Adirondack League Club some days as Frank's guest, and had fished with him and Sanspeur. from Little Moose over to Bisbee Lake and beyond, had traveled up to Pinchnose and sat out in the sun on that small pond with no result, and had taken a few nice fish out of the river and from Panther Lake, when I finally made up my mind one cloudy morning to go up and try Mountain Pond for a big one. The spring had been wet and cold, so that our first day between the Lodge and Bisbee was not much of a success until late in the afternoon in a small pond near our journey's end, we managed to get them jumping and for an hour we got some nice half pound fish. I think my score for the day was 16, and the others a few short of that. In every pond were "landlocks," and we found them very apt to jump for our feathers, but we got none large enough to kill. Bisbee was a beautiful sheet of water, the home of the queer *Salmo bisbee; sui generis,* we were told, and it seems likely. There was almost every variety of trout in the lake. I got a beautiful *fontinalis* there, saw some brightly marked and easily distinguishable Bisbee trout, heard about the huge brown trout they sometimes find basking in the shallow water near shore, and I also kept getting mixed up with the small "landlocks." Our first night it snowed hard and then hailed, and froze so that in the morning everything about the place was slippery, but Sanspeur wanted to try a fly, and we broke enough ice to handle the oars, and while the snowflakes were coming down thick and fast if the first cast did not bring up two silver ouananiche of about three-quarters of a pound. Naturally we put them back and went on, and finally a trout came up to look things over. But he must have found them a little cool for his taste, and once was enough for him.

Finally, after a couple of days we went back to the lodge and spent our time near by casting along the shore for "landlocks," at which we had little luck, or over in Panther and on the river. At the falls I managed to get a nice little string of fish, one of about a pound, hooked in the tail when casting a long line from the rocks right at the foot of the falls and somehow saved him. It is a curious thing that in swift water that way, if you do not let the fish get a start on you, one hooked foul gives very little trouble, while in quiet water it is wellnigh impossible to do anything with him at all. The river fishing here is very fine, and I regretted that the height of water made it impossible to wade it. Then we tried Grindstone one day, and to my great distress found the brook where we started entirely too small to whip, but as we went down stream it improved and soon we were able to get a few fish. It was hard going and the water was not just right, so we did not fare well, but found some of the prettiest places you ever saw and occasionally a fair trout. The fun of the day, however, was lunch at a nice spring of a few burned trout that were broiled on a green twig over the fire. We all felt as though we never wanted to move again, for it was very pleasant there where we could hear the splash of the water and see the green mantle just creeping and stirring over the forest. Oh, it was all very good in the sunshine. Then we tramped back through the forest, taking great delight in a gnawed and decaying horn that we found on the ground, and the shy flowers that began to peer through the brown carpet. We found where the sharp toes of the deer had cut into the black mould, and one evening Sanspeur saw on one of the carries a bunch of five of the graceful animals.

All this had gone before my day at Mountain Pond, where I went alone with my strong man, Mr. Toothacker, as Frank called him, from the unfortunate circumstance of his having a swollen face. We started reasonably early and had the pond quite to ourselves. Traveling through the woods in the spring has a charm quite its own. There is to me none of the crowded and oppressed feeling that one has after days in a great leafy forest where the sun hardly glances. Here the sun just poured down, and you knew that every little twig and root was shouting with the joy of it all. Little streams ran everywhere, and pools shone in all the hollows. The bark looked so clean and healthy on the big maples and beaches, and the limbs high overhead were so great and wide and strong. It was along a path among these giants that Mr. Toothacker and I tramped, he with his boat upon his shoulders, I with a pack basket and my rod. Then down through a little glen where was a grove of small pines and up a long ridge among the great hardwoods once more. Finally we found our pond, and realized it had been a very fair climb. The boat was put in the water, and I tried a cast of No. 8 and No. 6 flies, a gray-hackle, black-gnat and Parmachenee-belle. The latter I expect to always have on my cast, for, taking it all in all, it is the most successful fly with me. It did not work here, however, for although the water was carefully covered, I got no response at all. After the experiment had been thoroughly tried we heard a splash, and there was a great widening ring where one of the monarchs had jumped; for be it known to all who are strangers to Mountain Pond that all its denizens are brothers and sisters of just five years of age. No small trout were caught there while I was at the club and none with a fly. The feed here is remarkably good, and as a result the fish are all about of a size, which is the very respectable one of two pounds. I paddled over to where my friend had exhibited himself and tried a few casts with no result. Then another rose, I tried a cast over him, but he was too preoccupied to notice. Then I changed to a spinner and put a minnow on it. This we gave a good try, but no use.

Meanwhile the day was showing us the best of weather, first a little breeze and then a black cloud and a drizzle of rain with calm water. I finally went ashore and cut a long pole, set Mr. Toothacker to building me a fire, and brewing some tea, while I picked out a likely spot in the deep water, where the bushes near shore could be reached, sunk my pole in the mud, put on a sinker and some common worms and descended to bottom fishing. The boat seemed to do nothing but swing around, and every time there was a nibble it was a weed. So I looked in my bait box again for an inspiration, cut up a few fishes and chummed, and then tried a piece of minnow for bait. No use. So discouraged I went back to shore to satisfy the rather insistent devil that lives inside of us all, and also to think up something new. I was clearly beaten. Other fellows had gone up there and caught fish. Not many to be sure, but where they could, I should. Well, thought I, if it can't be done at all I may as well fail on flies, and so after lunch went back to the feathered cheats. Taking a very light leader I put on a small salmon fly picked up once in Wales. It was like a fairy tied on a No. 8 hook, and to hold a salmon would be a pretty big task for it, but it was just right in color. Then I anchored at my pole so as the paddle would not show in the water, and when a fish rose within reach, and only then, would I throw over him. In this way I got two strikes and missed both by being over careful, and as the afternoon wore away had to acknowledge a fair and square defeat in a good battle. One can see afterwards what one should have done, but it is doubtful if even the after thoughts would have been helpful. But a defeat, if it be a good one, is a very healthy thing. Even the long black laker I caught that evening in crossing Moose Lake, Frank's young hopeful had two mates for on the boat house dock; and so the youngest one in the club beat me that day, which I have to consider the best one of a red-letter week.

G. F. D., Jr.

New Found Lake Fishing.

For some years, soon after the ice goes out, a party of us have gone to Rogers' at the Hebron end of New Found. We all hope to catch both salmon and trout; sometimes the fish do not respond as freely as they should. There is one thing we are absolutely sure of, and that is a good time, fish or no fish.

This year many of the old crowd were on hand, also a few new men. The Granite State was well represented. The able Speaker of the recent House of Representatives was on hand and showed his ability as an angler by catching some fish and taking home more than he caught. The ever-smiling General was there (we could not do without him). It was entirely the fault of the fish if he failed to maintain his reputation as an angler. The Kingfisher from Bristol, who also answers to the name of the Early Bird, was very much in evidence. We all had to take off our hats to him. How we wore out the waters of the bay in our efforts to get fish, and how irritating to our feelings it was to see the Early Bird meander slowly about in front or behind our boats, or in fact anywhere where it was wet, and take fish after fish. We had thoughts of locking him up in the Hebron jail (only we did not know where it was), or making him fish with an unbaited hook.

There was among others in the party who helped to make the trip pleasant, Gorgeous, who is said to own or manage a certain crossroads bank in one of Boston's suburbs. The Parson came with the bank man. Now, the Parson looked to be all the name implied. Gorgeous said that at home his friends called him a cold-blooded sport.

The clerk of the weather played a continuous low down mean trick on us. It was cold enough every day to freeze our lines to both rod and reel, and windy enough to blow the fur off a hedgehog. Nevertheless we kept on so nagging those trout and salmon that some of them were forced to strike. We spent many hours in Rogers' comfortable rooms; mild games of chance were indulged in; everyone professed absolute ignorance of penny ante and auction pitch, the Parson most of all. In the interim of card playing we discussed the merits of various lures; some favored the prickly phantom, others the old-fashioned minnow. One night a couple of Hebron girls appeared. We promptly named them the Silver and the Dark Phantoms. A great rumpus they kicked up among the juvenile members of our party. My boatman was an irrepressible youth whom I took up with me, and who answers to the name of Grover Cleveland Barnard. After Grover became acquainted with the female phantoms he ceased to be useful as a boatman. The only times he would keep my boat on anything like a straight course was when we were headed for the landing near Rogers' house. The Parson was fully as idiotic as Grover. I was told that the parting between the Parson and the Silver Phantom was very much like the disentangling of the phantom from a landing net when one is in a hurry and the water is rough.

The fish caught, up to the time of my leaving, averaged smaller than on previous trips. Seven and one-half pounds was high on salmon and nine and a half on trout. On the morning of our departure the weather changed, and the Early Bird said: "There will now be some fishing." We left him to prove his statement, and prove it he did. I send the scores he made on the day we left and the one following: April 22, three trout of seven pounds each, one of six, two salmon of three pounds each. April 23, one trout of twelve pounds, one eleven, one of eight, two of seven, two of six, one of five; one salmon of seven pounds, one of six, one of five, and one of three.

Our trip to old New Found is ended for this year; we were sorry to leave. On our drive from Hebron to the train at Bristol the youthful Grover was in a whimpering condition. Even that tough old veteran, the General, could only smile in ghastly manner. May we all meet at the same place next year when the ice goes out, is. I am sure, the wish of all.

C. M. Stark.

Dunbarton, N H, April 24.

New England Waters.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my last communication I mentioned "interesting information from New Hampshire." In answer to inquiries, Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth writes: "The State Commission has been put on a salary basis—the chairman to have $1,000 a year and expenses, the other members $800 each and expenses." The sale of lake trout has been prohibited, and the season for taking them in Lakes Winnepesseogee and Winisquam has been shortened. I have already mentioned that the license fee for non-resident hunters seeking large game is $10. He says further: "We have got an appropriation of $7,500 to build a new hatchery at Laconia. We have got appropriations to put in eleven different screens; the amounts for these are from $75 to $1,500. * * The brook trout fishing is fine this spring in the southern part of the State." They are having great luck on salmon and lake trout.

W. H. Griffin, of Manchester, got home to-night from a two days' trip to Newfound Lake with 17 salmon and lakers.

Chairman Wentworth has labored long and faithfully, literally "casting bread upon the waters." We rejoice that the Granite State has at last recognized the value of his labors and those of his colleagues on the State Board. The citizens of New Hampshire are only just beginning to realize the benefits to be derived from judicious stocking of the lakes and streams. Reports from several of her fishing resorts indicate a good season this year.

At Newfound Lake the hotels are reported full of fishermen. Dr. J. A. Gage and Dr. James Thorpe, of Lowell, several from Manchester, Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, and Messrs. E. E. Allen, of Watertown, Mass., and Edward W. Morse, of Brookline, have taken trout and salmon varying from 3 pounds to 6¾ pounds in weight.

Miss Mary A. Rogers, of Hebron, has taken a 7-pound salmon. W. E. Patenaude, of Dedham, has captured five trout, the largest 6 pounds, and three salmon.

From the Weirs comes the report that ice left the lake about two weeks earlier than usual, and good success has rewarded the fishermen, of whom the following are names of several from Boston: H. A. Pitman, A. P. Morse, A. J. Kohler and Dr. Brown.

It is observed that this year more salmon than trout have been taken; one salmon weighing 11 pounds being captured within sight of the Weirs. Previous to the cold spell last week sportsmen had excellent catches at Meredith Bay and Alton Bay. From the three northern counties of the State we shall expect to hear soon after May 1, when the season will be open in Carroll, Coos and Grafton counties.

Maine has been called a "sportsman's paradise," and New Hampshire is offering great attractions to anglers, and possibly deer hunters might "go farther and fare worse," thanks to the commissioners and their co-laborers among the sportsmen of the State.

The lakes of southern Maine have already attracted many devotees of rod and reel. On Sebago, by a change in the law, made last winter, the fishing opened April 1, instead of at such time as the ice left the lake, as heretofore. The largest salmon so far reported was caught by Master Edward Gilman, a 12-year-old son of Mr. George Gilman, of Cumberland Mills. Others taken vary in weight from 10 to 14 pounds. Last year the commissioners planted two large consignments of salmon fry in the lake, and a hatchery is soon to be built on the lake, so the prospects are bright for the best of salmon fishing in the near future. The accessibility of this lake has made it a favorite resort for many Boston anglers, among them Judge S. A. Bolster, of the Roxbury District Court. The ice left the Belgrade lakes on April 8, and several fishermen have captured a few trout—the largest reported weighing 4½ pounds.

Several Massachusetts sportsmen have had exceptionally good luck at Greene Lake, in Hancock county. In the party are Messrs. E. S. Farmer, N. J. Hardy, Chief of Police A. S. Harriman, of Arlington; Dr. Fred Lowe and Rev. J. C. Jaynes, of West Newton,

all of whom got salmon. One salmon captured in this lake weighed 14 pounds.

Mr. J. H. Peavey, of Bangor, has taken several, the largest weighing 7 pounds. Mr. R. Provost, of Philadelphia, met with excellent luck on Cathance Lake, and is so much pleased that he will build a handsome cottage there in the near future.

From Grand Lake the ice is reported to have gone out on the 18th, on which date there was a number of sportsmen on the ground prepared to try their luck. A great influx from all parts of New England is expected. Notwithstanding many new camps have been built the past year along the shores, it is thought they will not be adequate to house the small army of fishermen that will visit this resort. The completion of the Washington County Railroad has made the waters of this section so easy of access that they have been advancing in popularity very rapidly. I understand this lake is regarded as the original home of landlocked salmon. In this lake this fish has not been planted, and the immense hatchery on the lake has rendered it the father of all the landlocked salmon in Maine.

At the Rangeleys all is expectancy. All are anxious to see the ice move out. Mr. E. H. Davis, proprietor of the Lake Side on Lake Umbagog, received a letter from there several days ago in which the writer said: "Before this letter reaches you the ice will be gone." Many anxious ones are waiting for the word, "The ice is gone!" Their trunks are packed, tackle in order; in fact, everything in readiness to take the first train after the word comes.

There may be days, possibly weeks of waiting yet, though it is said indications favor an early fishing season at the lakes—the Rangeleys and Moosehead.

Lake Cobbosseecontee is reported to have opened early to fishing, April 6, and many trout from 2½ pounds to 5 pounds have been taken, as well as some salmon weighing over 5 pounds.

Reports of successful fishing have also come from Maranacook and Annabessacook lakes. Commissioner Carleton says: "We are planting millions of fingerlings yearly and the fishing is constantly improving."

In general, this is not unlikely, but the improvement is doubtless more noticeable in some lakes than in others.

The resolve for a hatchery at Rangeley Lakes has been signed by the Governor, but its exact location has not yet been determined. Several sporting camps in this region have changed hands, and in all improvements are being made, additions and new buildings are going up, furnishing more and better accommodations than ever before. It will be fortunate if owners and proprietors shall receive enough increased patronage from anglers to offset the losses likely to be incurred as the result of the non-resident license law during the hunting season. In these days of fast trains New Brunswick and Canada are not so far away as they used to be, and the people of those provinces are already showing genuine Yankee enterprise in making known the attractions they afford for anglers and hunters of big game from the States. It is not unlikely that many Megantic Club members will look for large game on the portion of their preserve which lies on the Canadian side of the line, where they will not be required to take out a license. But, luckily, there are no such restrictions on fishing, which affords just as good an opportunity to enjoy the ozone, the sunshine and the aroma of the pines, as hunting.

Everyone hereabouts who has ever wet a line has the fever on now, and it is near reaching a climax with the trout and salmon fishermen, who go to Maine or New Hampshire.

The Clearwater Club, under the leadership of Dr. Bishop, is to start next week; which reminds me of a verse of a poem inscribed to the Doctor on the occasion of the club dinner last winter, written by Dr. Payne:

"About this time of year we take our fishing tackle down;
A feeling strong comes over us that we must shake the town.
The lakes and streams are calling us; we've got the fever sure,
We're off to old Clearwater, that lake so deep and pure.

Chorus—

"'Tis in the springtime, 'tis in the springtime,
The fishing fever catches you and me;
So we're off again, boys, to the State of Maine, boys,
With our good friend, the Doctor Heber B."

Whether the party will go to Clearwater this year or to Grand Lake, is not yet settled, and will depend on the conditions yet to be reported from the former lake.

Several Boston sportsmen have recently shown their friends evidences of their skill. One of these is Mr. Charles F. Danforth, who brought from Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire, three salmon weighing 6½, 4½ and 7¾ pounds. They were on exhibition last Tuesday in the window of the Charles C. Richards Company (formerly Scott & Richards), 218 Washington Street, and attracted the admiration of all who saw them. Mr. Joseph Gridley also brought home two salmon, taken at Dan Hole.

Messrs. E. W. Foote, Benjamin H. Bradlee, J. C. Paul, Gardner Jones and friends have returned from the Cape, bringing a large number of trout, the largest 2¼ pounds. Deputy Warden Thomas Stackhouse, of Marshfield, caught about a dozen in a pond near his house on the opening day, several of which were presented to one of the veteran members of the State Association, Mr. E. M. Stoddard, and one of them, through the courtesy of Mr. Nat. Le Roy, was delivered to the writer in Boston. It was a pound and a half fish and made a good meal.

Here are some clippings from Berkshire papers. From North Adams Evening Herald of April 20: "Fred Crawford took from Green River Saturday a trout weighing 2¼ pounds."

North Adams Transcript, April 22: "H. H. Heap, of Boston, took from Green River a trout 16½ inches in length. This is believed to be the largest trout ever taken in this vicinity."

North Adams Transcript, April 17: "Harry Powell and Wm. Garlick, of Braytonville, fished April 1. The former got 50, 23 of which weighed over 12 pounds. Garlick got 43, which averaged larger than Powell's."

In Cummington Deputy Nichols fished 20 minutes after dinner at the hotel and took three, averaging ½ pound. A young lady got one weighing 1 pound 3 ounces.

It is reported that 25 trout caught in Brimfield weighed 14 pounds.

These statements are interesting, from the fact that it has been declared that there are no 6-inch trout in Berkshire county; there is no legal length established in that county. It is claimed that such limitation as the law establishes for the rest of the State is not needed there.

Sportsmen from West Springfield took from Bear Hole Brook 62 trout in one day—the largest over a pound. Enough has been learned already to show that trout are more plentiful and of larger size than usual this spring, in the western counties, at any rate. In part, this may be due to the abundance of water in the streams for the past few years. In the opinion of many it is largely due to more judicious efforts on the part of the State Commission in the management of the hatcheries and the distribution of fish.

It is only within the last two or three years that the putting out of fingerlings has been done to any considerable extent. Then, again, it was only last year the plan of sending out some competent person with consignments of fry and fingerlings was adopted—a special appropriation having been secured a year ago for that purpose.

Commissioner Delano informs me that a million trout fry have been planted this month in brooks in all sections of the State; also six million shad fry and ten million pike-perch fry from the U. S. Government.

Massachusetts Legislation.

The Governor has signed the anti-sale law making it a permanent enactment on partridge and woodcock. Also the deer law, making another five-year close time—the bill prohibiting the wearing of birds, feathers, etc., for ornament, and so almost everything has gone well with the legislative work of the sportsmen's clubs. The bill to give right of search to wardens without a warrant has taken its third reading in the house after the life was taken out of it by striking out the words "without a warrant." Never mind, we have learned "to work and wait." We will all be thankful for the many good results of our labors the past winter.

The lobster law is quite sure to remain the same for another year. At a meeting to-day of the Twentieth Century Club, Secretary Chandler read a letter from Prof. W. T. Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Ins. of Technology, in which he wrote: "Disinterested authorities from the several New England States ought to agree upon scientific and sensible steps for the conservation of the lobster industry. No doubt progress will be effected in this direction under the leadership of the excellent Fish and Game Association of the State." Dr. Field, of the institute and director of the Sharon Biological Laboratory, then delivered an address on the lobster, of which I may write in my next letter.

CENTRAL.

Salmon Culture in America.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of April 11 contained a communication from "The Old Angler" *in re* salmon culture in America, in which he makes some comments regarding my note on salmon propagation in Pacific waters, and which he concludes as follows:

"Though residing in Victoria, B. C., it is significant that Commissioner Babcock has not a word to say about salmon hatching on the Fraser and Skeena rivers; nor does he drop a hint as to the overcrowded state of these rivers; nor does he express an opinion about the wisdom of taxing the whole people for the benefit of a score or two of rich canning concerns who also are trying to achieve the feat of 'eating and having their cake.' Would Mr. Babcock tell an interested public what he thinks of these things?"

Certainly: though so far as "an interested public" on the Pacific Coast is concerned, I do not believe that they are in doubt with regard to my views on these questions. There is, so far as I know, but one opinion on this coast as to the success and desirableness of salmon propagation; but for the benefit of the "Old Angler" I submit the following with reluctance:

I have the honor to be the Fisheries Commissioner of the Province of British Columbia, and have been since November, 1901, at which time I reseigned as the executive officer of the California Fish Commission—a position I had held for ten years—and came to this Province at the request of the Government "to become familiar with the conditions affecting the great salmon fisheries of the Province, and particularly with the conditions existing upon the spawning grounds of the Fraser River, with the view of determining, as soon as possible, upon a comprehensive system of salmon propagation and to locate, build and operate salmon hatcheries for the Provincial Government."

In a former note I made no reference to "salmon hatching on the Fraser and Skeena rivers" because (1) I do not believe that any fair deductions can yet be made of the work carried on for the Fraser, and (2) because there has been no hatchery propagation conducted on the Skeena River until the past winter. The Dominion Government has conducted a hatchery on the Fraser River since 1885, and in 1901 began the operation of an additional and somewhat more extensive hatchery on the Thompson River, the main tributary of the Fraser. From the earliest records there has been a recognized periodicity in the run of salmon in the Fraser. There are years of abundance and years of scarcity, which reach the maximum every fourth year and the minimum in the three years following. This will be better understood from the following line of figures of the salmon pack, by cases of 48 one pound cans each, on the Fraser in British Columbia, the pack for convenience being given in round numbers:

1893	457,500	1898	256,100
1894	363,900	1899	480,400
1895	395,900	1900	316,500
1896	356,900	1901	990,252
1897	860,400	1902	327,000

Since the "King George men" and the "Boston men" first came to this wonderfully beautiful country there has been much speculation as to the causes which produce this irregularity and periodicity in the runs of salmon in the Fraser River. Many theories have been advanced to account for so remarkable a feature—one that has no counterpart in any salmon river on the Pacific Coast of America—but none of them have been generally accepted as conclusive.

A part of October and November, 1901, I devoted to the investigation of a limited portion of the spawning grounds of the sockeye salmon (*O. nerka*) of the Fraser River. During the entire sockeye spawning season of 1902 I devoted as much time to the examination of the extensive spawning grounds of the Fraser and Thompson rivers as the limited season would permit, paying particular attention to the points visited the previous year. At all the points visited in 1901 spawning fish were seen in great numbers, while during the past season comparatively few were seen, and at some points none at all. Natural propagation was at its maximum in 1901 and at its minimum in 1902. This fluctuation in the abundance of fish that reach the spawning grounds has always been recognized by the whites and Indians living along these rivers. Thus from the pack and an inspection of the spawning grounds of the Fraser we find that the river is not always, if ever, "over-crowded," that the salmon do not always, if ever, "enter the river in such enormous numbers as to stop boats," or that "the weaker must succumb to the tremendous force of struggling millions, and be literally jammed to death." So far as any evidence I have been able to obtain from the people living on the river the run in the Fraser has never "stopped a boat," the fish are never "so jammed together that they cannot move at all," or that "a person could cross the stream dry shod by placing a plank upon the protruding backs of the salmon." And without "some statistics, on which alone a sound opinion can be formed," how did "Old Angler" ever believe such was the case? That the run is enormous every fourth year is proved by figures; that it is comparatively light during the following three years is also supported by figures. The conditions on the Fraser are such that it will take a considerable period to show that the run is or is not decreasing. The two hatcheries on the Fraser, and the others in course of construction, are not being operated because the run is decreasing, but for the purpose of its maintenance and with the hope that the run in the "poor years" may be increased. British Columbia is not waiting until the goose is dead, but instead, by hatching her eggs, is trying to increase the number that yearly lay a golden product directly into the hands of 19,000 of her people.

Now, to "Old Angler's" third and concluding question: "Express an opinion about the wisdom of taxing the whole people for the benefit of a score or two of rich canning concerns," or, as he put it in your issue of April 4, "devoting taxes wrung from the people to stimulate artificially a business from which only a few wealthy proprietors derive an immediate profit." Such a condition does not exist on the Pacific Coast!

For the year ending June 30, 1901, the fishermen and canners of the Province of British Columbia paid, in the form of fishing license, the sum of $52,960. For that year there was spent in the Province for the support and maintenance of the fisheries, including hatcheries, patrol, etc., the sum of $17,886. During that time there were 19,787 fishermen and cannery employes engaged in the salmon fisheries. For the year ending June 30, 1902, British Columbia fishermen and canners paid, in fishing licenses, the sum of $41,178; there was expended for fishery service $18,660, and there were 18,942 fishermen and cannery employes. Such has been the comparative condition regarding collects and disbursements since British Columbia entered the Dominion. Here, then, "the whole people have not had taxes wrung from them to stimulate an artificial business," but, on the contrary, the fishery interests have contributed in the past two years the sum of $94,138, as against $36,546, which has been expended for their benefit. And in these figures no credit has been given the fishermen and canners for the moneys they have paid in other ways, from their earnings in the fisheries, toward the support of the Government.

In the State of Washington for the two years ending April 1, 1903, there was collected from special fishery licences, sold the fishermen and canners, the sum of $93,939, and the total appropriations of the Legislature for the support of and the construction of new hatcheries and other fishery service was $116,440, or $22,501 in excess of special fishery license collections. The following figures from the State of Washington are interesting in this connection:

	1900.	1902.
Capital employed in fisheries	$4,362,470	$6,819,218
Number of persons employed	7,789	10,695
Earnings of persons employed	2,121,485	2,501,650
Value of products	4,357,753	6,731,870

The figures for 1901 are not at hand.

The figures for Oregon are not obtainable, but it has been the policy of that State to collect sufficient licenses from the fisheries to support the hatcheries.

In California the annual propagation by the State "for the support and maintenance of fish hatcheries" is $10,000, and her Fish Commission collects over $5,000 by the sale of fishing licenses, all of which is devoted to the hatcheries. The bulk of salmon caught in California waters is marketed in a fresh state, the canned product being only that portion of the total catch that is in excess of the market demand for fresh salmon. The hatcheries in California are run for the benefit of "the whole people," and not for rich canning concerns.

"Old Angler," in dealing with "assertions and opinions" regarding the true situation on the Pacific Coast, does not seem to be alive to the fact that on this coast the salmon fishery is one of the foremost interests, and that the construction and operation of the hatcheries by the State has been brought about by the fishery interests which contribute the greater part of the moneys expended to "stimulate artificially a business" in which thousands of persons find employment, in which millions are invested, and to which "the whole people" look for a cheap and highly prized food.

"Old Angler" calls attention to the fact that I gave no figures for any other section than the Sacramento River in California. That is the only section for which I personally can now speak, and it is the only section on the

coast, so far as I can show, for which figures of an absolute character can be given. The figures I have submitted from California are of so positive and convincing a character that the salmon interests of this coast are united in advocating the continuanee and increase of salmon propagation, and are paying for it.

Not only have the fishery interests of this coast urged propagation on the State and asked that they be taxed to pay for it, but some of the leading packing coneerns have established extensive hatcheries which they operate at their own expense. I do not know of a prominent packer on this coast who does not believe that salmon propagation is a success, and who does not willingly pay for it. Nor do I know what better evidence can be desired to show that salmon propagation in Pacific waters has been a success than the figures already submitted from California. Now, from what has been accomplished in California why may we not conclude that similar efforts on the Columbia and the Fraser have been a factor in contributing toward the present run in those rivers?

It certainly is not conclusive that, beeause the run is decreasing in a given river, none of the fish liberated from the hatcheries on that river have survived, or that all the fish now running in that river came from natural propagation alone. Hatcheries may not be able to maintain the run, but if they help to sustain it, help to give the people a good food, who doubts the wisdom of an expenditure to that end by the State, especially when the moneys so used are, mainly and willingly, contributed by the thousands of people primarily concerned?

Were we to conclude, as "Old Angler" maintains, that "only by the submission of some statistics alone a sound opinion can be formed," and that we would determine this question only by figures, and that deductions and even "opinions and assertions" of careful observers were excluded, it could be shown that since the establishment of the hatchery at Bon Accord, on the Fraser River, in 1885, the run of fish, as expressed by the catch, has increased to enormous proportions. For the figures show that the pack in that year was 199,244 cases, the greatest up to that period, that it was not exceeded until four years following, a period which presumably expresses the duration of the life of the sockeye salmon. In 1893 the pack was 457,797 cases. In 1901 it was 990,252 cases. And these figures of the Fraser River pack do not express it all, as 90 per cent. of the pack on Puget Sound consists of fish running to the Fraser River. The combined Fraser River, B. C., and Puget Sound pack in 1901 was 2,400,696 cases, or almost 50 per cent. of the entire pack of the world. But no propagator on this coast believes, or has ever claimed, that this is the result of propagation; the markets have been increased and there is more fishing, but there are probably no more fish, if as many, but from figures above the last statement cannot be proven. "Old Angler" must take that as an opinion and an assertion.

JOHN PEASE BABCOCK.

The Sea Trout Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not a single writer of any note who has fallen into the error of supposing the so-called sea trout a different species from *fontinalis,* ever contended that it was "brought up in the sea," as does President Jordan, in your issue of April 11; and no one asserted that its fry were ever seen in the sea, but all agree that it was hatched, and passed its first years in fresh water. Mr. Hallock himself and all those who have taken part in the present discussion, with the exception of Messrs. Gregory and Manuel, in your issue of Dec. 27, have testified that the sea trout spawn in fresh water. The letter of that veteran angler and celebrated fish-painter, Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, carries more authority and is entitled to more reliance than the ipsi dixit of all the mere college professors in the United States, Great Britain and Canada, not one of whom ever saw the fish in salt water or fresh.

The Octogenarian is ever ready and thankful to receive instruction from competent teachers; but when one tells me that the sea trout of Canada "is brought up in the sea, better fed and developed under other conditions, which make it larger, fatter, more rangy (?) and without the peculiar colors which characterize the brook form," I can only smile in derision. Instead of being "brought up in the sea," this trout is hatched out and brought up in fresh water, and no other writer that I have ever read contends that the fry, fingerlings or young fish of 4 ounces weight were ever seen in the sea, nor even in the estuaries of their native rivers, to which they do not resort until they have attained some size. Instead of being larger than brook trout, I have never seen nor heard of a "sea trout" in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Quebec that exceeded 8 pounds, while in the Rangeley Lakes, where there is no access to the sea, brook trout frequently attain 10 and 12 pounds; while well-authenticated specimens have been taken with bait and fly which turned the scales at 14 pounds. In Nepissiguit lakes, brook trout, which have no access to the sea, run several pounds heavier than any ever known to be taken in the mouth of the river or in the bay.

Professor Jordan tells us that the sea trout is "without the peculiar colors which characterize the brook form," while every observant angler knows, as Mr. Brackett states in your issue of April 11 that the instinct of reproduction forces him back to his original habitat, where he will resume his old garb, with red and yellow spots and brilliant fins. The professor presumes that "the young of any brook trout hatched in the sea and fed in the sea would be the same." Surely the man to whom we ought, in your opinion, be grateful for consenting to arbitrate between Mr. Hallock and myself and settle finally the thirty years' discussion of the sea trout question ought, at least, to know that the ova of brook trout will not hatch at all in sea water, and that the fry, newly hatched in fresh water, will die if placed in salt water. He should also know that the fish he calls the "Canada sea trout" does not spread out in the sea, as he tells us the red spotted Alaska trout does. If Prof. Jordan ever saw a Canada sea trout that was caught "at sea," he has seen what this writer was not able to discover on the north shore of New Brunswick in twenty-two years' assiduous scareh from the head of Bay Chaleur to Prince Edward Island, with the assistance, during all that time, of the whole force of fishery overseers and wardens of that whole stretch of coast, comprising eight counties.

W. H. VENNING,
Late Inspeetor Fisheries, N. S. and N. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe that a contributor in your issue of April 18 thinks the sea-trout question is "immaterial to sportsmen," and that its satisfaetory settlement is "of very little practical use to science and none to sport," and that "nearly all anglers care nothing whether 'sciolism rushes blindly in' or 'knowledge creeps with cautious steps.' Were all anglers, since the days of Dame Berners and Father Izaak like the writer of that suggestion, neither the scientific nor the sporting world would now know much about the life history of our game fishes. To intelligent anglers much more than to college dons, are we indebted for what little we know of the several varieties of salmon and trout, and to them, much more than to so-called ichthyologists, must we look for the settlement of several very important questions which now occupy the attention of anglers of a different east of mind from that displayed by Mr. Brown. I think all naturalists, as well as all intelligent anglers, would like very much to know whether the so-called sea trout is really a species distinct from *fontinalis.*

The question which science has never answered—whether salmon and trout are annual or biennial spawners—is now engaging the careful attention of a band of studious anglers. If the question ever is settled beyond doubt, it will be by anglers, not by college dons.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Two Days on Trout Streams.

AND to think that it was necessary to spend half of the daylight hours on trains. Well, one cannot catch the speckled beauties in one's backyard. There was one comfort, not always noticeable, the trains were on time. The Erie officials were very kind in giving me such information as they possessed.

I made a try first at Pond Eddy, N. Y. Arriving at 12:28, I soon found the little hotel, had some dinner, engaged the proprietor's son as guide, and was off for Carpenter's Brook. There were two streams joining about a mile from the hotel. The best branch and the large brook below the confluence were ruined by sawdust from a mill up stream. It is a pity to allow a mill to ruin a good trout brook, especially one stocked by the State.

I fished up the smaller branch about two miles, and then took an occasional cast coming back, with a net result of one trout. When I returned to the hotel a kindly disposed citizen said: "If you had gone to Fish Cabin Brook you would have caught lots of fish. If you come back here let me know and I will take you where there are plenty of trout." How familiar such words sound!

After a hastily dispatched supper I took an early evening train up the road. The conductor gave me some good advice, which, however, I was obliged to disregard. I stopped at Callicoon, and was soon comfortably settled at the Western Hotel, with all arrangements made for an early breakfast and a team. All the people about the hotel told me the story I had heard ever since leaving New York, that the weather had been too cold for the fish to bite, and that trout would not rise to a fly.

By eight o'clock in the morning I was six miles from town, and was starting to fish back townward on the north branch of the Callicoon Creek. For an hour I stuck to the unromantic fish worm. A little trout occasionally nibbled off the tail of my bait, and occasionally got mixed up with the hook, so that he had learned a new experience; he had been involuntarily out of the water and had discovered that some worms had a peculiar sting from which it took some time to recover. Getting wearied, I tried a fly: some little chaps came up and looked at it; a few discovered that flies could sting, too. I went back to bait.

Another hour passed. I wanted to catch some fish. Well, as bait was no good, and flies no good, I resolved to fish in the pleasantest way. There were other worms. The sun was occasionally breaking through the clouds and lighting up the pools. I had noticed an occasional gray fly in the air; I was finding some beautiful deep pools (holes the people up there call them), and I thought the fish should know that fly time had come again.

I selected a couple of choice morsels (from the trouts' point of view) and began to drop them on the deep pools. I soon had a half dozen nice trout in my basket, and had thrown several back because they were too small. What is the use of killing a six-inch trout? It is too small to eat; it doesn't help much to fill a creel, and is not likely to win a prize at an exhibition.

This stream may be waded almost anywhere with hip boots; it is good for casting—by standing in the stream above or below a pool; it may be easily fished with forty feet of line out. I caught all of my fish on long casts. There are plenty of places where it may be fished from the bank, and one can walk near enough to see the likely places without trouble. There is a good road up the valley, so that an attending carriage may keep in sight. A fact of which I might have made better use.

For at one o'clock I pulled out of the stream, three miles from town. The man who drove me out in the morning said I would find plenty of teams going back to the village. I started cheerfully, and did see plenty of teams, all going the same way, but that was not my way. Well, I got back, but was slightly warm and weary. Hip boots are splendid in the stream, but I don't recommend them for walking shoes.

The nature of the country may be seen from a sign I saw along the bank. I was without pencil and paper and cannot remember the exact words (it was in German), but freely translated, it runs thus: "In these grounds there is not even a mule path."

L. W. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing Season Opens.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 24.—The weird spring season in Chicago progresses apace. We had a niee little snow storm here Tuesday morning, though since then the weather has been warm and the leaves are beginning to spring again. As the first of May approaches, the certainty of sueeess on the lakes and streams inereases, and a great many anglers are now out, more especially those in pursuit of trout fishing. I hear that some fifty rods were on the upper reaches of the Prairie River early this week, these coming from many points in Wisconsin, with some Chicago people. Mr. E. G. Taylor and wife, with one or two others, of this city, left here some days ago for the Prairie. Mr. Charles Antoine takes his wife next Monday for a trip on the Prairie. Mr. Walter Dupee, of this city, will also visit the Prairie by the middle of next week. Most of these are going either to Dudley's or above Dudley's on the stream, a point where the fishing was better last summer than it was on the lower reaches. I have not heard anything from the lower part of the Prairie this spring, nor indeed do I know what sueeess has met those who went up above Dudley's. This stream is nicely accessible from Gleason, on the C. M. & St. P. R. R., via conneetion at Tomahawk. I have always gone in at Mr. Delos Cone's place, which is about a mile from Gleason station, and directly upon the banks of the Prairie River. I met a gentleman by the name of Frost from Wisconsin this morning in one of the tackle stores, and asked him where there was good fishing in Wisconsin. He replied, very guardedly, that there were a great many good places. Later on I mentioned the Prairie, and his face lighted up. "There is no better stream in Wisconsin than the Prairie," said he.

The same informant later mentioned a point on the Wisconsin Central Railroad by the name of Coloma, as I understood it. He says the McCann River is about four miles from this point, and states that the latter mentioned stream has good rainbows in it. This is simply a chance tip, and I know nothing about its value, but perhaps some fellow may be in that neck of woods and may care to investigate.

I learn from Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., that he and a number of friends opened the season at White River, Wis. They found a good deal of company on the stream and the conditions were very favorable. No one made any big catches, twelve good fish being the record for the day, among these one very nice rainbow trout. Mr. Buckstaff says that it takes an angler to catch these big fellows on the fly in the White, but also says that patience is pretty sure to be rewarded in any average conditions along that stream.

Messrs. Miller and McLeod, who fished their preserved stream, the Pine, last week, got 110 beauties, according to advices at hand to-day. Montreal and coachman seemed to be the ruling flies on this trip. Earlier in the season silver-doctor was asked for. This is one of the most freakish streams on which I have ever fished. There was no hatch of fly on at the time of this trip.

The Michigan season is not yet open, but I expect presently to hear a dull heavy thud in the neighborhood of Saginaw, not to mention Grand Rapids. The Saginaw Crowd will make two official trout trips this summer, perhaps more. Mr. W. B. Mershon, who has spent a month or more in California, was expected back on the 23d inst., and about the first of May there should be something doing in the Saginaw vicinity. The Grand Rapids boys, John Waddell, Asa Stuart and others, will take to the Pere Marquette, as is their annual custom. They will be joined by half a dozen Chicago devotees of that beautiful river.

Bass.

The bass fishing season may be said to have begun, albeit untimely. Five days ago some anglers on Bass Lake, Ind., took twelve nice bass, and the fish are reported to be rising well in that lake.

By the way, in regard to early fishing on the spawning beds, I see that the latest scientific or semi-scientific dictum in regard to the spawning habits of bass runs to the effect that it is the male fish which makes the spawning bed and which protects the spawn upon the bed, the female not being a tenant of the bed after the spawning operations. This would seem to take the curse off spawning ground fishing, yet such is not really the case. Whether it be male or female which protects the ova on the bed, the taking of that individual would seem to deprive the nest of its proper protection. Most writers, including Henshall, have thought that it was the female bass which remained on the bed after spawning. I have often seen two bass on a bed in a Wisconsin lake as late as August. We drove these fish away several times, but whenever we would come by that particular nest we would find two fish in the same place there.

Tarpon.

The tarpon fishing in the South, in Florida and Texas, may be said to have begun so far as northern fishermen are concerned. Mr. W. P. Mussey and wife will start presently for Aransas Pass for a stay of some time. They will be joined there by Mr. John Haskell, of this city, who is a tarpon angler of experience in that locality.

Mr. E. D. Brown, of this city, is now absent in Florida on a tarpon trip of some extent.

Mr. J. R. Griffitts, general advertising agent of the C. B. & Q. R. R., tells me that he has had a good deal of fun with the tarpon in Mobile Bay, Ala. "I have seen all sorts of tarpon pictures, photographs and otherwise," said he, "but they are not realistic so far as my own experiences are concerned. These pictures always show Mr. Tarpon-fisher sitting calmly in a boat with a fish somewhere in the distance, about a quarter of a mile away. I caught some of these tarpon back from the mouth of the river, where the water was as clear as glass, and where we could see everything the fish did. As quick as I sunk the hook into one of these fellows, up he would go in the air, a most beautiful sight, which is surpassed

by nothing I know of in fishing. But, instead of the fish then heading away from the boat and getting off as far as he could, in our case nine times out of ten would show the fish starting in directly toward the boat. Once I saw a tarpon jump straight over the boat, going directly between the angler and his boatman. These boys have a hard, bony nose, with a bunch on it about like a piece of cast iron. If one of them should bunt into your boat when he came on, or should take a flying leap and land amidships of you, the results might be serious. Tarpon fishing in my own humble experience is not without a certain element of risk. I don't like 'em to come to quite such close quarters as did the ones I saw at Mobile."

The Prairie River.

Mr. John G. Mott, of Michigan City, Ind., asks about the Prairie River. I should advise Mr. Mott, if he wishes to fish the lower Prairie, to go in at Gleason, which he can reach by way of the C. M. & St. P. railway to Tomahawk, thence changing cars for a short ride to Gleason over a lumbering road. Or he can stop at Merrill and take the fifteen mile drive across country. He should stop at Gleason at Delos Cone's farm house, where he will have good care if he is able to get taken in. Failing in this he can go up stream a mile or so to Dudley's Hotel, where one can always get accommodations. This is the most fished part of the stream and perhaps the fishing five or six miles above would be still better. If Mr. Mott should care to go further up the river, he should stop at the Bates House, where numbers of our Chicago anglers are taken in and well cared for. These farm houses might possibly be full at this time of the year, but no doubt a letter in advance would secure arrangements.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Some Memories of Lake Whitney.

It's tough to be sick—even though grippe may be fashionable. As I never cared a rap for style, however, I could very conveniently dispense with grippe! But there are circumstances where sickness can be tolerated with better grace than under some other conditions. If one be so fortunately located that his vision may have free range over familiar territory and scenes, which recall pleasant memories of days gone by, then sickness is not as much a burden as it might be.

From the windows of my room I can look out upon miles and miles of familiar and diversified scenery. The west shore of Lake Whitney forms the eastern boundary of our home for a distance of 500 feet. The lake extends for nearly a mile to the north, and over a mile to the south. Its average width is perhaps 250 yards—not a very large body of water, but interesting nevertheless. But there are numerous arms and ramifications which branch out in a westerly and southerly direction from the lake proper. For half a mile, between the First and Second bridge, the eastern shore forms the western boundary of the New Haven Country Club's grounds. The lake is artificial, and is the property of the New Haven Water Company. It is fed principally by the Augerville Stream, a large brook which flows in from the north. Most of the land bordering its waters is controlled by the water company. Five public bridges span the waters of the lake, and one suspension bridge—the private property of the Country Club.

Lake Whitney supplies hundreds of New Haven homes with water and ice, and affords recreation for thousands. In winter throngs may be seen of handsome lads and lassies gliding gracefully over the smooth, black ice, some absorbing health and others grippe—but all happy! And the "tilt-ups" of ambitious fishermen then dot the ice in places, for pickerel and perch in considerable numbers live in the waters of the lake; and sometimes a bass is taken in the proper season. Then there are roach, eels, bullheads, turtles, and the abominable German carp. In the summer there are rowing and canoeing parties. Yale College has a boat house near the dam, at the extreme southern end of the lake, and there are class regattas; and the "Varsity" eight can be seen training for the great annual struggle with Harvard, at New London, when the ice is gone.

At the present time the liberty of the public is restricted to that portion of the lake extending from the dam to the second bridge. But twelve years ago there were no such restrictions, and one could row, fish, shoot and ramble at will over the land and water. But then, as now, there was an element which failed to recognize a "good thing," and this mob spoiled privileges which might have been retained indefinitely by the public. Under the circumstances no fair-minded person can blame the water company.

Twenty years ago Blakeslie's and Day's boat houses stood where they do to-day—near the dam. North of these were the New Haven Ice Company's houses. And north of the ice houses, with a small garden-patch between, stood a little, old-fashioned farm house. The peaked roof was long and low. The small front door opened to the south, and was also the side door. The windows of the dwelling were small, as were the panes. A grape arbor extended the full length of the house on the south, and stone steps, also sheltered over with the vines, led down the east end to a basement in the rear. The windows of the basement overlooked a small yard filled with flowers, and the lake. The place was unpainted and weather-worn, clap-boards and shingles being lichen-covered, which caused the dwelling to blend harmoniously with the surrounding trees and vegetation; and there was a pervading cleanliness and coolness delightful to remember.

Tom Crogan lived here with his father and mother. Never a fisherman or sportsman spent a day afield or afloat and Tom along but the outing must needs end with a good supper in the basement of this charming little house by the lake. "No" was never accepted as an answer! Supper over, these hospitable souls would insist upon cleaning game or fish, while the guest smoked and drank a glass of beer under the cool arbor. And with the departure home, fish or game always went with the departing one—all of it! And the only recompense ever exacted by these good people was a promise to "come again!"

My knowledge in fishing matters is very rudimentary. I simply know that, at any style of fishing, Tom is the best all-round freshwater fisherman I ever saw. Not with the fly, mind you, for I know absolutely nothing about that kind of fishing. But for pickerel skittering, snaking out perch and bullheads, and for enticing trout from their watery elements with natural bait, Tom is simply perfection! Twenty years ago there was not an inch of the lake he did not know, and he was the first person I ever saw use a strip from the belly of a roach for pickerel bait. This was always discarded for a strip from the belly of the first pickerel caught.

In those days it was an easy matter for two to row to the head of the lake in the morning, and take fifty pickerel or perch by noon. I can look across the lake now and see an indendation in the east shore a short distance south of the second bridge, where Tom and I have taken over fifty pickerel without moving our boat from one position. A small stream, the outlet of a spring, enters the lake here. The fish ranged from a quarter to half a pound apiece. Occasionally larger ones were taken, but never over a pound.

But the grounds at the head of the lake, where the water grass used to reach from the bottom to the surface in places, and formed deep, pellucid wells with green mossy bottoms and grassy-curtained sides in other places, were the pickerel grounds par excellence in those days. Here the yield in sport and pleasure of former days forms a delightful retrospect to look back upon.

There is a gentle wind from the west. It darkens the water with little ripples as it sweeps the surface. The sun shines brightly—perhaps too brightly for ideal pickerel fishing. Tom stands in the bow and I in the stern of the skiff, and we drift with the wind. Our rods are long, cheap bamboo affairs, and the lines exactly the length of the rods. We are making the first drift of the day.

The skiff glides with a sweeping sound through a mass of matted grass, which covers the surface in places, then drifts noiselessly over one of those deep, wondrous wells. The bait traces an erratic course through the pellucid element, when out of the depths of the grassy side of the well a pickerel flashes—straight at Tom's bait! I have just time to note the performance when a sharp tug at my line calls my attention to business. We let them have the bait a while, then strike; and we land two pickerel of six or eight ounces. When the skiff reaches the east shore, we row back across the lake, and the drift is repeated. Thus would we fish till noon.

A shady place ashore always furnished a lunch-room on such trips. Then after a pull at our pipes we would snooze for an hour or two. We would then net a mess of shiners for perch bait, now to the mouth of the Augerville Stream, haul the boat out on the shore and fish from land. Just where the waters of lake and stream met, and the current was slightest, it was about six feet deep and clear as crystal. Here the perch lived in swarms. It was fascinating to drop in a hook and lean cautiously over the grassy bank and see the perch swarm for the bait. No need to wait for the tell-tale tug on the line! When a fish took the lure, you could see just how you had him, and knew just when to haul him out.

Among the variegated vegetation of the lake, there was a great variety of animal life. Mud turtles, with shining black, yellow-speckled backs; box turtles, with their lighter colored shells of checker-board design. Or an occasional ugly-looking snapping turtle, some of great size, could be seen moving along the bottom. And big, blinking bullfrogs would gaze stupidly out of the surface grass. Newts and salamanders also lived in these waters, and under the rocks along the shore. And in those days there were many muskrats—their dome-shaped domiciles sticking above the water in all directions.

In this particular part of the lake the surface, in the shallower places, used to be smothered with beautiful white waterlilies. And when the day's fishing was ended we would gather great bunches of these fragrant flowers. And the row down the lake, between the green, wooded banks, with Mt. Carmel in the north and the Hamden Hills in the west and northwest, to form an irregular dark blue margin for the panorama of lake, hill and rural vistas, is a pleasant memory to look back upon. After such a day's outing, Tom's face and neck would be as red as his hair, and his blue eyes would twinkle with pleasure.

But there are other memories connected with this charming little sheet of water. Some are pleasant, some are comic and others are tragic. And what a mingling of the three! From where I write I can throw a stone right into the spot where two bright young men went under the surface never to come out alive. One, a professor's son, was drowned while skating. The other was drowned by falling out of a boat while fishing. Just a short distance to the south of this spot, one day two actresses went down, locked in each other's arms. Three were in the water at one time, but one was saved, through the heroic efforts of a companion, who made a most gallant attempt to save them all—and nearly succeeded. And there have been many other tragedies here. But the lake assumes its wondrous morning and evening tints; reflects sun, moon, cloud, star and tree; tempers the summer breeze; congeals into a vast mirror in winter to hold up fields of drifted snow; and smiles up at the heavens as placidly and serenely as it would were there no human tragedies connected with its existence.

The second is a picture which seems comic to me; though one, I fear, of like pictures which have caused the upper part of the lake to be shut off from the public. A large, flat-bottomed skiff loaded to the water's edge with a cosmopolitan cargo of humanity, their fishing paraphernalia, grub and a keg of beer! The men are hooting, singing and skylarking in a noisy though harmless manner. An acquaintance, who is fishing from the bank, spies them. "Hullo, thayer, Bill," he yells, "Phwat the divil ye got in th' kag? Come over 'n give us a sup!"

"Hullo, Leary! Where ye come from?—ye divil, ye!" The boat is headed for the shore, and Leary is treated to half a dozen glasses of beer. Then he must needs go along. He objects, as he considers the boat over-crowded as it is. They insist. "Yust you look here, Mr. Leary," says a ruddy-faced, wide-built German, "you yust haf to go mit us. Dis boat him hold more as twice so mooch as he got, alretty! Shoomp in, Mr. Leary, shoomp in!"

In a moment of weakness Leary yields to the majority. They seat him comfortably, and our stout German friend put his shoulder to the stern and pushes with all his strength, until he blows like a porpoise. The boat fails to budge. The rowers jab their oars in the bank and reinforce the German's efforts with their own. Suddenly the boat starts, our German leaps wildly aboard, and the craft sinks, with the gyrating grace of a clam shell!

The scramble out of the water was marked with greater precipitation than grace. And what a drowned looking mob! They take it good naturedly, however, and one of them jumps back in the lake and rescues the "kag," which is floating away, faucet up. The rest of the paraphernalia is left to shift for itself.

A heavy thunderstorm caught a number of fishing parties out on the lake one day. One crowd hauled their boat out on the shore, propped it bottom up, like a lean-to, and crawled under its protecting shelter. One of the crowd, known as "Jack," had, as usual, imbibed more than his internal capacity could assimilate to advantage. He grew pathetically sentimental. His sympathy was bestowed on a herd of cows which stood tail-to to the deluge a short distance away. "Pooree-hic-bozzy-cows," moaned Jack. "Suchy—dam—hic—mis'ble—shame t' let—hic—bozzy—cows get wet!" While it rained the hardest he took a towel under his arm, crawled out from under the boat in his shirt sleeves, wrapped one arm round the cow's neck, and stood there in the heavy downpour, using maudlin baby-talk to that bovine cud-chewer, while he sopped the streaming moisture from the animal's face with the towel.

There used to be fair snipe shooting in the fall in the marshy land at the head of the lake. Tom, a few others and myself used to take advantage of this in the proper season. Five of us were up that way one day and all carried guns but one—George Yardley, an Englishman, and one of the truest friends and noblest characters I have ever known. I dropped a snipe dead. The bird fell in the mud, and as I reached far over to pick it up, a fool in the crowd sent a charge of shot within a foot of my hand and blew the bird out of sight into the mud. Was I mad? That same chap was the greatest blowhard about his hunting abilities I ever saw. That afternoon I stood near him, when his gun went off, right alongside of my head, and he fell over in a dead faint. The hammer came down on his thumb. We threw hatfuls of water in his face and he finally revived. A fellow came along with a duck, and this chap forgot the command, "Thou shalt not covet;" he wanted that duck! The man who had the duck would rather have a quarter. The quarter was borrowed from one of the party and the lender has whistled for his money ever since. Which is all amusing enough in retrospect!

A party of us were rowing down the lake one summer evening. Will Kingsbury, of "Grau Chaco" fame, was along. It was getting quite dark. A .22 caliber rifle lay in the bottom of the boat. We were rowing along the east shore. Will suddenly picked up the rifle, slipped in a cartridge, and pointed to the opposite bank. "See that flower," said he. We could barely distinguish a single laurel blossom. Will aimed quickly and fired. The blossom disappeared with the snap of the rifle, and when we investigated we found the petals scattered on the ground. The center was gone as though done with a die. It was a plumb-center shot, and taking into consideration all the circumstances, the best shot I ever saw made. The distance was fully 150 yards; the object almost indistinguishable, and the shooting done from a moving boat. It may have been chance, but marvelous, nevertheless.

George Nichols lived for a number of years right on the east bank of the lake, just north of the first bridge, where a little, fairy-like cove makes in from the lake—the best pickerel spot at the lower end. George owned and bred a number of English setters, some of which became bench show winners. He used to mourn over the fact that he had refused $500 for a bitch which choked to death a week later. He was also a breeder of choice poultry, and liked to drive a well bred horse. At one time George had charge of the barrel making department of the old Whitney Arms Company. He was a good deal of a sportsman in his way. He also had the reputation of having recovered more drowned bodies out of the lake, up to the time of his death, than any other person. He was a good fisherman, but inclined to trout fishing rather than fishing in the lake. He was also more than an ordinary shot in the brush.

Another famous character, who still lives, and who has had the reputation for years of gaining a livelihood solely by hunting and fishing, and trapping, and bullfrogging in the vicinity of the lake, is old Bill Johnson. Tall, brown-eyed, hook-nosed, long-haired and bewhiskered, Bill is a character, indeed. He has been the most notable human fixture of the lake since I have known anything about it. It used to be almost impossible to row the length of the lake without seeing Bill fishing somewhere along the shore or from an anchored skiff. And the "b-lang" of his old muzzleloader, echoing in the woods or from the marshes, tells the death-knell many times of skunk, woodchuck, squirrel or muskrat. Bill Johnson is the living "Port" Tyler of this vicinity to-day.

William H. Avis.

Highwood, Conn., Feb. 25.

Angling and Gangs of Hooks.

New York, April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please state just how many hooks are the legal limit in New York and New Jersey. It is asserted by one angler that no more than one treble hook or three separate hooks can legally be used on one rod for bass in New York and New Jersey, and that trolling baits with more than one treble hook attached are unlawful. Another angler asserts that there is no limit to the number of hooks that can be used on a rod, but that gangs, etc., are prohibited.

Will you kindly publish full information on this subject at an early date, as the bass season is drawing near and we don't wish to violate the law. Black Bass.

The New York law reads: "Except as permitted by this act [as to nets] fish shall not be taken by any device except angling in any of the rivers, lakes and inland waters of this State." The definition of angling is given in the law as follows: "'Angling' means taking fish by hook and line in hand or rod in hand; or if from a boat not exceeding two lines with or without rod to one per-

son." From this it appears that there is no restriction as to the number of hooks used.

In New Jersey the law, as amended in 1903, reads: "It shall be unlawful to put, place, use or maintain in any of the waters of this State inhabited by pickerel, pike, pike-perch, black bass, Oswego bass, white bass, calico bass, perch or trout, any set-line or set-lines, or to use upon a line for the taking of fish in such waters any contrivance having more than three hooks, or more than one burr or three hooks attached thereto, under a penalty of twenty dollars for each offense."

Death of Eugene McCarthy.

EUGENE MCCARTHY, a well-known writer on fishing topics, died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., on April 26, at the age of 46. Mr. McCarthy was the author of "The Leaping Ouananiche," "Familiar Fish," and other books. Because of his writings on the ouananiche, his name was given to the fish by Dr. Jordan, the species being known as *Salmo salar ouananiche mccarthy.*

Jerry Falvey.

JERRY FALVEY, a fly-rod and fly maker of this city, died last Saturday, aged 72. Falvey had a little shop on Fulton street, and was well known to anglers.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

May 19-21.—Montreal, Can., Canine Association's show.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.

Wissahickon Kennel Club.

CHESTNUT HILL, Pa., April 22.—We intend holding our Second Annual Show at the grounds of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association, St. Martin's Green, Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, on the 13th of June next for the benefit of the Bethesda Home for Orphan Children. The show will be given under A. K. C. rules, and this year we have a two-point rating. We are giving cups, medals and ribbons as prizes, which will be greatly supplemented by handsome special prizes.

The following gentlemen have been asked to judge: W. J. Green, Boston terriers; T. H. Garlic, fox terriers, wire and smooth; M. M. Palmer, collies; J. A. Caldwell, Scotch, Welsh and Manchester terriers; G. G. Massey, bull dogs; Frank Dole, bull terriers; Thomas Cadwalader, beagles; G. Muss-Arnolt, pointers and dachshunde, Yorkshire and Skye terriers, toy spaniels, Pomeranians and Dalmatians; George C. Thomas, English and Irish terriers; Thomas Sheubrooks, St. Bernards; John Lamber, deer hounds; W. T. Payne, spaniels; S. Bird Carrigan, great Danes and wolf hounds; Samuel G. Dixon, Gordon setters; James Watson, Irish terriers; James Mortimer, Airedale terriers. Messrs. Watson and Mortimer will divide the other breeds. D. BUCKLEY, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

The A. K. C. S. B., Vol. 19 (1902), contains registrations 64,654 to 70,972, and much other valuable matter, 1,370 pages in all. It contains a list of the active and associate members, bench shows and judges, cancellations, champions of record, executive board fox hound and beagle trials, kennel names, prefixes and affixes, officers of the A. K. C., Pacific advisory board, standing committees, bench show winnings, pedigrees, etc. Address Mr. A P. Vredenburgh, 55 Liberty street, New York.

The "Official Dachshund Standard of the Dachshund Club of America," is the title of an interesting work edited by Messrs. G. Muss-Arnolt and Dr. C. Motschenbacher, translated and adopted by the Dachshund Club of America. It is instructively illustrated.

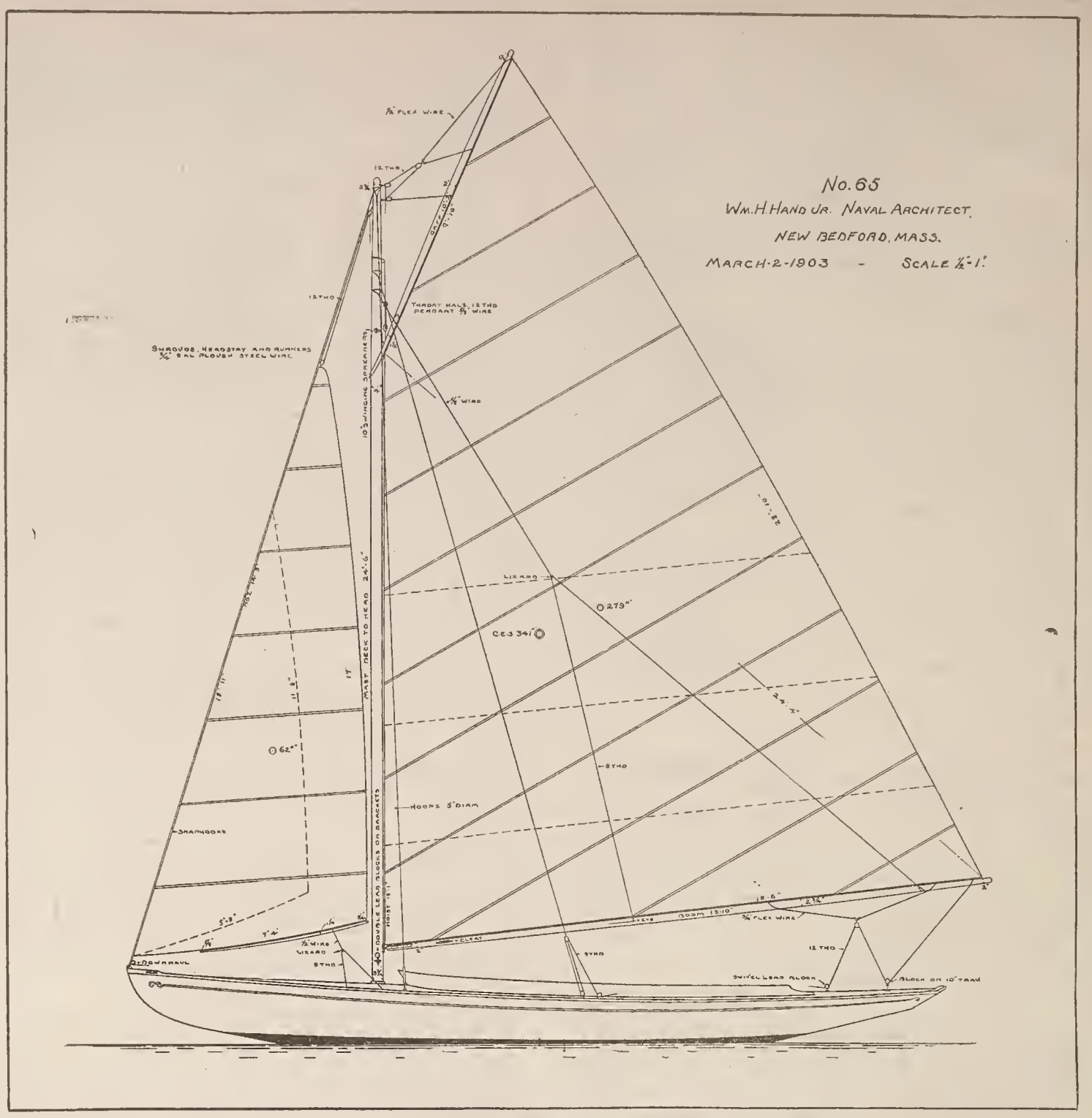
Yachting.

RELIANCE was given her first trial under sail on Saturday, April 25. The boat was tried on every point of sailing, and the spin proved to be a very successful one. The wind was very light when Reliance got up anchor, about half past nine, and she drifted slowly with the tide away from Bristol and down Narragansett Bay. After drifting about for an hour or more a little southwest breeze helped matters some, but it was still too light to heel her down. However, the breeze gained strength, and was soon blowing seven or eight knots, and in the smooth water Reliance moved along very smartly.

It was just after noon when Reliance reached Newport, and the anchor was dropped, and all hands had an opportunity to get some luncheon. Early in the afternoon Reliance was again taken out, and by this time the breeze was blowing about ten knots.

There was a little jump of a sea on, but as she beat out to Brenton's Reef lightship it did not seem to bother her in the least. She pointed high and footed very fast, although Captain Barr pinched her so that the head sails were constantly fluttering. After trying her at reaching she was put dead before it, and the spinnaker was set, which she was able to carry nearly all the way back to Bristol. Reliance made very little disturbance in moving through the water and she left it very clean.

The boat handled perfectly. The sails that were perfect at the start stretched out fast and seemed to be a bit big for the spars. The headsails were only fair and will have to be recut. Altogether the results were more than satisfactory.



CENTERBOARD 15-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—SAIL PLAN—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM H. HAND, JR., 1903.

Design for a Centerboard 15-Footer.

WE reproduce this week the lines, construction and sail plans of a centerboard 15ft. knockabout that was designed by Mr. William H. Hand, Jr., New Bedford, Mass. Phinney & Co., Monument Beach, are building two boats from the design; one is for Mr. E. F. Atkins and the other is for Mr. H. O. Underwood. These gentlemen will use the boats for racing and day sailing at Nantucket. In general appearance above the waterline these boats strongly resemble the one-design keel 15-footers now building from Mr. Hand's design for members of the New Bedford Y. C.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	25ft. 1½in.
L.W.L.	15ft.
Overhang—	
Bow	4ft. 8 in.
Stern	5ft. 5½in.
Beam—	
Extreme	6ft. 11 in.
L.W.L.	6ft. 3½in.
Freeboard—	
Bow	2ft. 2¼in.
Stern	1ft. 7 in.
Least	1ft. 3 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	2ft. 2 in.
Lead keel	1,000 lbs.
Displacement	2,750 lbs.
Sail area—	
Mainsail	279 sq. ft.
Jib	62 sq. ft.
Total	341 sq. ft.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, April 27.—The Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. has prepared its list of fixtures for the coming season. The list is a very good one, and includes races for yachts of all sizes, from the 18-footer to the big 90ft. sloops and all of the larger sloops and schooners. The events are so divided that considerable interest should be shown in each. In response to an invitation of the New York Y. C., the Eastern Y. C. fleet will join in the annual cruise of the former, meeting the New York Y. C. fleet at New London. From there the cruise will be a joint one. Squadron runs will be made from Marblehead to New London, and at the close of the joint cruise, a race will be given off Newport by the Eastern Y. C., open to the yachts of both clubs, including 90ft. sloops. The complete list of fixtures is as follows:

June 19, Friday.—Open race for small classes.
July 3, Friday.—Open race for small classes.
July 4, Saturday.—Open race for small classes.
July 11, Saturday.—Squadron run to Gloucester.
July 13, Monday.—Annual regatta.
July 15, Wednesday.—Annual cruise; squadron run, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
July 16, Thursday.—Squadron run; Vineyard Haven to Newport.
July 17, Friday.—Squadron run; Newport to New London.
July 25, Saturday.—Open race, Newport; open to E. Y. C. and N. Y. Y. C.
Aug. 1, Saturday.—Squadron run; Marblehead to Gloucester.
Aug. 3, Monday.—Open race for small classes.
Aug. 15, Saturday.—Squadron run; Marblehead to Gloucester.
Sept. 4, Friday.—Open race for small classes.
Sept. 5, Saturday.—Open race for small classes.

From the programme of the annual cruise, it will be seen that the Eastern Y. C. fleet is expected to arrive in New London Friday evening, July 17, and will be off the Pequot House when the New York fleet arrives on Saturday. When the two fleets meet considerable cannonading may be looked for.

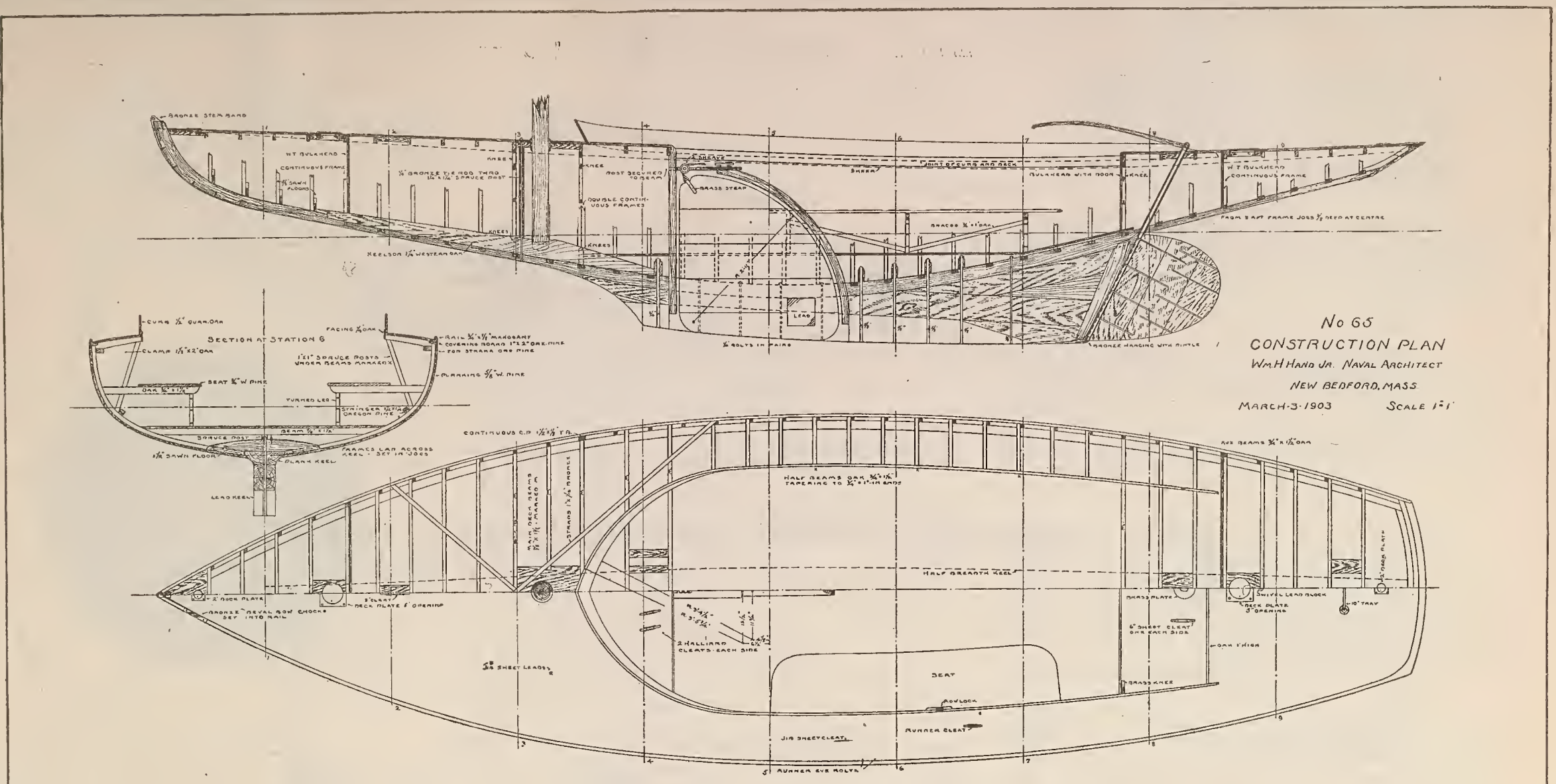
A meeting of the Boston Y. C. is to be held at the Rowe's Wharf Clubhouse on Wednesday evening, at 7:30, when several proposed amendments to the by-laws will be acted upon. The Membership Committee reports the following recent elections to membership: Full membership, Allen J. Litchfield, William B. Brintnall, Edward M. Gilman, James G. Casey, Sumner E. Brown, Charles A. Campbell, Beverly R. Wood, William S. H. Pease, Charles Henry Davis and Samuel N. Braman; Dorchester division, Thomas F. White, Louis A. Radell and John J. McCormack. It is announced that the non-yacht owner membership limit of 750 is about reached.

Messrs. Burgess and Packard have just designed for a syndicate of the San Francisco Y. C., headed by Mr. John W. Pew, a racing machine of extreme dimensions. She will be 70ft. over all, 28ft. waterline, 15ft. beam and 2ft. 9in. draft. With her centerboard down she will draw about 9ft. The forward overhang is 26ft., only 2ft. less than the waterline length. Her ends lay very close to the water, so that she will use very nearly all of her over all length when she is heeled. While she is a cabin yacht, she will be no less extreme than the Quincy cup defender, Outlook. There will be a vertical bridge truss above the deck and running through the cabin, from a little abaft the stem to a little forward of the taffrail. The after part of this truss is latticed. The steering gear and wheel are set up on top of it. She is of the scow form, her forward end being drawn in somewhat more than in the Outlook. She is designed to race for the San Francisco challenge cup.

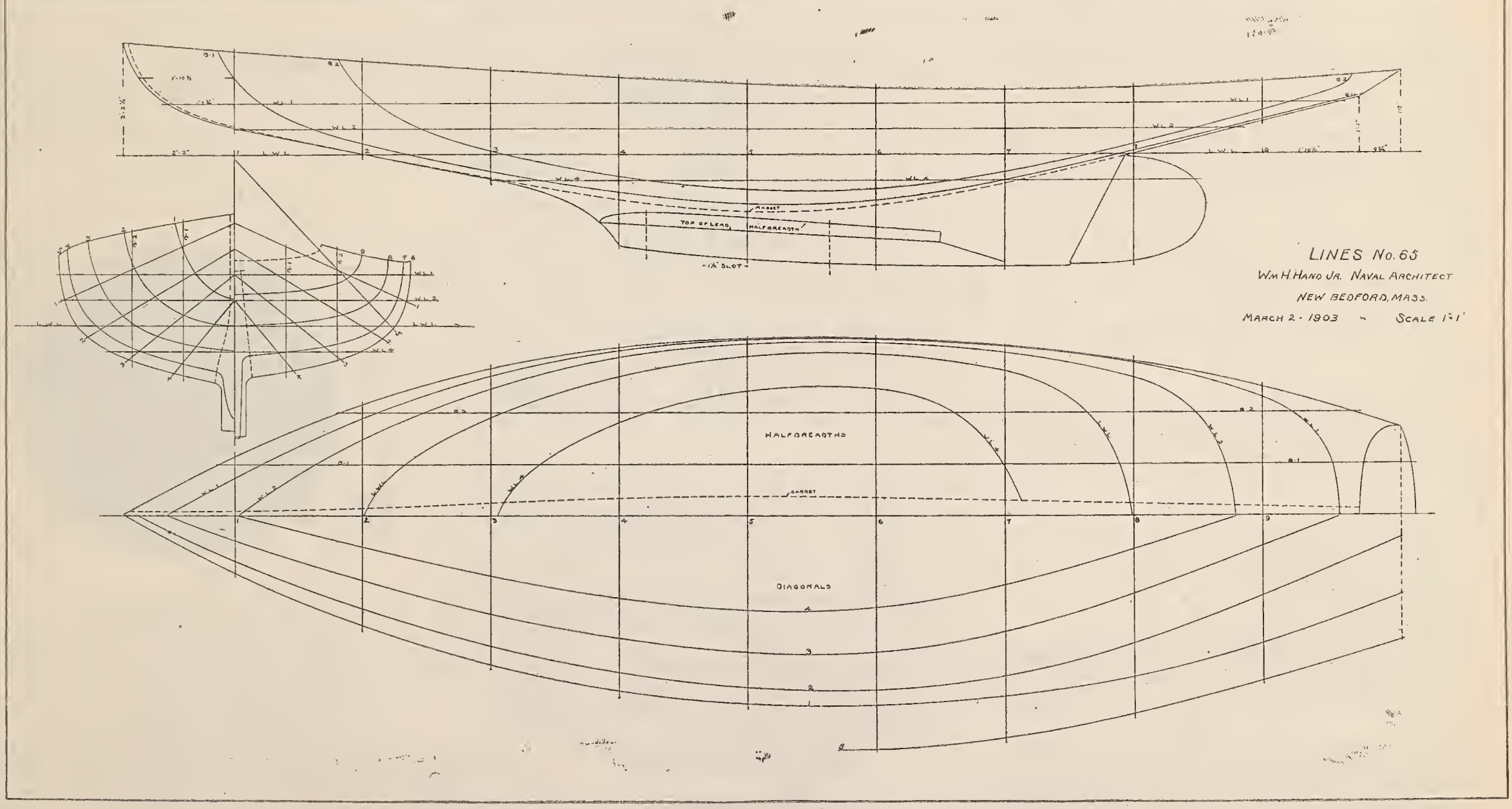
Mr. E. A. Boardman has sold the 21-footer Gadfly, owned by Gilpin Lovering, to Mr. W. H. Trumbull. He has an order for a 15-footer for Mr. William Parker, of Halifax, N. S. The 22-footer, designed by Mr. Boardman for Mr. George Lee, will be built by White, of Manchester.

Messrs. Small Bros. have an order for an auxiliary cruising yawl for Mr. H. E. Pratt, of Los Angeles, Cal. She will be a keel boat, 35ft. over all, 27ft. waterline and 5ft. draft, and will have a very moderate sail plan. They have sold the 21-footer Thecla, owned by Mr. C. W. Chapin, to Mr. William Claflin. She will be raced in Buzzard's Bay. These designers report that work is progressing on the auxiliary 85ft. schooner for Mr. W. A. Gardner. The hatches, combings, skylights and companionways are being made in Neponset.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.



CENTERBOARD 15-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—CONSTRUCTION PLAN—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM H. HAND, JR., 1903.



CENTERBOARD 15-FOOT KNOCKABOUT—DESIGNED BY WILLIAM H. HAND, JR., 1903.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has made the following sales: 44ft. waterline cutter Alborak, owned by Gen. Chas. J. Paine, of Boston, to W. Starling Burgess, of Boston. Alborak is to be rigged as a yawl, and will have an auxiliary engine installed. 25-footer Dragon, owned by William G. Barker, of Salem, Mass., to George H. Ball, of Boston.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales through his agency: Yawl Quo Vadis, owned by Freeman H. Bettys, to W. Bernard Duke; sloop Helene, owned by Geo. O. Curtis, to Frederic J. Schussel; sloop Empronzi, owned by Alfred Peats, to Roy A. Rainey; sloop Dixie, owned by E. W. Colloque, to Arthur P. Hatch; raceabout Belinda, owned by Jacob I. Bergen, to Francis G. Stewart; knockabout Gowan, owned by F. G. Stewart, to F. V. Bennis; knockabout Bobs, owned by W. A. W. Stewart, to Allen P. Hallett; knockabout Viper II., owned by Dr. W. D. Hennen, to H. S. Appleton.

Mr. Adrian Iselin has chartered the English-built steam yacht Surf from Mr. F. D. Lambert, of Leith, through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane. Dr. Walter von Bruning, of Berlin, Prussia, has sold the American schooner Lasca, through Messrs. Tams, Lemoine and Crane, to a member of the New York Y. C.

The 60ft. launch built by the Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J., for Mr. W. F. Morgan, of Brooklyn, was launched on April 24. She was named Delibah. The yacht will be equipped with two gasolene motors, and she will have twin screws. It is expected that she will develop a speed of fourteen knots.

Mr. C. J. Nelson has had a 36ft. waterline auxiliary schooner built by Messrs. Gorman & Sons, of Bay Ridge. The power will be furnished by a 10 horse-power Standard engine.

Isolita is the name selected for the sloop now building by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Mr. E. Walter Clark, of Philadelphia. She is a centerboard boat 70ft. over all, 50ft. waterline, 15ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. draft.

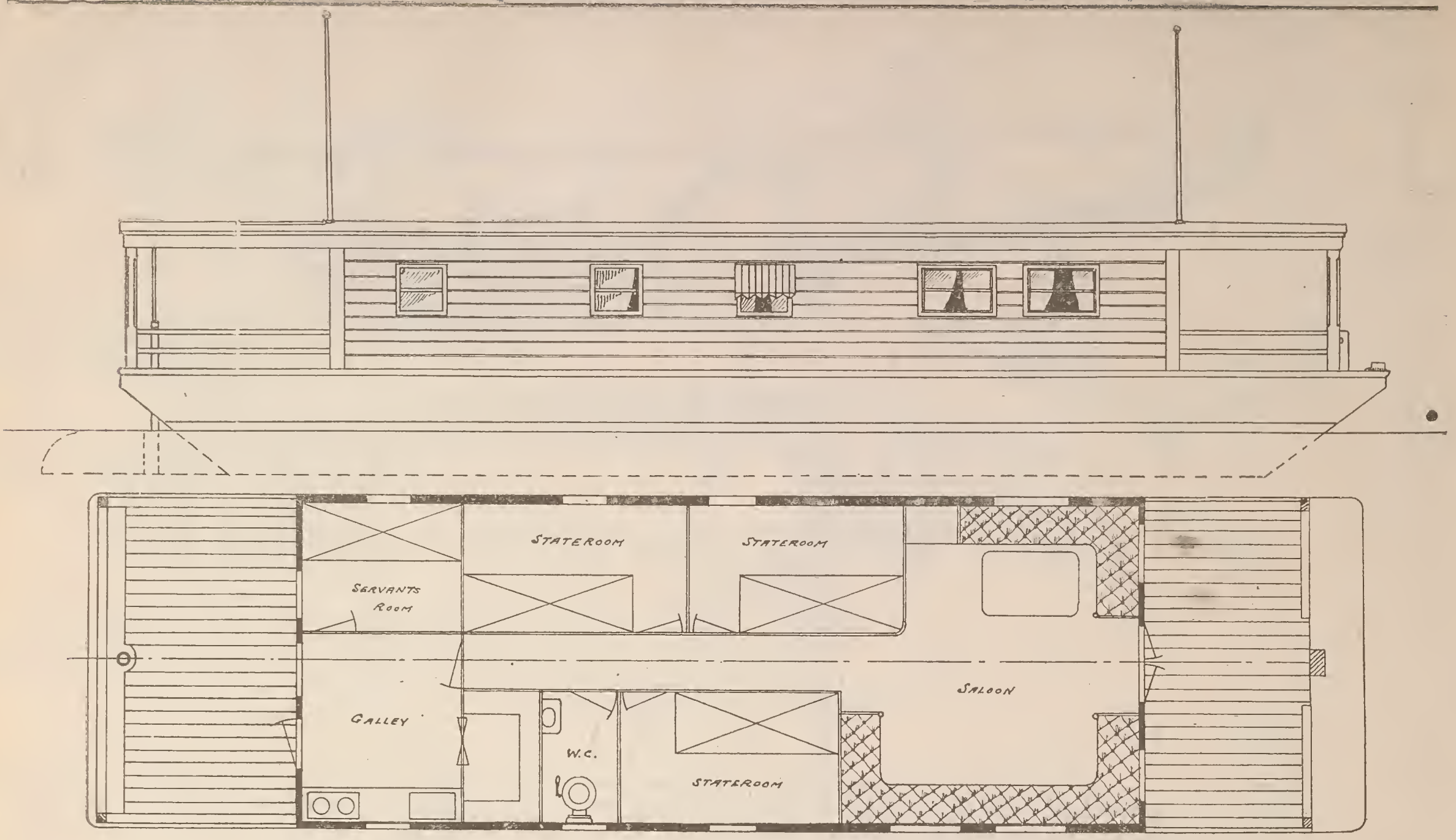
Haouli, the new steam yacht built from designs by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. F. M. Smith, was launched from the yard of the builders, Messrs. J. N. Robbins Company, Erie Basin, on Saturday, April 25. The yacht is constructed of steel and is 211ft. 3in. over all, 166ft. waterline, 21ft. 6in. breadth and 9ft. draft. She has a double bottom and six watertight bulkheads. Under ordinary running Haouli will make twenty miles an hour, but under forced draft she will make twenty-five miles. The yacht was built under Mr. Gielow's supervision, and only the best material was used in the construction of the vessel.

The 21ft. sloop built by Messrs. Wallin & Gorman for Messrs. John R. Brophy and Alfred Mackay, has been named Ogeemah. She was designed by Mr. Brophy, and her complete plans appeared in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago. She is 30ft. over all, 20ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. draft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The racing schedule laid out by the New York Y. C. is a very elaborate one, and there will be some thirty-five events. The racing begins on May 21, and in consequence it is essential that all the boats be measured as soon as possible. In order to expedite matters



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF HOUSE-BOAT DESIGNED BY SWASEY, RAYMOND & PAGE.

Mr. George A. Cormack, the secretary of the club, has had the following circular letter sent to all yacht owners who are members of the club: "As it is required by the racing rules that all yachts be measured before sailing in the club events of 1903, it is requested that you at once notify the measurer at the clubhouse if you wish your yacht measured under the new rule, and if so, state where she is laid up so that some of the necessary measurements may be taken before the yacht is put in the water.

"Your prompt attention to this matter will not only greatly facilitate the work of the measurer, but also avoid the possibility of delay in obtaining the new racing measurement of your boat."

* * *

The Bayside Y. C., that was organized last year, is to build a new clubhouse on the shore of Little Neck Bay.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., the following officers were elected: Chairman, Benjamin F. Daly, Jamaica Bay Y. C.; Vice-Chairman, Homer C. Macy, Canarsie Y. C.; Treasurer, Henry Lange, Old Mill Y. C.; Secretary, E. V. Pardessus, Bergen Beach Y. C.

Dates for association races have been fixed for Sunday, July 5, and Labor Day, Sept. 7.

Dates for the regattas are as follows:

Sunday, June 14.—Jamaica Bay Y. C.
Sunday, June 21.—Old Mill Y. C.
Saturday, July 18.—Canarsie Y. C.
Sunday, Aug. 2.—Bergen Beach Y. C.

The association has adopted the rules of the American Power Boat Association to govern races in the motor boat classes.

A number of boats will be built for the new one-design class.

The new class of boats will be of the knockabout type, 19ft. on the waterline and 28ft. over all, with 10ft. breadth and of light draft.

To add to the interest in this new class, Mr. William G. Gallagher, of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., has offered a cash prize of $250, or a cup of equivalent value, provided a certain number of boats were built.

* * *

A meeting of the American Power Boat Association was held at the Columbia Y. C. house, foot of West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City, on Wednesday evening, April 22. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Ketcham, Columbia Y. C.; Secretary, John H. McIntosh, Columbia Y. C.; Treasurer, A. B. Cole, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Measurer, Henry J. Gielow, Atlantic Y. C.; Executive Committee, the officers and Dr. E. B. Sherwood, Shattemuck Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C., and J. H. Wainwright, American Y. C.

Secretary J. H. McIntosh read a letter from the Marine Motor Association of Great Britain, which said that the motor boat races for the Harmsworth Cup would take place in Queenstown Harbor on July 11. The cup will be awarded to the fastest boat not over 40ft. long; there are no other restrictions. Mr. McIntosh stated that at least one boat would be sent over to represent the American Association in the races.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Design for a Houseboat.

THE plans of the houseboat that we publish herewith were made by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page. The design shows a craft of simple construction and large accommodation that could be built at a comparatively small cost. The boat is of the stationary type, having neither sail nor motive power, and would have to be towed from place to place.

She is 49ft. 6in. over all, 44ft. 6in. waterline, 13ft. breadth and 1ft. 8in. draft. The forward deck is 6ft. 6in. long and the after deck is 7ft. 6in. long. The cabin house is 34ft. long and the roof over this extends the full width and length of the boat in order to give protection to the forward and after deck. The sides and the ends of the cabin house are covered with weather boards in order to make the cabins warm and tight. The roof is covered with canvas and by putting up iron stanchions it could be covered with a canvas awning so as to afford protection from the rain and sun. This would make a comfortable lounging place and would make the cabins much cooler as the awning would save the roof of the cabin from the sun's direct rays.

The main saloon is in the forward end of the boat. This room is 12ft. long and has windows on three sides. Wide lounges extend around four sides of the cabin. A passageway 2ft. 3in. wide runs aft from the main cabin to the galley. On the port side of the passage are two staterooms 8ft. long and 5ft. wide. On the starboard side is another stateroom 8ft. long and 5ft. wide, and a toilet room 3ft. by 5ft.

The galley is 6ft. 6in. long and 7ft. 6in. wide. Opening from the galley is a pantry 3ft. by 5ft. On the port side of the galley is the servants' room, 5ft. wide and 6ft. 6in. long.

This plan conveys a good idea of what a large amount of room may be had on a small houseboat. The interior arrangement could, of course, be changed to meet special requirements, but the room has been economically and carefully disposed of in every way.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Eastern Division.—H. P. Cunningham, Medford, Mass.; Wm. J. Burbeck, Lowell, Mass.; Wm. A. Packard, Boston, Mass.; John W. Rice, Winchester, Mass.; Wm. E. Crosby, West Medford, Mass.; Clifford Talbot, Winchester, Mass.; A. J. Goodwin, Boston, Mass.; Chas. H. Littlefield, Jr., Lawrence, Mass.; Robert B. Parkhurst, Lawrence, Mass.; John R. Newman, Boston, Mass.; H. K. Newhall, Boston, Mass.; Arthur A. Ridgeway, Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Thompson, Boston, Mass.

Central Division.—George S. Kellogg, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by Charles P. Forbush; G. Fred Merrick, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by Al. T. Brown; Frederick C. Irving, Gouverneur, N. Y., M. H. Kennedy, New Brighton, Pa., proposed by H. T. Kreamer; S. T. Blemming, John W. Boyce, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by H. E. McLain; Lyman B. Kirkpatrick; Frank T. Sage, Irondequoit Canoe Club, Rochester, N. Y., proposed by John S. Wright; Hiram M. Rogers, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; H. S. Sturdevant, Rome, N. Y., proposed by Jesse J. Armstrong; John Henry Coon, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; and W. O. Amsler, Otto Benkiser, Alton Brown, W. H. Brown, G. T. Hildebrand, C. A. Robb, Gregg Rogers, J. H. Smith, H. G. Welsh, all members of the Duquesne Canoe Club, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by A. W. Heeren and H. W. Breitenstein.

Atlantic Division.—Dr. Wm. B. Breek, Dr. Stuart B. Close and Mr. George V. Strahan.

Sugar Island Regatta Committee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Commodore Hyatt, of the American Canoe Association, asks that I advise you of the appointment, by him, of the Regatta Committee for the camp at Sugar Island, in August next, consisting of the undersigned, as chairman, with Messrs. Charles E. Britton, of Gananoque, Canada, and Hiram C. Hoyt, of Rochester, representing the Northern and Central divisions. We hope to have one member from the Western division associated with us, but to date I have been unable to secure an acceptance from anyone in that territory.

J. K. HAND,
April 27, 1903. Chairman Regatta Committee.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 13.—The weather conditions at Shell Mound yesterday were excellent. The Red Men Schuetzen Company held their annual shoot for members only. John Feldermann made the fine score of 73 out of 75 possible.

D. B. Faktor was the "bright particular star" of the Golden Gates, making 230 twice in 10-shot matches. J. E. Gorman made 95 and 93 with revolver. Scores of the day:

Red Men Schuetzen Company, prize shoot: John D. Feldermann 73, Capt. H. Grieb 70, H. Weber 69, J. A. Mohr 68, W. Dressler 67, J. Mahr 67, P. H. Rulffs 66, John Steiner 65, Capt. C. Oldag 65, C. G. Strippel 63, H. Bach 63, H. Schlichting 57, H. Schulz 57, O. Von Borstel 57, D. Tamke 57, M. Dickert 56, W. Kreutzkamm 54, J. Oldag 50, H. Schult 49, L. Bernstein 49, F. Meichsner 45, H. Schlichting 44, O. E. Rosberg 41, E. Runge 40, W. Wurzbach 37, H. Cordsen 36, C. Koelberer 28, W. R. Meyer 27, A. Mingst 25, H. Ritzau 23, J. Horn 17, C. G. Rosberg 13, C. Stein 11.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly medal shoot, gold medal: A. F. Bridges 216, O. A. Bremer 209, W. Ehrenpfort 175, 150.

Re-entry match: D. B. Faktor 230, 213; A. Gehret 229, 215.

Club trophy: D. B. Faktor 230, 213; O. A. Bremer 220, 210; W. F. Blasse 219, 204; G. Tammeyer 214, 208; A. Gehret 209; E. Woenne 197.

Pistol: W. F. Blasse 87, 82.

Re-entry match: Dr. Smith 89, W. C. Pritchard 95, 90, 85, C. H. Becker 86, 86, 84, 84, 82, 80.

Revolver: J. W. Tompkins 78, H. Hinkel 78, 76; C. A. Becker 79, M. J. White 86, 71; J. Kullmann 85, 84.

Re-entry match: J. E. Gorman 95, 93; P. A. Becker 89, 89, 86; G. W. Hoadley 78; J. W. Tompkins 76, 72; M. J. White 81; J. Kullmann 85, 77.

Rapid-fire match, six shots in thirty seconds: G. W. Hoadley 47, 47, 46, 35; J. R. Trego 46, 46, 42; M. J. White 37, 33, 15.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot, champion highest score class: A. Pape 423; champion medal, first and second classes, not filled; third class, Lieut. H. Meyer 403; fourth class, D. Dunker 313; best first shot, O. Lemcke 23; best last shot, D. Dunker, 25.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: Capt. J. Thode 167, G. H. Bahrs, 212. F. P. Rathjens 623, H. Huber 776, F. C. Rust 1034, D. Salfield 1045, J. Peters 1051, John De Wit 1258, F. P. Schuster 1305, H. Meyer 1456, O. Lemcke 1519.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, D. B. Faktor 218; second champion class, W. F.

Blasse 218; first class, D. Salfield, 202; second class, W. Burkholder 220; third class, A. Schaefer 181; best first shot, J. Young 25; best last shot, A. Gehret, 23. ROEEL.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 21.—Several important records with the pistol at 50yds. have recently been made. One of these is the 50-shot record made by Thomas Anderton on April 4th, when he succeeded in raising the former record four points. I am sending you herewith a fac simile of the score with the shots all plotted on one target. The official score and the accompanying certificate required by the rules are as follows:

Thomas Anderton ..... 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 10—99
9 9 10 10 10 9 10 9 9 9—94
9 10 10 9 9 9 10 10 10 10—96
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—99
8 9 9 8 10 9 10 10 9 10—92—480

T. Anderton's Record-Breaker, 480 out of 500.

April 4, 1903, Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Boston, Mass.—On April 4, 1903, Thomas Anderton, residing at Boston, declared his intention to shoot for record with the pistol at 50yds. The shooting was done in accordance with the rules and regulations governing the pistol championship matches of the U. S. R. A., the details being as follows: Standard American target, Smith & Wesson, .22cal. pistol, 2½lbs. trigger-pull, 10in. barrel, open sights, 50yds. Verified by the undersigned. The first shot of the score was fired at 3:08 P. M., and the last shot at 3:52 P.M. Weather conditions very cloudy and raining. Witnesses: W. F. Spencer, J. Murray, scorer.

A 20 and 30 shot record was also made by Mr. E. E. Patridge on March 28. The official score of the 20-shot record is as follows:

E E Patridge.....10 9 10 10 10 10 9 10 9 10—96
10 10 9 10 8 10 10 9 10 10—96—192

The 30-shot record made at the same time includes one more 10-shot string, counting 95, as follows:

E E Patridge..... 9 9 10 10 10 9 10 9 9 10—95

Or a total of 287 for the 30 shots.

A fac simile of the 30-shot record, with the shots plotted on one target, is submitted herewith; also the corresponding certificate:

E. E. Patridge's 30-shot Record.

March 28, 1903, Massachusetts Rifle Association, Walnut Hill, Boston, Mass.—On March 21, 1903. Mr. E. E. Patridge, residing at Medford, Mass., declared his intention to shoot for record with the pistol at 50yds. The shooting was done in accordance with the rules and regulations governing the pistol championship matches of the U. S. R. A., the details being as follows: Standard American target, Smith & Wesson .22cal. pistol, 2lbs. trigger pull, 10in. barrel, open sights. Verified by the undersigned. The first shot of the score was fired at 3 P. M., and the last shot at 3:30. Weather showery. Witnesses: W. F. Spencer, J. S. Murray, scorer.

All the above shooting was done strictly in accordance with the rules and regulations adopted by the United States Revolver Association, and the above scores are now recognized as the official records. A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—In the competition of the Iroquois Rifle Club's spring tournament, Mr. L. P. Ittel was the victor, and demonstrated that he is a class man. Following are the scores of the twenty prize winners:

L P Ittel	75 74 73—222	R Rahm	71 69 69—209
H H Fisher	74 74 73—221	W C Galbreath	73 69 67—209
E C Reed	74 73 73—220	U Altenburger	72 66 65—203
A J Huebner	74 72 72—218	W G Fry	69 67 65—201
R F Phillips	73 72 72—217	F B Young	68 65 65—198
D L Black	74 72 70—216	J O Smith	66 64 64—194
C C Hofmeister	70 70 70—210	W Mosbaugher	64 64 61—189
H Gnilreps	71 70 69—210	J Gergmann	64 61 60—185
C Leacy	72 70 68—210	R M Speer	61 58 58—176
G Williams	71 70 69—210	H S Strubel	63 59 52—175

Following are the ten prize winners in the bullseye match: C. C. Hofmeister, D. L. Black, J. Bergmann, R. F. Phillips, L. P. Ittel, R. Rahm, G. Gnilreps, W. C. Galbreath, A. J. Huebner, H. Gnilreps.

In the memorial trophy match Rahm was first. He had to shoot off a tie with R. F. Phillips, who beat R. R. by two points.

The daily press dispatches state that the executive committee of the National Rifle Association has fixed May 18, 19 and 20 as the dates for the trial shoots to determine upon the personnel of the team which is to represent this country at Bisley, England, in competition for the Palma trophy. The trials will take place at Sea Girt, N. J.

We are informed that Mr. Joe Link, for many years known to rifle shooters, has taken the Dooley place at Springfield, L. I., where he will conduct a target ground and keep his eye on the well-known snipe grounds.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

April 29.—Wellington, Mass.—Boston Gun Club's annual team shoot. H. C. Kirkwood, Sec'y, 23 Elm street, Boston.
May 1-2.—Annual spring shoot of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
May 4-6.—Tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, under auspices of Vicksburg, Miss., Gun Club.
*May 5-6.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withers, Sec'y.
May 5.—Millport, Pa.—Oswago Valley Rod and Gun Club shoot.
May 6.—Walkerton, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
May 6.—Litchfield, Ill., Gun Club shoot.
May 5-6.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—De Witt, Ia., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—Luverne, Minn., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 7-9.—El Reno, Okla.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 11-12.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.
May 16.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's tournament. J. R. Taylor, Genl. Mgr.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Cedar Lake, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club.
**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

On the grounds of the Boerckle Gun Club at Bridesburg Station, Pa., April 25, a team of business men from Frankford and Kensington met in a team match, 25 targets, and a prize sweepstake at 10 targets, the results of which were as follows: Frankford team—G. Redifer 19, Alvin 19, H. Johnson 18, J. Dawson 17, W. Rodgers 16, D. Mercer 14; total 104. Kensington team—J. Ploucher 23, W. Dawson 21, E. Belson 13, J. Ploucher, Sr., 11, E. Carter 12, J. Martin 12; total 92. Prize sweep, 10 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles—W. Dawson 8, H. Johnson 8, J. Martin 7, Alvin 7, Rodgers 5, J. Dawson 4, Mercer 4, Werner 4. Shoot-off, 5 targets—W. Dawson 4, H. Johnson 3.

At the Kansas State shoot, Concordia, April 21-23, Mr. Fred Gilbert made a run of 112 straight on the first day. He broke 196 out of a possible 200, total of the day's programme. Mr. W. H. Heer won the State championship. He tied with Mr. E. L. Wetzig and Mr. Ed. O'Brien on 29. Heer and O'Brien broke 30 straight in the first shoot-off, Wetzig scoring 28. In the second shoot-off the scores were: Heer 29, O'Brien 28. On the second day, Gilbert and Heer tied on 195 out of 200; Dave Elliott was second with 191; Fort was third with 190; Riehl and Timberlake fourth with 186. On the third day, Gilbert was high with 190, and high for the three days.

The Chicago, Ill., Gun Club has issued its programme for 1903. There are two main weekly events, one at 25 targets per man, handicap, one at 15 targets, optional sweepstake. The annual prizes will be valuable souvenir articles, and a special annual prize, valued at $20, will be given to the member who has made the highest percentage without handicap. The regular club shoots are held on Saturday afternoon each week between April 30 and Nov. 1. The grounds are at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes road. Mr. A. A. Walters is the secretary.

A correspondent informs us that Mr. A. L. Traver, captain of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, is enjoying himself in the wilds of Colorado, and will not return before the middle of May. The Poughkeepsie club has been notified that the fourth shoot of the series for the intercounty cup must take place at Ossining some time next month, or before the State shoot. As Capt. Traver is one of the strongest men on the Poughkeepsie team, the up-river men naturally hope for his return before the match comes off.

On the Clearview Gun Club's grounds at Darby, Pa., the University of Pennsylvania team of trapshooters defeated a team of the Century Wheelmen, April 25, by a score of 200 to 184. The conditions were six men to a team, 50 targets per man. The scores were as follows: Pennsylvania—Lowden 35, Robertson 35, Henderson 34, Adams 32, Farwell 27, Perkins 37; total 200. Century Wheelmen—Harrap 41, Conwell 25, Morgan 26, Shaffer 32, Colliday 25, Fountain 35; total 184.

Mr. W. T. Nash, of Indianapolis, Ind., won the Troisdorf trophy in a series of twelve amateur shoots given by the Limited Gun Club, breaking 347 out of 400 targets shot at, an .868 per cent. gait. Eight of the scores made were counted. Mr. Nash participated in the G. A. H., at Kansas City recently. He participated in the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club a few weeks ago and made many friends by his amiable personality and skillful competition.

Capt. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining Gun Club, was in New York on Monday of this week, arranging all the minor details of the programme of the New York State shoot. He had with him the beautiful medal, the trophy for the 100-target event at 16yds., 60 singles and 20 pairs. It bears the inscription "Championship New York State, 1903." It is beautifully designed, and a large diamond pendent, which it bears, does not lessen its attractiveness.

High average was won by Mr. B. D. Nobles, of Olean, at the two days' tournament of the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club's shoot, April 21 and 22, shooting from the 20yd. mark. Mr. L. V. Byers, of Rochester, was high on the first day; Messrs. Nobles and H. M. Stewart, of Rochester, were second. On the second day Mr. F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, was high average; Mr. Nobles second high average.

At the second tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, Pittsburg, April 22-23, Mr. L. J. Squier won high average with a total of 321 out of 350 targets. Messrs. F. E. Mallory, 312, E. Hickey, 311, Raven and L. B. Fleming, 307, were second, third and fourth in the order mentioned.

Mr. Eugene Doeinck, who for the past ten years has been secretary of the Hell Gate Gun Club, resigned that office at a meeting held last week in their club rooms. Mr. Doeinck in future will make his home in Liberty, Sullivan county, where he has purchased a hotel. After the meeting a farewell dinner was given by Mr. Doeinck to the club.

Mr. W. Sands was present at the April shoot of the Emerald Gun Club at Newark, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, after an absence from New York since December, 1902, in Jacksonville, Fla. His health was much benefited by the Southern visit. His skill had not diminished, for he scored 9 out of 10, the highest score made in the club event.

The New Utrecht Gun Club, at a meeting held in Brooklyn, L. I., last week, decided to continue club competition, and therefore will resume the club shoots in the near future. Targets will be used, and arrangements with Mr. J. S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, will be made for the use of his club's grounds.

The Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association announces a tournament for May 16. There are eleven programme events, at 15, 20, 25 and 30 targets, entrance $1.30, $2.50, $3 and $3.50. All moneys 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Shoot begins at 10 o'clock. Mr. J. R. Taylor is the general manager.

Messrs. Apgar, Keller and Griffiths were visitors at the shoot of the Boston Gun Club, held at Wellington, on Wednesday of last week. Apgar, from the 21yd. mark, made a run of 28 breaks, first in the prize match, in which Griffiths was second with 26 out of a possible 30.

At the Patriots' Day shoot of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, Climax broke .944 per cent. of 180 targets and won high average. Dickey was next with .897. Both shot from the 20yd. mark. Rule and George were third with .888 per cent. Thirty-seven shooters participated.

At a meeting of the North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., on April 24, officers were elected as follows: President, Geo. Allison; Vice-President and Captain, Jas. Morrison; Secretary-Treasurer, Jas. R. Merrill; Lieutenant-Captain, Fred Vosselman.

The programme of the Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament, May 26 and 27, is now ready for distribution. There are twelve events each day, each event at 15 targets, entrance $1.50, $5 added. There are ten average prizes, $5 each, for entire programme events. Mr. A. J. Schmid is secretary-treasurer.

The Glen Leaf Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., took action recently for club competition. Officers elected are: President, J. Rightmeyer; Vice-President, John Fick; Secretary, H. Gensley; Treasurer, W. Enck; Captain, Louis Rightmeyer.

The total programme of the three days' Nebraska State shoot provided 600 targets. Messrs. Gilbert, Heer, Fort and D. Elliott were the only ones to break over 90 per cent. in the three-day programme, respectively, 581, 566, 545 and 544.

On the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa., on April 25 Messrs. L. Z. Lawrence and D. S. Donat broke 93 in the 100-target event. Mr. Lawrence made straight scores in 15 and 20 target events.

In a match shoot between Messrs. A. Felix, of Philadelphia, and A. J. Miller, of Camden, Pa., April 25, at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., 100 birds per man, 30yds. rise, the score were Miller 88, Felix 85.

Attention is called to the communication of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold in our trap columns this week concerning trophies which belonged to the late Jacob Pentz.

In a match at 100 live birds, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Mr. A. Felix defeated Mr. A. J. Miller by a score of 91 to 81.

The Media, Pa., Gun Club held its first monthly shoot on Saturday of last week. Eleven members were present. The scores are sure to improve in time.

The Hudson County Consumers' Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot at Guttenberg, N. J., on May 22.

The next annual meeting of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association will be held at Junction City.

The Hudson Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot at Guttenberg, N. J., on May 8.

BERNARD WATERS.

Limited Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 25.—The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, recently finished one of the most successful shoots in the history of the club. It was called the Troisdorf trophy shoot, deriving its name from a handsome gold medal donated by the Troisdorf Powder Co. There were twelve weekly contests, and each contestant was allowed to count his eight scores. If a member attended only eight, nine or ten shoots he could only select eight, and it is needless to say that all the members tried to be present at all the shoots. It was a strictly amateur handicap shoot, and each contestant was handicapped according to his score in the previous shoot, and by the final result, it is readily seen that some of the members reached the 20yd. mark. The medal was finally won by W. T. Nash, he having broken (taking his eight best scores) 347 targets out of a possible 400, making a percentage or 86¾.

The next high guns were: John W. Cooper, 344, or 86 per cent.; W. C. McIntosh, 343, 85¾ per cent.; Ed. Dickman, 342, 85½ per cent.; Gus. Moller, 337, 84¼ per cent.

The contest was enjoyed by all the boys, and the chances are that another shoot will be started as soon as the weather will permit.

B. B. ADAMS, Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., April 25.—The attendance at the shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day was a little better, owing to fine weather. Some of the boys showed lack of practice, while the bad shooting of some of the others could only be attributed to a few of the other hundred reasons that shooters have in stock to explain bad shooting.

E. Ball was the bright and particular star, negotiating 24 out of his first 25. No. 6 was from the 18yd. mark. Each event was at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
C Blandford	9	9	8	8	7	9	D Brandreth	..	..	..	8	7	..
J C Barlow	7	3	4	..	..	..	W Coleman	..	..	..	..	4	6
J Hyland	8	8	6	3	7	10	A Bedell	..	..	..	..	7	..
E Ball	..	10	9	..	..	7	G Hubbell	..	..	..	..	..	5
I T Washburn	..	9	10	..	..	..							

C. G. B.

Millvale Gun Club.

MILLVALE, Pa., April 25.—The scores made at the weekly shoot of the Millvale Gun Club to-day are as follows:

Hickey	10	15	9	13	10	13	10	..	..
Benne	10	11	9	13	9	12	4	..	..
Ray	9	11	8	13	9	11	8	..	..
Basler	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seaman	5	9	6	10	8	10	17	11	..
Smith	9	9	7	12	8	14	9	12	..
Stewart	4	5	5	12	5	11	6	1	..
Blythe	4	9	6	8	6	8	5	8	..
Elliott	6	7	7	8	7	9	..	..	..
Hinchcliff	..	..	7	10	5	6	7	8	14
Givens	..	13	8	10	4	10	11	12	14
Stine	..	..	8	8	5	9	5	12	20
Warner	..	..	5	3	5	8	6	6	13
Johnston	..	..	5	7	7	12	..	..	..
Young	..	..	4	7	8	14	..	..	..

Leominster Gun Club.

LEOMINSTER, Mass.—At the shoot of the Leominster Gun Club last week the weather was cold and a high wind prevailed, the latter being so violent that the contestants could not stand steadily at the score. Under the circumstances, the scores were not at all bad. Mr. Neaf Apgar was high man.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15
Apgar	9	10	9	8	9	14	Rice, Jr	4	4	..	..	..	..
Rice	8	7	6	..	..	..	Wood	..	..	6	8	6	6
Keller, Jr	5	6	6	5	4	..	Conover	..	..	8	8	4	10
Andrews	6	5	7	..	..	..	Burbanks	..	..	6	..	..	..
Tenney	5	7	8	5	4	7	Beir	..	..	..	..	5	8
Stickney	8	6	3	..	..	..	Wilder	..	..	..	..	..	7
Farror	4	6	5	5	6	8							

Maryland Gun Club.

ORANGEVILLE, Md., April 27.—The scores below are those made by the Maryland Gun Club, April 25:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	10	10	Targets:	15	15	10	10
Steever	10	11	7	7	Shackelford	9	8	..	..
Catiz	11	11	8	8	W Bond	12	11	6	8
Hughes	10	12	..	..	Diffedafer	9	..	..	..
Jackson	14	12	10	9	Hodson	9	..	..	..
Hartner	15	14	10	10	List	10	9	..	..
Smith	12	10	..	..	J Evins	..	8	..	7
Lynch	10	11	..	..	Hudson	..	8	..	..

J. A. HARTNER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson County Consumers' Club.

The Hudson County Consumers' Gun Club held a club shoot last week, at which three events were shot, a club event and two team contests. The scores follow:

Koehler	1011101122— 8	Haspe	021102021— 7
Bergman	1100211202— 7	Bierner	1021101001— 6
Baase	0122210021— 7	Barbiri	1012202212— 8
Stecker	1011201221— 8	Intermann	1111121111—10
Havenstein	1102210201— 7	Woehlib	2102122221— 9

Event 2, team shoot, captains, Intermann and Woehlib:

Intermann	12210—4	Woehlib	12201—4
Havenstein	21222—5	Bierner	10022—3
Barbiri	12211—5	Koehler	12201—4
Stecker	01220—3	Haspe	10012—3
Baase	10220—3—20	Bergman	11202—4—18

Event 3, team shoot:

Woehlib	12202—4	Intermann	11211—5
Koehler	21122—5	Havenstein	10221—4
Bierner	02201—3	Barbiri	12220—4
Haspe	22010—3	Stecker	01022—3
Bergman	21022—4—19	Baase	12201—4—20

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., April 25.—There were thirteen events shot at the weekly gathering of the North River Gun Club to-day. The weather was pleasant. Mr. S. Glover broke 25 straight in the 25-target event, which was about the best shooting of the afternoon competition. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10	10	5p
Eickhoff	13	6	8	6	9	10	9	15	7	6	5	6	7
Glover	11	8	7	10	9	10	..	25	..	..	..	..	8
Richter	9	5	7	9	9	6	..	15	..	..	..	..	1
Morrison	9	6	7	8	8	7	..	15	..	..	..	..	5
Vosselman	5	7	7	7	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Harland	7	1	6	5	4	2	..	11	5	7	..	..	..
Allison	..	..	8	9	10	9	..	16	10	..	..	..	..
Schneider	..	..	..	10	8	8	..	21	..	8	8	..	6
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	8	8	7	..
Schneider, re-entry	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	19	7	..	..	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 21.—The Emerald Gun Club held its April shoot on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day, with eighteen contestants participating. The day was pleasant. The birds were a fair lot. A pleasing feature of the meeting was the presence of Mr. W. Sands, who had been absent in Jacksonville, Fla., since December, 1902. He was much improved in health. The scores follow:

	Points.	Yards.	
F J Kalle	6	25	1121110111— 7
Dr G V Hudson	7	28	011211*111— 8
Scherty	7	33	2020222020— 6
A A Schoverling	7	30	*222002022— 6
W Corbett	6	25	002*222211— 7
J C Henry	6	25	1211210211— 9
M Rierson	7	28	2222122012— 9
T Short	7	28	*222110220— 9
Dr Moore	6½	28	2022211101— 8
C Vohreinger	6	28	0200010000— 2
L W Colquitt	7	30	2222000222— 7
W Hassinger	7	30	*212221001— 7
J Fischer	7	28	00*1222111— 7
W Sands	6½	28	2221110222— 9
P May	6	28	2220202202— 7
W Catton	6	28	0210121011— 7
H W Dryer	6	28	0000120221— 5
F Hansman	6	28	2200220120— 6

New York German Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., April 22.—The New York German Gun Club held its shoot on Outwater's grounds, with a good attendance, twenty-five contesting. The club event was at 10 birds, but it was unfinished owing to the insufficient number of birds on hand, owing to the failure of birds to arrive as per contract, much to Mr. Outwater's disappointment.

The scores will be shot up at the next regular shoot. This event was the postponed club event from April 15.

The scores, 10 birds, distance handicap, unfinished event:

J H Wellbrock, 29	21022212*1—8	P Albert, 28	02011
Von Kattengill, 30	10122	E Radel, 28	21111
H Mestoh, 28	02010	J Selg, 25	21002
Dr Hudson, 28	02111	H Jacob, 28	11001
R Baudendistel, 28	21001	J P Dannefelser, 28	11221
J Schlicht, 28	11201	*E A Meckel, 28	2111
E H Cowe, 28	02022	*C Lange, 28	2102
P Garms, 28	11121	C F Lenone, 28	1201
L T Meunch, 28	00221	*E Heppe, 28	1021
*Col V, 30	11110	*C Saldarini, 28	2222
E Steffens, 28	21121	*Judge, 28	2102
J H Block, 28	00021		

* Guests.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., April 26.—The target shoot of the Franklin Furnace Gun Club resulted as follows in the 10target event: Suthren 6, C. Ramage 6, Right 7, F. Ramage 0, Kispaugh 3, Williams 6, Right 3, Pope 2, Stephens 6.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., April 25.—At the South Side Gun Club's shoot to-day sweepstakes were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Gardner	21	22	23	..	21	..	Sinnock	..	..	..	23	..	..
Guenther	21	20	21	19	17	..	Fiegenspan	16	22	23	21	20	..
Piercy	21	22	21	24	..	23	Hungerford	16	10	17	..	..	..
Carlough	20	20	19	17	21	21	Butler	..	13	18	..	..	..
Marshall	20	20	18	..	..	.	Mockridge	..	10	18	15	15	13
Engle	20	..	21	21	23	..	Heinisch	..	..	..	21	21	19
Griffith	17	20	19	22	..	..	Clickner	..	..	..	17	..	..

Nishoyne Gun Club.

Orange, N. J., April 25.—Three events at 25 targets each were shot at the Nishoyne Gun Club's matinee to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Yeomans	21	21	22	Whisker	..	11	..
Baldwin	16	12	15	Lane	..	..	14
Miller	13	..	..				

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., April 25.—The main event of the Keystone Shooting League's competition to-day was the match between Mr. A. Felix and A. J. Miller. The club events were shot first, the first being the club handicap at 10 birds, in which Fitchgeraid and Geikler made straight scores.

The scores of the handicap shoot for club cups, 10 live birds, handicap rise, follow: Geikler 10, Fitzgerald 10, I. W. Budd 9, Rothacker 9, Davis 9, Harrison 9, Thomas 8, Sanford 8, Winchester 7.

Shoot for officers' trophy, 15 birds, 28yds. rise: Harrison 15, I. W. Budd 14, Geikler 14, Fitzgerald 14, Miller 14, Rothacker 14.

Match, 100 birds, 30yds. rise:

A J Felix	2202222222222002011200222—19
	2012221222220222220222222—22
	2222222222222020202212222—22
	2222222202220222201222222—22—85
A J Miller	0222222222222222022200222—21
	2222222222212202222222222—24
	0221222202222222022022202—20
	2222220222222*12222222222—23—88

April 22.—On the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League to-day, Messrs. A. Felix and A. J. Miller shot a match at 100 live birds. Felix won easily, finishing strong with a run of 34 straight. The scores:

A Felix	2122222222222221222222222—25
	2222022200202022222222220—19
	2222022222222020222222222—22
	2222222222222222222222222—25—91
A J Miller	0202222220202222202222210—19
	2202220222222222222222221—23
	2222202220222222202222222—22
	2022002220022222202222200—17—81

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 25.—At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day there was a good gathering, favored by pleasant weather. Mr. John S. Wright was in good form, and was high average in the programme events in their entirety. There were thirteen contestants, a lucky number, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. These shoots have a steady support, are convenient to reach by Kings County Elevated R. R. All information pertaining to them will be furnished by Mr. Wright, 318 Broadway. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	10	5p	10	15	15	10	25	10
Corins	6	12	5	7	7	7	9	11	4	12	..
Hopkins	7	13	10	9	10	10	12	13	10	..	8
Hitchcock	7	7	6	6	..	6	10	10	..	..	7
Ackley	9	11	8	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Cheescborough	5	4	..	5	..	4	5	8	5	..	..
Bergen	8	9	4	8	5	8	8	10	8	..	..
Dreyer	6	7	5	7	5	7	9	6	6	..	..
Frost	5	8	6	8	5	8	11	10	4	15	..
Klepetko, Sr	8	7	9	9	10	9	12	13	6	17	..
Klepetko, Jr	5	9	3	7	4	7	5	10	5	15	..
Wright	6	11	7	7	6	8	13	12	10	19	7
Mohrman	4	11	5	8	5	9	9	..	..	..	..
Schmidt	6	..	5	..	4	6	..	..	..	..	..

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 27.—The scores made at the Fulton Gun Club's shoot to-day are appended. The weather was pleasant, the attendance good, and the meeting enjoyable. The medal shoot was won by Mr. Hearne. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	25	15
Goetter, 3	9	11	14	12	11	14	11
Davis, 5	9	13	16	8	11	19	10
Staples	14	11	19	8	9	17	11
Pearsall, Jr	4	3	10	4	..	12	..
Hearne, 4	12	13	19	9	..	..	..
Gille	7	3	15	7	..	17	..
Pearsall	11	6	12	8	..	16	..
Moore, 10	0	2	5	5	..	9	..
Van Dyne	7	8	18	11	..	11	..
Glover	10	10	23	..	..	..	..
May	8	8	16	7	10	16	..
Schneider	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reynolds	7	6	13	9	..	15	..
Hopkins	..	..	..	..	..	10	9
Hopkins, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Bonewitz	..	..	2	..	..	7	..
Charles	..	..	..	7	..	..	10

GEO. R. SCHNEIDER, Sec'y.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 20.—We had a very good crowd for our first shoot. Lunch was served at the grounds. A pleasant feature of the day was the number of ladies present. We have another tournament May 30. All clubs invited.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	25	15	10	10	15	25	10	15	10	25
Doten	9	11	14	9	8	7	13	16	8	10	5	16
Williams	12	11	22	13	9	9	6	19	6	11	8	16
Fortain	12	14	12	13	6	8	6	11	..	..	..	..
Lawrence	..	..	24	13	9	8	9	19	..	10	8	16
Bucklin	12	13	21	12	..	..	14	18	6	10	5	21
Bonner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	3	..	..
Vinton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	..	6	2
Cheney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	4	10	4
Dudley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	3	7	2
Marble	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	1	8	..
Marden	9	13	14	9	6	7	10	16	3	12	5	12
Snell	..	..	..	13	8	9	9	17	..	11	..	..
Wood	..	..	19	10	7	4	9	13	4	10	6	18
Daniels	..	..	12	9	5	..	8	12	..	..	..	..
Phil	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	4	9	..
Emory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	3	10	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	12	..	..	..
Cargel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	8	..
Stanley	8	13	15	13	4	8	6	17	5	9	4	19
Dodge	8	..	..	12	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Stone	10	14	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winchester	..	..	8	8	3	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
Becker	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	3	8	2	..
Becker, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	2	1	..
Kinney	7	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pugg	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Chase	8	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., April 27.—I send you a clipping from the Schenectady Gazette, giving an account of the spring tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club, which is correct:

The match that has been going on for the last seven weeks, from March 14 to April 25, inclusive, among the members of the Schenectady Gun Club, came to an end last Saturday afternoon.

The prize winners are headed by one of the youngest and most enthusiastic members, H. J. Borden, who smashed 99 out of a possible 100 targets, leading the veteran Livingston by one target. The conditions of the match were to test the skill of the shooters during the windy, stormy and disagreeable weather of early spring, when the worst conditions for the trapshooter invariably prevail. The match was intended to give the shooters the problem of getting 25 successive breaks in one event in any four of the seven successive Saturday afternoons.

There were fourteen entries for the match, seven of whom finished and seven withdrew.

There were four prize cups awarded to the four high guns, who were as follows: H. J. Borden, first, with 99 breaks; H. M. Levengston, Jr., second, with 98 breaks; H. E. Grecne, third, with 97 breaks; S. K. Warnick, fourth, with 97 breaks.

The full score of those who shot during the month is as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Broke.
H J Borden	24	25	..	..	25	..	25	99
H M Levengston, Jr	..	25	25	..	25	..	23	98
H E Greene	25	24	24	..	24	..	..	97
S K Warnick	25	24	24	..	..	..	24	97
J O Adams	24	24	24	..	24	..	..	96
C A Arnold	23	19	..	..	23	..	22	87
V Wallburg	21	23	..	..	..	20	23	87

Each event was shot on a different date as follows: No. 1, March 14; No. 2, March 21; No. 3, March 28; No. 4, April 4; No. 5, April 11; No. 6, April 18; No. 7, April 25.

VALENTINE WALLBURG, Capt.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 25.—The weekly shoot of this club, held to-day, was favored by fine weather and a good attendance, including two new members, Mr. Bissing and Mr. Klein, to-day being Mr. Klein's first experience at the game. The principal event to-day was No. 6, for the Marshall handicap trophy, which was won by Mr. M. F. Hoctor, who, with his handicap, made a straight score. To-day is probably the last Saturday on which this club will hold their weekly shoot, as there is a special meeting scheduled for Wednesday evening, the 29th, at which time it is expected that the day for regular shoots will be changed to Thursday.

We have just put in a set of two ground traps for field practice, which were used to-day for the first time, and over which the boys had considerable fun, as well as good practice.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	5	15	15	25	25	10		
Fenn, 2	7	8	4	..	..	21	..	..	50	38
Winans, 2	6	7	4	..	12	19	16	..	90	56
Spencer, 4	9	8	..	..	..	20	..	..	45	33
Du Bois, 4	9	..	..	11	..	18	17	..	75	53
Hoctor, 4	8	..	..	9	..	25	..	..	50	38
Marshall, 6	7	..	..	7	11	23	13	4	100	59
Klein, 0	1	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	25	8
*Bissing	..	..	..	11	..	17	17	5	75	50
Smith, 8	..	..	..	..	10	23	16	6	75	47
Briggs, 4	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	25	13

* Shot along.

SNANIWEH.

Olean Gun Club Tournament.

OLEAN, N. Y., April 23.—The fourth annual tournament of the Olean Gun Club was held here at the Jersey Farm Association grounds, April 21 and 22, under very unfavorable conditions, which in a measure account for the rather small scores made. A cold raw wind sent the targets high and wild for the first day, and the second day the wind was not so high, but weather cold and rainy, making shooting difficult and very unpleasant. The attendance was good, considering all things. The targets were thrown from a magautrap with almost perfect satisfaction, hardly a dozen targets being broken out of the 7,000 thrown.

Shooters from Rochester, Buffalo, East Aurora, Randolph, Warren, Kane, Bolivar and Wellsville attended.

The trade was represented by Forest H. Conover, Geo. R. Ginn and W. B. Lyons. These gentlemen aided the management immensely in conducting the shoot, and made many friends, who wish to see them in future tournaments here.

The programme had a total of 190 shots each day. The first day L. V. Byer, of Rochester, won high average, and B. D. Nobles, of Olean, and Harry M. Stewart, of Rochester, tied for second high average. The second day F. D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, won high average, and B. D. Nobles, of Olean, won second high average. The high average for the two days was won by B. D. Nobles, who broke 305 out of 380 targets from the 20yd. mark.

Taking everything into consideration, the shoot was a success, and all the boys had a good time, and we wish to see them all again.

First Day, April 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Byer, 18	5	10	12	15	13	11	10	11	13	18	11	20	190	149
Stewart, 21	8	10	13	14	16	12	6	7	11	18	14	18	190	147
Nobles, 20	6	11	10	12	16	12	6	11	12	17	13	21	190	147
Crandall, 18	5	13	13	13	15	12	10	11	8	14	13	18	190	145
Daniels, 16	6	9	7	14	15	14	7	12	15	16	9	21	190	145
Miller, 18	4	13	12	14	15	13	9	9	10	15	12	18	190	144
Vaughan, 18	7	9	14	15	17	12	9	9	8	13	10	18	190	141
Cutting, 18	3	11	12	10	17	13	6	13	11	14	12	19	190	141
Mason, 17	8	11	11	11	14	9	5	12	7	15	13	19	190	135
Kelsey, 18	9	6	10	12	15	8	6	11	9	14	11	19	190	130
Conover, 18	6	10	10	11	13	11	7	9	10	13	11	19	190	130
Waldron, 14	5	5	10	9	15	9	8	10	11	15	12	17	190	126
Farnum, 16	8	7	13	12	14	11	7	9	11	14	8	12	190	126
Stohr, 16	6	6	12	11	14	9	5	13	8	14	8	19	190	125
Wride, 16	7	9	7	11	10	9	4	7	7	13	12	19	190	115
Zimmerman, 14	7	9	11	10	13	8	6	7	8	10	9	16	190	114
Kelly, 16	6	9	11	9	8	8	3	10	4	12	10	17	190	107
Miles, 16	7	8	11	7	14	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	115	67
Sheldon, 16	7	6	10	10	11	13	7	..	..	..	..	..	100	64
Coleman, 16	6	11	11	11	14	11	6	10	..	..	..	..	115	80
Sizer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	7	12	14	16	14	23	135	111
Fields, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	13	11	11	11	..	90	65
Dodge, 14	2	4	4	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	65	20
Tullar, 14	6	4	7	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	17
Rivenburg, 16	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	9	10	..	..	..	..	55	40
Barnes, 14	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	40	27
Malony, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	5	..	..	..	40	15
Clark, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	12	..	..	..	40	17
Dougherty, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	9	..	..	40	26
Nichols, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	25	18
Bozard, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	13
Wertman, 14	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	13
Metzgar, 14	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
Oakley, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	3
Daley, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5

Second Day, April 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	10	15	15	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Kelsey, 16	7	14	12	13	16	15	9	12	13	18	12	20	190	161
Nobles, 20	9	11	11	13	18	13	10	11	14	18	11	19	190	158
Bozard, 16	9	14	11	12	14	13	8	13	11	18	11	23	190	157
Stewart, 21	7	15	8	14	16	13	9	14	12	16	12	20	190	156
Mason, 16	9	10	12	13	18	15	7	8	13	18	13	16	190	152
Conover, 18	5	13	13	11	11	9	10	14	15	17	14	18	190	150
Cutting, 18	10	13	11	10	13	10	9	13	13	16	12	18	190	148
Miller, 16	8	8	12	13	16	13	8	9	10	13	14	17	190	141
Byer, 20	7	9	11	6	16	12	8	13	13	16	10	18	190	139
Vaughan, 16	8	11	10	12	16	11	8	9	9	14	10	18	190	136
Daniels, 18	8	11	10	11	16	..	..	11	4	17	11	21	165	120
Waldron, 14	7	9	10	11	19	13	7	11	12	13	13	..	165	125
Daley, 14	5	7	6	9	15	..	..	..	11	10	..	11	135	74
Tiger, 14	6	10	5	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	90	41
Zimmerman, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	16	12	19	90	71
Miles, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	12	..	65	45
Fields, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	20	60	46
Shattuck, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	20	8

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me., April 24.—Appended find tabulated scores of a little shoot held yesterday afternoon on our grounds at Merrymeeting Park. We had thirty entries, and threw 2,550 targets. A. G. Fisher, fresh from the G. A. H. at Kansas City, was conceded the winner before the contest opened, from the fact that he had been in constant practice for past winter at Colorado Springs. He shot finely, and did what was expected by breaking 87 per cent., and winning the trophy as champion of Bath, Brunswick and Topsham. The runner-up was ex-President Webber, of the home club, who has not had any practice since last August. He greatly pleased his friends by smashing 82 per cent. in fine shape.

In the team race, out of a total of 250 shot at the result was: Brunswick 180, Bath 167, Topsham 137.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Fisher	7	10	8	7	9	9	8	9	10	10	100	87	.87
S Whitmore	8	6	9	9	9	8	8	8	8	6	100	79	.79
Webber	7	9	8	8	9	8	7	10	8	8	100	82	.82
Maxwell	7	7	7	9	8	9	8	7	5	9	100	76	.76
Jones	8	10	10	6	8	7	8	8	5	5	100	75	.75
Merrill	8	9	9	7	8	6	7	7	3	9	100	73	.73
Dunning	6	9	9	5	6	5	8	9	4	9	100	70	.70
Toothaker	8	6	7	7	6	8	8	7	6	7	100	70	.70
Curtis	6	8	5	9	6	6	4	7	8	8	100	67	.67
Scribner	8	6	4	8	5	7	8	7	8	6	100	67	.67
Stover	6	6	5	9	8	9	7	7	5	5	100	67	.67
Thompson	5	10	8	6	7	7	5	6	5	7	100	66	.66
A E Hall	8	6	7	7	8	6	5	4	7	7	100	65	.65
L C Whitmore	6	7	8	7	8	4	5	8	7	4	100	64	.64
Nason	7	6	5	8	8	4	4	8	5	4	100	59	.59
Luce	2	6	6	5	7	8	6	8	6	4	100	58	.58
C Strout	8	6	2	5	8	6	4	7	4	7	100	57	.57
Lord	7	6	5	6	5	7	5	4	5	5	100	55	.55
McLean	3	4	2	3	5	5	3	7	7	8	100	47	.47
Atkinson	4	6	6	5	5	2	4	4	2	5	100	43	.43
Stetson	2	4	7	6	5	7	7	4	..	..	80	42	.52
J Goud	3	7	6	2	5	7	5	..	..	..	70	35	.50
Vannah	7	7	4	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	60	36	.60
C M Hall	3	5	5	4	7	3	..	..	..	..	60	27	.45
S Strout	6	4	6	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	50	28	.56
Sanford	4	2	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	50	21	.42
A Goud	7	7	9	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	50	32	.64
Randall	5	4	6	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	27	.54
Tibbetts	3	6	7	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	50	28	.56
Burkett	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	.65

MAXWELL.

Springfield Gun Club.

THE Springfield Shooting Club, of Springfield, Mass., held a very successful shoot on their grounds April 20. A large crowd of shooters were present from out of town; New Haven especially sent a number of good shots. The programme of twelve events called for 200 clay birds, but darkness put a stop to the shooting after the tenth event was over.

The trade was represented by T. E. Doremus, Neaf Apgar and T. E. Keller.

In addition to the printed programme, a National Sportsman contest with thirty entries was run. Only nineteen shooters were on hand to shoot the event. This was a 25-bird race, $1 entrance.

The prizes for this event were three in number. This event was handicapped by giving birds plus the shooter's score, so each shooter had a fair show of winning. The first prize, a .38-55 caliber Winchester rifle, was won by Frank Buck, whose score was 25, including a handicap of 8 birds; second prize went to E. L. Mott, whose score was 22 including a handicap of 8 birds; third prize was won by E. H. Pinney, score 21 including a handicap of 6 birds.

A large number of targets were thrown, some 6,000 in all. There were five special prizes for club members, and they were won as follows: First, C. L. Kites, lancewood trout rod; second, Dr. S. B. Keith, reel; third, D. C. Downing, Webster's Dictionary; Fourth, E. H. Pinney, pocket knife; fifth, Edward Bagg, box of cigars.

E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., and B. W. Claridge, of New Haven, had it nip and tuck for high average for the day, Griffith winning by 4 birds.

The following table gives the scores of the best shooters, also their per cent. for the day's shooting:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Griffith	165	140	.848	Chapin	105	71	.676
Claridge	165	136	.824	Dr Keith	165	93	.563
Apgar	165	127	.769	Sidway	130	72	.553
P H	130	100	.769	Doremus	130	65	.500
Mills	130	96	.738	E Bagg	105	51	.485
Barstow	130	95	.731	Pinney	130	57	.438
Le Noir	150	109	.726	Metcalf	90	39	.433
Hermann	130	93	.715	Dr Hubble	130	54	.415
Kites	165	116	.703	Keller	165	68	.412
Edgerton	130	90	.692	Coats	90	36	.400
Downing	130	90	.692				

These scores were made in the National Sportsman contest, each shooter shooting at 25 birds: Buck (8) 25, E. L. M. (8) 22, Wills (4) 22, Pinney (6) 21, Hawes (6) 19, Dr. Keith (0) 19, Cady (8) 18, Keyes (10) 18, F. Bagg (6) 18, Rice (8) 18, Sidway (0) 17, Le Noir (0) 17, E. Bagg (5) 16, Downing (0) 15, Blair (5) 15, Kites (0) 14, A. C. Merritt (4) 14, Hills (0) 13, Coats (0) 13.

C. L. KITES, Sec'y.

W. P. T. S. L.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The second tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League ended Thursday, April 23, on the grounds of the Herron Hill Gun Club, on Davis Island, Pittsburg, Pa. The programme for each day called for ten events of 15 targets.

The trade was represented by Charles G. Grubb, Frank Lawrence, L. J. Squier, J. E. Hicks and Charles Young.

The new score sheets, gotten up by Elmer Shaner and Charles Grubb, were used all through the tournament, and were quite a success. Instead of the usual blackboard, sheets of paper 15 by 42 inches, properly ruled and numbered, are used. By this system, the original scores are always on file in the office, thereby preventing any errors being made in transcribing the scores from blackboard to squad card, which often happens, making it very unpleasant both for the management and contestant.

The feature of the first day was the four-man team race, which was won by the Millvale Gun Club.

On the first day Ed. Hickey, of Millvale, was high man, and L. J. Squier second. On the second day Squier was high, with Fleming a close second.

The five highest averages shooting through the two days' programme were as follows:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total
L J Squier	159	162	321
F E Mallory	152	160	312
Ed Hickey	160	151	311
Raven	155	152	307
L B Fleming	146	161	307

The individual scores were as follows:

Wednesday, April 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
F E Mallory	14	17	12	17	15	15	15	17	13	17
S T Mallory	13	17	12	20	12	15	14	19	13	13
J F Mallory	13	20	12	17	13	19	12	17	15	16
Squier	15	18	15	15	14	20	14	16	15	17
Raven	12	19	15	16	15	17	14	19	12	16
Hickey	14	19	14	19	15	16	14	18	12	19
Lutz	11	18	12	17	11	20	13	19	12	18
Besscmer	13	10	15	16	14	19	14	14	14	17
Streams	12	14	10	13	10	12	12	15	13	14
Jessop	14	15	12	17	14	16	14	14	12	14
Brown	13	18	12	13	12	18	12	18	12	16
Fisher	8	12	10	17	13	14	11	11	11	16
Henry	14	13	14	12	13	13	13	11	11	15
Fleming	14	18	13	15	14	16	9	15	13	14
Pontefract	11	14	12	15	13	14	11	14	9	19
Heilman	13	14	9	19	6	12	11	13	9	13
Kelsey	11	14	15	17	10	16	14	18	11	16
Howard	16	11	13	16	9	16	11	10	11	14
Irwin	9	15	9	17	10	18	13	17	9	12
Sergent	10	13	11	16	13	14	14	13	13	15
Dougherty	9	12	7	12	6	19	12	9	11	15
Thompson	4	14	11	15	12	11	10	15	14	19
I T C	12	14	11	13	14	13	12	18	11	16
Kockey	10	14	11	18	8	17	11	14	12	16
Denny	10	10	9	16	10	16	11	13	12	15
Deniker	13	19	15	17	14	13	12	16	11	15
I F C	13	14	16	11	15	15	17	14	17	..
North	..	16	12	13	12	15	12	19	10	16
Sandy	..	11	13	19	12	16	10	13	15	16
A H King	..	18	12	15	13	18	11	15	13	15
I F N	..	13	12	11	8	13	6	..	..	..
Keefer	11	10	11	11	11	14	10	..	..	..
Rathmel	14	13	10	10	12	19	12	..	..	..
Ramsey	..	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
R S K	..	..	..	..	11	15	13	15	10	15
C I C	..	..	..	..	7	14	9	15	10	15
Mains	..	..	..	..	8	11	8	..	..	..
F K S	..	..	..	..	12	17	8	17	11	15
Gillespie	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	15	10	16
Pyle	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	13	19
Connors	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	8	10
Griffiths	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	8	12
I R C	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13
Zinkan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12
Clarkson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14

Thursday, April 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
F E Mallory	14	18	15	16	13	20	14	19	13	18
S F Mallory	14	15	12	17	13	20	11	18	13	19
J F Mallory	14	19	15	16	12	18	12	16	13	16
Squier	13	17	14	17	14	19	15	19	15	19
Raven	12	17	14	18	14	14	13	18	14	18
Denny	12	18	13	10	11	14	9	16	12	18
Fleming	15	18	13	19	14	17	15	19	14	17
Jessop	10	18	10	19	14	17	14	14	11	19
Fisher	9	15	12	15	9	15	9	14	11	14
Pontefract	14	15	10	14	14	17	12	15	12	14
Hicks	14	18	13	15	12	19	12	19	13	17
Young	14	19	14	16	11	18	14	19	13	18
Kelsey	12	16	11	16	13	17	15	17	12	19
Hickey	15	18	12	16	13	16	13	19	12	17
Ray	13	17	12	16	10	18	10	20	14	18
Bessemer	11	18	14	17	13	19	15	19	11	19
North	13	18	13	16	10	15	11	16	11	18
Irwin	14	15	10	16	13	18	11	18	11	18
Norwood	9	13	11	14	10	15	11	18	14	18
Coleman	13	15	9	14	10	16	11	17	13	16
Rahm	13	16	11	17	11	19	12	17	7	12
Cochran	..	..	..	..	14	18	14	17	9	..
Connors	..	..	..	..	10	11	10	8	11	12
Clarkson	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	11	4	14
A H King	..	..	..	..	..	19	13	13	14	16
Jacovy	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	11	12
Burns	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	15	12	17

CHARLES G. GRUBB.

Trophies Which Belonged to Jacob Pentz.

NEW YORK, April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have in our possession the following articles owned by the late Mr. Jacob Pentz, "Uncle Jake," so well and favorably known to most of your readers: A grand elk head, a good elk head, a good moose head, a pair of elk antlers on carved wooden head, a pastel picture of leaping salmon, two male mallards stuffed, hanging position, a rare hybrid duck mallard, hanging position, and a pair of eider ducks, hanging position.

It was the wish of Mr. Pentz to dispose of these articles before his death, and some of them were in our possession before he died. Several articles were sold, but the estate is now anxious to close out what there is left, and if you can assist in disposing of the articles, which can no doubt be procured for less than actual value, you will confer a favor upon us as well as the heirs of Mr. Pentz. Any fair offer for these goods will be accepted. As Mr. Pentz had thousands of good personal friends throughout the country, I should think that some of them would be pleased to have some remembrance of "Uncle Jake."

VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., April 22.—The weather man was exceedingly kind, as he favored us with a beautiful day for our Patriot Day tournament, April 20, and a goodly number of shotgun enthusiasts were present. Among the number were Mr. Powell, of Newport, R. I.; Mr. Odkirk, of Concord, N. H., and Mr. Bell, of the Howard Gun Club, genial gentlemen all, and splendid shots. This was their first visit to our club, and we shall be pleased to see them again. Of our old friends from Boston, Lynn, Lowell, Amesbury, it is the same old story, they know where they are always gladly welcomed. A glance at the summary will tell who they are, and how well they shot.

Our old standby Lambert was not with us in person, but it's a sure thing that his heart was, and many was the inquiry for the old "war horse."

The day was about as near perfect as could be for target shooting, and the boys made good use of it, as the summary will show. In the prize handicap Climax won first, George second, and Bell third. High average for day, Climax, .944; Dickey, .897; Rule and George, .888.

In all, 5,025 targets were thrown, and an average of .784 made by the thirty-seven shooters, some of whom had never before shot at a target.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	20	20	10	15	15	10	10	Av.
Dickey, 20	10	15	8	14	12	7	14	10	16	16	10	13	..	..	..	.890
Puck, 20	10	13	10	13	13	7	15	9	12	17	6	12	..	..	..	.830
Hebbard, 16	8	9	8	10	10	7	13	9	14	12	7	8	..	..	..	.696
Bell, 19	7	15	10	13	15	7	12	8	19	18	8	13	..	..	..	.878
Rule, 20	6	14	10	15	14	10	14	9	14	17	10	13	14	..	..	.888
Frank, 17	5	12	8	14	12	8	13	8	15	16	6	13	..	..	..	.787
Climax, 20	9	13	9	14	15	9	14	10	18	20	10	14	15	..	..	.944
Burton, 17	7	10	6	13	14	8	12	10	17	16	4	12	14	..	..	.817
George, 18	8	15	8	11	13	8	13	9	18	18	9	15	15	..	..	.888
Miller, 18	9	10	10	13	13	8	12	9	17	15	8	13	14	..	..	.838
Kirkwood, 19	10	14	10	14	14	6	13	10	16	17	8	14	..	..	..	.884
William, 17	8	12	6	14	14	9	15	7	18	18	9	12	..	..	..	.860
Train, 17	9	11	5	12	13	9	14	6	16	18	6	..	..	..	..	.793
Straw, 18	9	12	6	14	14	8	12	9	15	18	14	10	..	..	..	.793
Muldown, 16	3	9	9	8	10	9	10	4	16	13	5	..	..	..	..	.633
Edwards, 17	6	12	6	13	13	8	13	6	14	13	6	..	..	..	..	.733
Rowe, 18	7	18	10	13	12	9	14	8	19	14	9	14	..	..	..	.800
Lockwood, 16	8	11	7	9	11	8	11	10	16	18	9	13	12	10	8	.805
Hatch, 16	6	13	6	10	14	4	13	9	14	14	9	14	13	10	8	.785
Cole, 16	7	8	3	9	12	4	13	6	12	10	6	..	..	..	..	.600
Child, 17	7	8	9	13	15	7	11	9	14	16	17	11	..	..	..	.769
Tozier, 18	8	13	9	13	10	9	14	10	17	17	8	..	..	..	..	.853
Odekirk, 17	7	12	9	11	13	7	12	8	13	16	9	..	..	..	..	.773
Webster, 16	6	10	6	10	13	8	13	8	14	15	9	14	11	9	9	.775
Spofford, 18	8	14	10	11	13	8	14	7	15	16	8	..	..	..	..	.833
Powell, 17	5	15	9	12	13	7	13	8	16	15	6	..	..	..	..	.786
Grieves, 16	5	13	7	11	13	8	10	8	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	.750
Olcott, 16	..	..	..	..	9	..	5	7	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	.480
Hallam, 16	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	6	1	..	6	..	..	..	..	.333
Hodgden, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	.666
Follansbee, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	15	13	8	..	..	..	.746
Griggs, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	15	16	6	..	..	..	.733
Tock, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	17	18	7	..	12	..	.800
Holland, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	18	13	7	..	..	..	.586
Blackburn, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	.520
Dymond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	13	..	..	..	.720
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	..	5	..	.205

Events 1, 4, 7 and 9 regular angles; 2, 5, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14 and 15, unknown; 3, 6 and 11, reversed. Nos. 9, 10 and 11 constituted prize handicap; all other events, 16yds.

S. G. MILLER.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 22.—The third last Boston Gun Club serial prize shoot was held on their grounds at Wellington today, fifteen shooters participating during the afternoon. Among the ever welcome visitors were Apgar, Keller and Griffiths, the former negotiating the high run of the afternoon and first position in the prize match, and the latter securing a well-earned 26 for second place in the match. Phillips and Bell, both members of the Harvard team, easily kept up with the procession, and bid fair to make the regulars hustle in future shoots. Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	15	*	10	15	15	10	*	15	15	10	Av.
Griffiths, 19	6	11	8	9	13	13	7

Kansas State Shoot.

THE Kansas State Sportsmen's Association held its annual meeting and tournament the past week in the snug little city of Concordia, April 21-23, and it is only fair to say that the meet was very pleasant and satisfactory. Owing to the effect of the Grand American Handicap, so recently held, the attendance was not as large as usual, but the boys stayed through to the end and thoroughly enjoyed the week in the Grasshopper State. The programme consisted of 600 targets, 200 each day, in 15 and 20-target events. Money was divided on the Rose system. A number of trade representatives attended, shooting only for the price of targets.

The new officers chosen at the annual meeting Wednesday night are: H. Thiele, President; Ed. O'Brien, Vice-President; E. L. Wetzig, Secretary, and W. A. Mattesou, Treasurer. The next annual meeting was voted to Junction City.

April 21, First Day.

Perfect weather attended the opening of the shoot Tuesday, and thirty-four men faced the traps for the competition. Of these were a goodly number of trade representatives, who shot for targets and average only. Gilbert was easily high man, with a run of 112 without a skip. Fort got second honors, and Anderson and Heer tied for third.

The State target championship was won by W. H. Heer, much to the gratification of a large crowd of local enthusiasts. He was compelled, however, to shoot two special strings to win, and both Wetzig and O'Brien, who tied him on the first score, did splendid work. The total targets of the day's programme events was 200. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	15	15	19	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	15	19	196
Hughes	13	11	20	14	12	19	10	13	18	14	14	17	175
Kirby	11	10	16	11	15	15	13	14	17	12	10	16	159
Waters	15	14	19	14	13	15	15	13	16	13	14	16	177
Fulford	12	14	17	14	14	19	15	12	17	12	14	17	177
Waddington	14	15	17	13	14	18	15	14	19	13	14	19	185
Linderman	14	13	18	14	15	13	13	12	18	12	13	19	174
Norton	10	12	16	7	8	13	9	11	17	12	10	13	138
Fort	14	15	19	15	15	20	12	13	19	15	13	18	188
Heer	15	15	19	14	13	18	14	14	18	12	15	19	186
Dominie	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Riehl	14	11	12	13	14	19	11	12	15	11	14	19	165
O'Brien	10	14	17	12	15	20	14	14	18	13	14	20	181
Bates	13	12	17	11	13	15	15	13	15	14	13	18	169
Cunningham	11	13	15	12	12	18	12	10	18	11	13	16	161
Chingrin	12	12	17	15	13	17	14	14	18	13	14	16	175
Anderson	14	14	19	15	15	15	14	15	19	13	15	18	186
Johnson	13	14	15	12	12	12	14	13	17	9	10	19	160
E L Wetzig	15	14	17	12	12	16	13	13	19	13	15	19	178
Comley	14	14	16	15	15	18	14	12	17	11	13	19	178
Templin	11	12	12	13	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Debus	13	12	17	12	13	19	12	14	19	13	15	19	178
Timberlake	13	13	19	13	14	17	12	13	17	13	15	16	175
H E Wetzig	14	14	16	15	11	19	11	13	19	12	14	16	174
Myers	13	15	15	12	12	15	15	14	15	14	13	18	171
Townsend	13	14	17	12	9	17	10	12	14	13	13	20	164
Kempton	12	13	16	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Snyder	13	14	17	12	11	15	..	..	14	13	..	..	...
Matteson	15	14	19	8	13	16	13	14	20	14	14	18	178
Lewis	11	15	16	14	13	17	10	12	15	13	15	16	167
Knight	10	13	16	13	13	18	13	11	17	11	15	16	166
Eicholtz	10	12	..	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pierce	14	14	11	15	11	19	13	14	20	14	13	20	183
Elliott	13	14	18	15	14	20	14	13	16	13	14	20	184

State target championship:

Heer	11111111111111011111111111111—29
Meyers	11111111111101110011111011111—26
Anderson	11011111111011110111011111111—26
Cowley	10111111111111101111011111111—27
E Wetzig	10101011111111111111111111111—27
Timberlake	01111111111111111011111111111—28
H Wetzig	11111111111111111111111011111—29
Johnson	01001111111111111111011001101111—23
Phillips	11111111010111111011010011111—24
O'Brien	11111111111111111111111101111—29
Debus	11111111111111111011101111111—28
Knight	10111101101110001111001011111—21
Matteson	11111111111111001111111111101—27
Lewis	11111111111011111111111011111101—27
Pearce	11111110101111111110011111111—26

First shoot-off:

Heer	11111111111111111111111111111—30
Wetzig	01111111111111111111111011111111—28
O'Brien	11111111111111111111111111111—30

Second shoot-off:

Heer	01111111111111111111111111111—29
O'Brien	11101111101111111111111111111—28

April 22, Second Day.

The programme was continued Wednesday amid the most favorable conditions, and nearly all contestants improved their scores. Heer made the best gain and tied Gilbert for the first place. Dave Elliott got in for second and Fort for third, while Riehl and Timberlake tied for fourth place. Many visitors were present, and the day was altogether most pleasant.

The programme events had a total of 200 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
O'Brien	11	14	15	15	14	17	14	13	18	15	14	18	178
Cunningham	14	13	14	13	14	18	13	15	20	14	13	19	180
Riehl	11	14	19	15	14	17	15	14	20	14	14	19	186
Bates	12	14	17	10	10	20	12	13	14	15	11	17	165
Anderson	14	14	19	14	11	18	12	11	19	11	12	18	173
Waddington	14	13	16	13	12	19	12	12	18	13	15	19	176
Linderman	12	15	17	12	12	17	14	13	16	14	13	19	174
Norton	11	15	17	11	11	16	14	11	15	9	11	12	158
Fort	13	14	20	15	13	20	14	14	19	15	15	18	190
Heer	15	15	20	13	15	20	13	15	20	15	15	19	195
Gilbert	15	14	19	15	15	20	14	14	19	15	15	20	195
Hughes	15	14	17	12	14	20	15	13	19	12	15	17	183
Kirby	11	15	19	15	12	19	14	14	18	15	11	17	180
Waters	14	14	17	14	12	17	15	15	19	14	15	19	185
Fulford	15	14	13	15	12	18	15	14	18	13	15	19	181
Matteson	13	12	16	15	13	18	15	15	18	14	13	17	179
Townsend	15	15	16	12	12	18	11	10	20	14	13	20	176
Phillips	13	12	14	14	11	18	14	12	15	15	13	18	169
Snyder	12	14	14	15	13	16	14	14	17	14	14	14	171
Cowley	14	13	18	13	13	14	12	13	18	14	15	15	172
Timberlake	15	13	19	15	14	17	13	14	18	14	15	19	185
E Wetzig	14	14	18	12	13	18	14	14	16	14	12	18	177
Knight	13	11	14	13	10	16	15	12	17	13	12	18	164
Templin	10	13	15	15	12	17	13	11	..	..	..	..	...
H Wetzig	14	15	20	12	13	19	12	11	17	13	14	17	178
Debus	14	12	18	15	11	19	14	13	17	15	14	19	181
Lewis	13	10	15	13	11	20	15	14	18	12	14	20	175
Johnson	10	14	19	14	13	20	13	13	16	13	11	17	172
Pearce	8	..	15	15	13	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	...
Meyers	14	15	20	13	12	18	13	13	19	12	14	18	181
Chingrin	13	14	16	15	14	17	12	12	..	..	..	..	...
Ruggles	12	13	11	7	10	18	14	14	15	14	12	16	156
Kupper	9	..	..	..	13	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Elliott	15	13	19	13	15	18	14	15	20	14	15	18	191

April 23, Third Day.

The last day was stormy in the extreme, and the good averages made by some of the boys suffered severely. The wind blew a veritable gale all day, whipping in over the cottonwood trees of the Republican River bottoms in fierce gusts, that sent the targets spinning in all directions from the true line of flight. Gilbert won out, notwithstanding, and Frank Cunningham came forward with an excellent score for the day, taking second place from Heer and Linderman, who tied for third.

In the total week's work only four men made a 90 per cent. average, the honors going to Gilbert, Heer, Fort and Elliott. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
O'Brien	14	12	15	11	13	18	10	12	17	14	14	19	169
Cunningham	13	14	19	13	13	20	14	15	20	14	15	17	187
Riehl	12	12	15	11	9	16	13	13	17	12	13	16	159
Bates	13	11	16	14	11	18	13	12	16	14	15	16	169
Anderson	14	14	17	11	12	17	13	12	18	12	13	18	171
Gilbert	15	15	19	14	13	17	15	15	19	14	15	19	190
Hughes	11	11	17	12	9	14	14	12	19	13	15	17	164
Kirby	11	11	15	10	13	14	10	12	19	11	13	16	155
Waters	13	13	19	12	11	18	15	15	20	13	15	17	181
Fulford	13	12	16	10	14	15	15	13	20	14	13	18	173
Linderman	14	15	19	12	14	19	14	12	19	14	15	18	185
Townsend	12	14	16	12	11	14	14	15	18	15	14	19	174
Chingrin	14	11	19	14	12	15	14	15	17	14	14	18	177
Fort	11	12	18	11	12	16	14	14	17	13	13	16	167
Heer	15	13	17	13	12	20	14	13	20	15	14	19	185
E Wetzig	13	12	18	11	15	11	13	11	20	13	14	17	168
H Wetzig	11	10	13	11	12	14	13	14	18	11	14	20	161
Phillips	13	6	18	8	11	16	12	9	19	13	14	17	156
Myers	11	13	18	13	12	16	13	15	20	11	14	16	172
Elliott	10	14	15	14	10	16	13	13	18	13	14	19	169
Knight	9	11	19	10	13	9	..	..	16	14	15	12	...
Lewis	14	10	16	12	9	16	13	13	19	12	15	18	167
Timberlake	10	10	19	11	13	16	14	13	18	14	13	13	164
Dunning	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	17	11	12	16	...
Snyder	10	11	18	..	12	..	10	13	16	11	10	..	...
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	...
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	...

Averages.

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Total.
Gilbert	196	195	190	581
Heer	186	195	185	566
Fort	188	190	167	545
Elliott	184	191	169	544
O'Brien	181	178	169	528
Cunningham	161	180	187	528
Bates	169	165	169	503
Anderson	186	173	171	530
Hughes	175	183	164	522
Kirby	159	180	155	494
Waters	177	185	181	543
Fulford	177	181	173	531
Linderman	174	174	185	533
Townsend	164	176	174	514
E Wetzig	178	177	168	523
H Wetzig	174	178	161	513
Meyers	171	181	172	524
Riehl	165	186	159	510
Lewis	167	175	167	509
Timberlake	175	186	164	525

KILLMORE.

Danville Rifle and Gun Club.

DANVILLE, Pa., April 21.—The three-day shoot of the Danville Rifle and Gun Club was well attended. There were two live-bird events on the third day. Messrs. Butler and Keller, by their pleasing personality and professional courtesy, made many friends, and added to the success of the tournament. The scores:

First Day, April 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	20	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	Broke.
Stroh	7	8	9	13	12	17	8	13	9	7	8	15	10	11	8	155
Booth	6	8	8	7	10	16	8	12	10	..	6	9	10	8	..	118
T B H	9	5	9	9	13	17	7	13	8	..	5	15	8	14	..	132
Kipple	7	6	6	10	13	14	4	7	3	..	..	7	6	11	..	94
Howell	9	6	8	10	13	20	10	12	9	10	6	13	7	13	9	155
Andrews	5	4	4	7	4	11	4	13	3	6	5	7	4	7	6	90
Cooper	8	6	9	13	14	18	7	15	9	7	8	9	9	10	8	150
Butler	5	9	9	12	12	12	6	11	7	4	5	9	9	13	9	132
Keller	4	8	4	11	5	16	7	9	10	..	7	13	7	12	8	121
Stam	9	6	9	..	..	15	8	10	9	..	..	11	8	12	7	104
Burgett	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2
Bittenbender	6	5	8	12	13	15	9	14	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	94
Heiges	4	6	6	4	7	..	5	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Schram	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	9
Speiser	8	6	..	..	12	12	7	7	7	7	9	14	6	14	9	118
Derk	8	9	4	..	..	12	7	9	7	..	..	9	7	..	9	81
Paul	6	6	2	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	..	9	6	8	6	54
Snipe	7	7	7	6	9	15	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	56
Ritchie	4	4	4	7	10	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Gaugler	6	8	6	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	9	..	4	50
Hawley	3	4	7	9	8	..	4	7	2	7	4	8	5	9	..	77
Dunkleberger	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Rudy	7	7	9	13	12	..	7	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	75
Mason	8	8	9	11	12	11	10	11	5	8	13	..	7	10	6	129
Beach	8	9	6	6	13	12	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	76
Tovey	..	6	6	10	11	13	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	51
Haney	..	5	4	..	..	..	9	7	8	..	..	..	5	..	5	43
Shipman	..	..	6	9	6	..	5	..	2	..	6	..	..	..	..	34
Wooley	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	7	..	..	..	9	12	..	49
Dietz	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	26

Second Day, April 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Total
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	20	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	10	25	Broke.
Stroh	8	10	9	14	13	15	9	12	8	14	7	9	14	10	22	174
Keller	9	9	4	12	14	18	6	8	7	13	8	8	12	9	20	157
Butler	5	7	8	12	11	14	9	12	4	10	7	9	9	9	16	142
Howell	8	7	7	13	14	14	5	10	7	13	7	5	13	6	20	149
T B H	10	8	9	12	13	17	8	12	6	12	8	10	12	9	20	166
Cooper	8	6	8	12	14	14	7	11	8	14	5	9	8	8	20	152
Mason	5	7	7	13	12	17	4	12	..	11	..	10	12	6	20	136
Bouhem	7	7	5	..	8	13	4	8	6	10	7	7	..	..	15	97
Hess	1	3	3	..	7	..	2	..	..	..	3	6	..	3	..	55
Andrews	6	5	5	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	42
Paul	5	6	5	..	7	..	2	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..	32
Haney	3	4	..	..	12	..	7	..	..	..	6	8	7	7	..	54
Speiser	9	5	6	12	12	16	8	12	6	13	8	9	..	8	20	145
Dietz	8	8	9	9	13	16	8	13	5	13	5	8	13	9	17	154
Schram	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Wooley	..	7	5	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Keiger	..	..	3	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15
Phile	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	9	5	8	13	7	21	75
Rohrbach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	21	29

Five birds:

Keller	22002—3	Krouser	00102—2
Butler	02112—4	Hughes	12102—4
Stroh	12220—4	Randall	22011—4
Keck	02222—4	White	01110—3
Weber	22022—4	Van Horn	22222—5
Eley	21220—4	J A Lawrence	12122—5
Derr	22222—5	Flick	20221—4
Rothe	22222—5	Deitz	12012—4
W H Harris	22100—3	Rudey	20110—3
Goabcharles	20222—4	Speiser	22200—3
Robbins	00120—2		

Seven birds, $3; Keller and Butler shot for birds only:

Keller	0220200—3	Strine	002122 —4
Randall	2222202—6	Krauser	210120 —4
Stroh	2222222—7	Robbins	210011 —4
Mack	2100001—3	Troxel	111010 —4
Hawley	0220200—3	Butler	2102110—5
Van Horne	2222222—7	Harris	2102110—4
Lawrence	20222212—6	White	210211 —5
Rothe	2222112—7	Webber	2222200—5
Flock	101022 —4	Eley	2212020—5
Godcharles	022120 —4	Hughes	221012 —5
Derr	022220 —4	Speiser	2212220—6

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 25.—The races at Pimlico had their influence as an attraction, for the attendance at the Baltimore Shooting Association's shoot to-day was light. Gent made the excellent total of 95 out of 100; Storr 93. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Storr	9	15	10	13	9	13	10	14	93
Gent	9	14	9	15	10	13	10	15	95
Chew	8	11	8	12	9	13	10	15	86
Henderson	8	13	7	11	9	12	5	10	75
Edwards	5	10	7	11	8	10	8	11	70
Baskerville	5	6	4	8	5	10	8	10	56
Roberts	7	10	5	10	8	12	..	..	52
Lupus	9	14	8	14	9	13	..	..	67
Biddle	5	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	26

Highland Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., April 25.—Two events, the challenge cup and the club event, were shot at the shoot of the Highland Gun Club to-day. In the challenge cup event, Doc Wentz was high with 22 out of 25, and he and W. Harker tied on 21 in the club event. The scores:

Challenge cup event: Doc Wentz 21, Harper 21, Laurent 20, Cantrell 20, Dalton 19, Hamill 19, Dunlevy 18, McMichael 18, Pinkerton 18, Denham 16, Myers 15, Everett 15, Aimen 16.

Club event: 2 Crooks 22, Doc Wentz 22, Hamill 21, McMichael 21, Dalton 21, Denham 20, Laurent 20, Dunlevy 19, Schaeffer 19, Cantrell 18, Everett 18, Larsen 17, Harper 17, Pinkerton 15, Myers 14.

Trap at Fullerton.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., April 25.—Find appended a few scores made at Fullerton, Pa.

Under the efficient management of C. F. Kramlich, Wm. F. Behneyc had a big shooting tournament at St. Charles Hotel. A live-bird match was held, each man shooting at 10 birds, and killing the number given below: J. Weiler 7, Walker 9, Jones 10, Milson 7, Englert 7, Mertz 10, Francotte 8, Mack 8, V. Miller 3, Kile 9, Blose 9, Steitz 6, Howard 8, Snyder 5, Straub 7, Brey 10, Hillegas 5.

In addition there were seven events at targets. Each man shot at 10 and broke the number given:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Straub	9	..	6	..	..	..	..	Brown	..	9	..	7	7	9	9
Englert	10	10	9	9	9	7	10	Francotte	..	9	8	..	..	..	8
Kid	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	Blose	..	8	10	..	4	..	..
Kile	5	..	..	..	..	..	7	Walker	..	9	7	8	10	..	..
Kramlich	9	8	7	..	10	9	9	Diener	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Brey	8	10	6	9	..	7	9	J Hahn	..	7	..	7	7	8	7
Schlicher	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	Schnyder	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Kidd	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	Meitz	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Hillegas	5	6	9	3	..	3	..	Mertz	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Schoymer	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	Benning	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Graft	5	6	10	9	..	8	8	Dermer	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Miller	9	8	..	7	9	5	10	Hensinger	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Steitz	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Kurtz	..	..	..	..	5	..	6
Lieberman	..	8	..	8	..	7	9								

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Cotton Plant.

MANY people north of Mason and Dixon line wonder how cotton grows, and as few have been South, we give a description of the cotton plant furnished us by one of the Northern settlers at the Winter Health Resort, Pinebluff, N. C., the town that has been built up by Northern people: "We concluded to plant a little crop of cotton and give you a faithful description. The seeds are about the size of a small bean, with a very tough dark hull covering the kernel or meat, as the Southerners call it. The hull is covered with a fuzzy cotton-like substance, which is the ends of the cotton fiber that was left sticking on the hull in the ginning process. Each fiber or hair of cotton sticks in the hull just like the hairs enter the human scalp. The hair or fiber of good cotton is about an inch in length. The cotton seed is planted in North Carolina from April 20 to May 10. The farmer having a period of twenty days to plant. In favorable weather the cotton sprouts and is up in a week's time. The young plant looks as much like young buckwheat as two twin brothers, and unless it is a month old a Northern man would take an oath on it being buckwheat. The blossom is in the shape of a hollyhock. When it first blossoms out early in the day, the flower is white; by evening it is a deep red. The next evening the blossom drops off and leaves a tiny green ball about the size of a large garden pea. In a few days it is as large as a small marble, and it grows and grows until it becomes the size of a guinea egg, and then it bursts open, and in a day or two the fleecy staple hangs from the ball in its snowy whiteness, and a field of cotton in October, November and December resembles a new fallen snow. We Northerners who have come South to live do not plant the cotton for the market, as we can make larger profits on poultry, vegetables and fruits; but the income to the native farmers of the county in which the Northern people have located (Moore county) is more than a quarter of a million dollars annually."

Last of the Season.

THREE-DAY TOUR TO WASHINGTON UNDER THE PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SYSTEM OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE last Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-Conducted Tour to Washington of the present season leaves Thursday, May 14. Rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and transfer of passenger and baggage, station to hotel in Washington, $14.50 from New York, $13 from Trenton, $11.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points. These rates cover accommodations for two days at the Arlington, Normandie, Riggs, Ebbitt, Shoreham, Cochran, Gordon, Barton, or Hamilton hotels. For accommodations at Regent, Metropolitan, National or Colonial hotels, $2.50 less. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

All tickets good for ten days, with special hotel rates after expiration of hotel coupons.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.

The advertisement of the Billings & Spencer Co., of Hartford, Conn., introduces to our readers perhaps the largest firm of tool makers in the country, or if not the largest, at least a firm whose reputation is world-wide, and is second to none. Of the tools and the hardware which they produce, many are needed by sportsmen, as yachtsmen, gunners, campers, anglers and others. The very beautiful and fully illustrated catalogue which they issue shows some of these tools which, singly or in combination, are the handiest things that the outdoor man can have in his kit. This catalogue will be sent on application.

The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., have issued, for free distribution, a circular illustrative and descriptive of their new Grade B repeating shotgun, just out. It is designed for those who desire a gun specially fine at a moderate price.

Messrs. Macconnell Bros., Yacht Agency, 52 Broadway, N. Y., have removed their Boston office to 53 State street, and have placed in charge Commodore James R. Hodder.

New Advertisements.

Many an angler is anxiously awaiting news from the Northeast which shall tell him that the ice has gone out of the lakes, and that he can take his train on the Boston & Maine

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1903.—No. III.

IDAHO.

ACT OF MARCH 11, 1903.—Sec. 9. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons, company or corporation, or the agent or employee of such company or corporation, to sell, offer or expose for sale or have in his, its or their possession for the purpose of selling or offering for sale, any species of fish protected by this act, or any part of a carcass of any of the animals mentioned in this act at any time of the year.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

AMONG the many possessions in which Americans take a peculiar and just pride is the Yellowstone Park. Nowhere in the world, so far as known, is there any combination of natural beauties and of natural wonders so marvelous as to equal this. Niagara is stupendous; the Grand Cañon of Colorado awe-inspiring in its vastness; geysers and hot springs in various portions of the world are mysterious and wonderful. But here, in the Yellowstone Park, we have a combination of prairie and mountain, lake and rock peak, abysmal cañon and volcanic spring, which makes the region literally one of the wonders of the world.

The wisdom of the National Government in setting apart this region as a National pleasuring ground has been vindicated a thousand times. Nor was argument ever needed to support this wisdom. At the same time, it is astonishing to see how few Americans know what the Park contains, and it is perhaps not too much to say that—except among the residents of the States which border on this reservation—the Yellowstone National Park is better known in Europe than it is in America. This should not be so.

The recent visit to the Park of President Roosevelt, and that charming writer, Mr. John Burroughs, calls renewed attention to the reservation. The time for their trip was wisely chosen, for, as the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know, the wild things of the Park can be seen to better advantage during the winter than during any other season of the year.

The visit of these eminent gentlemen to the Park was a source of the greatest pleasure to them. It is not given to many lovers of nature to be able to rub shoulders with elk and antelope, and mule deer, and buffalo and mountain sheep. Usually the views had of these animals are too fleeting.

A visit to the Yellowstone National Park is an approach to nature, and if he who visits it is so situated that he can leave the beaten track of tourists and wander off by himself among the green timber on the side of some towering mountain, he finds himself in actual contact with nature.

It is but little more than thirty years since the bill creating the Yellowstone National Park passed Congress, and yet to the generation that is now growing up we venture to say that the history of this bill is largely unknown.

The first discovery of the Yellowstone Park region was made by John Coulter, one of the party of Lewis and Clark, who, toward the close of their expedition returned again to the mountains; but the story that he brought back to the little village of St. Louis was discredited by all who heard it except his old commander, Capt. Clark. "Coulter's Hell" became a by-word, and Coulter was regarded as one of the most picturesque liars of the early part of the nineteenth century. It was not until 1869 that a party of travelers from Montana visited the region of the Park, where they saw such wonders that when they returned to the settlements they dared not tell of them publicly, lest their reputation for truthfulness should be forever destroyed. In the year 1870, a party of leading citizens of Montana, among whom were N. P. Langford, Gen. D. H. Washburn, Samuel T. Hauser and Cornelius Hedges, started for the Park and saw far more than had been seen by any one who had previously been there. On his return Mr. Langford wrote a stirring account of the region, which was published by Dr. J. G. Holland, then editor of Scribner's Magazine. While this party was on the ground, in what is now the National Park, Mr. Hedges suggested "that there ought to be no private ownership of any portion of that region, but that the whole of it ought to be set aside as a great National Park."

On the lecture platform and in the press Mr. N. P. Langford urged this action by Congress, and Mr. Hedges also wrote freely on the subject. The matter was taken up by the Hon. W. H. Claggett, delegate from the Territory of Montana, who, in consultation with Mr. Langford, drew the bill, which afterward passed Congress, setting aside the Park as a National pleasure ground.

In the hurly burly of the American life of to-day events of momentous importance follow each other in such quick succession that they no longer make any adequate impression on our minds, and it is gratifying to see that recently public acknowledgment has again been made of the important services of Mr. Langford in securing for the American people what is one of their most precious possessions. To him more than to any man alive we owe this possession.

In the dozen years that followed the setting aside of this reservation, there have been many attempts by private persons and corporations to use this public property for private gain. Railroad people, hotel people, lumbermen and men of many other trades have striven to make money for themselves out of what belonged to the people as a whole. In the defense of the Yellowstone Park, the FOREST AND STREAM, for more than twenty years, has done its share. And to-day the rights of that reservation are so firmly established as to be in little danger.

CITIZEN AND SPORTSMAN.

THE terms good sportsman and good citizen are interchangeable. Not every good citizen is a good sportsman, but every good sportsman is a good citizen, and his conduct in the field, as out of it, may be judged by the civil standard not less than by that of sport. In estimating the character of the actions of those who go afield, we are prone to give undue prominence to the quality of sportsmanship and too little to that of citizenship. The first is largely conventional, the second is very real.

Consider, for an example, the meadowlark episode in which Rector Craig of Omaha is concerned, applying to it the principle that one who goes shooting should be a good sportsman—which is to say a good citizen. Having been wont to kill meadowlarks in the gentle springtime in Virginia, Mr. Craig took a notion the other day that he would like to renew the sport with the birds in Nebraska. Now it would have been the part of good citizenship, as a preliminary to April gun practice on meadowlarks in Nebraska, to have consulted the Game Laws in Brief, or, not having that useful little manual at hand, to have taken counsel of some member of the parish who was wise in such matters, and to have learned whether under the game law meadowlarks were legitimate quests. This was the plain, simple precaution called for by ordinary everyday practical common sense. And common sense is an important factor in good citizenship, which is to say good sportsmanship.

Having neglected to exercise a rational prudence in determining the lawfulness of meadowlark shooting, Mr. Craig found himself in the extremely unpleasant predicament of being under arrest for violation of the game laws. This was a situation further to test one's good citizenship. A good citizen will recognize his individual amenability to the laws of the land. He will be governed by an intent to observe the law; and when he discovers that through ignorance he has violated it, he will, though it may be with sore chagrin and possibly some secret resentment of the unpalatable dose, take his medicine like a man. He will not rant and roar that he is a peculiar person above and beyond the law. He will not give out loud proclamation that his arrest and punishment were outrages on an innocent because ignorant lawbreaker. He will not bluster a determined purpose to fight the law to the last ditch, and to make it hot for the minions of the law who have had the audacity to treat him as if he were a common person over whom the law had control.

Such talk on the part of individuals brought to book for game law infractions is by no means uncommon. The Omaha rector is only a new illustration of a type we have always with us. There was the former Connecticut Adjutant-General, who conceived that his adjutant-generalship relieved him from the application of the Maine law forbidding the taking of fawns; and there was the Brooklyn Doctor of Divinity, who fancied that his exalted position in the community gave him license to kill Connecticut quail in close time. These people are familiar. Their talk is cheap. It avails them nothing. In the end they pay their fines, just as do other offenders caught in the act. The only profit of their boisterous contumaciousness is in the wider publicity their cases acquire, and the more emphatic and instructive the public lesson taught—the lesson that the game laws are made for all alike and all alike are subject to them and must obey them or pay the penalty; and that obligations of good citizenship are as binding in the field as out of it.

INHOSPITABLE ARKANSAS.

THERE has long been friction between the resident and the non-resident on Arkansas hunting grounds. Clubs made up largely of Memphis and St. Louis memberships have acquired extensive tracts in Arkansas, either buying the land outright or leasing the hunting rights, and have constituted preserves from which the native hunter was excluded. The Arkansan has retaliated by imposing a hunting tax upon the visitors; but this has not been sufficient to remove the ill feeling between the two classes. Now Arkansas has resorted to the heroic measure of forbidding any hunting by a non-resident. The new law, which has just been signed by Gov. Davis, provides that "it shall be unlawful for any person who is a non-resident of the State of Arkansas to shoot, hunt, fish or trap at any season of the year."

A number of well-known Arkansas sportsmen, among them J. M. Rose, Esq., of Little Rock, vainly endeavored to settle the matter by excepting the clubs from the operation of the non-resident law, and making it apply only to the pot-hunter. Just at the critical moment a certain non-resident appeared on the scene and unwisely tried to bully the Legislature, and thus undid the work of the mediators; and at about the same time two Memphis men made an eviction of a large party of Forest City hunters from Mud Lake, claiming that they owned the lake, when in fact it was a meandered lake and they owned only to the bank. These two things were the immediate irritants which caused the bill to be adopted.

This is a severe blow to the non-resident members of Arkansas clubs who have investments in club houses and outfits. It is sincerely to be regretted that a compromise could not have been effected. As matters stand now, the non-resident will be kept out, at least until the next session of the Legislature which will meet in 1905.

Paul B. Du Chaillu, the well-known explorer and author, died in St. Petersburg on April 30. Born in New Orleans in 1838, Du Chaillu went in early life to Africa, where his father held an American consular appointment in the Gaboon. In 1855, in the course of an exploration of 8,000 miles in the wilds of Africa, he discovered the gorilla, his account of which was at first received with incredulity by the scientific world, though subsequently substantiated by the discoveries of other travelers. He was the author of "Exploration and Adventure in Equatorial Africa," and other works on Africa; "The Land of the Midnight Sun," "The Viking Age," and other works. He was an indefatigable traveler, and at the time of his death was pursuing a long-planned study of Russia. Paul Du Chaillu was a most entertaining companion, and his was a personality that won and held friends.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Reminiscence of Buffalo Days.

IT was twenty-four years ago that Billy Jackson and I had the following adventure. It was during the days when, as Alex. Bodkin, then United States Marshal, said: "It was impossible to impanel a jury in Montana that would convict a man of trading whisky to an Indian," those days when you could travel all the way from the Missouri to the Yellowstone River and not find a single bona-fide settler; but, scattered over the country from forty to sixty miles apart, were trading posts. Great Falls, Lewistown or Billings were not thought of as yet; nor had the iron horse of the Northern Pacific, much less the Great Northern, yet made his entry into Montana. Immense herds of buffalo grazed where large and prosperous herds of cattle and sheep now range, and thousands of happy homes grace the valleys and river bottoms. Then the red man and Indian trader reigned supreme, the buffalo being the lodestone which attracted both, and the poor animals were ruthlessly slaughtered for the "almighty dollar," which was surely gathered by the merchants at Fort Benton and on the Yellowstone, at both of which points, supplied by river navigation, were established mercantile firms who carried immense stocks of goods which were sold to both Indians and traders—outfitting points for all.

It was one of Montana's typical falls; all the month of November it was dry and cold, but no snow, and the ground was as dry and hard as a bone; the bright sun would often raise the temperature to as high as 50 degrees during the middle of the day.

Billy Jackson, the interpreter, and myself were told to take a four horse team and find White Calf's camp somewhere on the Musselshell River. We were in the employ of Joe Hamilton and "Pike" Landuskey, at old "Lucky Fort" trading post on Flat Willow.

We loaded up with an assortment of goods such as Billy thought was proper for such a trip, mostly groceries and dry goods; "fire water" being absolutely barred by Joe's orders.

One cold frosty morning we struck out, myself on the "hurricane deck" of a "cayuse," and Billy handling the "ribbons." The second night out we camped on the Musselshell about two miles below Johnny Harr's trading post. He had been outfitted by Hoskins & McGurl, of Baker's Battle Ground or Huntley's Ferry, as it was sometimes called. Not wishing to let Harr know that we were operating in his "sphere of influence," we "rolled" at daylight the next morning down the river, as we could plainly see by a large fresh travois trail that the camp had gone that way. As the road was fine we bowled along at a good rate until, about 3 P. M., we rounded a bend and came upon the camp we were hunting for.

Billy engaged the first Indian we met in Piegan, and he at once conducted us to Little Plume's lodge, where we soon had the strings off the horses and they were taken by an Indian boy out to the herd, and we were soon comfortably seated in the lodge enjoying a smoke and the warmth of the lodge fire.

Little Plume was and is, perhaps, the most remarkable Indian I ever met, and Joe Kipp says he is the most remarkable one he ever knew, and that is saying a great deal. It is said, and I believe truly, that he has never taken a drink of intoxicating liquor. Anyhow, at that time he was a man of about thirty years of age, and as fine a specimen of physical manhood as one could wish to look at, with a handsome, bright and intelligent face; a natural leader, though one that would be more likely to lead in the direction of peace and civilization than in rapine and war. His looks did not belie him, as it is stated he is now one of the most prosperous Indians today on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. He will certainly carry my best wishes to his grave, for I have a lurking suspicion that but for his prompt action and friendship, I might not now be writing this story.

We had not been long in the lodge before I discovered that one of Little Plume's children, a boy, was seriously sick with a bad cold on the lungs, with danger of pneumonia ahead. In our grub outfit were a few pounds of onions. I went out to the wagon and got some of these, and a frying pan and some sugar, and brought them into the lodge and proceeded to cut the onions in the frying pan. That done I covered them liberally with brown sugar and put the whole on the lodge fire and spent about an hour cooking the mess, putting in occasionally a little water. When I was done I had about three pints of rich brown onion syrup. I then got Billy to explain to Little Plume that I was a medicine man, and that my medicine was all ready for that boy, and that if he did not take it it might be all off with his heir. I sat up all night with that kid and doped him with onion syrup, with the result that in the morning his cold was broke. Little Plume and his wife, with true Indian stoicism, said nothing.

That day we drove a pretty good trade until well after noon, when I took a nap, only to be awakened by Billy about 4 o'clock and informed that there was whisky in the camp and that he had not as yet found out where it came from. We went out together to investigate. There was no question as to the presence of liquor, and in abundance, too.

It was plainly evident to me that in a short time the entire camp would be helplessly drunk, as indeed they were. Men and women were crying in loud excited tones to one another; hides, robes and furs were being unearthed from the recesses of lodges, and were piled outside in heaps, ready for the women to pack them to the trader. This looked mighty blue for us: groceries and dry goods were at a discount when fire water was in sight. We might just as well pack up our outfit and "silently steal away" unless this business was stopped. I went into the lodge and soon came out with my Winchester over my arm, and told Billy that I would be back in an hour or two, that I was going to see who the trading party consisted of, and whether it would be advisable for us to pull out for another camp or for home. Billy only said, looking at me:

"Leave that gun here, you don't want that."

"What? For four years I have not traveled a half mile without my rifle and I don't think I'll begin under the present circumstances to travel without it," I replied, as I started.

"Better leave it," he called after me, but I went on, ignoring his advice.

The camp consisted of about 150 lodges—perhaps 750 men, women and children. As I picked my way through the small fallen cottonwood trees which had been cut down by the women for the ponies to gnaw from, I observed that the ground all about the camp was thickly strewn with broken frozen green branches of the fallen cottonwoods, an inch or two in diameter and from six inches to three feet in length.

As I went up a rise out of the timber where the camp was located on to a prairie bench, I had a good view of the whole camp, which made a slight bend in shape like a crescent, while at the lower end I could see for perhaps a mile across a long prairie on a level or a trifle lower than where I stood. This prairie was literally alive with moving beings; coming and going, running and walking, gesticulating and yelling. While I was observing the scene on the prairie below, my attention was drawn to a dispute that had just arisen about fifty yards from me among the lodges between a man and, I presume, his wife, about taking some robes to the whisky trader. She, apparently, with woman's natural economy in trade or barter, wanted to take only certain skins, while her lord insisted on taking the whole pile. The dispute waxed warm, when a neighbor lady intervened in behalf of the wisdom of her sex; when Lo, insulted at this slight put upon his authority, deliberately knocked the intervener down. At this three or four more ladies interfered in behalf of their friend, one of them picking up a frozen cottonwood limb and cracking him over the head. In a moment the air was dark with frozen cottonwood clubs, which were breaking like icicles over Blackfeet heads. The men, who until the first blow was struck, were amused spectators, were at once active participants in the melee, when suddenly a diversion was caused by the appearance of an old man, who went among them and roundly scored them for their foolishness in taking up valuable time in such silly quarreling over such a trivial matter, when such a glorious good time was ahead for all. The Indian is a true communist.

Looking shame-faced the woman who had started the row shouldered the large bundle, and with her lord proudly bringing up the rear with his battered head, headed down the river, and so did I.

Two caravans were moving across the prairie, one loaded with hides and furs, and the other with gallon kegs and bottles and their contents.

I had seen many drunken Indians before, and although I realized that as a rule he is really more harmless than a drunken white man, I was not anxious to mix with them, so I made a trail of my own about thirty yards to the left of the returning column. I had traveled about two-thirds of the distance across the prairie when I could see both columns appearing from and disappearing into a dense thicket of willows and cottonwoods, which lined a creek coming in from the north which cut off the prairie bench on which we were traveling, the bench being about twenty feet above the creek bottom. About the time I observed this, Billy's advice came home to me about the rifle; a young Indian, espying me with the gun over my arm, took it as an insult, I suppose, and the long-endured wrongs of his race working on his mind, assisted, no doubt, by the contents of his bottles, one of which he carried in each hand by the neck, and perhaps the noble spirit of the martyr coming over him, placed both hands to his breast and tearing open his shirt exposed his manly breast, and, striking a tragic attitude, dramatically defied me to shoot, bravely referring to me as a "cowardly white dog." With a friendly nod and a smile of forbearance I passed on. Had I only turned off to the north away from them a few hundred yards, and cached the gun or emptied the magazine and thrown it away, I would have saved myself about the greatest scare I ever had. But I was yet to learn another trait of Indian character, and that was that it was an established rule when the camp was on a spree for all hands to lay aside all firearms, a rule which could with profit be imitated by whites. But, although I had been more or less among Indians from Fort Pierre to Fort Benton for six years, this was my first experience where the whole camp was on a spree. But I passed on and soon forgot about my dramatic friend.

About a hundred yards to the north of the point where the trail disappeared down the prairie embankment into the willows, and about thirty from the creek, stood a cabin which I knew belonged to Eaton. Nearby was a pile of logs for firewood; I could see a fire near the woodpile, also a wagon with a sheet stretched over the bows and two white men. I made for the cabin to see who it was. As I neared the camp I recognized both Eaton and Dunn. I called to them, asking who was doing the trading; they answered, inviting me to their camp, and told me it was Nigger Andy, and named three white men, all of whom have since met with violent deaths.

I was standing debating whether to go down to the whisky trader's camp at once or go over to Eaton's camp and have a chat with him and Dunn and get the latest news from the Yellowstone, whence I knew they had just come, when a party of particularly noisy young Indians appeared coming up the bank of the creek; they were about fifty feet from me. One of them observing me called to me; I responded pleasantly and started for Eaton's camp, but the jolly crowd would not have it that way, and started after me. Now, for the first time, I wished I had left that gun as Billy advised. They all came at me with yells of displeasure, but I did not believe they intended to do me any harm, so I faced about to see what they wanted. One of them was about ten feet ahead of the others; as he closed in on me he grabbed for my head, which I threw back, with the result that he caught the brim of my hat (it was a new one, too), and, stumbling as he grabbed it, his whole weight came on my head and nearly knocked me off my feet. In an instant my hat brim formed a collar around my neck and blood was running down my face. I jumped a[illegible] from him, but the others were upon me. Mad with pain, discretion was thrown to the winds. In an instant I had felled one of them, using the barrel of the rifle as a club; I made a pass at a second one and he was *hors de combat*. By this time the crowd had increased until I felt it was necessary to use other measures, so I pumped a cartridge into the chamber and brought the rifle to my shoulder, warning all to keep back. I gave one swift glance at Eaton's camp and saw both he and Dunn [illegible] still near their fire; I cried to them to unlock the cabin door and I would make a run for it and get inside. Where I knew I would be safe for a time, anyhow.

In the meantime I kept walking backward, and facing an increasing number of foes in a circle which was momentarily being reinforced from all directions, and I plainly saw that in a few minutes I would be outflanked and my retreat cut off. As quick as a flash I turned and made a run for the cabin door, only to find on my arrival that it was locked with a large padlock. Before I could turn or seek the protection of Eaton's camp, the mob was upon me.

What occurred during the next minute or two is yet in my mind more like a dream than anything else. It sounded to my ears as though a hundred angry, revengeful voices were talking at once. I was conscious that a number of other hands than my own were on that rifle, and that it was full cocked. With a cartridge in the chamber, it might be discharged any instant. Oh, the grip I had on that gun!

Suddenly I saw or rather felt a bright flash in front of my eyes; I glanced up and to this day my eye still retains the photograph then taken; a large bright-bladed butcher knife in a dusky hand, the point about six inches in front of my face and a pair of dark wicked eyes peering with murder into mine. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight, and in that moment, expecting to feel the cold steel cutting its way to my heart, a panorama of all my life passed in instantaneous review—and still I never relaxed my grip on that gun, and still the pandemonium of angry voices sounded in my ears. But why did not that knife bury itself in my body?

I opened my eyes. The knife was not there; the pulling and straining at the rifle was not so strong; the density of the crowding at my right side was less; more light was in my eyes. Suddenly an Indian standing near my right arm disappeared as by magic, in another moment one who stood directly in front of me reeled back and struck the ground about eight feet away, then another and another. In a few moments I was standing alone beside my deliverer. I still held the rifle; I glanced up and there stood Little Plume glaring at those around him like an angry god.

Not a word passed [illegible], satisfying himself that none cared to dispute possession of the field with him, he turned to me and uttered two words in English: "Me gun," pointing to the rifle. Lowering the hammer I gave it to him. He recocked it, fired it in the air, pumped out the remaining cartridges and giving them to me said in his own tongue, "Come."

A brave Indian who could talk very good English now appeared and swore by all the gods in his calendar that he would see that no harm came to me or any other white man. He was careful to say all this in English. I had noticed him in the background of my assailants.

Little Plume at once became pleasant to all, explaining that I did not want to have any trouble, and that it was all a mistake: for all to come to his lodge the next morning and I would show them that I would recompense all who had been injured. We then visited the trader's camp, after I had washed the blood from my face, which had been scratched and bruised in the melee, and found that Eaton had been correct. The outfit belonged to three white men, hard characters, who some few years afterward were hung for horse and cattle stealing at the mouth of the Musselshell River on the Missouri.

I accompanied Little Plume to his lodge, where I learned that a short time after I left for the trader's camp he had learned from Billy where I had gone, and that I had taken my rifle in spite of his advice.

Billy said Little Plume made no reply, but shortly he went out, saying nothing as to where he was going.

Next morning there was held a big pow-wow. Both the injured families—that is, the parents of the young bucks who had received broken heads—presented their grievances and wanted about all we had in the wagon as indemnity, but ended by taking a few pounds of sugar, a few yards of calico and some other nick-knacks to the amount of perhaps two dollars, beside some plugs of "black strap" tobacco. A cheaply paid for lesson.

I afterward saw Eaton and asked him why he did not unlock the door of the cabin when I cried to him to do so. He gave as an excuse that the whole thing occurred so quickly that he had not realized anything until Little Plume was on the ground and had the game under control. He had not seen the Indian with the knife until he went head over heels, knife and all.

But those days are gone; and such scenes are only memories of the frontier. Their place has been taken by civilized pursuits less hazardous and more pleasant, the natural sequence of the opening to settlement of all savage populated countries.

Nigger Andy was a remarkable character. With the general characteristics of the negro, he combined a surprising amount of nerve and physical bravery, with abnormally developed combativeness and aggressiveness. He possessed another quality not often found in the negro, for he was apparently as much at home in a frigid as in a torrid or temperate climate. It was understood he had spent a number of years as far north as Athabasca Lake among the northern Indians, where he had lost both hands and feet by freezing. He used wooden pegs for both, with iron hooks in the ends of the arm pegs to seize hold of anything, and he used them, too, with amazing agility and success. He handled a Winchester as rapidly and successfully as anyone with both hands. He was usually good natured, unless antagonized, when, especially with Indians, he was a fiend incarnate. He was looked upon by the Indians as a sort of evil spirit to be placated or avoided. He was murdered in cold blood, shot in the back, at Junction.

J. H. BOUCHER.

A Cruise in the Ojibway Paradise.

In Two Parts—Part Two.

After breakfast the next morning an application of hot skilly candle was made to the bottom of the canoe, and we were ready to start again. When packing up the provisions we found that a squirrel had got into one of the sacks and helped himself to about a dozen prunes, leaving a handful of seeds in one corner. We had decided not to go to Temagami Lake by the regular tourist route, but through a chain of lakes to the west and come into Temagami by the Northwest Arm. So instead of keeping to the south over Diamond Lake, we turned to the west. Part of the way we had a head wind and made haste slowly. Near the head of Diamond Lake is a deposit of rock that has no doubt been placed there by glaciers. It is a short distance below the mouth of a stream that comes down through a narrow gorge and empties into Diamond Lake. The deposit extends two-thirds of the way across this arm of the lake, but does not reach either shore. It is slightly curved and rises two or three feet above the water, sloping off gradually at the ends. Coming up the lake toward it, we could almost believe that some one had been using up their spare time building a stone wall across the lake to fence off their share of the water. The stones were fitted perfectly together and were as large as good-sized building stones. The face of the wall toward us was regular and even, while the side toward the gorge was piled up with smaller stones and debris. The ice coming down this narrow gorge had spread out, depositing its burden of rock in the lake a short distance from the mouth of the gorge.

We went up this river till we came to a place that had evidently been used as a dumping ground for all the rocks and boulders that were left over when the North American continent was made. The portage around this medley was about a half mile long. We then crossed a small lake, made a short portage to another lake, which we crossed, and landed on the portage to Wakimika Lake, which is noted for the number and size of its small mouth bass. We were going to stay here a day and try the fishing, so we put up our tents on the other end of the portage where there is a good camp ground with a most beautiful outlook. Wakimika is an Indian word meaning clean or clear, and is well suited to this lake, for the water is clear and cold. We found the bass large, of a very dark color and flesh firm and unusually fine flavored. The lake is about four miles long and a high wind was blowing, which made it rough and sent the waves rolling up the sandy beach in front of our camp.

While the guides cooked dinner we went out on the beach to see what mementos had been left. We found the foot prints of deer and wolf, the wolf following the deer as usual. There were also foot prints of moose, crane, man and a smaller foot print that might have been made by either a woman or a boy; when we found a fort made of sand with pine cones planted in a circle around it we concluded they were the foot-prints of a boy. The Doctor's special find was a yellow-jacket's nest, and many of the yellow-jackets appeared to be at home at the time. We heard a sound from camp, and were soon deeply interested in the mysteries of fried black duck, baked beans and other delicacies.

The lake was too rough to go fishing, and the afternoon was spent making a comfortable camp. Indians had camped here on a hunting trip, for their drying rack was standing and we found an Indian's ax near it and the hoofs and bones of moose.

The wind went down in the evening, and, the skillet handle having been duly applied, we started out to get huckleberries for a pudding Sam was to make next day. We rigged up one rod with a very small spinner, thinking we might get a fish for breakfast, and on the way to Huckleberry Island hooked and landed a 2¾ and a 4¼-pound bass. It was hard to resist the temptation to rig up both rods and try the fly-fishing, but the huckleberries were still to be picked, and we wanted to cross the lake to a marsh that is a feeding ground for moose and deer. Besides there was a most beautiful display of color in the western sky that required all our attention. The setting sun was painting the heavens in gorgeous colors and festooning the broken clouds with gold and silver tinsel. The changes in drapery and color were taking place so rapidly we could but watch in amazement.

When we reached the marsh it was too dark to see any animals, but we could hear twigs snapping and knew that an animal of some kind was not far away. We kept perfectly still for some time, then Sam struck the canoe with his paddle and a deer gave a frightened snort or whistle, and we could hear it plunging through the brush.

In the morning it was raining, so we spent the forenoon around the camp-fire. The Doctor had burnt the soles of his shoes, and they broke across the ball of the foot, keeping the soft insoles wet. Bob got a piece of thick birch bark and made a pair of insoles, which he fitted in the Doctor's shoes, and we heard no more complaints about cold, wet feet. Sam mixed up a batter of bacon fat, flour, baking powder, sugar and water, then stirred in the huckleberries. He wrung a small muslin bag out of hot water, shook a handful of flour in the inside of it and poured in his pudding. There was a bucket of boiling water on the fire, and he dropped the pudding in it to boil for two and one-half hours. Telling Bob not to pour cold water in the bucket, he shouldered the gun and went off in the rain to hunt grouse. In about two hours he came back, and when the pudding was done he served it with a sauce made of flour, water, sugar and a little vinegar. It was simply delicious, and when cut, was as light as a puff and a marvel of outdoor cooking. I adopted the tactics of the small boy and ate my pudding first, but after having tasted it, I did not want to come down to bread and bacon, so I finished on more pudding. No one was feeling very hungry after dinner, and I did not think I could possibly want anything more to eat that day, so I told Sam to cook some dried peaches, and we would have bread, butter, tea and peaches for supper.

In the afternoon we went to the marsh and followed a pretty little shallow river for some distance, hoping to see a moose. There were fresh moose tracks all along the shore, but we saw no moose. On our way back to camp, late in the evening, I thought of the dried peaches with bread and butter for supper and wished some one would say he was hungry, but no one said a word about supper. I kept quiet till we were almost to camp, and then I said: "Perhaps we had better cook this fish and some bacon for supper." They did not have the grace to smile, but just laughed outright; still I believe they were glad of the suggestion.

That night, under a clear sky, with the moon hanging low in the west, Wakimika lay calm and peaceful.

"The winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite."

The next morning we broke camp and made an early start for Obabika Lake. The heavy fog lifted like a gray blanket, and when we heard the cry of a loon, Sam said, "I guess we will have wind on Obabika." With Wakimika perfectly calm I did not see why we should expect wind on Obabika. When we got near the head of the lake the canoe was turned and a magnificent view lay before us. Wakimika Lake lay calm and beautiful, surrounded by high, pine-covered hills, to which a poplar, here and there, gave a touch of bright color, while away toward the west the high, broken, dark blue hills rose, one beyond another, till they faded off in the distance. This is certainly a country of magnificent distances.

Before we reached the mouth of the little river we were going to follow, the water became so shallow we had to get out and walk. The guides wanted to carry me ashore, but I had ceased to be a tenderfoot. The water was very low in this stream, and it was full of driftwood, often compelling the guides to wade. When we were well down the river we found the water was coming in the canoe faster than we could bail it out, and on moving the packs discovered we had run a snag through the bottom. The Doctor got out and walked, but I stayed in till I saw he was getting along all right. The walking was not good and we had to keep near shore for fear of getting lost, for the bush was full of trails, made by moose, crossing in every direction. When we had been walking for some time we heard the guides calling us. The sound seemed to come from the direction we were going, but we did not think it possible they had gone past without us seeing them. Lest we had in some way turned round and were going down stream instead of up, we threw some leaves in the water to make sure of our direction, for there was no perceptible current. Finding we were going in the right direction, we hurried on as well as we could and answered the calls, but the wind carried the sound away from the guides, and, thinking we were lost. Bob came back to hunt us.

The canoe was beached on the shore of the river, just above a small lake, and Sam was building a fire.

There were numerous leaks requiring the use of a hot handle, but the hole needed a patch. Some pitch was put in a skillet and set on the fire, when hot, a square of muslin was put in it, and then laid over the break, a hot iron was run over this, and the canoe was ready for the water. Guides always carry pitch when using a birch bark canoe. We crossed the lake and found more water in the other end of the river.

When we came to Obabika Lake the wind was very high and the lake full of white caps. Obabika consists of two arms, each one about four miles long and from one to two miles wide. We came in at the upper end of the North Arm, and the wind, dead ahead, had a full sweep of four miles. We kept along the shore and pulled into a cove, where we were somewhat protected and cooked our dinner. The Doctor and I put on dry stockings and laid our shoes by the fire. After dinner we walked around the cove and along the stony beach as far as we could go. The Doctor walked past and within ten feet of a grouse sitting under a pine tree, but it never moved. I ran back and called Bob to bring the gun, and he shot it. We could not walk around the point, and went back to where the guides were loading the canoe. It was rough water to go out in, but we could not make camp where we were, and there were three good camp grounds farther up the lake. When we got out in the rough water there was an exhilaration in the roaring of the elements, but we made slow progress around the point and finally pulled into a bay, where the Obabika River has its source. An Indian lives on this bay, and we went to buy some potatoes from him, for we had cooked the last of ours for dinner. The green potato tops had all been frozen, except in very sheltered places. Hanging on his drying rack were some fish, two or three small muskrats and the nostrils of several deer. I caught a field mouse in one of his canoes and threw it as far out in the river as I could, but in an incredibly short time the little fellow was back to shore and off in the weeds.

We were not far from the first camp ground, and when we reached it all agreed it was wiser to stop here till the wind fell. Sam had been very anxious to reach the second camp, as it was close to fine bass fishing as well as a very beautiful location, but there was a mile of open water it would be impossible to cross in the heavy wind. We were camped on a point with a high, well wooded hill back of us. On the left was the open lake, while in front and extending some distance to our right, was a beautiful cove or bay with a wide sandy beach. The waves would come in, roll half way up this sandy beach, curl over, break and then recede to make room for the next; while out on the point they were beating and dashing against the rocks. There was a buoyancy and exhilaration in everything.

"And free as a bird was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll."

Instead of being shut in between four brick walls with only little square loop holes to let in the sunlight, or to look out through and see our neighbor's grass plot, we were in the woods, with the blue sky above us and all nature spread out at our feet, while the winds and the waves rehearsed one of their grandest anthems. It was a glorious afternoon.

The camp was furnished with a table, benches and a hat rack. A deep slanting cut had been made in a tree with an ax, then a piece of a smooth, hardwood limb, about one foot long and less than one inch in diameter, one end cut wedge shaped, was driven firmly down into this cut and the other end nicely rounded. In this way a hat rack had been made that grew more substantial as the years went by. You can go to the woods and with a knife, an ax and a little ingenuity surround yourself with many of the comforts of civilization. Sam baked a corn pone in the skillet for supper, then he and Bob carried the canoe in off the beach and made everything snug for the night, for the wind was rising. The Doctor had a headache, which Sam greatly relieved by an application of hot cloths, and we went to bed. It was a wild night, and the storm cast its mystic spell upon us as we lay on the pine boughs, under the canvas, and listened to the moanings of the wind in the pine trees and the roaring of the waves as they broke on the beach. It was the music of the ages being rehearsed in one long, grand anthem.

In the morning it was raining so we rolled up our blankets and ate our breakfast of stewed grouse, toast and pan cakes in the tent. It was raining too hard to go fishing, and the guides, using the tarpaulin, rigged up a shelter over the table, then built a fire by the side of one of the trees, for the air was chilly, and we sat here most of the forenoon. For dinner we had soup made with beef and vegetable tablets. Our bread was getting scarce, and Sam took all the hard pieces, cut them up and stirred them into the soup just before serving it. By two o'clock the weather had improved some, so we took our rods and a trolling line and went out to fish. We were going to troll for lake trout on our way to the bass-fishing grounds. Using a large spinner and a pound of lead for a sinker, we put out three hundred feet of line and never touched bottom. The water in all these lakes is so clear that we could see every stone on the bottom where the water was from ten to twenty feet deep. About half way up the lake a wind storm had come down the hill on one side, leaving behind it a path about one hundred yards wide, on which there remained neither tree nor bush. Crossing the lake, it caught and cleared the point of an island, then continued on its way up the hill on the other side, clearing its path as it went.

Near where the two arms join, there is a sand bar extending half way across the lake, and on one side of this bar more large bass can be caught to the minute than in any place I ever heard of before, and on the other side about as few. This is an ideal place for fly-fishing, and one hour in the early morning or late evening, with a good rod and fly-book, would repay many days of disappointment. Lying on the beach at the point was a box that would hold about a half peck. Early in the season a party had come to this point, by way of the Matabitouan River, and had carried this box full of earth and worms for bait, but by the time they reached here the worms were nearly all dead. Earth worms are not always desirable traveling companions when you go on a fishing trip, and it did seem absurd to carry them from New York to Obabika Lake, where you could catch more fish in an hour, with a fly or small spinner, than you could possibly use.

Looking across the lake from this point we could see a bare rocky hill, with a few low, green bushes growing here and there. In the subdued light of the misty afternoon the colors in the rock came out clear and beautiful. The cobalt blue and yellow ochre mingling with the dull reds and browns, and the soft grays and greens made one of nature's kaleidoscopes. On our way back to camp we were caught in a very heavy shower that came in our faces, and made us rather damp. After the shower we had a most brilliant rainbow; indeed, it was a complete circle, one-half in the sky and the other in the water with scarcely a break between.

About a pint of the soup had been left from dinner, and Sam heated it, adding a little thickening. It was excellent served as a gravy on our mashed potatoes. The wind was chilly, so the guides built a fire in front of our tent, and we went to bed, leaving it burn, for there had been so much rain we felt there was no danger of fire. In the night we were awakened by some one fixing the fire. Sam had gone to bed in damp clothes, and, getting cold, had come and fixed the fire, then wrapping up in his blanket, he lay down beside it the rest of the night. The next morning we watched for the sun to make its appearance above the hill on the opposite shore. The light increased in brilliancy and the green faded out of the treetops, behind which the sun would presently appear, and they became as burnished gold against a background of pale yellow light. The sun soon took its place in the heavens and began its daily round, while the gold melted away, leaving green pine trees in its stead.

We packed up, and were soon on our way up the north arm of Obabika. Again we heard a loon cry, and Sam said, "We'll have wind on Temagami." I began to understand that the cry of the loon meant wind, and advised killing the loon, so we could cross Temagami. At the end of this arm we portaged into a shallow, little lake, and the guides walked along the shore while we took the canoe across and into deeper water. Lying on a rock on the shore we saw the skin of a snake, which I thought rather strange, for we had not seen a snake on the trip. We crossed Obabika Bay and came in the northwest arm of Temagami. Here we saw an eagle's nest with two young eagles in it. One of them was perched on the edge of the nest, and they were making a good deal of noise. The nest was in the crotch of an old dead pine tree, just where the top had been broken off, but the stump still stood high above the surrounding trees. After a morning's trip that had been full of interest and beauty, we reached the open lake and stopped for dinner. In the open lake the water was very rough, and a stiff head wind made our progress slow. When an especially big wave came, Bob, who was bowman, would deflect the top of

it with a dexterous move of his paddle. We reached Bear Island and landed on the dock in front of the residence of the Hudson Bay Factor, Mr. Wood, who was there to receive us and kindly took us to his home, while the guides put our tents in shape.

There are a number of Indian families living on Bear Island, besides the Hudson Bay Company's factor. The homes of these families, with the company's two store rooms and the buildings for the use of the fire rangers, makes quite a settlement. We had eaten the last of our bread for breakfast, and were almost out of bacon and butter. Mr. Wood took us to the store room, and we bought a can of corn for supper and a small piece of bacon. This is another advantage in going out this way, we could procure fresh supplies near the end of the trip when we were short of provisions. Mr. Wood keeps a register of all visitors to the island, and our names were added to the list. This book is very interesting, for some of the visitors comment quite freely on their experiences, and we found some names we knew. We bought a pound of butter from an Indian woman, and light, well-baked bread from another. These houses were neat and clean, and the windows were draped with white muslin curtains. One of the women had a register, and we wrote our names for her.

The Ojibway Paradise is an ideal one for Temagami Lake, its islands and surroundings are very picturesque. From Bear Island you look out over a wide expanse of clear, blue water to a broken shore line, miles away. The shores and islands are covered with statcly pines, whose beautiful, dark green foliage is set off by the yellow greens and browns of the cedar that fringes the islands to the water's edge. Temagami is a large lake lying about 1,200 feet above sea level, and has an outlet on the north, south, east and west. To go down the south arm and follow the Temagami and Sturgeon rivers to Sturgeon Falls, where a train can be taken for home, makes quite a cruise, and is not an impractical way out. Another way out is through Obabika Lake and river, but this route is not practical on account of low water and driftwood.

Mr. Wood had a black bear cub about six months old. It was a beautiful animal and quite a pet. There are a number of cows on the island and two horses. They could tie calves and take them in a boat, but I did not see how they got horses in there.

Mr. McLaughlin, the chief fire marshal of this district, invited us over to the rangers' house for the evening. The wind was cold, and we were glad to gather round the stove in the rangers' kitchen instead of round a camp fire. The rain poured down in the night, and it blew so hard I thought our tent would go, but it had been well put up. It was not raining in the morning and the wind had fallen, but the weather was not very promising, and we were undecided as to what was best to do. We had seen but little of Temagami and knew the trip up the North Arm to Devil's Mountain was well worth taking, but the weather was bad and likely to get worse. We had expected to get home on the 15th of September, and to do so, must get the Saturday boat on Temiscaming, which we decided to do. Mr. Wood treated us with the greatest consideration, doing everything he could to make our stay on the island pleasant.

By the time we were ready to start the wind was rising, and we found the lake quite rough, in places choppy, and where we had a head wind the work was hard and progress slow. We crossed the mouth of Ko-ko-ko Bay—an Indian name meaning a kind of small owl—and entered the east arm of Temagami Lake. A short distance down this Sam said, "That looks like two deer swimming accross to the island ahead of us; paddle for all you're worth, Bob, and we'll see them." The deer reached the island first and we saw them go ashore, then we paddled swiftly around to the other side, and there stood the buck ready to swim across to the mainland. He stood an instant and looked at us, then turned back and plunged into the bush. Keeping on around the island, we saw the doe looking through the bushes just ready to come down to the water. They were beautiful creatures, and we were very close to both of them. When we had gone some distance we looked back and saw one of them swimming back to the shore from which they started.

This arm of Temagami would average a mile or more in width, and from Bear Island to the end of it, is a distance of from seventeen to twenty miles. The wind was very high, but we were traveling with it, and our canoe rode the big waves with ease. It was a splendid ride, full of life and exhilaration, and believing that our guides would not become panic struck in case of danger, but would know what to do and do it, we enjoyed it to the utmost. A black cloud that hung in the west gave us some uneasiness for awhile, but it drifted to the north. We pulled round a point, on which there was a little bark cabin, into quiet water. Here we saw a party of tourists in their canoes, apparently undecided whether to pull out into Temagami or not. We reached the portage and cooked and ate our dinner in front of a shelter house on the other end.

We had made good time. The guides estimated that, from the time it took them to paddle the distance in calm water, the wind had carried us from five to six miles. Crossing two or three short portages and several small lakes, we reached White Bear Lake. All through this country the dead pine trees, that have not shed their bark, are covered with a long, gray moss called caribou moss, making them look like old, gray-whiskered sentinels. It smells not unlike new hay, and the moose eat it in the winter.

From White Bear Lake a chain of lakes can be followed to Friday Lake and the Montreal River, and so back to Haileybury. This is quite a pretty trip, and there is good bass fishing all the way. We did not have time to visit the Indian village, but crossed White Bear Lake, made a short portage to a small lake, from which we reached Rabbit Lake. This lake is V-shaped, and in windy weather there is a head wind on either one arm of the lake or the other. We reached the lake late in the afternoon, and the wind was falling, but the waves were high. We decided to push on as far as we could that night, and by the time we reached the point the wind had entirely gone, and we pushed on to the end of the lake above Rabbit Chute. Rabbit Rock, from which the lake gets its name, is on this point, and bears a striking resemblance to a monster rabbit. Before we reached the end of the lake

"The sun in his robe of glory,
Had glided down the west,
And, reaching his couch of splendor,
He silently sank to rest."

The gorgeous color from the setting sun oversprcad the whole landscapc, and we were floating on a lake on fire from the setting sun. It was a superb display of light and color.

We reached the end of the lake about dark; found a charming camp with table, benches and lots of pine for beds, so cooked and ate our supper by moonlight. It was a beautiful night, and we lay down on our bed of pine boughs and were lulled to sleep by the voices of the night that whispered softly to us in the tree tops.

The next morning we started early, for, while we had made a long run the day before, the long, hard portages were yet to come. Just below camp we entered the Matabitouan River, which is full of boulders, and we had to steer very carefully for awhile. Rabbit Chute is very wild and rugged, the water rushes through a split in the rock and goes down over a series of falls and rapids. This is a long portage, but the guides were carrying everything over on one trip. If we had started in this way they would have had to make two trips over each of these long portages, thus losing much valuable time. There were numerous shallow rapids where we walked along the shore, and the guides led the canoe down with its light load.

On one portage we clung to the side of the hill for at least a mile and a quarter.

Just before we stopped for dinner we passed the camp of a party of men from Pittsburg and Allegheny. They were breaking camp, intending to take the morning boat on Temiscaming. Sam had shot two grouse on one of the portages that morning. These he cooked with an onion and served a whole grouse to each of us, regardless of our protests. They were fine, and it is needless to add we ate them all.

After giving the canoe a hot application we continued on our journey, and soon landed on the end of the Mountain Portage. Here we found trunks, boxes of canned goods and boxes of other things, suit cases, satchels, tents, a wagon and two horses. Mr. Bonner, at the mouth of the Montreal River, was going to haul this camp outfit to his place, where the club would take the boat in the morning. Mr. Bonner had brought their duffle this far up the river, and they had taken it in canoes as far up the river as they could and there put up their tents. Properly equipped, they could have reached Lady Evelyn Lake, by way of Haileybury, with less trouble. Here they would have had fine bass fishing, beautiful surroundings, an opportunity to reach many different lakes by taking one day trips, and could have gotten supplies if needed.

The length of the mountain portage depends on which way you are going and the weight of your load. If going up stream with a heavy load the carry is nearer two miles than one, but if down stream with a light load, the carry is about one mile. We took our duffle and started up the mountain. The grade is not very steep and the path is good. Near the top of the mountain we came out of the bush on a large flat rock, and before us lay one of the grandest views we ever beheld. On our extreme right towered Bald Rock Mountain, bare and alone; then came Temiscaming in its calm and sleeping beauty, with a broken line of blue hills away beyond; and there lay Bronson's farm, with its spacious white frame dwelling, its big white barn and well-kept outbuildings, its broad meadows, grain fields and pasture lands, with their herds of cattle; then another glimpse of Temiscaming away to the north, on our extreme left. This farm was not down in a valley but lay well up on a plateau, and its fertile fields, with every evidence of wealth, stood in marked contrast with Old Baldy and its desolate surroundings.

From this rock the mountain falls away abruptly, and there are two portages. One is steep and in wet weather dangerous, the other one not so steep but much longer. The guides took all our duffle and went down the steep path, but we walked over the long one. The water was very low, and the canoe had to be led a good part of the way, so we reached the end of the portage before they did. From this on till we reached the Montreal River, we were constantly coming to shallow rapids, where we were in danger of scraping the patch off the bottom of our canoe.

The Matabitouan River empties into the Montreal a short distance above its mouth, and when we reached the Montreal our canoe trip was about over. When we came out into Temiscaming the guides pulled ashore in front of Bonner's house and unloaded the canoe for the last time. We had completed a canoe cruise of two hundred and fifty miles, in which eleven miles of carrying had been done. On the regular tourist route there is only about five miles of carrying.

Mr. Bonner gave us permission to put our tents up in his front yard, and that night we slept on a bed of dried pea vines. While the guides were putting things in shape for the night, we followed a trail that brought us to the Devil's Notch, a gorge on the Montreal River, from twelve to twenty feet wide with sheer walls of rock from forty to a hundred feet high, through which the water boils after coming over a long rapid. When we got back to Bonner's the club had arrived and were packing up their belongings for the night, having procured supper, breakfast and lodging at Bonner's.

It blew a perfect gale that night, and the rain came down in torrents. With every gust of wind I thought our tent would go and, from the thundering of the waves on the beach, I expected to see them running mountains high, with the steamer tied up at Ville Marie. But the tent stood, and the steamer came in the morning only a half hour late.

When the steamer came the wind had fallen and the rain was only a drizzle. Anchoring out in the lake the captain sent the pointer ashore, and trunks, boxes, duffle bags, satchels and passengers were taken aboard. We had bid farewell to two as painstaking, reliable and chivalrous guides as ever pitched a tent.

The seats in the pointer were so wet that most of the passengers preferred the standing room. The wind was so cold we were glad to stay in the cabin, and, reaching Temiscaming dock about noon, we went to the hotel, changed our clothes, got dinner, packed our trunk and boarded the south bound train on the Temiscaming branch about three o'clock, reaching Pittsburg, without further incident, Monday morning, Sept. 16.

"Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chambers and sullen hearth,
The green leaves are dancing in breezy mirth."

A. W. C.

"Fine Trout Fishing—Not."

IN last week's number A. W. C. related how she had found at McPherson Lake this legend left by some unknown party which had preceded her own. Hardly had that number of FOREST AND STREAM found its way to the news stands, when Mr. W. M. Fuller, Clerk of the Court of Special Sessions, of this city, called to tell us that he was the author of the inscription. He was there in July of 1902, and with him were H. W. Foote, Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, and H. F. Merriam, of Summit, N. J., and also of the Sheffield Scientific School; Duncan, the guide, and a fox terrier, who did not count. Mr. Fuller is enthusiastic over the country as a moose preserve; signs of the game were seen in greatest abundance. He expressed the warmest admiration, too, for the pluck of our fair correspondent, whose triumphs over the difficulties of the arduous trail, he declared, entitle her to all credit. Of these, however, A. W. C. is disposed to make light. "The fatigue and hardship I endured," she writes, "were not to be compared with those incident to a day's shopping. We have engaged our guides for a hunting trip next fall and expect to go into the country north of Lake Temiscaming. If I do not get a moose I may consider that trip a hardship."

The Wake of the Muskrat.

IT is a memory of fifty years ago. The scene is the bank of an old canal that after the advent of the Boston and Providence Railroad had fallen into a state of neglected desuetude. It was a glorious October evening; not a breath of air stirred the tinted tops of the tall maples already coloring from the early frosts. Overhead, riding high in the heavens, the full orbed queen of night cast its soft radiance over the landscape, save where the thick pines that crowded closely the side of the towpath threw their dark shadows over it to the water's edge.

Beneath one of the largest trees that commanded a long reach of the canal stood a boy with a gun and a black dog with complicated pedigree. All around him was the silence of the desert. Rather more than a mile away on the banks of the Blackstone lay the quiet little village from whence he had come, but no sound of industry or revelry reached his ears. Half an hour passed. The silence oppressed the boy, and he stooped and patted the dog by his side, whose only response was a grateful look upward and a gentle wag of the tail. A faint sound like a footfall reached their ears, and startled by it in this lonely spot the boy and dog shrank further back into the shadow. Along the towpath came a tall, spare, gray-haired man with a long single barrel gun on his shoulder, a veritable Natty Bumpo, whom the boy instantly recognized as old Sol. Rogers, known through all the neighboring villages for his success in shooting and trapping muskrats. Just below the boy he stooped over the low bank and drew to the surface a wire trap about three feet square by one foot in depth, and finding it empty carefully replaced it and went on down the path. Rather discouraged at the appearance of so formidable a competitor, the boy stood a few moments contemplating a quest of other fields, when a short distance above him and a few feet from the opposite bank a black spot suddenly emerged from beneath the mirror-like surface of the water. So silently had it appeared that not a ripple was visible. For a moment it remained perfectly still and then began moving slowly across the stream toward him, leaving behind a large diverging wake that sparkled in the soft moonlight like strings of pearls. The boy's heart began to beat furiously; the black dog stood as if carved in ebony, and the eyes of both were fixed upon the apex of that V-shaped ripple. Many years have passed since then, but the exquisitely fascinating suspense, the ecstasy of that moment will never be forgotten.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the little three dollar gun that had never before been pointed at any game larger than a red squirrel, was brought to the cheek long before the point of that ripple came within its limited range. Would he see us? Would he take the alarm? dive? were the agonizing thoughts that coursed their way like lightning through the boy's brain, and still the wake grew wider and wider as the black point came steadily toward him.

The trigger was pressed and the report, light as it was, seemed startlingly loud to the boy in that silent valley. The shot had hardly left the barrel when the black dog sprang with his full strength from the low bank into the water, and a moment later laid at the boy's feet a muskrat that measured full two feet from tip to tip.

Since then the boy has sought and found the elk and the grizzly in their strongholds of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas; the antelope and buffalo, when "in miles and in millions" they crowded the plains of Montana and Wyoming, often heard the sound of his rifle. And on one still moonlight night such as he has attempted to describe he wandered alone along the banks of the Galatin and watched a pair of beavers swimming about in a still bend in the river; the black spot was much larger, the wake far more imposing, and all the accessories seemed much the same; but it failed utterly to bring back the keenly thrilling sensations that filled the boy's breast on the banks of that old canal.

Perhaps it was because the black dog with the complicated pedigree was absent. Perhaps the change was in the boy himself. Who can tell? FORKED DEER.

CALIFORNIA.

Letters to a Chum.—IV.

(*Concluded from page 342.*)

THE following day we spent in fishing with fair success. That is to say, I caught six trout and four grayling. I have read about two men catching 250 trout in one day, and getting well roasted for it, too; but they must have been different trout from the ones we caught. It takes time and patience to catch trout. They are cute and shy. The big ones, which were the kind I wanted, were most likely to be found in deep water under the shade of the overhanging willows, and in dark and difficult places. Once they see you, they will not bite your hook. One has to keep out of sight and make long casts in order to catch them at all, and one has to have a suitable outfit. The smaller the line the better, as they are not so likely to see it and get scared. And to throw a light line successfully requires a slender, delicate pole. When you have a three-pounder hooked on such an outfit there is "something doing." You can't pull him right in as you would a bullhead. He won't come. If you could get him on to a hog hook and a sash cord you might do it. But with a fly-casting outfit, if one uses too much muscle, he loses his fish. As I said before, it takes time to catch big trout, but it is time well spent. I believe I once heard you say you would rather shoot at a duck and miss than to catch a cargo of fish, so I take it that you are not deeply interested in the subject. I will cut it out.

The river we were on was for the most part a rushing, roaring torrent, but there was a stretch of it below camp about a mile long, where it ran through a sort of marsh, or swamp, that was dead water, deep and wide. It was next to impossible to get through the tangle of brush and nettles that grew in that swamp. Such a bed of nettles I never saw elsewhere, many of them six and seven feet high, and they will slap across one's face and eyes in the most aggravating manner at unexpected moments, and leave a sting behind that is not soon forgotten. These nettles grow among a kind of bush or willow whose branches are tangled and interlaced together in a very discouraging manner.

In this stretch of dead water there were many young mallards. Some of them could fly, and some could not. It was very amusing to watch them on the water when once one had forced a way through to the water. The open season had not yet begun for ducks in that State, and I never attempted to shoot any of them, though they were tempting enough.

There were many deer and bear tracks in that swamp, but it was impossible to hunt in there successfully. Once I nearly stepped on a fawn in there and only got a glimpse of him. One bound took him out of sight. When the sun had gone behind the mountain in the evening, by watching closely with the field glasses, one could see deer come out of the swamp and bushes and stand in the open looking the ground over. Nothing but does and fawns ever did this. An occasional buck might be seen, but he would act differently. He would stand on the edge of the brush and look around, then he would dart across on a keen jump and never stop until he was under cover again. I am unable to account for this unless it is that the law protects all deer without horns at all times—only bucks may be killed in the open season. I soon found out that a buck was a mighty cute and smart animal, but it is hardly to be expected that they should be posted on law. Be this as it may, I never saw a buck stand out in the open, and I did see does do so many times.

In the mountain range to the east of us there was one peak much higher than the surrounding ones that I concluded to take a look at. It looked about two miles away, but Lem said it was nearer fifteen miles. Taking an early start one bright morning I set out for the top of it on horseback. The horse took me safely for about two-thirds of the distance, then it became too steep for him, so leaving him in a grassy glade I went on on foot. It makes me tired yet to think of that climb. I will not weary you with the details of it. At the top there was a rim rock that stood about perpendicular, and I had to look a long time before I found a place where I could scale it. When I got up there I found there was still more climbing to do and more rim rocks to scale.

To cut it short, at about 2 P. M., I reached the very top, and had a splendid view, which I was unable to enjoy. When I got up there I was perspiring freely, having come up on the sunny side, and out of the wind, but on the top a keen wind was blowing that went through my light clothing like a knife. I was taken with a fit of coughing, my nose began to bleed, and I spit blood. I was so dizzy I could hardly stand. I stayed about three minutes up there, then started back.

It was a bleak, desolate place, nothing but sharp, rough rock that looked as if it had been roasted until it was shattered, and in some places it appeared to have been melted. I believe that mountain to be just a big pile of black lava.

I went back much faster than I had gone up, and as soon as I got off the top I felt all right again. I found my horse where I had left him and got back to camp just at dark, feeling about as tired and hungry as I ever did in my life. I brought back eleven mountain grouse and saw two deer. I had a splendid shot at both deer, but as they had no horns I did not molest them.

Supper was waiting for me—broiled venison steak, fried mountain trout, fried young grouse, baked potatoes and hot biscuit, and strong tea. Ye gods and little fishes! Stop a moment, my friend, and think what that supper meant to me after that trip.

We certainly lived on the fat of the land in God's country. After supper, pipe and yarns. Ah me! Those were good days! My soul longs for more of them!

Lem informed me that the blow-flies had got at our venison and spoiled the most of it, and that there was a thick green mould on some of it from being in so damp a place. In a sneaking way I was glad to hear this bit of news. Now I could go deer hunting again in earnest. The following morning found us all mounted and ready for a hunt. We took a new direction this time, going west. It was a long hard climb for about two hours up to a point where Lem said we might expect to find a big buck. To the east the view was magnificent, but I cannot stop now to tell you about it.

We all dismounted and turned the horses loose. All the rest of the party sat down on the grass to enjoy the view; but I was out for blood. I wanted another buck. I do not understand this wild desire that comes over one to take the life of some innocent and harmless animal. I know I am not naturally cruel. I hate to see suffering. I would not willingly hurt a fly, nor wantonly destroy any of God's creatures, yet I have that insane desire to shoot and kill. I do not understand myself.

I once found a muskrat caught in a steel trap on the bank of a stream. The poor little fellow was suffering horribly. Both hind feet were in the trap and he was entirely helpless, just dragging the trap and himself around by the front feet. "You poor little cuss," I thought, "I'll soon get you out of that," and I went up to him to open the trap and let him out. The moment I touched the trap to liberate him, he twisted around to my hand and set his teeth through one of my fingers. My sympathy must have been pretty thin, for I grabbed a handy club and pounded him to mince meat.

I think it cruel to set a trap for any animal, and I am resolved never to do it. I would not step on a worm, but I would do my utmost to kill a deer, and then feel sorry afterward. It takes up the most of my time trying to make amends for what I do the rest of the time. A man is a strange creature; I do not understand him.

But enough of moralizing. On to the hunt. I kept on up the mountain through a grove of quaking aspen, then up through a tangle of bushes and rocks. Deer tracks were numerous and I expected to see a deer at any moment. I came out at the top of a ridge and stood at the apex of a long steep slant to the south, covered with bushes. I could look over a thousand acres of ground, but no game was in sight. I loosened a big round boulder that lay handy and rolled it down the hill. Away it went at express speed, bounding and skipping along, mowing down the bushes, and making a big racket, while I watched for something to run. Nothing there, so I went on. Farther on I came to a miniature lake of clear cold water away up there. Old logs were criss-crossed around it, and a covey of mountain grouse stood around on the ground looking as solemn and wise as a flock of owls. These birds are the tamest wild things I ever saw, and the best eating of any game bird I know of. I was after bigger game then and did not want to shot until I saw something worth while.

On the far side of the lake 100 yards away, was a dense green pine forest of magnificent timber. Great big trees that had never heard the sound of an ax. In here I was in fairy land again. Here was animal life in profusion—birds and squirrels, hawks, eagles, magpies, jays—the flit of wings everywhere—and I never saw squirrels so thick, or so noisy, or so small. In telling Lem of them later he called them "rock squirrels and not much good." Deer tracks were thick and big. I felt that I had found an ideal spot for sport. The ground was almost level on that portion. The shade was deep and refreshing after the hot sunshine of the open. A five-minute walk brought me to a little open glade, where the sun shone brightly on a half acre of wild flowers entirely surrounded by a heavy dark green forest. When I saw this glade ahead of me I expected to find a deer in it, and I approached and looked it over carefully, but it was empty. So I went on across it and entered the forest on the other side. Ten steps from the open I jumped a buck. He was lying down. I heard him get up. Heard his bones crack, or something, just as they always do. Once you have heard a deer get up off the ground you will never confuse it with any other sound.

I soon got my eye on him through an opening between the trees, and I saw that he had big horns. I carried my gun all ready for quick work, loaded, cocked and at present. When I first got my eye on the buck he was swinging his head around, looking for what had disturbed his rest, and he got his eye on me at just about the instant I saw him. I could see only a small part of him—one horn and part of his shoulder—between the trees. The moment he saw me he was off like a flash. The moment I saw him I raised my gun and fired a snap shot. I dared not take time to look for the sights. I knew it was then or never. I really could not tell whether he had beaten my bullet or not. I feared he had. He started off toward the little opening behind me that I had just crossed, swinging in the direction he had started. I saw a little opening between the trees where I could see out to the sunshine in the little glade. I covered this with my rifle, and in a moment I saw a yellow streak flit across and I fired at it. Then I worked the lever and turned to the next opening ahead of him, but had to wait a couple of seconds before he flitted by, then I fired again. I did this the third time, then I saw him no more. He didn't seem to be going so very fast or he would have gotten away before I could shoot at him so many times.

I thought he must be hit, at least I hoped he was, but could not tell. I hurried back to the glade and looked around. Nothing there. Then I went up to the place where I had first seen him. Here there were plenty of signs. Where he had made the first jump he had evidently fallen flat and there was blood on the ground. The next leap was a long one, and here again he had fallen, and left more blood. It was easy to trail him, for at each jump he had fallen and scratched around getting up. He seemed to have made very long leaps, but lit on his head every time.

As I was following the trail I suddenly heard a noise around to my left. Glancing in that direction I saw him standing on his hind legs and nose. Then he made another of those long leaps without getting on his front feet at all. While he was in the air I took another snap shot and hit him by the side of his tail. Then he lay still, and I ran down there. As I came up to him he swung his head over and gave me the most pitiful look out of his big liquid eyes and groaned.

Clark, that look haunts me yet. I felt like changing places with the poor thing. If he had gotten up and tried to fight me I should have felt all right. Or, if he had done something to deserve such treatment, there would have been some excuse for me. I said to myself, "We needed meat. Bah, a flimsy excuse; we could have gotten along without it." As plainly as animal eyes can talk, he said to me, "How could you be so cruel?" I don't know but what he hurt me as badly as I did him, only in a different way, and it lasts longer. Sometimes I think I am getting to be a chicken-hearted fool; and then, again, I think that it is right. That we have no right to hurt any of God's creatures; that they are not harming us. Hi ho, this question is too big for me. I shall never solve it. A thousand times since that I have wished that I had found no deer that day; and a thousand times have I looked with pride on that deer's head, where it hangs on my wall, and thought of the good shooting, under difficulties, that I did that day.

Well, I cut his throat with my hunting knife, and then looked to see where I had hit him. Altogether I had fired five shots at him, and there they all were, as plain as day. They were not well placed, but all had found the mark. One shoulder was crushed (my first shot, I think). One front leg was broken in two places, and the other front foot and four inches of the leg were gone entirely. I had shot too low, but I had hit every time. There is satisfaction in that.

Then I went out to the edge of the timber, and making a trumpet of my hands, I let a "Halloo" that went echoing around and around in the still air. In a moment I had an answer, away down there, seemingly half way down the mountain side, and in twenty or thirty minutes Lem was with me with the gray horse. Lem said that they had heard my first shots, bang—bang—bang—bang—and had listened to hear my call for a horse. When this did not come as soon as he thought it ought, he had told the girls he thought I had missed. Then came my last shot, and he knew in a moment just what had happened. He told the girls that I'd got him, and he jumped on his horse and was well on his way up to me when he heard my call.

We dressed the deer. Then went to look at the place where I had shot him. Along the trail we found the missing front foot. The bullet had evidently hit the bone fairly and cut off the cords or some of them, then in making a leap he had caught the severed part under a root and jerked it off. Lem said it was a wonder I had hit him at all in the place I had to shoot through. I did not tell him that I was a "crack" on wing shooting, which, I believe, I might have done with some truth.

Be that as it may, I am proud of the work I did that day with my Savage, and only sorry that I did not hit his heart the first shot.

Now, old friend, I think I've told you enough of this hunt to make you want to go with me next time I go to that place, which will be next August, if the Lord is willing.

Wishing you prosperity and happiness, I am always,

Yours truly,

RICHARD A. PADDOCK.

Natural History.

The Wild Pigeons.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I once kept a diary. It was only a business sort of a diary—just a few jottings each day—a record of things and events most important to me. But I had kept it for years and would give much if I had continued it. It runs up to the time of the Chicago fire!

Then it had to stop for a time. Events were too many and too important to be recorded. This time was prolonged and the leisure time to write it up never came. So ended my diary.

I used to take no end of pleasure in the stories and discussions of the brethren of the goodly fellowship of FOREST AND STREAM, and used to "chip in" now and then with an observation of my own, and humbly hoped I might, in a small way, be entitled to call myself one of them.

Then came a time—a year and a half ago—when circumstances called me to start on a long, long journey, which resulted in taking me around the globe—giving me experiences in many lands, including the Hawaiian Islands, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, the Malay Peninsula and India.

I thought that surely all this would furnish me many an observation and adventure worth offering to my brethren of FOREST AND STREAM.

But it was "Chicago fire" over again. There was too much to write—an embarrassment of riches—and from the time my steamer carried me west from the Golden Gate, till by going ever westward, I sailed up Boston Harbor and sighted the blessed old gilded dome of the State House, and until now, I have never found it possible to relieve my spirit by sending you a word.

Worst of all, by some oversight, my file of FOREST AND STREAM was not forwarded to me, and I found them, a tall pile on the top of my desk, when I returned—enticing, but impossible—and absolutely untouched, even yet.

But who could resist the stimulus of your recent issues to take a hand again? Every number and almost every page is a challenge. Sometime I do still hope to tell a few things and to propound a few conundrums which came to me in those marvelous lands, where I longed as never before, for more naturalistic lore and for some of the "goodly fellowship" to enjoy and experience with me.

A vast amount of hunting and fishing I did, but it was mainly of the kind that is done from car window and from the bridge or bow of a steamer, or from the cab of an engine. If any one thinks that is unfruitful sport and unworthy of record, I hope some day to convice him to the contrary.

But just now I want to be permitted to pay my tribute to that most magnificent performance—"Photographing the Wild Turkey"—by Charles L. Jordan, in your Christmas number. It was as modestly as fascinatingly told, but, gentlemen, what a performance was that!

His quest, begun as far back as 1878, and continued in various ways and places till the final grand campaign, beginning in November, 1899, and continued with absolute devotion, with exception of but one single day, for six months! And with what a result! A liberal collection of the finest and rarest photographs in the world, with which he can take all the world into his confidence—worth endless pages of descriptions, be they never so well done, and better than all other possible trophies—tail feathers or wings or beards or actual skins, and secured for all time and for all scrap books of the lovers of the wild and fine in all the world.

I would rather have that collection of photographs —that "turkey gallery"—than anything of the kind I can think of, and I would pride myself more on having taken one of them myself than on the best and luckiest shot I ever made with rifle; and who has not at some time or other made at least a shot or two over which he is inclined to hug himself?

I have wanted to take a hand in several of the late discussions. I wanted to help "do up" Didymus and add my testimony about squirrel migrations. But he seems to have been sufficiently attended to.

The perennial question of the disappearance of the passenger pigeon, however, I cannot let pass without a word. I have seen (unfortunately, I cannot now tell where—perhaps in your own columns) the suggestion that a vast extinguishment of pigeons took place in the Gulf of Mexico—the great flight having been caught in migration by a terrible storm, and the birds being drowned by myriads. This was the statement that ship masters reported sailing for miles over the sea—the surface of which was covered by the bodies of the birds.

Now there are many things which, to me, make this story interesting. Numerous instances are on record of a species being nearly or quite exterminated by some cataclysm of nature—some change of conditions before which a species is helpless.

It is but a few years ago that we were lamenting the destruction of nearly all the bluebirds by an untimely and tremendous freeze in the Southern States, whither the birds had migrated, and they are only just beginning to grow plentiful again in the North in the spring.

Some years ago a new deep-sea food fish, the "tile fish," was discovered in the Atlantic, and great preparations were made to fish the new locality and make avail of this new source of supply.

Suddenly, for some reason, the polar current invaded the haunts of the tile fish, reduced the temperature below the living point for the tile fish, and their dead bodies, unaffected by any disease, simply covered the surface of the ocean for many a league.

Again, the old order prevailed as to the temperature of the water, and slowly, coming up from the southern waters, the tile fish repopulated its old haunts. Temperature soundings assured Col. McDonald, the shrewd old Fish Commissioner, that tile fish conditions were restored, and he sent out a ship to see if the fish had not returned, and I was present at Wood's Hole when the expedition returned with one genuine tile fish, in proof of the colonel's theory. That historic fish I had the pleasure of examining.

Recent testimony has shown that wild ducks and geese may be destroyed in numbers by a gale at sea. That a great flight of pigeons might be so destroyed I have not a doubt.

The first question would be: "Did the passenger pigeon in its southern migration go south of the United States?" The second would be: "Is there any living witness to, or authentic record of, pigeon mortality in the waters of the Gulf?"

If such a thing occurred, there should be living witnesses of it—for the disappearance of the great pigeon flight was not so very long ago. Sailor folk see many strange things which never find their way into print, and it is quite conceivable to me that such a thing might have occurred in the Gulf waters and have escaped general notice or important record.

The simple fact is that the going out of the pigeon has never been satisfactorily accounted for. Not all the stories of the destruction of vast numbers by man and beast at the pigeon roosts begin to account for the numbers that were wont to assemble. Up to the last the accounts were of millions still unslaughtered. The Gulf story comes the nearest yet of anything adequate, provided, always, the species in its migration ever went so far.

Let me close with a pigeon story of my own—a modern and truthful one. Last summer I saw a flock of twenty or thirty passenger pigeons. Moreover, it was in Massachusetts! I blessed my eyes with the sight. I went more than a hundred miles to see it, for I knew they were there.

They were in the aviary of Professor Whitman, the director of the School of Natural History at Wood's Hole, and the great student of the Columbidæ.

They are hardy birds and breed well in captivity. They were raised from a pair or two obtained some years ago from an Indian in Wisconsin. These few birds are the only ones known to me to be in existence of the species that delighted my boyhood and which covered nearly the whole continent.

It was a sight that thrilled me, and I couldn't look at them long enough. By their aid I could bring to my mind the hurtling wings and swift rush of the hosts as I knew them once.

I wish that a dozen, and then a hundred, and then a thousand lovers of the pigeon would, as fast as possible, get pairs of these birds and carefully protect them till numbers could be liberated all over the country, and so the species be preserved to the world.

C. H. AMES.

BOSTON, Mass., April 27.

"Intelligence of Wild Things."

Editor Forest and Stream:

And so it is the intelligence of wild things that is causing the wheels to gyrate once more. I have never read John Burroughs, but I shall since reading Hermit's criticisms of him. He seems quite sensible at all points quoted by Hermit.

How much of the intelligence that it is necessary for bird or animal to maintain life is taught by the parent bird or animal? None. The young learn some things by observation, but the mother never teaches in any sense of the word. We have chickens that were taken from under the hen as soon as they were out of the shell. Drop a crumb before them and they pick it up; that is the first and they do it very naturally. A bird flies by outside the window and with a warning note they squat and "freeze," as Seton Thompson puts it. A hat thrown across the room produces the same result. The mother never taught them that, as she is still on the nest hatching the rest of the eggs.

All our chickens were isolated when young from all grown birds; the roosters crow and the hens cackle just the same as other fowl. We have a goose that was hatched under a hen and has never seen another goose, yet it calls and does all the things that other geese do. Does the old rooster teach the young to crow? No! As soon as the young rooster attempts to crow the old rooster begins to fight and drive him away. This is everyday knowledge to farm folks. With our chickens is a hen that sat on a nest of eggs that failed to hatch, yet she goes round clucking just the same as if she had a brood of young chickens. This does not look like the result of reasoning. No, she is acting according to the compelling force that is above and beyond the bird.

We once hatched five wild and five tame duck eggs under a hen. Though there was no difference at all in size or markings, we could pick every wild duck as soon as they were hatched simply because they were wild ducks. The teaching of the wild things is from a vastly higher authority than the parent.

When we want to laugh give us the new school of natural history; when we want to seriously consider the matter, give us John Burroughs, Chas. Hallock and the like, and they need a whole lot of fixing.

The greatest trouble young birds make is by trying to fly before they are able. Who has not heard a great fuss among the birds, only to find some young bird out of the nest before it is able to fly. It has, perhaps, caught on some lower branch, where it sits looking wise as an owl, but every attempt at flight brings it to a still lower branch, and the old birds can do nothing but raise a clamor and draw the attention of prowling animal or boy. The young man trained in the journalistic school who writes natural history at a day's notice is doing the same thing. He may be carried for some distance by an accidental gust, but the ground is beneath and the jolt will be the harder when it does come.

How the wolf holds its tail is another important matter. Now, while the wolves howl about us every night and keep our dogs in a perfect frenzy, we have seen comparatively few wolves and those at such distance as to be useless as a nature study. I should like to know how the student gets so close as to make a minute study of them. We have been among the wolves all our lives. We know their disappearing shadow as they fade away across the bronze hills; their howls are as the chirping of robins in the trees round about; we know how they look and act when fast in a steel trap, but closer details we could not give and be honest.

Now, here is another live question for the naturalist: Who ever heard of a mother teaching her children to tell falsehood? What mother ever taught except against all untruth? And yet how universal is the practice among men. Is this, too, a compelling force which makes us act out our nature, or is it the result of our greater reasoning power?

E. P. JAQUES.

DURHAM, Kas.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Hermit in FOREST AND STREAM's issue of April 18 criticises John Burroughs, one of our first naturalists, I feel sure that he will not object to explaining one or two of his own statements in order that some of us who are not so well informed as he in natural history matters, may understand just what he means.

He speaks of a song sparrow in his dooryard which has visited the place for fourteen years. I should like to know how he knows that it is the same song sparrow. If it can be demonstrated that the same bird has been seen for fourteen successive years, it is an extremely interesting matter as giving a fact about the age to which this species lives—a matter about which I had supposed little or nothing was known.

Incidentally I should like also to learn how Hermit knows that the sparrow is teaching "his year old boy" to sing, and also since his acquaintance with the family life of this bird is so close, why the song sparrow's wife will not consent to live in the woods. What feminine argument does she advance in favor of a life in the fields? Has not her husband sufficient force of character to induce his wife to do what he thinks would be for the family advantage?

Hermit tells us of many extraordinary things about birds and animals and I read his articles with great pleasure. But when he makes statements like those about the song sparrows, it seems to me that they should be supported by evidence which will satisfy others.

INQUIRER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the article on "False Natural History," in the April 18 FOREST AND STREAM, Hermit makes a statement which he does not explain.

He says, speaking of birds: "The young females learn nest building and how to rear a family, and the young males learn to sing. These birds learn by observation and by teaching."

How do the young females learn nest building? Do they study the position of each straw in their home nest and remember it until the following spring? They were not present to see it built, and the old birds build no sample nests for their benefit in the fall. The woodpeckers frequently excavate nesting cavities in the fall, but not for this purpose, as some species use them to spend stormy winter days in. But the song birds build no nests in the fall, and yet, on their return the following spring, these young females build their own nests and rear their own broods. They surely do not at this season wait until the old birds build to see how it is done. Who has watched a pair of birds building a nest with an audience of last year's birds perched on an adjoining limb? It seems to be the custom at this time for the builders to drive away all intruders.

He also says: "The young males learn to sing," and he says that young roosters learn to crow. I have known a young rooster that was raised in a city back yard, way beyond hearing and seeing any of his kind, yet at a certain age he began to crow and could crow as well as any other rooster.

CHRESWELL J. HUNT.

All Watches are Compasses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend points out that, in describing the mode of using a watch as a compass in your issue of March 7, there was an important omission. In your issue of March 21 your intelligent correspondent, Coahoma, kindly responded to my request and explained the rationale of the process, but the omission seems to have escaped his notice. My friend sends me the following, clipped from London Truth several years ago, from which it appears that up to noon the distance between the hour hand and twelve must be counted forward, but after noon the count must be backward:

"A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman when I expressed a wish to know which point was north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. He replied, 'All watches are compasses.' Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and south is exactly half way between the hour hand and the figure XII. on the watch, counting forward up to noon, but backward after the sun has passed the meridian. For instance: Suppose that it is eight o'clock, point the hand indicating eight to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. Suppose that it is 4 o'clock, point the hand indicating four to the sun and II. on the watch is exactly south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that, possibly, I was ignorant of a thing that everyone else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, I asked that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen."

THE OLD ANGLER.

A May Day Moving.

WYMORE, Nebraska.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the first day of May last year a moving took place at our house. We had noticed for several days that a squirrel had made two holes about twenty feet north of our cistern, in the back yard; but we saw no sign of the little trespasser until the first day of May, when we saw what we call a ground squirrel, or striped gopher, coming along the front sidewalk, with a little squirrel in her mouth and one following her. The little fellows were very little larger than a peanut. These two she deposited in one of the new holes north of the cistern, and returned to the front sidewalk and soon came again with one in her mouth and one following, but when she passed the bay window the little fellow that was following made a sneak and went in against the wall in the corner made by the bay window. The old one went on and deposited the one she was carrying and went back to the sidewalk after more. She came that time with one in her mouth and one following; and when she passed the bay window the little one that had been playing hookey came out and joined the cavalcade, and the three were deposited in the hole by the cistern. She kept this up until she had transferred thirteen from the old home to the new, and it was one of the most interesting sights that it has ever been our pleasure to witness. We at once deposited some oatmeal in two little piles near the new hole, and frequently saw nine or ten of the young ones around a pile of oatmeal, eating as though they were hungry, two or three down on all fours and five or six standing up, but we never were able to see the whole thirteen out at one time. This was witnessed by my wife and Susie, our baby, who is old enough to teach school, and both are very credible people. Why did the squirrel move her little family from the front sidewalk to the new holes near the cistern nearly 150 feet, and why did she move on the first day of May?

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

A Cow Moose and a Leaky Guide.

IT cost Mr. J. L. Mott, grandson of Jordan L. Mott, of the Mott Iron Works, $800 recently to kill a cow moose in Washington county, Maine.

It is understood that nothing was heard of the illegal killing until after Mr. Mott had left the State; then, however, his guide, while under the influence of liquor, talked about the matter, and when it came to the ears of the authorities it was not difficult to secure satisfactory evidence of the shooting.

Mr. Mott, who is a Harvard student, was at Cambridge last fall when a representative of the Game Commission visited him there, bearing a warrant for his arrest for the offense. Owing to the illness of a member of the family no effort was made at the time for his extradition. Recently Mr. Mott, through his counsel, entered a plea of *nolo contendere* to the charge, and was let off with a payment of $500 as a fine and costs amounting to $300.

The animals killed are said to have been a cow and calf moose, and the penalty prescribed by the statute is a fine of not less than $500 and not more than $1,000 or imprisonment for not more than four months. It is thus seen that Mr. Mott escaped with the lightest possible penalty; yet even so, cow moose come high.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Craig's Meadowlarks.

OMAHA, Nebraska, April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rev. Robert E. Lee Craig, Rector of Trinity Cathedral, arrived home this morning from the sandhills, and calling at his home I had a talk with him about his arrest out in Thomas county for shooting meadowlarks. He said that the telegraphic story of the regretted occurrence, while true in the main, was inaccurate in detail.

"I was entirely innocent," said he, "of the fact that I was violating any game law of the State when I shot those birds on my recent hunt in the sandhills near Thedford. Back in Virginia I have been killing larks ever since I was ten years old, and in Kentucky they are not protected by the law at all. Coming in from the ranch of my host, Mr. Yates, out in Cherry county, about thirty miles from Thedford, which is in Thomas county, I amused myself by breaking the monotony of the journey shooting meadowlarks. I bagged twenty of them, mostly in Cherry county. When I got into Thedford I went to the depot carrying my birds, tied with a string in full view of every one, and on arriving at the station I threw them down on the platform where they lay for one hour and a half. In the meantime some malicious person informed the sheriff that I had these birds and he came to the depot and sat there talking with me until train time, and when I picked up my birds to get aboard he arrested me. He took me before the justice of the peace, where I was arraigned by the county attorney on a charge of killing song birds. The attorney read the statute, which imposes a fine of $5 a bird, and the court fined me $111—$110 for the 22 larks killed and $1 for the gallant sheriff. I pleaded not guilty, insisting that I was innocent of having violated the law, and furthermore the larks in my possession were killed in Cherry county, over which the authorities of Thomas county had no control. This was met with the reply that ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law, and the fact that I had the birds in my possession was all he cared about. He then said that I must pay the fine and costs at once or give bonds for my appearance at the next session of the county court, May 8, which I did in the sum of $500. My gun was confiscated by the sheriff, who pleasantly informed me that it would be sold to the highest bidder inside of ten days, but if it is, that sheriff's bondsmen will find a healthy damage suit on their hands. I have engaged the very best legal talent in Omaha to manage the settlement of this regrettable difficulty and the law will be tested to the utmost."

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Duck Hunt at Lost Island

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., April 28.—It was Pete and Sam, Fritz and Charley who left Marshalltown one evening this spring en route to the shack at Ruthven, Iowa, where Trumbull, Mud and Lost Island lakes unite to form a triune paradise for duck shooters—when there are ducks. The impedimenta of the party consisted of general sportsman's duffle, guns, gum boots, shells, etc., to which in this case were added a full food supply and a fat Swede cook of repute in the toothsome and digestible preparation of genus anas to its legitimate end. Boats and other necessary paraphernalia remain at the shack from year's end to year's end, and have for the past twenty years.

Of the occupations of the party: Pete is a furniture dealer, fair, forty and single, with a voice like an evening bird song when addressing a lady or dealing with a customer. Sam, who profits from hides, wool and petroleum. His great grand something or other fit into the Revolution and commanded the Constitution or Constellation or some other American frigate of renown in some of the sea fights that have been posted in full sheets on the billboard of history. Charley sells everything to smoke, from a six inch section of rope to Havanas at a dollar a throw. These three are crack shots in the field or at trap. Then there was Fritz, last year a neophyte, to whom forcible adjuration and criticism of an adverse, and at times profane, character had been necessary in order to remind him that a gun was made to shoot and he placed to discharge it when a bunch of bluebills swooped down to the decoys. Last year Mr. Winkle might have given him cards and spades. This year Mr. Tupman or even the long game keeper himself, might have felt proud of his performance. As a managing editor he sees that his subordinates make a mighty good daily newspaper. That was the personnel of the party. Lew had intended to make one but took typhoid and shot what few ducks he got this spring in his fever dreams. And, in passing, it might be noted that dream shooting beats spring shooting—in one way, at any rate.

Once at the shack shooting dragged. It came on cold; the ice stayed in the lakes and the ducks hiked south. Some ducks were secured over the decoys, but shooting in general was unsatisfactory. Charley left for home satisfied that life is too short to wait for a spring breakup when so many and varying interests demanded his presence at home. Pete, Fritz and Sam stuck it out.

Still the ducks were slow in coming. They took up their decoys and moved to a neighboring situation that proved no better. Another party preempted the place they had vacated and when they returned they found the squatters in possession. Then the ducks came and they had the gratification of seeing the newcomers gather 70 to 100 ducks daily over the decoys set where theirs had been a day or so previous. The boys watched the shooting and mumbled language that would cost money if used on the public street.

Over several miles distant from the shack were ponds where the ducks were rising, to judge by the clouds of birds making toward them daily. Fritz and Sam teased Pete to make a trip to Cheseponds in hope of a good day's sport. Not by a participled sight Pete wouldn't go. He had shot ducks within sight of the shack for twenty years and wasn't going out into the world after trouble at this late day. Sam and Fritz went, however. They subsidized a Norwegian lad to hunt one of the ponds while they watched their decoys at the other. The birds came in fast and the shooting was furious if not always to center. The shells gave out and Fritz walked two miles to a farm house and secured by purchase eighteen more. When these had been used each had killed to the legal limit and they started on the six-mile trip in return. But they had ducks, bluebills and redheads galore, with an occasional canvasback showing grandly among its more plebeian brethren. Sam was happier than the old admiral had ever been over his own peculiar aquatic successes. Fritz was speechless.

Arrived at the shack Pete met them. He'd killed a poor quarter dozen and was in that condition yclept "sore" in the vernacular. They threw the ducks at him and upon him and over him and Pete simply stood and gazed with an occasional mild (?) exclamatory remark as the situation became more pronounced. When the last one was unloaded, "Well," said Pete, "by J—inks! you did get 'em." But Pete was "sore" and ready and willing for trouble. Had he been in the place of his illustrious Hebrew namesake who grew "sore" on a memorable Biblical occasion and cut off a Roman ear, our Pete would have annihilated a Roman battalion. *Tempora mutantur,* Pete simply smoked at the ceiling and raged inwardly.

The party had set the following day as the date of leaving. Pete's meditations ran strongly on this phase of the situation. He wanted to stay, but wanted the others to make the proposition. They sat silent or together reviewed the day's shooting. Pete's cigar grew short. He heaved a sigh and said lugubriously, "I would like to have one day of decent sport." Then the others howled, and a trip to the ponds was arranged instanter. Next morning they went.

Some future time the tale of Pete's performances upon that memorable day will be decreed as traditionary and received with incredulity. At present they are authentic history duly attested by Sam and Fritz. Stretched at full length on a haystack in the middle of the pond Pete raged like Achilles. Singles, double far out or close in, melted down at the crack of his gun. Flocks paid a toll of three or four. Fast or slow he took them all in with an aim unerring as fate. Between flights he danced madly on his mound of hay with the grace and vigor of a whirling dervish. Bluebills flocked in like a streak of summer lightning, stopped suddenly and stayed. A small duck came like an arrow low over the stack. Ten feet away Pete dropped the head of the duck on one side of the stack and its body on the other. Bird after bird without a miss, while the others on the outskirts picked up stragglers. It was fierce and altogether satisfying. Altogether the three went back to the shack with sixty-eight ducks as the day's bag, hungry, tired but happy and ready to go home on the morrow. Next year—perhaps we will have a law against spring shooting in Iowa.

MOS.

A Proposed Massachusetts Preserve.

IF the present plans of some of the leading members of the Grafton Country Club are carried out, the name of Frank Forester, who has done more than any other man to inspire Americans with a love of sport in wood and field, will be perpetuated in a most appropriate manner. The idea is to have an immense game preserve extending over nearly fifteen square miles, and to be known as the Forester Club.

There has been a movement on foot for the last two years among certain members of the Grafton Country Club to purchase the Brainey property, which is south of the club, the purpose of which would be to unite the Brainey property, the Grafton Country Club, the Red Farm, the town farm, Woodland, Lordvale, Edgewood, Potter Hill and Elmwood into a large game preserve.

The above comprises some 3,000 acres, and adjoining the above property on the north, about Doherty Pond, there is a large quantity of woodland which is especially desirable for cover for partridges, and on the south the Crosby farm, and about the Fitzpatrick property and the House Rock a large amount of open land, which is well known as the best quail ground in or about Worcester. This all makes up a total of some 10,000 acres.

Those interested in the welfare of the club secured an option on the property, and in the past three days papers have been passed, so that the ownership of the Brainey property is now vested in the newly founded Forester Club.

The ownership of the club is divided into a certain number of shares of $100 each, and that the same will be a success will be easily seen from the fact that the following gentlemen have come forward freely and interested themselves by subscribing for the stock: P. W. Moen, Eben Draper, of Hopedale; H. T. Whitin, of Whitinsville; Randolph Crompton, of Worcester; Charles S. Barton, William Marcy, Chester Lasell, of Whitinsville; H. W. Wyman, Charles Crompton, George Crompton, George B. Inches, of Grafton; Samuel Colton, of Millbury; Harry W. Smith and William B. Schofield, of Worcester, and Marston Whitin, of Whitinsville.

A meeting of the club will shortly be held, when a committee will be chosen to take charge of the interest of the club, which will, of course, include the hiring of a suitable game keeper to look after the property and arrange as to purchase of quail, pheasants, hares, etc.—Boston Herald, May 1.

Where Tired Trap Shots May Build Up.

DUNBARTON, N. H., May 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How the readers of FOREST AND STREAM do respond to things pertaining to fish and game. The day following my receipt of FOREST AND STREAM containing my account of our New Found Lake fishing trip, I received a letter from a well-known trap shooting expert. The latter writes: "I am run down and tired out shooting at targets. I now want a rest and building up. Can't you tell me of some place to go where I can catch some brook trout and also gain some pounds in weight?" I have written this tired expert and advised his going to the headwaters of Mad River in Waterville, N. H. He ought to catch some small trout; he will surely gain in both weight and health if he has not passed the point where it is possible for improvement. Waterville is an ideal spot in the Granite State. When you get there you have reached the end of the road. If you cannot pick up there your case is hopeless.

C. M. STARK.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A May Fishing Trip.

SURELY there is nothing more invigorating, more life-giving to both body and soul than fly-fishing for the gamy trout in the cool, sweet days of May. There are still some places where the hopes and ambition of an angler's heart may be gratified, and among these few chosen regions are the Adirondack Mountains. Exquisite scenery, clear rippling streams, shady pools and blue, placid lakes more than add to the charm of casting a fly for the speckled trout in this region. With these visions of the pleasures and delights of a spring fishing trip to the North Woods, it was small wonder when the Veteran proposed we should sojourn to the woods for a few days' outing.

Preparations were soon made, and our sections engaged on the Montreal express for the night of May 10. We were to reach our destination at an early hour of the morning, and the Veteran decided the best plan would be to take our breakfast with us and eat it at the station before driving seven and a half miles through the woods to the lake, for if the morning was cold such a drive on an empty stomach would hardly prove pleasant. The Veteran therefore told Al (who is his right-hand man and always accompanies us on such trips) to buy a coffee pot with cups, spoons, etc., and in fact everything which would supply us with a good meal.

Finally the day for our departure arrived, and a quarter past eight found us at the station waiting for the train that would carry us to the heart of the North Woods. A sharp, clear whistle and with puffing and panting the huge express rumbled in. Another minute and I landed safely on the platform, when, to my surprise and dismay, we commenced to move out of the station without giving the Veteran or Al a moment in which to board the train. Suddenly I perceived the latter, loaded with bags and bundles, scrambling up the steps, and heard the Veteran say sharply: "Hurry up, Al, for goodness sake or we'll get left!" Al managed to reach the platform and the Veteran followed close behiend. "If I had jumped on first," said the Veteran, "do you know where Al would have been now? At the station with most of our belongings. Fortunately I managed to get him started and kept him going."

We turned in about ten o'clock, and, lulled by the rocking motion of the car, I soon was in dreamland. Somewhere near four o'clock I awoke, and lifting the curtain peered out of the window. Never will I forget the beautiful scene that met my gaze. We were passing a marshy piece of ground overhung by a white, quivering fog, which stretched toward the east and was met by a dark line of woods. The sharp points of the spruce and tamarack trees stood out black and clearly defined against the pale, bluish-green sky, and suspended just over their tops, glittering and silvery, hung Venus, the morning star.

As we skimmed smoothly along another exquisite vista presented itself to the gaze. We had reached a more elevated region and for miles in every direction stretched the forest in undulating hills met by mountain ranges. To the northeast, nestling amid the brown and green of the hills, lay Big Moose Lake, overhung with white, misty clouds, which caught and reflected the color of the sky above. Gradually the rosy tinges deepened until the long golden rays of the sun appeared above the wood-clad mountain.

"Fulton Chain," said the porter. "Time to get up." My dressing was quickly accomplished in the pure, cold air which flowed through the car from the open ventilators, and in a short time we were all together on the platform waiting as the train slowed down and finally drew in at the little station.

The keen, crisp air smote our cheeks as we stepped off the car, filling every chink and crevice of the lungs with life-giving ozone, and the first sound that greeted our ears, as the noise of the train died away in the distance, was the clear, mellow note of a white-throated sparrow.

We found a good fire going in the station, and a man awaiting our arrival. The ground was hard with a heavy frost, and the cold air quickened one's appetite immensely, so when the Veteran said, "Come, come, Al, get breakfast ready!" the words sounded most welcome and agreeable.

Al commenced undoing the package which contained our morning meal, when suddenly he looked up with a dismayed and chagrined expression.

"What's the matter?" asked the Veteran.

"The eggs," he answered, dismally. "I forgot the eggs."

"Just as I supposed," said the Veteran, laughing. "You are a nice one! Now all we have for breakfast is coffee and toast. A little more, though, and you would have been left with the eggs."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Al, disconsolately, and as this is his favorite expression when disturbed, the egg episode caused us not a little fun and amusement at his expense.

The Veteran then proceeded to make the coffee. Well, the thought of it even now makes my mouth water, and a cup of this beverage, combined with a hot piece of buttered toast, more than appeased our hunger. The repast finished, a big strong team of grays drove up with the three-seated wagon, and we were soon ready for the drive to the lake.

The woods, stripped of every leaf, for as yet the buds were scarcely visible, appeared very different from the summer season, and were brown, open and sunny, the gray trunks of the trees standing out distinctly, especially those of the smooth, stately beeches.

Suddenly a fox darted across the road ahead of the wagon, and later we caught a glimpse of a deer running

through the woods. An occasional bluejay screamed overhead high up among the bare branches, and now and again a white-throated sparrow whistled sweetly. Except for these sounds all was silent in the great forest, and how delicious was the quiet and solitude after the noise of the train. Only those who love the woods can experience the sensation of peace and rest that steals over one on leaving the turmoil of the civilized world and entering the wilderness.

A brisk drive of an hour or more over the hard frosty road and we saw the blue waters of the lake glimmering through the trees. Another minute and we were shaking hands with all our old friends once again. The lake appeared even more beautiful than ever, with its closely wooded mountains sloping down to the shore, and the bare rock on old Baldy glistening in the sunshine. Trout, omelet and pancakes quickly relieved that gnawing feeling, for Al had taken possession of the kitchen, and soon prepared a royal breakfast, and thus redeemed himself greatly for the loss of the eggs.

The following morning dawned clear and cool, with a snap and sparkle in the keen mountain air. The Veteran decided West Pond would be the best place for us to try first, so about ten o'clock Wallace (one of the men) had our traps ready, and we, with rod in hand and fly-book in our pocket, started out for our first fishing expedition of the season.

This sheet of water lay a mile from the camp, and was reached by a lovely path winding through the woods. Just as we left the clearing and entered on the old carry, a fine buck leaped out from the side of the path and stood not thirty yards away, with head erect, gazing defiantly at us. His horns were commencing to show and he evidently was in prime condition. With the bright woods as a background and the smooth trunks of the trees as a frame, he afforded a most beautiful picture of wild life.

We soon reached the pond, which stretched out before us like a big sapphire. The lake is about a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, with two sloping ridges meeting at the lower end and a large marsh bordering the shore. Beside its beauty it is very wild and secluded, a place designed to delight the heart of sportsman or angler. The boat in readiness, we were soon skimming over the smooth surface, propelled by a skillful hand and paddle, and bound for the lower end of the pond.

The Veteran, who had been arranging his flies and leader on the way down, cast first, toward the shore near an old moss-covered log. Two or three times the well-directed flies struck the water and floated life-like for a second or two. Then, with a rush and swirl, a lusty trout jumped for the tail fly. A quick turn of the Veteran's wrist and he was fastened on the hook, struggling and rushing here and there in his effort to break away. He fought gamely for several minutes, when the net was slipped gently under him and our first *Salvelinus fontinalis* of the season lay flopping in the boat. He was a beauty, with bright gold sides dashed with crimson spots and an olive-green back; he weighed about a pound or more. Wallace continued to paddle us slowly around the lower end of the pond, fifty or sixty feet from the shore, so that we could cast under the bank or very near to it.

The fish were rising well. Some were missed, these mostly by myself, and many were hooked and brought to net. Nearing the marsh we turned and skirted across the pond, casting in by the grass and rushes, where the water was quite shallow. Here the Veteran had a splendid strike from evidently a large fish, but, much to our sorrow, after fighting hard several minutes, he carried off all the flies and part of the leader in one last desperate rush for liberty. However, another speckled beauty soon replaced the loss and landed safely in the basket. Once, letting the flies drop near a fallen tree partly submerged, a nice trout made a vicious lunge at the middle fly, and failing to strike quick enough I missed him. I cast immediately near the same place and he rose splendidly again, this time with success. The tip of the rod bent under his quick, savage plunges and strong rushes. This was the largest fish I had hooked up to this time, and the pleasure and excitement of the moment were intense, for he played gamely until landed.

The delights and fascinations of such fishing are unbounded, and as we whipped the water with our flies and gazed upon the wild, enchanting scenery surrounding us, one fully realized the pleasures of angling.

The morning flew by, and it was three o'clock before we paddled up the lake to the landing. Our catch consisted of twenty-one fine trout, plump and fat, varying from ten ounces up to a pound in weight. Certainly our first day's fishing had turned out well, and we returned to camp satisfied and contented.

The following afternoon found us off in a slim guide boat with rods and tackle, our destination the inlet. To those who love nature in wild primitive beauty, this stream is a veritable paradise. Moving slowly along on its winding path, and casting our flies on the mirror-like surface of the water, we could enjoy to the full the wild, exquisite scenery.

To the south stretched a grassy marsh, thickly covered with young pine, spruce and hemlock trees, and so close together did they grow that as one looked over them they appeared like a miniature forest, while beyond lay a ridge of undulating hills.

On the north side the grass and alder bushes grew close along the water's edge, with here and there a bed of fresh green moss festooning the bank, and the trees were larger, blending into the woods very near the shore, so as we floated along one now and then would catch a glimpse into the dark cathedral-like forest. The woods here rose into a small mountain, whose summit is a mass of glistening rock sparsely covered with poplar and birch saplings. Toward the northeast towered another mountain, its sides heavily clad in soft green timber standing tall and majestic against the bright sky.

The banks bordering the stream were thick with bushes decked with a pretty little pink flower, and the buds on the trees just about to burst were tinged in soft yellow and green, while here and there nestled a brilliant rose-colored shadberry bush. A sweet spicy aroma filled the air from the tamarack, spruce and balsam trees, and the jays flitted about overhead uttering their harsh cry, intermingled with their more pleasing bell-like note. A flock of blackbirds chattered noisily in a clump of alder bushes, and a cock-of-the-woods rattled and hammered on a neighboring stump. But above all rang out the clear, wild ethereal song of a hermit thrush, as he sat in some dark recess of the shadowy woods pouring forth pure liquid notes. He is a true wood bird, and loves only silence and solitude.

It was while gazing on the lovely scene that lay about us that my reverie was suddenly aroused by hearing the Veteran ejaculate, "Just look at that fish's head! It's as big as a woodchuck's!" and hastily looking toward where his flies floated and danced on the water, I perceived a dark object emerge from the glassy surface and make a lazy grab at the flies. The line snapped back as the Veteran struck sharply, but only a rapid swirl remained to tell the tale of where probably a two-pound trout had sunk swiftly from sight. "I won't give you up just yet," said the Veteran, as he cast again in the vicinity of where the fish had disappeared. The tail fly, a brilliantly colored professor, struck the water very close to the overhanging bank, and almost immediately there was a splash, followed by a wide swirl. The line drew suddenly taut, and the fish was hooked. Several minutes of sharp fighting and he commenced to weaken, but just as Wallace was about to slip the landing net under him, he gave a quick flop, and, evading the meshes, dashed off again up stream. When he finally succumbed we discovered that he was not the "old woodchuck head" as we had supposed, but a very handsome fish of a pound and a half in weight.

"Cast over on the other side of the boat," said the Veteran, turning to me; and following his advice I dropped my flies on the opposite side. Almost instantly I was rewarded by a rush and a tug as a trout jumped and greedily seized one of the flies. With a quick turn he headed up stream, making the reel sing merrily as he took out line. Once or twice he managed to carry the line under the boat, and then I would think he was surely gone. But no, his treacherously quiet mood in a second or two would change to sudden activity, and with renewed vigor away he would go, churning and lashing the water. His pink, speckled sides gleamed and flashed as he sent showers of sparkling spray in every direction, but after five minutes' gamy fighting he gave in. Two or three final flops and he lay quivering and glistening in the net, a two-pound trout.

This, however, was only the beginning of the sport which was to follow, for the fish were coming more to the surface as the afternoon sun warmed the water, and broke around us with resounding splashes. Making a cast at one of these I missed a fine strike, for I am very much of a novice, and have a great deal to learn. Later, however, with the Veteran's advice as to where and how to cast my flies, I hooked a pair of trout at the same time that played with vim and vigor and gave me not a little fun and excitement.

A dozen beauties followed, the Veteran hooking and landing a number, while I had my full share of the sport.

Finally, when the sun had slowly sunk from sight, and the dusk of evening was gathering, our basket held nineteen trout and we decided that it was time to go home and give the fish a rest until another day.

Just as we turned down stream a pair of black ducks came scurrying around the corner, sending long, dark fleeting shadows over the glassy surface of the water. With a swish and whistle of wings they shot by, sailing higher as they came out on the lake, and finally melting into the pink glow of the sunset sky. The faint far note of a hermit thrush fell upon our ears as we glided on, and a minute later we reached the lake. Pulling the boat over the bridge we soon had all our traps arranged and were rowing for home in the twilight of the spring evening.

Many more pleasant trips followed, and the time for our departure came only too quickly.

One clear beautiful morning we drove away, watching the blue waters of the lake gradually disappearing among the trees behind us, and it was not without pangs of regret that we bade good-by to the charms and pleasures of the North Woods.

CAMILLA.

Spring Days in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., April 30.—Nebraska, once the Great American Desert, is a fabled region, indeed, with more bird and floral life than any State in the Union, and as near the ideal, from the sportsman's standpoint, as any locality I can think of. Just a great rolling ocean of pasture and plain, and of wooded valley, it is a veritable paradise. Sparkling lakes, dashing in slow beat of wave or quicker pulse of ripple, against pebbly shores, and rural streams, singing their siren songs between grassy banks, are now calling to all who delight to go a-fishing, and, in these modern recreative days, this includes a large majority. Every day now parties are radiating away from this point and the gamy black bass is their quarry. Some go out to Hackberry Lake, at Stillwell's, in the Cherry county sandhills, others down on the Waubuncey, out to Ericson, up to Noble's or even into the greatest bass domain in the world—fair Minnesota. Even right here, at our very dooryard, big catches are being made every morning and every evening, at Cut-off and Manawa.

The revivifying fervor of spring never fails to start the blood in his veins whose birthright has been the line and rod, and the yellowhammer never rattled so merrily with his flinty beak against cottonwood or sycamore, nor meadowlark sing softer, nor air smell sweeter, nor sun shine brighter, grass spring greener, than to the devotee when he goes, in the first days of bursting summer, to the scenes along lake and river he loves so well. To him is always welcome the face of nature, whether wreathed in smiles of yellow gold or sombre with shadow and wet with tears. My heritage is a love for the woods and the waters, fields, plains and mountains, and now in these days of the new summertide, I wish to all similarly constituted, whether they be of high or low degree, withered and decrepit with the winter of age or flushed with the spring of life, pleasant and peaceful hours of honest sport by all watersides and full baskets and long strings of wythes.

The fishing everywhere, in this latitude, is now bordering on the very best season—from the middle of May till the last of June—and lucky, indeed, is he who can snatch a few days from office or counter to loll about some favorite lake or stream in quest of the toothsome delicacies lurking within its depths. With what ardent hope is the silvery spoon cast upon the water's bosom, and as the eager rise is followed by a vicious strike, what matchless excitement fills the heart. Truly such a moment is worth more than a year's routine of theater, ball or reception. Two or three pounds of gleaming yellows, whites and greens at the end of one's favorite line desperately struggling for liberty and for life are priceless to the man whose legacy is a split bamboo and a reel of silk thread.

Here in Nebraska—and there is lots and lots of good black bassing here—it is the present month when the sport is at its best, but up in Minnesota the best time is in June, along about the middle. In July and August there is but little bass fishing anywhere, either here or in Minnesota.

As soon as the ice quits moaning, cracking and booming in our lakes, and then disappears within the mysterious and limitless maw of sunshine and wind, the Nebraska sportsman takes to the water as naturally as a duck. There is something in the May ozone of the Antelope State that urges one to hie to lake or stream, and, while I said there is plenty of good bass fishing at odd ins and outs throughout Nebraska, most all of our anglers, who can afford the expense, go up to Minnesota for trips of any extent and duration, and for years and years Lake Washington has been the Mecca of a very large proportion of the Omaha sportsmen. It is about eighty miles this side of St. Paul, and one of the most beautiful lakes and best bass grounds—both big and little-mouth—in all the State, and maugre the backward spring, Pat Sheehan, proprietor of the Red Squirrel's Nest, on the east crag, writes me the bass are rising most voraciously, especially at the trolling spoon. Pat's place is the favorite resort of Omahans on account of its easy access, its clean beds, attractive table and perfect boats and the unswerving attention they receive there. Pat also informs me that the croppie—and they run from a pound to two up there—are biting lively, but the wall-eyed pike are shy and backward. To reach Lake Washington from Omaha, you take the Northwestern line to Kasota Junction, thence across six miles of the most entrancing stretch of woods and fields that lies out of doors, in one of Oscar Basey's big hunting wagons and behind one of his spanking teams, to Sheehan's and Lake Washington. It is a charming trip—the greatest out of Omaha—for even one day's fishing. One night on a Pullman, at Kasota Junction at four in the morning, at Sheehan's one hour later, then sport till eight at night, back at the Junction at ten, and in Omaha bright and early the next morning, and invariably, too, with a basket of bass that would make the eyes of any ichthyologist hang out on his cheeks like horse chestnuts.

By the way, in talking with Judge Charles Ogden, one of Omaha's leading attorneys and an ardent angler, of course, last night, he told me that it had just been discovered by some of the lawyers up in Minneapolis that Minnesota's fish laws are so many dead letters. While they embrace all of the requirements anent an open and close season, how and where to fish and all the factors looking toward the protection and preservation of the fish, they fail to provide any penalty for the violation of any of the provisions, save the confiscation of the fish one may have in his possession. While Nebraska fishermen have never experienced any difficulty whatever in bringing home what fish they desired, they are always more or less apprehensive owing to the various understandings about their rights to ship or bring fish out of the State.

The report of the superintendent of the Nebraska State fish hatcheries for 1901-2, just out, shows that during the period covered by the record that the following fish were distributed among the waters of the State: Black bass, 28,590; croppies, 15,225; perch, 18,000; channel cat, 23,285; walleyed pike fry, 11,104,000; brook trout fry, 93,000; rainbow trout fry, 241,000, and 1,026 fingerlings and brown trout in small numbers. The planting of carp has been abandoned excepting on application of private parties, and in this connection the superintendent says: "The output of carp during the present biennial period was 4,450. Owing to the strenuous objection of anglers and sportsmen, no application for carp to stock public waters or lakes has been considered. We have filled all applications for carp to stock private ponds the present season and have fed several thousand of them to our adult bass and trout. Were it not for the fact that the carp are the only fish that will live in many shallow ponds on farms and ranches, I would favor the discontinuance of their culture altogether."

It has taken a long series of years to bring about this healthful belief, and I am vain enough to believe that it was my own unceasing warfare against this coarse and undesirable species that is mainly responsible for this happy condition at last. But it is better late than never, and that Nebraska has seen the last of her carp culture I haven't the slightest doubt. Other fishes, in addition to those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, that have been planted in the waters of the State, during the past year, were 4,000 blue gill sunfish—a delightful little pan fish and one that flourishes vigorously in the alkaline-tainted lakes of the sandhills; 5,000 yellow bullheads, and various quantities of various other kinds of unimportant species.

The anglers out in Cheyenne are having no end of trouble in endeavoring to settle the question whether the Lone Tree, Crow, Coyote and other small streams of that section of the State are tributaries of the North or South Platte rivers, and I have been written to for my opinion. The last Wyoming Legislature passed a law prohibiting fishing in all streams of the State prior to June 1, with the exception of the tributaries of the Big Horn and North Platte rivers. Fishing in all tributaries to these streams is permissible after May 1. After careful research I am convinced that Lone Tree, the Crow and other small waterways are tributary to the South Platte, and at the same time that the South Platte is tributary to the North Platte, and therefore the Cheyenne rod wielders are safe in plying their favorite sport in all these streams. Some of the State authorities out there claim that the South Platte is not tributary to the North Platte, but is a distinct river in itself, and with the North Platte, another distinct river, form a junction and thus create

the Platte River proper. This, however, I consider erroneous, as the South Platte, where it joins the North Platte, is a stream of not much more than half the volume of the North Platte. The latter is also the longest, widest and most important stream every way, and is undoubtedly the Platte River proper, and in the name only above the confluence of the two streams is called the North Platte. I have written Attorney General Van Orsdel for his opinion, and expect to receive it in a day or so.

The jacksnipe are still with us, and big bags are being made daily by Omaha shooters on the other side of the river. The cause for the wonderful abundance of this choice bird this spring is still being marveled at by all our gunners, but none can advance a tenable theory why this is so. While their long stay here is easily accounted for by the unseasonable weather, it is a different proposition when you try to explain the conditions that have made it possible this spring to kill one hundred jacks on the same grounds every day in the week for three straight weeks. Bags of these dimensions have been the rule and not the exception and I would like to hear from the FOREST AND STREAM on this matter.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

Snaps with a Pocket Camera, and Fly Casts with Tamarack Poles.

VI.—The Camp-Fire.—Two Pictures

In the dance of the camp-fire's ruddy light,
In the flame and smoke so free—
In the glow of its embers red and bright,
Are comfort and cheer for me!

"Light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue—
So warm, and yet so shadowy too—
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere."

—Moore.

WE are back in camp after a perfect angling day, with a fresh wind from the west, and showery weather. Pond Eddy has swarmed with schools of bass. Two rods have landed four fish, each weighing over three pounds; and we have hooked and released about fifty more whose weight would average nearly one and a half pounds. We are regarding this hunger to hook so many fish, with a feeling rather akin to shame. But we seek forgetfulness of it in a renewed study of our environment.

In the tent is a recent number of a famous English magazine, which was purchased on the Erie train as we "came up" from New York. It contains an article about salmon fishing in Norway; and its writer warns his readers that he did not go to Norway to look at scenery, but to kill salmon. He killed them by dozens, and was blind to the loveliness and grandeur of the titanic Norse scenery—to the tender grace and beauty of the acres of lilies-of-the-valley that grow on or near every meadow. He was a fisherman, perhaps an angler, but hardly a sportsman, much less an artist or poet. Walton was a poet, and delighted in and studied the beauty around him—joyed in the pleasantness of pure air, low lap of waves on beaches, forest odors, and winding light of water as it circled in sedgy shallows, or deepened with baby murmurings, and in the evening sleep of blue-flag blossoms, pond lilies, and wild roses. More and more, the angling becomes an excuse to live in the forest and beside the stream, and for handling the blackened coffee pot and dingy frying-pan or camp kettle, over that very soul and joy of tent life, the simple camp-fire.

Camp-fire! What varied memories that word will summon to the reader! Even the sodden, extinguished embers of such a fire, abandoned months ago, are full of interest. Kindled, and roaring its actual life, the camp-fire is a comfort and inspiration—joyous, free, wild; and gracious with all the nameless hypnotism of a primitive home. Its pillar of smoke by day is a glad sight to the angler in his boat, or busy with the trout as he wades the brook. Over where that blue column rises lazily through the green draperies of the trees, is home! And its pillar of fire by night dances a welcome, as the flare of the flames pushes back the wall of darkness that closes around from the forest, where owls hoot in lonely nocturne, and the whip-poor-wills are calling.

How reality, day-dreams, memory, longing, good cheer, anticipation, hope, hunger, appetite and restfulness, cluster and intertwine in its lambent flames and blue smoke-drift! Joy in its morning replenishment and cooking incense; while its resinous woods "grow precious in burning," giving out their sweets and filling all the air with an enchantment of odors that draw to your camp even the most practical and hard-headed natives. For its builders, who sit around in a circle and smoke the pipe or cigar of peace, feel drawn close together, their faces lighted up fitfully, showing them under a hypnotic spell—that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. The camp-fire is the shrine of the hunter and fisher—sacred to sport, and whereon we make burnt offerings to nymph, satyr and dryad. It is the Arcadian holy of holies. Seated in that circle, we become children again, and people the fire's white-hot heart with armies, flaming villages of tiny houses, scarlet parades of little demons, ranks of flaming hills—all throbbing with heat and life. We weave air castles there in the *dolce far niente* of the angler's and camper's outing. We drive back the dark by piling high on the fire great heaps of cedar, pine, spruce or hemlock boughs that snap and crack in the heat like volleys of rifle shots, and send up through the chimney of the wide air, millions of flying sparks. We deepen beside it, a hunger that fairly tears at the throat; we grow ashamed—almost alarmed—as supper is eaten; and corn bread, baked potatoes, coffee, fried fish, cheese, bacon, and beans baked there in the ground, march in a motley procession into our mouths. Then the pipe or cigar, the heart's ease, the surcease of sorrow, as lustrous Hesperus sinks through the trees to the western horizon!

At the camp-fire we renew courage—faith to fight life's battles; and, blessed fact! sleep is given to us. There, we find and cherish perfect human companionships in some spot which we have longed to see for months "as the hart panteth for the water brooks"—memories of it shining clear and far when we may have been haunted and hounded by business cares and specters, and personal griefs. We joy in the fire's fierce life, love its embers as they burn low, and listen to their whispers even when we are rolled in our blankets inside the tent, whose canvas flaps are parted as we hear the falling of a burned stick, and we look out, noting the sudden, flickering burst of flame, and its tiny column of smoke that floats toward the river's ceaseless flow and murmur. Some last impressions of its intermittent crackling, with louder snaps from the smouldering back log, are borne to our subconsciousness across the borders of dreamland, and the roused midnight wind stirs the foliage and ruffles the river with its low cadences and crooning—the

"still sound
Of falling waters, lulling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng
Around the fragrant Nilica, and deep
In its blue blossoms, hum themselves to sleep."

It is humiliating to merely festoon this subject with rather tawdry garlands of words. Oh, for simple words to show all this in its simple verity, when we love it so! Oh, for power to shake off the blighting self-consciousness, the "playing on sweetly modulated pipes of diction," and to search out and use the plain language

POND EDDY—MORNING.

that would show, as in a sacred picture, the beneficence and life of the open-air fire before the camper's tent!

But one fact is certain. Such a spot is the home of Health. Let any man sleep for a month in a tent beside the upper Delaware River in July, noting the absence of mosquitoes, the restfulness, the appetite he has, and then let him try sleeping in his city room during August. He will often feel that he will suffocate. For the free, wide air, the tent life, the harmonies of the flowing water, the mystery of forest and mountain, there is where Health dwells with her hand-maid, Happiness!

Sam. Johnson wrote of the illusions of hope and the futility of believing that "the deficiency of the present day will be supplied by the morrow." Ruskin sadly "admitted" that men are so constituted as to be incapable of satisfaction with anything. Some bilious poet was guilty of a line, which has been quoted by half

POND EDDY—EVENING.

the misanthropes: "Man never is, but always to be, blest." Even Burns whined from his carousals: "Man was made to mourn."

Those fellows should have had a month of fishing with kindly, jolly comrades, every day full of correct life and hard work, change, study and sight; and every evening a hearty supper in the woods beside the stream and a camp-fire of their own building—a supper cooked by themselves, with dishes to wash and skillet and kettle to clean and hang up; and then a long draught of comradeship before sleeping in a tent, around and over which leaves whisper, and eerie night-voices come wandering to mingle with the liquid song of the water that we feel is alive, happy, tremulous and dimpling with joy as it circles, eddies and glides—talking in surging words that break and die upon its pebbled lips, and murmuring to itself a sinless secret hidden forever in its heart.

There, if anywhere, men will wrench themselves loose from the myth of the fallacy of hope—know that they are in a land of tenderest blessing, and will be glad they are alive; and they will realize how inconceivable it is that creative intelligence is not doing all things well. Away with the falsehood that black fate will at last extinguish the blessings and harvests of noble purpose and loving life! Go a-fishing, camp, build a fire by your tent, and learn that the "philosophy of despair" is but another name for a disordered liver. You will postpone for many years the date of your death. Meanwhile, you will learn to know the real preciousness of the philosophy embodied in Hindoo ethics:

"Blessed is he that, lying on his death-bed, finds the sum total of happiness he has brought to the world to be greater than the sum total of pain he has inflicted upon the world; for the balance shall be given back to him a thousand fold."

And now, as the light of the morning brings the joy like it, and we rise "kindled with the wine of sleep," our comrade hands me the two pictures of the river near our camp at Pond Eddy, one looking northeast over the river in early morning light, with shadows and comparative grayness of hue over all the landscape; and the other, a rosy view of sky and water just before sunset.

Much of the tenderness and delicacy of hue in the actual scenes are lost by the imperfect processes of photography and engraving; but the reader should feel the steel-gray, sharp tint and outline of the one, and the wild-rose glow, the radiant mist, the atmospheric transfiguration of the sunset scene, the water transparent in green and pure amethyst blue; while, owing to a sudden onrush of the current, a swell has been created, on whose near side is stamped the lengthened reflection of the pointed tops of the stone pier just above, which is itself invisible behind the cluster of foliage. He should feel the blended radiance and bright mystery, the distinct, sharp-edged, purple shadows in and around that tree, the preciousness of the vista of far hills along the opposite shores.

And he will understand how cheap and even nauseating it would be to describe the scene in the words of the man who glares, and calls it "perfectly bewtiful." For he will realize that if he had been privileged to witness that scene in its actuality—in all the loveliness of the special, rare moment when Dame Nature was trying on one of her most exquisite robes, he would have been silent, hypnotized, and all words would have been impotent to describe it. And in studying the picture he will remember what has already been stated in these articles, that the brightest color possible to photographer, printer or painter, is merely pure white, which is pitifully inadequate to show the throbbing blue of that sky, deep, quivering, transparent, no spot in its lighted, orange glory where the delicate color is not in a state of transition, "things which the angels work out for us daily, yet vary eternally, and never found but once," the whole "almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity," and so "producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our special pleasure." The real picture was a mile long; this picture is mere black ink on white paper, and less than three inches long.

Such earth-scrolls are unfolded to one who goes a-fishing on the Delaware, and we are grateful. Let the rod bend and sway, the reel scream, and the flies kiss the water of rapid and pool. Let the black bass leap, dart, shoot and fight in a glorious, thrilling struggle. But do not follow the example of that Norse salmon-fisher, and merely go a-fishing to fish.

L. F. BROWN.

Fish and Fishing.

Spring Fishing Prospects in Canada.

THE month of April brought me the usual spring crop of letters from the United States filled with inquiries concerning the prospects of the early fishing in Canada. If I have not been able to reply to all of them personally, it is by no means because of disinclination to oblige by giving the desired information, but because it was not mine to give. Our springs are just as uncertain things as they are anywhere else, only perhaps a little more so. An apparently very early break-up of the Canadian winter in the end of February or beginning of March is frequently but the prelude to a very late spring. This is our experience at the present time. A very fine month of March has been followed by an extremely disagreeable, backward and cold April, so far, at least, as the first three weeks of it are concerned. It is pretty safe to say that there will not be many fish caught in northern Quebec on the first of May, the opening day of the trout season, this year. All the lakes are still covered with ice, and will be for some days to come. The streams are for the most part clear of their winter covering, and there are spots where the next few days may yield a few trophies to the persistent angler, but artificial flies will not be killing for another ten days or a fortnight, except in very favored localities.

For all practical purposes—so far as the angler is concerned—the ouananiche season does not open before the 15th of May, and sometimes the date is even later. It all depends upon the breakup of the ice on Lake St. John. By the third week of May there is always good sport to be had around the shores of the lake and in the mouths of many of its tributaries, especially of the Ouiatchouan and Metabetchouan, for those who are not very particular about hotel accommodation. The Hotel Roberval only opens, as a rule, about the time when the fly-fishing in the Grand Discharge is commencing, and prior to that time the angler who visits Lake St. John must be content with country fare and accommodation, which can easily be obtained at Roberval. The conductors and other employes of the railway will readily direct passengers to lodgings, and it is quite easy to obtain boats or canoes and men to row or paddle them. This sport is always good between the 15th and 20th of May around the west and south shores of the lake, though it does not commence at the Grand Discharge to any extent before the second week of June. For this early fishing in the lake I have always found large and gaudy flies to be the best. Though the sport is good all round the shores above mentioned, the pool immediately above the railway bridge which crosses the mouth of the Ouiatchouan River some seven miles south of Roberval, yields the best return of genuine enjoyment to the angler, not only because of the greater number of fish to be found there, but also because of the beauty of the surroundings and the fact that the ouananiche of the pool immediately below the heavy

rapids of the river are certainly more gamy and sportive in their habits when hooked than those taken out of the quiet waters of the lake. The best of this fishing is usually done by sportsmen from Quebec, who know from past experience of the attractions of this pool, though it is rather surprising to me that it is not visited by larger numbers of American anglers. Its facility of access is very much in its favor.

There are no indications, so far, of the breaking up of the ice on Lake Edward, and I would not advise a visit there by anglers before the 15th of May. I hear that several parties are booked to arrive there for the trout fishing in the last week of May and the first of June. About the same time several parties of club men are to pass through Quebec on their way to their fishing preserves. Among them are several members of the Amabalish, the Triton and the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Clubs.

Anglers will be gratified to know that there has been much less illegal fishing through the ice this last winter than usual, thanks to the good work done and the watchfulness displayed by the guardians of the Sportsmen's Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec. While they have served as excellent deterrents they have not succeeded in capturing any offenders against the fishery laws, though they undoubtedly would have done so had there been many violations of the law, for in running down offenders against the game laws they have been singularly fortunate of late, several of these having been fined from fifty to one hundred dollars each for killing moose and caribou out of season.

Nepigon Trout.

Anglers everywhere will rejoice to hear that there is no truth in the report recently set afloat by a Duluth, Minnesota, paper to the effect that trout fishing in the Nepigon River was likely to be impaired, owing to a mysterious disease which, it was alleged, had been prevalent among the fish; that the disease was gaining in virulence, and that hundreds of the fish were to be found dead on the shore daily. The Ontario fishery department directed the attention of their agent at Nepigon to the story, which he pronounced utterly false. No foundation can be imagined for the report, which must have been manufactured out of whole cloth, and it is a well-known fact that the fishing in the Nepigon had not been so good for many years past as it was last year. The Ontario authorities are evidently determined that it shall not be allowed to deteriorate, and will therefore again pursue the policy introduced last year of exterminating, as far as possible, "all such things as be devourers" of the game, to quote the words of good old Dame Juliana Barnes or Berners. Last year the work of destruction of the coarse fish in the river was carried on with such success that no less than 1,800 pike, 389 pickerel and 803 suckers were taken and destroyed.

New Brunswick Salmon Waters Sold.

Last week there was a sale of salmon fishing waters by the New Brunswick Government at Fredericton. Out of ten fishing leases advertised, only four were sold—two four-year leases and two nine-year leases. The four-year leases were the rafting ground reserve on the Restigouche and Metapedia River on the western bank from the mouth to the Quebec line. The former was bid in by J. W. Ayer, of Bangor, at the upset price of $50 per annum, and the latter by Frank Whitehead for the Restigouche Salmon Club at the upset price of $100 per annum. The nine-year leases sold were the Upsalquitch River and branches and the Northwest Miramichi from the mouth of Big Sevagle to and including Little Falls.

Thomas Malcolm got the Upsalquitch for the Restigouche and Western Railway at $1,600 per annum, $600 in excess of the upset price. The Northwest Miramichi was knocked down to R. W. Armstrong, of Newcastle, at $70 per annum, $20 more than the upset price. The six other advertised leases were all offered, but there were no bids for any of them.

Those not sold were:

Four-year leases, to expire March 1, 1907, Restigouche River: From head of tide up to I. C. R. bridge, upset price $100; from Quatawamkebgwick River to Victoria county line, upset price $50; Quatawamkebgwick River from mouth to 15 mile tree, upset price $250; Quatawamkebgwick River from 15 mile tree up to head (in New Brunswick), upset price $250.

Nine-year leases, to expire March 1, 1912: Pockmouche River and branches, upset price $25; Green River and branches, upset price $50. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Saturday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 25; wind, S.W.; weather, cloudy.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
H. Brown	100	74.8	84.8	81.8	83.2	72.1
W E Brooks.....	98	89	82	85.10	83.11	..
T. W. Brotherton.	114	87.4	86.8	91.8	89.2	95.5
G. H. Foulks....	79	87.4	83.4	84.2	83.9	..
C. R. Kenniff....	102	89	90.4	80.10	85.7	96
T. C. Kierulff....	84	81.4	80	89.2	84.7	77.4
E. A. Mocker...	98	90.8	90.4	81.8	86	..
G. H. Powers, Jr. ...		88.4	..	..	..	..
F. H. Reed.....	77	83.8	84.8	85	84.10	..
P. J. Tormey....	75	90	84.8	75.10	80.3	91.3
C. G. Young.....	...	87.8	92	85	88.6	93.9

Judges, C. R. Kenniff, T. C. Kierulff; referee, G. H. Foulks; Clerk, Bruning.

Sunday, contest No. 5, held at Stow Lake, April 26; wind, N.; weather, fair.

H. Battu.....	86	86	88.8	70	79.4	80
A. M. Blade.....	88	37	66.8	72.6	69.7	..
W E Brooks.....	96	87	83.4	72.6	77.11	..
T. W. Brotherton.	100	90	85.4	76.8	81	91.2
G. H. Foulks....	75	85	80.4	71.8	76	..
A. B. Carr.....	...	90.4	86.4	86.8	86.6	..
H. C. Golcher...	111	77.4	84.8	83.4	84	..
C. R. Kenniff...	111	89.8	91	88.4	89.8	97.2
J. B. Kenniff...	104	86	89	85	87	86.1
J Lane	...	86	71	71.8	71.4	..
C. M. Patter.....	78	79.8	83.4	75	79.2	..
P. J. Tormey.....	76	93.1	80	74.2	77.3	93.6
F. H. Reed.....	87	89.4	84.8	86.8	85.8	..
C. G. Young.....	...	87	88.8	76.8	82.8	92.9
F. M. Haight....	78	81	64	70.10	67.5	..

Judges, C. R. Kenniff, G. H. Foulks; referee, T. H. Reed; Clerk, Bruning.

Massachusetts Notes.

BOSTON, May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the board of management of the State Association was held on Thursday, April 29. The board voted that a meeting of the association be held in May, and arrangements have been made to hold it at the Nottingham, Huntington Avenue, on Thursday evening, May 21.

It was also voted that the laws relating to the killing of birds be printed on cloth in Italian for posting in all sections of the State where Italians are employed.

Mr. Kinney came from Worcester to be present at this meeting. Ex-President B. C. Clark was on hand as usual, and Dr. B. V. Howe, who seldom misses a meeting.

A recent acquisition to the board, Mr. J. C. Phillips, of New Beverly and Boston, was present. Mr. C. W. Dimick was missed, as he has been away for some days on a business trip to Washington, D. C., and Columbus, Ohio.

The bill to prohibit pickerel fishing through the ice has been defeated, and those who have expressed an opinion of the bill in the hearing of the writer say they are satisfied and some go so far as to say they are glad it failed of passing. Lovers of trout fishing in general have little regard for pickerel.

President Reed, on Marston's Mills stream, Barnstable, one day last week took 19 red perch, averaging 10 to 12 inches in length, 1 trout weighing a pound, another a pound and a half, and a dozen pickerel, the largest about 2 feet long.

Several severe forest fires have been reported in various parts of the State, which will cause some destruction of what cover for birds the portable sawmills have permitted to remain.

From the Rangelcys and Moosehead the ice has gone out. Some of the Rangeley group were nearly clear on the 27th, but the correct date of the departing of the last ice floes, according to reports, must be set as the 28th.

Already several anglers are trying the fish, but we shall not know with what success for some days.

Some Massachusetts sportsmen not previously mentioned by your correspondent, who returned from the Cape with trout, are Congressman McNary, Fred Gilpatric and Arthur Russell, of Boston, who fished Senator Nye's stream at Bournedale. Mr. Fred Hascall with Mr. and Mrs. Balch, of Boston, had good sport on Mashpee River. On account of the death of the former proprietor, Mr. O. M. Holmes, the Hotel Attaquin has been closed to visiting fishermen this spring.

Ex-President Cleveland and Joe Jefferson were frequently entertained by Mr. Holmes. Prof. Myron Whitney, of Watertown; Fred Hubbard, Bert Hubbard and Frank Farquhar, of Newton, and Dr. T. W. Proctor, of Boston, have met with fair luck in Cape waters.

Fine catches are reported from eastern Maine and from New Hampshire. W. L. Goodwin, of Boston, took one salmon 10½ pounds, another 8½ from Greene Lake, while J. T. Gardner, of Boston, in one day took four salmon with a total weight of 30 pounds. The same day his companion, Wm. T. Jenkins, of Boston, caught three, weighing in the aggregate 17 pounds. At Lake Hebron, Mr. H. O. Stevens, of Boston, took a lake trout that weighed 9 pounds. Reports from Grand Lake came in so rosy that the Clearwater Club decided to go there. Will have more about their trip and some other things next time.

CENTRAL.

In Maine Waters.

BANGOR, Me., May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been a great week in the history of the inland lakes of Maine, since they have opened unusually early, following in the lead of the lakes nearer the seashore, several of which were before reported open, having been clearing from ice at various dates between April 1 and the present writing, according to location and conditions.

Moosehead and the Rangeleys, about the last to clear from ice except those in the very highest altitudes, opened during the week, the former breaking up completely by Tuesday, the 29th, and the steamers arriving at Greenville Junction from Kineo on that day were only about six hours from the time when, in 1902, the boats steamed down to the wharf. The following morning the first party, the well-known Greely party from Bangor and Massachusetts points, arrived and went to the head of the lake in their chartered steamer, where they will put in a fortnight or ten days with the fish. The Rangeleys cleared the 28th, which beats the record for those lakes, as in 1902 the fishing could, so far as the ice was concerned, begin the 29th. Thus the more famous lakes of Maine are at last all open, even if not in the best of condition to be fished.

Here at Bangor, the devotees of the salmon pool have worked steadily all the week, as for the previous fortnight, and with slightly better results. Two fish have been taken, one by Charles Hodgkins, who holds the record for the first and largest fish thus far this season, and who captured on Thursday of this week a salmon weighing 22½ pounds. The other fish was taken earlier in the week by Arthur E. Weeks, of New York City, and weighed 15 pounds.

But while these are all the fish that have been taken at the pool, and the weirs down river have been equally barren of results, there have been salmon caught in the Penobscot, and big ones, too. It was but a few days ago that a young fellow, a law student from another city, went down to High Head, opposite South Brewer's principal stream, the Segeunkedunk, and with a cockroach for bait, on a line carrying a sinker, caught and landed a salmon of good size. His success was infectious, and the next day or so, another law student who wanted to unite the shades of Walton and Eros in a grand effort, cut him a "pole," attached to the end of the pole a piece of fishing line with a hook tied to it, baited his hook with a piece of fresh pork and invited his young lady to go fishing with him at the big High Head wharf, which is really a good place to go for results, since many landlocked salmon are liberated during the passage of the logs through the dam at Hines' Pond and thence, via the Segeunkedunk, find their way into the Penobscot and are frequently caught there during the running of the drive. As they sat and watched the water, which was very high, it being flood tide, a salmon broke not far away, and the young fellow cast his bait, which gleamed red and white, out upon the water toward the break. Almost immediately it was seized, and then began a tussle between the fish and the fishing couple, the latter winning after a desperate fight, which he innocently told the writer, lasted all of fifteen minutes. It took both of them to drag the fish over the edge of the wharf to safety, and it was so heavy that it snapped the eight-pound scales on which the man tried to weigh it, so suddenly that fish and scales dropped out of his hands. Owing to his innate chivalry, the fish was not weighed, but was presented to the delighted young woman, and for several days the young man, whose bashfulness is only exceeded by his truthfulness, wouldn't tell anyone of his catch because he thought he would not be believed, as he had always thought that it was understood among fishermen that salmon could only be caught at the pool with an expensive rod and flies. The next day he fished at the same place and caught a small salmon, probably a grilse, or perhaps a landlocked salmon from Hines' Pond, but a week of further effort failed to bring another sea salmon to his hook.

The exceedingly cold, raw weather of the past week has prevented any remarkable results from most of the Maine lakes, the water being so cold that the fish do not rise readily. Still, excellent catches are reported from some places, notably Sebec Lake, the St. Croix lakes and Tunk Pond, the latter of which are nearer the sea and have been open for some time, long enough in fact, for the first chill of the water to be slightly moderated.

At Sebec the fishing has been better than it has been for many years at such an early date, although in general the fish have run somewhat smaller than last year. The Prince party, from Waterville, caught all the law allows, and it is reported that one man had taken 30 during his stay. When they came to pack up and start for home, after having cooked their salmon in every way they could conceive to make them slide down more easily each day, they found there were still several fish over the weight of 25 pounds, which the law allows one to transport, and their less fortunate neighbors were provided with fish. Some of their fish, it was reported, weighed as heavy as 4 pounds apiece, and there were none less than a pound. The Files-Trafton party, from Gardiner, had the trip of their lives, and landed a splendid string of beautiful fish, the heaviest going plump 7 pounds.

At Tunk Pond, among other fishermen were W. W. Doane and Miss Doane, of Brewer, who are two as enthusiastic anglers as one is likely to meet in father and daughter, and both of whom look eagerly for the first opportunity of wetting a line in Tunk. They were gone two or three days, and caught nine salmon, a 4-pound togue and a large trout.

The handsome string of the season, however, and one which few men will duplicate, and none surpass, was brought into Bangor on the midnight train from Vanceboro, Friday. Robert B. Blair, of this city, and Dr. Pitt H. Jones, of Springfield, were at Duck Lake for a day or two, and fished in that lake and Junior, two of the best of the famous St. Croix system of salmon lakes, and parts of the original salmon basin commonly known among anglers as the Grand Lake waters, whence have come the majority of the salmon eggs distributed over this country by the United States Fish Commission. During their stay at the lakes they fished perhaps six hours in all, not over that, and caught 18 salmon, 4 togue and a pickerel. The salmon averaged about 2½ pounds each when caught, and were most regular in size and very handsome fish, while the togue were all of good size. Mr. Blair brought his share to Bangor and placed them on exhibition during the day, with a surrounding of the Archer spinners and flies which were used in taking them. At one time, so he told the writer, he had a salmon on the spinner and another on the fly at the same time. No better fishing can be found in any lakes in Maine than can be secured in those of the St. Croix system from now until the 15th of July, but there will be little sport with the fly there until after June 1. A letter from Grand Lake stream (in this same system), received by your correspondent this week, says that the salmon there are running about a half pound heavier this season than last, and that among some thirty sportsmen there at that writing, about thirty salmon a day were being caught. This proportion will increase materially as the water warms, and soon the sport among the salmon will be fast and furious, throughout the entire system. It is noticeable that the salmon taken in the lower lakes of the system are not as large as some taken in the upper waters, and in Dobsis and Upper Dobsis, reached most conveniently by way of Lincoln or Winn, on the Maine Central R.R., there are large fish taken in fairly good numbers up to the middle of August, and even to the close of the season in those waters, Sept. 15.

Among the passengers to Moosehead of the past week were President Frank W. Kinsman, Jr., of the Hamilton Bank, New York city, who, with his wife, his brother, Dr. F. G. Kinsman, and the latter's wife, of Augusta, went through to Roach Pond. Mr. Frank Kinsman has leased for twenty years a tract of land on the shore of the first Roach Pond, and there he will have built at once a handsome cottage, not of the log cabin style, and a second house for the help. There will be commodious sitting and dining rooms, an immense stone fire-place, chambers affording sightly views of the pond, and all the other features which make a cottage in the Maine woods charming beyond description.

Other arrivals at Moosehead included Dr. C. S. Dunn, of Haverhill, Mass., and a friend, who have gone up to open the former's cottage, "Dunncliff," just above Harford Point, and at the entrance to the thoroughfare between the mainland and Moose Island; Dr. L. F. Hatch and family, who will spend the summer at the Moose-

head Lake Sanatorium, a mile or two from Greenville Junction on the westerly shore; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hoyt, of New York, who have gone to Indian Pond for several weeks, where the trout have been rising for several days. Mr. F. D. Parsons, of Springfield, Mass., made the lake a flying visit and would have stayed three days, but the wind blew almost a gale, fishing was impossible, and although he braved the elements long enough to get a heavy strike, the conditions were too bad, and after losing his fish he returned to his hotel, packed his trunk and started for home.

The finest, and, in fact, the only good fish so far reported, has been at Indian Pond, where Mr. F. W. Durgin, of Bangor, has been for the past week. Every day he has had splendid sport, the fish rising to the fly as well as they do even later, and he caught a string that would have turned many an angler green with envy. One weighed 3, another 2½, a third 2 and there were a great many only a half pound lighter. On the morning of his departure for Bangor he went out and caught an even dozen. Mr. Durgin is almost invariably successful at these camps, and spends probably more time there than any other guest, his health compelling him to spend all the time he can spare from his business in the woods. And the only flies he asks for, at any time of the season, are the silver-doctor and the Parmachenee-belle.

The fishing has begun well at Jackman, where they get good fishing as soon as the logs begin to run in the river. Off the bridge on one day a Bangor man who is just home from there caught a nice string, some as heavy as four pounds, others two and three in weight.

At Lake Hebron in Monson, where they catch nothing but togue, the fish are getting ready to warm up, and some have been caught. W. C. Pickard fished there a day or two since and took four that weighed eighteen pounds.

Probably, so soon as the great advantages of the waters along the new Fish River division of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad are known, these will furnish some of the finest sport obtainable in the State. Already they are deservedly popular with those who are pioneers, and who always seek for wild spots unsullied by the snort of the locomotive or the hotel of the tourist sportsman. Portage Lake is a finely stocked lake; Eagle, Square and others of the Fish River chain are even better it is said, and one is sure of great sport. Portage opened last week, as did also Eagle, and St. Froid was reported to be breaking up on Friday. Mrs. Hallet, wife of the superintendent of that division, no doubt caught the first trout of the season in that region, at least among anglers from below the Aroostook line. While on a visit to her husband last week she caught in the Fish River a 2¼ pound square-tail trout.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Trout Season.

WAUTOMA, Wis., April 20.—The trout season of Michigan will open to-morrow, perhaps under circumstances now wholly auspicious, if the weather man is to be believed. A severe storm is now raging over the Northwest, and at Ashland, Wis., and at points in the north peninsula of Michigan, snow has blocked all railway traffic. This is something of a change, for the last outlook was good, with warm weather and soft winds. The present storm is over Wisconsin to-day, and should be due in Michigan south peninsula to-morrow.

Let us hope that the blizzard may be dissipated before it reaches the fishing country of Michigan, so that the first trips of the Saginaw and Grand Rapids boys may not be unhappy adventures. As for the Saginaw Crowd, the car will leave Saginaw at midnight to-night. By wire to Chicago I had invitation to join this expedition, which is one of the most important angling functions of the year, but, unhappily, I was away, so cannot join these stalwarts, much to my keen regret, for they always go where there are trout, and go well equipped. The telegram forwarded, comes from Mr. W. B. Mershon, and ends: "A prompt answer turneth away wrath." I hope my office sent the prompt answer. As to the wrath, it is at this end of the line, for I do not willingly forego any journey with the Saginaw Crowd. They are old experts, not a tenderfoot among them, and they savvy trout plenty.

Game Law Tragedy.

A saddish sort of tragedy took place near Frankfort, Mich., day before yesterday, in which B. B. Spafford, a deputy warden, shot and killed Chris McLain, a farmer, after a desperate encounter. McLain was of the opinion that this is a free country, and that the game laws were not made to be enforced. It is pitiable that his ignorant stubbornness brought him so bad an ending. MeLain, his son, and three other men were spearing fish out of season and Spafford and another deputy attempted to arrest the party. In the fight Spafford was pinned to the earth by a spear in McLain's hands, the weapon tearing the flesh near the heart. While upon the ground Spafford fired a bullet into the base of the spine, of his retreating assailant, death being instantaneous. Spafford gave himself up. He lives at Cadillac.

Wisconsin Hatchery Needs Water.

It is something of a self-evident fact that a fish hatchery ought to have water in order to be successful. Heretofore, the Wisconsin State Hatchery at Madison, has always had what seemed an abundant and exhaustless supply of good water from a series of springs and artesian wells, but of late this supply seems to be diminishing, so that the State Fish Commissioner is thinking of reducing the size of the propagating ponds. The board held a meeting this week to discuss this and other matters, and to canvass certain measures now before the Legislature.

Golf and Bass.

Mr. P. S. Elting, of Hannibal, Mo., asks the somewhat perplexing question, "Where can two young railroad men get some good bass fishing and good golf grounds for a couple of weeks in June or July?" I don't know that one serves the ancient sports of the angler a good turn by encouraging golf, tiddledewinks, ping-pong or other allied games, but we have to take care of our friends, and maybe Mr. Elting will give up golf for bass fishing after a while; so I would advise him to go to Moeatwa Park, Mich., where the golf links are regularly maintained, and where a good bait-caster can usually get a dozen or twenty black bass in a day in Black Lake. There may be other points on the lake coast where the summer hotels have golf links. Some of these hotels are situated at the mouths of short arms connecting Lake Michigan with deep inland lakes, such as Spring Lake, Black Lake, etc., in which latter there is at times excellent fishing. It is easy to furnish good bass localities or good golf localities, but to get both in one is not so easy.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Santa Catalina.

AVALON, Santa Catalina, Cal., April 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The close of one of the most remarkable winters in many years has been celebrated. Southern California has had about twenty-eight inches of rain, or a little over half the average of New York, and as a result the land is blossoming as a rose, verdure running riot in hill and dale and mountain, and nowhere is it more pronounced than at Catalina, the sea angling headquarters of Southern California. The island is from a distance an emerald in a setting of azure, literally, as the blue water approaches the very rocks, Catalina being a mountain range rising suddenly out of the deep sea. In the interior the mountains and hills are covered with verdure, the Mariposa lily in places gives it a lavender hue, while here and there a golden sheen strikes the eye telling of the yellow daisy, the copa del oro, the poppy and a host of others, while the golf fiends fight the yellow violet which would cover the greens were it not for the care of the keepers.

Santa Catalina is perhaps the only place in America where the angler is king, where almost everything is subservient to him, and when it is known that nearly 100,000 people visited the fishing grounds last year, some idea of the sport may be had. The town is in the Bay of Avalon, about half a mile around, and is a perfect crescent guarded by two lofty rocks, one on either side. The north portion of the beach is laid out as an esplanade, has a sea wall on which a line of seats afford lounging places for the people from the many hotels and cottages. The south beach is devoted entirely to the angler, and is filled with a collection of stands whose prototype is found nowhere else. Each boatman has about twenty feet fronting the bay in which is his stand with a well cushioned seat for his patrons and above his name and flag. Each stand is gaily painted, and leading out from them is the boatman's string of boats—row boats, tuna boats, sail boats and launches. There is about $150,000 invested in fishing boats here, and over 250 boats of all kinds can be counted. None of these belong to professional fishermen, all being part of a singular "angling livery," each boat being built for the angler's comfort, about 18 feet in length with a four horse-power engine and two comfortable chair seats facing the stern for the anglers. One can hardly imagine anything better arranged for comfort. The gaffer and boatman is engineer as well, and at the strike stops the boat and manipulates it.

The season of 1903 in on. Flying fish have arrived in the bay, and the anglers are gathering for the white sea bass season, which is supposed to begin with the arrival of the flying fish. The sea bass is the Pacific representative of the weakfish, but have been rarely caught ranging less than fifty pounds, a splendid creature which comes in schools—literally comes and goes—and specimens weighing 80 pounds have been taken in Avalon Bay, which has been the scene of many exciting experiences with these fishes.

The yellowtail, a game fish running up to fifty pounds, is biting and will soon come with a rush and turn the Catalina sea into gold. This fish is doubtless the hardest fighter of all fishes, pound for pound. Strong men have been demoralized by their first fish, and the writer saw a 150-pound man jerked from the Avalon dock by a big yellowtail. Did he drop the rod? No, indeed! He happened to be a good swimmer, and swimming with his legs he clung to the rod with his hands and fought the fish until he was picked up; and he saved the game. The yellowtail is far ahead of the salmon as a fighter, and if it was as rare as the salmon would make a sensation. But easily hooked, it is caught by everyone.

One of the remarkable sights to be seen here is what is known as the yellowtail fleet in Avalon Bay in July. Sometimes 200 boats are anchored together and 400 anglers are fishing with the rod for yellowtails. When someone hooks a fish the entire floating city utters a shout, which is a roar that can be heard half a mile away down the wind, and as someone always has a fish on, the sound is almost constant.

The yellowtail has no large representative in the North Atlantic. The amber jack of the Florida Coast is a cousin..

There is a procession of fishes from now on in these waters; the yellowtail and rock bass are now biting; the sea bass is due; the albicore is biting off Avalon Bay, a splendid fighter at seventeen pounds, and one at sixty-five pounds fought one of the most skillful anglers in the United States for four hours and was supposed to be a tuna until its long fins came into sight. Nowhere in the country does the albicore come so near a still water fishing resort as at Avalon, hence all the fishing is done with rods. The play of this fish is a series of savage rushes from start to finish, and a lusty fish has been known to wear out a strong man and carry off the line. The fish is, when feeding, dashing about at full speed, and takes the bait with a rush, hence the sport is strenuous and continuous, the fish fighting until it is in the boat. During the past year this fish has been caught almost every week without a break, it, with the rock bass, sheepshead and whitefish belonging to the class which do not emigrate, hence are always to be found, and afford excellent sport with a 16-ounce rod. The sheepshead is not its namesake of the East, but a singular red and black striped fish, the males having a white under lip and an enormously high "forehead." This fish is taken in the kelp beds which surround these islands, and large catches are being taken at the present time.

While this fishing place has become famous on account of the size of its fish, there are many fishes that afford excellent sport with light rods. The rock bass are particularly game; there are several different kinds and they all resemble the black bass to a remarkable degree, and on light split bamboo rods afford excellent sport—often leaping at the strike, but not having the staying qualities of this king of fighters. This is one of the all-the-year-around fishes to be taken at any and all times. The remarkable fishing of the past winter has attracted many eastern anglers who are on the island waiting for the tuna and sea bass season. The former, though not due until May 15, is liable to appear at any time, and even a month ago large schools were off the bay, but would not bite. Every season remarkable experiences with the tuna are chronicled, and men play this remarkable fish from one to fifteen hours. Colonel C. P. Morehouse, of Pasadena, still holds the record of 251 pounds—which scores of anglers cross the continent to beat every spring, and return filled with experience and wisdom, not to say bruises, to come again to cast the line in these stormless seas of eternal summer.

SENOR X.

Salmon Culture in America.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your publications concerning the hatching and propagating of salmon are of much interest to me. It is just such a discussion carried on through the valuable pages of your journal that brings out points of interest and conveys knowledge and information from different sources of this interesting and important science, and plants it where it belongs, in the minds of those that are unprejudiced and desirous of knowledge.

The hatching and propagation of salmon is just like everything else. If the unfortunate Englishman is so unsuccessful that he cannot accomplish good results along these lines, he should not, never for once, think that others cannot do that which he has failed to do, and do it successfully, "Old Angler" included.

Any man that has the courage or audacity to sign as "Old Angler" should know something about what he has been angling for. That term old should signify that he is able to discuss at length, from experience and observation, and from enlightenment and knowledge gained from standard works and statistics along this line, that the hatching and propagation of salmon is a success, and a great success, too. But we have yet much to learn.

As to myself, I do not claim to be a know-all about salmon. But I have made the hatching and propagation of this fish a study from my earliest boyhood days. I have closely followed and studied the progress made by the United States Fish Commission, have visited almost every salmon stream of any importance on the Pacific Coast, from the Yukon River in northwestern Alaska to the Salinas River in California, and after working among these fish for over twenty years (ten of which has been spent among them in Alaska), I feel that in defense of the great science of artificially hatching this valuable food fish I should assert myself.

I admire the stand that Old Angler has taken in regard to this matter, as it takes the affirmative and negative for a good debate; but he has convinced all of us on this coast that he is quite ignorant of the subject under discussion. His policy has been shortsighted all the way along. Thank God that the United States Fish Commission is not governed by men so weak in their untiring efforts as he and our English cousins have been.

He speaks of taxation for the direct benefit of a few cannery men. Does he know how much capital is invested in the cannery, cold storage and salmon business in general on this coast? At a rough estimate I would place the figures at from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000, one-half in the Coast States and the other half in Alaska. Does he know what the rate of taxation is on say $40,000,000?

We do not pay taxes in Alaska, neither do we receive any financial assistance from the United States Fish Commission. But we do pay the United States Government four cents per case and ten cents per barrel on all salmon from that section.

I acknowledge the fact that the canneries are good paying propositions, but are people not contented to eat canned salmon several thousand miles from where it is canned at from five to ten cents per pound? In the Coast States these fish, or a large percentage, are secured by individual fishermen who sell to the canneries at so much per fish, and where there is competition they get as much for their fish as they are worth. These fishermen all pay a license for the privilege of fishing

Does Old Angler know that the hatcheries on the Columbia and Sacramento rivers are increasing the numbers of salmon now every year so that canneries that were closed down several years ago because of the reduced numbers of fish, have been remodeled, improved and put into operation to receive the increasing numbers of fish that have been hatched and propagated by the means that he condemns? Does he know that large sums of money have been spent in private hatcheries in Alaska and that they are a decided success?

I am interested in a number of fisheries in Alaska myself, and will have in operation two hatcheries there this season. A cordial invitation is extended to Old Angler, Mr. Stone and other unfortunate fishculturists and skeptics to join us and let us teach them how to increase the numbers of the *Oncorhynchus tschawytscha, O. nerka,* and *O. kisutch,* and at the same time decrease the numbers of the already too plentiful and inferior species, *O. gorbuscha, O. keta,* and the destructive species *Fontinalis.*

Out West we have the prettiest girls, the richest gold mines, the best battleships, the biggest trees, and the most salmon of any country in the world, and with the assistance of Uncle Sam we intend to show England and the world that we can keep up the supply of our increasing products, if we have to do it artificially.

Come, gentlemen, become converted and join our ranks. I do not believe that the last appropriation of the United States Senate to the United States Fish Commission of $650,000 is a bit too big. We need more steamers like the Albatross and the Fishhawk, and more

men like Bowers, Moser, Wilcox, their valuable associates and assistants, to perfect this great science, and thereby lay the foundation of a work that will supply the coming generations with unlimited quantities of the choicest food fishes that would otherwise become extinct.

C. H. BARKDULL.

Further Notes Concerning Tarpon Tackle.

VICTORIA, British Columbia, March 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to bring up to date some of my papers on tarpon fishing that you have published during the last two or three years, I send you the following notes, embodying the results of my latest experience.

Lines.

Hitherto I have recommended two or three tarpon lines, but now prefer a newer one, viz., Vom Hofe's No. 36, a bottle-green line of great strength and durability. It is coarser than most tarpon lines, but still by no means too coarse for the sport, although the standard reels used in tarpon fishing will barely carry four hundred and fifty feet thereof.

Tarpon fishermen are getting down to sensible ideas about the best size of lines, using much coarser and stronger ones than they did a few years ago. Even if it be true that a No. 24 line is the best for tuna fishing (which I most decidedly doubt), it has been proven too light for handling the silver king.

One should not adopt such a light line for big fish as to keep him constantly in dread of its snapping every time he holds the brake. On the other hand, the finer the line that is employed the more of it one can get on the reel, so there is a happy medium, and this, I think, is reached by Vom Hofe's new No. 36.

There are three of these lines on my reels to-day, two of them having been used at least five days per week for six weeks; and there is some life in them yet, although they have both been changed from end to end. These lines were not only used constantly by myself and friends, but were worked hard on tarpon, sharks, jackfish, jewfish and stingrays, many of these fish being of great weight.

Concerning the minimum length of line to use on a tarpon reel, I would state that I have never yet seen more than about 350 feet taken off; consequently I consider from 400 to 450 feet to be a sufficiency. In fact, it is very seldom, indeed, that one needs over 250 feet, except when he is fishing at anchor in a rapid current. Under such conditions a large tarpon will generally take out about 300 feet of line before the anchor is raised and before the oarsman has the boat under control.

Even if one is confident that he will never have to use more than 300 feet of line, he should not start out with less than 400 feet of new line on his reel, because, before it is worn out, it will be reduced considerably either by breakage or by cutting off of injured or overstrained ends. On this account I prefer 450 feet as an original length; and, as my reels will barely hold properly that much of the Vom Hofe No. 36 line, I have concluded that the size of the latter is my best limit for coarseness.

It is to be regretted that the numbers given to their lines by the various manufacturers are no indication of the diameters. For instance, the No. 36 Empire City line is much smaller than the No. 27 Hall, and, I think, smaller than even the standard No. 24 tuna line.

It seems that the number given to the line indicates only the number of strands of which it is composed.

Some sportsmen at Aransas Pass use a very coarse, inexpensive cotton line that is quite short-lived. Its only advantage is its cheapness, which, after all, is more apparent than real, owing to the greater loss of snells that its employment involves. It is furnished on the cheap outfits that are to rent at Tarpon, which outfits I would recommend no one ever to try.

It is now my invariable practice to tie a twenty foot loop on my tarpon line, fastening the end with a bowline knot. The end of this loop I run through the swivel of the snell and tie back about a foot with another bowline, thus making a short, four-ply length of line for the boatman to grasp when hauling a fish on to the beach.

Reels.

While there are in use no new reels that are superior to the old standbys, nevertheless there have lately been effected in the latter some decided improvements. The first of these is the "Rabbeth" handle drag, patented on January 14, 1902, and sold by Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, of New York city, who, I believe, control the patent. The apparatus consists of a rather clumsy-looking double-handled attachment, suited to any large reel, and having a friction plate lying between two other plates. The inner plate is fitted tightly to the squared axle of the reel; the lower or main plate is attached to the two handles, and the third or upper plate is fastened by screws to the lower plate; and by the tightening or loosening of the said screws the maximum tension on the lines is increased or diminished. The accompanying cut will illustrate the working of the apparatus.

I purchased one of the first that were sold and used it at Tampico in March, 1902, and last fall at Aransas Pass, and found it is all that the makers claim. It prevents absolutely the breaking of one's line, provided that the latter be not rotten, saves both reel and rod from injury by overstrain, and avoids almost all danger to one's hands. The tension can be set for any amount up to ten or twelve pounds by simply tightening the screws. By the way, the first drags manufactured had two of the screws made as thumbscrews; so that, when a great deal of line is taken out, the grip on the friction plate can be reduced instantly; but I see by the diagram that these are no longer employed. Before trying my handle I had these thumbscrews removed and replaced by ordinary screws like the others which form the attachment, recognizing that the said thumbscrews would certainly take the skin off one's knuckles, in case the handle should slip out of one's fingers. A late modification of the Rabbeth handle-drag is the insertion between the plates of one or more paper washers so as to increase the friction, especially after the plates become worn.

Soon after the appearance of the Rabbeth drag, Vom Hofe, recognizing its effectiveness, brought out a modification of his tarpon reels involving the same results by an adjustment inserted under the handle.

I had this modification put on two of my reels last summer, and tried it last fall at Aransas Pass. It was quite satisfactory. There is but little to choose between the Vom Hofe and the Rabbeth drags, but the very clumsiness of the latter is a feature in its favor, as the handle is less likely to slip from one's fingers.

Vom Hofe has still later added another improvement to his reels, by means of which the handle is prevented from turning in the reverse direction; which improvement will, I think, make his reels the best that can be had. In fact, it looks to me as if the final perfect tarpon reel has at last been evolved. This latest improvement is a very simple one, consisting of a small beveled cylindrical stopper backed by a spring, so that when reeling in the handle strikes the beveled face and pushes the stopper back, thus letting the handle pass by, and when the handle is turned backward by the pull on the line it strikes against the cylindrical face of the stopper and is arrested instantly. A convenient little lever on the periphery of the reel throws the stopper into and out of action.

With this latest reel, when one is sitting waiting for a strike, he does not have to paralyze his thumbs by holding on to the brakes, but can simply grasp the rod itself in both hands and strike as hard as he likes the instant he feels a touch on his bait. If he so desire, he can reduce the preliminary intensity of his surge by fixing the handle so that it can make a single turn before it is stopped. Again, if one wants to make a cast, he can do so by throwing out of action both the stopper and the little drag, which is still a feature of the Vom Hofe reels.

Although I have had two of my reels fitted with this new stopper, I have not yet had an opportunity to test it; but I feel just about as sure of its effectiveness as if I had already given it a trial.

The proper tension for the line when it is all on the reel is from six to ten pounds. Any more would be liable to wedge the line on the spool and thus stop the reel's action, while any less would not be sufficiently effective. Of course, as the line is taken out, the action of the drag becomes more powerful because of the decreased leverage of the pull, so the adjustment of the tension should be made with due consideration for this condition.

These modern reels obviate the necessity for using any more the finger-guards that I recommended a couple of years ago; but I still expect to use a guard on my left thumb, because I intend to adhere to the forward brake, which consists of a small strip of thick rubber hose attached to the rod some twelve inches above the reel. Again, I think it advisable to adhere also to the use of the old leather brake on the reel, because, at the end of one's struggle with a big fish, when the doubled line has reached the reel, it is desirable to be able to put more tension on the line than the new handle drags will afford.

Notwithstanding all improvements in the reels, I still favor the wearing of gloves for tarpon fishing; because it is often the unexpected that happens, and one can still get a severe rap on the knuckles from the patent handle if the stopper happens to be thrown out of action.

Vom Hofe manufactured last summer, according to my specifications, five large tuna reels, one of which I own, capable of carrying some 900 feet of his No. 36 line. None of these reels have yet been used on tuna, but it was on one of them last November, at Aransas Pass, that I landed my record jewfish of 450 pounds, and my record leaping shark of seven feet seven inches length, concerning both of which fish I have already written you. I would state, though, that this was merely a happening, as either of my two smaller tarpon reels would have done the work as well—in fact, I landed a still larger fish on one of them.

With this large reel, a stout line and a good rod, I feel confident that a strong man would bring to gaff in two or three hours any tuna up to 500 pounds in weight, and this without wearing himself out. If luck befriend me, I may some day be able to prove the correctness of my surmise.

'Tying on Reels.'

Quite lately I have found a much easier way to tie on a reel than the one described in a previous paper. It consists simply in winding tightly with old tarpon line the short space between the upper end of the sliding cylinder and the rib at the top of the reel seat, thus preventing the reel from slipping, even should the ring work loose. The old method of attachment was both tedious and cumbersome.

Mills & Son have a patent method of fastening on the reel without tying; but I have not yet had occasion to try it, so cannot speak concerning its merits.

Rod Socket.

There has been in use for a year or two a strong leather socket that is screwed on to the front edge of the tarpon fisherman's chair, costing $2.50. No tarpon fisherman should be without one, for it both reduces the danger of injury from the butt of the rod and lessens the labor in handling a fish.

Hooks.

Some improvements have of late been made in tarpon hooks, mainly in the manner that I have been advocating, viz., the use of more metal. The large Van Vleck hook manufactured by Mills & Son appears to be the favorite, but Vom Hofe's latest is about as good.

Mills manufactures a small tarpon hook that is liked by some fishermen, but I do not find it to be sufficiently durable, as it both bends and breaks. It is useful as the lower hook of a pair, if one desires to try a double hook.

Concerning the advisability of employing double hooks, I am at a loss what to say. When the fish are biting fiercely, the two hooks are not needed, and are, in fact, a disadvantage, because they often injure the fish so that it is likely to die after it is released. When the fish are merely nibbling, the small lower hook will sometimes take them as they bite at the tail of the bait; but, on the other hand, it is possible that the second hook tends to frighten the fish and thus reduce the number of one's strikes. Double hooks should be attached by chain about five inches apart. In putting on the bait the lower hook should be passed into the mouth and out of one gill, then transversely through the body, just above the tail, and the upper hook should be driven through the lips from beneath in the usual manner. It would be interesting to hear from some of your readers on this question of double hooks.

There is a hook on the market having a flattened head and comparatively small eye, against which I wish to caution tarpon fishermen, for the flat eye causes the wire to break at the bearing. A sportsman at Aransas Pass presented me with three of these hooks, and by reason of them I lost a fine tarpon and a big leaping shark. However, it was on one of them that I landed my record-breaking jewfish; so, after all, my friend did me a good turn in presenting me with the hooks.

Chains.

Chains inserted between the hooks and the wire are an improvement over snells in which the hook is attached directly to the wire; but, as the said chains are expensive, it may be a case where *"le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle."* At any rate, I have lost very few, if any, fish for want of the chain.

Wires.

I am still experimenting on wires for snells, hoping to find one that will fulfill all the conditions for an ideal snell; but up to date can make no favorable report. Thus far I have tried the following: High steel piano wire, both heavy and light; soft Bessemer steel wire that is sold in straight four-foot lengths and which is pretty large in diameter; copper wire, both heavy and light; brass; phosphor-bronze; German silver. The objections to these various wires are as follows:

High steel piano wire soon gets brittle from the chemical action of the salt water, thus necessitating the adoption of heavy wire, which is extremely hard to make into snells. Moreover, it always comes in rolls and is impossible to straighten, or (when partially straightened) to keep straight. It is, however, the best of all the wires that I have yet tried. The soft Bessemer steel wire pulls out like molasses candy after it has been used on two or three fish. Copper is fairly satisfactory, but is not very strong, so it is necessary to employ a pretty heavy size, which is sometimes objectionable on account of sinking the bait too deep. I have not yet given up the hope of finding a copper wire suitable for snells. The brass wire which I tried was so stiff that it was necessary to take the temper out of the ends before bending. The snells broke at the bends. It is possible that there is procurable brass wire without quite so much temper; but, if so, I have not been able to find it. The phosphor-bronze wire that I tried was in the form of a cable, but it was so refractory that the loops came undone. The German silver wire proved to be too weak, as it broke in the eye.

If any of your readers will put me on to a good wire for snells I shall be much obliged to him, and shall certainly give it a trial on the first opportunity.

Leggins.

In one of my papers I outlined a pair of leggins that I stated my intention of having made in order to protect my legs from being bruised by the butt of the rod when handling heavy fish; so now desire to report that I have had them made, and that they are a great success, having saved me much discomfort on my last outing when struggling with sharks, jewfish and large tarpon. The leggins are made of two thicknesses of stout canvas, and each one is stiffened by sewing in four strips of thin hard wood about three-quarters of an inch wide, the fastening being done with three buckles. The leggins are attached to a belt by straps to prevent them from sliding down the legs. Their length is about eight inches, and the canvas wraps entirely around the leg. Although they look clumsy, they are quite comfortable. No one who tries the device will be disappointed therein.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

A Commission Suggested.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Those disputants who really seek only for the truth in the "question" about the sea trout, and who are so positive, should be willing to have a commission appointed to settle the matter: else they are subject to the imputation that they are posing as "naturalists" and wiseacres, wrangling for no other purpose than to see themselves in print.

The "question" is a strictly pedantic and immaterial one; and yet, to relieve many readers of FOREST AND STREAM from the weariness of the discussion, why not ask for say $500 from these gentlemen to defray the expenses of a commission of three expert North Atlantic Coast anglers, to be selected by your publication, to settle the "question" on briefs to be filed by the disputants, they to accept the decision as final.

It is quite immaterial to me which way such a commission might decide; but I will contribute fifty dollars toward the expenses of such a commission, provided the disputants will each contribute a like sum.

I do not believe that these disputants want this "question" (raised by themselves) really settled. They want to play it with hook and line, and to perch, as did Æsop's fly, on the revolving wheel of the chariot, and cry out: "What a dust I raise!" If this is not so, let them now disprove it by coming forward and settling it by an outside commission where they cannot pose as experts and "naturalists," or know that they are dinning their "views" into the general ear of the sporting public under the delusion that this public is edified.

L. F. BROWN.

A Lecture on the Yellowstone.

A VERY delightful entertainment was enjoyed by a party of about forty invited guests on the evening of Tuesday, April 28, at the store of Messrs. Abercrombie & Fitch, 314 Broadway, when Mr. F. C. Todd, of Baltimore, Md., gave an interesting account of his various trips through the Yellowstone National Park and the Jackson's Hole country, illustrating his remarks by a great number of most beautiful lantern slides. The occasion was one of very great interest and all present were enthusiastic about the talk and the illustrations which accompanied it.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

May 19-21.—Montreal, Can., Canine Association's show.
May 29-30.—Hempstead, L. I.—Open air show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Beagle Club of America, held in New York city on April 12, 1903, it was ordered that the fourteenth annual trials of the club commence on Monday, November 9, 1903, the place of holding the trials to be determined at a subsequent meeting.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Yachting.

RELIANCE left Newport early on Thursday morning, April 30. She was off Fisher's Island about two o'clock and at that time the wind began to freshen. The wind kept increasing in force and by three o'clock it was blowing very hard from the northwest and Reliance was moving along at a fast clip. About five o'clock Sunbeam, the yacht's tender, took her in tow. The heavy wind had kicked up a lumpy sea and the two boats spent the night inside the breakwater at Glen Cove instead of going directly to their moorings off Mr. Iselin's house at Premium Point, as was originally planned. Early next morning Sunbeam towed Reliance across the Sound to her moorings off New Rochelle.

Columbia and Constitution are now at Glen Cove, which place they will make their headquarters for the next few weeks.

On Saturday, May 2, Reliance was given a trial that lasted the better part of the day. In the morning the wind blew hard, but as the day wore on it moderated quite a little. Reliance left her moorings about half-past ten; at this time the wind was E.S.E. and blowing about twenty miles. Reliance stood across the Sound with the wind abaft of the beam; when under the Long Island shore sheets were flattened down and she stood down to the eastward. At this time she had a gaff topsail set over the lower sails and under this canvas traveled along handsomely with her lee rail just awash. She stood up to her work in excellent shape and the hard puffs did not lay her out at all. As she moved into the nasty sea she threw considerable water but did not pound any. After making several hitches to windward, sheets were eased well off and a small spinnaker was set. Running before the wind she moved very fast and after ten minutes the spinnaker was taken in. Sheets were trimmed a little and Reliance was headed into Glen Cove, where she anchored just before noon time.

About half-past two Reliance left her anchorage and ran over to where Constitution was lying with her mainsail hoisted. Reliance held along under the Long Island shore until she was abreast of Center Island, when she was put about on the port tack and headed for Larchmont. The wind had hauled around to the S.W., and was blowing about half as hard as it did in the morning.

Reliance was headed for Glen Cove again and sailed twice around Constitution. As she stood out of the harbor the second time Constitution followed. Reliance was a long distance ahead, and after holding the course for a while they both came about and stood in to the harbor. Constitution did not have a topsail set and was jogging along under lower sails. Reliance followed Constitution about for a time, but Capt. Rhodes apparently did not care to try conclusions with the new boat, and carefully avoided her. After several unsuccessful attempts to draw Constitution into a scrap, those on Reliance gave it up as a bad job and the big spinnaker was set and she was headed for New Rochelle. The mooring was picked up about half-past four and the yacht was snugged down for the night.

It is apparent that the three boats will not meet until the first race to be held on May 21 under the auspices of the New York Y. C.

THE following article is from the Boston Herald, and it speaks for itself. The several mishaps that have occurred on board the big racing boats during the last few years has prompted the owners of Reliance to take every precaution in case of accident:

"Dr. Thomas Monahan, of this city, graduate of Harvard, and a former well known 'varsity football player, has been appointed surgeon on the Reliance. He has been at the Massachusetts General Hospital for years, and also with Dr. Pfaff, who speaks highly of his ability. He joins the Reliance Sunday, and will be on her until after the cup races are over. This is the first time that a physician has been engaged for a probable cup defender."

SHAMROCK III.'s new steel mast was stepped at Greenock on April 30. New and much heavier rigging screws will replace the ones that were used before the accident. Shamrock III. will in all probability resume her trials with the first Shamrock on the Clyde about May 6.

MESSRS. LAPTHORNE & RATSEY have received orders from the owners of the three trial boats—Columbia, Constitution and Reliance—for complete suits of sails. This firm has turned out such superior work it is only natural that the owners of the big boats should want the best sails procurable; good canvas is necessary to get speed out of any boat. When the report reached the other side that Messrs. Lapthorne & Ratsey would make sails for the American trial boats the British press had much to say on the subject, and several of the papers intimated that we were taking an unfair advantage in ordering sails from an English firm, and that it was necessary for us to use English sails to keep the Cup. As a matter of fact these sails are English in name only, for they will be made on American soil (Messrs. Lapthorne & Ratsey's plant being located at City Island) and by American workmen. Now that this subject has come up, it might be recalled that the blocks, the hollow wooden spars and the steering gear used on Shamrock III. are all of American make.

Cruise of the Yacht Delight.

Winner of the Judge's Prize in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY H. P. VICBORN, WYANDOTTE, MICH.

ALL winter we had been dreaming and talking of our summer's cruise. Where should we go? The Doctor and the Cleric were longing to get into Lake Huron, to them an unexplored water. So it was settled we would go to Mackinac Island.

On Friday, July 11, just before the noon whistles blew, we slipped away from our anchorage at Wyandotte, a dozen miles below the city of Detroit, for our three weeks' outing; with Mackinac Island, at the head of Lake Huron, as the objective point.

The party consisted of the Doctor, being the owner and captain, his wife, and son. Fred came next, who for trustworthy usefulness is hard to beat. With the strength of a young giant—which is useful on a yacht—Fred was always willing to work overtime, running the galley, or scrubbing ship, or taking an extra trick at the wheel. The Cleric made up the balance of the crew.

The craft is a centerboard cruiser, yawl-rigged, about 25ft. on the waterline, 38ft. over all and 10ft. 6in. beam. Without the board she draws 3ft. Her design is by W. H. Hand, Jr., New Bedford, Mass. (Her lines were published in FOREST AND STREAM March 9, 1901:) She proved herself a good weatherly, tight, and fast boat.

THE YAWL DELIGHT.

We had figured on a tow up the river as far as the city of Port Huron to save time. In this we were disappointed. When the time came the friendly master of a freight steamer couldn't make his time fit ours, and we decided to go it alone up Detroit River, across St. Clair Lake, and then against the swift current of the St. Clair River, trusting to the chance of picking up a tow, the seventy-two miles or so between our starting point, and Lake Huron might take up so much of our vacation time that Mackinac could not be reached.

A light wind took us past the city of Detroit about three o'clock, but there was so little of it that at five o'clock, at the head of Belle Isle, we scarcely had steerage. We didn't like the prospects, and began to cast anxious eyes astern to see what might come along in the shape of help. If a tug had happened along at that time, I think we would have offered altogether too much to get into Lake Huron by morning. Presently an old wooden barge, with two more in tow,

RANGE LIGHTS, DETROIT RIVER.

came in sight. Our hopes ran high. Would they take a line? The Doctor worked the yacht out into their course, and for a few minutes we waited in suspense while Fred got a line ready. "The captain says No," was all that we got for a response. We didn't have much of an opinion of that particular captain, whoever he might be. "She was an elegant tow, too," said Fred, "going so slow, it would have been no trouble at all to get a line aboard." We were not sorry long. In about an hour the wind picked up quite fresh for some time, and we had the satisfaction of bowling along across Lake St. Clair, and nearly catching that disdainful barge entering the ship canal. It was getting dark as we entered the river, but as long as the wind held enough to make any head against the swift current, we were not going to stop. By eleven o'clock, abreast Tashmoo Park, we were going so slowly, however, that we decided to come to anchor and get some sleep.

There wasn't much wind to tempt us to up anchor, on Saturday morning, yet we got off as soon as possible. We solicited tows from several passing barges, but the milk of marine kindness seemed to have soured. It would do no good to tell of the many times our hopes of getting into the lake by nightfall were shattered. However, we kept at it all day, and by seven o'clock we were into the deep blue water of Lake Huron. We didn't have a gale of wind, but out of the swift current of the river it would count for more. We got our suppers, and then sat out in the cockpit until dark. The light wind from the south, which we had all day, swung round to the westerly a bit, and also freshened considerably toward midnight. With the wind off shore, there was no sea, and it turned out to be as beautiful a night's sail as any one could wish. One man was all that was needed on deck at a time, so by dividing the night into watches of three hours, every one had a good chance to sleep. When the Cleric relieved Fred at three o'clock in the morning, we were doing some fine traveling, and to "go one better" up went the balloon jib. At daybreak we were so near to Harbor Beach light that we could make out the breakwater without the use of the glass. All hands on deck to take in balloon jib, and we ran inside of the breakwater and let go the hook.

Harbor Beach is an artificial shelter built by the Government, and is the best of places to make for when cruising up the west shore of Lake Huron. The distance from Port Huron is sixty miles.

As soon as we came to anchor, the Madam and the Cleric went ashore in the dinghy, to get some necessary daily bread, as we had made no stop since leaving Tashmoo Park, and it was our intention to proceed with the favorable wind as soon as breakfast was over. Although it was Sunday morning, the merchants are so accustomed to vessels putting in the harbor for shelter that we got all we needed in the way of baked stuff, meats, fruits and ice. Back to the yacht, and breakfast; and as we were all hungry, we made the best of the opportunity. We could not tell when again would come the chance of eating a good meal with the boat on an even keel in sheltered water.

We got away through the north entrance to the harbor by nine o'clock under jib, jigger and two reefed mainsail, the wind freshening all the time, and swinging round to the west. We made the lighthouse on Point-aux-Barques, fifteen miles, in good time, though we had to shorten sail still more before we got out of sight of Harbor Beach. From the Point we laid a straight course across Saginaw Bay, for Au Sable, and started across at 10:45 under jib and jigger, decks to, and as we got away from the shelter of the Point the waves came higher and higher, and regular "granddaddies" came over our port bow.

POE REEF LIGHT SHIP, SOUTH CHANNEL.

Half-way over, we put three tucks in the mainsail and ran it up. Though the water came over in a vengeance, completely covering the Doctor, who had the wheel, it was a glorious sail, the yacht demonstrating her seaworthiness to our complete satisfaction, as she plunged into one sea after another. She seemed like a fiery race horse, determined to get there. Every one of us was willing to give the river sailing of a whole season for one such sail as we had on this Sunday afternoon.

We made a good landfall, and by five o'clock got ready to come to anchor at Au Sable, fifty miles from Harbor Beach. Not being familiar with the tortuous channel into the small river, we had the bad luck to get on the bottom. Fortunately, the bottom is hard sand, or we might have come to grief, as the waves lifted us up, and then let us down with a thump. It wasn't comfortable, anyway. Then by dint of much muscle we got her off without any apparent hurt. By this time we were disgusted with Au Sable and her shelter. It needed but a moment's fanning to blaze the spark, "Let's get out of this!" That is why we squared away and started for our next port, Alpena, deciding to get supper on the way. It was no go, however. Before we had gone half a dozen miles a suspicious feeling got into the air. It began with a hot off-shore puff or two; then it suddenly swung round to the north, and we turned tail and ran back to the shelter of the lately despised harbor at Au Sable. Taken altogether, there isn't much shelter to speak of. Most boats of any dimensions generally make for Tawas in the event of heavy storms, which is

some twelve or fifteen miles to the southwest of Au Sable. We didn't want to go so far out of our way, and succeeded in making the shelter of Au Sable without another mishap. This town was an important place in the palmy days of lumber; but now the most conspicuous part about it is the decaying and rotten docks.

The storm we expected didn't come during the night, and as the wind had got back into the quarter where we wanted it, we were anxious to get away on Monday morning. At nine o'clock we started out in a five or six-mile blow, carrying the balloon jib. Off Sturgeon Point Light we had to take it in, for thunder clouds were banking up ahead. As they swung round to the east and south, we took down the mainsail and jigger, too. The storm seemed to break all around us. Presently a squall sent us spinning out into the lake under the jib. This we were thankful for, as we had no relish for a closer proximity to the shore. Then it began to rain, and it rained! For an hour or more it rained, with calms and cross-puffs alternating, and there was nothing for us to do but wait and watch. We evidently got the tail end of several thunderstorms which swung round us. They did us no hurt, but they kept us guessing. About the middle of the afternoon it cleared up nicely, the wind swung round to southwest again, and we up mainsail and jigger, and then afterward the spinnaker, as the wind did not seem to want to hold. It developed that another squall was brewing. Nearing Thunder Bay we got it. Though we had plenty of time to get ready. The extra canvas came down, as well as the mainsail. A couple of schooners running for shelter behind Crow Islands didn't tempt us. We were going to Alpena, and twelve miles out wasn't port. There is no question in any of our minds why that particular sheet of water is called Thunder Bay. We had all kinds of thunder, and lots of each kind. To make it more interesting, the rain came with it, and also all sorts of wind. There wasn't anything on the programme left out. We kept at it, however, and, when at last, way after dark, we made fast to the dock in the river a little below the bridge, you never saw a more tired, wet, hungry lot of cruisers in all your travels.

THE YAWL DELIGHT.

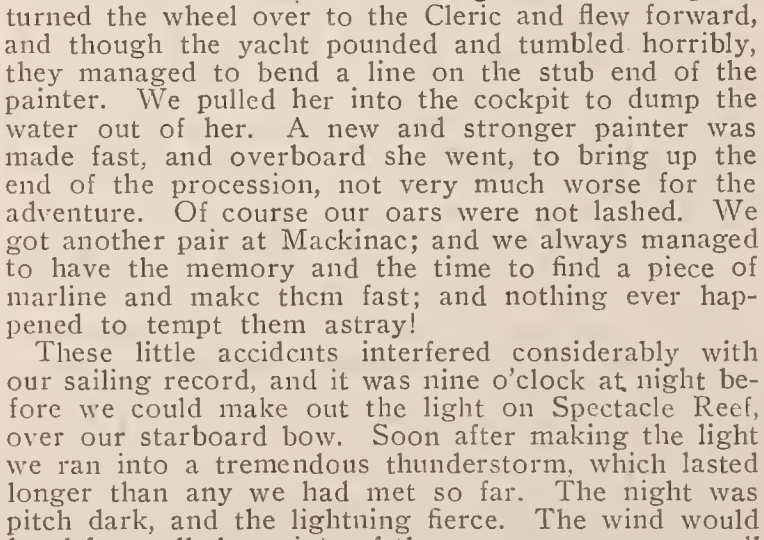
Supper was hastily prepared, and we proceeded promptly to put it out of sight. While so engaged we had a comical diversion. The river is so very narrow that some of the larger packing freight and passenger steamers making this port cannot swing and head out again, but must have the service of a tug to pull them out backward into the bay. So, when the City of Alpena, a big side-wheeler on the Detroit and Mackinac route, came thrashing in, the waves she kicked up made things look interesting on the yacht. It required the united efforts of the five people sitting at supper to prevent everything on the table rolling on the floor. The tug boats, as they went in and out, made scarcely less commotion, and we began to regret having come into the river at all. Next day we learned better places for small yachts to lie, can be found in the slips of the lumber company's docks, of which there are plenty. But unless you know the places, or have daylight, it would be difficult to find them. We improved our condition by making fast stem and stern lines to the dock, and throwing out a breast anchor to keep us off. In this way we were kept from pounding the dock, and the occasional rolling we got through the night only made us sleep the better.

We put in two nights and a day at Alpena, and found it one of the finest towns of its size. We didn't come across any yachtsmen; in fact, with one exception, we didn't find it possible to talk yacht to any one on the whole cruise. Perhaps this may be explained by our cruise being somewhat early in the season, and most of the yacht runs being in August.

Wednesday morning, July 16, broke fine and clear, the wind south by west. By nine o'clock we towed the yacht out to the end of the dock. We made good sailing of the beat down the bay, and by a quarter past twelve rounded the island, called Thunder Bay Island, on which is a light, and a life-saving station. All going well the next port would be our destination. The wind was quite fresh, but we were thoroughly rested and feeling in a frolicsome mood. We ran up the spinnaker, and probably broke all our records for sailing. There were some other things we broke which we wished we hadn't. Abreast Presque Isle Light Station we decided to take in the spinnaker. It would have paid us to do it sooner. For the halyard parted aloft, and down came 500 feet of light canvass into the lake. Coming up into the wind, the spinnaker boom dragged the water, pried but a moment against the shrouds, and crack! it went into two pieces. We managed to get the canvas and the pieces aboard, and stood away on our course. We bemoaned the loss of the use of the spinnaker, though, curiously enough, there never was a time after, on the entire cruise, when we could have used it.

Troubles never come singly, as we learned that day. Half an hour after the spinnaker went, the painter to the dinghy parted, and our precious little tender fell behind. Now that dinghy is no ordinary boat, and we couldn't for a moment think of abondoning it. At the rate we were going there was no time to shorten sail, and so a mad chase for the rescue began. We got a glimpse of her as she rose for a moment on the crest of a wave, and then she was lost to sight again. The Captain took the wheel, Fred went forward, and the Cleric handled the sheet. We flopped and tumbled about, and finally came in stays three feet from that 10ft. truant. Fred reached out expectantly; it looked as if it would be so easy; but the next wave broke between the yacht and the dinghy just at that moment, and she was twenty feet away in an instant. We filled away and came up again, and then again, and again, until it seemed as if we should really have to give it up. At last Fred got his grip on the boat, and it was well that he could hold like a giant. The Captain turned the wheel over to the Cleric and flew forward, and though the yacht pounded and tumbled horribly, they managed to bend a line on the stub end of the painter. We pulled her into the cockpit to dump the water out of her. A new and stronger painter was made fast, and overboard she went, to bring up the end of the procession, not very much worse for the adventure. Of course our oars were not lashed. We got another pair at Mackinac; and we always managed to have the memory and the time to find a piece of marline and make them fast; and nothing ever happened to tempt them astray!

These little accidents interfered considerably with our sailing record, and it was nine o'clock at night before we could make out the light on Spectacle Reef, over our starboard bow. Soon after making the light we ran into a tremendous thunderstorm, which lasted longer than any we had met so far. The night was pitch dark, and the lightning fierce. The wind would howl from all the points of the compass, so we got all the canvas down except the jib. It rained: that expresses it. After midnight it cleared up, but turned beastly cold. There was no wind, and the tremendous rolling of the dead sea, and the light on Spectacle Reef were the two things we could not get away from.



THE TOWN OF MACKINAC.

At daybreak a cold, strong wind came from the northwest, and we had a long, weary beat to get into the shelter of Mackinac Island, which we finally reached at eleven o'clock in the morning, tired, cold, wet and hungry again. We dropped our hook abreast the Lake View House, and after a hasty toilet, the first thing we did was to see what the inside of the dining-room looked like.

After dinner we felt better, and we figured out our sailing. Summary:

Wyandotte to Tashmoo Park	38	miles, sailed in	11	hours
Tashmoo Park to Lake Huron	34	" "	10	"
Port Huron to Harbor Beach	66	" "	10	"
Harbor Beach to Au Sable	50	" "	8	"
Au Sable to Alpena	48	" "	11	"
Alpena to Mackinac Island	110	" "	26	"
Total	340	" "	76	"

By Monday morning, July 12, we had all the sightseeing on the historic old island that we wanted, and we decided to start for home. The wind blew lightly from the north, when, at eleven o'clock, we up anchor, taking the west shore of Bois Blanc Island and the South Channel. There was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the lake. The sun, together with the reflection from the smooth water, became a little trying, so to make things more comfortable, we stretched the awning over the cockpit, and spent a lazy afternoon. By daybreak on Tuesday we had jogged along as far as Middle Island, and midday found us at Thunder Bay Island, with the wind almost gone. Without coming to anchor, the Cleric took the dinghy and went ashore to see what the island afforded in the way of provisions. The family of the Captain of the life-saving station were very genial; and as a result of the forage, he took back to the yacht three newly baked loaves, two dozen eggs, and two quarts of fresh milk, for which he had considerably difficulty in persuading the good woman to accept the sum of sixty cents! The great kindness of these people almost tempted us to make a stop. But we had decided to attempt the run from Mackinac to Port Huron without a stop, if possible, so we drifted on, promising ourselves a longer sojourn on the island if we ever came that way again.

THE FORT, MACKINAC.

About two in the afternoon the wind headed round to the south, and we put out on a long leg into the lake. At four o'clock we found another squall and some more thunder, and then rain. Surely Thunder Bay was most appropriately named. We fooled around under jib for a couple of hours, the heavy sea, which the squall kicked up, making the yacht pitch and roll badly. When the storm cleared at six o'clock the wind veered westerly, the sun came out again. We up mainsail and jigger, and managed to stand close-hauled down the lake.

Wednesday morning at eight o'clock found us northwest of Point-aux-Barques, the lighthouse barely visible through the glass. We managed to sail close-hauled with a steady wind all day, though the sea was heavier than is necessary for comfort. Passed Port Sanilac Light at half-past five, about eight miles out. At six o'clock we ran into another tempest, though we were not hunting for one. Several heavy schooners in sight made sorry work of it. One big fellow, going up, got all his canvas down, and threw out a hook as a howling blast came down the lake from the north. We had nothing but the jib up, and we smiled as we flew before the wind in the direction we were anxious to go. Selfishly, we didn't care how long, or how hard it blew, if it only came that way. Less than thirty miles away was the mouth of the river we were seeking. But it didn't blow that way. It blew just as hard most of the time, and all night long, and a wild night we had. But most of the time we got it from the south, and with the heavy sea it kicked up, we made slow progress working into it. Fort Gratiot Light was sighted long before daybreak as we tacked back and forth trying to make the mouth of the river.

A BLOCK HOUSE, FORT MACKINAC.

RELIANCE ON HER FIRST TRIAL SPIN.

Photograph copyright by James Burton, New York City.

We got in by seven o'clock on Thursday morning, and ran into a little slip at the city of Port Huron, sixty-nine hours from Mackinac Island, distance two hundred and forty-five miles.

This ended our great lake sailing on the cruise, and we were all glad to get a little rest again. No serious mishap had occurred, and none of us were any the worse which a good sleep would not cure.

Thursday and Thursday night gave us all the rest we needed, and on Friday afternoon we dropped down the river about ten miles to Stag Island, where we came to anchor and spent the night.

On Saturday afternoon we had a head wind, but with the stiff current, against which we had labored two weeks before, now in our favor, we made easy work of getting as far down as Algonac in time for an early supper, where we anchored and spent the night.

Sunday morning, July 27, we spent ashore, and at three in the afternoon, with a light head wind still, got to Star Island, at the St. Clair Flats, by half-past five. Laid up until half-past three Monday afternoon, and got to the Ship Canal a few minutes after four. In St. Clair Lake the wind was light, from the west, and late at night came to in the Detroit River, in front of the city. On Tuesday morning, after the Captain had seen the maker of the new suit of sails, which we were using for the first time on this cruise, and which fitted very poorly, we dropped down the river to our anchorage at Wyandotte, home again, safe and sound, and almost sorry the Cruise to Mackinac was a thing of the past.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 4.—The steam yacht Carmina, designed by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough, and built by the Lawley Corporation for Mr. Charles Fletcher, of Providence, was successfully launched from Lawley's west shop Saturday afternoon. The yacht was christened by Miss Harriet May Fletcher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, and granddaughter of Mr. Charles Fletcher.

It was one of the prettiest launchings that has ever taken place at the yard. The big hull started ever so slowly down the greased ways, gathering momentum as she passed out of the shop. She was allowed to go by the run, and no attempt was made to stop her until she had gone almost half the length of the basin. Then, when the strain was put on the big bow hawser leading from the head of the shop, it snapped. Carmina took a sheer toward the schooners at the end of the basin, and it commenced to look serious. She was snubbed, however, when she had all but crashed into the other yachts.

A special platform was built at the east side of the shop for the launching party, which, beside Miss Fletcher, was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Milner, and Mr. Daniel Jackson, all of Providence; Mr. J. R. Hooper, of Boston, and Mr. B. S. Murphy, surveyor of Lloyds British, under whose supervision the yacht was built. There was a big gathering at the head of the shop and the docks were lined with people. All of the shops were closed at noon in honor of the occasion.

Carmina is the largest steam yacht ever built at Lawley's. She is a big-bodied boat, with rather a full bow, and at once suggests stability. She is built of steel, the plating being on the raised and sunken system. Her deckhouses are steel framed and steel sheathed as high as the windows. Over this and for the rest of the distance the outside finish is teak.

She is 170ft. over all, 139ft. 9in. waterline, 22ft. beam and 10ft. 6in. draft. She has two water tube boilers of 250 pounds pressure each. She has a four-cylinder, triple-expansion engine of about 1,400 horse-power, driving a single screw. She was built under special survey of Lloyds, and is expected to be rated A1.

Below decks she is well laid out and has good room. In the forward part of the boat is the forecastle. Abaft of this are quarters for five officers, with shower bath, messroom and lavatory. Next comes the galley, which is quite large. Abaft the galley is a thwartship bunker, extending the full beam of the ship. Then come the boiler and engine spaces and the stokehole.

The owner's quarters are abaft the engine space. Mr. Fletcher's stateroom is finished in white mahogany. It is a large room about 12ft. in length and extending the full beam of the yacht. Connected with it is a private bathroom. The suite consists of five staterooms and three bathrooms. These are finished in mahogany and white enamel.

In the deckhouse, forward, is the dining room and pantry on the port side, and on the starboard side is a passage. Aft of the machinery space there is a smoking room and a drawing room. These are finished in mahogany. Above the deckhouse there is a promenade bridge, and there is a raised bridge for the navigating officer.

Carmina is fitted with electric plant, steam steerer, engine room telegraph and all of the modern cruising equipments, with the exception of an ice-making plant. It was thought best to save the room this would take up, and it is also estimated that it will be more economical to store ice on a yacht of her size. She will be commanded by Capt. Nicholas Dand, who is a veteran yacht master.

The steam yacht Pantooset, owned by ex-Commodore A. S. Bigelow, of the Eastern Y. C., sailed for Europe Saturday, passing out by Boston Light at noon. A number of friends of Capt. A. C. Corkum, master of Pantooset, accompanied the yacht as far as the light in a tug. Before leaving the anchorage these friends went on board and presented Capt. Corkum with a beautiful silver loving cup.

Pantooset will proceed to Southampton by way of Fayal, where she will continue fitting out. From there she will go to Cuxhaven, Germany, where Mr. Bigelow and party will join her. She will then pass through the Kiel Canal and up the coast of Norway, as far as North Cape. Returning she will go up the Baltic as far as St. Petersburg. She will then return to Cuxhaven, where Mr. Bigelow and party will leave her. She will then return direct for America, arriving in Boston about Sept. 10.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has sold the schooner Attaquin, owned by Mr. Durbin Horne, of Pittsburg, and now under charter to Mr. Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Ky., to Mr. Robert P. Bonnie, of Louisville, Ky. She will be used in the South. He has also sold the 18-footer, Tokalon, owned by Mr. R. J. Randolph, Jr., to Mr. M. Williams, and the 18-footer Janet, to Mr. C. W. Jaynes.

The Y. R. A. 25-footer Chewink II., designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard, and built by Fenton, of Manchester, for Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., was tried out last week. She is said to have shown great speed and is looked for to be especially fast at reaching.

At a meeting of the judges of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association, held April 27, it was voted that all existing boats in the Association shall be remeasured and reweighed before receiving certificates of racing numbers for the season of 1903.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Sailing House Boats.

BY FRANK H. BALL.

AMONG those who turn to the water for recreation and rest are found several distinct classes. Some care only for yachting of the most strenuous kind, and live on the excitement of speed contests, or of battle royal with the ocean when the odds are all on the side of old Neptune. Others prefer to take their water in less heroic doses, and to them the hardships incident to fighting out a storm at sea more than offset the pleasure to be derived from such an experience. This is the class who seek the more protected waters of bays and rivers, where, with comfortable quarters from which to radiate, they take to the water as much or as little as suits their mood, and when the game is not to their liking they are not compelled to play.

With this second class the summer cottage is the usual thing, or the anchored house boat for those who find a special charm in life afloat. The house boat is well adapted to this kind of life, because it furnishes a movable base from which to make day excursions in the smaller craft, but the moving of a house boat from one anchorage to another, if accomplished by a tug, is ordinarily a rather monotonous experience, depending somewhat on the power and speed of the tug, and such trips are undertaken merely for the sake of reaching the objective point. The latest plan, and one which seems to be growing in favor, is to equip the house boat with sails of moderate size, with which it may be comfortably navigated, thus adding something of the pleasure of yachting without sacrificing anything of the comfortable roominess of the house boat. One of the pioneers among this class of sailing house boats is the Sommerheim, which appeared on Great South Bay in 1897. The Sommerheim is a flat bottomed boat with a large house and a sail plan of moderate size.

Prior to the advent of the Sommerheim it had not been new for sailing vessels to be provided with roomy quarters of the house boat kind, but in all these craft the first idea was to build a sailing vessel, and next to plan a cabin and other conveniences adapted to the vessel; while in the Sommerheim the subject was approached from the house boat end, and after the cabin had been planned, a vessel was designed to carry this cabin and lend itself in every respect to the conveniences and comforts which are desirable in a boat which is to be used as a summer home. The Sommerheim was the result of this idea of building a hull to suit a cabin, and a description of her may be interesting.

First a few words in regard to the method of designing. It has already been stated that the cabin was the first subject to be considered. Referring to the plan view, the arrangement will be easily understood. The main cabin was made on each side. The two staterooms next forward must be 6½ feet each in length athwart ship to provide for the berths, and, in order to make a suitable passage fore and aft between these rooms, it is necessary that the cabin, or house, shall be 16 feet wide, and this determines the minimum beam of the middle section of the boat at the bottom. A roomy kitchen forward of the port stateroom makes the house long enough for a single stateroom for the cook and a light and airy toilet room on the starboard side, and the dimensions of the house are fixed at 32 feet in length and 16 feet in width.

Having decided on the house, a hull must be designed to carry it. A flat bottomed boat is the best adapted to shallow waters, and a scow stern makes a cheap construction and furnishes a roomy after deck. The breadth of the bottom amidship is fixed by the house at 16 feet, and, inasmuch as an outside passage fore and aft on deck is desirable, the sides are given a flare of two feet each to provide such a passage, and the beam is thus fixed at 20 feet on deck. The length over all must be determined with a view to reasonably good lines for moving through the water, and the depth made sufficient to insure the necessary strength of the structure. In the Sommerheim 70 feet was selected as a desirable length, with 15 feet of deck aft of the house and 23 feet forward, and a depth of hull amidship of 4 feet. By placing the cabin floor on the floor frames of the boat, the head room may be made 7½ feet in the clear, without causing the house to rise above the main deck more than is necessary for desirable window room, and a house of this kind does not interfere with sails, nor seriously affect the windward sailing of the boat. The roomy bow may be used for water tank, ice box, general storage and quarters for the boy or man who constitutes the ship's crew. In the Sommerheim a large water tank in the bow and another in the stern, having a capacity for two weeks' supply, are piped to the kitchen, toilet room and staterooms. A stationary ice box with a two weeks' capacity makes it unnecessary to renew these supplies except at convenient intervals.

The after deck of the Sommerheim, 15 feet long by an average width of 17 feet, contains a large cockpit in which the wheel is located. When riding at anchor the house protects this cockpit from the wind for those who are seated, but does not obstruct the view forward for those who are standing, and the man at the wheel has a clear view of the water in all directions. This cockpit is large enough for two hammocks and several steamer chairs, without interfering with the handling of the boat. An awning covers this deck, and is set so that the sails clear it under all conditions. It is on this deck that the house boat party spend most of the time, and in fine weather meals are served under this awning.

The interior arrangement of the several rooms of the cabin is clearly shown in the plan view. In the main cabin sliding curtains at each side shut off the berths from the center of the room, with space enough before the berths for convenient dressing. It will be seen that sleeping accommodations are provided for eight persons besides the cook. The berths are all single beds hinged at the back like the upper berths of sleeping cars, and underneath each berth is a full sized box for clothing. Hair mattresses on woven wire springs make sleeping accommodations that do not suggest anything of the hardships that are often incident to life on the water, while wire screens in all the windows insure freedom from flies or mosquitoes, for it is very essential to a full enjoyment of this sort of life that petty annoyances and inconveniences be reduced to a minimum. If a person is spending but a few weeks on the water he does not mind sleeping on a hard bed, but it is quite another thing if he plans to spend a whole summer afloat, and expects to go back to the same thing year after year with keen enjoyment. The general arrangement of the Sommerheim will be recognized as a comfortable one, and in no respect has anything of comfort been sacrificed for the sake of adapting her to the use of sails.

In the matter of sails, simplicity of rig and convenience of handling were the first consideration. The yawl rig was selected for the Sommerheim because it is more convenient to handle than either the sloop or schooner, and is surer in stays, a matter of some importance, particularly in shallow waters. The sails best adapted to this service are what is known as the "leg o' mutton" type, with its single halliard and without gaffs to hoist aloft. For the mainsail a jig attached to one end of the halliard provides for stretching the canvas after it has been hoisted with the single purchase end, thus making the hoisting of this large sail an operation that may be easily performed by a boy. The mainsail is sheeted to the after end of the cabin within reach of the man at the wheel, and the jib sheets lead to the cockpit, making the boat a "single hander" and more comfortably so than the ordinary catboat. Three shallow keels and a small centerboard forward of the mainmast furnish the necessary lateral resistance for windward work. It must be remembered that the Sommerheim is not a racing machine, and the center of effort of her sails is so low that there is never any question in a gale except as to the ability of the sails to survive, so that reefing is an unknown operation. It is true that this condition is only to be obtained by a sacrifice of possible speed in light airs, but when one has his house with him there is no need of great haste, and, as the breeze freshens and the yachts are busy tying reefs, the Sommerheim may be seen romping ahead at an ever increasing speed, until, owing to her superior size, when the smaller craft get down to two or three reefs, she begins to show them a clean pair of heels. One of the pictures which accompany this article shows the Sommerheim in a breeze, and it is easy to believe that she is doing better than ten miles an hour. Even in these strong breezes she handles so easily that the house boat family look upon her as a sort of family horse to be driven by anybody, and it is a fact that much of the sailing of this boat is done by the ladies of the party during the absence of the men, and with no other assistance than that rendered by the ship's boy, who hoists the sails and gets up the anchor; so that the frequenters of Great South Bay have become accustomed to meet the Sommerheim in fresh breezes with a smother of foam under her bow and a girl at the wheel, and with the prospective man on the forward deck the only representative of the sterner sex aboard.

This sort of thing would not be practicable except under certain conditions. It is of the utmost importance that the boat must be so designed that constant alertness is not required to adapt the spread of canvas to the force of the wind and the carrying power of the boat, but, on the contrary, there should be nothing to do when under way but to steer and hum the refrain, "The harder it blows, the faster she goes." Then, too, the summer cruising should be limited to protected waters like the great bay on the south shore of Long Island, with its hundreds of square miles of shallow water swept by ocean breezes, and with good anchorage everywhere for a craft of this kind; so that it is only necessary to round up and let go the anchor at any time to be in a comfortable harbor.

Vessels of the Sommerheim type seem destined to grow in popularity, and particularly so because the pleasure to be derived from them is so large a return on the comparatively small first cost and the cost of keeping them in commission.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Charles G. Davis entered upon his duties as manager of Captain "Tom" Webber's yacht building plant at New Rochelle on May 1. Mr. Davis brings to the business a ripe and valuable experience acquired elsewhere, having been superintendent of construction at the Electric Launch Works, Bayonne, N. J., and manager of the Metropolitan Boat & Launch Co., Astoria, L. I. Webber's yard is one of the best known about New York City, many famous racing and cruising yachts having been built there, and under Mr. Davis' management the business is sure to thrive.

Mr. H. C. Baxter, of Brunswick, Maine, has sold his steam yacht Venezia, through Manning's yacht agency, to Mr. J. H. Morris.

Mr. Charles E. Graham, of New Haven, Conn., has sold his schooner Adrienne to Colonel Austin, of New York City, through the agency of Messrs. Macconnell Bros. These brokers have also sold the 21ft. knockabout Widgeon for L. H. Dyer to H. I. Whiteside, of Bayonne, N. J., power launch to W. B. Smith Whaley, of Newton; sloop Nayade, for F. E. Heath to C. L. Angell, of New York; 40ft. cabin launch Firefly, for F. H. Adriance to G. P. Granbury, of New York; 22ft. raceabout Dixie for Mr. Agassiz to H. B. Dexter, M. Y. R. A.; 21-footer Zaza to W. S. Fairchild, of Newark, N. J.; 36ft. speed launch for Edward Oswald to C. E. Laidlaw, Jr., and knockabout Raduga for F. S. Schussell to Richard H. Swartwout.

Ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard has sold his schooner Corona, through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Mr. Arthur F. Luke, of Pittsburgh.

Arcturus, the English built auxiliary, owned by Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, New York Y. C., arrived in New York on April 28. She sailed from Southampton on April 6 and left Fayal on April 14. Arcturus encountered heavy weather after leaving the Azores. She was designed by Mr. St. Claire J. Byrne and built by Ramage & Ferguson, Ltd., at Leith, in 1895. She is built of steel, and is 109ft. over all, 148ft. waterline, 27ft. 2in. breadth and 13ft. draft.

Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales: Launch Helen for Messrs. Ulrichs, Brooklyn, to the commission on additional water supply for New York City; Lawley raceabout Nirvana, for Mr. E. C. Griffin, to Mr. Charles A. Morss, of Boston; catboat Pete, for Mr. Ferdinand Starbuck, to Mr. I. C. Eaton, of Jersey City.

Mr. Clarkson Cowl, of New York City, has sold his steam yacht Ardea, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, to Mrs. Maude Sherman.

Mr. Hollis Burgess has made the following sales: The steam yacht Hanniel (in conjunction with Messrs. Gardner & Cox), owned by Mr. C. H. W. Foster, of Boston, to Mr. Clarkson Cowl, of New York City; the 32ft. waterline cutter Vayu for Dr. Richard H. Harte, of Philadelphia, to Mr. G. H. Winans, of Kalamazoo, Mich. She will be taken to Buffalo through the Erie Canal, and from there to Michigan. The 25-footer Jingo, for Mr. R. T. Paine, second, of Boston, to Mr. George B. Doane, of Boston. The 21ft. knockabout Minx, for Mr. T. S. Hathaway, of New Bedford, Mass., to Mr. Henry F. Strout, of Brookline, Mass.

Khama, the English-built racing cutter recently purchased by Mr. Seymour J. Hyde, New York Y. C., sailed from the Clyde on April 25 for New York. It is expected that she will arrive on this side about June 1.

Inia, the steam yacht built at Morris Heights for Mr. Henry S. F. Davis, was launched on Saturday, May 2. She is 103ft. over all, 84ft. waterline, 15ft. breadth and 5ft. draft. Inia is a flush decked vessel and is schooner rigged. Her builders guarantee a speed of fifteen miles. The dining saloon is in the forward deck house and is connected with the galley by a dumb waiter. The crews and officers' quarters are forward. Aft of the machinery space are four staterooms for the owner and his guests and a saloon. The yacht will be completed by June 1.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

New York C. C. Racing Events, 1903.

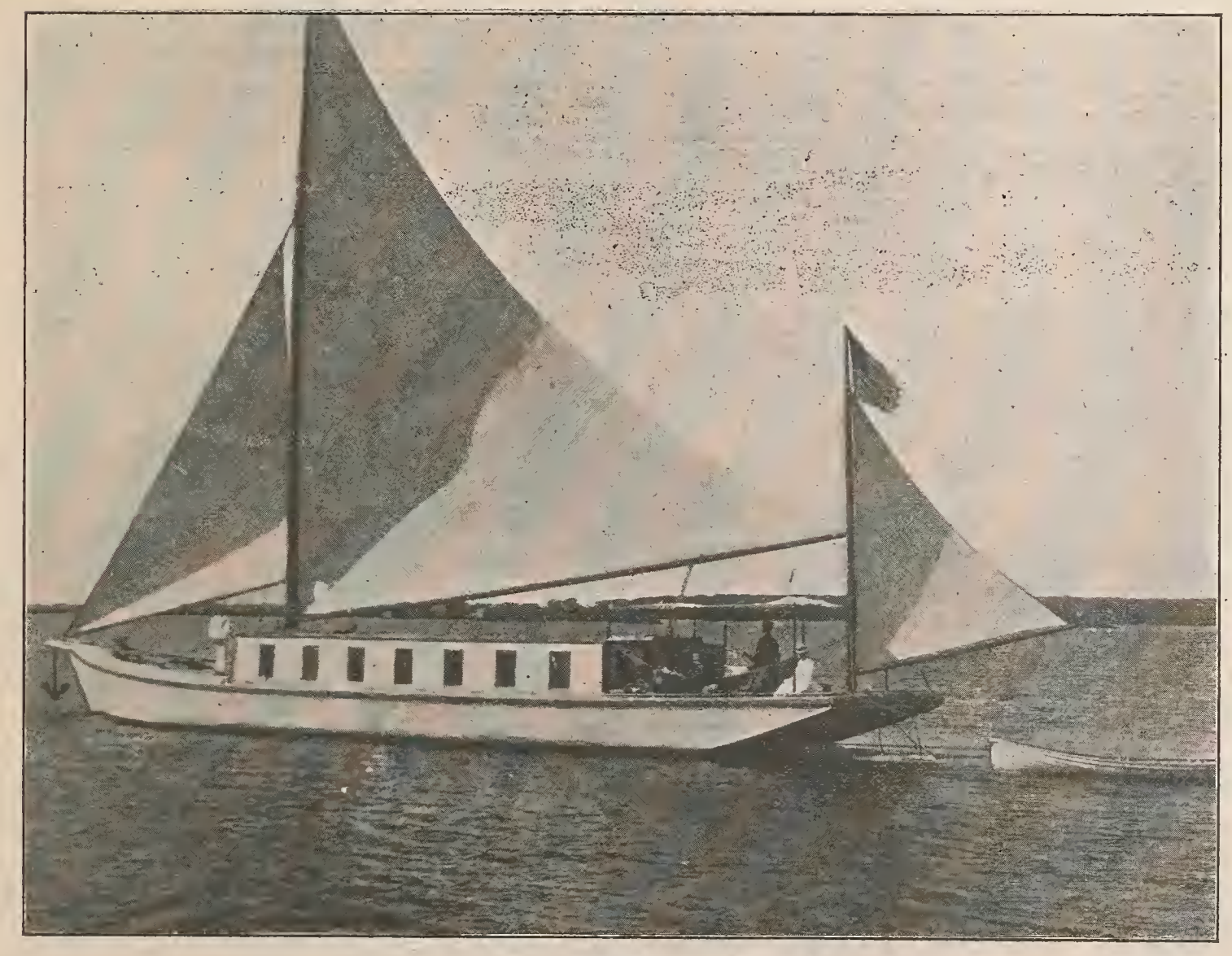
The following canoe regattas will be held during season of 1903:

Spring Regatta, Saturday, June 13.—Events: 3:00 P. M., record sailing, decked canoes, 3 miles; 3:15 P. M., record sailing, open canoes, 3 miles; man overboard race; open canoe paddling, double blades, half mile; open canoe paddling, single blades, half mile; open canoe paddling, single blades, tandem; tail end race. Courses and distances subject to change at option of committee.

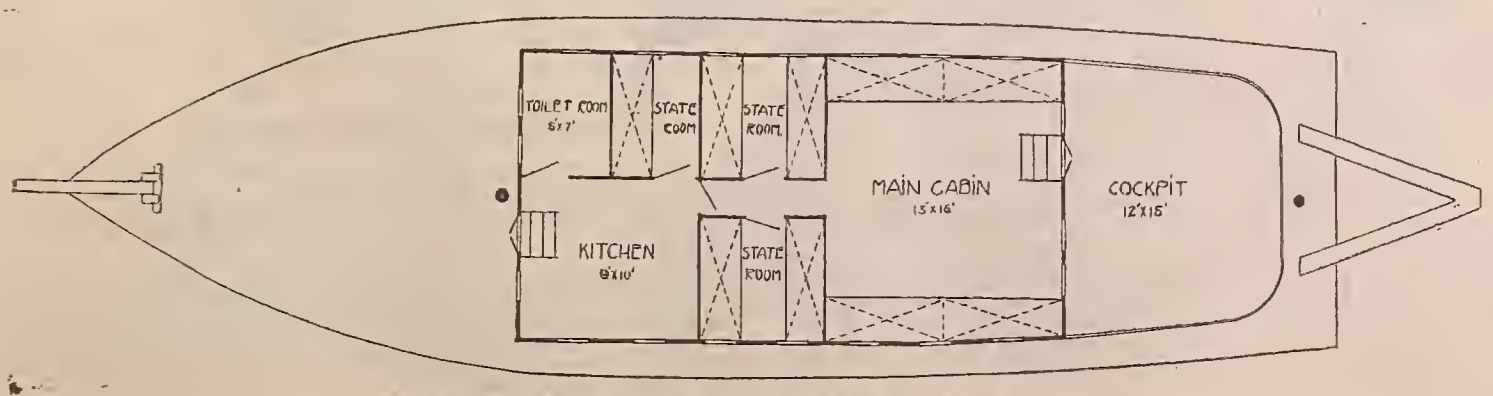
Saturdays, July 11 and 18, and Aug. 1.—3:00 P. M., record sailing, decked canoes, 3 miles; 3:15 P. M., record sailing, open canoes, 3 miles.

Fall Regatta, Saturday, Sept. 12.—Full list of events will be announced later and will include: 3:00 P. M., record sailing, decked canoes, 3 miles; 3:15 P. M.,

SAILING HOUSE-BOAT SOMMERHEIM.



SAILING HOUSE-BOAT SOMMERHEIM.



SAILING HOUSE-BOAT SOMMERHEIM—CABIN PLAN.

record sailing, open canoes, 3 miles; which will complete the series of five record races for each class. Flags will be given winners of each race, and first and second prizes to the winners of greatest and second greatest number of points, respectively, for the series, and for each class. System for scoring points will be posted on bulletin board in club house. All canoeing events open to members of any canoe club or American Canoe Association.

Gravesend Bay Yacht Racing Association schedule for races for season of 1903:

June 6, Marine and Field Club.
June 20, Brooklyn Y. C.
June 27, New York C. C.
July 11, Bensonhurst Y. C.
July 25, Marine and Field Club.
Aug. 1, Brooklyn Y. C.
Sept. 5, New York C. C.
Sept. 19, Bensonhurst Y. C.

Classes and courses will be announced through circular by the Association.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Eastern Division.—H. P. Cunningham, Medford, Mass.; Wm. J. Burbeck, Lowell, Mass.; Wm. A. Packard, Boston, Mass.; John W. Rice, Winchester, Mass.; Wm. E. Crosby, West Medford, Mass.; Clifford Talbot, Winchester, Mass.; A. J. Goodwin, Boston, Mass.; Chas. H. Littlefield, Jr., Lawrence, Mass.; Robert B. Parkhurst, Lawrence, Mass.; John R. Newman, Boston, Mass.; H. K. Newhall, Boston, Mass.; Arthur A. Ridgeway, Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Thompson, Boston, Mass.

Central Division.—George S. Kellogg, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by Charles P. Forbush; G. Fred Merrick, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by Al. T. Brown; Frederick C. Irving, Gouverneur, N. Y., M. H. Kennedy, New Brighton, Pa., proposed by H. T. Kreamer; S. T. Blemming, John W. Boyce, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by H. E. McLain; Lyman B. Kirkpatrick; Frank T. Sage, Irondequoit Canoe Club, Rochester, N. Y., proposed by John S. Wright; Hiram M. Rogers, Rochester Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; H. S. Sturdevant, Rome, N. Y., proposed by Jesse J. Armstrong; John Henry Coon, Buffalo Canoe Club, proposed by John S. Wright; and W. O. Amsler, Otto Benkiser, Alton Brown, W. H. Brown, G. T. Hildebrand, C. A. Robb, Gregg Rogers, J. H. Smith, H. G. Welsh, all members of the Duquesne Canoe Club, Pittsburg, Pa., proposed by A. W. Heeren and H. W. Breitenstein.

Atlantic Division.—Dr. Wm. B. Breek, Dr. Stuart B. Close and Mr. George V. Strahan.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O. At the regular meeting of this Association on April 26 the following scores were made. Strickmeier was champion for the day with 231, raising his record 2 points. The handicap contest that has been running for some months came to a close last shoot, Gindele winning first class medal, Odell second class and Topf third class. Conditions of scores below, 200yds., off-hand, German ring target. Wind unsteady from 9 o'clock:

						Honor.
Strickmeier	231	223	222	215	214	66
Hasenzahl	229	222	220	217	214	65
Gindele	227	222	220	215	209	63
Payne	227	220	220	213	211	62
Bruns	217	208	200	198	196	48
Roberts	217	206	204	203	203	69
Odell	215	214	215	211	210	60
Nestler	214	212	212	211	207	65
Hofman	214	211	211	207	206	61
Hofer	211	208	207	203	196	67
Lux	211	207	207	200	200	57
Freitag	209	209	202	201	193	53

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 6.—Walkerton, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
May 6.—Litchfield, Ill., Gun Club shoot.
May 5-6.—Lexington, Ky., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—De Witt, Ia., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—Luverne, Minn., Gun Club shoot.
May 6-7.—Union City, Ind.—Parent Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Lafayette, Ind.—Lafayette Gun Club's tournament.
May 6-7.—Titusville, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. T. L. Andrews, Sec'y.
May 7-8.—Wilmington, Del.—Wawasett Gun Club's target tournament.
May 7-9.—El Reno, Okla.—Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 9-10.—Chicago, Ill.—Spring tournament of the Grand Crescent Gun Club.
May 11-12.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club shoot.
May 12-15.—Pekin, Ill.—Illinois State Sportsmen's Association tournament.
May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y
May 15-17.—Oceau Park, Cal.—Pacific Coast championship bluerock tournament, under auspices of Ocean Park Country Club. L. Herzog, Sec'y, Los Angeles.
May 16.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's tournament. J. R. Taylor, Genl. Mgr.
May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.
May 17-18.—Cedar Lake, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.
May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.
May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.
May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association O. R. Dickey, Sec'y
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.
June 4-5.—Greenville, O.—Spring tournament of the Greenville Gun Club
**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 20-21.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The programme of the Interstate Association's Trapshooting tournament, given for the West Branch Rod and Gun Club, Williamsport, Pa., May 27-29, will be sent to applicants. There are ten programme events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, excepting event 8 at 25 targets. Entrance based on ten cents per target. Lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents, included in entrance. Guns and ammunition may be forwarded to W. A. Myers, 145 W. Third street. To three low guns each day $5, $3 and $2. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the shoot. For further information apply to the secretary, H. A. Dimick, 344 Pine street, Williamsport, Pa.

From the Parkersburg, W. Va., Journal, we take the following: "The ladies of this city are beginning to take up the handling of the shotgun more and more, and it is very probable that within the next year or so an association will be organized for the purpose of getting all the fun possible out of the art of smashing bluerocks. The amount of interest shown by them in this sport exceeds by far that evidenced by the men. There are a number of ladies in this city who are becoming very proficient in breaking moving targets, and the more skillful they become the more enthusiastic are those who are just beginning." And thus mere man finds out, day by day, that he is losing dominion. Is it not time to form a union?

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., has issued the catalogue for its shoot to be held on May 30. There are ten programme events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 60 cents, 90 cents and $1.20. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Handicaps 16 to 20yds. The Rose system will govern. Sweepstakes optional. Targets one cent. Highest total of manufacturers' agent, $10. They may shoot for targets only. To first, second and third amateur making highest totals, $20, $10 and $5; to fourth, 100 loaded shells. To lowest, $5. To the shooter making the longest run, a Stevens rifle. Guns and shells to the secretary, Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, 32 Church street, will be delivered on the grounds.

The Sunday Call states that "at a meeting of the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club, May 2, it was decided by unanimous vote to form the club into a stock association. It was voted to issue 250 shares of stock, all of which will be taken by the members. From the funds derived from the sale of stocks the club grounds will be placed in better condition, and additional traps will be added, so that large squads may shoot at the same time.. Next Saturday afternoon the club will hold a match shoot."

The secretary, Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, writes us that "on April 29, the Board of Control of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League held a meeting and decided that on and after May 26-27, the team shoot will be shot on the second day in place of the first day, as heretofore. They also decided to abolish 'no bang no bird.' Interstate rules will be used in the future, commencing with the Irwin shoot, May 5-6."

The intercollegiate contest held on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, at Darby, Pa., Saturday of last week, was won by Harvard with a score of 200 out of a possible 250. There were five men to a team. The other team scores were: Princeton 197, U. of P. 173, Yale 172. Messrs. Dupont, of Harvard, and Stutesman, of Princeton, tied on 44 for high individual score; in the shoot-off Stutesman won.

On Thursday of last week, Capt. A. W. Money returned to New York from Colorado Springs, Colo., to which place he took his son, Mr. Harold Money, soon after the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City last month. He reports that a decided improvement in Mr. Harold Money's condition has set in since his stay at Colorado Springs, whereat all his friends will heartily rejoice.

"The Trapshooter's Ready Reckoner," published by Forest and Stream Publishing Co., is a work embodying a series of tables showing at a glance the division of purses under all the approved tournament and club conditions of competition, in sweepstakes having entries from one to fifty. It was compiled by Mr. J. C. Clark, secretary Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. H. "Gates" shot a team match against Messrs. Frank Butler and A. "Hoffman" at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., on Friday of last week, 40 birds per man, 80 birds per team. Capt. Money and Mr. Butler were each high man on their respective teams, 37 out of 40, thus Mr. Butler is now in the crackerjack class.

The programme of the Pacific Coast championship bluerock tournament, May 15-17, its first annual event, given under the auspices of the Ocean Park, Cal., Country Club, enumerates a long list of merchandise prizes and added money. There are several important trophy events. Mr. L. Herzog is the secretary, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Middlesex, Mass., Sportsmen's Club will hold a shoot on Memorial Day, on its grounds at East Lexington. June 17 has been fixed upon as ladies' day. Prize events and team competition will be the main features of the day's shooting. A basket lunch, served in the ample tent, will be a pleasant incident of the gathering.

The Nebraska State shoot for 1904 was fixed to be held at Columbus. At the Nebraska State shoot last week, at Lincoln, Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, was high average. He broke 358 out of a possible 375. Mr. L. E. Reed, of Ohiowa, won the championship medal.

In the final shoot for the Troisdorf medal, at Watson's Park, Chicago, on May 2, there were five contestants who had previously won it in events of the series, namely, Messrs. Rupel, Roll, Barto, Shogren and Bellman. Roll scored 43 and won.

The Cincinnati Gun Club has five sets of traps installed on its grounds, placed in a semi-circle at the outer edge of the boundary of the live-bird traps. This is some of the preparatory arrangements for the great forthcoming tournament of the club.

Capt. C. G. Blandford, of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that, concerning the amateur State Association championship medal, the conditions are 100 targets, instead of 60 singles and 20 pairs, as at first announced.

The fifth contest of the series at 500 targets between Messrs. Van Ness and Gambell, of Cincinnati, O., was finished on May 2. Each contest was at 100 targets. Van Ness broke 442; Gambell broke 437.

Mr. Leonard R. Finletter, in the shoot-off of the tie of the Riverton Gun Club's April cup, on the club's grounds, near Philadelphia, was the successful contestant. He killed 13 straight.

At the Colt Gun Club shoot, May 2, Hartford, Conn., the main contest was the fifth medal shoot, thirteen contestants. It was won by Mr. E. Hubbell, with a score of 23 out of 25.

In a team match, five men on a side, between the Williamstown and North Adams, Mass., Gun Clubs, April 29, North Adams scored 104 to 84. Each man shot at 25 targets.

The Union Gun Club, of New Jersey, will hold shoots on May 16, 23 and 30, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J.

Mr. Irby Bennett, energetic and urbane as usual, was a visitor in New York last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The fifth medal shoot of the Colt Gun Club was held in the afternoon of May 2. The club medal, a trophy always eagerly contested for, was won by Mr. Hubbell with a score of 23. The winner is proud of the fact that this score has never before been equalled at the present traps. Five new members were added, with prospects of many more, and the club is in a flourishing condition. The full scores were:

Events:	*	1	2	3	4	Events:	*	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Hubbell	23	19	21	..	..	Hollis	17	12	..	..	..
McFetridge	19	19	16	..	..	Miller	15	8	..	..	..
Hermann	19	18	19	21	21	Kierstead	13	..	..	..	..
Hollister	18	22	12	17	..	Haight	16	13	..	..	..
Alger	16	18	19	..	..	Field	17	16	13	..	..
Cook	16	17	19	..	..	Ryan	12	..	..	..	..
Field	17	11	13	..	..						

R. MCFETRIDGE, Sec'y.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the regular shoot, May 2, the weather was favorable for good scores, and some good shooting was done. The class medal winners were Guthard, Ford and Leggett, A. B and C respectively.

The handicaps are for the trophy event, the sixth; all the rest except the fourth (which was from the 18yd. mark) being at 16yds. The fifth was doubles, and the last the club event. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	25	25
Guthard, 18	7	9	14	8	..	20	23
Shiell, 16	8	6	..	..	..	18	14
Brodie, 18	4	10	8	6	7	17	22
Ford, 16	..	..	11	6	..	18	21
Hitchcock, 20	7	7	11	6	8	20	18
Leggett, 16	..	..	..	..	3	16	21

North Adams Gun Club.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., May 2.—The weather was windy, but pleasant, at the shoot of the North Adams Gun Club to-day. Sidway made a run of 48 without missing. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	25	10	25	Targets:	10	25	10	25
Adams	9	18	10	7	Sercourt	6	19	9	..
McHale	4	18	9	..	Kellogg	..	22	..	..
Merritt	1	..	7	8	Spencer	..	23	7	..
Forry	2	15	8	..	Graves	..	20	9	..
Taylor	4	17	8	..	Wood	..	..	4	..
Sidway	5	25	10	8	Hodge	..	..	7	..
Durbin	5	11	4	..	Stebbins	..	..	8	8
Blackman	5	..	7	..					

L. W. GRAVES, Sec'y.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., April 24.—Although the local gun club shot upon their own grounds on April 25, Fast Day, yet we had a better attendance than we expected. Maine was represented by Mr. Darton and Mr. Adams, from Portland, and Mr. Drew from Berwie.

The conditions for shooting were not the best, the varying attitudes and extreme angles made hitting difficult. Some good scores were made by the best shots, but the most interesting was a match by Darton and Corson at 50 targets. Corson broke 44 targets, and won, though it is but fair to say that Darton has not shot any since December. Mr. Corson had the best average for the day.

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Nebraska State Shoot.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 30.—The twenty-seventh annual tournament of the Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association closed to-day.

The attendance was good; twenty-one shot through the two days' programme. The second day's programme was not shot, owing to rain and snow storms. On the last day the added money was doubled, and 3½ cents each was charged for targets.

At the meeting of the Association, held on Wednesday evening, Columbus was selected as the place for holding the next meeting. Dan Bray was elected President; Gus Sievers, Vice-President, and Gus Schroeder, Secretary and Treasurer. All reside in Columbus. The trade was represented by Norton, Kirby, Bates, Riehl, Budd, Carter and Sharp. The first five shot for targets only.

W. H. Heer, of Concordia, won high average, scoring 358 out of a possible 375. L. E. Reid, of Ohiowa, won the championship medal; he was tied by Linderman and B.-27, and in the shoot-off broke 24 out of a possible 25 and won by two targets over B-27.

First Day, April 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	25	15	15	20	20	15	Broke.
Adams	12	19	20	15	18	24	11	13	18	16	14	180
Budd	13	20	18	15	16	23	14	13	17	16	15	180
Townsend	14	20	19	14-18	21	12	13	16	18	13		178
McDonald	12	20	19	14	16	24	13	14	16	16	10	174
Hafer	11	15	15	13	16	22	9	8	8	..	..	...
Illian	11	19	17	15	18	22	13	13	19	14	12	173
Schroeder	11	19	19	14	17	23	12	13	18	14	12	172
Bray	15	19	17	13	18	24	14	13	16	18	14	181
Sievers	12	16	17	15	17	22	14	13	17	19	12	174
Morrell	14	18	19	13	20	17	15	14	16	18	14	176
Linderman	15	19	19	15	20	25	13	13	17	17	12	185
Rogers	15	20	19	14	19	21	15	13	18	18	13	185
Norton	12	16	18	15	17	20	13	14	15	..	..	...
Kirby	15	19	20	15	19	20	14	13	14	17	14	180
Bates	14	20	18	15	19	21	13	15	17	20	13	184
Riehl	13	18	19	14	20	23	15	14	18	19	13	186
Carter	14	19	19	14	19	20	11	14	18	18	13	179
Reed	13	18	18	14	18	25	14	15	18	19	13	185
Heer	14	19	20	15	20	23	15	15	20	18	14	193
Duncan	15	18	20	14	19	24	11	10	17	18	13	179
Saunders	11	16	19	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Williams	14	18	20	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Weatherhead	11	18	18	15	11	22	14	13	16	18	10	166
Forney	14	18	18	13	17	18	11	13	18	13	9	162
Nicholson	13	17	17	14	17	19	13	11	19	16	13	169
Waddington	14	19	19	14	19	22	14	12	16	18	13	180
Bigler	12	19	16	14	18	23	15	13	16	..	..	...
Terry	11	18	17	13	17	21	14	13	10	..	..	...
Sack	12	15	19	12	15	23	15	14	16	16	14	169
Harney	13	20	19	15	15	20	10	14	17	15	13	171
Murshel	13	19	15	12	13	18	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cox	14	18	20	15	18	20	12	15	17	13	7	169
Phillips	14	19	19	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Veach	15	20	17	15	19	22	14	14	17	18	15	186
Dominie	13	15	16	14	17	..	15	12	16	..	..	...
Warner	13	17	19	13	17	19	13	12	16	14	12	165
Joseph	11	..	..	..	17	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
Bills	13	17	19	15	20	21	11	14	15	..	..	...
Clyde	8	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	..	...
Shaw	9	14	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Mark	12	18	17	14	11	8	..	13	..	..	..	...
Miller	12	18	17	14	17	23	8	12	12	..	..	...
Ragan	12	18	14	14	15	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Otis	..	7	..	6	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	...
Layher	..	20	16	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Melcer	..	16	14	10	12	..	8	11	..	..	..	...
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	13	13	..	..	...
Burk	..	..	..	..	13	14	..	12	..	17	..	...
D Adams	..	..	..	..	..	10	23	13	13	18	16	8
Diefenderfer	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	9	13	17	17	11
Alexander	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	14	..	..	...
Stout	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	...

Second Day, April 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total
Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	25	15	15	20	20	15	Broke.
Adams	11	20	17	15	19	24	15	13	18	15	14	157
Budd	15	18	15	13	19	22	13	14	19	18	14	158
McDonald	12	20	18	15	19	21	13	15	19	19	15	165
Townsend	5	14	12	11	15	15	13	14	16	19	13	132
Goodrich	10	14	14	11	16	22	13	12	16	17	14	137
Illian	11	18	19	14	19	23	14	15	15	15	14	154
Schroeder	14	15	13	8	15	18	11	12	18	15	11	132
Bray	12	17	17	11	17	23	12	15	17	18	11	147
Sievers	12	15	15	15	16	23	12	10	16	18	13	142
Morrell	14	17	16	12	16	23	13	13	18	15	14	148
Linderman	14	17	17	13	19	24	14	15	18	18	11	156
Duncan	12	17	17	13	17	21	14	14	19	17	14	154
Veach	14	18	20	14	19	23	14	15	18	19	14	165
Kirby	14	18	19	13	16	23	14	15	17	20	13	159
Bates	14	17	17	12	17	23	15	13	19	20	15	159
Riehl	15	16	16	14	20	22	15	12	19	20	14	161
Carter	14	20	16	14	16	..	13	13	18	16	14	154
Reed	13	17	19	14	19	24	14	13	20	18	14	161
Heer	14	20	19	14	20	25	14	14	19	19	12	165
Diefenderfer	9	17	19	13	18	..	13	14	14	17	12	146
Dominie	9	17	17	9	14	23	..	..	..	..	..	...
Colglazer	13	16	14	12	14	..	10	8	16	11	10	124
Waddington	15	16	17	14	18	23	15	14	19	18	15	161
Miller	12	17	18	13	18	..	15	14	19	19	14	159
Burk	12	17	18	14	14	..	14	13	17	18	14	151
Norton	11	17	16	10	13	23	13	13	13	16	8	130
Saunders	14	19	16	12	19	..	15	15	19	19	12	160
Phillips	13	17	15	14	16	21	14	10	17	19	14	149
Sack	12	18	16	13	..	23	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harney	12	19	18	14	18-23		15	14	20	19	12	161
M-16	10	16	16	9	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rogers	10	15	16	10	17	21	15	14	17	15	14	143
Moore	11	17	18	14	17	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hafer	5	14	8	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lewis	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Joseph	..	13	15	12	17	21	9	..	..	..	..	...
B-27	..	..	17	12	..	24	12	13	17	..	14	...
Williams	..	..	..	14	..	..	12	13	20	14	11	...
Bills	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	13	13	..	..	...
Hindmarsh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	16	..	12
Hungate	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	16	12

Shoot-off of State event: Linderman 19, L. E. Reed 24, B-27 22.

Averages.

	First Day.	Seeond Day.	Total.
Adams	180	157	337
Budd	180	158	338
Townsend	178	132	310
McDonald	174	165	339
Illian	173	154	327
Schroeder	172	132	304
Bray	181	147	328
Sievers	174	142	316
Morrill	176	143	319
Linderman	185	156	341
Rogers	185	143	328
Kirby	180	159	339
Bates	184	159	343
Riehl	186	161	347
Carter	179	154	333
Reed	185	161	346
Heer	193	165	358
Duncan	179	154	333
Waddington	180	161	341
Harney	171	161	332
Veach	186	165	351

Heer first, Veach second, Riehl third, Reed fourth, Bates fifth.

Norfolk Gun Club.

NORFOLK, Va.—The weather was delightfully spring-like at the Norfolk Gun Club's opening shoot of the season, on its grounds, April 28. The main event was at 35 targets, the summary of which follows: Gallagher 25, Taylor 25, Talbot 25, Agelasto 18, Phlegar 18, Gunther 16.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Interstate Park Farewell.

Interstate Park, L. I., April 29.—The Interstate Park Farewell tournament, held to-day, was well attended. This park, so conspicuously identified with trapshooting history within the past few years, will be closed permanently to trapshooting, or, rather, it is understood that April 30 was the day fixed upon for such closing. It was also a testimonial benefit to Mr. Henry Whitehouse, who has long been identified with the park, and who always exceeded his best endeavor to please its patrons. A pocketbook containing upward of $70, contributed by the shooters present, was given to Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. C. A. Lockwood making the presentation speech in behalf of the donors.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were regular programme events; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were extra events. Nos. 1 and 2 were each at 15 targets, $1.25 entrance; No. 3 was at 20 targets, $1.50 entrance.

The main event, at 50 targets, $2.50 entrance, was shot in two parts, 25 targets each. The money in this event was governed by high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

The competition was close. Mr. Sim Glover, of New York, and Mr. T. B. Rider, of Freeport, L. I., tied on 47, for the cup and first money. They agreed to divide the money and shoot off for the cup. They tied on 23 out of 25 in the first shoot-off, and Mr. Rider broke 23 to Glover's 22 in the second shoot-off, thereby winning the cup. He was heartily congratulated by every one present. In this contest between the professional and the amateur, all the sentiment seemed to be with the amateur. The scores follow:

The managing committee had the following members: Chairman, C. A. Lockwood, Jamaica; John S. Wright, 318 Broadway, and J. Charlton, 116 Liberty street, New York.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	15	25	25
Reynolds, 16	11	13	18	..	..	12	20	23—43
Van Allen, 18	9	12	20	13	13	13	21	23—44
Goetter, 16	12	8	12	..	12	12	15	19—34
Butler, 17	12	12	17	14	11	14	21	23—44
Gardner, 17	14	12	14	10	12	18	18	21—39
Banks, 18	14	13	19	..	..	11	19	24—43
Call, 17	14	15	16	11	14	12	19	10—29
Smull, 16	12	12	18	12	15	14	22	22—44
Bradley, 16	13	11	18	14	12	13	19	23—42
Hopkins, 17	13	13	16	13	13	12	22	21—43
Rider, 16	11	15	17	..	..	15	23	24—47
Hyde, 16	10	13	14	10	13	13	22	24—46
Schneider, 18	14	14	13	14	15	14	21	20—41
Willis, 16	13	12	16	..	..	15	17	16—33
Glover, 18	14	14	17	..	..	..	24	23—47
Morrison, 16	..	8	18	..	..	..	23	19—42
Sprague, 16	..	13	19	..	..	10	22	19—41
Staples, 16	..	..	18	..	..	..	21	23—44
Lossee	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Barron, 16	..	..	19	..	..	..	17	20—37
Lockwood, 16	..	..	18	..	..	..	21	17—38
Whitehouse, 16	..	..	..	15	..	..	18	22—40
Welles, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20—39
Hendrickson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	22—45

Shoot-off: Glover 23, Rider 23. Second shoot-off: Glover 22, Rider 23.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 2.—There were seventeen contestants at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot to-day. A stiff wind depressed the flights of the targets, making shooting very difficult. It was a busy afternoon, nevertheless. Considering the high wind, some of the scores were excellent.

Targets:	10	15	25	25	15	10	25	25	25	20	10
C A Lockwood	5	12	20	17	11	6	21	17	18	14	..
Hawes	6	10	15	..	11	5	..	..	..	10	..
Frost	3	10	12	14	8	5	..	..	15	11	..
Bergen	6	8	17	17	12	5	..	..	15	10	..
Voorhes	8	12	17	..	13	8	..	..	18	15	..
Newton	5	7	12	..	8	5	..	..	..	12	..
Wright	5	7	17	19	9	4	22	17	15	13	..
Bittner	3	5	12	..	7	3	..	..	12	10	..
Cheeseborough	5	8	15	..	11	4	..	..	..	..	5
Hitchcock	9	12	23	19	12	8	..	..	..	..	5
Corins	7	10	20	..	11	6	20	..	..	..	8
Ackley	10	11	14	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	7
Dreyer	3	10	14	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Schneider	..	..	15	18	..	..	17	21	..	..	..
Merten	..	..	16	14	..	..	16	19	..	..	..
Osterhout	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doctor	4	10	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Manager.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., April 28.—Mr. E. Emmons, of Royersford, Pa., was the only contestant who killed straight in the handicap event, 20 birds, $20, class shooting, three moneys, given by the Keystone Shooting League. Three tied on 19, namely, Messrs. I. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J.; Ed. Johnson, of Atlantic City, and L. Smith.

The weather conditions were unfavorable for comfort and good shooting. There was no wind to help the birds, though the latter were good.

Emmons, 29	22222222222222212222—20
Budd, 30	121*2212222121211211—19
Johnson, 30	22220222222221222222—19
Smith, 30	22222112222222220222—19
Rothaeker, 29	02221222222222222202—18
Geikler, 27	12121202212202221212—18
Lamb, 28	02111211112*22222122—18
Gavin, 27	22222221120211222222*—13
Morris, 28	22210222222022002222—16
Cella, 27	02010202222102111202—14
Hibbard, 26	00100002012220101022—10

Miss-and-out, $3:

Johnson	2222222222	Lamb	20
Geikler	2222222220	Budd	0
Smith	1122222222	Lamb	20
Gavin	2221122222	Morris	222222222*
Cella	2210	Hibbard	20
Budd	0		

May 2.—A stiff wind and good birds taxed the skill of the contestants of the Keystone Shooting League shoot to-day.

Of the nine contestants in the officers' trophy event, Budd was the only one who killed straight.

A match at 50 live birds between Messrs. J. Morris, of Philadelphia, and A. J. Miller, of Camden, was won by the former, 45 to 40. They will shoot another race at 50 birds next Saturday. The scores were:

J Morris	22222222222222222222022022222122222222222022202210—45
A J Miller	02102222022222222202222001222222*21212022021110111—40

Officers' trophy shoot, 15 birds, 28yds. rise:

Budd	121211222211212—15	Rothacker	0122201022222121—12
Harrison	122121122221021—14	Miller	2222222022022102—12
Harvey	2222222022202222—13	Bird	1201102220111111—12
Johnson	2222202222222202—13	Bucknell	02*122122202020—10

Grassman nd Geikler withdrew.

Club handicap, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

Rothacker	2222222222—10	Bucknell	2102220222— 8
Winchester	2222222222—10	Bird	1200111101— 7
Harrison	2121111211—10	Boker	1111001011— 7
Johnson	2122222222—10	Geikler	2220*22022— 7
Budd	2212122210— 9	Gifford	1220120020— 6
Harvey	0222222222— 9		

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—All those having won the Troisdorf target medal during last year and this year shot the ties off here to-day at 50 targets each, to see who would become the holder of the medal. Rupel 41, Roll 43, Barto 38, Shogren 33, Bellman 39.

Sweeps that followed:

Targets:	25	15	10	10	Targets:	25	15	10	10
Rupel	21	13	8	7	Shogren	17	12	8	6
Roll	20	12	7	9	Bellman	18	..	..	..
Barto	23	13	10	5					

All sweeps $1 entrance, targets extra. No. 4 was at 5 pairs. Rupel and Roll shot at 19yds.; the rest at 16. WATSON.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., April 27.—The Independent Gun Club leased the shooting grounds in the race track enclosure at the Three-Mile House, for this season, and will hold a series of shoots. The first will take place on Memorial Day. A magautrap is being installed.

Mahanoy City, Pa., April 25.—Articles of agreement have been signed for a 13-live bird match for $100 a side between John Donohoe, of Coles, and William Lloyd, of Morea, the contest to take place at Mahanoy City Park, Saturday, May 16.

Bethlehem, Pa., April 22.—In a competitive live-bird shoot at the traps on Saeger's farm to-day Arthur Beahm won, killing 8 out of 10 birds. C. Brader killed 6, H. Saeger and R. Breisch 5, and Q. Fehr 4.

Lebanon, Pa., April 23.—Fred Ehrhorn defeated Job Weaver in a live-bird match for $200 a side at East Lebanon. Ehrhorn killed 8 of his quota of 12, while Weaver grassed 6.

Lebanon, Pa., April 30.—Fred Haddon defeated Fred Ehrhorn in a shooting match at 50 bluerock targets each, by the score of 32 to 26, on the Keystone Gun Club grounds at East Lebanon. They shot for a $20 purse.

Reading, Pa., April 29.—James Wertz, of Temple, defeated George Kerr, of this city, in a live-bird shooting match to-day on the Spring Valley grounds, this city, by the score of 47 to 43. Each man shot at 50 live birds, $50 a side.

Reading, Pa., April 26.—The Spring Valley Shooting Association, of this city, elected the following as delegates to the annual convention and State shoot of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, to be held May 19-23 at Philadelphia:

Delegates: Arthur A. Finke, Elmer E. Rutter and John A. Esterly. Alternate: J. Boyd Mishler.

The delegates were instructed to vote for York for the 1904 State shoot. DUSTER.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINNCINNATI, O., April 25.—The Cincinnati Gun Club prize contest of to-day had twenty-three contestants. A steady rain fell while the last 35 targets were shot at. The scores: Gambell (19) 45, Medico (18) 45, Linn (16) 42, J. B. (16) 41, R. Trimble (21) 41, Capt. (16) 41, Du Bray (16) 41, Faran (17) 41, Harris (19) 41, Maynard (19) 41, Ahlers (19) 40, Joe H. (16) 39, Coleman (18) 37, McB. (16) 37, Block (18) 36, Corry (18) 36, Nye (18) 34, Lindsley (17) 34, Falk (16) 33, Ackley (16) 32, Herman (16) 31, Jack (16) 31, Silas Green (16) 24.

Third match of race at 500 targets, April 18:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	
Van Ness	20	20	17	17	17	17—91
Gambell	17	19	18	16	17	17—87

Fourth race, same, April 25:

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	
Van Ness	18	18	18	19	19	19—92
Gambell	16	16	18	19	20	20—89

Totals to date:

	1st race.	2d race.	3d race.	4th race.	Total.
Van Ness	89	85	91	92	357
Gambell	87	89	87	89	352

May 2.—The weather was very windy. The Troisdorf medal event had twenty-two contestants, of which, Mr. Ed. Rike, at 16yds., was high with 43; Mr. A. Gambell, at 19yds., was second with 41 out of 50. The scores: Rike (16) 43, Gambell (19) 41, Harris (16) 40, Faran (16) 39, Ahlers (20) 38, Ackley (17) 37, Block (17) 37, Anderson (16) 36, Nye (16) 36, McB. (18) 35, Maynard (18) 35, J. B. (17) 35, Herman (16) 35, Steinman (16) 35, Sunderbruch (16) 34, Barker (18) 34, Falk (18) 33, Corry (16) 33, Willie (16) 33, Medico (18) 32, Williams (20) 28, Jack (16) 26.

Five scores in 500-target race:

Van Ness	89	85	91	92	85—442
Gambell	87	89	87	89	85—437

Team race, 50 targets, 16yds.:

Gambell 40, Rike 44, Medico 40, Faran 35, Barker 35, Nye 37, McB. 32, Jack 40, Corry 31, Willie 34; total 368.

Ahlers 40, Harris 42, Coleman 37, Maynard 33, Block 42, Anderson 39, J. B. 27, Herman 34, Ackley 30, Steinman 42; total 366.

Intercollegiate Shoot.

May 2.—The Intercollegiate shoot between five-man teams of Harvard, Princeton, U. of Pennsylvania, and Yale, held at Darby, Pa., on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club, to-day, was won by Harvard with a score of 200. Each man shot at 50 targets, unknown angles. Dupont and Stutesman tied on 44, high score. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Stutesman won, 23 to 18. Highest run was a tie between Dupont and Motter, the Harvard and Yale captains. The scores follow:

Harvard.		Pennsylvania.	
Dupont, captain	44	Loudin, captain	39
Marsalis	39	Robertson	31
Ingalls	42	Henderson	32
Corbett	37	Adams	34
Bancroft	38—200	Perkins	41—173
Princeton.		**Yale.**	
Archer, eaptain	37	Motter, captain	42
Pardoe	35	Rosenthal	36
Gaines	39	Sturgis	28
Stutesman	44	Hall	29
Munn	42—197	Dupuy	37—172

As in the match of the day before between Harvard and Pennsylvania the Crimson's victory was due mainly to the very creditable work of their captain, E. E. Dupont, who broke 32 out of his last 33, making a run of 28 straight; F. Ingalls also helped to keep their score up.

Of the last four intercollegiate matches Harvard has won two (and was one bird behind the winners in each of the others). Princeton one, and Yale one, while in the dual shoots during this period Harvard has defeated Yale once, and Pennsylvania twice; and Princeton has also defeated the Quakers. The latter, however, deserve great eredit for the pluck they have always shown under what were often very discouraging conditions.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 30.—Our shooting day has been changed from Saturday to Thursday. To-day's shoot coming the day following our special meeting, at which time the by-laws were amended making the above change, all the members could not be notified, and the attendance was small. The change is expected to meet with universal satisfaction with the shooters, and bring out a larger attendance than we have been able to get on Saturdays.

The Marshall cup this week was won by Mr. Marshall with a score of 24. Scores in the Marshall cup event: Marshall (5) 24, Spencer (2) 15, Smith (4) 20, Briggs (5) 23, Fenn (3) 18, Winans (3) 18, Du Bois (3) 18, Hoctor (2) 19, Adriance (0) 21.

Following are the scores in the other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15
Hans	8	..	8	..	8	11	..	12
Fenn	8	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Winans	6	4	..	8	8	9	12	..
Spencer	..	..	6	..	4	..	..	..
Hoctor	..	8	..	8	7	..	10	..
Briggs	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	5	5	11	7	9
Du Bois	..	..	..	7	7	10	9	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	9
Adriance	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	13

DUB.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 2.—At the regular Saturday shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day we were glad to welcome as guest Mr. W. A. Moulton, Jr., of Minneapolis. Mr. Moulton had never shot over the grounds before, and was using a strange gun. Considering these handicaps, his scores show up very well. Event No. 4 was "quail shooting," walking through the grass toward the magautrap house, gun below the elbow, waiting for a bird to jump. This is sport worth trying. No. 6 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	5	15	10	10	10	10
Hans	5	8	10	..	9	4	7	9	6
E F Ball	10	8	9	3	9	..	8	..	..
J Hyland	8	5	7	3	7	6	..	8	7
C Blandford	..	9	9	3	8	8	9	..	..
W A Moulton, Jr.	..	..	7	2	8	3	2	7	9
A Bedell	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
A Aithison	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..

C. G. B.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

April 28.- Col. John H. Voss, big chief of the Hell Gate Gun Club's tribe, was the only one of the twenty-seven members that faced the traps to grass all his birds at the regular monthly shoot of that organization, held at John Hen's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., on Tuesday of last week. Dennis, Muench, Foster, Woelfel and Gardella scored 9 each, while Schorty, Wellbrock, Meckel, Baudendistel, Dannefelser, Albert and Kreeb finished third with 8 kills each.

The birds were a fair lot, but owing to the warm weather the scare ropes were much in evidence. The scores:

	Yards.	Points.	
F Trostel	28	6½	2001211001— 6
M F Dennis	26	5	2112111011— 9
Dr Davis	26	5½	01*1*00021— 4
Schorty	30	7	0112222022— 8
J F Wellbrock	28	7	212*222210— 8
Col J H Voss	30	7	1122122112—10
E A Meckel	28	7	1222211020— 8
J Schlicht	28	6	120022*212— 7
G K Brict	28	5½	1020120002— 5
P Garms	28	6	2021201102— 7
J A Belden	28	6	2001021002— 5
L T Muench	30	7	0221122221— 9
H Foster	28	7	111*221112— 9
J Hughes	26	5½	0212100212— 7
P Woelfel	28	6	2112220112— 9
D J Deady	28	6	202102*000— 4
R Baudendistel	28	5½	0211112021— 8
C Webber	28	6½	0211102102— 7
J P Dannefelser	28	5½	22101*2221— 8
J Selg	26	4	022200*120— 5
P Albert	28	7	2212021102— 8
F Gardella	26	5½	2221111202— 9
A Krodel	26	5	2211100200— 6
J Klenk	28	6	1111020100— 6
J H Doherty	26	4	0000200021— 3
J Kreeb	26	5	1012011211— 8
E Peterson	28	5½	202210001*— 5

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., May 3.—The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, held its first shoot for May on this day. The day was fine, and the traps worked good. The Hudsons have two more shoots in May—17th and 31st. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	25	15
Schorty	11	11	11	14	13	13	20	..	21	..
Fairmount	13	14	13	13	14	13	16	..	22	12
Reynolds	12	8	6	8	8	6	14	..	13	..
Staples	10	11	13	11	14	15	18	..	18	11
Geo Hughes	7	10	8	15	11	11	15	..	18	..
Gillies	6	9	12	8	10	12	..	10	..	..
Barker	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Malcomb	..	8	7	6	5	7	..	..	..	..
Pearsall	..	..	13	8	13	13	..	10	..	9
Jenkins	..	..	6	5	6	..	..	7	..	..
Headden	..	..	6	8	6	7	..	..	..	..
J Pearsall	..	..	5	10	9	9	..	8	..	10
Jas. Hughes	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	9
Brewer	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Whitley	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..

Events 7 and 9 were at 20yds. J. L. H., Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 2.—Pleasantly cool weather and a strong wind were the weather conditions prevailing during the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day. The wind was about 12 o'clock; that is, it blew toward the shooters when facing the traps. The targets flew high and erratic many times, owing to the wind, and good scores were a matter of extreme difficulty to make. The series of cash prize shoots was begun to-day.

There were twelve contestants present to-day. Mr. Gus Greiff's gun was too high at the comb, and as a consequence kicked him in the cheek at every shot, making accurate shooting impossible. The grounds are pleasantly situated at Edgewater, on the west shore of the Hudson River, and are reached from New York via Fort Lee Ferry from 125th street. The scores follow:

Targets:	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	25	10
Greiff	12	7	6	8	4	..	..	..	6	5
Morrison	10	6	4	12	2	..	5	..	19	5
Vosselman	8	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	9	7
Harland	7	6	4	5	5	..	..	..	7	..
Richter	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	13	7
Eickhoff	..	..	6	12	6	7	5	6	11	6
Waters	..	..	6	10	7	..	8	..	19	..
Allison	..	..	7	8	5	4	..	6	14	4
Schraunn	..	..	..	3	4	..	4	5	11	..
*Eickhoff	..	..	..	11	..	..	7	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	19	..
F Truax	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
C Truax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..

*Re-entry.

Event No. 9 was handicap prize shoot. No. 10 was at 5 pairs.

Jas. R. Merrill.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., May 2.—Seven events were contested at the shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club to-day. The scores as a whole were noticeably good.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	20	25	25	25	25	25	25
H Schwab	15	..	19	..	..	..	..
R B Baldwin	12	..	..	..	..	20	22
O Yeomans	..	18	21	19	..	..	..
C L Smith	..	18	..	..	20	14	20
F J Miller	..	13	..	18	..	..	..
Mosler	..	..	20	..	21	..	..
Dr Lane	..	..	..	17	19	..	..
Dr Wakeley	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Osborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Franklin Gun Club.

May 3.—The Franklin Gun Club, at its shoot to-day, had ten shooters. The following contestants shot at 30 targets: E. Black broke 8, Williams 19, Right 7, A. Right 12, Kishpaw 11. Williams shot at 10 and broke 5; W. Pope shot at 11, broke 3; H. Pope shot at 19, broke 14; C. Ramage shot at 10, broke 5; F. Ramage shot at 10, broke 1.

Trap at Smith Brothers' Grounds.

Newark, N. J., May 1.—The match between Messrs. Money and Gates on the one hand and Messrs. Hoffman and Butler, shot at Smith Brothers, 30yds., 40 birds each, was won by the former, 72 to 70. The birds were first rate, and a strong wind added to the difficulties of the competition. A dinner and the price of the birds was the subject of difference.

Capt Money	2122122110222121212112*22221022111221221—37
H Gates	202221*2212221212202210 2*12*102122201211—33—70
A Hoffman	2102212121 2*2112211022012122212211012221—35
F Butler	2022111201222211 12*1111221112212212222122—37—72

Pattenburg Gun Club.

Pattenburg, N. J., May 4.—The Easton boys did good work. A very pleasant match was witnessed Saturday, the 2d inst., between the Pattenburg Gun Club and the Independent Gun Club, of Easton. The Pattenburg boys, shooting different positions and being new in the business, did not show much of a score, but showed good courage, which will be to their credit in future matches. The match was a contest for the suppers, the losing side paying for his friend's supper. A first-class supper was supplied by Papa Milbers, and an exceedingly good time was had by all. Scores: Markley 17, N. Bonnell 12, J. Teidy 20, T. Williams 14, G. Richards 15, N. Stamets 15, Hansman 22, C. Huff 10, T. Fredericks 24. H. Gane 7, Coken 16, S. Gane 15, O. Sked 18, Holbrook 11, Ivey 15, G. Hann 14, W. H. Maurer 21, H. P. Milbern 19, H. E. S. 24, L. Kitchen 15.

C. W. Bonnell, Sec'y.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., May 2.—There was a good attendance, eighteen shooters, at the Union Gun Club's weekly competition. Ten events were shot, 15 and 25 targets, a total of 200 for the programme. Apgar made high average, 170 out of 200. The weather was pleasant, but a high wind made difficult shooting. The club will hold shoots on every Saturday of this month. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Targets:	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	Broke.
Carlough	7	12	13	11	12	10	9	20	22	17	143
Money	17	15	14	8	12	8	14	14	20	22	161
Apgar	19	23	12	10	13	13	13	21	22	24	170
Vosseller	6	9	4	7	5	2	5	..	..	..	38
Bowker	9	11	7	7	9	11	13	..	..	..	67
Ford	14	14	10	12	8	12	6	17	21	18	132
Wisc	..	12	10	10	7	11	11	18	18	16	129
Butler	..	15	9	11	7	10	11	17	20	18	118
F Axford	..	4	2	7	7	3	6	..	..	..	29
Lane	..	12	7	8	7	8	4	..	..	..	46
Paul	..	..	9	..	5	10	10	..	16	..	50
H Von Lengerke	..	..	7	8	12	11	10	21	18	..	87
Mac Clements	..	..	4	10	10	7	8	..	..	..	39
Van Tassel	..	..	6	4	5	9	6	..	..	..	30
England	..	..	4	8	3	8	9	15	13	14	74
Matzen	..	..	..	13	12	8	10	14	..	..	57
Money, re-entry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	...
Wise, re-entry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	...

C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

Glen Rock Tournament.

Glen Rock, Pa., May 4.—The following are the scores made at the Glen Rock Gun Club shoot, held May 1-2. The first day the shooting was very hard, on account of a very strong wind, making the targets very erratic. Storr was high man, missing only 18 targets out of 200, on the first day. Krueger, of Lancaster, was high man on the second day, breaking 192 out of a possible 200; he made a run of 98, breaking the ground record.

May 1, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	10
Flick	5	9	9	8	15	13	12	12	17	5	16	6
Parker	9	14	14	13	19	14	20	12	24	12	18	8
Krueger	6	13	18	12	16	14	16	11	25	14	19	10
Blackbird	8	11	18	10	18	10	12	12	19	14	18	9
Humer	8	13	19	15	15	12	16	15	22	14	19	8
Hull	8	14	14	13	18	9	11	13	19	12	17	6
Lupus	8	12	13	13	17	12	17	13	17	12	19	8
Chew	6	13	17	13	17	9	14	10	21	12	19	8
Pennsy	6	13	14	11	12	11	14	..	..	..	16	6
Hyland	7	11	11	10	13	7	14	12	17	12	15	9
Storr	8	14	18	13	18	13	19	14	24	14	17	10
Collins	2	7	16	9	16	7	18	7	10	9	10	5
Eyster	7	11	14	8	15	10	..	..	22	8	12	8
McSherry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	15	..
Deardorf	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	15	5
I C E	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	19	9

May 2, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	20
Krueger	15	19	15	20	25	15	18	14	19	14	18
Parker	13	19	13	19	19	12	18	11	17	14	16
Humer	14	18	12	19	22	11	17	12	18	13	17
Storr	14	18	15	19	21	13	19	14	20	14	18
Jackson	11	14	13	17	..	10	..	..	..	13	11
Eyster	9	16	9	12	15	9	14	9	16	10	16
Flick	8	13	9	9	20	12	14	8	17	6	15
Pennsy	13	16	15	19	20	9	16	13	14	12	..
Brown	12	15	13	17	21	12	16	11	17	10	16
Smith	9	17	13	16	18	14	13	11	15	13	14
Koons	8	16	12	17	19	14	17	10	16	11	18
B R D	11	16	12	16	21	10	15	12	14	11	17
Raven	12	17	13	14	17	13	18	11	17	12	15
I C O	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	12	16	14	16
I O U	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	10	16	13	18

Allen M. Seitz.

Millvale Gun Club.

Millvale, Pa., May 2.—A high wind and difficult targets were against good shooting, at the weekly competition of the Millvale Gun Club to-day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	10	15
Givens	4	13	5	8	7	7	5	6	16	..	10	9	14
Hickey	7	14	9	14	9	12	10	12	..	8	8	..	..
Busler	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	8	8	..	..
Ray	9	13	8	13	10	14	..	..	24	..	..	..	..
Bruiner	7	8	5	8	3	6	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Bess	9	14	8	15	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seaman	5	13	4	10	6	10	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Bauerlein	4	10	6	8	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Blythe	5	11	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	7	7	8	13	10	6	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Elliott	6	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Stein	5	9	5	7	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Hinchcliff	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	10	..	..
Martin	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	10	..	..
Munn	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	7	..	..
Lauth	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	4	11	..	..
Ed Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	3	8	5	9
Johnston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	2	6	5	7
Tuoner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..

New Publications.

"The Waterfowl Family."

The volume of the "American Sportsman's Library," which refers to the taking of those water fowl which are interesting to gunners, is not happily titled. "The Waterfowl Family" is too broad, for of course waterfowl in the dictionary sense of the term covers many families, and a half dozen orders of birds not mentioned in this book. The volume is devoted to duck shooting, rail shooting, and shore bird shooting, by Dr. L. C. Sanford, with three chapters on the waterfowl of the Pacific Coast by T. S. Van Dyke, and eight pages of "Diagnoses of Families and Genera" presumably by Dr. L. B. Bishop, whose name appears as one of the authors on the title page, though it is not found in the table of contents nor at the head of either of the three principal divisions of the volume.

The book is made up rather largely of interesting natural history matter concerning the birds described in it. There is a brief Introductory, giving some of the characteristics of the duck family; about sixty pages are devoted to various forms of the shooting and capture of ducks, seven pages to the decrease of wildfowl and about 130 to descriptions and brief life histories of the various fresh-water and salt-water ducks. Chapter V. treats of goose shooting, to which ten and a half pages are given; the rest being devoted to descriptions of the different species. Chapter VI. tells of the swans and their shooting. Chapter VII. gives a very brief account of rail shooting, and describes the different rails and their near allies, which have been taken on this continent. The remaining seven chapters of the book deal with shore bird shooting, the shooting being entirely subordinated to the natural history side of the subject, as is very proper. In fact, the shooting occupies less than fourteen of the nearly two hundred pages of this section of the book.

Mr. Van Dyke's contribution to the volume covers about sixty pages, and treats broadly of wildfowl and shore bird shooting on the Pacific Coast. It is attractively written, but, as may be supposed, is very general in character.

"Diagnoses of Families and Genera" are useful, and will repay study. There is a good index.

The book is fully illustrated, and most of the drawings are admirable. Mr. Fuertes' drawings of birds leave nothing to be desired. The two or three outdoor scenes by Martin Justice and A. B. Frost are also capital, but we could get along without some of the pictures by Mr. Charles Livingston Bull.

The volume is a useful one, and will have a place in many a library, but the treatment scarcely seems adequate to the subject. Price, $2.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Peanuts and How they Grow.

The peanut has a national reputation; in fact, it is known the world over. Coney Island, Revere Beach or the hundreds of summer excursion grounds would not be complete if there were not the peanut and the peanut venders. The circus would lose a part of its attraction if the hot, parched peanuts were not on sale. They are mostly grown in the States of Virginia and North Carolina, on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the great through line between New York and Jacksonville, Fla. The peanuts are being grown to some extent by the Northern immigrants who have settled at Pinebluff, N. C., the new winter health resort located just six miles south of Southern Pines, the famous winter resort, where thousands of Northerners go each winter. The peanut grows on a little plant that looks like it might be a cross between the sweet potato and tomato vine. The peanut, like the tomato, has a blossom on the vine; from the blossom shoots downward a needle-like branch that enters the ground, and from the tip end soon after it enters the soil begins to form a little soft oblong pod that finally develops into the full grown peanut. The vine spreads out on the ground somewhat similar to a cucumber vine, covering, however, a space much smaller than the cucumber, only about two feet in diameter. The settlers at Pinebluff have sent up North, specimen vines of the peanuts to their friends, and they have been shown around with much interest; and recently there has been a demand for the vine from the schools up North so as to show an object lesson to the children, and many of the vines have been furnished the schools by Mr. John T. Patrick, agent of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, located at Pinebluff. A demand has been made on him by the schools for cotton plants as they grow, and rice as well as peanuts, and he has promptly responded to their demand; in fact, Mr. Patrick has added many interesting specimens to the schools and private collections North. He has a private collection at Pinebluff worth going to see.—*Adv.*

Interchangeable 1,000-Mile Refund Tickets.

Commencing June 1, 1903, interchangeable 1,000-Mile Refund tickets will be placed on sale, limited to one year from date of issue, good only for transportation of the owner, with usual free allowance of 150 pounds baggage, over any of the following lines:

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. (Between all points east of Ohio River, and between Pittsburg and Kane. Also to and from points on Philadelphia & Reading Railway, and Central Railroad of New Jersey, between Philadelphia and New York.)

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway. (East of and including Huntingdon.)

Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad.

Erie Railroad. (East of and including Jamestown and Suspension Bridge.)

Lehigh Valley Railroad.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

These tickets will be sold at rate of $30 each, subject to refund of $10 on surrender of cover to Trunk Lines Mileage Ticket Bureau, No. 143 Liberty street, New York, at any time within eighteen months from date of purchase.

This form of ticket will be issued in deference to requests of numerous patrons of the lines in interest desiring one ticket good over several lines instead of having to provide themselves as at present with a separate ticket for each line they desire to use.

Agents at principal stations of the railroads named above will have these tickets on sale and give all further information regarding them that may be required.—*Adv.*

Concerning Proctor's Theaters.

The scheme of producing complete plays with strong, refined vaudeville between the acts, to avoid the long waits one has to endure in the average theater, has been worked successfully from the theoretical stage to a now practical form of entertainment. The old idea of producing stock plays has now become passé, and the new form is rapidly becoming popular at all of Mr. Proctor's houses devoted to this idea. The theater opens say at 1 o'clock. Six acts of vaudeville are presented, and then comes the first act of the play, followed by a good specialty which works before the front curtain and entertains the audience while the stage is being set for the second act. This policy is maintained throughout the play until the fall of the curtain upon the last act of the comedy or drama, whereupon the vaudeville section is put in motion again until the evening performance. Thus it may be seen that if you drop into one of the Proctor houses you are assured of entertainment of the proper sort at any hour of the day between 1 P. M. and 11 P. M.

Michigan is well known as one of the finest fishing resorts of the land, and game fish may be had there in perhaps greater variety and abundance than anywhere else in the United States. Much that is interesting about this region is told in the beautiful booklet entitled "Where To Go Fishing," issued by the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railway. This booklet is notable for its three beautiful colored pictures of brook trout, rainbow trout and small-mouthed black bass. It is very fully illustrated by half-tones of scenes and incidents along the line of the road, and beside contains a map that will be very useful to any one contemplating the trip to Michigan.

W. H. Heer, amateur shooter of Concordia, Kas., won the Kansas State championship with U. M. C. Arrow shells, April 21, scoring 88 out of 90. April 24, R. O. Heikes won high average at Troy, Ohio, by a score of 361 out of 400 flying targets. F. P. Ryder, using U. M. C. Arrow shells in the shoot-off for the Farewell Cup at Interstate Park, April 29, won a silver loving cup for first average, with a score of 93 out of 100 flying targets.

"Brush, Stubble and Marsh" is the title of an admirably illustrated booklet issued by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., for free distribution to applicants. The full-page illustrations of upland game birds and water fowl are the superlative of artistic excellence. Full-page illustrations of a setter and a pointer round out the theme.

"The Trapshoter's Ready Reckoner" is a necessary part of the equipment of every secretary of a gun club. By turning over its leaves the gunner or score-keeper can tell at once just how the different money prizes should be divided, and a vast amount of labor and uncertainty is avoided, while time is gained and general satisfaction guaranteed. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*

Mr. W. R. Crosby, at the Paducah, Ky., tournament, April 28 and 29, won high average. On the first day he broke 169 out of 175; second day, 173 out of 175. On the second day he made a run of 109 straight. His average for the two days was one target short of 98 per cent. He used 44 grains of E. C. No. 1.

"The Trapshooter's Ready Reckoner" contains a series of tables showing the divisions of the purses at shoots having from one to fifty events, and events from ten to fifty targets, at the usual amounts of entrance and targets. Price 25 cents.

Spratts Patent (America), Limited, have been awarded the contract to bench, feed and fit up the Ladies' Kennel Association summer show, May 29-30. Spratts cakes will be used at the Wissahickon, Pa., open-air show.

The attention of lovers of good bass fishing is called to the advertisement of the York Lake property on the Delaware River in another column of this issue.—*Adv.*

New Advertisements.

The steamers of the Red Cross Line, which during spring, summer and autumn ply between New York and Halifax, N. S., and St. John's, N. F., offer an easy and delightful method of reaching Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, which is likely to be taken advantage of by many sportsmen. To one who has had nearly a year of the struggle of business or professional life, there is no better preparation for the different life of camp than a few days' rest on the ocean.

The large Scotch estate offered by Messrs. Lidderdale & Gillespie in another column should appeal strongly to the American who can afford himself the luxury of 3,000 acres. The place yields annually about 1,400 birds, of which 600 are grouse, and there are rabbits in great numbers. The opportunity seems well worth looking into.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

VOL. LX.—No. 20. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1903.—No. IV.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAP. 206, Laws 1903, amends Sec. 2 of Chap 92, Revised Laws, to read: Whoever takes, kills or has in possession, or buys, sells or offers for sale, a woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, between the first day of December and the first day of October following, whenever or wherever such bird may have been taken or killed, or whoever at any time buys, sells, offers for sale or has in possession for sale a woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, whenever or wherever such bird may have been taken or killed, shall be punished by a fine of twenty dollars for each bird.

SUNDAY BASEBALL AND FISHING.

SUNDAY baseball is engaging the attention of various authorities in New Jersey and New York. In New Jersey a grand jury has been instructed by Judge Van Syckel that it would be its duty to indict the police from chief down unless ball playing were stopped on Sunday; and this was followed last Sunday by the arrest of many players.

In New York, on the contrary, the courts are inclined to be more lenient, at least with private and "quiet" games. In a recent New York city case, Magistrate Duell dismissed a complaint against a ball player, who had been arrested at the instance of the Sabbath Committee on the charge of interfering with the repose and religious liberty of the day. In the course of his decision the magistrate said:

"Many acts on Sunday are now tolerated as inoffensive that were punished severely when the present statute was originally enacted. Fishing is one. To engage therein along our river front fifty and one hundred years ago was to invite arrest, conviction and fines, as appears by the police court records of those times. Now, thousands may be found each Sunday at favorite points along the river, and they fish from sunrise to sunset without molestation; large steamers go to the fishing banks on Sunday, carrying many thousands whose patronage is solicited by advertisements in the daily papers; they are not disturbed. Carriage, bicycle and automobile riding and century runs may be pursued with immunity under all circumstances and during all hours of the day, so long as the statutory speed limit is not exceeded, which is the same on Sunday as on other days.

"Sunday excursion trains and steamboats take multitudes from our city during the spring, summer and fall for all kinds of fun and frolic, including baseball, pitching quoits, throwing hammers, playing tennis and croquet, swimming, bathing and unrestrained picnicking. Golf players go by thousands to nearby links on Sunday for enjoyment and exercise. Now each of these forms of amusement is as much within the inhibition of the law as baseball playing, and locality, whether in the city or country, is not taken into account by the law which is of universal application throughout the State."

This is the Sunday of New York city. As far as the fishing is concerned, the law which forbids it is not enforced. The police would not dream of interfering with the Sunday fisherman. The sport is essentially quiet, it is pursued in places remote from any persons who might be disturbed by it, even were it as boisterous as Sunday baseball. The playing of baseball as it is played in New York city vacant lots on Sunday is often attended with clamor, profanity and obscenity, and no person who had ever been within hearing of it, whether magistrate or unofficial citizen, could rightly characterize such playing as anything other than an outrageous nuisance.

TAXIDERMISTS AND GAME HEADS.

IN view of the extremely small number of wild buffalo in existence, the value which they possess and the powerful temptation to kill the game for sale to taxidermists, we suggested recently that some system should be adopted by which taxidermists might be required to register the buffalo heads they offered for sale. It is a satisfaction to record that restrictions of this character have been adopted by several States this year, with respect not only to buffalo, but other game as well. In Wyoming the new law provides that all professional taxidermists who mount specimens of game animals, birds or fish for profit, shall be required to post in a conspicuous place in their shops a list of the names of all persons who furnish them with raw or unmounted specimens, and this list, together with all unmounted specimens in their possession they are required to exhibit to the State game warden or his assistant upon request.

Montana requires taxidermists to take out a license, paying a fee of $25 annually, and on the first day of the month every taxidermist must make a written report to the State game and fish warden of all the articles of game, the kind and number of each, by whom owned, and the residence of the owner, received during the past month; also of all the articles of game shipped, and when and where shipped during the month, together with the amount and kind of each on hand on the last day of the month, by whom owned and the owner's address.

Of similar character is the Idaho law which forbids entirely the taking of moose, buffalo, antelope and caribou at any time, and restricts killing and possession of other game in a season to "one elk, two deer, one mountain sheep, one ibex, one mountain goat," and provides that these limitations shall not apply to a taxidermist "taking and having in his possession the heads or skins of birds or animals for the purpose of preserving the same when such heads or skins are accompanied by an affidavit showing that they were taken from birds or animals killed in compliance with the provisions of the act." Another Idaho law makes possession of any buffalo or bison or of a part of one prima facie evidence that the possessor took it contrary to law.

It is clear that if such adequate regulations as those here outlined shall be enforced with diligence by the authorities, the situation thus created is a vast improvement over the old system of laxity under which was maintained a shameless traffic in the heads of buffalo killed by poachers. Such certification as to the origin of game animals and birds might well be of wide application. What is good for the buffalo and the mountain sheep would be good, too, for the heath hen of Martha's Vineyard. We have been so lavish of our wild life and so thoughtless and free in exterminating it, that we are now ready to adopt any means, no matter how hardly they may press upon the individual, which will save the remnants.

PUBLIC FISH AND PRIVATE WATERS.

COLD CREEK, a trout stream in Watertown, N. Y., has been stocked with fry from the State hatcheries for several years, and the fishing in it has been open to the public. Some of the pasture lands through which the creek runs have recently been acquired by new owners, who have posted their lands and shut out the public from these reaches of the stream, and a special deputy sheriff has been charged with the duty of keeping fishermen out. This action has naturally aroused protests from the debarred anglers. A correspondent writes:

"Those of us who have been interested in the planting of trout in our streams are indignant at such action, and we wish to know if there is any remedy. We fear that if one farmer can close his creek, containing State trout, more can and will, and we do not believe it is the intention of the fish laws to furnish State trout for private waters."

Certainly it is not the intention of the State to stock private streams. Theoretically all fish are deposited in public waters, and applicants for fry are required to specify that the waters for which they secure the stock are open to the public. In fact, no doubt many persons do get fish for their own private waters by deceiving the commissioners, describing these waters as public. The average conscience does not hesitate to deceive the State, and to get something for nothing where dealings with the State are concerned. Men who hold places of responsibility and trust in the business world will lie without any squeamishness when it comes to asking for fish from the State hatcheries. There was a president of one of the large life insurance companies who for years obtained trout fry from the commission by signing the usual blank declaring that the waters for which they were intended were public, when, as a matter of fact, they were put into his private pond, which was surrounded by a high fence through which the public could with difficulty see the water, much less get to it and fish in it. To defeat such schemers, the Legislature some years ago adopted a law providing that all waters stocked by the Fish Commission should thereafter be open to public fishing. This, however, went too far, since it invaded the rights of property and violated the landowners' privilege of the exclusive occupancy and use of his own land, and it was in this respect unconstitutional.

Under the existing system no remedy is suggested for the Watertown anglers who have been shut out from Cold Creek. In Massachusetts complications of this character are obviated by a requirement that before a stream shall be stocked from the State hatcheries the owner or owners shall agree that the waters shall be open to the public after the expiration of three years following the stocking, during which all fishing is forbidden. A clause of this character might well be incorporated into the application blanks used by the New York Commission and others, and the contract should be made so binding as to run with the land, and apply in such cases as this of Cold Creek, where new proprietors come into possession.

As for the owners of private streams, they should procure their fry from private trout breeders, just as they buy their poultry and hogs from private breeders. There is no good reason why the taxpayers should contribute free fish for the individual citizen, even though he be greedy enough and dishonest enough to attempt to secure them.

We regret to learn of the death of Dr. W. O. Blaisdell at his home in Macomb, Ill. Dr. Blaisdell's name had long been familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM by his frequent communications to its columns. Among the last of these was a charming account of a family reunion in which he had participated at the old home in East Orland, Me., with fishing experiences on Toddy Lake. "I hope to be there again another summer," the story concluded. Dr. Blaisdell was conspicuous for his public spirit; never seeking political office, he was always foremost in every enterprise to advance the interest of the community, and his life was such that he was endeared in a peculiar degree to the people of Macomb. It will be recalled that Dr. Blaisdell was greatly interested in the introduction of foreign game birds. He imported a number of chuckor partridges and other species from India. At his instance the Legislature passed a bill for the protection of the birds, which Gov. Altgeld vetoed, assigning as his reason that there were too many trivial things already classed as crimes, and he could not assent to the Legislature making the killing of these birds an offense. As the result showed, the law was not essential in this particular case, for the birds did not survive the transportation from India to Illinois.

From the Yellowstone Park comes the melancholy news of the death of Uncle John Yancey, for many years a picturesque figure of the eastern portion of the Park, where he had a lease and kept a stopping place for travelers. Uncle John was what the newspapers call one of the pioneers in the Park, and came there, if we recollect aright, about twenty-five years ago. All travelers to and from Cooke City—which years ago was so famous as the coming mining center of the West and is now so completely forgotten—stopped at Yancey's, as did also many Park tourists as well as people who had been hunting to the east of the Park, and wished to go out to the railroad by way of the Hot Springs. Uncle John Yancey was a native of Kentucky, but moved into the West a long time ago. He was typical of the earlier settlers in the West, cordial and hospitable, not given to frivolous conversation, a positive character who understood himself and human nature at large very well indeed. He was a man who possessed many warm friends, and he will be sadly missed. He was about eighty years old.

New Hampshire has provided a commission to make a general survey of the forests, with a special view to a determination of their value as conservers of the water supply. The field force is made up of experts designated by the Bureau of Forestry. The results of the survey, it is probable, will be made a basis for asking from Congress the establishment of a White Mountain national forest reserve.

Canada proposes to change the name of Hudson Bay to Canadian Sea, for the sake of emphasizing the fact that the water is an inland sea wholly within Canadian territory and control. It is extremely late in the day to talk of doing away with a name which is so interlinked with the history of Canada. For the sake of these associations the old name should be retained.

What is a rattlesnake good for? Good for one dollar if it is killed in Vermont. That is the size of the bounty

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Visit to Pitcairn's Island.

In Three Parts—Part One.

Before I was quite six years old and not old enough to be sent to school, I took a notion to learn to read, and on applying to my father to be taught, he turned me over to a young uncle, who taught me to read and write, and put in a whole winter at night doing it.

As soon as I could read I read everything I could get hold of, but books were not so plenty sixty years ago as they are now, and at first I could not get many of them, I was lucky enough afterwards to get all I wanted. I had been reading nine months when one morning I was perched up on top of a drygoods box in front of a store reading the local news to a party of men, when an old gentleman stopped, and after he had heard me read awhile and had sized me up, began to question me. On my telling him that I had no books, he took me to his library and handed me the first two I ever owned—"Robinson Crusoe" and the "Mutiny of the Bounty." Then he told me to use this library of his when I wanted more books. I used it for many years after this. The library would be considered a small one now; then it was the largest one in the city. This gentleman's name was Anderson, he continued to lend his books to us boys while he lived, and at his death he left his library to our public school; they still have it. Andrew Carnegie and his brother Tom were two of the boys who used this library, and we both attended the same school, the First Ward school in Allegheny.

This book, the "Mutiny of the Bounty," first directed my attention to the Pacific Islands, and I next hunted through the library for everything else that told about them; then I read all the geography and travels in the library and all of Cooper's and Walter Scott's works; and when I had got a few years older I began to form plans to visit these islands; but I had to wait many years before I got to them. On the first day of March, 1874, I found myself in San Francisco. I had just been discharged from the regular cavalry down in Texas and had gone to California to see the country; I did not see much of it at that time, as it afterward turned out, for on the morning after my arrival in San Francisco I took a walk down to the docks and saw there a large steamer that was taking on stores and making ready to go somewhere, and on my asking an old sailor, who was hanging around, where the ship was going, I was told she was going to the South Pacific after whales.

Here was my chance at last. I did not want to see California now; it would be the islands now or never. Going on board I asked for the captain, who, after he had questioned me and looked at my army discharges (I had three good ones), shipped me for a fireman, I telling him that I had handled engines and boilers and could run his engine if it should be found necessary at any time. My telling him this was, as I afterward found out, the sole reason for him taking me; he wanted no fireman, but did want a man who could run his engine if necessary. Going ashore I took another look at the ship that was likely to be my home for the next year or two; and she afterward turned out to be one of the most pleasant homes I ever had. She looked more like a man-of-war than a whaler; and as I afterward found out, this old captain of ours tried to make her as much like a man-of-war as he could, He carried a small magazine of small arms, and I afterward had charge of it; and we never entered or left a port in which one of our naval vessels was lying without manning our yards and dipping our colors. This ship was then the largest steam whaler afloat; she was too large, in fact, and a year or two after I made this voyage in her the company that she belonged to sold her.

I had shipped as a fireman, but I never did any firing then; in fact, we carried no firemen, our firing being done for us by men who would be sent us from each watch on deck, the same men were always sent, so after the first few days we did not have to give them much instruction. We always attended to the water in the boilers ourselves. I would not trust that to a Kanaka, and they were our firemen. I should not have got a chance to go at all, only our chief engineer had a day or two before this undertaken to whip the whole police force of San Francisco when he was drunk; and they had half killed him. He was laid up for repairs. I stood his watch at the engine until we had got to the Sandwich Islands, and by this time he was able to get drunk again, and had the misfortune now to run afoul of the captain, who fired him and promoted me. The captain had had this rod in pickle for him when he shipped me. I did not know that though, but it would have made no difference to me if I had. I was bound to see those islands.

Captain Williams was as fine an officer as ever walked a quarter deck, but was very strict; his orders had to be obeyed to the letter. After shipping with him and before I had gone on board I had a terrible account of him given me by the wharf rats. They told me that he was one of the most tyrannical captains afloat. Captain Samuels, who was sailing the ship Dreadnaught out of San Francisco, might be a little worse than Williams, but not much; they thought I had better keep away from him. I had heard all about Samuels; who has not heard of him? He may not have been more than half as black as these fellows painted him, either. I have no doubt now that I could have got along with him as well as I did with Williams, and I got along with him all right. I would never want a finer officer than he was. I listened to those fellows, then thought that I could stand this captain until we should have got as far as Honolulu, then if he did not suit me, I could jump his ship and come home on the first passenger ship that called there. I had money enough with me to carry me around the globe.

We carried five mates, five boat steerers or harpooners, two engineers, or rather two men who were rated as engineers; neither I nor my partner had a license, and by law we had no business here at all. But this company was not paying $90 or $100 a month to a man who would put in one-half of his time looking at himself while the ship was under sail; we would not cost them half as much. We carried also a carpenter, a steward, and a crew of about twenty-five white men and sixty natives, Kanakas we called them. We had a steamer, but we seldom used the steam except when on the whaling ground or when entering or leaving port. When the engine was stopped and the ship was under sail we engineers would have nothing to do; then I would put in my time with the watch on deck learning to be a sailor. The ship carried an immense spread of canvas, courses, topsails, topgallant and royals, and before we got home again there was nothing about the sailing of the ship that I did not learn; at a pinch I could have sailed her home myself. We left San Francisco under steam and steamed all the way to Honolulu, getting there in eight days, a quick trip for us if we did sail on Friday; the crew had predicted that in consequence of our having sailed on that day it would take us a month to get there.

As soon as I could get away I went ashore to see the island, this would be the first one of my islands. I wanted very much to visit the beach on which Captain Cook was killed; he had told me a great deal about those islands out here, but I could not get to it.

We had come to anchor between the quarantine and the city, this seemed to be the regular anchorage in the bay. One of our men-of-war, the Hartford, I think it was, and a number of merchantmen were at anchor here.

Going ashore I put in an hour or more looking around town, but kept out of the drinking places. I had found out by this time that to get along with this captain of ours we would have to let whisky alone; I could do it, and did. At last I found myself out at the King's palace, at the edge of the town; it was a large white house in the middle of a fine park; and seeing that this park seemed to be a public one, I walked in, but had not been here long when an orderly came to me and said in very good English that the King wanted to see me. This summons rather took me aback, as the only kings I had ever had any acquaintance with were those we find in a deck of cards; I would rather find them in my hand if there was any money on the board, and I hardly knew how to conduct myself before a real king. However, I concluded to answer him as I would any other gentleman, "yes, sir" or "nor, sir," and let it go at that.

This worked all right, and after I had apologized to him for trespassing on his grounds and he had told me that I was welcome there, he took me in to what I suppose was his throne room, though the only thing in the shape of a throne here was a large arm chair, over which was spread a cloak made of feathers, the chair and all of the furniture seemed to have come from the United States, a large clock certainly had, the name on its face said so.

Next he led the way across the hall to his library, a fine one, and we took seats here, then he began to question me about the United States and what part of them I had come from. He seemed to be well posted about the country. Next he gave the orderly, who stood behind his chair, an order in the native tongue, and he going off brought in a tray, on which were a bottle of brandy, glasses and a box of cigars.

He poured out a glass of brandy for the King, and was about to fill a second one for me when I stopped him, telling him to pour me out only a small quantity; then I told the King that I had a wholesome dread of Captain Williams and his irons and did not want to return on board under liquor.

"Yes, I know the captain," he said laughing; "tell him if he won't call on me I will on him. I'll see him this afternoon."

"Yes, sir, and about what time shall I say?"

"Oh, I won't fix the time. I don't want him to parade his crew for me."

The King lit a cigar and pushed the box to me. I was taking one, but he told me to light that one, then take a dozen to smoke later on. "You won't find any like those in town here," he said. "I had those sent to me from the United States."

They were Havanas that would cost me 25 cents each in the United States. I took a dozen that I and the mates smoked later on. One of them I kept, and wrapping it in tinfoil made a case to hold it, and kept it for ten years as a reminder of my visit to the King.

That afternoon the King, in company with Captain Williams, came on board. The chief mate had us lined up at the gangway. The King, as he stepped on deck, noticed me and stopping in front of me, said, looking at my feet, "Well, you did not get put in irons after all, did you?"

"No, sir; I made out to escape the irons."

Turning to the captain he said, "I don't want this man put in irons on this voyage, Captain, I have him tabooed, remember." I was never put in irons.

We had come to the Sandwich Islands to ship a crew of natives, and as soon as we had got them and had taken all the coal we could find room for, we sailed again, the Navigator Islands or Samoa being our next destination. But I never saw those islands, and they were about the only ones of all I had ever read about and some I had never even heard of that I did not see; for when half way to them we met whales and began to kill them, and following them up they led us away from Samoa.

The captain's orders were to call in at Valparaiso, Chile, about the first of July, and he arranged it so that the first saw us off the harbor. We ran in under steam and came to anchor, and I took the first opportunity to get ashore. I expected to be here much like a fish out of water; I could not speak Spanish. I had once thought I could, but on trying it on a Mexican (Greaser) after I had given him some of my best Spanish he told me in poor English that he did not understand much English. He had not recognized my Spanish at all.

I had gone ashore with our steward, and as I climbed up on the dock a ragged boy about 14 years old came running to me and asked me in good English if I did not want a guide?

"That is what I want. Where did you get your English?" His mother was English; she had taught him. She afterward turned out to be Irish though, but she had taught her boy to speak good English. His name was Juan Blanco—John White. He led me up town to what he thought was a fine sight; it was a large bulk store window filled with cheap watches, knives, telescopes and nautical instruments, sextants and compasses. The boy had never owned a knife; I took him in and got him one. The dealer was an English Jew. Before I left him I had all his small jackknives, six dozen of them, all his hooks and lines, combs and looking glasses. I wanted smoking tobacco; he did not keep it, but taking a card wrote some cabalistic signs (they were in Yiddish, I guess) and told Juan to take me to another store farther up the street. Here I got the tobacco for 20 cents a pound, taking $4 worth of it. I wanted these things to give to natives when we touched at their islands; we would land at most of them this summer; I would see plenty of islands. I was curious to find out what was on that card and told Juan to ask the Jew, who spoke no English. It was a request for him to sell me what I wanted at wholesale, and he did, too.

He had boys' knee-pant suits, the first I had ever seen; they had come from England. I got a suit and cap for Juan, and wanted to get him shoes and stockings, but he would not wear them. As soon as he had got his new clothes the boy walked into a back room, and pulling off his old ones, put the new ones on, then crammed the old ones into a corner, to be got later. There was not a hole or corner in the city that he did not know; and every one who spoke English knew him; he used these men to practice his English on. I had him with me every time I came ashore after this; and as the other white men in our crew used him as a guide, he was kept busy. We had come to meet a brig that should have been here with stores for us, but she did not get in until two days after we did, then we transferred our oil to her, took her coal and stores, and on the 5th of July sailed again; we celebrated the Fourth with a boat race in the harbor.

Our next port of call was Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's Island, where we called after fresh beef.

This was one of the islands I could not miss; it is not the island Defoe places Crusoe on, and there have been wasted oceans of ink and much valuable space in our newspapers trying to prove that it is or is not, his island. I took a hand in the last controversy that was started about it myself a year ago. I think I settled it then, for that time at least; no one replied to me, anyhow. It is the island that Alexander Selkirk put in his time on, anyhow, whether he was Defoe's Crusoe or not.

I saw here what is pointed out as being Crusoe's cave, and what was, no doubt, his lookout. There may be some doubt about the cave, there can be none in regard to the lookout. He would have had it just where it is claimed it is. There is a copper plate fastened up here on the rocks, put here by the crew of a British man-of-war, which says that Alexander Selkirk spent four years and four months on this island, and that he was afterward a lieutenant in the English Navy; and it gives the date of his death.

This island is covered with beef cattle now, and there is a colony of Chilians living on it. It is only 400 miles from Valparaiso. I asked the boys here for Crusoe's goats, but they could not understand my Spanish, so I failed to find the goats.

A ship could be loaded in Valparaiso with curiosities that are reputed to have come off this island—cones made of the wood growing here, wild flowers pressed and dried, shells and stones, all off Robinson's island; he is called Robinson there, never Crusoe.

From Crusoe's Island we went back to our old whaling ground north of the Society Islands, Tahiti, and from there worked down until at last we found ourselves late in the season off Tasman's Land, south of Australia, and ran in to Hobart Town for coal. This marks the farthest point that I ever got from home. Next we stood northeast again, and by about the first of December had got up in the neighborhood of Pitcairn's Island, the scene of the Mutiny of the Bounty. I had not visited it, yet I was anxious to see it. I had seen all the other islands except Samoa, that I had ever heard of, and some that I had never heard of; I wanted Pitcairn's Island now; I would need no interpreter on it. I had an old set of charts that covered the whole South Pacific, and each day at noon, when the mate in charge of the deck "took the sun" I would get our position from him and mark it down. I always knew as much about where we were as the captain did. Our second mate had taught me to take the sun months ago; I had known how to take it in theory long before I ever saw a ship; and he gave me the necessary practice, and I often would borrow a sextant, then using my watch that I kept close to Greenwich time, I would take the sun myself; then work it out to see if the mate and I agreed; we generally did.

On Saturday, the 19th of December, I came on deck just before noon; the fifth mate, Mr. Watson, was ready to take the sun; I held his chronometer for him; then when he had taken and worked out his position he gave me our latitude and longitude; it placed us about 130 miles southwest of Pitcairn's Island. The mate went below to give the captain his report, and when he came on deck again he went aft to the wheel and changed our course a little. When he came forward again I asked, "Where are we going now, Mr. Watson?"

"Right to the island; the captain means to call in there."

"We should make it before daylight to-morrow, sir, if this wind holds."

"Yes, we may make it by midnight; the wind is rising now."

We were under sail going about eight knots, or over nine land miles, an hour, with the wind nearly astern of us. I had no watch to stand, our engine was not

running; but I made it a practice to go on deck very often, both day and night, and stand a watch "before the mast." I had learned to go aloft and furl and reef, and could take my trick at the wheel. I had learned that when a boy on an old river steamboat, the pilot there taught me to steer; and if there was no one around to report us I would put in an hour at a time steering for him while he sat behind me smoking and passing remarks. It was contrary to law for me to touch that wheel of his; I had no pilot's license. It was contrary to some more laws for me to do what I was doing on this ship; I had no engineer's license, but laws were made to be broken, and they often are broken. I was hardly two weeks on this ship before I was steering her. I had to learn the compass first; that did not take long. Then I had to remember that now my tiller ropes were crossed, we steered here by a wheel at the stern, we had no pilot house. Next I would have to remember when the mate told me to "port my helm" to answer "port it is, sir"; and not cause him to have to repeat it; then break the seventh commandment with his mouth, and my head with a hand spike.

Each member of the watch took his turn at the wheel; I often would take it out of my turn, then steer for hours while the Kanaka, who was supposed to be steering, lay fast asleep at my feet. The mate would not object to that, though; it saved him trouble. If he wanted to know "how her head was," I could tell him, "Nor'west by west, sir; half west." If the Kanaka was steering the mate would have to find out how her head was himself.

So now the next morning, when the "dog watch" was called I went on deck with it, and found the ship hove to. The third mate, whose watch we relieved, said he had hove to at 6 bells, that is three o'clock. It was now four, and according to the mate's reckoning we should be close in to the island. There is no light on it, and he might go ashore on it in the dark; or what was more likely, might pass it and not know it.

It was quite dark yet, but after we had been on deck a while I went up to the main crosstrees to see if I could see anything of the island. I thought I saw it, but was not sure, and told the mate that I thought it was off our port quarter, about six miles away.

"That is where it should be," he told me, "but we will wait until it gets lighter."

While we were waiting the mate and I compared notes as to what each of us knew of the Mutiny of the Bounty. The only account of the mutiny that I had ever seen was this one that had been given me when a boy by Mr. Anderson, and I think it was the only one that was ever written. This account had been written by an English lady, who had got her version of it from the officers themselves; she had no chance then to get the men's side of the story, and from her comments on what she did get I do not suppose she would have given their side of the story even if she had it.

I do not believe that there has been a successful mutiny on shipboard since the time of the buccaneers, but that the officers were the most to blame for it; for if the ship has a good set of officers there are always enough men who don't want to mutiny to stand by these officers and put a mutiny down in short order. I can imagine about how long a mutiny would last on board a ship commanded by this old captain of ours, or by any one of the five mates he had here; and four at least of these five mates could command any ship afloat. It might last ten minutes, or until I had got my magazine open and had passed out pistols to the part of the crew that did not want to mutiny. After that there would be no more mutiny—not on this ship. But we are forgetting all about the Mutiny of the Bounty. In 1787 the British ship Bounty, Lieutenant Bligh, with a crew of about 70 men, was sent from England on a three-years' voyage among the South Pacific islands. They had orders to leave hogs and goats on some of the islands for the use of shipwrecked men, and to collect seeds and bread fruit trees to be planted on the West India Islands. They sailed around Cape Horn and visited a number of the islands and had been out about 18 months when the mutiny took place.

Bligh was, from all accounts, a very tyrannical officer, who was always quarreling with his men; and he seemed to have a quarrel on hand at all times with one or more of his petty officers, the very men he should have kept friendly with. Fletcher Christian, the boatswain, took offense at something Bligh had done to him and headed the mutiny.

They surprised Bligh in his cabin, and tying him with ropes, brought him on deck, and lowering two of the small boats, put him, his officers and 18 of the crew who refused to join the mutiny, in them, then giving them five days' rations but no arms, sent them adrift.

Bligh tried to appeal to his crew, asking them to release him and return to their duty, promising to treat them better hereafter and not to lay this affair up against them; but Christian told him that he was in command of the Bounty now, and that Bligh should do all his talking to him.

Bligh again addressed the crew, and Christian now shoved a musket in the lieutenant's face, telling him to leave or be shot. They sailed forty-three days on their five days' rations, but got water and a few berries on some rocky islands they touched at; rode out one storm lying to, using their masts, sails and oars for a sea anchor; and at last made land at Timor, 3,500 miles from where they had been sent adrift, losing only one man on the whole voyage, he being killed when they were trying to land at one of the rocky islands. This was probably the longest voyage ever made in ship's boats, and only Englishmen or ourselves could have made it and come out of it alive.

In the meantime the crew took the Bounty to the Society Islands, where part of them stayed and were afterward arrested, brought home to England, tried and let go. It is not generally known, at least I have never seen any mention of it, but I found out while I was among the Society Islands, that some of these men had come back here after being released at home and had lived and died here. Their descendants are here yet. I formed the acquaintance of a number of boys who were the great-grandsons of these men. These boys were of a lighter color than the rest of the natives; they spoke English, and some of them could both read and write it, though their fathers could not; the boys had been taught by a missionary. The father of one of the boys was the chief of his island, his boy was anxious to go to the "white man's country." I started to take him there, but the captain vetoed it—but of this later on.

The men who still stayed on the Bounty next took her to Otaheite, the largest of the islands, and here took on board twenty native women and a dozen native men, then sailed back to Pitcairn's Island; and here, after they had broken up and burned the Bounty, they built huts on shore and took possession of the island, there being no other people on it. For the next few years they lived in peace; then the black men mutinied in their turn and killed Christian and several others. Then the rest of the white men with the help of their native women, killed off all the black men.

There were only four of the white men left now. They were Adams, Young and McCoy and another whose name I have forgotten; he has no descendants on the island now, the others have.

A year or two after this McCoy made whisky out of corn that they raised; but he drank so much of it that it killed him. Then old John Adams, who had really been the head of the mutiny, for he had furnished the brains while Christian had done the work, took charge of the island's affairs; he poured out all the whisky and forbade any more to be made; built a chapel and school for the children who were growing up, and brought order out of what had been before this but little better than a colony of savages. Nothing was heard of the people for many years; it was not known in England where the men were. When these islands out here had been searched for the mutineers, Pitcairn's Island had not been visited; its existence was known, but it had never had any natives on it and was thought not fit to live on; so they did not waste time searching it.

In 1808 the American whaler Topaz, Captain Folger, called here. He and others knew of the island, but no one had been here for years. When the Topaz was still several miles out at sea, it was met by a number of small boats that were manned by white men and boys, who, much to Captain Folger's surprise, hailed him in English and bade him welcome.

Old John Adams was still on deck. He had his school for the children and was holding church services, using the Episcopal ritual. The people were still good church men when I was there, but since then I believe, some missionary has got hold of them and "converted" them to some other denomination. Had I remained on the island, as the old governor wanted me to do, I should have directed that missionary to slide out to some of the other islands, where he was needed more; he was not needed there.

When Captain Folger got home, he reported where the people were, and a British man-of-war was sent to the island. John Adams was the only one of the mutineers alive, and he asked to be left to die here. They let him remain, and he died years after, a very old man.

This was all I knew of this affair then, but after I had seen the island I was curious to find out what had become of Bligh. I knew that he had not died a vice admiral. The captain had a small library in his cabin that he let us use, and going to it I got an English encyclopedia, and on looking in it for Bligh I found him. After he had got home ofter losing the Bounty, they gave him another ship and sent him back after those bread-fruit trees; and this time he got them and got home without having had another mutiny. A few years after this, when England was at war with Spain, he was given another ship. The crew of this one mutinied, and taking him and the ship into a French port turned both over to the enemy. He never got another ship, but a year or two after this he was sent to govern a colony in Australia. In a year he had got to be so tyrannical that they threw him into prison; and while he was waiting for his trial he died.

While the mate and I were telling each other what we knew of the mutiny, it had been getting lighter all the time, and now the island could be seen from the deck. It was just where I thought I had seen it, so now we squared away for it. It was now six o'clock and time to call the watch. The dog watch that we were on only stands two hours, the others stand four. The new watch came on deck with the fifth mate, Mr. Watson, in charge of it. We were standing right down to the island with all sails set; on most vessels the light sails would have been taken in by this time, but we carried such a large crew, each watch of ours being as large as most crews are, that we generally waited until the last minute before doing any thing. There was plenty of time yet, but Watson, when he saw how close in he was, started in to do half a dozen things at once as was usual with him. He sent a man forward to heave the lead, had the courses brailed up, the light sails taken in, and the anchors cleared to let got; and all this time the leadsman could find no bottom.

There was one thing he did not do, though, that I wondered at, he had not sent up his colors yet.

The captain made it a rule to fly his colors on Sunday, no matter where we were, and we were going into port now, and on Sunday, too, and they should be up, I knew that if the captain should come on deck about the first thing he would miss would be those colors, and then Watson would hear about them. So when he had at last stopped his "Stand by" long enough to take breath and think of what he wanted stood by next (every order given on ship board is prefaced by "Stand by!" it means attention), I said, "You have not got your ensign up yet, sir; shall I send it up?"

"Yes, please do, I forgot it. Lucky the old man is not up yet."

The colors were down in the captain's cabin, and going down there I found that he was up, and telling him that I had come for the colors I went to the signal locker to get them.

We had a number of our own flags here, a set of foreign ones, and under all of them a large new one that we seldom used; I got it out and taking it on deck bent it on and sent it up just as Watson was singing out, "Stand by to let go your anchors, let go!"

We anchored within 500 yards of shore, letting go both anchors. The watch had the deck to wash down and an awning to put up. I had nothing to do, but remained on deck, seated on the rail looking at the island. Nobody seemed to be stirring on it yet. I could just see the village back behind the trees that lined the beach.

After a while a man came down to the beach and put a canoe into the water, then paddled out to us, coming alongside, just under where I was seated. He was a rather old man and was dressed in a shirt and pair of trousers of native cloth, with a red cotton handkerchief around his neck, but no hat nor shoes.

Looking up at me he asked, "What ship is this?"

I told him.

"Is she a whale ship?"

"Yes, sir, she is an American whaler."

"She is a big one, though," he says, looking at her from stem to stern.

"Yes, sir, she is the largest one in the trade now." I began to think that I had the governor of the island here, and invited him to board us. He paddled forward, and the mate had his watch open the hatch, and I helped the old fellow on board just as Captain Williams came on deck. He walked forward, and taking the old man by the hand says, "I am glad to see you again, Governor."

"And I am glad to see you among us once more, Captain Williams; you have a fine ship this time, sir. I took it to be one of your men-of-war when I first saw it; but your young man here tells me it is a whaler."

"Yes, I am not commanding men-of-war now. The war is over, you know."

Captain Williams had commanded a naval vessel in the War of the Rebellion; he ranked as commander then, and tried to act like one yet; this was why some men did not like him.

The captain and the governor walked back now, and taking seats under the awning, held a long confab. At last they came forward to where I was standing leaning against the foremast fife rail, and the first thing I heard the governor say was, "Well, Captain, to-day is Sunday."

Yes, the captain believed it was.

"Yes, it is Sunday, and now I don't want any trading done to-day; but if there is anything you want for your crew, tell me and I will send it off."

No, there was nothing the captain wanted very badly, he had just called in to see how they were getting along.

"Well, now that you are here, you most remain with us a few days, won't you?"

Yes, the captain wanted to give his topmasts an overhauling; he would be here for several days.

"Then I can send you off plenty of fresh vegetables to-morrow?"

"Yes, send them off, and in the meantime I will see my steward and find out what he can let you have; I don't suppose you want anything loaded to-day?"

No, to-morrow would be soon enough; he never had anything done on Sunday that he could possibly help.

The steward came on deck to call the captain to breakfast; he asked the old governor down, too; but he would not go; he had eaten his breakfast long ago, he said. Then turning to me as the captain left him, he asked, "Have you any Englishmen on board?"

"No, sir; we are all Americans here. Captain Williams won't carry a foreigner in his crew."

One of our big bare-footed Kanakas walked past us just then; and the governor, pointing to him, said, "You don't call him an American, do you?"

"Oh, yes; or at least he will be one of us as soon as we take in his islands; those fellows will make good enough Americans."

"Are you going to take the islands?"

"Yes, just as soon as England or Germany makes a move to take them; then we will. We need them ourselves then; we don't need them before that though."

"The captain tells me that he has a fine crew here."

"Yes, sir, we are a pretty civil lot, that is for sailors; we try to be gentlemen; when we go ashore you won't have to call on your police to keep us in order."

"Oh! I have no police, nor any whisky, either."

"That we don't want. This is a temperance ship; it has got to be while Captain Williams sails it."

The old fellow laughed, then turning to the white members of the watch who stood near, he said, "Gentlemen, I welcome you all to our island, I am the governor here; when you come ashore call on me, I have church up in my chapel at three o'clock to-day, I would like to see as many of you there as can come; you will come, won't you?"

"Yes, governor; I mean to call on you to-day if I can get ashore. I have come many thousand miles just to see your island. I read about it when I was a small boy and have been trying to visit it ever since."

The governor left us, and had not been ashore more than ten minutes before his boat came off again with a younger man, who had it loaded with fresh pork, yams, dressed chickens and a basket of eggs. He said that these were for the captain's dinner. The steward was called, and he and I helped to get the stuff out of the boat; then the man was about to shove off.

"Hold on," I told him, "don't go yet. You must come down and take breakfast with us."

He hung back and did not want to board us, but I at last got him to come and took him down to breakfast, which was ready. Our mess was made up of the petty officers, the engineers, steward and boat steerers, and I seated our visitor with us. He told us that about one ship a year called, and ours was the first one that had been here in a year on which they spoke English. A French man-of-war had been the last ship to call,

After breakfast I took him all over the ship, then to my cabin and gave him a handful of smoking tobacco. I did not know at that time that tobacco was tabooed here. It was, though. He told me that the governor did not allow it to be used, but the men wanted it.

"I have several pounds of it here that I meant to give you men," I told him.

"I can take it to-morrow and give it out when the governor is not around. He does not watch me as close as he does the rest; I am his son-in-law."

"I have a lot of knives, fish hooks and lines and the like that I want to give your boys; will he object?"

"Oh, no; you can give them what you please, he don't care; and the boys may ask you for these things, if they do don't let him know it, or he will whip them."

"He won't whip more than a dozen of them if he waits until I tell him about it, then."

The man told me his name, and asked me to come ashore in time to take dinner with him; then he left us.

I wanted to go ashore now, but the captain always held church service on Sunday morning at ten o'clock; he merely read the morning lesson out of the prayer book, using the capstan for a pulpit, while his mates and a few of us who knew the Episcopal hymns, sang one or two of them; he never compelled any of us to attend; but most of the crew did. I meant to wait until after church, then ask for shore liberty, I had always been given it when I asked or it. But at nine o'clock the second mate, Mr. Robinson, came on deck to go ashore and asked me to go with him; he did not want a boat's crew. The anchor watch dropped our boat into the water and the mate and I taking each an oar began to pull ashore. CABIA BLANCO.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Word from Samoa.

PAGO PAGO, March 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As one of your subscribers I feel that I want to say a few words regarding your interesting publication. FOREST AND STREAM is always good, and your Christmas number was particularly so.

I quite agree with Mr. Charles Cristadoro in his "Embarrassment of Literary Riches," and I particularly agree with him in regard to Mrs. Churchill's work in FOREST AND STREAM, and her work on Samoa in general. It is certainly the best that has ever been written of Samoa, and she has proved that she has brains, an observant eye, and a fluent pen. She gives us the real Samoa just as it is, and without favor. All her Samoans are real people, just as they are here in real life. I speak as one who knows what he is talking about, for I have lived in Samoa twenty years and have been Vice Consul of the United States under every Consul from 1888 up to the present time.

Mrs. Churchill's "Samoa 'Uma" is a beautiful volume, and it is a pleasure to read it, for it is the real Samoa—"the real thing." The book is a credit to the author and a credit to her publishers, and the moderate price of this valuable work places it within the reach of everyone who ought to read it and get a clear idea of this little corner of the United States away off here in the South Pacific.

I can safely say that "Samoa 'Uma" offers us the first glimpse of the real Samoa.

May other books of the same sort from the same author and the same publishers follow "Samoa 'Uma," and then we shall be sure of the real thing.

W. BLACKLOCK.

Natural History.

A Bird's Education.

SO FAR as regards the current discussion as to how animals learn, whether by instinct or instruction, my study of birds leads me to take a medium position; perhaps I would better say to take sides with both parties. Birds acquire knowledge partly by instinct and partly by tutelage, and the same is no doubt true of all other animals. This statement will be borne out by several concrete cases.

Some years ago I made a number of experiments in rearing young birds taken as early as possible from the nest. Among them were meadowlarks, redwinged blackbirds, brown thrashers, bluejays, woodthrushes, catbirds, flickers, redheaded woodpeckers, and several other species. Nearly all of them were secured some time before they were naturally ready to leave their natal places. Without any instruction from parents or older birds they soon left the nests I had improvised for them, hopped about on the cage floor for a while, and presently insisted on clambering upon the perches, to which they clung in the regulation way. Indeed, I noted again and again that the impulse to seek a perch was so strong that the birds seemed to be moved to it by an imperative command. Nor were they long satisfied with a low perch, but instinctively mounted to the highest one they could find.

The same was true in regard to flight. No feathered adult was present to tutor them in the art of using their wings, yet they soon acquired that power of their own accord. It was inborn—the gift of flight. True, they were awkward at first, and gained skill only by degrees, but the original impulse was in their constitution. It is no doubt true that parent birds in the outdoors do teach their young to fly, but if the bantlings were left to themselves, they would acquire that art through their original endowment, although more slowly and with many more hard knocks.

As everyone knows, juvenile birds at first open their mouths for their food. Proof may not be at hand for the opinion, but I am disposed to believe that they never need to be told by their parents to do that; their instincts prompt them. It must be so, I think, for to suppose that the bird baby only a day or two from the shell could understand a parental command to open its mouth would be to presume that it has the instinct to grasp the meaning of such a behest, and that is more difficult to believe than that nature simply impels it to take its food in that way.

Now, when young birds are taken from the nest and reared by hand, they insist for a long time on being fed in the juvenile manner. However, by and by they begin of their own volition to pick up food after the manner of the adults. At first they are very clumsy about it, but they persevere until they acquire skill, and presently they refuse entirely to open their mandibles for food. Here again nature is their sole guide. Without human or avian suggestion they also learn to drink in the well-known bird fashion; also to bathe, chirp, frolic, and do many other things. In drinking who has ever seen a pet bird try to leap like a dog, or take in long draughts like a cow or a horse? No, nature made them birds, and birds they will be. It is noticeable, too, that when birds begin to peck, or bathe, or seek a perch, they do not usually act as if they were deliberately planning to do so, as if they were carrying on some process of thought leading to choice, but rather as if they were naturally impelled.

The chirping of birds is mostly, if not wholly, a matter of inheritance. For instance, my little wood-thrushes, as soon as they reached a sufficient age, called just like their relatives of the sylvan solitudes; my brown thrashers uttered the labial chirp of the species; my redwinged blackbird exclaimed "Chack! chack!" after manner of his kind; my bluebirds expressed their feelings in the sad little purr of *Sialia sialis;* my flickers did not borrow the calls of the redheads, but each clung to its own language; my catbirds mewed like poor pussy in trouble; and so on through the whole list. True, these pets may have heard their parents' calls before they were taken from the nest, but it is not at all likely that they would have remembered them, for at first they only "cheeped" after the manner of most bantlings, and only a good while afterward did they fall to using the adult chirp. Besides, while still in the nest, they must have heard many other bird calls; why did they not acquire them? Heredity has laid a strong hand upon birds, and has drawn a sharp dividing line among the various species.

Instinct also plays a large part in moving the bird to sing and to render the peculiar arias of its kind. For instance, a pet woodthrush of mine, secured at an early age and kept far away from all his kith of the wildwood, became a fine musician. And what do you suppose was the tune he executed? It was the sweet, dreamy, somewhat labored song of the woodthrush in native wilds. He never sang any other tune. I think he sang it better than any wild thrush I have ever heard. It was louder, clearer, more full-toned, but the quality of voice and the technique were precisely the same. Who was his teacher? No one but nature, heredity, instinct, whatever you choose to call it. There was no wild thrush within a half mile of his cage.

The case of a pet thrasher was almost as striking. It is true, he may have heard several of his kin singing about the premises during the first spring of his captivity, but it is not probable that he learned their melodies so early in life. As the next spring approached, he began to sing the very medleys that the wild thrashers sing with so much earnestness and skill, and this was long before any thrashers had come back from the South.

I must now describe several cases in which inherited instinct did not prove so true a teacher. A young robin was once given me by a friend, and was kept by myself and others until the following summer. Strange as it may seem, he never acquired the well-known robin carol. Sometimes there were vague hints of it in his vocal performances, but for the most part he whistled runs in a loud, shrill tone that no wild robin ever dreamed of inflicting on the world. They were more like crude human efforts at whistling than anything else. Indeed, I think they were picked up from the whistling he heard about the house. Some of his strains were very sweet, and all of them were wonderful for a bird. A friend played "Yankee Doodle" on a cornet, and Master 'Rastus—for that was his name—gave a very fair and funny imitation of part of the air. There were many robins carolling in the trees about the premises, and 'Rastus was often left out of doors among them, but he never acquired the redbreast minstrelsy.

A similar instance was that of a pet redwinged blackbird, which, instead of whistling the labored "Grook-o-lee" of his species, learned to mimic all kinds of sounds in and out of the house, among them the crowing of the cocks of the rear yard. These two instances would indicate that some birds must at least be associated with their kin in order to learn the songs of their species.

My comical pet bluejay gave proof of the need of parental training. While he intuitively called like a jay, he never was able to sing the sweet, gurgling roulade of the wild jays. On the contrary, he treated us to all kinds of odd, imitative, mirth-provoking performances that no self-respecting jay in the open would think of enacting. After several months of cage life he was given his liberty. Now, indeed, he showed his lack of jay bringing up, and how little, in some respects, mere instinct can be relied on. When evening came he perched on a limb of the maple tree before the house in a place as exposed as he could well find, not knowing that there was more danger in an outdoor roost than in his shielding cage. I could not induce him to come down, nor could I climb out to the branch on which he sat, and so I was compelled to leave him out of doors.

The next morning he was safe, the screech-owls of the neighborhood having overlooked him in some way. The next evening he went to roost in the same exposed place, and that was the last I ever saw of my beloved pet. He was undoubtedly killed and devoured by the owls. Had he been reared out of doors in the usual way, his parents would have taught him to find a roosting place that was secure from predatory foes. No one has ever seen a wild jay sleeping in an exposed place.

In her charming little book, "True Bird Stories," Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller says that she "once watched the doings in a crow nursery." I quote:

"The most important things the elders had to do was to teach the youngsters how to fly, and every little while one or both of the parents would fly around the pasture, giving a peculiar call as they went. This call appeared to be an order to the little folk to follow, for all would start up and circle round for a minute or two, and then drop back to the fence or the ground to rest.

"Once, while I was watching them, this cry was given, and all flew as usual except one bob-tailed baby, who stood on a big stone in the middle of the field. He was perhaps so comfortable he did not want to go, or it may be he was afraid, and thought mamma would not notice him. But mothers' eyes are sharp, and she did see him. She knew, too, that baby crows must learn to fly; so when all came down again she flew right at the naughty bird, and knocked him off his perch. He squawked, and fluttered his wings to keep from falling, but the blow came so suddenly that he had not time to save himself, and he fell flat on the ground. In a minute he clambered back upon his stone, and I watched him closely. The next time the call came to fly he did not linger, but went with the rest, and so long as I could watch him he never disobeyed again."

Evidence this not only of parental teaching, but also of parental discipline. Here is another bit from the same volume bearing its lesson on its face: "A lady told me a funny story about a robin. He was brought up in the house from the nest, and never learned to sing the robin song, for he had not heard it. He plainly tried to make some sort of music, and one of the family taught him to whistle 'Yankee Doodle.' He whistled it perfectly, and never tried to sing anything else. Once this Yankee Doodle robin got out of the house and flew up into a tree. When the wild birds came about him he entertained them by whistling his favorite air, which sent the birds off in a panic."

Do not facts cited in this sketch prove that birds know and acquire some things through the promptings of instinct, while other things they can learn only by avian teaching? LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—II.

AS WAS stated in the first paper on this subject, the class of Batrachians is divided into two orders, the *Caudata,* including the tailed forms, commonly known as salamanders, and the *Salientia,* including the tailless forms commonly known as frogs, toads and tree toads. As both of these orders are well represented among our animals, a chapter will be devoted to each, the present one to the salamanders, and the next to the frogs and toads.

Of the species belonging to the order *Caudata,* about sixty are now known to inhabit the United States. They are fairly abundant in most parts of the country. The dry, hot deserts of the west and the cold, bleak northern

Fig. 1.—*Necturus maculatus.*

boundaries offer them but little chance for life, but even in such places they are occasionally found. In favorable situations from New York southward they abound, and may almost be regarded as the commonest form of animal life, but their nocturnal habits and their rather repulsive appearance has prevented most people from becoming intimately acquainted with them.

As an entire group they cannot well be discussed, for the reason that all we know about their structure, appearance, and habits shows them extremely variable in these particulars. We must therefore divide them into smaller groups, and for this purpose we can use to advantage first the external characters furnished by the legs and gills. Proceeding in this manner we will have:

I. Those species which in adult life develop two pairs of legs but retain the bushy external gills (suborder *Proteida*).

II. Those species which in adult life develop two pairs of legs but lose these external gills (suborder *Urodela*).

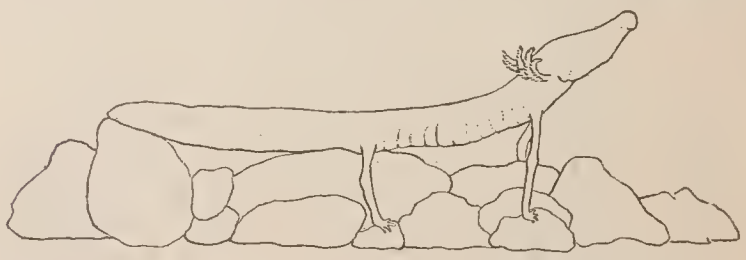


Fig. 2.—The Blind Salamander (*Typhlomolge rathbuni*) from Texas.

III. Those species which in adult life develop only the front pair of legs but which possess external gills (suborder *Trachystomata*).

So far as members are concerned, this division is a very unequal one, for only three species belong to the first group and two to the last, while all remaining salamanders, the only *true* salamanders, in fact, belong to the second.

A common representative of the first group is the spotted necturus, perhaps better known by the names of water-dog, alligator, water-lizard, or gilled salamander. It is a large species, sometimes attaining a length of two feet, and in color varies from black to ashy brown. The lighter colored specimens are rather handsomely spotted above with dark brown or blackish. As is shown in the figure, the three sets of bushy gills stand out on the sides of the neck like plumes; in life they are bright red. It is a widely distributed species, having been reported from the territory extending from Montreal to Alabama, west to Wisconsin, Kansas, western Arkansas and Louisiana. It seems to be wholly aquatic, but that it does not depend entirely upon its gills for respiration is shown by the fact that it has also well developed lungs, and has been observed to come to the surface for air. It has seldom been seen to go on land. In habits it is for the most part nocturnal, but will occasionally come from its place of concealment during the day time and move about by crawling over the bottom or by swimming rapidly by means of its broad, oar-like tail. Its food consists chiefly of the smaller water animals, fish, insects, crustaceans and mollusks, but it is voracious enough to bite at almost any promising morsel, and as a consequence is often taken on the angler's hook. In some places it is exceedingly abundant. It is recorded that at Ecoise, Michigan, 2,000 were taken in a minnow seine at one haul, and near Evanston, Illinois, a fisherman who had out 900 hooks caught 500 of these animals in one day. Although one has been cooked and eaten and pronounced excellent by

two enthusiastic scientists, it is hardly probable that it will ever be regarded by the fisherman as acceptable game. There is no foundation, however, for the belief that it is poisonous. Another species which may be known as the speckled necturus has been obtained from the streams of North and South Carolina. It differs from the one described above in the shape of the head, the arrangement of the teeth and in the color, which is a nearly uniform brownish or slate color dotted over with small whitish specks.

In the next figure is shown one of the most recently discovered American salamanders, a white, sightless species, which three or four years ago came to the surface with the first rush of water from an artesian well at San Marcos, Texas.

Coming now to the large suborder *Urodela,* which includes over 50 species, we will consider first the two species which are distinguished from the others by the fact that they alone are destitute of eyelids, and although

Fig. 3.—The Hellbender (*Cryptobranchus alleghaniensis*).

without external gills, they still retain a gill slit on each side of the neck. The commonest of these is known by some of the same vernacular names that are applied to the necturus, but the euphonious "hellbender" seems to belong to it alone, and it may therefore be known by that name or its scientific designation, *Cryptobranchus.* It is our largest salamander, for although its total length may not exceed two feet, its body is broad and heavy. It may also claim the title of the ugliest salamander, for its coarse, sprawling form, flat head and slimy skin make it a repulsive object. In the larger streams and lakes from Pennsylvania to Iowa and southward to South Carolina and Louisiana it is common, and in some places unpleasantly abundant. It is cordially despised by fishermen who too often find it upon their hooks, and who derive some satisfaction in making its flat head still flatter by crushing it with the first convenient stone. It is very tenacious of life, and so far as is known has very few natural enemies, two facts which easily account for its abundance. Its food is of a varied character, and it does not scorn to feast to repletion on any offal which may come its way. When caught it will sometimes make an attempt to bite, and, judging from the manner in which I have seen it seize and hang on to a stick, a nip from one might be anything but pleasant.

The next animal which is, like the hellbender, devoid of eyelids and provided with a gill slit on each side of the neck, is a southern species and does not occur north of southern Indiana. It is known as the *Amphiuma* or locally as the Congo-snake or Congo-eel. Its form, indeed, is such as to recall very strongly the snake or eel rather than a salamander, but the presence of two pairs of diminutive legs and the smooth skin places it at once among the batrachians. In length it may reach three feet

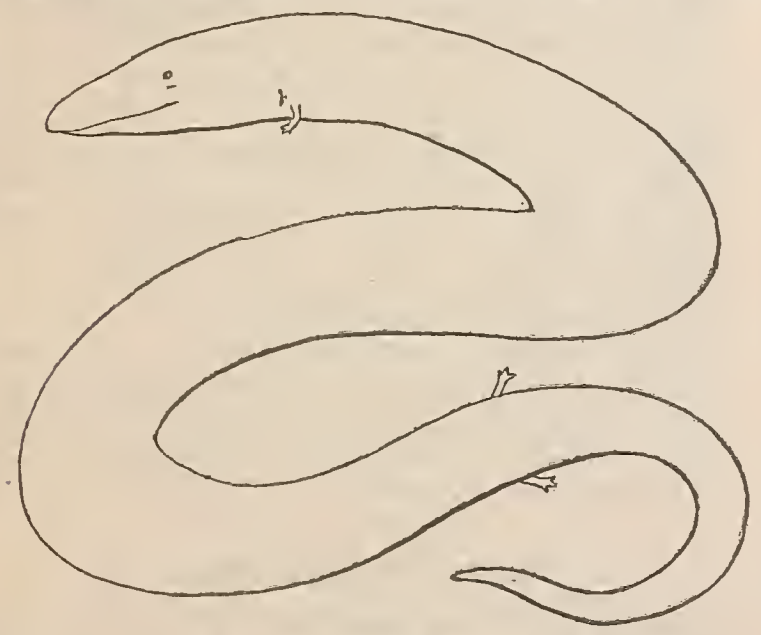


Fig. 4.—Congo Eel (*Amphiuma means*).

and in color it is dark slaty or reddish brown, paler below. The head is long and pointed, and its whole structure appears to adapt it to burrowing about in the mud along ditches or streams. It has been found three or four feet under ground. Its food consists of small fishes, beetles, and other aquatic animals. At times it has been known to leave the water, possibly to look for some more favorable location, possibly in search of food or a mate. Its eggs, which have been found but once, are about a third of an inch in diameter, and each one is inclosed in a spherical capsule which is connected by a slender cord with the others in such a manner as to make the mass resemble a string of beads. Dr. O. P. Hay, who made this discovery, reports that the embryos inclosed in these eggs had each three pairs of conspicuous gills, but these must be lost very quickly, for specimens only three inches long have been collected which bore no trace of them. Dr. Hay also reports that the large female which he found under a log in a swamp coiled about the mass of eggs, "on being teased with a stick seized it in her mouth and springing from the floor on which she lay, whirled round and round in a spiral form and twisted the stick in his hand unless he held it tightly."

Turning now to the smaller salamanders which are found so abundantly under rocks or logs or leaves in the forests or about the margins of ponds, we find that they possess uniformly eyelids and have no gill slits. In form their bodies may vary from short and stout to comparatively slender, and in color they range from black to brownish or yellow or bright red. They are all inoffensive little animals which probably accomplish much good work in ridding us of noxious worms and insects. Their eggs are sometimes laid snugly and attached to blades of grass in the water, but some species produce a large solid mass as large as one's fist consisting of a large number of eggs surrounded by a milky white jelly.

Perhaps the most widely distributed representative of these animals is the tiger salamander, *Ambystoma tigrinum.* It is also one of the largest of this group, as it sometimes reaches a length of nearly a foot; the body is heavily built and looks as if swollen. The ground color is a livid blue-black, brown or black, but scattered over the back and sides are numerous spots of bright yellow, which vary greatly in size, shape and arrangement; they may even run together so as to almost cover the whole upper surface or they may be almost absent. The belly is usually wholly overlaid with sulphur yellow, through which brighter yellow spots show indistinctly. It is distributed from Maine to Florida, California and Mexico. It is usually found in the water or along the shore of some quiet pond, but it is not confined to such locations, and specimens have been found in hot, dry earth a long distance from water. Some years ago the author kept a large specimen of the tiger salamander for several weeks in a small aquarium and found it a most interesting pet. It seemed to be most contented when lying covered up in the sand above the water's edge, but occasionally went into the water of its own accord. It shed its epidermis about every ten days, always going, for this purpose, into the water, where it remained for some time after the process was complete. The skin was slipped back from the head and drawn off the body like a glove and showed perfectly the form of the animal. The colder months were spent almost wholly beneath the water, but every ten or fifteen minutes a trip was made to the surface for air. It learned very quickly to eat nearly everything that was offered to it, and while a captive its bill of fare included two small frogs, a large caterpillar, angle-worms, and numerous pieces of raw meat. A dead mouse was once offered to it, but although it made an honest effort to swallow the morsel, its throat was too small and it was forced to desist. The tiger salamander lays its eggs early in the spring in pockets of from twenty

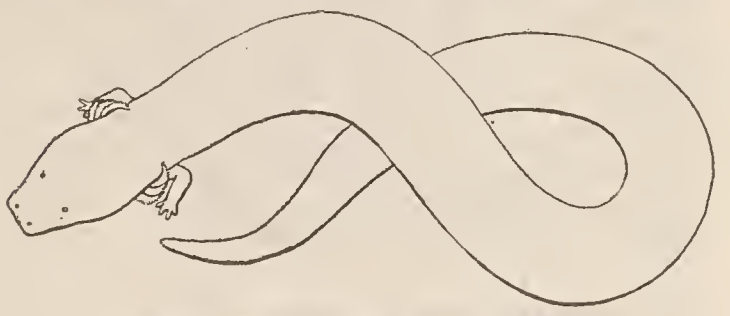


Fig. 5.—The Mud Eel (*Siren lacertina*).

to fifty, attaching them to blades of grass in the water. The tadpoles emerge in twenty-five days. In about a month the fore legs appear and a little later the hind legs. By the middle of August, under ordinary conditions, these larvæ have reached a length of over four inches, the gills begin to be absorbed, and the animal soon betakes itself to the land. In the southwestern part of the United States and in Mexico the larvæ have their metamorphosis delayed indefinitely, and perhaps never lose their gills. In such a case the reproductive organs become fully developed and the siredons or axolotls, as they are known, are able to reproduce their kind. It may also be of interest to state that axolotls are sold in the markets of the City of Mexico to be used as food.

Another interesting salamander is the species commonly known as the scaly or four-toed salamander (*Hemidactylium acutatum*). It is a small brown animal with small pale spots on its back and sides which is found in certain localities in the eastern half of our country. It lays its eggs in damp moss near the roots of trees and on the banks of ponds, but it seems doubtful if the larvæ go into the water. Their gills are absorbed very early, and they then betake themselves to some place of concealment near, but not in, the water. The adults have been heard to make a low squeaking sound.

Besides these two species there are many others, each exhibiting its own peculiar style of structure, coloration, and habits, and the author would gladly furnish about them such information as is at his command, but space is limited. We will therefore pass to the consideration of the last group of salamanders which is perhaps best represented by the animal known as the siren or mud-eel, *Siren lacertina,* although a more southern species, called *Pseudobranchus,* differs from it only in having one gill slit instead of two or three, and three toes instead of four.

The siren occurs as far north as northern Indiana, but is very rare. Further to the south it is more common, and in some localities even abundant. In form it strongly recalls the *Amphiuma,* and its habits seem to be quite similar. By one observer it is said to feed on serpents, which it catches and holds with its teeth, but the specimens which have been kept in captivity fed readily on angle-worms, pieces of meat, etc. It gets its name of siren from a "shrill querulous song" which it is said to emit at times. Nothing definite is known of its breeding habits or the early stages.

We have now come to the end of the salamander group, but before leaving them the author cannot resist the temptation to call attention to the manner in which these animals have been misrepresented in ancient and even modern literature, as being able to withstand a degree of heat that would quickly prove fatal to any other form of life. There is no more foundation for this idea than there is for the idea that the salamanders—or in fact any of the batrachians—are poisonous. The notion is ridiculous, but has obtained credence so long that in spite of the fact that scientists have repeatedly demonstrated its falsity it has not yet been entirely dissipated.

W. P. HAY.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Spring in Nebraska.

WYMORE, Nebraska, April 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see blossoms, blossoms everywhere. That wall of pink—all shades of pink—is the peach trees. The white blossoms among the green leaves are on the pear trees; the greenish blossoms are on the plum trees; and that bank of snow is the cherry trees. Last and prettiest and most fragrant of all are the red and white blossoms in the apple orchard, and all within two hundred feet of where I sit.

I have read of someone who ridiculed the old man for planting trees, because he could not expect to eat of the fruit. That does not worry me. Let me see: I bought this ground in 1893, only ten years ago. In the fall of that year I planted walnuts; they came up the next year and for the past three years have had walnuts on the trees. Not a tree was set out until the spring of 1894, nine years ago, and we have had some fruit for several years past, and the prospect is that from this time on we will have more fruit than we can take care of.

I am only fifty-four now, and who knows but that I can plant a dozen more orchards and eat the fruit; but, as Antoine would say, "that make no dif." I love to plant trees, and have helped to plant over 200 shade trees this spring.

I am holding the first office I ever held in my life: I am Park Commissioner for my home town. It is not one of your vulgar salaried positions, but a pure sinecure, all work and no pay; and I would rather be Park Commissioner than to be President. I fancy I can hear some ward heeler say, "What a cheerful old liar he is, to be sure;" but my oldest and best friends will say, "No, he is not lying, he is just a crank."

Some of our visitors smile when they hear us speak of two fine elms in the yard as "Cyrus-Mary" and "William-Sarah." But that has been their names ever since, my wife held them up while I set them; and the first always speaks to her of her father and mother, who have crossed the great divide, while the other reminds me of my father, who rests in the National Cemetery at Nashville, and of my old pioneer mother, now living on a ranch in northwestern Nebraska, and still a widow.

What sight on earth can be more beautiful than a green lawn well set with shade and ornamental trees on this spring evening, just after a good rain?

And all this in the Great American Desert; but surely the promise has been fulfilled that "the desert shall blossom as the rose."

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

P. S.—Just thirty-six hours later. The ground is covered with snow, the ice is three-quarters of an inch thick, and the blossoms are all gone. The leaves on the walnut trees are black, and that beautiful prospect that I saw day before yesterday is gone, like Hans Breitmann's barty, "afay in de Evigkeit." Uncle John says that it was just such a morning as this, a hundred years ago: Napoleon had been haggling with Jeff for several days to get him to throw in a few span of Missouri mules, but when he got up and saw the snow he closed the trade and was glad to go without the mules. But it's great weather for the wheat.

McC.

Rev. Newton Mann, of Unity Church, took occasion in his last Sunday's sermon to hand the following brotherly bunch to the Rev. Robert E. Lee Craig, rector of Trinity Cathedral, anent his recent experience up in the sandhills of Thomas county with the meadowlarks:

"The sorry spectacle is still presented in these days of a piety which has no affiliation with morality; a service of God without obligation of kindness to His creatures.

"Was there ever a more melancholy illustration of this than the story of a prominent Omaha minister who administered the sacrament and christened babes out in the State a few days ago, and then amused himself on the way back by shooting song birds?

"For bringing into town the bodies of twenty-two meadowlarks, he was arrested and fined $110, and is unable to see any wrong in his course, only regretting the personal inconvenience to which he was subjected.

"It is such things which show how far the shadows of the dark ages still reach down among us, and stealing over us disturb not the least our equanimity."

The Governor of the State has not yet made his appointments of State Game Warden and Fish Commissioner, but the consensus of opinion is that he will shortly do so and that an entirely new roster of officials will be installed. There are numerous applicants for both positions, and Governor Mickey will experience little vexation in selecting good men for the places.

Dr. Frank Owen and Joe Sykes were out at Oberfelder Lake near Lodge Pole, Sunday, and returned Monday with 62 pounds of black bass. The catch numbered 25 fish, the largest weighing a trifle over five pounds. Oberfelder Lake is on the ranch of Bob Oberfelder, ex-State Fish Commissioner, and is the best stocked lake in Nebraska.

"Shorty" Kimmel, the hermit guide, fisherman and trapper at Cutoff Lake, was in my office this morning, and he reports the bass rising very encouragingly at Cutoff, and with the first real sultry weather he predicts excellent sport for the casters. Croppie and ring-perch are larger this spring than for years, and just now are biting voraciously.

Up near Ericson, on the Elkhorn, Big Bass Lake, for years famous for its big-mouth bass, is going dry. The dam below the lake broke during the unprecedented blizzard of April 29, and the lake is now but a miniature of its former self.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, May 7.

A Tame Wren's Return.

OWEGO, N. Y., May 8.—A few days ago Jennie Wren came to rent the same little cottage that she took last spring. While at breakfast we heard her little gushing song, and rushed out into the grounds to welcome her; for we had been waiting these many days for her to appear and take her summer cottage. There she sat, perched on top of the old house, singing in an ecstacy of joy and delight, and we, too, were happy to know that here she would live through the warm weather, and that we should watch her build her nest, and see her baby birds flitting among the branches of the trees.

Do you think that she is the same Jennie Wren that was with us last year, and that she has been thinking during the winter of this little house on top of the grape arbor that was waiting for her, and that she has flown from her southern home to spend the summer with us?

Surely it must be so; for Jennie returns to the same nesting place year after year; she knows the little box that you have placed in a tree for her, and if once you induce her to take it, this friendly little bird will make her home with you every year, if you treat her kindly.

But how do I *know* that this is our last summer's Jennie? I will tell you.

Last summer, after weeks of tender coaxing, our Jennie became so tame as to fly to a long slender pole, which was raised in the air, upon which she lit and ate the worm or spider which we offered to her; then, after raising two broods of little ones, she flew away to her home in the south. Last week we determined to try to make this new little Jennie as tame as our last summer's pet; so the old bamboo fish pole, about ten feet long, was put into service again; a nice fat spider was placed on the end, and the pole was carefully raised toward the little bird; nearer and nearer it approached and still little Jennie did not fly. Imagine our astonishment to see the dear little bird suddenly fly to the pole, alight upon the perch fastened to the end, and take the spider. There is not the slightest doubt that this is the same little bird that spent last summer with us, and that she has returned, full of confidence and love, ready at once to take up the old life.

MRS. B. W. LORING, SR.

A Robin in Extremis.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., May 5.—Do birds commit suicide? It would seem from circumstantial evidence that they do. This morning while passing a large sycamore tree in the State University grounds, I happened by some chance to look up into the tree, and there I saw a robin about twenty feet from the ground hanging to a string by the neck. Each end of the string was wrapped around limbs about eighteen inches apart, and the middle was wound around the robin's neck, so that it was hanging about midway between the two limbs. I at first thought it was dead, but while looking at it, I saw its wings move, when I rushed into one of the buildings, got a ladder, and soon had it rescued.

Its life was nearly gone, but after a little while it revived and flew away. A partly built nest in the tree would indicate that it was carrying a string to put in with its building material, and in some way became entangled in the string with the above result.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Hunting Deer With Hounds.

ALBERT, W. Va., April 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to see that the number of sportsmen who favor hunting deer with hounds is on the increase. I have never been able to understand why so many Northern sportsmen were opposed to that way of hunting. I have always believed that their opinions were not based on any very extensive personal experience. One sportsman says the hounds catch and kill too many deer. They may do this in Maine, or New York; I have never hunted there, but they do not here. We have good hounds—hounds that can catch a red fox, but I have known of but one deer killed by dogs. This, a very small one, became entangled in a wire fence just before reaching the water.

Last fall I asked Mr. Isaac Van Meter, of Old Fields, W. Va., how many deer he had ever known to be caught by hounds. He thought for a moment, and then replied: "Very few, very few, indeed." Mr. Van Meter is a very truthful, honorable gentleman, a sportsman in the very best sense of the word. I know of no one better qualified to speak on the subject. His hunting experience covers a period of at least fifty years, and he has owned literally hundreds of hounds. He had no idea why I had asked the question, so could not be biased in any way. Some writers in FOREST AND STREAM seem to believe it a dead sure thing for the hunter when hounds are used. The hounds are *bound* to start a deer, the deer is *bound* to come straight to the hunter, and so close that it cannot be missed; a sure-enough cinch. This may be true elsewhere, but it certainly is not true in West Virginia. I should say the chances are about 16 to 1 in the deer's favor.

I would not for a moment underestimate the skill necessary to successful still-hunting, but, "whether it is nobler in the mind" to shoot your deer running at full speed, or to shoot it while lying in its bed, as is often done by still-hunters, I leave to my readers to decide.

A true sportsman will always jump a rabbit or quail before shooting. Why not a deer? When hounds are used, very few wounded deer escape, while in still-hunting a large proportion do escape.

There is one reason for using hounds which to my mind overcomes all that can be said against them. I refer, of course, to the appalling loss of life to those engaged in still-hunting. Dozens of hunters are killed every fall. Where hounds are used, these fatalities do not occur.

To change the subject, I have been much struck with the bill of fare encountered by Northern sportsmen in logging camps. Beans and sow-belly seem to be the mainstay. I assure you a very different diet is served to the West Virginia logger. I have eaten in a number of camps in the last five years, and have uniformly found the fare good, an abundance of it, and always well cooked.

The cook has to be a good one or the men will not stay. A few days ago I took dinner at Eyth & Fravel's camp near this place. We had roast beef, excellent bread, baked beans, stewed apples, potatoes, boiled cabbage, tomatoes, and stewed peaches; oleo, coffee, some kind of small cakes, doughnuts, sponge-cake, and pies. All of this, and the greatest abundance. The cake and pies are on the table at all meals. Sow-belly is practically unknown. Fresh beef is always on hand, so are bacon and eggs. The wages paid are about as follows: Sawyers, $1.50 per day; swampers, $1.15 to $1.50; drivers, $1.35 straight time (straight time means every day, work or no work). In addition to the sums mentioned, all receive their board, rain or shine. Eyth & Fravel's camp is equipped with spring beds. This, however, is not usually found in other camps in this section.

In regard to game, will say that we have in this section bear, deer, pheasants, foxes, red squirrels. No gray squirrels, no turkeys, no quail. Plenty of brook trout; very small, however.

A. P. BUTT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

An Arkansas Gobbler.

Mr. Geo. L. Babcock, now of Warren, Ark., writes: "I was quite surprised to find game so plentiful in this State, which as a game country has had little advertisement. There are numbers, really legions, of quail, ducks, rabbits, squirrels, deer and turkey—not to mention 'coons and 'possums. The streams also have good supplies of fish, some of them of the game variety—notably the black bass, called trout in local idiom; and, wholly from hearsay, I am inclined to believe that there are trout in the State, probably in the Ozarks.

"There are game laws on the statutes, but they are suffering from a bad attack of inanition. In fact, the open and closed seasons on game and fish are not definitely known to one person in ten.

"Now, although I am a native of the old Gopher State, it has never been my fortune to get within rifle shot of a deer; so when I found that there were deer all around me down here, out came the rifle. I went to a cosy club house on Boggy Bayou, near Arkansas City, fully persuaded that a deer would soon be mine. Being from a deer country, I am not wholly a fool about the methods obtaining in their pursuit. I know that brass bands are not good company, but was surprised to learn that a cow bell was. T'is said that the deer are used to cows, which is understandable since I met many wild looking bovines in the woods, and that any ordinary noise, if accompanied by the clank of a bell, would not disturb the beauties. However, I refused to burden myself with any such contrivance, and contented myself with the slow and stealthy tactics of Deerfoot. Armed with a .30-30 Marlin and a bad cough, which seriously disturbed the serenity of my stalking, I spent many long and ear-strained hours in the woods. The dry leaves and exasperating growth of vines and briers were also not strikingly conducive to my slinking success. I hunted faithfully for two days with no loss of determination or enthusiasm, because I had several fleeting—very fleeting—glimpses of white flags, which I knew belonged on the stern end of my elusive quarry, but secured no shots until Saturday afternoon. It was an ideal day, cool, clear, and with a very slight drift of air from the northwest. This seemed to be the squirrels' 'at home' day, for I was annoyed occasionally by being subjected to some wholly unprovoked attacks of villainous squirrel billingsgate. I'll bet I would have felt bad if I could have understood what those bushy-tails said to me. It is a pet idea of mine that the woods inhabitants understand each other's remarks better than we do, so I made haste each time to escape from the vicinity of the angry little chaps—didn't want them to tell any tales on me to the deer.

"I had managed to thread my way into a dense brier patch, further complicated by overhanging vines and creepers pendant from the trees. While carefully crawling under an unusually heavy bunch of this, some pyschic influence caused me to look to the right—plumb into the startled eyes of a beautiful doe, who was lying down not four yards from me. As I close my eyes I can still conjure up a picture of that deer. The surprise was mutual, and our scrambles simultaneous—I to get from under those vines, she to get away. Well, she got away, thanks to the vines, for I was neatly snared long enough to give her the needed start. I tried one shot, but missed. Knowing that my shot had frightened all deer within hearing, I hastened, as it was growing late, to a runway between Boggy Bayou and a branch of Boggy laboring under the gruesome name of Dead Man's Bayou, where I sat upon a stump with my ears and eyes as wide open as nature would permit.

"After about an hour's wait and rumination on how I missed that doe, I was very nearly startled off my stump by the sudden roar of heavy wings in my rear. Turning cautiously I saw what I supposed was a buzzard folding his wings in a tree across the bayou. After some moments' blank staring, it dawned upon my benighted Northern intelligence that I was rudely spying upon a regal wild turkey in his boudoir. Since the twigs between him and me precluded all possibility of a certain shot, it was up to me to do some tall and crafty crawling in the brush. After some twenty minutes' display of my woodcraft, interspersed with numerous breath-holding pauses, occasioned by the uneasy movements of the suspicious bird, I had an obstructed view of his highness at about sixty yards' range. He was craning his neck and using first one eye and then the other, trying to discover what manner of beast I was. Due to the increasing darkness and my nervousness, a bead was a mighty hard thing to draw, but, after some seconds' wavering, the foresight settled on the breast (no head shot in that light and with the head abobbing, too), and I pulled trigger. If I had missed that turkey! But I didn't. He toppled—it was so satisfactory to see him topple instead of fluttering—off his perch and hit the ground with a thump fit to scare all the deer in the county. Of course it was my luck to be on the hither side of the Bayou Dead Man, and it was a matter of some twenty minutes before I reached the gobbler, and you can imagine that I didn't stop to pick any flowers, either. I lugged him to camp over my shoulders—a proud and happy chap, although the bird was heavy and the woods dark. I'll remember that walk back to the club house for some time. I located many trees, stumps, logs and bushes by personal contact—was scratched by briers, torn by thorns and tripped and thrown by creepers, but with all, my elation was not abated one jot. The gobbler weighed seventeen pounds—was 'an old booster'—and had to be parboiled before roasting; but the game flavor remained, and was fully up to the advance notices. Beats tame turkey. The little .30-30 ball had entered in the V of the wish-bone, and torn a large hole in his back, breaking the 'elbow' joint of the left wing. On cleaning, no vestige of the heart could be found.

"Fine quail shooting is plentiful in the vicinity of Warren. We were out many times during the winter and had grand sport. The birds seem to be a trifle smaller than our Minnesota quail, and are certainly as quick. Since the cover they use is almost a jungle, a good bag is a prideful achievement. But the deer do not have a fair show. They are hunted with hounds and fire hunted—otherwise by jack light. Nevertheless they are numerous, especially in the bottom lands along the rivers.

"The Saline Fishing and Hunting Club was organized here in Warren April 2 with a membership limit of fifty—membership full already. It is the declared intention of the club to prosecute all violators of the game and fish laws, and it has already posted a reward for the conviction of anyone violating the laws. A neat little club house is in process of construction on the Saline River, 3½ miles from town. Some of the members are fond of fox hunting, but, contrary to the usual custom, they run at night. The town is full of hounds, and a few blasts on a horn will immediately collect a very respectable pack of eager dogs.

"The duck shooting is fine if one can strike them in January when the water is low. At high water the birds are far back in the woods, where it is almost impossible to get at them, and they seem to have no regular morning and evening flight, nor any regular route. All the shooting is done through the tops of the trees as the birds come flying over the forest from all directions. Those I shot this winter were all mallards, though I saw a few pintail and some wood ducks, but I missed the lively little teal of the rice swamps."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Siberian Fur Industry.

CONSUL-GENERAL HALLOWAY writes from St. Petersburg, April 3: "The leading market for Siberian furs is Irbit, 1,000 miles east of Moscow, and 150 miles east of the Ural Mountains and Nizhni Novgorod, where annual fairs are held. The fair at Irbit is held in February each year and that at Nizhni Novgorod in July and August. The former is much the largest, and has just closed, the supply of fells consisting of bear, glutton, lynx, elk, reindeer, stag, musk deer, fox, sable, marten, mink, ermine, polecat, squirrel, Alpine wolf, and blue, silver, and red fox, and one or two kinds of wildcats indigenous to Kamchatka. The Siberian black hare has become very scarce, as well as blue fox, which brings about $50 per fell.

"The supply was not equal to that of former years. The number of buyers from all the leading capitals of Europe and America increased and prices were higher, which is attributed in part to the fact that the world has adopted the American fashion of wearing furs outside, instead of as linings, which requires better skins.

"Although a Russian company enjoys the monopoly of catching Alaska seals, they are all sold in London, and none are to be found in the Russian market. It is claimed by the leading experts that unless Russia, the United States, England, Canada, and Japan agree to put a stop to pelagic sealing, seal fells will disappear from the market.

"Previous to September, 1902, Russian squirrel fells were only used as linings for ladies' shubas, but the demand at the Nizhni Novgorod fair during that year was so great that the price increased and the undressed skins (on which there is no duty in America) sell at from 10 to 30 cents each. It requires from 100 to 250 to make a jacket, 60 to 150 for a cap, 20 to 40 for a boa, and 5 to 10 for a muff. Pale squirrel tails are sold at $2.63 a pood (36.112 pounds), and dark squirrel tails at $3.13 per pood. White foxes are sold at $6 each. Undressed sable skins sell from $15 to $200 each, and it requires from 50 to 100 to make a jacket, 30 to 60 for a cap, 2 to 12 for a boa, and 2 to 6 for a muff.

"Sable and ermine remain the favorite furs with those who can afford to purchase the best.

"Local merchants at Irkutsk purchase a considerable quantity of furs from hunters and trappers, as do all merchants throughout Siberia, which, if not shipped direct to Moscow and St. Petersburg, find their way to the annual fair at Irbit in February, where the leading fur houses of the world are represented by buyers."

Elk in Jackson's Hole.

THE following note, published in Wonderland, the Gardiner, Montana, newspaper, will interest many of our readers:

"In a personal letter to the editor of this paper, Frank Sebastian, who is well known here, but at present a prosperous ranchman of the Jackson Hole country, writes: 'I see by the papers that we are all out of grub and the elk all starving to death, so I thought perhaps you would wonder how your old neighbors down in this region were making it. So far the only one I can hear of that is out of grub is the storekeeper, and of the elk, there will be quite a number die along Flat (Little Gros Ventre) Creek, but having broken into the hay stacks a few times they refuse to rustle and stand around waiting for another chance to break in again. The winter has been quite severe, but there are horses wintering on the hills and the elk back in the hills are looking all right. About 300 head are wintering just below here and but three have died so far and two of these were calves, and unless unusually severe weather prevails from now on, I think 10 per cent. will more than cover the elk loss in here.'"

New Jersey's Game Commissioner.

GOVERNOR MURPHY has appointed Percy Hayes Johnson, of Bloomfield, as Fish and Game Commissioner, to succeed William Halsey. Mr. Johnson has been Deputy Game Warden since 1886. He is president of the Troy Meadow Fish and Game Association, and was one of the organizers of the Brookfield Game Association in Bloomfield.

New Brunswick Cow Moose Butchery.

WE are permitted to quote from a private letter received May 6, the following remarks:

"I have just received a letter from a friend down in New Brunswick, which I quote in substance as follows.

"'I spent Saturday and Sunday in the woods. Got a shot at some geese, but failed to stop any. I am sorry to have to report that I found partly decomposed bodies of two cow moose near the camp, while half a mile up the barren lies the body of a third, all killed late last fall. On going out I saw two moose quietly feeding by the roadside. A friend saw a fine big bull feeding near the lake a couple of weeks ago with a broken hind leg hanging loose, the bone not having mended. He had been shot last fall and had yarded near the lake.'

"The killing of the cow moose was, of course, in violation of law. These moose were shot at night and the guilty parties, after ascertaining what they had done, were afraid to make any attempt to get the meat, so the bodies were allowed to rot. The limping bull, it seems to me, emphasizes a fact which all sportsmen ought to take to heart—not to shoot at all until conditions are such that the shot may be well placed. It is evident that there are parts of the provinces where the very thorough protection of game noted by Mr. Hough does not exist. This violation of the law must certainly have been known to some of the game wardens. Nevertheless several months have elapsed and no one has been brought to account, although there is good reason to believe that a little investigation would have uncovered all the facts."

To this we may add that if Mr. Flewelling, the Deputy Surveyor General, or any prominent game protector in New Brunswick, should, as a result of this letter, make inquiry of us as to the sources of this information, we will give him the name of an entirely responsible gentleman who will lay before him all the facts that he has.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

On the Opening Day.

FROM a friend of mine, whose good nature and veracity cannot be doubted, I obtained the following account of a fishing excursion which took place at the opening of the trout season for this year:

For at least a month previous to the 15th of April, George and I had been conjecturing as to what locality and brook in particular should be honored by our attention on the opening day of the trout season.

After discussing various streams, the merits of which it had been our good fortune to have had a previous knowledge, we decided that there was not one among them that could possibly possess the qualifications of Spring Brook; this meandering, as it did, through a sparsely settled locality should, we decided, be equally clear and warm as any of the others; there was, moreover, one great point in its favor which was that for many years there had been maintained by parties of a neighboring town, a costly and well constructed trout pond, located in the vicinity of the stream's headwaters. This pond had been well stocked with several varieties of trout; that early in March the great bulkhead which had for so long been the means of retarding the general flow of the stream, and which had kept the pond well filled with water, had been swept away by freshets, thus leaving it to drop back to its natural bed.

This was, to our minds, a point worth considering, the trout contained in the pond, some of which were known to be lusty fellows, we had no doubt hade been swept away down the stream and were sure to be found by crafty fishermen like ourselves lurking in the deep pools below.

This fortunate piece of information was further augmented by George, who declared there were mighty few people who had any knowledge whatsoever of the washout, and I, knowing that he was speaking of his native wilds, considered that he ought to know whereof he spake.

Having decided, then, that Spring Brook should yield up its own, and having obtained the usual outfits of fishermen who fear that the elements are ging to combine to spoil sport, a costume which usually appeals to one not deep in the science of capturing the speckled beauty, to be possessed of a superabundance of pockets, the purposes for which these are really designed being within the grasp of some (usually the wearer), the general public, however, is left to mere conjecture. Having obtained, as I have said, a complete set of these regimentals, and laden with rods, baskets and bait-cans, we boarded a late afternoon train, our objective point being a small town in the vicinity of our stream, where we were to spend the night, in order that we might be able to make an early start the following morning. Upon our arrival at D—— late in the evening, and after having obtained a substantial lunch, which was in itself a glowing tribute to our host, who must have come from old fighting stock, in order to have maintained on the corner of this shack the emblazoned sign Hotel, we retired to the chamber we were to occupy for the night, our genial host piloting us up the creaky stairs, lamp in one hand, in the other a good sized hamper, containing our grub for the following day. With the warning to keep an eye peeled for Roberts' bull and a fervent prayer for our success, our host departed.

I forgot to mention that this little jerked town is something of a railroad center; I didn't know it before, but I learned it that night, for after we had turned in, prepared for a few hours of rest and sleep, along came what is commonly termed "a mile of empties," the engine doing the ordinary amount of puffing and the box cars playing their enjoyable tattoo on the rails. I am sure I heard this train as it departed in the distance for at least ten miles; I am willing to make affidavit as to ten; it may have been more, but I wouldn't swear as to more than that. Next came a lone engine bent upon scraping together a long tail of empties; I am sure that its intentions were carried out to the letter. How many more of these disturbers of the peace passed and repassed beneath our window I am unable to state; they became so numerous that I lost all count, and finally fell asleep trying to guess how many hundreds of miles of track they would cover if combined in one long train.

Having slept, as it seemed to me, about ten minutes, but in reality full four hours, I was awakened by George, who seemed to take a diabolical pleasure in informing me that it was time we were up and doing, for we had determined to be the first ones on the ground, even if we had no sleep at all; so out I crawled and groped about in the darkness for the stand on which matches and the lamp had been left. These articles having been discovered, I began getting into my clothes, relating to George the while a wonderful dream from which he had rudely awakened me. How I had hooked a mighty trout, safely landed him, and was proceeding to inspect my prize, when, to my wonder and astonishment, it rose on tiny wings and flew swiftly toward the stream; how I, awe-stricken at this wonder, still felt that I could not allow it to escape; so, rushing forward, I smote it with the butt of my rod, felling the creature to earth; just here, while I was slipping my suspenders over my shoulders, something fell with a crash on the floor, and even in the dim light I was able to discern that it was a flask of some sort which some miserable fellow had put into my hip pocket; however, I swallowed my chagrin, merely remarking to George that my spirits were ebbing already.

As the boy would say, "it was darker than a stack of black cats" when we emerged from the hotel, the rain was drizzling down in a manner which seemed to indicate that it meant to continue, but we started on up the road, and after a half hour's walk came to the point where our stream intersects this thronging thoroughfare; here we clambered over the fence by the roadside and struck off into the wilderness of rain and darkness, guided chiefly by the gurgle of the tiny stream. I thought that tramp would never end, and it seemed as though we walked miles innumerable, crawled over and through a thousand fences ere we reached a point sufficiently far enough up stream to warrant our stopping and whipping it back.

With the consent of all hands we proceeded to tackle the lunch-box, to which George had desperately clung during our weary march; our spirits seemed to revive with every bite, so that after satisfying the inner man, the outer one felt fit for anything, and despite the drizzling rain we soon fell to fishing.

Having caught my hook several times upon overhanging limbs and twigs I at length came to the conclusion that it was altogether too dark for me to fish, so laying aside my rod I patiently awaited the coming of the morning light. At length the darkness began to give way and a dull, misty light to take its place; I began to discern neighboring objects and to speculate as to what they were. Here stood a spreading elm and yonder was the straggling outlines of a rail fence, and still further down the stream I could discern, as I supposed, several stumps, scattered along at intervals.

As it became brighter, I prepared to resume operations, and incidentally glanced down the stream again to locate the positions of those stumps in order that I might not run afoul one while fishing. Imagine my surprise to see one of those stumps suddenly move in my direction and another to bend over and right itself again; this phenomena was easily explained by a closer inspection, which proved to me that my supposed stumps were, in fact, human beings, and how human they were can best be judged from the fact that each and every one of them was a fisherman, and out here in this pouring rain on the same errand bent and actuated with the same ideas as were we—i. e., that this stream would be the best in the neighborhood, and that each one of them would be the first on the fishing ground.

After thrashing the brook for a couple of hours or so, and meeting some thirty of our fellow beings, we at length crawled beneath the lowest strand of a barbed-wire fence for at least the fifth time that morning; this particular fence, however, manifested an affinity for my coat-tail that I had not remarked in any of the others. By this fence we came upon a man who informed us, among other things, that he lived near by, and who also commented on the number of fishermen that he had observed during the morning; he, however, stoon stalked away in the direction of a farmhouse to be seen not far distant, so our attention was given to fishing once more.

Up to date I had taken three chub, and was beginning to feel proud of the exploit, for George had not even hooked a chub, when my vain boastings were interrupted by a sound from the direction of the farmhouse, and glancing back I beheld our acquaintance of a few moments since, leading some kind of an animal into this very pasture in which we were fishing. At once my imagination took fire, the warning to keep an eye peeled for Roberts' bull; the hint as to the number of fishermen about, as dropped by the farmer, instantly flashed through my mind. This, I was sure, was an unique plan of the farmer to clear us off his premises; a fierce bull, I felt confident, had been loosed upon us. So, calling out a warning sentence to George, and grasping the butt of my rod in one hand, with fish-basket trailing out behind, away I sped for a neighboring fence, just as fast as a pair of rubber top boots and rainy-day costume would permit. Twice I stumbled over mounds of earth, and once I plunged the tip of my rod into the soft earth, causing it to bend nearly double, but I plowed madly on, determined that no bull should gore me if I could be the means of helping it. At last I reached the fence, and safe and sound upon the other side I paused to look back. There was George walking slowly along by the stream and my bull grazing peacefully near the bars.

Some moments later, when George came up to the spot where I was seated, still breathing like an old-fashioned bellows, he, with many a guffaw, remarked that I need not have been in such haste, for even a good sized calf like this one had never been known to harm anyone.

For some time after my adventure with the supposed bull—I am safe in calling the adventure mine; indeed, I might leave out all mention of the bull and still have just as valid a claim to the adventure—as I was saying, for some time after this there was peace. I saw nothing that I felt compelled to shy at or run away from; naturally I was inclined to growl somewhat at the weather and things in general, but for the most part everything passed smoothly until somewhat later in the day. I should judge that it was along about three o'clock in the afternoon; the rain had ceased and I could see George fishing on the opposite side of the stream some few rods on. He had just landed the finest trout of the day; that isn't saying a great deal, but it was encouraging, just the same, for at the moment I was struggling for the third time within ten minutes with my hook, which somehow seemed to delight in coming into contact with objects foreign to the use for which it had been designed. Manfully I strove to restrain sundry inelegant but effective expressions that came to mind, for this last time I had hooked on to a stout root on the opposite side of the stream. I decided that, contrary to my habit, I would not yank this time and break the hook and stand a chance of losing some few feet of line as well; this time I would, like any decent-minded citizen, cross the stream, unhook my tackle, and return to my own side after so doing. The stream at this point could not be more than four or four and a half feet in width, I conjectured. Of course I didn't care how deep it was; ordinarily I am not considered the most sprightly creature that walks. I know my failings, too; but crossing this stream would be as easy as hopping across a puddle in the road; its firm even banks would afford a safe start and alighting. So I laid aside my rod, drew my boots up at the hips, stepped back a pace, and lit out. If all human calculations were correct, what a lot of worry and fuss we could spare ourselves in this "vale of tears." It happened either that this particular brook laterally stretched somewhat as I took wing, or else something unknown retarded that astonishing leap I made. Any way, the fact of the matter is I alighted plump in the middle of the stream. Whew! How cold that water was. I have the habit of a cold morning plunge, but I never ran up against anything like this. Vainly I grasped at the muddy bank; in up to my shoulders, I could hardly stand upright, so swiftly did the water rush about me. Then it dawned upon me that, clad as I was, I could not emerge from this roaring torrent without assistance; so I bellowed lustily for George to come and rescue me. I did not shout in vain, for in a moment up galloped George, who proceeded to grasp me by the collar and haul me up the slippery bank, and no small job it proved to be. Having seen me safely landed on terra firma, he proceeded to laugh immoderately, going through as many contortions of voice and form as a professional limber-man and grand opera singer combined. This, indeed, was a last straw. I would stand it no longer. I had been imposed upon. Who was to blame I couldn't say, but I felt it, just the same. When all these mishaps happen to one meek, unoffending man in the course of one day, it is time he retired to the peace and quiet of his regular vocation. So I decided, and back we started, arriving in town late that night. George has not yet ceased explaining to our friends what a fleet runner I am, and how much I resembled a muskrat when he saw me first in that muddy stream, my rubber hat only visible on its surface.

JOHN B. AIKEN.

Memories of Lake Whitney.

Editor Forest and Stream:

READING that most interesting account in a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM about early days on Lake Whitney, New Haven, Conn., brings to mind my college years and the happy days spent on that interesting sheet of water at the end of the horse car line. My thoughts go away back to 1877, and I want to tell about my very first experience in a birch canoe on any stage in any water. There was a good sportsman, George Greenleaf, who sang in our old St. John Street M. E. Church choir, and he used to tell the basses in Prof. Benjamin Jepson's musical organization in the organ loft, between the acts on rehearsal nights, of the great sport hunting and fishing he had at the lake in his old birch. As I seemed to have the right sort of appreciation, it was agreed that he was to call for me after Saturday morning Greek one bright spring morning. We got to the lake and George found his canoe somewhere in a barn or shed. It may have been cared for by the celebrated fisherman of pickerel mentioned by your correspondent, only I did not have the good luck to meet him. I do remember the neat little low house covered with vines by the landing. We pushed off and sat right down in the bottom of our craft, and I remember how much more staunch she seemed than the pine log dugout over which I wielded my virgin paddle on Four Mile Run on the Ticonderoga Flats. No two boys with their guns and tackle ever make a trip with the wind unless they try a sail for a short time. So we rigged up a big coach umbrella, which made us fairly fly, and concealed our identity from a staid boat full of girls from Miss N.'s boarding school, for we were like all young sportsmen, very shy with young women folks, and, besides, we did not want to be annexed to any female ambitions on that day, at least. I well recall how we passed up to the north end, under the bridges, and saw the water lilies bursting into bloom, and the swarms of small fish about the stems of the water plants, and occasionally got a sight of a big father pickerel down in the dark depths below.

We kept right on up the inlet, finding no difficulty in threading its crooked channel by looking sharply after dangerous roots, until we neared the falls over which we would have to carry. We decided to hide the boat and take luncheon. We were amused at the antics of a little box tortoise about the size of a Mexican dollar which we had caught and tied with a narrow ribbon to a thwart. We would abandon him feigning death on his back, but just as soon as we left we could hear the "turkle" turn-turtle. This he could do with ease every time. A fire was built of twigs and several lamb chops were unwrapped from a modest brown paper package. They did not go badly toasted on long sticks stuck into the ground near the coals, and the drips falling on the fresh bread made a good substitute for butter. This was our first course. The perch and other fish were just swarming in the cool water of the creek down under the deep banks upon which we were dining, and it did not take me long to catch a lot of them. Perch are best when skinned, as we do up in Lake George in the summer when in a hurry. Besides, there is no harder work than scaling these armor-clad beauties in the old way. The fish is taken in the left hand and a slit is cut with a sharp knife from the center of the back down parallel with the gills. Then

the knife is run down along the backbone to the tail. Keeping a firm hold on the head, with thumb and knife blade you start the skin on the right side of the back just back of the head, and the skin comes off nicely, disclosing the fine white meat. Turn your fish and do the same with the left side, and cut off the head and all comes away, leaving the fish ready for the pan after a little rinse in the clean water. George had the "spider" ready—I never heard the word "skillet" until later in life; there was some hot pork sizzling in the pan just to show that there was no coldness, and the heap of sweet meat was piled in and covered just long enough to get hot, when off came the cover and the perch were allowed to brown.

After our feast and a good nap, we went about with the guns, but had no luck, and went home finally as happy as two young boys ever were in this beautiful world with our baskets full of lilies for the fair friends in New Haven.

George pointed out the old church, painted white as I remember, with green blinds, in true New England fashion of the time, and we landed and peered cautiously into the darkened interior, and George said that they had a choir there on Sunday led by a man with a big double-bass viol instead of an organ, which made me very anxious to attend services there on Sunday; but, of course, that was not to be thought of, because the faculty would report me absent from college chapel to my loving parents, who, by the way, would not have cared to what church I went on Sunday, and I should have received twenty marks and a "Warning," with a big W for my indiscretion. How strange such things seem when one looks back from the point of view of manhood's freedom.

Peter Flint.

ON THE DELAWARE NEAR NARROWSBURG.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

VII.—Running Water.

"The foam-flecked globes on the eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drift amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain."

—Scott.

"Water swiftly flowing,
But stationary waves!
Water gaily going
O'er the rocks it laves!
Bounding like a puma,
Full of curves and light—
Laughter, foam and fume! A
Winding rush of light!"

—Milaspara.

The most casual observation of earth's contours, even those of one small section of any country, brings conviction that the elevation of the land was ordained; for its foliage, fruits and flowers are the result of growth as they feed upon water. The uprearing of hills and mountains was by divine will, to give motion to water. Forest, garden, orchard and meadow are fed by it as it flows on and through the land, quite as much as by the direct rains from clouds. It goes in prepared paths,

AN EYE HARVEST ON A CLOUDY DAY.

whose margins are winding lines of deeper green and special beauty. It has power to cleave mountains (as at Delaware Water Gap), as well as to circle gently among the sedges, and cherish the huge roots and snowy blooms of its lilies.

The moss-tapestried dell, the clusters on the grape-trellis, the greensward sweetly starred with squirrelcups and adder-tongues, the wooded, fair valleys and upland meadows, all owe their beauty to flowing water, hastening toward and yearning for the sea—unresting, benign as all vegetable life drinks it, and as it sings and croons to tree and plant, like a loving mother. To use the couplet of Izzet Molla:

"It purls and murmurs as it moves
In circles round the tree it loves."

Green under tree canopies, its depths a sun-shafted fantasia, we owe to it the fragrance and blessing of every blossom, the plowing and harvesting, the dripping, moss-covered old well-buckets near a countless host of happy homes where the vine clambers, and the lilacs bloom.

Try to recall the very happiest hours of all your life—some morning of the long ago whose joys lie fair and sweet in memory, some moonlit evening or starlighted night far off, but hallowed in recollection. Almost certainly you will be led back to a brook or river that you loved in childhood, and left with it to joy again over the impalpable but vivid treasure. The music of a stream, the song of a wild bird, the sight and scent of a country flower. In how many hearts have they not only arrested but turned back the flight of time, and left men boys again, "just for to-night!"

There is no inorganic substance so remarkable as water. Perpetually changing, always smiling-earnest, steadfast, joyous, sleeplessly unwearied! We have set for ourselves the task of studying it as it flows in the Delaware. A difficult task and sure to be badly performed, for it is "like trying to paint a soul!"

We have reached the upper Westcolang Rift, and have even been down as far as Narrowsburg—fishing, loafing, eating our bread in midsummer laziness; but always trying to see the hues and curvature and to hear the music of the flowing water.

It is "only the Delaware;" but this river is quite as lovely for a hundred miles as any like reach of the Rhone. Search through the Scotch hills or the Bernese Oberland, and you will find no sweeter water-music, and no fairer scenes.

Of course the Delaware is seen most distinctly in the gray light of cloudy days, for then its fire is largely limited to its own foam; it is not drowned in golden mist caused by strong sunlight, and the shift and dance of its radiance and lights are not so complex and bewildering. It is water gathered in mass, flowing rapidly. We lack time and space here to tell of its rise in mist from the ocean, its propulsion by kind winds, its descent over and upon the land while it is often seamed with lines of fire and shaken by bellowing thunder; or how it dwells as invisible moisture in clear air, or forms clouds that drift as ranges. Besides, something of this will be told when I come to write of clouds.

Filtering threads of rain and dew have massed on the slopes, hills and bottoms, and have waked to a musical life of their own tinkling as rivulets and rills beneath the plumy spires of ferns and the tangle of birch roots, their lyres bursting forth as springs welling to form brooks that, in turn, join in the loving work of feeding and swelling the volume of a large stream.

Here is a pitifully inadequate picture of the Delaware about two miles from Narrowsburg, and of an angler there, happy under his old straw hat.

Grant to him the power of blotting from his perception all that wondrous beauty of the far-foliaged vista up the river, with its soft gloom, mystery, and play of shadows. Take from him all consciousness of the blue fire of the sky, throbbing with faintest mantlings and quiverings of change, and of the exquisite finish and curvature of the water-sculptured rocks. Close his ears to the silver bell of the thrush, the jangled chimes of the bobolink, the boom at the end of the long air-dive of the early-flying nighthawk, and the resounding banjos of the bullfrogs back in the moist, rush-guarded nooks of the bank. Let no haunting odors that live along the riverside distract his attention with smells of thorn-blossom, crab-apple, leek or sedge. Banish all capacity to do aught but behold the motion and light in that water. What does he see?

Far up the stream broods the mystery. Out of the hills emerges the river, advancing in a placid reach which is so often miscalled an eddy. It is a view faintly seen through mists that rise above its first little plunge and foam at the head of the rift, where the hesitating current has poised for its first leap, and the water breaks into an irregular line, like the links of a horizontal but loosely held and shaken chain.

What next?

The pen falters. I seek refuge in the following description of a master at whose feet I have sat for twenty years, and who was probably the keenest-eyed student of Nature that the last century produced:

"When water, not in very great body, runs in a rocky bed much interrupted by hollows, so that it can rest every now and then in a pool as it goes along, it does not acquire a continuous velocity of motion. It pauses after every leap, and curdles about, and rests a little, and then goes on again; and if in this comparatively tranquil and rational state of mind it meets with an obstacle, as a rock or stone, it parts on each side of it with a little bubbling foam, and goes round; if it comes to a step in its bed, it leaps it lightly, and then after a little plashing at the bottom, stops again to take breath. But if its bed be on a continuous slope, not much interrupted by hollows, so that it cannot rest, or if its own mass be so increased by flood that its usual resting places are not sufficient for it, but that it is perpetually pushed out of them by the following current, before it has had time to tranquilize itself, it of course gains velocity with every yard that it runs; the impetus got at one leap is carried to the credit of the next, until the whole stream becomes one mass of unchecked, accelerating motion. Now, when water in this state comes to an obstacle, it does not part at it, but clears it, like a race-horse; and when it comes to a hollow, it does not fill it up and run out leisurely at the other side, but it rushes down into it and comes up again on the other side, as a ship into the hollow of the sea. Hence the whole appearance of the bed of the stream is changed, and all the lines of the water altered in their nature. The quiet stream is a succession of leaps and pools; the leaps are light and springy, and parabolic, and make a great deal of splashing when they tumble into the pool; then we have a space of quiet curdling water, and another similar leap below. But the stream when it has gained an impetus takes the shape of its bed, never stops, is equally deep and equally swift everywhere, goes down into every hollow, not with a leap, but with a swing, not foaming, nor splashing, but in the bending line of a strong sea-wave, and comes up again on the other side, over rock and ridge, with the ease of a bounding leopard; if it meet a rock three or four feet above the level of its bed, it will neither part nor foam, nor express any concern about the matter, but clear it in a smooth dome of water,* without apparent exertion, comevery swell and hollow of the bed with their modulating grace, and all in unison of motion, presenting perhaps the most beautiful series of inorganic forms which nature can possibly produce; * * every motion of the torrent ing down again as smoothly on the other side; the whole surface of the surge being drawn into parallel lines by its extreme velocity, but foamless, except in places where the form of the bed opposes itself at some direct angle to such a line of fall, and causes a breaker; so that the whole river has the appearance of a deep and raging sea, with this only difference, that the torrent-waves always break backwards, and sea-waves forwards. Thus, then, in the water which has gained an impetus, we have the most exquisite arrangement of curved lines, perpetually changing from convex to concave, and vice versa, following

A RAINBOW EFFECT.

is united, and all its curves are modifications of beautiful line"†

Yet, as we mentioned when writing of mere hues and motion of clouds, all this motion and curvature are governed by sternest laws, even through all their change, haste, seeming confusion and chaos!

Just below the scene shown in the picture, the water is less rapid, and the bottom more rocky; and if the angler stands on the shore where the stream curves, and with the sun low behin dhim, he sees the water breaking in foam-bells, and tossing beryls and pearls; and through the mist rising over each rock and the foam just below it, hover tiny sections of rainbows waving and dancing in witchery of motion, the length and width of the rapids alive with not only the water-motion, but with the formless ghost-brilliance of water-born butterflies poised above the seething caldrons where tormented masses of foam-fire make the water brightly opaque, water not only alive, but all crowned with iris-children that dance in a thousand mad and merry waltzes along the rocky floor. In those pools the bass, buttress-guarded by the rocks above them, seek safety when the grinding ice-gorges of winter threaten them.

And this is but one aspect of the river, in what may be (inaccurately) called one light. But wait till the twilight deepens!

Up from the horizon rises a disk of dull gold, faintly starring the flood with fairy glints, until it widens to a long-flaming ribbon of radiance, golden-fringed, but dotted with innumerable points of transient black, the whole boiling fire-line full of gracefullest motion. And as clouds gather and the night-pall shuts out the view with its veil, the stream changes to only a field where dim, fantastic foam-sprites reign like ghosts, and the tired eye is glad to be released from the stress of looking. But we

* There is a rock abreast of the uppermost of the Three Sister Islands at Niagara, over which the water leaps smoothly in a dome six feet above the stream when slightly above normal flood, and without the slightest pause or foam.—L. F. B.

† Ruskin.

have noted that all waves in rapids are stationary as the water races; while on lakes the waves advance, and the water only rises and falls in undulation. Also that on lakes the waves break forward, but that in rapids they break backward.

And what does the angler hear?

Blended water-notes, made under different physical conditions, that form the general voice of the stream. But from the greatest plunge, and where the current is most swift and strong, comes, at intervals, a bass, throbbing note capable of making the candle-flame inside your tent dance and flicker, and, at favorable moments, will even cause the flames of your camp-fire to sway in unison with its vibrations.

When deflected from a bank in mass, the water purls and gurgles as if laughing at its own sinuous change. Over rocks it dashes in an uproar made up of tiny sounds as numerous as its own drops, and goes on in gurgles and chuckles. Hundreds of stony points break its motion, and each will have its separate bevy of water-notes. This all varies with width of stream—its volume, depth, obstruction, character of the bed, the incline and height of banks, and kind, density and amount of foliage, with corresponding changes of resonance and echo. Density, humidity or aridness of air also influences the sounds of the stream. We can tell when a storm is brewing, for the voice of the Delaware increases in volume and distinctness. Over its shallows and among small rocks, it has a slow, droning, slumberous sound, like that of a steady wind moving slowly through a forest, or water flowing over the even edge of a wide dam. Unobstructed in wide reaches, and shallow, it has the inimitable purl, so exquisite that even in music, the sweetest sounds are called liquid. Yet these purling notes have a whole calendar of their own special chords, with their own multiform and blended vibrations. If you have the will to place a few rocks in such shallow water, you can, by changing the character of the obstruction, alter the whole general voice of the stream, through waking new notes.

Thus flows the Delaware for hundreds of miles, a broad line of harmonies, thrilling through its own forests, with whose music it forever blends. It is a harvest of the eye, and a delight to the ear:

"With its lithe and merry motion o'er the algæ where the green,
Waves beside the rocks of yellow, and beneath the water's sheen,
With a low, mysterious music in the elm trees overhead,
Till the oriole translates it, and you know just what they said."

The day has wearied us with its fullness of sight and sound along the river. We eat a ten o'clock supper, and the night hours pass unheeded. As we push back the tent-flap and look out, the cool grays of morning have changed the moods of river, hills and forests; nature thus appearing in dress after dress, each seeming to be lovelier than the one which preceded it. L. F. Brown.

New England Fishing.

Boston, April 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent lecture of Dr. Field, of the Institute of Technology, to which I alluded in a former letter, contained much valuable information concerning the lobster. The annual expenditure for the crustacean, he declared, to be about $10,000,000. While it is distributed to some extent from the Straits of Belle Isle on the north to the Capes of Delaware, on the south, the greatest number are caught in the waters of Nova Scotia and Maine, and the chief markets are the cities of Boston and New York. The high price at which they are sold, being in reality about 90 cents a pound for the food, and the diminished size of those offered are conclusive proofs of a decrease in the supply. Reference was made to the statistics in Capt. Collins' reports—the average catch, as there shown, per pot in 1901 in Massachusetts being 84, and in 1902 but 33.

The female carries the eggs from nine to eleven months, according to the temperature of the water, their development being retarded by a cold temperature. The hatching season he affirms to be the months of May, June and July. The infant mortality is enormous, the young, on coming to the surface of the water, being devoured by fishes, so that only a few survive out of a maximum brood of 100,000 eggs. He claimed that "if from every 10,000 eggs two lobsters survived and could be raised to maturity the total number of lobsters would remain the same if none were caught." It is well known that the lobster is of slow growth, requiring five years or more to reach maturity.

Two years elapse between the different broods. The chief obstacle to artificial propagation has been the difficulty of finding suitable food, this being as yet an unsolved problem. While it is generally known that the efforts of the United States Fish Commission have been continued for several years in an endeavor to propagate lobsters for restocking at Woods Holl, Mass., the attempt has not as yet been as successful as its promoters have desired.

As a means of increasing the supply, the professor suggests the taking of the young for food and saving the mature lobsters as breeders. He declares a close season impracticable. If the writer has not been misinformed, the plan of a close season of several years has been tried successfully in the case of the lobster fisheries of Norway. In this connection the friends of the lobster industry will be glad to learn that a resolution providing for the issue of a call by the Massachusetts Commissioners for a convention for the purpose of conferring on this subject and others by Commissioners of all the New England States and representatives of the New York market, the Maritime Provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, has been passed by the House of Representatives and is now in the Committee of Ways and Means of the Senate. A favorable report of that committee is confidently expected. It is not unlikely that the combined experience of those who will be called together will be productive of much good, and it will be a cause of much satisfaction if some plan shall be devised by which this decadent industry may be saved from utter annihilation.

Capt. Collins is having constructed a naphtha launch 32ft. 10in. long with a breadth of beam of 7ft., designed by himself, for use on the coast in enforcing the lobster and bird laws. The captain has recently returned from a trip of two weeks on the United States steamer Grampus. This has given him a much needed rest and at the same time has afforded the opportunity of investigating the condition of the lobster fisheries of Maine. He went as far as Rockland, putting in at various points on the coast. He reports that the lobsters have been caught down to the limit of length (10½ inches). The Grampus is in command of Capt. E. E. Hahn, and the work in which it is engaged is that of collecting egg-bearing lobsters, and is to be continued till June. She was fitted out at Gloucester, starting from that port on April 23. In spite of the 10½-inch law, the lobster fishermen have for years been taking everything, small and large, from the tip of Cape Cod southward, and the result is well known. This is true not only in the waters of southeastern Massachusetts but in those of Rhode Island and Connecticut as well.

If the same plan is pursued in the waters from Boston to Halifax there is no need of invoking prophecy to foretell the result.

Twice within a few years the Governor of Massachusetts has prevented the passage of a nine-inch law by interposing a veto, and if all lobster fishermen would strictly observe the present law it is possible that the decadence which has been noted the past few years would cease.

The proceedings of the proposed conference will be watched with great interest by all lovers of the succulent crustacean.

The Clearwater Club has returned to Boston from Grand Lake, having captured in all 124 salmon, of which Mr. C. C. Butler took 23. The trip was made in a private car to Princeton, thence by steamer across Big Lake. The members made their headquarters at the Rose Camps. Mr. A. W. Burke, of Boston, was the fortunate captor of the first fish, and Mr. J. C. Rowe, of Hartford, the largest one.

From Berkshire county reports of fine trout fishing continue to come in. The Pittsfield Sun of April 30 states that William P. Taylor took 14 trout on Tuesday, April 28, which weighed 13½ pounds; Wallace Jones 12 trout weighing 10 pounds 11 ounces; C. H. Sage and C. M. Gibbs 25 trout that weighed 17½ pounds, and on another day they caught 20, among them several large ones.

Fred Crawford, of North Adams, by report of May 1 in the Evening Transcript, caught his second two-pound trout, beating the record of local sportsmen so far. Berkshire fishing is coming to the front wonderfully this spring.

Illegal Fishing and Hunting.

Deputy Shea, of Ware, has put one culprit into court recently for fishing in closed waters; another who pleaded guilty of Sunday hunting and of using a ferret; a third who will come up for sentence May 9 for fishing in a closed brook. Deputy Luman, of Palmer, has made an arrest for fishing in a closed pond; sentence reserved in this case. There are no doubt other cases which do not come to the knowledge of the public except in the immediate neighborhood.

Capt. Collins has accomplished much in organizing an efficient warden service, and he is still working on that line.

Under the law prohibiting the sale of all trout except those artificially reared, commonly known as domestic trout, none can be sold less than nine inches in length, which was the legal length prescribed for domestic trout before the legislation of the present year. The law extending for five years the close season on deer contains a provision allowing "the owner or occupant of cultivated land" to drive deer away, but not with dogs, nor must the deer be wounded."

A law has been signed prohibiting the killing of heron or bittern, but "the owner or keeper of a trout hatchery or pond may kill one in the act of destroying fish."

Maine Fishing Resorts.

News comes from Bemis that there were twenty-five guests in the camps May 1, and before breakfast Mr. Wallace Stevens, of Rumford Falls, landed two five-pound salmon, and Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Thatcher a three-pound trout and a four-pound salmon. The high wind and cold weather of the next two days made fishing difficult, but Mrs. G. H. Drake took a 4½-pound trout. Parties from Lewiston, Lisbon Falls and Brunswick, Me., have had good success, and those who have returned took ample evidence of their skill along with them.

Mr. C. P. Stevens and Mr. W. W. Lee, of Malden, Mass., have gone to camp "Vive Vale" for a few days. Messrs. H. C. Kennedy and W. R. Kissam, of Brooklyn, are having good sport at the Birches.

Among the guests at the Mountain View House are Mr. E. O. Noyes and others from Brockton, Mass.; J. H. Flynt, of Boston, and D. S. Prentiss, of Worcester.

In a cottage nearby is a party from Fitchburg, Mass., composed of M. B. Damon, F. J. Nichols, Thomas Sheldon, D. W. Clifford, and W. W. Sargent. They have made good catches, but are not going to say much about them till ready to break camp.

Bald Mountain camps are not neglected, having arranged to care for such well known sportsmen as Ward N. Boylston and H. D. Daniels, of Boston; Walter Hinds, of Portland; Clement R. Hopes and party, of Philadelphia, and Mayor F. E. Boothby, of Portland, who on Wednesday, May 6, took four salmon weighing 6, 5, 5, 3 pounds, respectively. D. D. Clark, of North Attleboro, got a 4½-pound salmon. Mr. Hinds's largest salmon weighed 4½ pounds. At Haines Landing Hon. Seth Larabee, of Portland, is high line with a 7½-pound salmon. Mr. Hamilton, of Boston, has taken two 4-pound salmon. Smaller ones have been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Connor and F. A. Nichols, of Boston. Dr. C. W. Hutchins, of Boston, has beaten his last year's record, having taken a salmon weighing 8 pounds, and is contemplating building a camp for occupancy next year. At Bemis not many large fish have been taken, but Mrs. Chester Bisbee, of Rumford Falls, in less than an hour took five salmon and one trout, the largest weighing 5 pounds. Messrs. C. E. Guild and D. E. Adams, of Boston, are getting a good number, but not very large fish. Fish are beginning to take the hook at the Upper Dam, and a few anglers have arrived. Catches at Middle Dam are reported as running from 2½ to 5½ pounds.

From Kineo it is reported that large trout have been unusually prominent in the catches that have been made. Among well known anglers that have arrived is Mr. A. D. Foster, of Boston, a member of the State Association. He is accompanied by Mr. Reginald Foster and Mr. J. G. Wildman, of Boston, and Dr. and Mrs. Burnside Foster, of St. Paul, Minn. Mr. Henry Lord, of New York, has taken possession of his cottage, having recently returned from a winter trip to Africa and Italy.

At this resort the fishing will be at its height in about two weeks. Belgrade Lakes are reported to have yielded phenomenal fishing for trout this season, both in point of numbers and size. Dr. Gallagher, of New York, recently returned, taking six trout averaging over 4 pounds, the largest weighing 6½ pounds. Mr. Harry J. Boyd and wife, of New York, are also making good catches. The Hotel Belgrade is open to guests with a recent addition of twenty-five rooms, a new dining room and other improvements.

At Lake Webb, Weld, Maine, Mr. F. H. Whitin, of Whitinsville, Mass., has taken a 6-pound salmon, and Hon. A. D. Russell, of Augusta, one weighing 4 pounds, and several others have caught large fish. Varnum Pond has furnished much sport to several Farmington anglers as well as to some Massachusetts sportsmen, among whom may be named the Hon. George Fred Williams, of Dedham and Boston, who recently returned, bringing six large fish taken by himself and party.

The secretary of the Springvale Fish and Game Club, Mr. F. H. Wood, reports to Chairman Carleton that fine fishing has been obtained in Mousam Lake of his town, salmon weighing 8½, 9 and 15½ pounds each, and square-tail trout of 4 to 5 pounds' weight. The lake has had the benefit of restocking yearly for a long time. This should be an eye-opener for niggardly politicians who begrudge every farthing appropriated for protection and propagation made in the interest of sport. There is cheering news from New Hampshire, but details must be deferred till later.

Dynamiters Punished.

From Rutland, Vt., we learn that the State Fish and Game League has made a successful crusade against a gang that has been engaged extensively in taking trout by the use of explosives. Several arrests have been made, and it is expected others will follow. To such an extent has this dastardly work been carried on that many good trout streams have been divested of fish.

Prof. R. L. Garner appeared before a select and fairly good sized audience on Thursday evening in Steinert Hall, where he exhibited the cage in which he lived in African jungles. Your readers have so recently read the report of his address before the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association on the occasion of the annual dinner, published in Forest and Stream, that it is unnecessary to repeat it. Central.

In Maine Waters.

Bangor, Maine, May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has been one of anticipation largely among Maine anglers, at least in the eastern and northern sections of the State, for the expectations of warmer weather were hardly realized until the latter part of the week. Mooschead, as predicted in the letter of a week ago, did not furnish any great sport during this, its second week of open season, partly because the rush had not commenced, and more because the very cold water and corresponding dull weather during the first part of the week prevented any good catches, except in rare instances.

Monday was a cold rainy day, most disagreeable and lacking in results, and while Tuesday opened the same way, mid-forenoon found the sun poking through the clouds, and before noon it was, as a day, all that the lover of a clear and comfortable day could desire. Consequently that day saw some good catches by those who were out on the lake, and others who were at nearby ponds trying for the smaller trout to be found therein.

Probably the most successful party at the big lake was the Greeley party from Bangor and Gloucester, Mass., who went to the lake a week before, or as soon as the ice was thoroughly cleared from Moosehead. In the party were Geo. H. Greeley, Dr. Isaac Strickland, Frank Noyes and F. G. Moon, of this city; Dr. J. E. Garland, C. W. Luce and Frank S. Greeley, of Gloucester, Mass.; Mr. Doscher, of Jersey City, N. J., and Mr. Brooks, of Augusta, this State. They had a great time, chartering Capt. Henry Sawyer's new steamer for their entire stay, and making their headquarters at Seboomook. Their best and only real good fishing was in Big Duck Cove, and the largest trout (they say they caught no lakers) weighed three pounds, being taken by Mr. Luce.

The Crow's Nest at Sandy Bay has not opened for spring fishermen, but there are still some big squaretails left in this famous fishing locality, judging by the experience of two workmen who are building camps and fixing up those already built. They pushed out from shore in a canoe the other evening, and in a few minutes had landed a very handsome string, not only enough for their own use, but three of which they took to Greenville the following day and gave to friends, the three weighing 10½ pounds.

Arno Bacon and Ralph Emerson, of this city, spent several days during the week at the East Outlet of the lake, fishing two days along the shore by Sand Bar, the Lamb farm and around Sand Bar Island. They had splendid success, catching all the fish the law would permit them to bring home, some weighing as heavy as 4¼ pounds, and the majority squaretails. Mr. Emerson hooked and played for a long time a big laker, but the fish fought well, the leader had already seen rather hard service, and finally the fish succeeded in carrying off the troll and half the leader. Some fish were taken during the same time at the dam at the outlet, but lively sport has not yet begun there, although it is looked for every day. One day the party went to Indian Pond, five miles down the river from the Outlet, and enjoyed some splendid fishing, catching a very nice string of trout, which were taking both flies and worms. The raising of the gates above to permit the sluicing and driving of the logs raised the water in Indian Pond, where, because of low water, it had been poor for several days.

Another successful trip was that made by Abel Hunt, of this city, who went to Jackman and had some fairly good fishing there in the Moose River near Big Wood Pond, and then returned to Moosehead, spending the rest of his outing alongshore from the Outlet to his old

favorite grounds, off Sand Bar. He was very fortunate, getting some splendid sport and a long string of fish, not one of which was a togue, but all squaretails or redspots. Mr. Hunt tells of seeing at Jackman one of the finest strings of trout he had ever seen brought into Jackman by D. Hancox, of that village, and a friend, who had been fishing in the river not far from the railroad bridge. There were several of the trout that weighed between five and six pounds, and none were small. It was such a string, he declares, as one seldom sees anywhere, and was worth duplicating—if one were able.

Other successful Moosehead Lake parties include Engineer Alden Spear, of the B. & A. train, who visited Squaw Pond between trains with a friend and brought back 107 trout, while Baggage Master Frank McClure, of the same train, went with a friend to Fitzgerald Pond, getting their full limit for the day. At Seboomook, on Tuesday, one sportsman is reported to have caught four or five trout that weighed four pounds apiece, and as six members of the Seboomook Outing Club from Newark, N. J., went to the head of the lake this morning under the able leadership of Fred Castle, this feat will undoubtedly be entirely eclipsed during the next ten days.

A Bangor man who was driving through the town of Jonesport the other day passed three boys heavily laden with sizable brook trout in the road, and was told, upon inquiry, that there were 150 in the three strings, all caught in Indian River, which is a fine trout stream.

C. S. Winch went with two friends to a brook out beyond Clifton and brought in a handsome string of some forty-five or more trout during the week.

Probably the best and steadiest fishing to be furnished by any pond during the week, unless, indeed, it may be that the St. Croix system has done equally well, was Tunk Pond, which always furnishes some splendid sport with both trout and landlocked salmon as soon as the sun begins to warm the water. N. E. Bragg and a friend from this city fished there for a day or two this week, landing between them eighteen fish, one taking eight salmon and a trout, the other nine salmon. At the same time Dr. Haskell, of Brunswick, and a friend took twelve salmon in one day, and B. E. Clark, of Bar Harbor, landed six more. When the Bangor men left for home there were five anglers still there, and the fun was fast and furious. Tunk Pond is among the jewels for fishermen, and is easily reached by the Washington county route.

Those who have fished in the Passadumkeag stream claim that it is the finest trout stream in America, and the writer can say from personal experience that it is great, although he fished it under the drawbacks of very cold weather, late in the season of 1902. All who go there get great sport, and the fish rise to the fly there earlier, perhaps, than in any other trout stream in Maine. J. N. Merrill and S. A. Maxfield, of this city, were at Lee last week and went down the stream as far as Upper Taylor Brook, logs preventing their getting any further down. While the big trout are more likely to be met with in the deeper pools below that point—and they sometimes run as heavy as four pounds—still they had such sport as they had heard about, and took out of that stream 150 handsome brook trout.

To-day may be said, in truth, to be the real opening of the fishing season in the northern and northcasterly parts of the State, and the trains out from this city to the east and northeast have each and all borne their portion of the anglers who had been waiting for warmer days before starting for the fishing waters. As a sample train, the writer found on the morning train for Greenville anglers who were going to Williams Stream, Seboomook, Northeast Carry, Capen's, Lily Bay, Sugar Island and Kineo, while the Sterns party on Sugar Island, the Camp Comfort Club on Sand Bar, and other parties already on the spot, must be having the greatest of sport, as the weather is warm, the sun bright, and the fish not having been very voracious since the leaving of the ice, they must be eager for the bait.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 2, I read with much interest the second letter of Commissioner Babcock, of British Columbia, expecting to find some facts and figures which would prove his former confident assertions that salmon culture on the Pacific Coast had been a great success. From this letter it appears that Mr. B. has held his present position of Fisheries Commissioner of the Province of British Columbia since November, 1901, and that he "devoted a part of October and November to the investigation of a limited portion of the spawning grounds of the sockeye salmon of Fraser River, and during the entire spawning season of 1892 he devoted as much time to the spawning grounds of the Fraser and Thompson rivers as the limited season would permit." On this small experience of one season and part of another he tells us that all who have written of the vast numbers of salmon that overcrowd the Pacific rivers, notably the Columbia, the Fraser and the Skeena, from Sir George Simpson to Livingston Stone, including Capt. Butler, Lieut. Schwatka, Charles Hallock, Samuel Wilmot, Thomas Mowat (who managed the first hatchery on the Fraser), and all the witnesses who testified before the Commission in 1891, were mistaken, and that no such state of things as they all described ever existed, and he asks how, "without statistics," the Old Angler ever came to believe that such was the case? My answer is that I was intimately acquainted with Samuel Wilmot and Thomas Mowat; that I am in regular correspondence with Mr. Charles Hallock (who devoted twenty years to the study of Pacific Salmon, from whose "Salmon Fisher" I quoted largely in a former letter), and with the friend, who has had years of experience on Fraser River, from whose letter, written last February, describing the salmon run, I quoted as follows: "The salmon enter this river in such enormous numbers as to stop boats. It would seem to me that the force of their weight in rugged places would kill thousands, forcing them against the shores and rocks by pressure from behind. The weaker must succumb to the tremendous force of struggling millions, and be literally jammed to death." These writers had no "ax to grind," no reason to exaggerate, nor any motive to suppress the truth, and I mean no disrespect to Commissioner Babcock when I say that I prefer their testimony, based on many years' experience and observation, to his, based on the limited experience of a part of two seasons on spawning grounds which are reached by a very small percentage of the vast numbers that enter the mouth of the river.

As this is a vital point, largely affecting salmon culture on the Pacific Coast, which Mr. Babcock not only ignores but by implication denies, and one which both he and Mr. Stone studiously concealed in their letters to Mr. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, I quote some further well known authorities as to the overcrowding of Pacific rivers—and notably the Fraser and the Columbia. In his work on "Vancouver Island and British Columbia," Mr. Matthew Macfie, F. R. G. S., says in writing of the salmon in Fraser River: "At certain times the cañons or gorges of the river are so crowded with salmon that the navigation of canoes is virtually impeded. The Indians catch them there with a pole, attached to one end of which is a transverse piece of wood. Into this are stuck tenpenny nails. Leaning over the gorge they strike the nails into the fish, impaling one or two at each descent of the pole." The same writer says of the Columbia River, "that on a sudden falling of the waters the numbers of salmon left on the banks are so immense as to cause the river to stink for miles." The late A. C. Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries in British Columbia, in one of his reports says: "In the Fraser River, as well as in the Columbia and Sacramento, the quantities of spawned fish that die in their downward journey and lie rotting on the banks or are carried in thick masses down stream, are so great that I am forced to the conclusion that the salmon of these rivers do not reach the sea after spawning, but perish after that natural function is performed." From a report made by Mr. Livingston Stone to the late United States Commissioner of Fisheries, Prof. Spencer F. Baird, describing the enormous schools of salmon in the Sacramento River, I quote the following: "It was a sight never to be forgotten; for several rods below the bridge the salmon formed one black, writhing mass of life. Piled together, one above another, they charged in solid columns against the bridge and dam, which trembled and shook continually under their blows. Not daunted by their repeated failures, they led attack after attack upon the fence, one column succeeding as another fell back. Finding the fence impassable, many fell back a little and tried to jump the bridge. This some succeeded in doing, sometimes striking the men on the bridge in their leaps, and sometimes actually jumping between their feet. For an hour and a half this fierce assault continued, when, exhausted by their efforts and discouraged by many failures, they fell back to the deep hole just below the rapids, arrested for the first time in their progress up the river." In another report Mr. Stone writes: "The grating was an entire bar to the salmon, and the experiment satisfied me that the salmon which ascended the river to spawn never returned to the sea. The numbers which passed above the grating before it was finished must have been hundreds of thousands, while thousands crowded against its lower side when completed, vainly attempting to pass. As to their return, I failed to discover a single live salmon, though thousands of dead ones lodged against the upper side of the grating."

I make these long quotations to show how disingenuous were both Mr. Stone and Commissioner Babcock in their letters to Mr. Marston, in leading him to infer that to artificial culture the enormous catches of the Sacramento and the Columbia are to be ascribed. While no "statistics" are wanted to enable the reader to form a correct opinion of the foregoing statements, they are absolutely necessary to enable Mr. Marston and the scientific doubters of England to judge whether artificial culture has increased the run of salmon in Pacific rivers. One thing, I think, must strike every man of common sense who has read this discussion in FOREST AND STREAM, namely: If the supply of salmon in the Sacramento and Columbia rivers was so enormous as described above by Mr. Stone in 1877, and in the Fraser and Skeena as described by Messrs. Anderson and Mowat in 1885, and by Samuel Wilmot's Commission in 1892, there can be no need of artificial culture to keep up the supply with which natural propagation has overstocked the Pacific rivers. Proper close times and judicious protection will do more than all the hatcheries the Government can operate at public expense.

There has been a hatchery in operation on Fraser River since 1885—no less than eighteen years—and 98,089,800 young salmon have been turned out of it; but Commissioner Babcock says: "I do not believe that any fair deduction can yet be made from the work carried on." How then can he so confidently assert that it will be of any practical benefit? How does he know, without statistics, that the hatcheries have helped the catch on Columbia River? If he can make no fair deduction after eighteen years' operations, how many years must elapse before he can do so? He tells us that "the conditions on the Fraser are such that it will take a considerable period to show whether the run is or is not decreasing." But what assurance has he that the artificially hatched fry will not be subject to the same law of "periodicity"—of good and bad years—which is the only reason he assigns for the establishment of hatching houses, since the run is not shown to be decreasing?

This regular irregularity or "periodicity" in the run of salmon is not peculiar to the Fraser River, nor to the Pacific Coast. The same thing is seen, on a smaller scale, of course, in all the salmon rivers of the Atlantic Coast, both in Europe and Amercia. This has long been noticed in the rivers of Scotland and Ireland, and it is still more noticeable in those of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. One hundred years ago, when all the rivers were more abundantly stocked than they are now, this "periodicity" was more marked. But the salmon fishermen of the Maritime Provinces still look for the fat and the lean years, and make their calculations with much confidence that the fourth year will compensate for the previous bad years. This was the very argument that induced the first Minister of Fisheries, the late Hon. P. Mitchell, to take up fish hatching as a departmental work. The present writer, then Inspector of Fisheries for Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was the most urgent and persistent advocate of the process then in its infancy at the Stormonfield hatchery on the Tay in Scotland. In common with the enthusiasts of Scotland, who expected that artificial culture would restock the thirty-two deserted rivers of that country which had once been good salmon streams, the writer hoped that hatcheries would not only increase the stock in the few remaining salmon rivers, but would restock and restore the numerous deserted rivers in the Maritime Provinces. The same hope animated the Fish Commissioners of the United States, notably the late Spencer F. Baird, who employed Mr. Livingston Stone and the late Seth Green to restock the deserted salmon rivers of the Northern and Eastern States. After thirty years' operations Mr. Stone told us, in your issue of March 7, that the result was total failure; that his efforts to restock the Merrimac, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna, had not been successful, and have now been abandoned. The same total failure to restock deserted rivers with artificially hatched fry, or to increase the catch in the remaining salmon rivers of England, Scotland and Ireland, and the like failure of similar efforts made in France, Germany, Sweden, and Norway, has led to the practical abandonment of further exertions both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe.

In no country in the world has salmon culture been pursued on so great a scale as in Canada. Since 1874 there have been built sixteen hatcheries. Eleven of these were in eastern Canada. One in Ontario has long since given up salmon culture, and one in P. E. Island has been abandoned as a failure after eight years' operation and the planting of 6,085,000 fry in a single river, without any results except the loss of all the money expended. There remain in active operation since 1874—twenty-nine years—nine salmon hatcheries. Three of these are in Quebec; three in Nova Scotia, and three in New Brunswick. From the hatcheries in Quebec have been planted 105,889,000 young salmon; from those in New Brunswick, 125,486,000; from those in Nova Scotia, 81,882,500. In all these Provinces the catch of salmon was greater before the hatcheries were built than it has been in any year since. In 1874 the catch in New Brunswick was 3,214,182 pounds; in 1901, the last year for which I have the figures, the catch was only 1,235,350 pounds. What became of the 125,486,000 fry that had, in the interim, been turned out of the hatcheries? In 1874 the salmon catch in Nova Scotia was 1,758,818 pounds. After twenty-nine years' operation the catch in 1891 had fallen to 557,802 pounds. What practical benefit resulted from the 81,882,500 fry hatched out in the houses? This is what the official reports show as the result of thirty years' salmon culture in eastern Canada. What reasons can Commissioner Babcock give to lead us to believe that any better results will follow from the same system pursued in western Canada? So far, he himself being judge, he has given none, for he admits that "the conditions on the Fraser are such that it will take a considerable period to show whether the run is or is not decreasing." As Mr. Hallock and Mr. Stone have shown, the "conditions" on the Columbia are precisely similar to those described on the Fraser, and of course it will take just as long a period to show whether the run on that river is or is not decreasing, and yet the hatcheries on these rivers have been in active operation for eighteen years, during which time the Fraser River house has turned into the stream 98,089,000 fry. I have no figures showing what has been done in the Columbia River hatcheries, but I presume the results are not less.

From my private and official experience of seventy years among salmon fishermen, and from my observation of the effects of over-fishing in all rivers of New England and eastern Canada, now so visible in the steadily decreasing catch of the Maritime Provinces, I regret to see the same greedy system being pursued on the Pacific Coast and in British Columbia. Mr. Babcock concludes his letter by telling us that "the combined Fraser River and Puget Sound pack in 1901 was 2,400,606 cases of 48 pounds each, making 115,229,088 pounds, which, he says, is nearly half the annual pack of the world. Surely there can be no need of hatcheries on such rivers as these!

If Commissioner Babcock, in view of the experience of Europe and eastern America, covering a period of over thirty years, expects to keep up this enormous catch by means of artificial culture, he is simply chasing rainbows, and I know not which most to admire, his calm indifference to the past history of salmon culture and the lesson it teaches, or his sublime faith in oodles of ova and figures of fry. But I doubt if this last letter will make a convert of Mr. Marston, while I am quite sure that the "scientific gentlemen" will see in neither of them any reason for changing the opinion which a better knowledge of the literature of salmon culture, both in Europe and America, has forced upon them.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Some New Jersey Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., May 2.—While the trout season is now a month old, the news from the very few streams in this (Monmouth) county are very meagre. Of a truth may it be said that the results to be attained in any of the nearby streams are scarcely worth the endeavor. While they are continuously re-stocked, they are so persistently fished that fingerlings are about the only reward.

Perch fishing, however, has been at the front the past month, and never have I seen them either so abundant or of such fine size. I have been able to make thus far eight trips to the different lakes and have taken many fish and of a size much larger than I ever before caught. I recently took eight in rapid succession which weighed on average one pound each. Using trout tackle, these fish made glorious battle, and are strictly worthy the attention of any angler. Como Lake, three miles to the south of this place, seems to be fairly alive with these toothsome, sprightly fellows, and has been most liberally patronized.

But little has been done in salt water thus far; nothing in the surf save a few ling, and in the rivers flounders in but very limited numbers. Blackfish are, however, biting fairly well, and they are favorites with many. The spring run of whiting is now due, and while it lasts but about two weeks, affords fine sport and abundance of it. They seldom bite during the day, but at night feed ravenously. They run in weight from one to three pounds each, fight hard and are a good table fish.

LEONARD HULIT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Day With Wisconsin Trout.

I WAS never at this place, Wautoma, before, but just wandered in up here, because I could not stay in the city any longer. I came alone, too, which is always a dismal thing to do, and not to be thought of under any ordinary circumstances. There are, however, offsets and compensations all through life, and I can already testify that my solitary trout trip might have been very much worse. Indeed, some of the pleasantest trips I ever knew have been made when I have just started off without any plan, and have gotten off the train wherever I felt like it. There is nearly always some sort of fishing within reach of any town you strike, and nearly always some one to go fishing with you. I got off here in the dark at 8:40, and by 9 o'clock I had my fishing companion selected, and had heard of a half dozen trout streams within as many miles. The two of us caught 74 trout on the fly yesterday, and that isn't so bad for haphazard, as I think the most captious must agree.

My new friend is a tall kid of about 20, Art Bean by name, son of the hotel man. He killed 200 prairie chickens around here last season, keeps a setter, uses a fly by choice over a worm, and knows every stream hereabout from front to back. You might keep his name for reference some day, and maybe he will take you to Strouss creek, as he did me. It is only three miles away from Wautoma. We found it alive with small trout, and got about three dozen 9-inchers, nothing over 10 inches. About a third of our fish were rainbow trout, and in this water they rise cleaner and fight harder than the brook trout. Our stream runs through farming land, and at places the cleared banks allow a chance for decent fly-casting, but typically this is a brush creek, and in the denser parts one could only let his fly float down into the holes ahead, which is not fly-fishing. Art used worm for a while in the morning, but soon discarded it. By a misunderstanding as to where he was to come with the rig, we got separated, and so I had two hours just when I got into the best water. At lunch we each had just 27 trout. It was then late, but we drove to the next bridge, Art going down and I up stream. I took my fish on royal-coachman, Wickham's-fancy, and some small English flies, blue and olive duns. Art, in the evening, was using a big nondescript fly, with magpie wing and black silk body. When wet this fly looked much like the "stick bait," or caddie larva, of which all these streams are full, on which the trout were feeding. In half an hour's fishing Art lost seven of these flies, all he had, and took 16 trout to my 4, which wasn't bad for a kid. He said they would not take any other fly for him, and he had larger fish than I, when he used this fly. The trout would rise to my royal-coachman in the evening, but would not eat it the way they did this "stick fly," as we called it.

The White River.

The White River, which has some good rainbows in it, is almost at our door here, and it is only 5 miles to Benjamin's farmhouse on the White, where the anglers usually go, but the farmers are spearing suckers down there now, so I pass it by. One angler last week had 12 fish that weighed 17 pounds, all taken in that part of the White, mostly, I suspect, on bait. Only a few days ago an 8-year-old boy caught a 1¾-pound brook trout on worm in the White just below here. A 3½-pound trout was caught below the mill here last year, on minnow. So there are a few good fish in the White, though it is now hit hard.

Morris Creek.

There is a little creek called Morris Creek, 2½ miles from Neshkoro, which latter is 3 miles down the Chicago & Northwestern Railway from Benjamin's, and 10 miles below here by rail on the same road. This little creek is on Mr. King's farm. Mr. King is the foundryman at Neshkoro, and last week he and a friend got a dozen nice trout in there. He says they run large. The history of Morris Creek is singular. It was stocked years ago by a druggist named Britton, of Berlin, Wis., and he always got good trout when he went out, but no one ever knew where. The trout got as big as 1 pound, 1½ pounds, and so on. Lately Mr. Britton died, and his secret somehow got out. This tip might do for a holiday some time.

Lunch Creek.

Four miles from here, and three miles from Benjamin's, is Lunch Creek, which is reported good. I have not tried it as yet, but it is a good tip till into May, at least.

The McCann River.

Last week, by the merest chance, I heard and spoke of the McCann River, and the fact that it has rainbows in it. At that time I did not know within 200 miles where the McCann River was, but somehow it sounded fishy. Mentioning the name by chance here, I find that the McCann River is about 7 to 10 miles west of Wautoma, Benjamin's or Neshkoro, all points close together in here on the Northwestern. Three days ago a man speared a 5-pound rainbow on the McCann. My companion, Art, says he knows that river, and speaks with awe of the rainbow, which he says no mortal fly-rod can hold. But few of these fish are taken, and as I understand it, no brook trout at all in that stream. It is stated to me to be a deep, bold stream, going through swamp, but also through country partly farmed. It is open enough for fly-casting part of the way. Here, then, is something of a challenge to adventuring, and if all goes well Art and I may run over for a look at it, though they say it is too early for the rainbows there.

Snow.

It snowed here this morning good and hard, and it did not stop snowing until noon, which kept us in doors instead of on the streams. Yesterday it rained in the morning, and was cloudy all day. The cold rain of last night turned into snow. All this may have killed the fishing, but we shall see as to that, it being no part of an angler to despond. We shall see as to this McCann River!

(P. S.—At 3:30 the sun came out. What is the good in despair? I recall the words of a childhood song:

"So, what is the use in repining,
For where there's a will there's a way;
To-morrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day!"

Boating on the White.

Again I counsel ye to remember the name of Carl Bartl, Princeton, Wis., a few stations south of here on the Northwestern. Carl takes you out for trout on the White or the McCann. He has a boat at Neshkoro, and it is a favorite trip with him to drop from Neshkoro down to Princeton and fly-fish for bass.

President Roosevelt's first camp in the National Park.

June or July is better for that. All these streams of the White, the McCann, the Wautoma Creek, Straw Creek, Morris Creek, etc., drain into the Northern Fox River, which runs into Winnebago Lake—the old water trail of the voyageurs to the Mississippi Valley. Lake Winnebago and the Green Bay waters naturally abound in small mouth black bass. The upper waters of these Waushara county streams are spring fed and cold and carry trout. They run through sandy country, and are full of insect food. Straw Creek is partly rock bottom, and so is part of the McCann River. This is the same formation as that of the Pine River, a dozen miles northeast of here, which I have always thought

John Burroughs in the National Park. E. Hofer in the background.

to carry more trout food than any water I ever saw. There is always a certain interest in prowling about new country. Perhaps we have blundered into a bit of sporty country up here, and something worth remembering.

The Pickerel and the Wedding.

There is always something to see, to hear or to learn, wherever you go. The eternal tragedy, the eternal comedy, go all over the world. Yesterday Art showed me a farmhouse, where a few months ago a discontented soul killed his wife and himself, shooting his wife while she held a three-months'-old baby in her arms. "We was going to lynch him then," said Art, artlessly, "but as I rode through the edge of the wood back of the house I saw him lying there looking at us. He was dead. He had shot himself three times. Nervy, wasn't he?"

Again, as we rode on, he showed me a little house by the roadside. "Old woman lives there, 85 years old," said he. "The town keeps her. Her husband died a while ago, and she can't run the farm. She used to be an English noblewoman years ago, and she ran away with the coachman and came to America. They lived here a long while. I guess she was an English noblewoman all right, too, for once in a while she comes down to town and gets a pint of alcohol, and she drinks it straight, and never bats an eye."

But as I was going to say, I saw an odd looking fly in Art's collection, a combination of squirrel-hackle and apparently quill and silk body. Art said that fly was a very good one, very hard to wear out and very useful on the local streams. "The fellow that makes them lives here," said he. "His name's Hubbell. He's the Justice of the Peace." I somehow liked the sound of Hubbell, J. P., and presently looked into the matter. What and whom do you think I found? An old-time reader and contributor of FOREST AND STREAM, a friend of Chas. Hallock, a veteran trout and bass fisher, an amateur fly-tyer, and also an inventor of new and deadly forms of artificial revolving minnow and frog baits. The room of R. W. Hubbell, Justice of the Peace, is more angling shop than justice shop, and here I learned how these very killing local flies are made, having a long talk over these and kindred subjects.

"I find that early in the spring this white silk grub I tie, with a bit of worm on the end, will kill trout before they will rise to the fly. My first fly is the black-gnat—but you see I tie it different from any black-gnat you ever saw. The next is what I call my Morning-Belle, squirrel hackle and green body, and so. Then I make a mosquito, with gray body, and here's a grasshopper with yellow and brown body and gray squirrel hackles—I never use any feathers in any of my fly-tying. I'm proud of my grasshoppers. You don't have to chase 'em, and they don't come off. They're better than the real thing.

"Fishing?" said the Justice, tipping back judiciously. "Well, it's more important than anything else, sometimes, if not all the time. But there's some folks who don't seem to understand that. Now, not long ago I had a young fellow and a girl up before me. They'd been engaged, but had a falling out, and I guess the fellow was going to leave the girl because she changed her mind. I knew the pickerel were biting, out here in the mill pond, and it was time to be out, so I heard the case fast as I could, fined the young fellow, sent 'em all out, and went fishing. In less'n n' hour I heard someone hollerin', and saw a fellow motioning, over on the bank. It was the town marshal. I didn't pay any attention to him, for I didn't want to be disturbed, but bimeby he motioned so hard I started over toward him, and just as I did I got a bite and hooked a big pickerel. At last I heard what the town marshal wanted. 'Say!' says he, 'them folks wants to git married!'

"'Well, why don't they then?' says I.

"'But they want you to do it,' says he. Wouldn't that cramp you? Here I'd just fined him, and now I was busy.

"'There ain't no hurry about that,' said I. I thought maybe she'd change her mind again. All this time that pickerel was just chargin' round, and I had all I could do to keep him out of the weeds.

"'They can't wait!' hollers the town marshal. That made me mad. Couldn't wait! Here I'd just fined the man! 'You go on back an' tell 'em they got to wait!' says I to the town marshal. 'I'm busy, and I allow it's a sight more important for me to get this pickerel 'n it is for them to get married.' So I went right on and played my fish, and at last I got him in the boat. He was a beauty. Then I went on in and married 'em, but not before, I want to tell you. Some folks are just naturally unreasonable."

The Trout Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 9.—The trout season in Wisconsin has now been on for more than three weeks, and in Michigan for more than one week, but thus far it cannot be said that there has been any decent fishing weather in either State. We have been having a most inclement and changeful spring season. I wrote from Wautoma, Wis., last week, that we were having snow there on last Thursday. This snowstorm stretched pretty much all over Wisconsin and into Michigan, and spoiled the trout fishing plans of many a hopeful angler. The boys, who were up on the Prairie River, came back telling stories of snow and ice, although some nice trout were basketed along the upper reaches of the Prairie, above Dudley's place. Mr. Edward G. Taylor came back early this week and reported very bad weather, but had some nice trout. Mr. Chas. Antoine had but one day's fishing out of ten, and had the bad fortune of seeing his daughter taken down with scarlet fever, the latter being still ill and unable to be moved. The latter party, Messrs. Antoine and Taylor, stopped at the Bates place and, along with other friends, registered their unqualified condemnation of the weather clerk.

The same unfortunate weather conditions prevailed over the southern peninsula of Michigan, and the Saginaw special car party met bad times above Grayling. Mr. Mershon writes that the weather was beastly. On May 1 there were snow flurries. The next day came off very decent, but somehow or other the trout would not rise. On examination they were found literally gorged with bottom food. The stream was covered with natural flies just hatching from the water, and it was easier for the fish to feed from the bottom than from the surface. On the next day it came off cold, with a rain from the north. "On this day," says Mr. Mershon, "I drove up stream ten miles. Most of the other boys stayed in the car. I only took an occasional fish until just about dusk, when they began to rise, and for a few minutes I got them fast, taking 23 nice ones, all over the 8-inch limit, and a very fine basket of fish. The stream was alive with fishermen, most of them, however, fishing with bait and carrying their fish in a flour sack, and I don't think the bait-fishermen got any more than I did."

Mr. Mershon, in his three days' fishing took respectively 34, 9 and 23 trout, all over 8 inches, but the party, on the whole, did not stack up a very big average. The special car of the Saginaw party will go into commission again to-night for a three days' trip, the party to be made up under charge of Mr. Many, of Cleveland, one of the orthodox and accepted anglers of the Saginaw Crowd. Mr. Mershon and Mr. Morley will be unable to join this party, the personnel of which is a trifle indefinite at this writing. This party ought to have better success than that which went up on opening day, as we surely must have spring some time.

The Coleman Lake Club.

The season has opened well at the Coleman Lake Club, of Wisconsin, this being the preserve formerly

known as the Gaylord Club. Among others who go up from Chicago to the first fishing on this well-known preserve are Messrs. Wm. Holabird, Wm. G. Beale and W. H. Whiteside. These should meet good fishing, as to-day, May 9, the weather is warm and conditions are more favorable. Mr. F. M. Stephenson, president of the Coleman Lake Club, is still absent in Mexico with his friend, Mr. Wm. Kent, also of this city. These should meet success in their project of a bear hunt in Mexico this spring. Mr. Stephenson is due in Chicago this week, but it hardly need be said that promptly upon his arrival he will start for Coleman Lake Club to join his fishing companions in that delectable vicinity.

Bass Fishing.

We have had no bass fishing in this part of the world, owing to the backward condition of the spring. At this writing the weather conditions are a trifle better, and to-day a great many of the best-known fishermen start for their initial trip of the season. Among these are Messrs. Fred Peet, A. C. Smith, W. Homan, Geo. Murrell and others of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who go to Cedar Lake, Ind. I have often mentioned this lake as being the first of the bass fishing waters near Chicago to open up in the spring.

Fly-Casting Club.

Quite a number of Chicago anglers will go up to Fox Lake chain this afternoon. Lake Villas is the most popular point of disembarkation for this coterie, and Fourth Lake, Channel Lake, Grass Lake, Crooked Lake and others of this well-known chain will be fairly well patronized to-day and to-morrow.

Angler Ill.

Advices from Saginaw state that Major Farnham Lyon, one of the oldest members of the Saginaw Crowd, is in the East, ill, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to join the party in any of the summer fishing trips which have been planned. This is much to be regretted, as on the schedule of the Saginaw Crowd is a second trip to the grayling waters, which were discovered by that band of worthies last summer. Mr. C. E. Davis is in command of the expedition to these waters, and I hope to have more definite news regarding this trip before long. It is not necessary to say that Major Lyon will be much missed by all his friends should he not be able to join the party.

Wisconsin Fish Commission.

The Wisconsin Fish Commission will this year plant wall-eyed pike perch fry to the number of about 100,000,000. There will be planted about 1,000,000 muscallunge fry. The commission has been keeping a good eye out for specimens of muscallunge for the World's Fair at St. Louis. The best specimen thus far secured is 4 feet 2 inches long, weighing 43 pounds.

The authorities of Wisconsin are having difficulty in collecting the license fees from the different county clerks over the State. It is thought that the money collected for hunting licenses during the past year should figure about $50,000, and the State Fish and Game Commission may have to bring suit against some of the clerks to compel them to remit fees collected by them under the State license law.

Pelee Island Club.

Members of the Pelee Island Club of Lake Erie are this week making preparations for the summer campaign, which is still some distance in the future. These gentlemen buy several gross of flies, sinkers, etc., every year. The method of fishing is to use a four-ounce sinker, above which is attached a four-foot gut leader. On this leader are strung a live minnow, a red ibis fly and a bright green hackle. The upper end of this leader is attached to the fisherman's line, and in spite of the heavy encumbrance at the lower end of the tackle, the latter is usually able to discover when he has a bite. A great amount of such flies, tackle, etc., is lost on these reefs during a day's fishing.

E. Hough.

Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

Looking Backward.

During a very recent visit through northern New York State, some people and different incidents once more called to my mind the mental and physical harvests reaped, and the fine store of reminiscences enjoyed by men of the forest and the stream who, as they approach the "sere and yellow" period of physical inactivity, still live life over and over again in memory. Such lives are apt to make us wonder if we have misused any years. By knowing such men we recall some of another kind we have known. A few years ago there died in one of our fine uptown hotels a man 73 years old, alone, excepting for his nurse and doctor. He left $350,000 to institutions of various sorts because he couldn't take it with him. He had only what money could buy, absolutely nothing else. Poor man, he only realized when it was too late what he had missed. Many a hunting and fishing story I told him in his declining years, and he read with interest my small contributions to Forest and Stream; yet he had never pulled a trigger nor cast a fly. The precious instinct, however, was there, but his motto seems to have been "wealth first, then play." He only got the money, absolutely nothing else. Surely an unenviable end.

In Syracuse I called on Gen. Bruce, unfortunately for me late in the day; the next time I will go earlier so I can hear more. Gen. Bruce soon forgot his official duties, and in the most natural manner possible became the agile youth by the brook side, dwelling on the scenes of so long ago, which are yet as distinct to him as those of yesterday, and making his hearer a part of the play. As he puts it, "Those days, those scenes, those sensations came before my mind so distinctly, so real in detail, so charming in fact that the brush of the artist would be sacrilege." A moisture was in the eyes as he said, "Nature will owe me little when I quit her for good."

Thus do such men live life over and over again, and furnish living pictures of men as men should be as they go along, loved by everybody.

A slight lameness keeps the general from hunting, but it don't keep him out of the woods, where he whiles away pleasant days listening to his old guide's stories.

In the store of W. A. Able, Uncle Daniel Lefever told his famous bear story, and for me to undertake to tell it would be as foolish as the artist dabbling in the mind pictures of Gen. Bruce—simply foolish. I do not hesitate, however, to say that Uncle Daniel will accommodate all comers.

T. E. Batten.

On the Potomac.

Five thousand people went fishing yesterday. Four thousand eight hundred came home empty handed, but the other two hundred had fine luck. The fish were in the river, but the fellow who goes fishing only once a year, the Sunday after the first really enthusiastic fishing stories appear in the newspapers, doesn't know how to get them out of the water. And this man and his wife and daughters and best girl lined the banks of the Potomac from the Aqueduct to the Chain Bridge and filled the river with a thousand boats. It was said by old fishermen that there was never such a crowd out before in the history of the river.

The newspaper stories last week of the perch fishing were the most alluring that have appeared in a long time. The good fishermen who came back last week from trips had long strings of big white perch. They told of other catches even bigger than theirs. Always they had seen a man that caught 50 pounds of perch in two hours and had them weighed on a correct pair of scales to verify his statement. These stories, with the clearness of the water and the clouds in the sky yesterday morning, proved a combination too strong to be resisted by the fellow that goes fishing only once a year.

The great crowd simply went fishing. It got what it went for. It got tired and sunburned. The people who went out to get fish got them. Certain it is that the perch are big and plentiful this year, and some of the catches yesterday were excellent. The best luck was had by those who tried the river not far above the Aqueduct Bridge, the first half of the stretch between there and the Chain Bridge. A good many baskets of perch weighing from three-quarters of a pound to a pound were caught. Around the Chain Bridge the fish were smaller, though there were plenty of them.

The herring ran plentifully also, and it was possible to snag them by the basketful with good tackle and the trick of knowing how. The largest catches of the day went to the herring snaggers. They threw their lines from the bank into the center of the current, above Chain Bridge, and on an average snagged an important fish once in three or four throws.

The boatmen and the railway caught the harvest of the day, however. The railway hauled 5,000 fishermen two ways. The boatmen rented their boats at double rates. Everything that would float was rented before noon, and the usual price was a dollar for the day for the worst specimens and 25 cents an hour for the fairly good looking rowboats. The bait boys, too, made money selling worms at 10 cents a half can. And late in the afternoon the same boys sold fish at 25 cents a string to the fishermen that bought the bait and were afraid to go home without something to show for their day's work.—Washington Post, May 4.

Pennsylvania and New York Trout.

Sayre, Pa., May 9.—The trout season should be in its prime, and but for lack of a few warm rains to stir the streams up and freshen our vegetation, it would be. Happier results are, however, to be shortly expected.

The best day's catch the writer is aware of was made by Frank Baker, of Speedsville, N. Y., and consisted of 35 nice sized trout. The stream around Speedville, Slaterville Spa, Richford, Harford Mills, McLean and in the vicinity of Cortland are all easily fished, and traverse as pretty a lay of country as can be found in southern New York.

There are two or three beautiful and usually fruitful trout streams in Enfield township to be reached from Ithaca.

The streams below Towanda on the State Line and Sullivan branch of the Lehigh Valley are probably as prolific of good sized trout as any in this section of Pennsylvania, but the country, on the whole, is a bit rough and inaccessible.

There are a few inviting trout streams around Owego, and the distressed business man, unable to cope with such country as lays smiling under the sun around Monroeton and Towanda, could not well do better than to work out the Owego streams and the land between Harford Mills and Richford. As a matter of fact, this section along the line of the southern Central, between Sayre and Auburn, is an ideal trouting country for the physically weak angler to bestir himself in.

M. Chill.

Quail in the City Parks.

The quail in Van Cortlandt Park are surely well aware of their safety within its confines. While speeding for Yonkers and dinner about noon on Sunday last, I was surprised to hear a strong "Bob White" seemingly within a few yards of the road. Dismounting from my wheel I tried to get sight of the bird, but the repeated calls was all that rewarded my search. This was in a swampy piece of ground with Broadway on the west, the Mosholu Road on the north, and rising rather abruptly to the Putnam Railroad tracks and deer paddock on the east. What with trolley cars, automobiles and steam cars passing incessantly on three sides of this plot of a few acres, it would seem as if Bob White was fast becoming accustomed to civilized surroundings.

C. L. S.

Yachting.

Shamrock III. got under sail for the first time since the accident, on May 7. Shamrock I. was also out, but the breeze was too light for the boats to have a brush. They drifted around with the tide after the wind died out entirely, and finally got back to their anchorages at Gourock. The day following Shamrock III. went out alone to stretch her sails. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and the new spars stood well. She has received a new boom as well as a new mast. The boom is stiffer than the old one, and is quite a bit longer.

The two Shamrocks sailed a race over a forty-mile course on May 9, and the new boat again demonstrated her ability to beat the old one on all points of sailing. The boats started out soon after nine o'clock; at this time the breeze was light and club and jib topsails were carried. The start was made at half past ten, the old boat got away ahead and to windward of the new boat, but after a little while Shamrock III. worked out to weather of Shamrock I. and they were soon on even terms. Shamrock III. rounded Powder buoy eight seconds in the lead. Spinnakers were set, and the new boat drew away from the old one in good shape. Off Gourock pier Shamrock III. had a lead of one minute and twenty seconds, but the old Shamrock was doing well and holding a better breeze. The day's trial proved to be more of a sail stretching spin than a regular race. Shamrock III. proves her ability to beat the old boat, yet Shamrock I. is showing up well.

Columbia and Reliance had their first brush on the afternoon of May 5, and in the light breeze Columbia had rather the best of it. Reliance left her moorings off New Rochelle just after three o'clock. A club topsail and a reaching jib topsail were set over the lower sails. Reliance was headed toward Sands Point, and Columbia was becalmed off to the eastward. The wind was S. W. by S. Reliance was put off before the wind and the spinnaker was set to starboard. After a few moments Reliance's spinnaker was taken in, her boom jibed over and the spinnaker reset to port. Columbia was trying to get out of a soft spot in the meantime, and Constitution was becalmed in Glen Cove. Reliance's spinnaker was taken in and she was headed for New Rochelle, and a baby jib topsail was set. Columbia had caught a little breeze and stood after Reliance. After jogging around a while Columbia caught up a little on the new boat, but was still some distance to leeward.

It was just after half past four when Columbia and Reliance came together. Reliance had a reaching jib topsail set, while Columbia had a smaller one aloft. As they headed for Red Springs Point, the new boat was some distance to windward. Columbia drew ahead slowly in the light breeze, and Reliance was kept off and given a good full and picked up a little, but was forced to pass astern of the old boat.

Columbia was put on the wind, and as she took the port tack her jib topsail was taken in. Reliance followed suit and took in her jib topsail. Columbia was out to weather, and the boats were moving along on about even terms. When Columbia tacked a little later Reliance was also put about, and she was then right astern of the old boat. On this tack Columbia opened out a little on Reliance, and when she finally came up into the wind she was some distance ahead.

The result of this spin was, to say the least, immensely disappointing, for it was generally believed that Reliance would show her heels to Columbia in any weather. It is understood that on this occasion both boats were pushed for all they were worth, and even making allowance for poor sails Reliance ought to have done better.

So far seven suits of sails have been made for Reliance, representing an output of about $100,000. With such a large number to select from it does seem as though one really good suit could be found. The sails bent so far on Reliance have been indifferently good, and it is certain that the boat will not be at her best until she gets some good canvas.

Scows, unless they can be heeled well down, cannot be driven in a light breeze, and this appears as well to a boat as large as Reliance, as it does to the small craft. This has been demonstrated in the racing during the past few years to everyone's satisfaction. It is now said that Reliance needs 20 per cent. more sail, this additional canvas would undoubtedly help her in light and moderate breezes, but it would be next to impossible to keep such an enormous rig in the boat in a strong wind. Even if the rig stood the boat with such a sail area would be a constant danger, not only to those on board, but to rival craft, for a boat of that type and enormous rig would be extremely difficult to handle in a breeze, and, besides, she is very likely to take matters in her own hands, as did one of the 90-footers at Newport two years ago.

Constitution is from three to eight minutes faster in any weather than Columbia, and she will demonstrate that in the racing this summer. It is hardly possible that Columbia will be selected a third time to defend the cup, and as we said some time ago, Constitution can defend the cup safely. This being the case, it is more than probable she will have occasion to do so. Mr. August Belmont, Constitution's owner, is a thorough sportsman, and the yacht will be raced under his management this year. All yachtsmen would be glad to see Mr. Belmont's boat selected for the important and delicate task of defending the America's Cup.

The annual meeting of the Beverly (N. J.) Y. C. was held on May 5, and the following officers were elected: Com., George W. Halloway; Vice-Com., Blair Ferguson; Sec. and Treas., William T. Kirk, Jr.; Finance and Elective Committee, John W. Hamer, Gilbert M. Wilson, William T. Kirk, Jr., Jade C. Wilson and Henry W. Hall; Regatta Committee, Theodore Bonfield, Chairman.

English Letter.

THE only test race of the two Shamrocks that has been sailed resulted in the victory of the old boat on time. The new yacht was set to give her ten minutes in 34 miles, and through a fluke she failed .to do it. She could, I believe, give the old boat about 12 minutes over a 34-mile course in ordinary weather, provided both always had the same wind. But as that time represents nearly two miles of separation, one can never tell how one is served by the wind, as compared with the other. On every occasion on which the yachts have been sailing close together the new boat has left the old one with the utmost ease. Up till the time she lost her mast the mainsail was very poor, and a good sail would have made a sensible difference in her speed to windward. Her superiority in very light winds (in which the old challenger is also very good) has been most pronounced, and if one of the Cup races should start with this weather with a freshening breeze toward the finish, so that the time limit will not be reached, there can be little doubt but that she will win. For the rest, no person can gauge her chances until Reliance is tried. It will be most interesting to note Herreshoff's success with a boat of her type. Over here she might win a lot of races if she turns out as I expect, but Cup conditions seem rather to favor a boat of Shamrock's type, which will keep going in the slight swell, even if the breeze be light, and which will heel easily up to a certain point. The defender, if Reliance be chosen, will probably have to allow Shamrock quite a longish time allowance.

I have seen the expression of a doubt in many papers as to whether Shamrock I. is sailing as well as she did two years ago. Of course, it is impossible to tell, but there is no earthly reason for believing that she is not. Her canvas is good and well set, and Bevis is a thoroughly good skipper. The new vessel has always sailed in the same trim as when she first came out of dock. Nothing whatever has been altered. Experiments will, no doubt, be made with a view to improvement, but as yet none have been tried, and she has been sailing under all the disadvantages inseparable from a new vessel, and with a rather faulty mainsail. On the other hand, the older boat is in her proper trim, and so far as those who know most about her are aware she is going as well as ever.

On 17th inst., at Weymouth, Shamrock III. lost her mast, under circumstances with which readers are no doubt familiar. The immediate cause was the parting of the foremost rigging screw on the starboard side. One of the men—the steward—was pitched overboard by the recoil and drowned, in spite of a gallant attempt to save him. The yacht was brought up to Southampton on Monday and docked, along with Shamrock I. No damage was received by the hull, and she will be under way again in a week or two. She is going out as a cutter, not under ketch rig. The old Shamrock is also going over to sail trial races with her. From this it will be known for certain that she sails in the Cup races in the trim found best over here. It would be almost as interesting as the Cup races themselves if Shamrock I. were once more to get a chance at Columbia. Perhaps she may be entered for some of your ordinary regatta races, but I know nothing of that. With a skipper who knows how to lay a yacht on the wind, some of the doubting Thomases of the press would be surprised to note the result of such a race. At present they seem to regard nothing but the figures of her cup races, discounting nothing by the evidence of their eyes and forgetting the result of her real trials with Shamrock II.

Over here we are so well pleased with the new challenger that it almost seems permissible to look forward to the defense of it next year in Belfast Lough. In the event of your losing it, I have heard it said that you will challenge with a schooner. From a spectacular point of view this would be charming, and it might bring a class of schooners into existence over here, but I cannot possibly see why you should stand a better chance with a schooner than with a cutter. It is a thousand pities that no scantling scales are to be in force for future Cup racers. They could only conduce to putting designers on even terms, and, whether you win or lose this time, the type of the future Cup racers will be so good that it will be a shame to make the yachts themselves ephemeral.

An astrologer over here has cast the horoscope of the new Shamrock, with the most discouraging results. Curiously enough, he did not think to do it before she was dismantled. However, now that it is done, it appears that the vessel was launched when the planets were exercising some highly disturbing influences. There is something about a scorpion in it, and other unpleasant things, but in view of the great success achieved by St. Patrick (on whose day she was launched) over the snakes in Ireland, one may fairly expect his influence to counterbalance that of any celestial bug.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 11.—The Regatta Committee of the South Boston Y. C. has arranged the programme for its Y. R. A. open race to be sailed off City Point on Memorial Day. This will be the twenty-sixth year that this club has opened the racing season in Massachusetts Bay. Classes are provided for 25-footers, 22-footers, 21-footers, 18-footers, and 15-foot sailing tenders. The 21-foot class provided for will be class R, recently formed by the Yacht Racing Association, and governed by the general rules applying to class S, with a few additions to keep the sail area of freaks low enough to give a normal boat a chance. The manner in which classes are provided for the first races of the season has considerable bearing upon the programmes of other clubs, and so it would look as though there would be nothing doing in class S this season. The sailing tender class is one in which great interest is taken by the members of the South Boston Y. C. and other clubs in Dorchester Bay. In the South Boston Y. C. the rating is obtained from the over all length, plus the extreme beam. There is no limit on sail area, and only mainsails and spinnakers are used. The crews consist of two men only. Time allowance is figured at the rate of two seconds per inch per mile.

MIRA.

Owned by Charles Lane Poor. Designed by Gardner & Cox. Built by B. F. Wood, at City Island, 1899.

The Regatta Committee has announced that the following Saturday races will be given:

May 30—Y. R. A. open.
June 20—Club race.
June 27—Sailing tenders.
July 18—Sailing tenders.
August 1—Club races.
August 15—Sailing tenders.
August 22—Sailing tenders.
August 29—Club race.

Three of the new 22-footers designed and built by Messrs. Burgess and Packard and built by Messrs. Hodgdon Bros., at East Boothbay, will start on an ocean race to Marblehead Saturday. The total distance sailed will be about 110 nautical miles. The boats are Opitsah V, owned by Mr. Sumner H. Foster; Tetsu, owned by Mr. S. W. Lewis and Mr. F. B. Talbot, and the third is owned by Mr. H. H. White. They will start as early as possible Saturday morning and will endeavor to make Cape Porpoise on the first day's run. The next day they will sail from Cape Porpoise to Marblehead. Mr. H. H. White's steam yacht Wild Goose, will convoy the trio and will tow their tenders while they are racing. The 22-footer designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley and built by James Burgess, of Duxbury, had a trial in Duxbury Bay last week, and it is said to have shown great speed. Another 22-footer, designed by Mr. Lawley for Mr. J. C. Neale, is being built by the Hanley Construction Company.

At the Hanley Construction Company's shops, Quincy, the 18-footer Yo San, designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Mr. R. J. Randolph, Jr., is nearly finished. An 18-footer by the same designers for Mr. B. D. Barker is in frame. The 28ft. yawl designed by Mr. Isaac B. Mills for Mr. B. D. Amsden, has been given a trial. She proved fast and able. A 90ft. gasolene yacht is being set up. A machine has been built at the yard for weighing yachts of the restricted classes.

The 27ft. over all scow designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman for Mr. Bacon won her first race at Chicago last week, beating a fleet of new boats by three minutes. The Chicago yachtsmen said she was the best boat they had seen on the wind in pointing and footing. Mr. Boardman has sold the 25-footer Chispa, owned by Mr. W. E. Dexter, to Mr. T. L. Gilliatt, of Beverly. The 18-footer designed for Mr. Reginald Boardman has been finished by White, of Manchester. The Malcolmson 18-footer has been launched and will be called the Allanda. She will start for Providence Thursday. Mr. Boardman had a little brush in his 18-footer Arrow with Mr. A. A. Packard in Nic-Nac last week, in which it is claimed the Arrow had a little the best of it.

Commodore Franklin L. Codman, of the South Boston Y. C., has announced in general orders No. 1, that Mr. Joseph H. Corrigan has been appointed fleet captain. Commodore Codman has announced that he will call a cruise to the eastward some time in July, if sufficient number of yacht owners respond to warrant issuing the order.

The 36-footer designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. W. E. Rogers and built by Lawley was given a trial last week which proved quite satisfactory. She will be used on Lake Champlain. A 25-footer designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley for Mr. J. Swift, Jr., of New Bedford, was launched last week. A cruising 21-footer, also designed by Mr. Lawley, was launched last Friday. She will leave in a few days for Kennebunk, Me. The steam yacht building in the west shop for Mr. C. G. Emery, N. Y. Y. C., from designs by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough is expected to be launched in a couple of weeks. In the east shop the cabin is being finished on the 40-rater for Col. R. H. Morgan. The Y. R. A. 25-footer, Sally VII., for Mr. Lawrence F. Percival is partly planked. The cabin joiner work is being fitted in the 25-footer for Mr. F. E. Sweetzer. The cabin work is being finished on the 64-rating schooner for Mr. John M. Richmond. A 22-footer for Mr. Whittier is planked, and the keel is out for the Walker 22-footer. The 43-rater designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield for Mr. Trenor L. Park will be launched this week.

A meeting of the Beverly Y. C. is to be held at the Exchange Club Tuesday afternoon, at which a new constitution, by-laws and racing rules will be acted upon.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup.

UNDER the declaration of trust governing the match for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup, challenges of clubs wishing to enter for this season's match to take place on June 29 and 30 and July 1, must be filed with the club secretary not later than May 15.

So far four challenges have been filed, these coming from the Indian Harbor, Shelter Island and Atlantic Y. C.'s and the yachting department of the New York Athletic Club. In adition to these, two other challenges are pending.

The representative yacht of the Indian Harbor Y. C. will be the Oiseau, the best known of all the 30ft. class, which will be sailed by her owner, Mr. Henry L. Maxwell. The Shelter Island Y. C. will in all probability be represented by the new 30-footer now building for Mr. Oscar B. Weber at Greenport. This boat was designed by B. B. Crowninshield and should make a hard competitor to beat. Her entry is dependent upon the builder completing her in time, and in the event of her not being ready the club will probably be represented by Kalmia, designed by Wm. Gardner.

The 30-footer, Bagheera, formerly Astrilde, will enter from the Atlantic Y. C., and is owned by Mr. Hendon Chubb. She is one of the Bar Harbor class of last season, and was designed by Clinton H. Crane.

The New York Athletic Club will be represented by Flosshilde, owned by Mr. W. David Hennen. She was designed by Crowninshield, and sailed last season in the 30ft. class of the Shelter Island Y. C.

The Manhasset Bay Club will have as cup defender the sloop Alert, which is owned and will be sailed by Mr. James W. Alker. She was the champion of the Bar

Harbor class last season, and was designed and built by Herreshoff.

With these entries the Manhasset Bay Y. C. is assured keen racing, and whichever boat finally wins the coveted mug will certainly have to make a good showing to do so.

The match will be managed by a committee consisting of a representative appointed by the Indian Harbor Y. C. (the first club challenging), one by the Manhasset Bay Y. C., and a third member to be selected by the two first chosen. The Indian Harbor Y. C. will be represented by Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright, of the American Y. C., and the Manhasset Bay Club has chosen Mr. Walter C. Kerr, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., to act for them. Both of these men have had extended experience both as racing men and committeemen, and are thoroughly conversant with the racing rules, so that the supervision of the match will be in good hands.

In addition to the committee boat, the Manhasset Bay Club will provide a club steamer to enable its members and those of the challenging clubs to witness the series.

Pellegrina.

We are glad to announce that Colonel R. N. Morgan, of the New York Y. C., has again joined the ranks of yacht owners, and will fly his flag (a blue swallow tail with a vertical zigzag red bar) on board his new cruiser Pellegrina, designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, and now ready for launching at the yard of the builders, Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., South Boston. We are indebted to Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Pellegrina's plans.

Colonel Morgan had the 35ft. waterline cutter Rondinella built in 1900 by Stearns, of Marblehead. She was designed under the former New York Y. C. measurement rule as the largest boat that could be run with two men. Pellegrina was designed to fit in the K class New York Y. C. new classification 40ft. sailing length as a cruiser. Her rig is about the same size as Rondinella's, which contained about 1,800 sq. ft. of canvas. Pellegrina is 3ft. longer on the waterline than Rondinella, and is of somewhat heavier construction and has less ballast.

Pellegrina hails from Plymouth, and any interested reader may trace her name back to the Pilgrim Fathers.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	57ft.	
L. W. L.	38ft.	
Overhang—		
Forward	8ft.	9 in.
Aft	10ft.	3 in.
Breadth—		
Extreme	13ft.	2 in.
L. W. L.	12ft.	10 in.
Draft—		
Extreme	8ft.	1¾in.
Freeboard—		
Forward	3ft.	11¼in.
Aft	3ft.	½in.
Least	2ft.	8¼in.

Below decks Pellegrina makes up six berths aft, as the Colonel wishes to provide room for his sons' Harvard chums. Two would be a sufficient crew, but in order that the boat can make any necessary trips without the owner, a competent sailing master will be shipped.

The interior finish is of mahogany with the sides of cabin house and under side of cabin top white enamel. The furnishings, such as carpets, curtains and cushions, are to be in green. The stove in main cabin is of Dutch tiles, representing attractive marine studies. Stowage room has been well looked after, and each guest will be provided with ample space for his dunnage. A good locker for bags is found under the cockpit and deck on the starboard side.

The Yapeni Aquatic Club.

The Yapeni Aquatic Club of Bordentown, N. J., will hold a regatta at their house, Bordentown, on the Delaware, on Decoration Day, May 30. A very interesting day is anticipated with races in the afternoon and a dance in the evening. The programme for the races will be: Event No. 1, launch races, 16ft. and 21ft. classes; No. 2, skiff race; No. 3, bateau race; No. 4, one man single paddle; No. 5, one man double paddle; No. 6, two men single paddle; No. 7, two men double paddle; No. 8, three men single paddle; No. 9, four men single paddle; No. 10, tilting tournament; No. 11, tail end race; No. 12, hand paddling; No. 13, tug of war; No. 14, overboard race; No. 15, swimming race; No. 16, sailing race; No. 17, novice race.

The club had decided to make this, the first regatta of the season, a purely club event. No one but members are entitled to enter. Members and their friends will be cordially welcomed. Dr. Wm. M. Kester, Captain; Chas. S. Osmond, Mate.

The officers for the year 1903 are: Com., Horace G. Reeder; Vice-Com., Richard C. Woodward; Sec'y, J. Bert Reynolds; Purser, Chas. E. Burr; Capt., Dr. Wm. M. Kester; Mate, Chas. S. Osmond. Board of Directors: Geo. W. Swift, Dr. I. C. Leedom, Frederick W. Taylor, Chas. A. Tyler, Harry C. Ford. C. S. O.

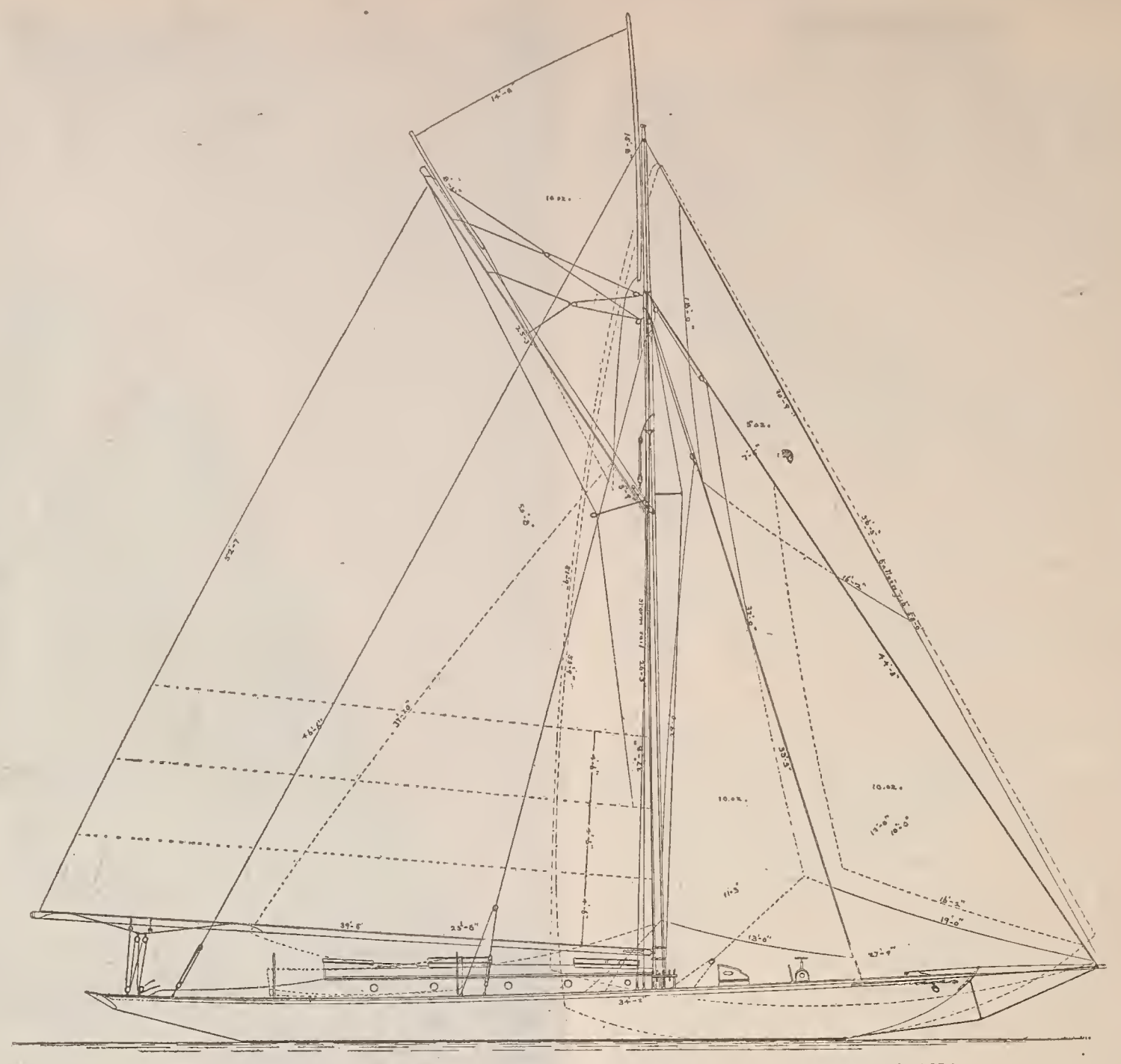
YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has sold, through his agency for Mr. A. Howard Hinkle, of Cincinnati, the English-built cutter Senta, to Mr. Thomas M. McKee.

* * *

The Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company have moved into their new quarters on Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Their new plant will be one of the largest and best equipped factories for the construction of gasolene motors in the country. All the machinery, which is of the latest and most approved design, is run by electricity.



SAIL PLAN OF THE 38-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING CUTTER PELLEGRINA.

Designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard for Col. R. H. Morgan, 1903.

The third annual meeting of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association, held at Biloxi, Miss., Sunday, April 26, was fruitful of good results for the upbuilding of the sport in the South. The delegates of the association paid the Southern Y. C. the compliment of adopting its new rule of measurement, which is highly flattering to the local club. This rule of measurement was gotten up for the express purpose of being fair to every kind and size of yachts that might desire to race. It is the outcome of a lifetime of study of yachting and the yachting rules of the world, and it was intended to meet with the approbation of the entire yachting fraternity in both the old and the new hemispheres, which has been the case to the great reputation of the Southern Y. C., and not for the purpose of favoring any one club in a union of clubs nor of fostering a particular size nor type of yacht. It is safe to say that there will be no winning type of boat come up that the Southern Y. C. will not have a share in the game, and that was another reason its new rule was desired to be absolutely fair and impartial to any kind of a hull that might be deviscd. What rule could be fairer to any particular design, or to all kinds of models of boats than one that does not require any hull measurements at all?

The next best thing accomplished by the association was in adopting a uniform classification of yachts. In adopting one set of rules and one classification for the six association regattas the main object of the formation of the S. G. C. Yachting Association is accomplished.—L. D. Sampsell, in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

* * *

Mr. Hendon Chubb has purchased the 29ft. waterline racing sloop Astrild, through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. Astrild was built at Wood's yard, City Island, last year, from designs made by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. She is 45ft. over all, 29 ft. waterline, 9ft. breadth and 6ft. 6in. draft. She carries 1,222 square feet of sail.

* * *

The sloop yacht Halaia, built and owned by Messrs. J. P. and C. E. Loud, has recently been sold to a Mr. Paul, of Philadelphia, through the agency of Mr. Frank N. Tandy. Halaia is a 35ft. cruising sloop, designed and built by Stearns, of Marblehead.

* * *

Mr. Dumont Clarke, New York Y. C., has sold, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, the steam yacht Tranquilo to Mr. Frederic Nicholls, Royal Canadian Y. C. The yacht has been sent to Toronto by way of the Hudson River, Erie Canal and Lake Ontario. She will be used between Toronto and Lewiston this season, and next year be taken to Lake Sinco.

* * *

Mr. Thomas H. Wheeler, of New York City, has purchased the steam yacht Empress, through the McIntosh agency. The steam yacht Clermont has been chartered through the same agency to Mr. Charles G. Gates.

* * *

A small centerboard sloop is being built at Wood's yard, City Island, for Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, from designs by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

The steam yacht Doll, ex-Viola, has been sold by Mr. E. C. Converse, through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Mr. William T. Rainey. She was designed by Mr. A. S. Cheseborough, and built by the Geo. Lawley & Son, Corp., in 1895.

* * *

The English-built turbine yacht Emerald arrived in New York on May 4. She left Greenock on April 17 and stopped at Fayal, Azores, to recoal, leaving there on April 23. Very bad weather was experienced throughout the trip, and the yacht's sea-going qualities and machinery were put to the severest possible test. The yacht is owned by Sir Christopher Furniss, and is under charter to Mr. George Gould. Captain Donald Tod brought Emerald out to the States. He spoke in the highest terms of the yacht's behavior at sea. He also spoke of the turbines and commented on the freedom from vibration when running. Emerald is 236ft. over all, 28ft. 8in, breadth and 18ft. depth.

* * *

On May 7 the last meeting of the Harlem Y. C. was held in its old quarters on East 121st Street, New York City. On the first day of June the club's headquarters will be transferred to the new location at City Island.

* * *

Mr. John W. Gates is having a shoal draft steam yacht built by the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., of Chicago. The vessel is built of steel and is 100ft. long, 17ft. breadth and 13in. draft. She is to have a guaranteed speed of seventeen miles, and is to be delivered to the owner complete at Port Arthur, Texas, on Oct. 1.

* * *

Messrs. T. F. Smith & Co., Jersey City, are building a number of good-sized power yachts. Among the largest is an auxiliary schooner 54ft. over all, 13ft breadth and 3ft. draft. She is to be equipped with a 40 horse-power White & Middleton gasolene motor, and it is expected she will develop a speed of 12 miles. The high speed launch for Mr. Albert A. Guigues, of Newark, is 50ft. waterline, 8ft. breadth and 2ft. 4in. draft. With a 60 horse-power Dutton motor she will have a guaranteed speed of 20 miles. Mr. G. W. Butts, of Hoboken, is having a launch 29ft. long, built from designs made by Mr. W. P. Stephens.

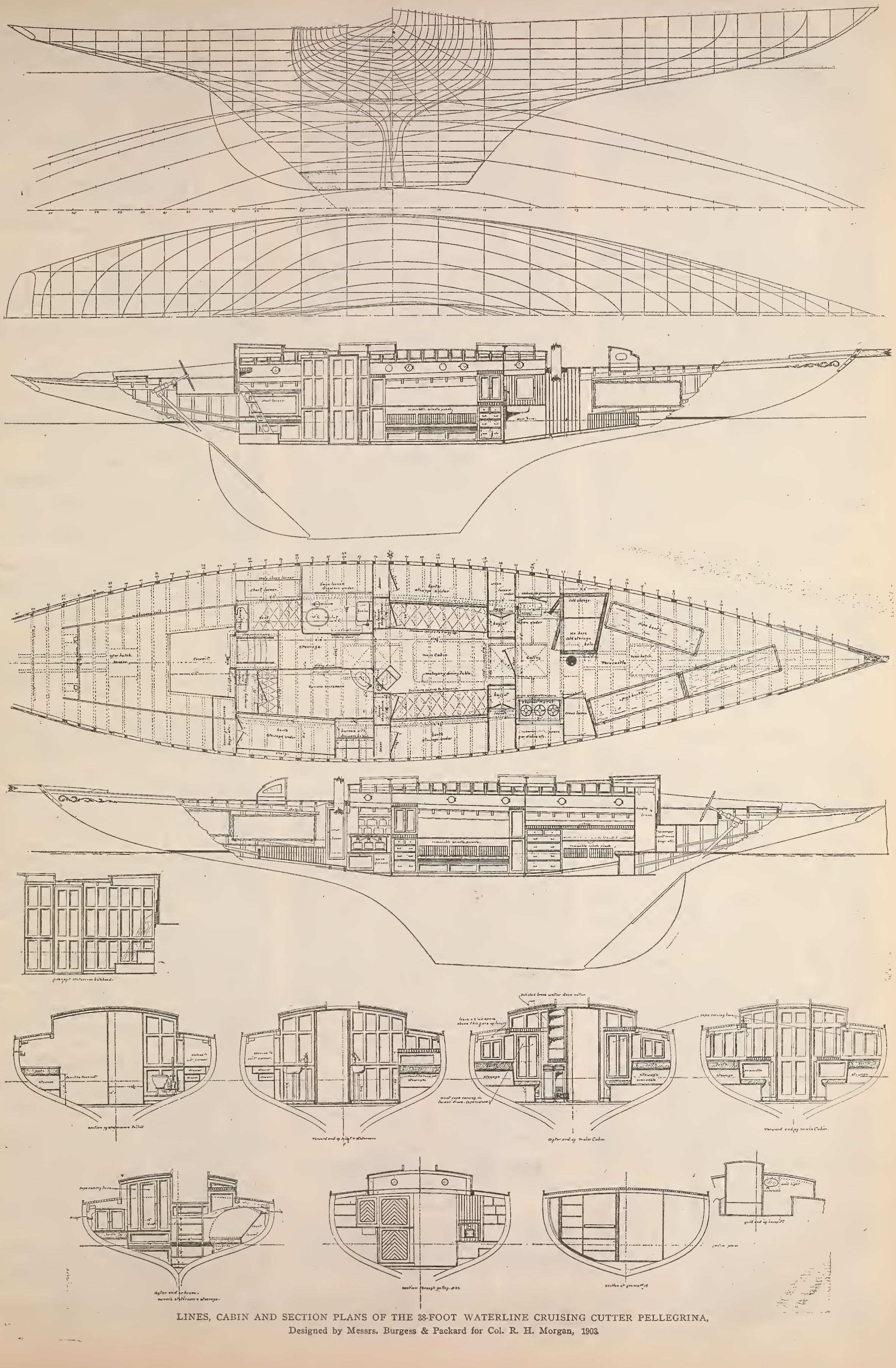
* * *

On May 8 Khama, the 60ft. waterline cutter owned by Mr. Seymour J. Hyde, put back to Gourock for the second time. She sailed from this port on April 24, but returned a day later, as there had been a misunderstanding between the sailing master and the navigating officer. The mate was put in the captain's place, who quit, and on May 3 the yacht again started on her voyage across the Atlantic. When some forty or fifty miles off T—— very heavy weather was encountered, and as the yacht was damaged, she again put back to Gourock for repairs. The yacht will leave for this side as soon as she is refitted.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. has sent out the following announcement:

"For the accommodation of members of the club and their guests the Richmond will leave the foot of East Thirty-first Street on May 21 and 23, at 8:30 A. M., and



LINES, CABIN AND SECTION PLANS OF THE 38-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISING CUTTER PELLEGRINA,

Designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard for Col. R. H. Morgan, 1903.

will make a landing at Echo Bay, New Rochelle, to meet the 9:02 A. M. train from New York. (Trolley car service from station to landing.) She will also make a landing at Glen Cove (N. Y. Y. C. station No. 10), at 11 A. M., leaving there at 11:15. She will touch at these two points on her return.

"Members' tickets and also extra tickets, at $3 each, including lunch, but exclusive of wines, etc., can be obtained from the committee at the clubhouse. (Ladies' tickets on the same terms.)

* * *

Scioto, the steam launch built at Morris Heights for Mr. R. M. Gilbert, has had a trial trip, and will soon leave for Lake George, where she will be used. Scioto is 65ft. over all, 57ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. 6in. draft.

Book Notices.

There have appeared in the columns of Marine Engineering during the past year an intensely interesting series of articles by Mr. E. W. Roberts, on the subject of gas engines. The demand for these articles has been so great that the publishers have been induced to republish them in book form. It is, perhaps, only necessary to print the table of contents to show how thoroughly practical, comprehensive and valuable the book must be to builders and users of gas engines. Table of Contents.—Chapter I, General Types of Engines; Chapter II, Carburetors and Vaporizers; Chapter III, Igniters and Ignition; Chapter IV, How to Handle Gasolene; Chapter V, How to Operate Gas Engines; Chapter VI, Installing Gas Engines in Boats; Chapter VII, Hunting for "Troubles"; Chapter VIII, Preparing for a Cruise; Chapter IX, Making Repairs.

In order to round out the completeness of the book and to make it as valuable as possible to its readers, three chapters have been added from the pen of Professor W. F. Durand, entitled: The Design of Motor Launches, The Construction of Motor Launches, The Powering and Propulsion of Small Boats.

These twelve chapters make a book of 150 pages, which include a large number of illustrations. The work is well worth the low price asked for it—$1.50.

Another interesting book published also by Marine Engineering, is a most interesting and cleverly told story of an engineer's life at sea, entitled The Professor on Shipboard. The price of the book is $1. These two books, if ordered together, may be had for the sum of $2. We do not know of a better investment or a more valuable addition to one's library. Address Marine Engineering, 309 Broadway, New York.

* * *

The year book of the American Power Boat Association has recently been issued. The book contains the articles of association, by-laws, racing and measurement rules as well as the time allowance and square and cube root tables. The book sells for 25 cents, and copies can be obtained from the Rudder Publishing Co., 9 Murray Street, New York City.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.

Second, $25.00.

Third, $15.00.

Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.

Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Division Meets.

The following letters have been sent out by the pursers of the Eastern and Western Divisions of the A. C. A:

Eastern Division.

Medford, Mass., April 28, 1903.

Dear Sir: It having been decided by the Executive Committee and approved by the commodore, the annual meet of the Eastern Division A. C. A., will be held at Canobie Lake, Salem, N. H., May 29, 30 and 31.

The lake is easy of access, being about six miles north of Lawrence, and reached by electric cars going to Canobie Lake Park, where the association launch will take you to camp.

The lake is very picturesque, thickly wooded shores, clear water for bathing, with fine paddling and sailing courses.

All canoes and camp equipage shipped to Canobie Lake Station, B. & M. R.R., care of H. L. Backus, will be cared for and forwarded to camp.

Those desiring tents or tent floors are requested to make application to the chairman of the Camp Site Committee as soon as possible.

Mess will be provided at an expense of $1 per day.

The Regatta Committee has arranged the following programme of races to take place Saturday, May 30:

War canoe. Club four—single. Club four—double. Tandem—double. Tandem—single. Single—single. Single—double. Relay. Rescue. Tilting tournament. Division Trophy (6 miles) exempt from upset rule. Combined 3 miles. Novice sailing 3 miles.

It is earnestly desired to increase the membership of the association this year, and to that end every member should try to interest new members in the A. C. A.

Application blanks may be obtained of the Purser.

At the last meeting of the executive committee of the association, an amendment was made to the constitution and by-laws providing that "Any active member in good standing may commute dues for life by payment at one time, to the purser of his Division, the sum of fifteen ($15) dollars."

The fund thus created is greatly needed by the board of governors, and I hope will meet with the support of many in this Division.

The national meet will be held at Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River, August 7 to 21, 1903. Per order

O. C. Cunningham, Purser.

Benjamin F. Jacobs, Jr.,
Vice-Commodore.

Western Division.

Cleveland, O., April 30, 1903.

To Members—Greeting: The annual meet of the Western Division, A. C. A., will be held at Ballast Island, July 5 to 18, 1903. It is the wish that we may have a full attendance of all members of the Western Division, and as many from the other divisions as can find it convenient to be on hand. All will be welcome, and we will try and give all a good time.

Information about camp sites, tents, meals, routes, etc., can be obtained from the purser. (He has nothing else to do but answer letters.)

A programme of races and events will be sent out about June 1, by the Regatta Committee.

Be sure and come.

Geo. W. Gardner.
Vice-Commodore.

A. W. Foote, Purser,
1301 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O.

Princeton C. C.

A canoe club has been formed at Princeton University, with a fleet of some forty canoes, and sixty members. The club has taken over the boathouse on the canal—a relic of Princeton's rowing days, and the gift of Robert Bonner in 1874—for its use, and its members have already done a considerable amount of cruising and exploring in the Millstone and other tributaries of the Raritan, the upper Passaic, and the Delaware.

The members of the P. C. C. gave a most successful "smoker" in the grill room of "Tiger Inn," Princeton, Friday evening, April 24, having as their guests Messrs. H. C. Allen, W. N. and F. G. Furman, F. W. Donnelly and H. C. Hill and J. H. Fritz, of the P. I. C. A., Trenton, and H. L. Pollard, Vice-Com. A. C. A., and J. K. Hand, of New York. Much enthusiasm was shown, and the A. C. A. is likely to enlist a large number of new members from the ranks of the P. C. C., who will, it is hoped, in their turn, arouse an interest in canoeing in the different parts of the country, from which they hail. Speeches were made by Messrs. F. C. Wallower, President of the club; Miner C. Hill, H. C. Allen, H. L. Pollard, W. A. Furman and J. K. Hand. A number of the members of old Nassau's Glee Club sang delightfully, and refreshments were served, "With a stein on the table, and a good song ringing clear." We hope to hear frequently from the P. C. C. in the way of cruising and camping and racing at the neighboring clubs and the camps of the A. C. A. 464.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A:

Atlantic Division—A. S. Gregg Clarke.

The following have become life members to the A. C. A:

Hon. George W. Gardner, Cleveland, Ohio; John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.; Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburg, Pa.; Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y., and C. Fred. Wolters, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Palma Trophy Matters.

From the daily press we reprint the following:

"Washington, May 10.—The secretary of the National Rifle Association, Lieut. Albert S. Jones, and Col. E. J. Dimmick have, with the consent of the Secretary of War, made arrangements with the Ordnance Department for new, carefully selected rifles for use by the team that is to go to England to shoot for the Palma trophy. The War Department will order the best shot from each military department sent to Sea Girt, N. J., to take part in the competitions to be held May 18, 19 and 20, to determine the personnel of the team.

"Assistant Secretary of War Sanger, as president of the Board on Promotion of Rifle Practice, will appoint a committee of seven, composed of three members from the regular establishment, three from the National Guard, and one civilian, to select the team. Ohio, the District of Columbia, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have notified the National Rifle Association of their intention to send representatives to the trials for places on the team. The United States Marine Corps has brought its crack shot, Lieut. Thomas Holcomb, home from the West Indies to represent the corps."

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 11-12.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club shoot.

May 13-14.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 13-14.—Dubois, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dubois Rod and Gun Club. U. S. N. Crouse, Sec'y.

May 15-17.—Ocean Park, Cal.—Pacific Coast championship bluerock tournament, under auspices of Ocean Park Country Club. L. Herzog, Sec'y, Los Angeles.

May 16.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's tournament. J. R. Taylor, Genl. Mgr.

May 16.—East Walpole, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Neponset Gun Club. Edgar Bills, Sec'y.

May 17-18.—Cedar Lake, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

May 18.—Marion, Ind., Gun Club's tournament.

May 19-21.—Osceola, Ia.—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association's twenty-sixth annual tournament.

May 19-22.—Wissinoming, Philadelphia.—Thirteenth annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia. V. V. Dorp, Sec'y.

May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O., Gun Club's tournament.

May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.

May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.

May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.

*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Orange, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club. Ralph B. Baldwin, Sec'y.

May 30.—Shrewsbury, Mass.—Shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

May 30.—Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.

May 30-31.—Pullman, Ill.—Calumet Gun Club's target tournament. E. B. Shogren, Mgr.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association O. R. Dickey, Sec'y

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association.

**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.

June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.

June 23-25.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.

**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Messrs. Budd and Burmister have issued the programme for their tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park, Iowa, June 2, 3 and 4. In added money and average money, $200 are added. There is a like programme each day, twelve events, eight at 15 targets, entrance $1.50, and four at 20 targets, entrance $2. To each of the 15-target events, $4 are added; to each of the 20-target events $5 are added. High averages, first to seventh inclusive, $10, $8, $7, $6, $5, $5 and $4. Shooting commences at 8:30. Moneys in 15-target events divided 40, 30, 20 and 10. Twenty-target events, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Trade representatives welcome to shoot for targets. Grounds open for practice on June 1. For further information address Mr. John Burmister, Spirit Lake, Ia.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Boston Shooting Association, June 3 and 4, has like competition for each day, namely, ten events, 20 targets each, $2 entrance, and $2 added money. Average money $50, open to all who shoot the whole programme through; one money. Dinner will be served on the grounds. Targets 2 cents. Rose system, 5, 3, 2 and 1, will govern. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked with owner's name, shipped care O. R. Dickey, Wellington, Mass., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. He is the secretary, and will furnish all pertinent information to applicants.

The programme of the tournament of the Calumet Gun Club, Pullman, Ill., May 30 and 31, has like events for both days, fourteen in number, 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. There is a total of 200 targets, $20 entrance. The Rose system will govern the division of the purses. Each day $5 to high gun; $3 to second high gun; $2 to low gun. Shooting commences at 9:30. A set of traps will be provided for those who will shoot for targets only. Guns and shells, freight prepaid, can be shipped to J. W. Hoffman, 310 Morse avenue, Pullman, Ill. Mr. E. B. Shogren, manager, 164 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The programme of the Neponset Gun Club's all-day shoot at East Walpole, Mass., on May 16, provides 20 events, all at 10 targets, except the last, which is a miss-and-out. Shooting commences at 9:30. Ammunition and guns sent to the Neponset Gun Club, care J. F. Freese, will be delivered on the grounds free. Targets 1½ cents. Mr. C. A. Flower is the president. Mr. E. L. Bills is the secretary.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Association will hold a shoot May 30, on its grounds at Shrewsbury, Mass. The programme contains twelve events, 10, 15 and 25 targets, 195 in all, with a total entrance of $15.30. Professionals and paid experts barred from money. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. There will be three merchandise prizes for those shooting through the entire programme.

The Nishoyne Gun Club, of Orange, N. J., will hold a shoot on May 30, commencing at 10 o'clock. There are ten programme events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets; 50, 75 cents and $1 entrance. Lunch and ammunition obtainable on the grounds. Take Eagle Rock trolley car from D., L. & W. R. R., Orange station; also Erie R. R., Orange station. Mr. Ralph B. Baldwin is the secretary.

The Richmond Gun Club, of Staten Island, will hold a live-bird shoot at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., commencing at 1 o'clock on Saturday of this week. The main event will be at 15 live birds, for a solid silver cup and the championship of Richmond county. Optional sweepstake. Visitors are welcome. Mr. A. A. Schoverling, P. O. Box 475, New York, is the manager.

The Amherst Gun Club, at a meeting held on May 6, elected officers as follows: President, Charles S. Branch; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas R. Hill; Executive Committee, H. B. Perry, J. W. Harlow, A. R. Bridgman, C. R. Kenfield, O. S. Cady, L. H. Dickinson; Captain of Rifle Range, Henry Adams; Gunmaster, J. F. Page; Master of the Range, A. F. Bardwell. It was decided to have a shoot on Memorial Day.

At a recent meeting of the J. F. Weiler Gun Club, Allentown, Pa., officers were elected as follows: President, W. L. Gillette; Vice-President, Charles Hohe; Secretary, Schindel Weiler; Financial Secretary, C. F. Kramlich; Trustees, C. L. Straub, J. J. Flickinger, Harvey Frankenfield; Captain, C. L. Straub; Assistant Captain, C. F. Kramlich; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ben Beidler.

The two days' tournament at Irwin, Pa., May 5 and 6, was a success in attendance and class of competition. Mr. Luther Squier, of Wilmington, Del., was high average with a total of 325 out of 350. He made a run of 75 straight. Fleming was a close second. The Millvale team, four men to a team, won the trophy event with 175 out of 200.

The Leesport, Pa., Gun Club, at its annual meeting, held recently, elected officers as follows: President, John Haines; Vice-President, James Adams; Secretary, W. C. Bagenstose; Treasurer, R. H. Fields; Trustees, Thomas Dunkel, Alvin Snyder and Howard Hener; Captain, Howard Hener. The annual spring shoot of the club will take place on Saturday of this week.

Messrs. Chris. Interman and Leonard Marcey have agreed to shoot a 25-bird match for $50 a side, which will take place on Friday, May 22, at Guttenberg, N. J. Mr. Marcey receives a handicap of 2yds., while Interman stands at 30yds. On the same day Messrs. Karl Bjurman and Sam Luckham will shoot at 10 birds each, for $25 a side.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Press, states that "Hudson has a new gun and rod club, and that doubtless means contests and sport with the Poughkeepsie Gun Club. The main purpose of the club is to prevent violations of the game and fish laws, with shooting at target and whipping for trout on the side."

The excellent programme of the New York State shoot, published elsewhere in our trap columns, this week, is worthy of the careful consideration of trapshooters. A number of items in it convey information of special importance. Those who desire copies of it should address Capt. C. G. Blandford, Ossining, N. Y.

At the Rockwell City, Ia., tournament, May 6, Mr. C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, won high average with .915 per cent. C. B. Adams, of Rockwell, Ia., was second with .905 per cent. The programme provided 200 targets for the total of the regular events.

Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., famous as a leading trapshooter of eminent skill, and a successful representative of one of the great ammunition companies, was a visitor in New York on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week.

The secretary, Mr. A. B. Richmond, Grand Rapids, Mich., informs us that the second annual tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association, of Grand Rapids, will be held on June 23, 24 and 25, and that $1,000 in added money will be given.

Mr. C. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes us as follows: "The Board of Control of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League has changed the dates of the Ligonier shoot to Sept. 15 and 16, instead of Oct. 20 and 21."

At the De Witt, Ia., tournament, May 6 and 7, Mr. L. Walrod, De Will, was first average with .923 per cent. H. C. Watson, Sewickly, Pa., was second with .894; Mr. W. B. Linell, Eldora, was third with 89 per cent.

To decide the individual target championship at the University, the U. of P. Gun Club will hold a shoot on Saturday of this week, on the grounds of the Clearview Gun Club.

Mr. S. H. Vandegrift, of Pittsburg, known in shooting circles as "Sandy McPherson," will make New York city his permanent place of domicile in the near future.

The Towanda, Pa., Gun Club announces that its next annual tournament will be held on July 4. Mr. W. F. Dittrich is the secretary.

We are informed that the Illinois State shoot, which was fixed to take place this week, has been postponed to October.

BERNARD WATERS.

Some Nebraska Shots.

OMAHA, Neb.—Now, for a little chat about our Western shooters. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., and well and favorably known to all our local shots, is the crackerjack of them all, and I do not except event Fred Gilbert, the Spirit Lake trapper, or Alphabetical Elliott, from the hamlet down on the Kaw. Heer is a unique character, a plain, common, coal digger, a graduate from neither Yale or Harvard, but an affable, good-natured all-round man. He is a big, smooth-faced six-footer, and when shooting wears a mammoth broad-brimmed black slouch hat, turned up in front, like an old-time border ranger. He is a left-handed shooter, and holds his shotgun like a rifleman holds his rifle, close up with a very crooked arm. There are but few like him. He is wondrously quick, surprisingly graceful, and one of the very best target shots in the world. At the late State tournament at Concordia he won the State championship, with 78 out of 80, from the 20yd. mark. On the second day Fred Gilbert had to break his last 50 targets straight to tie him for high average, which he did, both getting 195 out of 200. At Lincoln, the Nebraska State Sportsmen's tournament last week, Heer won out high, beating experts and all with but 17 misses in 400. Against him were such men as C. B. Adams, of Rockwell City, Ia., high man at El Paso; the "old vet" Chippey Budd, of Des Moines; Tom Norton, of Kansas City; Major Kirby, of Cincinnati, and all the best of Nebraska's shooters.

Lew Reed, of Ohiowa, this State, is another rattling fine man with the hammerless, of whom the world abroad knows but little. In type he is the direct opposite to Heer—an undersized, clerical looking chap, but like the Kansas man, an "awfully" decent fellow. When he shoots he pulls his gun down out of the clouds, then crouches lower and lower until in the attitude of a sprinter awaiting the pistol's crack, when he squeaks, "All ready, pull! and into a nebulous cloud bursts the asphaltum pigeon. Dick Linderman, of Weeping Water, and Frank Beard, of Herman, tied Reed for the championship at Lincoln with 24 out of 25, and on the shoot-off Linderman was almost an odds-on favorite, but he was last in the race, the result being Reed 24, Beard 23, and the redoubtable Richard but 19. There was lots of money won and lost on this shoot-off. In the regular event for the championship, Dan Bray, "Old Single Eye," of Columbus, was considered a cinch, but after breaking his 23 straight, he fell down on both No. 24 and 25. Reed, this season, has won high average at most all of the State shoots, and is a man to be classed with the very best of them.

The premiers, so far as Omaha goes, are W. D. Townsend, the popular and energetic sporting goods man, and holder of the State's dickey bird championship; Henry McDonald, manager of the gun club park, and County Commissioner, and Frank Fogg, the voluble druggist. These three are in a class by themselves. Then follows in succession George W. Loomis, Billy Brewer, Charlie Lewis, Dave Morrell and Dick and Tom Kimball. All of this bunch, in addition to several out in the State, are getting ready to go after Mr. Townsend's honors, the dickey bird belt, and a number of specials are being arranged for the near future. Townsend won the title at the Grand Island shoot a month ago with 48 out of 50.

Over the State are such great shots as Dan Bray, of Columbus; Dick Linderman, Weeping Water; Gus Sievers, Grand Island; Gus Schroeder, Columbus; William Veach, Falls City; W. A. Waddington, the sheriff of Holt county; O'Neill; W. H. Illian, Albion; Frank Beard, Herman; Frank Nicholson, Nebraska City, and "Forey" Moore, Frank Williams and P. J. Hindmarsh, of Lincoln. The latter gentleman is a noted field shot, has had unlimited experience in the big game regions, and is the best wild-fowl shot I ever saw.

The new officers of the State Sportsmen's Association are: Dan Bray, Columbus, President; Gus Sievers, Grand Island, and G. A. Schroeder, Columbus, Secretary and Treasurer. In the balloting for the site for the state tournament for 1904, Columbus won out over Omaha by a majority of 2 out of 41 votes.

The Dickey Bird Gun Club opened their regular weekly shoots at their park out on the Military Road yesterday, and the Omahas will inaugurate the regular season Saturday, May 16, at their charming grounds at the other end of the big bridge.

In place of the State shoot here next May, Billy Townsend and Henry McDonald will give a big sweepstakes the first week in October, two days at targets and one at live birds. The Omaha grounds being on the other side of the Missouri, the live-bird day will be observed as of old, before the modern crop of sycophants and pretenders developed, and when pigeon shooting was one of Nebraska's most popular pastimes.

Dickey Bird Gun Club.

The Dickey Bird Gun Club's inaugural medal shoot for 1903 took place Saturday, with the following scores, 25 targets to the man:

Dreisback	1111111110111111110100101—20
Vorhees	1111111111011111111011010—21
Hooper	1011111111111110010100111—19
Townsend	1111101111011111100010101—18
Wagner	0011111110111111110101100—18
Hayne	1111100111111111010100111—18
Downs	1111011100110110001111101—17
Dimond	1001101100110110001110101—14
Gilk	1001101100111001110100001—13
Kinnear	1100011010111000101100111—13
Root	1001100010111010010100110—12
Sherwood	1100010111100110010010001—12
Vitte	1110010000111001100011001—12
Goodrich	1100011100000110001101101—12

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Greensboro Gun Club.

GREENSBORO, N. C., May 9.—The Greensboro Gun Club held its weekly shoot to-day under unfavorable weather conditions, gusty, strong wind and a bad light. Mr. E. H. Storr was a visitor. The scores follow:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Storr	105	86	Proctor	60	30
H Lee	67	50	Daniels	60	29
Welsh	90	47	Tate	90	32

"I dare say," she remarked acridly, sitting up in bed, when he stumbled in at 2:30 in the morning, "that you have been sitting up with a sick friend or attending a lodge meeting?" "Neither one," he replied, "I've been playing poker, and I sloughed off 35 good bones. Where's my night-shirt?"—Washington Star.

Luverne Tournament.

WHAT promised to be a good shoot, both as to numbers and favorable opportunities for making good scores, proved quite the reverse, as when on Wednesday morning, May 6, the boys began to assemble upon the Luverne, Minn., Gun Club grounds, the wind was blowing fiercely, nor did it let up for two days. This kept many at home, and prevented those present from making even fair scores.

Both the attendance and the weather was a great disappointment to Mr. Schwartz and others of the club who had labored hard and offered good inducements for patronage.

H. C. Hirschy and Tom Norton assisted the management by shooting through.

Spirit Lake sent up their usual two members, Slocum and Michelson came from South Dakota, Patch came from Iowa, and with the local boys there was a total of fifteen men present during the shoot.

Hirschy proved the best judge of the wind, and easily won high average, yet had little edge over Schwartz the last day.

This is a little too far north for Norton, as he is not acclimated.

There are plenty of shooters in the near vicinity that should have been present, yet there is not much pleasure in shooting when 70 and 80 per cent. is the best a good man can make. The scores:

First Day, May 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Slocum	12	11	13	12	9	13	13	11	16	10	11	12	143
Hirschy	11	12	17	13	13	15	13	14	18	14	13	17	170
Schwartz	12	12	19	11	12	11	8	13	18	15	12	17	160
Johnson	12	11	13	13	11	14	14	12	17	11	11	13	152
Blasdell	10	9	14	10	10	15	8	9	15	10	9	11	130
Michelson	14	10	16	11	13	13	14	12	16	14	13	18	164
Norton	12	9	12	9	6	15	10	12	16	13	11	14	139
Snook	10	11	14	10	12	13	9	11	12	9	12	13	136
Towne	12	7	12	10	13	15	14	12	12	12	12	16	147
Storts	8	7	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	32
Frink	6	10	14	11	12	13	15	10	14	9	9	16	139
Schuck	13	11	16	12	10	11	12	9	12	11	9	12	120
Patch	9	14	16	13	13	12	12	13	16	12	12	18	160
J B	11	12	17	13	11	12	10	12	15	9	10	13	143
Klein	14	13	14	13	12	16	12	12	20	9	10	17	162
Chapin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	12	10	16	59

Second Day, May 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Slocum	15	8	15	11	12	12	10	9	14	12	13	14	145
Hirschy	12	14	18	12	13	18	13	13	17	11	13	18	172
Schwartz	11	12	16	15	13	18	9	12	17	15	14	18	170
Johnson	8	8	15	10	11	12	9	10	17	9	10	12	131
Blasdell	6	10	12	13	11	15	13	11	14	9	..	..	114
Michelson	13	7	16	10	10	15	7	12	17	11	10	18	146
Norton	9	9	11	12	14	15	10	11	15	12	9	12	142
Patch	12	10	13	13	12	15	13	13	15	7	12	15	150
J B	12	11	13	11	9	14	10	14	14	7	19	13	137
Klein	15	15	18	13	11	16	10	13	16	11	13	17	166
Chapin	11	11	10	9	11	13	7	10	15	12	9	14	132
Rea	5	3	6	3	2	6	12	5	8	6	5	5	67
W Schwartz	6	5	10	4	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Towne	12	11	14	11	9	11	12	11	15	12	11	17	146
Schuck	13	10	13	10	11	15	9	8	13	..	..	..	102
Stort	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7

Richmond Tournament.

RICHMOND, Va., May 5.—The tournament given by Messrs. Harris, Flippen & Co. was a great success. It had a large attendance. It was conducted on liberal lines, and was designed to introduce the ammunition of which that firm has the agency in Richmond. Everything was free. Interstate rules governed. There was a gold medal, which has to be won three times by one contestant before becoming his property. The winner must, when challenged, defend it, or forfeit it, within thirty days from challenge. Mr. Polk Miller, well known to fame in the shooting and kennel world, on behalf of the contestants, extended thanks to Messrs. Harris, Flippen & Co. Mr. J. A. Anderson won the medal.

The scores, 50 targets: J. T. Martin 39, W. F. McLelland 34, O. J. Thompson 30, Lee Lorraine 45, Dr. Hillsman 43, H. S. Hawes 42, M. D. Hart 40, J. W. Harrison 38, H. Brown 40, T. H. Fox 35, T. R. Kemper 33, G. W. Peters 37, H. P. Collins 20, E. H. Storr 44, B. W. Jones 31, J. A. Anderson 47, P. J. Flippen 39, Jas. Walters 37, R. H. Johnson 39, D. Edmonds 33, J. T. Leach 6, W. Harris 16, W. C. Saunders 30, A. K. Thomas 13, E. S. Jones 11, Tomson 25, Ruffin 32, Ford 24, J. W. Bauer 32, Atkinson 35, V. Hechler 27, Cersley 34, Neurhor 30, Dr. McGuire 23, J. R. Jones 4, Boudar 33, Southward 30, Dr. G. Bagny 30, Hatcher 25, C. P. Weiss 17, Cushman 43, Banks 41, W. H. Hill 44, John Lannox 18, Bolton 30, Grimes 20, A. J. Warren 43, Jim Crow 35, Tiller 26, Hazlegrove 25, Polk Miller 27, G. C. Jackson 26, Blair 34, Hammond 46, Dickerson 28, Allison 25, H. B. Flippen 18, Tolman 32, J. Jackson 36, Dr. Rudd 27, F. Stearnes 45, W. Miller 30, T. Williamson 42, T. Whittett 35, Wm. Hechler 42, O. Hazelgrove 22, I. W. Dawson 18, C. S. Cross 35, C. O. Saville, Jr., 27, B. McClellan 38, S. Vincent 22.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 9.—To-day the weather conditions were such that fine scores were foregone conclusions. However, the scores herewith presented are not likely to make back-liners of any of the shooters who took advantage of the day. The ancient game of golf detracts somewhat from our Saturday matiness in summer. Our friend J. Henry and his clever niece, Miss Holland, were welcome visitors to-day. Miss Holland handles her pump gun like an expert, shooting in fine time. No. 5 was at 5 pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J Hyland	9	6	6	6	4	7	7	7	..
C Blandford	10	8	9	9	7	7	9	7	9
I T Washburn	..	8	7	5	..	8	..	..	..
J Henry	..	..	8	8	6	7	5	..	..
Miss Holland	..	..	5	6	..	8	7	7	..
M Vail	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5

C. G. B.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 9.—The regular weekly shoots of the Baltimore Shooting Association commenced to-day. The interest is maintained by subdividing the competitors into classes A, B and C, a medal being the prize in each class. Lupus and Hawkins tied on 46 in Class A; Roberts was first in Class B with 40; Chelf took the lead in Class C with 31. The medal contest is at 50 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	50	Targets:	10	15	10	15	50
Malone	9	13	9	13	39	Street	..	..	5	8	31
Lupus	9	15	8	15	46	Mordecai	7	14	7	11	36
Hawkins	8	11	7	14	46	Jones	..	..	..	..	37
Chew	8	14	8	14	43	Chelf	6	10	..	..	31
Smith	..	..	8	13	41	Springs	8	15	8	11	..
Edwards	9	10	8	8	38	Kesler	5	8	6	8	30
Biddle	7	11	5	8	35	Preston	5	8	6	7	..
Franklin	..	..	7	12	39	Gray	5	9	..	..	..
Roberts	9	15	10	13	40	Cox	9	14	..	..	..

Hillside Gun Club.

CHESTNUT HILL, Pa.—The monthly shoot of the Hillside Gun Club had nine contestants. The main event was at 50 targets, unknown angles, handicap. The scores:

W. Haywood (15) 53, N. Caie (14) 51, M. Bisbing (10) 50, J. Haywood (17) 50, R. Bisbing (9) 48, W. Aimen (15) 47, C. Larson (12) 46, J. Hamil (12) 46, L. Parson (9) 44.

Sweepstake event, 10 targets, 16yds., unknown angles: Caie 9, Hamil 9, Bisbing 8, J. Haywood 7, M. Bisbing 7, W. Haywood 7, Laurent 6, Parson 4, Aimen 4.

Franklin Gun Club.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, Pa.—The shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day resulted as follows: Shooting at 25 targets, C. Barnage broke 12, A. Right 9, F. Kishpaw 9. Shooting at 30, H. Pope broke 23, J. Williams broke 19.

Lexington Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 7.—I am inclosing with this a copy of the scores of the shooters in attendance at the live-bird and target tournament of the Lexington Gun Club, May 5 and 6. Am inclosing clipping from one of our local papers, the Democrat, containing fairly accurate accounts of each day's shooting.

The programme, as advertised, was not adhered to closely, events being substituted to suit the shooters.

The live birds were an unusually good lot, but an utter absence of wind, together with the warm weather, and the fact that the traps were set inside the diamond of the ball park, made the birds show up splendidly, and the dust told plainly the shooters just where they were placing their lead. Mr. A. W. Du Bray, of Cincinnati, O., shot through the entire programme at live birds, and was high average man, he only failing to score on five birds, three of which were dead out of bounds. Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., won high average on targets, and this shooting from the 18yd. line.

Events 1, 2, 3 and 4 were miss-and-outs.

No. 1 was at 28yds., $2 entrance, birds extra.

No. 2 was at 28yds., use of one barrel only, $2.50 entrance, birds extra. Ties divided.

No. 3 was a handicap, $2, birds extra. Clay and Rogers divided.

No. 4, was a handicap, $3, entrance, birds extra.

Bill Nye, 31	22222	22222222222	20
Thos Clay, 30	20	2222222221	2112211
A W Du Bray, 32	22222	2221211111	11*
R H Smith, 28	21220	0	210
C O Le Compte, 32	0	222120	210
A Buckner, 30	20	22*	222220
G W Clay, 31	....	2222222111	21210
E Sellers, 26	....	20	10
"44," 31	....	.....	1120
J R Betts, 29	....	.....	122*
J W Osborne, 28	....	.....	212*
J S Rogers, 26	....	.....	1222221

No. 4, purse of $45, divided between Le Compte, Clay and Rogers:

Bill Nye, 30	2022220	E Sellers, 26	2221112210
T Clay, 30	2211011112112—13	"44," 30	2212111210
Du Bray, 30	2211112211122*—12	Detts, 27	11121*
Smith, 27	22212111220	Osborne, 27	22122*
Le Compte, 30	1121111212122—13	Rogers, 29	11121122212221—13
G W Clay, 30	2212110	W Henderson, 27	0
Buckner, 30	222222220		

Event No. 5, Hotel Handicap, 10 single live birds, entrance $5, birds extra, $15 added; two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.; ties to be divided, except that in case of unanimous consent of winners, the same may be shot off miss-and-out, in which case should three or more tie for first money the management will add $5 for high gun:

Bill Nye, 29	2222022222— 9	"44," 29	2111122111—10
T Clay, 31	2222222222—10	Henderson, 27	2222220222— 9
Du Bray, 31	1121211111—10	V K Dodge, 29	2222222222—10
Smith, 27	2222222021— 9	J McMeekin, 27	1121112111—10
Le Compte, 31	1011212212— 9	J Q Ward, 27	2122222222—10
Buckner, 29	2222022222— 9		

This event is remarkable from the fact that the entire eleven entries finished inside the money.

The following extra live-bird events, miss-and-out- were shot:

Events:	6	7	8	9	10	11	Events:	6	7	8	9	10	11
Bill Nye, 30	10	4	..	..	9	..	Ward, 31	8	9	..	..	..	..
T Clay, 32	6	4	..	..	..	..	Betts, 28	..	4	..	..	..	..
Du Bray, 32	2	9	9	6	10	6	J Stuart, 26	..	3	..	..	..	..
Smith, 28	1	9	4	..	..	..	W P Strader, 26	..	0	..	..	..	..
Le Compte, 32	4	5	10	2	8	2	G B Strader, 26	..	3	..	..	..	..
Buckner, 30	10	9	..	..	..	..	J Woolfolk, 28	..	..	10	4	..	4
"44," 30	9	..	..	..	..	..	W Green, 26	..	..	0	..	..	..
Henderson, 28	9	7	9	6	..	6	Farmer, 31	..	..	..	..	9	..
V K Dodge, 30	0	4	9	6	..	6	G W Clay, 31	..	..	..	..	10	..
McMeekin, 28	2	9	3	..	10	..	Penny, 26	..	..	..	..	10	..

In No. 7 the losers in No. 6 event went in 1yd. In No. 8 the winners in No. 7 went forward 1yd.

Second Day, May 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	10	Av.
Le Compte, 18	9	14	6	12	8	15	8	12	10	20	10	.85
Pinney, 16	9	14	8	12	7	11	7	12	14	18	7	.80
Williams, 16	10	10	5	14	7	10	8	12	5	22	9	.77
Driehs, 16	6	8	5	13	7	13	9	13	7	17	7	.72
Oldham, 16	..	8	5	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Nye, 16	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
G W Clay, 18	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Betts, 16	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Farmer, 18	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
Osborne, 16	..	10	4	8	9	12	7	10	7	15	..	....
Henderson, 17	..	6	12	8	14	9	14	8	9	20	8	.77
Skinner, 16	..	..	..	8	6	10	8	13	8	15	9	....
McMeekin, 16	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	....
J G Denny, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	....

IN NEW JERSEY.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., May 9.—The weekly shoot of the Union Gun Club to-day was favored with pleasant weather and a good attendance. Nine events were shot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Greiff	6	12	13	12	13	10	7	16	..
Hegendorn	6	11	12	13	12	10	8	..	..
Carlough	8	9	12	14	14	10	11	24	19
Sedore	..	8	11	12	9	7	9	16	..
C Sedore	..	9	7	6	4	8	6	14	..
Money	..	..	12	15	13	14	10	19	22
Reeves	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
Simpson	..	..	..	13	8	8	14	13	..
Berdan	..	..	..	6	8	8	12	18	..
Ford	..	..	..	..	11	11	11	17	17
*Money	..	..	13	13	14	11	13	..	..
*Reeves	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
*Simpson	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
*Berdan	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..

*Re-entries.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 9.—The weekly shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day was well attended. There were fourteen shooters who participated. Dudley and Schneider shot excellently well, considering the difficult shooting. The weather was pleasant. Dudley was high in the prize shoot with 22. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	25	15	10	10	10
Vosselman	6	10	..	12	3	13	..	..	6	3
Eickhoff	8	10	..	7	8	16	10	..	8	..
Richter	7	14	..	10	4	16	..	..	6	8
Morrison	5	12	10	11	7	19	9	7	..	3
Schneider	..	15	7	12	8	19	..	10	7	6
W G King	..	9	..	5	7	13	..	..	..	..
Hall	..	13	..	14	8	18	..	..	..	7
Griffith	..	13	..	12	9	21	..	5	6	7
Simpson	..	4	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley	..	13	15	12	10	22	14	..	..	..
Bittiner	..	5	9	6	6	12	..	6	6	..
B W King	..	2	..	5	4	17	..	..	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	10	7	16	10	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	7	7
*Griffith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

*Re-entry. Event No. 6 was the handicap prize shoot. Event No. 10 was at 5 pairs. JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Hudson County Gun Club.

The Hudson County Gun Club, of Hudson county, N. J., a new organization to enter the field, held another successful shoot on the grounds of the North Hudson Driving Park, Guttenberg, N. J., May 8, and ten shooters faced the score, of which Chris. Interman was the only member to grass 10 straight. Leonard Marcey, a new but coming shot, crowded Interman to the last round; that last bird is probably going yet.

Following the club event a team race on somewhat novel lines was hotly contested; all at 30yds., L. I. rules, gun below elbow, and the old point and half point system to count. Capt. Ryan's team won by one-half point. Ex-Captain Hayes, of Hoboken, acted as referee. Scores:

No. 1 was the club event. No. 2 was at 5 birds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J Zeller, 28	20001011*1— 5	0211*—3
P Sullivan, 30	0110011000— 4	02122—4
L Marcey, 28	1112111110— 9	00111—3
K Bjurman, 28	0011102100— 5	.....
V Jagels, 28	1111101110— 8	02*12—3
C Interman, 32	1211211212—10	.....
J McCauley, 28	0101200220— 5	10000—1
G Bellkamp, 30	1000112111— 7	21122—5
T Filemora, 30	0100102111— 6	00012—2
V Fink, 30	020*001110— 4	1*122—4
J Ryan	....	11211—5

Team race, Long Island rules, all 30yds., points to count:

	Points.		Points.
Capt Bellkamp	21212—3½	Capt Ryan	12120—3
Interman	10011—3	Marcey	10111—4½
Jagels	00111—3	Zeller	21111—4½
McCauley	01011—3	Sullivan	10010—2
Filemora	02011—2½—15	Fink	20202—1½—15½

The Higher Idea.

WYMORE, Neb., May 3.—I have evolved a great idea, and may need help to make it a permanent success. The Wymore Gun Club has been having trouble. The people of this community, having their own ideas as to the best way to settle up a new country, and with their well-known strenuosity and push, have been, and are, now engaged in raising large families of boys. And every time the gun club scored up to shoot there would be a great crowd of boys on hand, bent on picking up the empty shells. This made trouble, which culminated last Friday. It was shoot day, and the boys were on hand in droves, and when a shell was dropped a scramble took place that discounted a football game. The sheriff of the county was a visitor that day, and when he went to trap No. 1 and announced that he was going to march down the line and that the boys had better take some other road I realized that the wrong thing had been said just at the right time, and that there was going to be trouble. I knew the metal of the "bad men" present, and that they would accept the sheriff's challenge.

"Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

I wrote a hasty note to my wife and sent the buggy to my house with the command to the driver, "Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, the best of mine shall be thy meed," then I seized the guns of the young and hot-headed members of the club and locked them in the club house, and cleared for action.

Then the sheriff called pull and missed his bird, and swore that the load was as slow as the one that Crosby used which struck him in the back when he went out to examine his target for shot marks.

Then the sheriff, in a moment of abstraction, dropped his empty shell between his feet. "Rattlesnake Pete" and "Bad Nasty O'Fallon" and their gangs dove in from different directions, while "Alkali Ike" and "Slim Jim" and their cohorts came in from the flanks, and "Shorty Budd" and his crowd from "Jew Jake's" ranch piled on top; "King Fisher" and "Ben Slade" stood off and threw cow chips at the bunch.

I gave the rescue signal, and the club, acting as one man, pulled the sheriff out, and set him against the club house to cool off just as the buggy returned from the house, the horse covered with foam. I ran and unloaded the buggy and distributed among the boys, twelve copies of Outing, thirteen of Sports Afield, and sixty-two of FOREST AND STREAM, and in five minutes you could pick up the hind foot of any of them. They were our slaves. "Wild Bill," who had taken no part in the scrimmage, had gotten hold of the current number of FOREST AND STREAM, and was reading Mr. Vandiveer's entertaining letter about "Bad Men of the West," and when he reached the story of King Fisher's signboards at the forks of the road, and read the paragraph, "So great was the fear of him that both desperadoes and law officers dared not travel on the forbidden highway," he was overcome with a lassitudinous lethargy which produced drowsiness, and he became as limp as a rag. He complained of being tired, very tired. We walked him up and down the park a while, and then took him home. He was better, but still dazed.

I will pay postage, express or freight, on a limited supply of back numbers of these publications, and if the publishers will kindly furnish them they will be doing the club a great favor, beside doing some splendid work for game and bird protection by helping to educate the boys along right lines, etc.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

Millport Tournament.

MILLPORT, Pa., May 6.—The second annual tournament of the Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club, held at Millport, Pa., Tuesday, May 5, was without exception one of the most enjoyable affairs that has been held in this vicinity for some time. The weather was perfect, and the magautrap worked to perfection.

The visitors from Olean, Bolivar, Wellsville, Sabinesville, Galeton and Coudersport were unanimous in their praise of the management and the treatment accorded them.

The Oswayo Valley Rod and Gun Club is practically a new organization; however it numbers some sixty members, with more coming in at every meeting. The great majority being amateurs, are naturally "gunshy" and "afraid of the cars" when lined up with 80 or 90 per cent. men; but this season will no doubt develop some good clay breakers if the enthusiasm keeps up that is with us now.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	15	15	10	10	20	15	Av.
Zimmerman	8	11	6	7	19	7	12	10	9	6	14	9	.694
Farnham	7	13	6	11	17	6	11	11	6	4	13	10	.670
Oakleaf	1	9	4	13	24	8	14	11	9	9	16	14	.776
Dailey	4	8	1	6	14	2	5	10	6	3	13	9	.476
Stohr	7	11	5	11	17	8	13	10	8	9	13	10	.718
Naples	8	12	8	15	23	8	15	12	8	9	16	14	.871
Vaughan	9	10	8	8	18	7	12	12	9	10	18	10	.770
Miller	8	12	9	12	23	9	12	12	8	9	19	13	.865
Daniels	8	11	9	15	21	8	13	14	6	9	12	13	.818
Mason	8	13	8	11	20	8	15	13	8	9	16	13	.835
Hakes	7	10	9	12	21	9	13	13	6	9	12	10	.770
Beach	9	8	9	12	22	9	11	14	6	8	17	12	.806
Phillips	4	11	9	12	21	8	14	14	7	8	12	13	.782
Rumsey	7	10	6	10	..	7	12	..	7	9	..	13	.736
Dodge	5	7	6	12	..	7	6	11	8	7	13	8	.621
Coleman	5	11	8	15	21	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	.810
Barnes	6	12	5	10	..	8	7	4	5	7	..	10	.592
Wertman	6	12	7	12	17	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	.710
Rivenburg	7	7	8	9	..	9	10	12	8	4	..	..	.672
Bunker	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.500
Schollard	..	11	..	11	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	.711
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	.600
Nichols	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	13	12	.657
Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	9	16	13	.885
Failing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	2	11	6	.385

W. S. DODGE, Sec'y.

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 2.—The Memphis Gun Club held a shoot to-day, which was honored by the presence of some distinguished visitors. The weather was clear and pleasant. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	15	15	15	15	20	25	25
Gilbert	18	14	15	15	14	19	25	..
Hughes	18	15	11	13	12	19	21	..
Poston	16	11	13	13	13	19	19	..
Duncan	15	12	13	10	12	15	17	..
Schultze	14	..	8	6	..	12	19	..
Cannelle	19	14	14	15	14	18	19	18
Girard	17	10	11	12	9	12	..	..
Frank	19	13	14	11	..	18	20	19
Yahnke	18	11	15	7	13	7	..	..
Porter	16	..	..	..	..	..	16	..
C Von L	18	13	14	14	12	14	20	23
Joynes	16	14	11	14	13	18	22	18
Waters	15	13	13	13	13	17	21	..
Crook	11	7	..	13	7	14	..	..
McGee	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	9	8	..	14	..	..
Bond	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Van Vliet	..	..	7	1	..	5	1	..
Wank	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Reisen	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 7.—The following scores were made at the regular weekly shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club:

Bonbright cup, handicap:

	Shot at.		Scored.		
	Singles.	Pairs.	Singles	Pairs.	Total.
Riekman	19	5	12	2	14
Adkin	18	5	14	6	20
Clark	22	5	13	5	18
Wride	19	5	17	4	21
Mosher	18	5	11	6	17
Newton	16	5	15	9	24
Kershner	16	5	14	8	22
Bonbright	16	5	15	5	20
Stewart	15	5	14	8	22

This contest is for an elegant sterling cup, donated by Mr. Bonbright, to be contested for weekly from April 1, ending June 3. High scores (total) to win.

Contest for club prizes, handicap. Winchester repeating shotgun and other prizes to be contested for weekly, beginning April 1, ending Sept. 2, the shooter winning the greatest number of contests to be the winner:

	Shot at.	Scored.		Shot at.	Scored.
Rickman	28	19	Stewart	25	23
Adkin	27	19	Kershner	25	22
Clark	32	17	Bonbright	25	22
Wride	29	23	Newton	26	22
Mosher	28	20	Borst	28	21

Monroe county championship, diamond medal, 100 targets. This was a challenge contest, Stewart defending against Bonbright, the challenger. The scores: Stewart 98, Bonbright 90, Kershner 85, Newton 88, Byer 84, Adkin.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., May 9.—Mr. Howard Ridge, of Philadelphia, was high average at the shoot of the Florists' Gun Club to-day with 89. Apgar was second with 87. The shooting was exceedingly difficult, so that under the conditions the scores were very good.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20
Apgar	14	14	16	13	15	15	Franklin	11	10	20	..	..	..
French	14	14	14	12	11	19	Ridge	11	15	20	11	13	19
Houseman	14	13	15	10	12	17	Sanford	11	13	..	..	..	..
Pleasanton	14	9	14	11	11	14	Park	11	10	14	9	8	16
Bell	14	14	16	14	10	16	Downs	10	9	14	12	11	14
Felix	13	11	..	..	..	..	George	10	8	13	9	9	15
Newcomb	13	13	15	14	11	14	Jones	10	11	14	..	..	..
Croll	13	12	11	..	..	..	Lane	10	11	..	11	..	13
Brenizer	13	8	..	..	..	..	Barrett	10	11	11	..	..	..
Ford	12	..	..	..	..	..	Hall	9	6	..	6	8	9
Daudt	12	11	14	10	9	19	Sheeler	9	10	14	..	13	12
Fisher	12	9	14	12	15	19	Shew	9	9	11	8	13	15
Francotte	12	13	11	13	12	16	McCaraher	7	10	10	..	..	..
Wentz	12	7	14	11	10	12	Forden	..	10	..	..	..	..
Murray	11	11	17	13	10	11	Fontaine	..	..	..	..	..	8

Total for 100 targets: Ridge 89, Apgar 87, French 84, Bell 84, Fisher 81, Houseman 81, Newcomb 80, Francotte 77, Daudt 75, Murray 73, Pleasanton 73, Sheeler 72, Downs 70, Park 68, Wentz 66, George 64, Shew 64, Hall 45.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., May 9.—The weather was pleasant, the birds first rate, and the shooting variable, at the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League to-day. J. Rothaker was high in the totals of the two events by killing 22 out of the 25 shot at.

Club handicap, 10 birds:

McCoy, 30	22*0222022— 7	Budd, 30	1101222202— 8
Morris, 27	2211120222— 9	Geikler, 28	22222*2*22— 8
Bucknell, 28	2122000212— 7	Miller, 29	21002201*1— 6
Rothaker, 29	1222122202— 9	Thomas, 28	1122022202— 8
Hood, 28	2222220221— 9	Harrison, 28	*11020*121— 6

Officers' trophy, 15 birds, handicap rise:

McCoy, 30	122222222022202—13	Geikler, 28	2222022*2222222—13
Rothacker, 29	122222220202222—13	Miller, 29	122212210122222—14
Hood, 28	1200212122022—12	Harrison, 28	0122101210111*1—11
Budd, 30	112111110021222—13		

Messrs. A. J. Miller and John Morris shot a 50-bird match, for $100 a side, and Morris again was the victor. The score was close, 39 to 38, as follows:

Miller	22201220122222220002222102222020120212122220002222222—38
Morris	22220122222222220222022002202221022222002022202222—39

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO.—The opening shoot of the season of the Chicago Gun Club took place on Saturday, May 2, and a good attendance was noted, with results as below. The weather was warm and bright, an ideal day for the sport. The boys have some good prizes to shoot for this season, and it is expected there will be some exciting shoots before the season is over:

Monthly handicap, 15 targets: Lord (2) 13, Morton (3) 13, Bowles (2) 12, Patrick (4) 15, Allin 14, Boroff (1) 15, Burcky (1) 13, Morgan (3) 14, O'Brien (4) 15, Mrs. Howard 10, Parker (6) 15, Boltman (2) 15, West (4) 13, Willard (1) 15.

Trophy handicap, 25 targets: Lord (3) 20, Dr. Morton (6) 21, Bowles (4) 20, Patrick (8) 21, Allin 19, Hanagan 13, Morgan (5) 11, Weart (6) 18, Boltman (3) 23, Ike (3) 24, Dr. Mather (12) 13, Mrs. Howard (9) 11, Willard (2) 24, Boroff (2) 22, Dr. Burcky (7) 21, O'Brien, (7) 26, Parker (11) 23.

Franke—Clayton.

MR. PAUL FRANKE defeated Mr. W. H. Clayton in a 100 live pigeon match, May 3, at Blue River Park, Kansas City. The weather was fine, and the birds fairly good. Franke shot in rare form, and made the record run, on these grounds, of 87 straight kills. The match was for $50 a side and the price of the birds. Scores:

W H Clayton	11111011122201112222112 21—23
	10110111112222211112212122—23
	20122111111112122122111100—22
	21221222121*2222112212102—23—91
P Franke	01122212121112111211212 12—24
	21211211212211222112111122—25
	12121211122112212222211112—25
	21121211212220202122122 10—22—96

KILLMORE.

Remington Gun Club.

ILION, N. Y., May 2.—The Remington Gun Club opened the season at their grounds on East Main street to-day with a good attendance of club members. A strong east wind, which was blowing at the time, prevented high scores being made, although some good shooting was done under the unfavorable conditions. Bluerock targets, thrown from a magautrap, were used. The following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	25	15	15	10	Targets:	10	25	15	15	10
Hubbard	3	15	..	..	..	G Jenne	4	13	..	5	..
Colling	9	22	..	9	..	J De Garmo	8	10	..	..	..
Pederson	..	14	10	10	7	Du Bordieu	..	10	..	..	..
De Lany	6	13	7	..	..	Hepburn	9	24	11	..	..
C Jenne	7	19	..	9	..	Ellis	5	..	..	4	..
C De Garmo	7	11	..	..	..	Lawrence	..	11	..	..	..
Humphreys	7	20	13	10	8	Russell	..	20	..	..	..
Corbin	5	19	..	..	..	Brennan	..	13	..	..	..
Tomlinson	7	19	..	..	..						

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., May 9.—The distance handicap used by the Enterprise Gun Club at its shoot on last Saturday cut scores all to pieces. Sixteen-yard man wins over all. Each man shot at 50 targets. Scores: Powely (14) 25, Noel (14) 30, McCombs (14) 19, Douglas (14) 22, Murry (15) 26, McFarland (16) 32, Rotzsch (16) 23, Barrickman (16) 35, Black (16) 27, Maxwell (16) 28, Lindberg (16) 18, Ohs (16) 26, Mains (18) 29, C. H. (18) 25, Stepham (19) 33, Cannon (19) 33, Knight (19) 31, Calhoun (20) 34, Cochran (20) 31.

There were nine prizes, won by contestants in the following order: Barrickman, Calhoun, Cannon, Cochran, Stepham, Knight, Noel, McFarland and Mains.

Special event, 25 targets: Cochran 23, McFarland 18, Stepham 17, McCombs 14, Cannon 18, C. H. 16.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., April 29.—The Boston Gun Club's fourth annual team shoot was held on their grounds to-day, sixty-one shooters being in attendance, making the tournament one to be remembered as time flies by. The weather clerk simply outdid himself, furnishing a June day, warm and balmy enough to allow all to divest of coats, sweaters, etc., and take things easy in shirt sleeves, which was quite sufficient evidence that each particular shooter was enjoying himself to the limit.

To state who was there would take a good long time, and even then, we doubt our ability to speak of all; but not a few came from long distances to join us on this festive occasion. E. C. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I.; Root and G. A. Clark, Providence, R. I.; N. A. Cutler, I. O. Converse and S. P. Wilder, Fitchburg; Secretary Hallan, Corson and Fisher, Dover, N. H.; S. M. Gonzales, N. C. Tozier, H. Webster and Childs, Haverhill; F. Hilliard, W. Hay, C. A. Alley and Rowe, Lynn, Mass.; C. F. Kneil, Brockton; P. H. Powell, Newport, R. I.; Tenney and Andrews, Leominster; H. Boynton, Lowell; S. B. Adams, Portland, Dupont, Ingalls, Phillips, Corbett, Marsalis and Marshall, Harvard Shooting Club; R. D. Hodsdon, R. W. Dennison, H. A. Philbrook, Dr. Gleason and Fairbanks, Watertown; E. G. Bullard, New Bedford.

The trade was quite ably represented by B. L. Woodard, though at present he is not himself, but improving each day, so it will not be long before he is around again, and welcome he will be when he begins his regular attendance with us again; T. H. Keller, Jr., Neaf Apgar, W. D. Thompson, O. R. Dickey, and H. C. Kirkwood.

The club itself was amply prepared for the large attendance, an extra set of expert traps being installed about 30yds. to the left of the magautrap, the two sets of traps making a combination hard to beat, and able to give a good account of themselves.

The tournament itself was under the direction of H. C. Kirkwood, most ably assisted by Mr. F. P. Miller in the office, and Mr. J. H. Wild and F. L. Baker as scorers. We also must not forget the trappers and pullers, as they are part of a successful shoot, and they certainly did work like Trojans, and never quit till the shooters packed up their guns and grips and departed.

At 12 o'clock the club's upstairs room was thrown open for lunch, and safe to say there were very few but full squads that made their way there. This part of the programme was in charge of Miss H. J. Kirkwood and Mrs. H. C. Kirkwood, and needless to mention each individual was looked after in the best possible manner. The club certainly fared well in having such managers of inner-man necessities as the two ladies proved to be, and many congratulations were received on this point.

The conditions for shooting were indeed very good, at one time a slight drawback being a strong southeast wind; but as it soon died away, there were no kicks coming on this. Naturally enough, the interest centered in the team match, Fitchburg Watertown, Haverhill, Birch Brook, Harvard and Boston lining up for honors with the Providence Gun Club and Keller Dubs, shooting along to increase the interest. After the last pop of the guns was heard, totals summed up and certified, the Fitchburg "farmers," as they style themselves away from home, were easily first with 121, a lead of 6 targets; Boston second with 115, Harvard third with 112, Watertown fourth with 110, Haverhill fifth with 99, Birch Brook sixth with 98. The Providence team, shooting as an extra team, broke 1 more target than the Fitchburg, but were not eligible for the prizes, which consisted of five sterling silver-mounted stag handle cork screws, and it was not long before the winners were wanting to get to Boston to use them, and see what kind of luck they brought with them. In the team match the individual honors rightly belong to Andrews, breaking 28 out of 30 in the prettiest way imaginable, each target being covered in just the right way, and leaving no doubt as to the scoring end.

Individual honors of the day were taken care of by Griffiths in the same old quiet and enviable way of his, his percentage of .886 being a good one sure, 70 of his targets being at the 19yd. mark. Cutler was a good second in the amateur class, .840 being the result of his efforts. Sarge, third with .823. In the expert class Apgar led with .846 to his credit, Leroy following close with .829. Other scores as follows:

Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	15	Av.
Griffiths, 19	10	7	14	14	14	14	14	15	7	9	12	14	11	.886
Apgar, 21	6	10	12	15	11	11	13	15	8	9	11	14	13	.846
Cutler, 18	8	10	10	13	12	13	14	15	7	8	11	14	12	.840
Leroy, 21	7	6	13	14	12	13	15	14	8	9	11	13	10	.829
Sarge, 18	9	9	12	15	13	10	11	11	9	9	13	12	11	.823
Rule, 18	8	8	14	15	12	7	13	12	5	10	12	12	14	.812
Wilder, 18	7	9	14	14	11	8	11	13	9	10	13	13	10	.812
Woodruff, 17	8	7	12	10	11	13	13	12	10	6	12	14	14	.812
Tozier, 16	6	10	13	14	12	13	10	11	8	7	9	12	13	.789
Cake, 16	10	8	13	12	10	11	7	11	9	5	12	13	12	.760
Powel, 16	7	8	8	11	13	12	13	10	7	8	13	11	10	.749
Converse, 16	8	8	8	13	5	11	10	14	8	9	11	11	14	.743
Train, 16	8	8	11	14	11	10	10	11	7	6	13	13	5	.726
Windel, 16	7	8	8	12	10	11	12	10	4	8	8	9	12	.692
Gonzales, 16	7	9	9	12	7	11	11	12	5	5	3	12	5	.680
Kellar, 16	7	5	9	10	8	9	10	11	6	3	11	7	12	.618
Raynes, 16	5	8	7	7	8	9	8	7	6	7	6	12	9	.565
Adams, 18	8	9	11	14	13	10	13	14	8	7	15	..	14	.850
Phillips, 16	8	10	9	13	12	14	13	11	10	7	12	..	13	.825
Dix, 16	8	4	9	11	11	8	13	9	8	9	..	9	12	.694
Tenney, 16	8	9	6	7	10	9	8	12	7	6	..	13	11	.663
Hodsdon, 16	..	..	12	13	13	9	13	12	9	7	12	11	12	.794
Corson, 16	..	..	12	11	13	9	12	10	9	5	13	13	10	.755
Worthing, 16	..	..	9	13	13	12	12	9	9	5	10	12	12	.749
Root, 18	..	..	12	10	12	8	12	9	6	7	12	10	14	.723
Childs, 16	..	..	9	9	8	8	15	10	7	6	9	10	11	.659
Hallam, 16	..	..	4	5	7	4	7	7	2	3	7	7	4	.368
Bell, 16	..	..	10	12	13	13	13	13	9	10	15	10	..	.843
Bullard, 17	..	..	10	9	10	9	9	11	8	4	8	8	..	.615
Hastings, 16	..	..	..	12	6	6	8	9	5	7	11	9	10	.593
Wild, 16	..	6	10	7	13	..	9	11	..	..	9	6	11	.631
Gleason, 18	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	13	13	10	10	14	10	9	.792
Frank, 18	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	12	12	8	9	11	12	10	.776
Dupont, 18	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	12	14	7	7	11	14	7	.752
Dennison, 18	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	13	7	7	9	11	10	.744
Arnot, 18	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	11	11	7	6	12	10	11	.704
Webster, 16	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	10	10	6	7	11	10	11	.672
Ingalls, 16	9	10	..	..	..	..	13	13	6	9	10	12	13	.740
Barry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	7	6	7	10	11	.573
Rowe, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	7	7	6	10	4	6	.546
Straw, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	5	10	8	5	8	8	7	.537
Kirkwood, 18	7	6	12	12	..	..	..	14	9	..	13	13	..		.820
Marsalis, 16	10	6	..	..	..	..	13	10	3	7	12	9	10		.743
Wright, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	8	8	..	12	12	14	.715
Andrews, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	14	8	8	13	15	13	.864
Philbrook, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	4	2	7	9	..	.516
Fairbanks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	11	13	..	..	13	13	..	.800
Marshall, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	6	8	10	13	11	.667
Hawkins, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	11	9	7	9	11	..	.700
Dickey, 21	8	10	14	13	..	..	..	12	5	..	..	..	..	..	.827
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	12	11	14	.800
Corbett, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	10	12	14	.774
Muldown, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9	7	10	.570
Lawler, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	11	8	9	.493
Harlow, 16	..	..	4	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.417
Flower, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8		.640
Lehan, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	.650
Fisher, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	.450
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10		.667
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9		.600
Augustus, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7		.467

Fitchburg Gun and Rifle Club.

Hawkins	11001110100101110010111111101—20
Andrews	11011011111111111111111111111—28
Converse	01111110010111111011001111111011—22
Wilder	11110101111111111101111111110—26
Cutler	11111111001110011111111011111—25—121

Boston Gun Club.

Woodruff	10111110110111111111111110111—26
Wild	11111001000110101010100000101—15
Spencer	00111101111111111101111101010111—23
Bell	11111111111111111111100110100—25
Kirkwood	11110111101111111111111110011—26—115

Harvard Gun Club.

Dupont	11111110010101110111111111111—25
Bancroft	10110111101111110111010110011—22
Corbett	11110101010011101011110111111—22
Ingalls	01001110111101111011101111110—22
Marsalis	00011111111111110101100100111—21—112

Watertown Gun Club.

Dennison	11011110011000100111010111111—20
Barry	01010001010011111111101110000011—17
Gleason	11111111110111101011111010111—24
Hodsdon	11111101100111101110110111110—23
Fairbanks	10111111110111111111110111111—26—110

Haverhill Gun Club.

Tozier	01110011010011110111010111111—21
Webster	01111110111011010111010111111—21
Childs	10111010010011110101110110101—19
Rule	11110111011111010110111111110—24
Miller	00011100000000001101111110111—15—100

Birch Brook Gun Club.

Frank	00111011110111101111111110111101—28
Straw	11100110100010110100101010111—16
Muldown	11110011101010010100001011010 1—16
Hastings	10111110011110110011010111011—20
Rowe	11011011100110100000111000 1000—14— 89

Providence Gun Club.

Griffiths	11110111010111011111111111111—26
Leroy	11111101110110010111011111111—24
Sarge	01011111111111111011011111111—25
Cake	01011011111111111111011011111—25
Root	11011011011111111111001111111000—22—122

Apgar and Keller Dubs.

Apgar	10111111101001110111111111111—25
Keller	00011111111110100001101101 1001—28
Arnot	11111001111011111001111001111 0—22
Corson	11011111011111101110111101111—22
Bullard	10101111010000 0w — 7— 97

Prize match, 30 singles, distance handicap: Griffiths (19yds) 28, Phillips (16) 26, Bell (16) 26, Leroy (21) 25, Cutler (18) 25, Tozier (16) 25, Powell (16) 25, Worthing (16) 25, Woodruff (17) 24, Spencer (18) 24, Adams (18) 23, Sarge (18) 23, Frank (18) 23, Apgar (21) 22, Cake (16) 22, Windel (16) 22, Hodsdon (16) 22, Fairbanks (16) 22, Dupont (16) 22, Train (16) 21, Rowe (16) 20, Arnot (18) 20, Rule (18) 19, Webster (18) 19, Gleason (18) 19, Wilder (18) 19, Bullard (17) 19, Dix (16) 19, Tenney (16) 19, Miller (16) 18, Keller (16) 17, Converse (16) 16, Childs (16) 16, Hastings (16) 12, Raynes (16) 11.

Paducah Tournament.

PADUCAH, Ky.—The Paducah Gun Club's third annual tournament, was notable for the high class talent which was in attendance. The first two days were devoted to targets; the third day to live birds. Mr. W. R. Crosby won high professional average for the two days, breaking 342 out of 350. A bountiful luncheon was served free. The two days' summary, April 28 and 29, follows:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Crosby	175	169	175	173	350	342
Gilbert	175	167	175	162	350	329
Heikes	175	165	175	160	350	325
M Starr	175	153	175	161	350	324
Bronaugh	175	163	175	159	350	322
Ben Starr	175	155	175	158	350	313
Fulford	175	155	175	154	350	309
Le Compte	175	152	175	154	350	306
Coe	175	156	175	150	350	306
Hughes	175	157	175	149	350	306
Legler	175	157	175	147	350	304
Phil	175	152	175	149	350	301
P C Ward	175	151	175	149	350	300
Fort	175	152	175	145	350	297
Waters	175	154	175	143	350	297
Rouse	175	144	175	149	350	293
Farrell	175	142	175	148	350	290
Brady	175	142	175	146	350	288
Trimble	175	137	175	148	350	285
Meaders	175	138	175	138	350	276
Davis	175	132	175	142	350	274
Mercer	175	127	175	126	350	253
Du Bray	175	118	175	133	350	251
Eaker	175	106	175	121	350	227
Hansbro	175	124	100	66	275	190
Carter	100	73	140	103	240	176
Prouse	175	152	...	...	175	152
Robertson	175	146	...	...	175	146
Voris	...	...	175	146	175	146
Marshall	...	...	175	145	175	145
McMillen	...	...	175	145	175	145
G W Hill	...	...	175	144	175	144
Gray	...	...	175	138	175	138
Moss	175	130	...	...	175	130
Starling	175	127	...	...	175	127
Kennedy	...	...	175	119	175	119
Gant	175	89	...	...	175	89
Watson	105	71	...	...	105	71
Page	100	71	...	...	100	71
Shaw	...	...	120	69	120	69
Kimball	...	...	100	48	100	48
Pragoff	50	34	...	...	50	34
Mont Ward	50	28	...	...	50	28

The third day, April 30, had a live-bird programme. The first event was at five birds, $5 entrance, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.: T. Marshall (31) 5, Ben Starr (29) 5, M. Starr (29) 5, Bronaugh (28) 5, B. Weille (27) 5, Hansbro (28) 5, Le Compte (29) 5, Gilbert (32) 5, J. T. Page (28) 5, E. Brady (28) 5, Phil (30) 5, Heikes (31) 5, Walters (27) 5, J. M. Hughes (30) 5, Waters (30) 5, Crosby (32) 5, Lang (28) 5, Fort (30) 5, Davis (27) 5, P. C. Ward (29) 5, Fulford (30) 5, J. J. Gray (17) 5, Rouse (26) 5, G. Ward (26) 5, Ed Voris (29) 5, F. O'Leary (29) 4, J. W. Farrell (27) 4, Du Bray (29) 4, Carver (28) 4, E. B. Coe (30) 4, Kimball (26) 3, C. Strow (26) 2, M. Ward (26) 2, Mercer (26) 2, Eaker (26) 2, De Nemo (26) 2.

Event No. 2, Paducah handicap, 25 birds, $20 entrance, birds extra, $500 guaranteed. There were thirty entries, three moneys for each ten entries:

Du Bray, 29	22222222222222222222222222—25
Gilbert, 32	22222221111222211112211 22—25
Crosby, 32	22221222212122222222222122—25
Marshall, 31	22222222222222222222222222—25
Fort, 30	22112012222221222222222—24
B Starr, 29	21201112111112212111112 12—24
Fulford, 30	10222222221222222222212222—24
Page, 28	2222*22222222221222222222—24
M Starr, 29	22220222222222222222222222—24
Hughes, 30	20112121111121222212121 21—24
O'Leary, 29	2222222222*22222222202221—23
R O Heikes, 31	12222122212212222222201210—23
H Waters, 30	12022220222221122222212222—23
Ed Voris, 29	1*22111221222221112212*21—23
P C Ward, 29	12222112111101121120111 20—23
Le Compte, 29	22*22022222022221222221 22—22
Phil, 30	22222022222022222222222022—22
E Brady, 28	20212221222222212220120 120—22
Carver, 28	02122222222212*121211*21—22
Gray, 27	22121111120111011101222 22—22
B Weille, 27	2222222212*02222222221201—22
Farrell, 27	22020112211120222202222222—22
W A Davis, 27	12122121211221111102111 1—22
Rouse, 26	01111222220221212111112 20—22
H Bepper, 27	02102222222202222202222222—21
Eaker, 26	0202220*22222222220222222—20
C Strow, 26	10*00000100102011020100 01—10
Hansbro, 28	20122220220w
H Walters, 27	12*1*201w

Extra event, 10 birds, $10 entrance, high guns: Gray 10, B. Starr 10, Gilbert 10, Crosby 10, Coe 9, Le Compte 9, M. Starr 9, O'Leary 9, Carver 8, Ward 8, H. Byers 7, Rouse 7, Hugbes 7, T. Eretts 5, Heikes, Page, Du Bray, Fulford, Walters and Fort withdrew.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., May 6.—The opening shoot of the Newport Gun Club's season took place to-day. Delightful weather favored the event. The scores were good, considering that this was the first shoot, and the number of shooters was fairly large. Mr. Thomas F. Stearnes led the field with the good score of 91 out of a possible 100. Mr. Jack Rabinson, a new member of the club, shot at the traps for the second time. He did good work, making a score of 71.

The club will shoot every Wednesday afternoon during the rest of the season. The scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25	25	
T F Stearnes	22	23	23	23	—91	S P Marston	15	13	14	..	—42
B B Semmes	17	22	20	21	—80	W K Stow	18	18	10	..	—46
H Westacott	17	20	19	19	—75	F Allen	8	15	13	..	—36
J De Pass	19	17	19	19	—74	C W Robinson	18	20	..	..	—38
J Robinson	19	22	15	15	—71	A G Fifer	19	..	..	..	—19
F Saunders	15	15	13	..	—43						

T. F. S.

Programme of New York State Shoot.

FOLLOWING is the programme of the New York State shoot:

Monday, June 8, 5 P. M.—Annual meeting of the New York State Association for Protection of Fish and Game, in the rooms of the Ossining Steamer Company, Corporation Rooms, Main street.

First Day, Tuesday, 10 A. M.—State event No. 1, 25 bluerocks, $3; all ties divided, Rose system; events 2 to 9, each 20 targets, $2 entrance. State event No. 10, Grand Handicap, 25 bluerocks, 11 to 22yds., entrance $2.50; first prize, silver cup presented by Jacob Ruppert; second, 35 per cent.; third, 25 per cent.; fourth, 20 per cent.; fifth, 10 per cent.; sixth, 10 per cent. of purse. Shoot-off for medal only.

Second Day, Wednesday, 10 A. M.—No. 1, merchandise shoot, open to all amateurs, 25 bluerocks, entrance $5; all ties shot off miss-and-out; 50 cents fee charged to all who shoot off. Nos. 2 to 9, open events, as per first day, 20 bluerocks, each $2 entrance. While the merchandise event for amateurs is being shot, a special set of merchandise prizes for professionals will be shot for, a list of which follows the regular merchandise list in the programme.

Third Day, Thursday, June 11, 10 A. M.—State event No. 1, 25 bluerocks, entrance $3; six moneys; all ties divided. Eight open events, Nos. 2 to 9, 20 bluerocks, each $2. State event No. 10, 25 bluerocks, entrance $3, six moneys; all ties divided.

Fourth Day, Friday, June 12, 10 A. M.—No. 1, 25 bluerocks, entrance $3; all ties divided.

No. 2, four-man team championship of New York State, 25 bluerocks per man, $2.50 each; clubs may enter one or more teams; money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent; in addition to money, men on the winning team will receive each a pair of gold cuff buttons, presented by I. T. Washburn.

No. 3, championship event: 100 singles and 20 pairs; individual amateur championship of New York State Association for 1903; entrance $6, all at 16yds.; targets 3 cents each, included in entrance in this event; winner will receive a diamond medal, costing $100, presented by the Ossining Gun Club. This medal becomes absolute property of the winner. Moneys divided according to entries.

No. 4, Dean Richmond trophy, value $1,150; three-man team, 50 bluerocks per man, entrance $10 per team.

Five per cent. will be deducted from event No. 1, first day; No. 1, second day; No. 10, third day, and No. 1, fourth day, for high averages in State events, exclusive of handicap and merchandise events.

Interstate rules to govern.

We will shoot rain or shine, stands being covered. Shooting each day begins at 10 A. M. Targets included in the entrance fee in all events. Rose system, unless otherwise specified. Paid representatives or professionals may shoot for targets only, or may enter regularly in open events, figuring in division of first money only and weekly high average money.

Ossining is a station on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., thirty-one miles from New York city. The shooting grounds are ten minutes by trolley from the station.

Average money prizes will be given to five shooters making highest average in open events for the three days. Five ten dollar gold pieces to five highest averages.

Shooters, if eligible, must enter in the entire programme each day.

If at any time they wish to withdraw, money will be refunded for the remaining events.

Any claim of an error made in scoring must be corrected at once. Watch the score board!

Guns and ammunition sent care of Barlow & Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

A good dinner will be served on the grounds at reasonable prices.

All popular loads will be for sale on the grounds.

Targets will be thrown from three magautraps.

A silver cup will be given the professional making the highest general average in the open events during the week.

The management reserves the right to challenge any shooter's standing as an amateur, and to refuse any entry.

Paid experts living in New York State and members of a club which is itself a member of the New York State Association, may shoot in the team races.

Professionals are absolutely barred from competing for the diamond medal.

Manager, Charles North, Cleveland, O. Club manager, Chas. G. Blandford, Ossining, N. Y.

The Ossining Gun Club has issued the following circular:

The following events in the shoot of the New York State Association for Protection of Fish and Game, which is to be held at Ossining, N. Y., during June 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, will appeal to shooters residing outside of the State of New York: Monday, the 8th, will be devoted to the shooting of small sweeps and practice. Tuesday, the 9th, there will be eight events at 20 bluerocks each. Wednesday, the 10th, there will be a classified merchandise event, in which there will be given a $100 Parker, $80 L. C. Smith, $80 Lefever, $80 Remington, and many more prizes of value, aggregating over $800. This event is open to amateurs only. Following the merchandise event there will be eight open events at 20 bluerocks each.

On Thursday, the third day, there will eight open events at 20 bluerocks each. Professionals will be allowed to figure in the division of first money only.

The five shooters making highest averages in the open events will receive a ten dollar gold piece.

A $40 gold medal, presented by Frederick Potter, will be given to the amateur member of State Association for general high averages in State events, not counting the handicap.

We have decided to make the merchandise event open to all amateurs.

Shooters may obtain programmes by addressing C. G. Blandford, Club Manager, Ossining, N. Y.

High averages will be taken only from the scores made in the eight open events each day at 20 targets each, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Rose system. Cheap hotel rates. Ossining is only one hour's ride from New York city on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

C. G. BLANDFORD,
Club Manager.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 7.—To-day was the first club shoot since the day was changed to Thursday. The scores were good, considering the weather—strong north wind and an occasional dash of rain and enthusiasm. Well, in both cup events there were ties, necessitating shoot-offs.

The first event of interest was for the Marshall cup, at 25 birds, and resulted in a tie between Winan and Marshall, each scoring 21 points. In the final shoot-off Winan won out with 22. Scores:

Winan (3) 21, Marshall (3) 21, DuBois (2) 20, Adriance (0) 19, Wettereau (2) 19, Traver (0) 17, Briggs (3) 16, Hoctor (1) 15, Fenn (2) 15, Smith (2) 14.

Winan now has three wins out of the necessary six to acquire ownership to this cup.

The next event was for the club cup, at 25 birds. This is a large silver cup, valued at $50, bought by the club, to be put in competition on club shoot days, the first Thursday of each month. This event resulted in a tie between Fenn and Briggs, each scoring 20 points, and shoot-off resulted in another tie, each scoring 18 points; and in the final shoot-off Briggs won out on 21. Scores: Fenn (2) 20, Briggs (3) 20, Winans (3) 19, Smith (2) 19, Adriance (0) 18, Du Bois (2) 16, Hoctor (1) 16, Marshall (3) 14, Wettereau (2) 18, Traver (0) 9.

This event was shot during a thunder storm, which accounts for lower scores than were made in some of the other events.

Following are the other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	Targets:	10	15	10	15	25
Winans	5	7	4	8	..	Marshall	..	..	4	5	..
Hoctor	6	8	8	..	..	Briggs	..	..	2	..	..
Traver	5	5	6	6	..	Adriance	..	..	..	..	18
Hans	10	11	..	..	21	Wettereau	..	..	..	..	20
Du Bois	6	9	..	..	..						

DUB.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., May 9.—Following are the scores made to-day on Gage's Hill:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
*Corson	62	52	Hallam	65	26
Fisher	65	42	Warren	30	11
St. Evens	75	42			

*Two straights and eighteen consecutive breaks.

Wilmington Tournament.

WILMINGTON, Del., May 9.—The two days' tournament given by W. M. Foord and L. J. Squier on the grounds of the Wawasset Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., was one of the most successful shoots ever given in this city.

The programme called for eleven events at 15 and 20 targets, a total of 175 for each day; $37 was added each day, and the money divided Rose system. The sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds., was used all through the tournament, and while this system was new to most of the contestants, it proved to be quite a success. There were forty-one entries on the first day and twenty-two shot the entire programme. Squier won high average with 157 out of 175 from the 18yd, 19 and 20yd. marks; Skelly second with 152 out of 175 from the 18, 19 and 20yd. marks. There were thirty-two entries on the second day, and nineteen shot the entire programme. Mink was high with 163 out of 175 from the 18, 19 and 20yd. marks. Squier was second with 162 from 18, 19 and 20yds.

Fifteen men shot through the entire two days' programme, and only three men shot for price of targets during the two days.

The special purse for amateurs who shot through the programme and failed to win their entrance amounted to $31, and was divided between eight men, and it paid them 80 per cent. of the amount they lost.

The trade was represented by T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, J. M. Hawkins, Frank Butler, Ed Banks, J. T. Skelly, L. Z. Lawrence and L. J. Squier.

Mr. Geo. Formau, who has "been there" before, handled the cash in a very satisfactory manner.

Messrs. Hawkins and Skelly helped hustle squads, and Mr. D. S. Daudt, who is always willing and ready to lend a helping hand, conquered the magautrap.

The shoot was a big success, and the boys had a good time, and we hope to have them with us again.

First Day, May 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	Broke.
Squier	15	13	12	14	18	13	14	13	13	18	14	157
Skelly	12	14	10	13	19	11	13	14	14	19	13	152
Apgar	15	14	13	14	19	10	13	12	11	17	12	150
German	12	11	13	15	15	12	12	14	13	20	13	150
Hawkins	13	11	15	14	19	10	13	13	13	16	12	149
Malone	13	14	15	15	18	12	11	10	13	13	15	148
Lawrence	12	13	12	13	15	13	12	12	13	19	13	147
Richardson	15	11	14	11	18	14	11	12	14	16	11	147
Banks	14	10	12	14	17	12	12	11	13	17	13	145
Blue Rock	13	11	13	14	16	13	11	15	11	16	13	144
Henderson	14	6	13	14	14	14	13	12	14	19	10	143
Brady	12	13	13	13	14	13	14	10	12	14	14	142
Burroughs	11	12	11	14	17	13	9	13	10	18	12	140
Chew	11	12	11	12	15	14	16	14	11	18	10	138
Lupus	13	14	11	6	16	13	14	11	14	15	10	137
Daudt	13	13	10	12	11	13	15	7	10	17	14	135
McKelvey	11	11	12	9	16	13	6	14	9	18	11	130
Barnard	9	12	10	12	16	12	10	10	9	14	9	123
Colbourne	10	12	8	10	15	8	7	12	12	11	9	114
Butler	14	10	8	9	8	10	7	9	10	20	8	113
Foord	12	13	12	13	17	13	12	12	15	15	13	142
W George	10	10	10	8	15	10	10	11	8	11	3	106
Offutt	9	6	8	9	9	7	7	..	..	..	..	...
Kent	9	12	9	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Phil	13	13	12	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keller	14	13	12	11	14	12	11	8	9	..	..	...
Stevens	14	10	9	9	..	11	5	..	..	..	..	...
Evans	12	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	...
J George	10	6	8	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dupont	12	10	4	9	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Seward	14	12	14	11	17	11	10	..	..	..	..	...
Foster	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Leek	..	..	11	14	16	11	8	12	12	14	11	...
Bell	..	..	..	12	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hartlove	..	..	..	12	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	...
J A P	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
King	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Dupont	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
A Dupont	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	11	..	..	..	...
Volko	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	...
Loabe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...

Second Day, May 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	Broke.
Mink	13	15	15	13	19	15	14	15	13	19	12	163
Squier	14	14	14	15	19	14	12	15	14	20	11	162
Skelly	14	13	14	15	17	14	14	13	14	17	15	160
Hawkins	13	14	14	15	17	14	14	14	13	17	13	158
Lawrence	15	13	15	10	20	13	15	12	15	15	14	157
Foord	14	15	11	11	19	14	13	13	15	16	12	153
Apgar	12	13	14	15	16	13	13	14	13	19	13	155
German	12	14	14	13	13	14	15	12	12	18	15	152
Boyd	14	13	15	13	18	13	15	11	13	19	13	151
Chew	14	12	11	14	18	13	13	13	13	18	12	151
Malone	10	10	14	14	12	14	15	11	13	19	13	151
McKelvey	13	13	12	13	19	13	12	12	9	19	13	148
Henderson	13	16	11	12	17	13	11	13	14	16	13	148
Lupus	13	12	11	15	13	13	14	12	9	19	15	146
Dew	12	12	13	12	17	15	10	13	13	16	12	145
Butler	12	11	10	12	17	13	13	13	13	17	13	144
Carr	15	13	13	11	20	11	12	11	13	19	13	141
Burroughs	11	9	9	14	17	12	13	15	15	16	12	141
Leek	13	14	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Seward	12	13	13	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keller	12	14	12	15	18	15	9	..	..	..	..	...
Jackson	14	10	14	11	15	10	12	11	10	..	..	...
Becker	9	14	11	11	17	12	12	14	11	16	..	...
Wilmer	..	9	11	12	..	11	14	10	..	..	12	...
E Dupont	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	10	..	..	...
Baskerville	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	16	13	...
Simon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	17	10	...
Faulkner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	14	...
A Dupont	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	...
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	...
Huber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	...
Daudt	13	12	13	15	18	12	10	14	14	17	14		152

General Averages.

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
L J Squier	157	162	319
J T Skelly	152	160	312
J M Hawkins	149	158	307
Neaf Apgar	150	155	305
L Z Lawrence	147	157	304
L S German	150	152	302
J Malone	148	151	299
W M Foord	142	153	295
Henderson	143	148	291
Chew	138	151	289

Rockwell Tournament.

ROCKWELL CITY, Ia., May 6.—The Rockwell City Gun Club's two-days' tournament did not have as large an attendance as was expected, and the lack of live birds did not allow them to complete the programme. For the same reason the special match between O. C. Battger, of Ollie, Ia., and Al Gilson, of Fonda, was not shot.

C. W. Budd was the only manufacturer's agent present, and shot through the first day's programme for targets only. He was high with .915 per cent.

After lunch it was decided to shoot the target events on second day's programme, as two averages were given for the two high guns. W. B. Linell won first and C. B. Adams second.

The weather was pleasant in the forenoon, but soon after lunch it began raining, and was very disagreeable the balance of the day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Av.
W B Linell	13	12	20	12	15	18	12	13	18	14	12	18	.885
A Gilson	13	12	15	14	13	17	17	11	..	..	..	..	....
J Peterson	11	11	13	17	12	16	13	10	19	14	15	19	.850
O C Battger	10	11	16	14	13	19	14	15	17	15	13	16	.865
H C Hoon	14	13	13	14	10	17	14	12	16	..	..	..	....
Carver	10	12	16	8	10	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	....
W D Townsend	13	15	17	11	12	17	12	10	16	14	13	17	.835
C B Adams	11	13	20	14	13	18	14	13	19	12	14	20	.905
C W Budd	12	13	18	12	15	20	15	15	19	12	14	18	.915
Geo Hughes	14	14	14	12	11	11	9	13	..	..	..	..	....
H C Dorton	14	14	16	12	13	15	12	14	..	..	..	..	....

HAWKEYE.

Dewitt Tournament.

DE WITT, Ia., May 7.—The tournament of the De Witt Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was good on Wednesday, but quite a number went home on Wednesday evening. Event No. 2 on this morning had twelve entries, which was high for the day. The weather was fine both days, but owing to a bad background the scores were not high.

May 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke.
W B Linell	13	13	14	13	18	13	13	14	11	13	12	23	170
L Walrod	13	14	14	14	17	15	14	14	15	14	15	23	182
J Homer	9	10	11	13	15	13	14	13	12	14	11	19	154
M H Souser	12	10	10	12	15	13	11	11	11	14	10	23	152
I McCaughey	12	14	13	12	16	14	11	15	13	15	13	21	169
A M Price	11	9	10	9	16	11	13	13	7	13	14	21	147
J Hayes	13	11	11	13	15	14	13	11	10	10	13	17	151
H C Watson	9	13	14	11	20	15	14	12	15	13	14	20	174
H Stege	14	13	13	13	18	10	11	13	11	14	12	20	160
E Hazen	10	11	11	11	13	9	10	12	13	12	11	22	145
C H Arthur	12	12	13	11	16	15	15	12	14	15	8	19	162
C McCard	8	12	9	9	13	13	..	..	14	12	10	19	...
Jack Shaddow	12	14	13	11	15	13	11	14	12	15	8	20	158
F Butterfield	10	11	10	9	13	13	13	9	12	7	10	23	140
F Jaubs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	...
F Lord	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	14	12	18	...
E Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	7	16	...
T A McCall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	12	..	...
C Howen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	14	...
M Kelley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	...
W H Ferren	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	...

May 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Total
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke.
Walrod	13	12	14	15	19	14	14	10	13	14	15	25	178
Homer	12	10	10	13	16	12	13	12	14	14	11	21	158
Watson	11	14	14	15	19	13	12	15	13	12	14	23	175
Linell	14	14	11	15	18	12	15	14	14	13	12	25	177
Steege	12	13	11	13	19	12	12	14	12	12	..	..	...
Arthur	10	11	10	12	18	13	12	13	13	13	13	20	158
Somer	8	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wheeler	10	11	5	..	13	8	13	..	..	6	..	..	...
Butterfield	12	6	10	14	16	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lord	12	11	9	12	17	13	10	14	11	11	11	21	158
McCard	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kelley	..	..	9	8	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

General averages:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.	Average.
L Walrod	182	178	360	.923
H C Watson	174	175	349	.894
W B Linell	170	177	347	.890

HAWKEYE.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass. May 6.—The Boston Gun Club's final shoot of their spring prize series was held at Wellington to-day, and a disagreeable day prevented what was sure to be a large attendance. The finishing up of the various matches brought the interest up to fever heat, in spite of the small attendance, and many an exciting 10 and 15 target event was the outcome. Bell managed to keep up his good work, breaking a 25, displacing an old 19, a jump of 6 targets, enough to land him in first place at the finish. Woodruff also increased his score, his efforts of 23 cutting out a 21 and securing second place. Baker third, not availing himself of the opportunity to throw out scores. Ties were in abundance on fourth, fifth and sixth places, Spencer, Gleason and Kirkwood each having 165, the two former having the advantage, and through B. G. C. rules are to shoot off for fourth and fifth places. Seventh place went to the shooter present the most times, Frank, and a little bit low for him, too; but wait till next series, and there will be another story to tell. Eighth and last places were taken care of by Prior and Lee, the latter wishing there had been another shoot to cut out a 12, which would have had to go, as the new gun has shown lots of improvement the last few shoots. The consecutive match was won by Rule, of Lowell, 45 being a score no one could beat, though Griffiths' 41 looked like a winner at the time, but then you never can tell what is coming. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	15	10	15	25	25	25	Av.
Woodruff, 17	7	10	9	5	12	11	6	11	..	..	..	.710
Lee, 16	3	12	6	7	9	11	6	12	..	..	..	.660
Bell, 16	7	14	7	6	12	13	9	14	..	..	..	.820
Retwood, 14	4	4	..	3	10	..	2	..	..	..	..	.384
Williams, 16	9	11	4	7	11	13	..	11	19	..	..	.740
Spencer, 16	..	12	..	..	13	14	8	11	..	..	..	.829
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	.623
Adams, 16	..	6	..	..	8	9	..	8	16	19	18	.793
Gleason, 18	..	13	..	..	8	15	..	12	18	25	16	.793
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	16	.500

Consecutive breaks: Gleason 25, Adams 19, Spencer 17, Bell 15.

Merchandise match, 30 singles, distance handicap:

Bell, 16	111011110111011111111110111110—25
Spencer, 18	111111101011101111101100111111—24
Williams, 16	010111100111110111011111111111—24
Woodruff, 17	111011101111011011111011101101—23
Gleason, 18	111110110111111100011101100101—21
Lee, 16	010110110101110111101101101101—20
Adams, 16	001000010100111110011010100101—14

Final winners, seven best scores to count:

Bell, 16	27	26	25	25	25	24	21	173
Woodruff, 17	30	27	24	23	23	23	21	171
Baker, 19	28	27	25	24	23	23	20	170
Spencer, 18	27	25	24	24	24	21	21	165
Gleason, 18	28	25	24	23	23	21	21	165
Kirkwood, 18	27	26	25	23	22	22	20	165
Frank, 18	24	23	23	22	22	22	22	158
Prior, 16	27	26	19	18	18	16	10	134
Lee, 16	24	23	20	18	17	17	12	131

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 9.—The shoots of the Brooklyn Gun Club have settled down into quite substantial events of late, the hustling manager, John S. Wright, making new students as the old ones graduate, or business cares or change of domicile engage them elsewhere. Mr. H. S. Welles was the bright particular star of the shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	5	10	8	12	24	9	14	7	15
Welles	10	15	5	10	8	12	24	9	14	7	15
Bergen	10	12	10	10	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Frost	7	11	4	13	6	11	15	..	12	3	..
Hitchcock	9	10	8	14	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
Ackley	6	11	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cheesebrough	5	9	5	11	5	..	15	..	..	7	..
Newton	5	8	3	9	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
Wright	6	10	5	14	6	10	15	7	10	7	12
Mohrman	6	9	7	..	..	..	19	..	..	7	..
Bennett	8	14	7	14	7	13	23	..	..	3	..
Druver	4	8	4	7	..	..	15	..	..	8	..
Corins	8	13	6	13	7	12	18	..	10	4	..

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 9.—In the handicap trophy shoot of the Chicago Gun Club to-day, O'Brien was first, Waters was second, Patrick was third. The scores were as follows: Walters (4) 24, Patrick (8) 22, Buck (6) 20, Lefferts (7) 22, Franklin (6) 18, Dr. Morton (6) 20, O'Brien 26, Young 14, Hensler 13, Zacker (4) 17, Bowles (4) 22, Burcky (7) 14.

In the first shoot-off between Patrick and Bowles they tied on 9. In the second shoot-off Patrick won, 9 to 5.

No. 2 was a sweepstake at 15 targets, handicap, as follows: Walters (2) 14, Patrick (4) 16, Morton (3) 13, O'Brien (4) 16, H. Young (2) 8, Hensler 11, Zacker (2) 9, Bowles (2) 12, Burcky (4) 7, Parker (6) 13, Mrs. Howard (5) 9.

Brownsville Rod and Gun Club.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa.—The fourth two-day target tournament of the Trapshooters' League of Western Pennsylvania will be held on the grounds of the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club, May 26 and 27. The programme calls for 175 targets each day, five of 15 and five of 20-target events; entrance $17.50 each day; moneys divided under the Rose system, the ratio being 6, 5, 4 and 3 in 15-target events and 7, 6, 5, 4 and 3 in 20-target events. Targets, 2 cents, included in entrance, 1½ cents for each and every target trapped added to the purses in each event; and in addition to this, the Brownsville Rod and Gun Club adds $125 as follows: $50 to each day's programme; $4 to the 15, and $6 to the 20-target events, and $25 to the two low guns shooting through the two days' programme and not winning their entrance; to be divided equitably between them, and not to pay more than their entrance. No shooter, excepting a paid representative, will be permitted to shoot for targets only. Everybody welcome.

W. T. DAUGHERTY, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Up State Business Notes.

NEW YORK, May 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was indeed a pleasure to call at the factory of the Lefever Arms Co. The Messrs. Durston, president and secretary of this concern, are naturally well pleased over the fact that one of their medium grade guns won the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City. The writer was greatly pleased when examining some of this company's fine grades to discover a workmanship and quality of the very highest, which is a great credit to American arms.

This was true also of a visit with Mr. Farwell, Secretary of the Baker Gun Company, at Batavia. While it is well known that this company make a good medium grade of guns, it is not so well known that in the finer grades of their work there is nothing lacking.

I was informed by Mr. A. W. Savage that their produce for 1903 is sold up in all departments.

Mr. Wolcott, manager of the Fred Divine Rod Company, of Utica, showed me many samples of their hand-made rods, of various woods used in this class of work, and for all waters. It was here that I saw the bait-casting rod made by this company that won the world's record at Chicago.

Mr. W. H. More, formerly with the Winchester Company, was keeping house at the Syracuse Arms Company's offices in Syracuse during Mr. Buell's absence in the Adirondacks, where his son is staying on account of impaired health. Mr. More is enthusiastic over the outlook for the shotgun business.

T. E. B.

Down in Dixie.

THERE are many opportunities in the South for making money, especially to those who understand manufacturing some useful article and have the means to start manufacturing on a small scale. Mr. Fred Oliver, of Pennsylvania, went to North Carolina a few years since with comparatively small capital, and to-day he is a wealthy man. He made his first money by starting a small cotton-seed oil mill. Mr. Julius Lewis, a Northern man, went to Raleigh, N. C., and started a small hardware business, and he made, within a few years, enough money to afford to retire from business. Mr. Lewis was elected chairman of the Selectmen of the County of Wake, which has located in its district the State Capital. Northern men are not only welcome down South, but in many instances elected to important offices. If you want to learn something about the South, there is no better man to write to than John T. Patrick, of Pinebluff, N. C., who was founder of the prosperous Northern men's settlement and winter resort, Southern Pines. Last year there were more than ten thousand people from the North who visited Southern Pines. It is a noted health resort, and Pinebluff is another place being built up by Northern men and women.—*Adv.*

Gettysburg and Washington.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

THE battlefield of Gettysburg, and the National Capital in all the glory of its spring freshness, are attractions so alluring that few would feel like refusing to visit them. It is to place these two attractions within easy reach of every one that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces a tour over the interesting battlefield, through the picturesque valleys of Maryland, and an entertaing stay at Washington.

The tour will leave New York 8 A. M., and Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Saturday, May 23, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of six days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the party throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives, and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of $22 from New York, $21 from Trenton, $19 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth avenue, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad street station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Mr. E. C. Griffith won high average at Boston, Mass., April 29, fifty shooters present. Mr. E. Brady won first high amateur average; Mr. Wade was second; Mr. Livingstone third, and Mr. Skannal fourth, at Vicksburg, May 4-6 tournament of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' League. Mr. J. T. Skelley won second average at Wawasset Gun Club tournament, Wilmington, Del., May 7. Mr. Lester German killed 97 out of 100 pigeons, defeating Mr. E. L. Smith at Baltimore Shooting Association grounds, Baltimore, May 6. All shot "Infallible."

The fashion of using telescopic rifle sights now being once more generally adopted, carries one back nearly forty years, to the time when we first saw these telescopes used for antelope hunting on the flat plains of Colorado. Those telescopes were made by Malcolm, of Yew York State, and the Malcolm Rifle Telescope Mfg. Company is still making telescopes for rifles at Syracuse, N. Y. It is interesting in these days of change to know of so old a business. The Malcolm company send out to applicants an illustrated catalogue of their product, which may be adapted to any rifle.

No angler can very well read the price list of rods issued by the Fred D. Divine Company, of Utica, N. Y., without being interested in the fine rods described in it, and more or less thrilled by the pictures of the fish and fishing scenes which it pictures. The Divine rods have had a reputation for many years, and as the business grows, this reputation spreads and increases. Besides rods and their accessories, the Divine Company sell a nesting boat and various articles for outfitting the camper. Catalogue on application.

Under the title "Hints about Camping," the Canadian Pacific R. R. Company has issued a pamphlet interesting and useful to tourists and pleasure seekers. It contains much information that contributes to the enjoyment of a successful camping trip, and deals with guides, canoes, outfits, fishing tackle and arms, and tells how to prepare for the table the results of the day's sport. Some hints on practical taxidermy bring to a close a useful folder, which is embellished with a number of attractive illustrations.

At Derry, Pa., April 29-30, Peters shotgun ammunition won high general average. At Irwin, Pa., May 5-6, the latter won both first and second averages for the two days. At Glen Rock, Pa., May 1-2, E. H. Storr made high average for the two days; he used Peters factory loaded shells. The tournament at Richmond, Va., May 5, was given by Harris, Flippen & Co., agents of Peters Cartridge Co.

New Advertisements.

The many outers who are constantly investigating of what is the best sleeping bags, tent or other contribution to camp comfort would do well to write to Mr. T. C. Phelps, 11 Central street, Boston, Mass., sending him a stamp for his new catalogue, which develops some original ideas in these directions.

To the great number of Adirondack enthusiasts who spend their outings in Hamilton county, the name Morley is familiar. Mr. Morley's resort now accommodates in his hotel and cottages 250 people; and he tells us that he has the best woodcock, grouse and deer hunting in the State. He furnishes a catalogue on application.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

AS TO DISCUSSION.

THE literature pertaining to the sports of land and water may be divided, in a general way, into two phases, that which is descriptive in its character, and that which is speculative or controversial.

In descriptive writing, the success of the writer depends on his skill in arranging his fund of incident pleasingly and sensibly; in drawing clear word pictures, and in infusing a certain spirit and interest which can only emanate from his own individual genius. He assumes that all will look at his word pictures from his own view-point, as he is quite warranted in assuming. Flowing thus unopposed that writing, if good, is a pleasure to its author and to its readers.

But in the other phase of literature pertaining to land and water, the discussional, each party to it is almost certain to have his own personal view-point, which, in many cases, he partially or wholly, according to the opposition, is bent on maintaining, more as a defender than as an impartial demonstrator.

In a debate or controversy, the men who can dispassionately, logically and pertinently confine themselves to the real issue are a small percentage of the whole. As a rule, men who can so discuss a pet hobby are naturally of an equable temperament and broad views, or who have had long continued rigid discipline in dealing with their fellow men, or both combined. Discussions, conducted courteously and impartially, cannot fail to be both pleasing and improving.

Controversy in field matters should be conducted with special reference to the gentlemanly amenities, for as a class, sportsmen are gentlemen. Controversy, as conducted in the struggle for existence in everyday life, wherein each one more or less directly endeavors to surpass his fellows, is out of place in matters of sport. In everyday life the competition is unceasing. In the world of sport all should meet on a common ground of good fellowship and common good.

As a rule, FOREST AND STREAM'S correspondents are admirably courteous and fair in their discussions, and we desire to compliment them for accomplishments as debators. Occasionally, however, one becomes restive and pugnacious under criticism or opposition, then, ignoring the subject matter at issue, he becomes personal. A blue pencil with a broad end is then likely, as a mediator, to be invoked. A kind word turneth away wrath, but a blue pencil deracinates the wrath itself.

When a debator abandons the subject matter and becomes personal, he makes a double display of weakness, for he confesses, on the one hand, that he cannot hold his own in the debate on its merits, and, on the other hand, that he feels a greater or lesser degree of malice toward his opponent, as expressed by the utterance of unkind personalities. We feel quite certain that some of our correspondents, on meeting erstwhile opponents, have felt indebted to us for the suppression of personalities, on discovering how many claims to good companionship they found in their opponents' society.

Unpleasant personalities have nothing of good in their favor, but have unlimited possibilities of harm.

In many instances the parties directly opposed to each other overlook entirely the fact that there is another party directly interested in their debate, which party has a right to insist that the debate shall be conducted in a manner courteous and instructive, for the greatest good of the greatest number; that party is composed of the readers of the journal in which the debate is carried on.

The same care and politeness should be observed as if all the parties, in their proper persons, were gathered together under one roof.

It may justly be remarked that the journal bearing a debate or debates has a character for dignity, justice and proper censorship to maintain, hence an editor, as an impartial arbiter and responsible censor, would be remiss in his duties if he did not scan unpleasant personalities with an unfriendly eye and trim them with a firm hand.

However specifically as this general subject concerns FOREST AND STREAM, we desire to express our pleasure at the excellence of our contributors' offerings, for they are sensible, refined and instructive. As they have been in the past, so will they ever be in the future.

SPRING NIGHTS.

THE first ten days of the month have been shuddery with more than the normal amount of chill east winds. Though bright, they lacked moisture, and the thirsty earth has dried, and dried, till all the paths and by-ways are powdery with dust. The wavy softness of the spring is giving place to a slow, partially stunted, inelastic leafage grown old before its time, like the child-life of crowded tenements. Victims of an unfavorable environment, little men and women, scarce out of babyhood, so with the spring foliage of 1903. Baby leaves looked for quickening showers that never came, and are now toughening to stoical indifference. But at night, when the winds are still, and the fever is gone from the parched ground, Venus smiles in glorious brilliancy from the western sky to see the mounds of snow white fog that heap silently together in the hollows. As the planet floats to the horizon the moon throws a flood of radiance that brings the dim features of the landscape into full relief, and presently we find the knolls and upland a-glisten with heavy dew. Now we hear the drip, drip of the eaves. Quiet, comfortable, a sound of contentment. Gone is the chill of the east wind from the heart as that soft tattoo stirs up memories of home life under the old roof tree of the past. Longfellow says:

> "The night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day,
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

So we find it. Up from the marshland comes the rythmic peep! peep! peep! peep! of frogs; an humble melody, but music nevertheless. The harsh tones of a restless meadow hen's cackle blend to smoothness with the sounding chorus in its regular time beats. Hark! the whistle of a wildfowl's wing! At intervals we hear, now distinct, now far away and dream-like, the music of birds that pass in the sky above. A shooting star trails its fiery way for an instant across the zenith, and the bird voices seem to rise and fall in comment, as it flashes by. So let us go abroad and rejoice in these soft "spring nights." Truly, they are "filled with music"—nature's music—for those whose hearts are properly keyed.

IN THESE DAYS.

WHO of us all may read the signs of summer for the continent? On the one hand lie the tropics, on the other the frozen north; here the manati and the crocodile, there the walrus and the Arctic bear. To the northeast are the moose and the eider duck; to the southwest the tiny deer and the creatures of the torrid desert. A range of forty-five degrees of latitude and sixty of longitude implies difference of environment hard to comprehend save by the seeing or the feeling. A range of 15,000 or 20,000 feet in altitude means corresponding differences.

On the middle Atlantic Coast the sun shines down with blistering heat through a smoky sky. Under the heat and drouth of late April and May the meadows are already becoming parched and brown, although the frondage of the trees has as yet hardly lost the tender green of spring for the darker hue of summer. The fields of rye have reached full height, have headed out and will soon be ready for the sickle. The birds have all come, and many have passed on to their homes further to the north. Others have built their nests and hatched their young. Young crows, big headed and short tailed, rest on the border of the nest, keenly watchful of the approach of hard worked father and mother, bringing food; owlets, fluffy and round headed, sit at the mouth of their hole and stare about. Of some birds the young are already abroad.

In the fields men sweat as they follow the plow or sow the seed.

On the prairie which flanks the mountains, the backbone of the continent, the grass is green, but it is hidden now by a covering of deep snow. The cattle, which a few days ago were rejoicing in the fresh springing herbage, now stand about, belly-deep in drifts, starving and waiting for the snow to melt. The little calves lately born, if not hopelessly chilled by the cold storm, drag vainly at the mother's udders for nourishment that they cannot yield. To the cattle and to their owners this sign of summer comes as a bitter mockery.

Among the higher mountains which overlook the stricken prairie, there is as yet no sign of spring. Valleys, ravines and gulches are piled deep with snow, and the glaciers have thickened many feet by its heavy fall. Mountain sheep are still nearly white, for they have not yet begun to shed their long winter coats; bears have come out of their holes and are prowling over the foothills searching—too often in vain—for something to fill their empty bellies. They make long journeys over hard frozen snow banks, and tear away rocks on the mountain sides to reach the nest of mouse or ground squirrel. It has been a hard winter on mountain game and it is still hard.

Away to the westward, on the shores of the still Pacific, is the beautiful land of flowers, a land named for the saints and the angels, a land where in feeling it is always summer. Now cultivated fields and mountain sides alike are green from the plenteous rains of winter, and roots and grain and fruits are almost ready for the harvester's hand. Here is a land that smiles always, ever growing richer, more populous, happier. Well has it been called the right hand of the continent.

From the northern part of the Bering Sea the pack ice has not yet vanished. Esquimaux are still killing walrus and narwhal along its slowly receding border; whalers are waiting in their harbor for leads to open, through which they may press on toward the Arctic Sea. Inland the snow still covers the earth, but here and there strips of green show where the strengthening sun has called forth the leaves of the Arctic plants—a sign of summer.

IN his diary for the years 1787 and 1788, John Quincy Adams wrote:

> Game laws are said to be directly opposed to the liberties of the subject; I am well persuaded that they may be carried too far, and that they really are in most parts of Europe. But it is equally certain that where there are none, there never is any game; so that the difference between the country where laws of this kind exist and that where they are unknown, must be that in the former very few individuals will enjoy the privilege of hunting and eating venison, and in the latter this privilege will be enjoyed by nobody.

This was an enlightened view when we consider that it was expressed in New England a hundred years ago, when the necessity of game protection had none of the popular appreciation it has in our time. No community realizes the necessity of game protection while the native game supply is abundant. If the birds or the game animals are in hosts to-day, it is the complacent confidence of human nature to fancy that they will be plenty always. It took a prescient eye to see in the future a time when without game laws "the privilege would be enjoyed by nobody." In all of Adams' diary are no truer words than these. Nor could he have dreamed of the growth of population, the marvelous perfection of firearms, and the popularizing of hunting as a sport and the effect of all these upon the game supply. Time has demonstrated that but for the protection offered by the game laws, in New England as in every other part of the land, the existence of a continuing and perpetuating stock of game would long ago have become a thing of the past. A sufficient and unanswerable retort to any benighted fogy, who in these times questions the wisdom and public utility of game laws as a system, is the simple question, Without game protection where would there be any game? Adams shared the view of his time that protecting the game meant the securing of a privilege to be enjoyed by "very few individuals." That view was based upon observation of the European system of preserves. The spirit of the American system, on the contrary, is to secure the privilege of hunting to the greatest number of citizens.

Newfoundland's experience with a $100 non-resident license fee for caribou shooting has been decidedly disastrous to the interests of those who have in past years derived a considerable revenue from American sportsmen. A reduction of the fee at the first opportunity was a foregone conclusion. It has been made $50.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Visit to Pitcairn's Island.

In Three Parts—Part Two.

I LOOKED over my shoulder just before we had got in, to see when to stop rowing; I was bow oar, and noticed that a number of men and one boy had come down to the beach to meet us. I meant to get that boy as soon as we landed. The men dragged the boat ashore, hardly giving us time to get out of it, then began to shake hands with us. I looked around for the boy, and saw him some distance up the beach; he stood there sticking his toes in the sand; he had run off before we landed. The mate saw him and said, "Yonder is your boy already. I wonder who told him that you were coming?"

The white members of our crew had a standing joke that I would try to steal a boy off of every island we touched at, and a mate was supposed to examine my cabin and engine room each time before we raised the anchor, to see that I did not have both half full of boys. This had been started while we were among the Society Islands early the last summer. We had taken a fine whale one morning, the first one we had got in more than two weeks, and just as he was brought alongside, the weather began to get thick and the barometer was falling. We could not cut in while the gale that was coming was on; and if we rode it out, with the whale towing astern, we might lose him; the nearest island was only twenty miles away and we ran down to it and came to anchor in smooth water between a reef and the land. This was Sander's Island, it is the second largest one of the group, Tahiti being the largest.

While we were cutting in and trying out here, I took a lot of smoking tobacco, some hooks and lines and a few jack-knives, and hailing a canoe, had it take me ashore. Always when I landed on one of these islands I hunted up the boys, and after I had given a few of them tobacco and fish hooks they would then do the hunting for me.

This was the island that had those half-breed boys on it; they were the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty. I soon had half a hundred of them around me, and in a short time one-half of them wanted to go home with me. I made up my mind to get at least one of them if the old man did not stop me. I meant to smuggle the boy on board, then keep him out of the captain's sight until we had sailed, then as long as I had not bought the boy he probably would let me keep him. The mates would know that I had him; but none of them, except the chief mate, would interfere; it was not their funeral; and I and four of the mates were very friendly.

I picked out a boy about 14 years old, who was dressed in a cotton shirt and a pair of leggings, and that was all. He told me that he was the chief's son, but his father had about thirty boys, and had told them that any of them could go to the white man's country if the ship would take them. I took the boy to his father, and after I had given the chief some tobacco, hooks and lines and a large jack-knife, I asked him if he needed this boy in his business.

No, I could have him; and I also might take half a dozen of the brothers; he had too many blanketety blanked boys here anyhow, they were in the road here; he must have at least thirty of them; he would be blanked if he knew how many he had. The blanked missionaries had told him that he must keep these boys and raise them, and he added: "Do you know what else they told me?"

"No, what was it?"

"They told me I must send off all of my wives but one; I told them they might go to Hades." That was not what he called the country, but it will do.

"Yes, I told them I was chief here; let them teach the boys if they want to; but I need all the wives I have; who would feed these boys after I had sent their mothers off?"

The missionaries evidently had not converted this chief enough to hurt him; he could swear in two languages fluently and had five or six wives. I told him to keep them.

"How many chiefs are there on this island?" I asked. I knew he was not the only one.

"Three," was the reply, "just two too many."

"Well, then, why don't you take these men and boys and drive these other chiefs off?"

"The blanked English won't let me. I tried that, but they sent a blanked gunboat here and told me to quit fighting, that is what the blanked missionaries are here for, to watch me; I am no fool, I know it."

These people do not care for their children; I have had a nearly full-grown girl offered to me for a few of our silver dollars, but I wanted a boy; and if I had any place to put them I should have taken the chief at his word and got half a dozen of his boys; but I took this one.

I stayed to dinner with the chief and as many of his boys as could crowd into his shack. Two of them got up a fight over this; both wanted to get in; the smaller of the two seemed to be "it." He landed on his brother, knocking him out, then ran in and took his place on the floor alongside of me. His father told him to get out.

"No, chief," I said, "I want him in here; this boy seems to be a fighter."

"He is; he has half of the boys on the island whipped. I wish you would take him."

"I'll leave him here until he has whipped the other half. I am going to taboo him now; he must be let do as he pleases here."

"That is what he does do, now."

I afterward found out that this boy was his father's favorite, on account of his fighting propensities, I suppose. All these boys spoke good English and many of them read it; their father could not read though.

I had a number of them write their names in my note book, and one of them wrote the native name for his island. We ate dinner seated in a circle on the floor, while the wives of the chief waited on us; I had the chief point out the mother of my boy; he said I might take her also if I wanted her; he could get another one.

I took my boy on board and kept him there for a day; then the gale having blown itself out we got under way the next morning, and had got about a mile off shore when the captain noticed my boy and wanted to know what that native was doing on board? Some one of the mates told him that I had him. He had the ship rounded to and a boat lowered; then he sent for me and told me to take charge of the boat and land that boy again in his own country. I did so, and came back expecting to be landed in a pair of irons myself, but I never heard any more about it from the captain. I did from the crew though. This is what the mate was driving at now here on the shore of Pitcairn.

"I see him, sir," I told the mate; "I will get him," and I started toward him, but the boy began to run again.

"Don't run away. I won't hurt you. Come here."

He hesitated a moment, then ran down to me and held out his hand.

"You can speak English, can't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I am English," and looking me all over, he asked, "You are, too, are you not?"

"No, I am an American from the United States."

"Oh, I know where that is; my uncle is there, don't you know him?"

"No, I think not. What is his name?"

"Tuesday October Christian."

"Oh, yes; I have heard of him, but I have never seen him. He may be there though. It is a big country, you know; I can't know every one in it."

He wanted to see my boat, and he examined it all over, then wanted to know what I called it.

I told him it was a whale boat, and showed him the two harpoons and the lance, and how to use them.

"The whales come around here sometimes, but we never try to kill them."

"You could not, your boats are too small, and it is dangerous to kill them unless you know how. When we put this iron in one he sometimes gets mad and tries to do the killing himself. When he does he would smash this big boat as if it were an egg shell, but if they come while we are here we will kill a few of them; we only want a few more, then we are going home."

"Can't you take me home with you?"

"Why, yes, I could; I want a boy, but your father would not let you go."

"Oh, yes, he will, if you ask him."

His name he told me was Johnnie.

"Is it? My name is John also. What else do they call you besides Johnnie?"

"My whole name is John Adams Christian. Is your name John Adams?"

"No, it is John Anderson."

"Why every John here is called John Adams."

"That is because they call you after that old governor who is dead; his name was John Adams."

He kept examining my clothes; my cap and shoes were a great curiosity to him; there was not a pair of shoes on the island then. He wanted to know what kind of stuff my clothes were made of I told him flannel out of wool off a sheep.

"That captain who came with you had nice clothes. I thought he was the nicest man I had ever seen."

"That is not the captain; he is the second mate, Mr. Robinson. When he speaks to you always say 'sir' to him; we have to do it; but you need not say sir to me, any more, only 'yes' and 'no'; and tell the other boys not to do it."

"The governor makes us say 'sir' to every one. If I said only 'yes' to him he would whip me."

"Well you need not say 'sir' to me; I don't want a boy to do it."

Our crew had to address me and my partner as "master" and say "sir" to us; the captain kept up his gunboat rules in that as he did in everything else; but if the men forgot, as they sometimes did, to add the sir I never called their attention to it; though a mate or the captain, if he heard them, would give them a keel-hauling for it right away.

I took my notebook and pencil and had him write his name, then had him add "Pitcairn's Island, December 20, 1874," and told him to write his name and address that way for any of our officers who asked for it, but I forgot to tell him to change the date, and next day when he wrote it for the captain he was a day behind.

He handed me the book but kept looking at the pencil, it had a rubber tip, and he asked what this was for, and I showed how to use it.

"Have you got two of these?" he asked.

"Yes, a dozen of them; you may keep that one, if you want it."

"I'll have to keep it hid though, or I won't have it long. The governor will take it from me; he needs pencils badly now; he has only two short pieces in the school; they are to teach us to write with; when I want to write I take a burned stick and write with it, and I can make pictures, too."

"Then I'll bring you colored pencils and white paper, and you need not hide that pencil; tell the governor that I can get him all he wants, but he must not take anything I give you boys from you; I will stop that in a hurry if he tries it."

He came back to the clothes now, and would like to have some out of that cloth. All the clothes he had on were a pair of knee pants and a small shirt, neither of them had any buttons on them, only strings, and he had no pockets, his shirt bosom was his pocket.

"I am going to get you clothes like mine," I told him; "there is a man on the ship that can make them."

Oh, his mother could make them if I got him the stuff.

He stood up and gave the whole beach above us a close looking over, as though he were expecting to see some one; then asked, "Have you got any tobacco?"

I handed him a small bag of smoking tobacco, telling him to keep it and I would get him some more; then I gave him paper to make his cigarette. Next he wanted a flint and steel to light it.

"We don't use them," I told him, and striking a match I lit his cigarette, then threw the match away. He got it and tried to light it again.

"It won't light but the one time," I explained; "don't you know what matches are?"

He had never seen one before.

This boy was 14 years old, but was nearly as large as a boy of 16 would be at home. He was entirely white, the only trace of the native woman being his long black hair that hung down on his shoulders. He proposed that we go up to the village, keep out of the governor's sight, get all the boys and explore the island.

I told him I meant to do that to-morrow, but to-day I wanted to see that chapel, and we started, he going up in rear of the village so as to hide his tobacco, he said. When half way up he crawled in through a hedge, and coming out again said, "It is where the governor can't find it now, I have a place in there that he knows nothing about."

The chapel was a long, low, one-story affair, having a cross on the roof with the English flag flying above it. The old ship's bell off the Bounty was hung to a post in front.

The door stood open, and going in we found a young woman who, the boy had told me, was their teacher; this was their school. She came forward to meet us. She was dressed in a sort of a Mother Hubbard gown of native cloth, while her hair, which was brown instead of black, hung down clear to her waist. Had she been well dressed she would have passed for a lady anywhere. By the way, she was in America only a few years ago on a visit; but did not come East. I saw a notice of her in a California paper. I should like to have seen her again, she is a middle-aged woman now, but has never been married. Before we left the island the governor was making his plans to give her to me and keep me there.

"Cousin Amelia," Johnnie called out, "that ship is from the United States, and here is a man off it who can speak English, too."

"Of course he can, what else did you think he spoke? He is English the same as we are," then to me:

"You don't know how glad we were when we saw your ship at daylight this morning. We watched to see what flag you would have."

She started to show me what she called their organ; it was one of our old style parlor organs. The name plate was on it yet, and I told her it had come from New York. She sat down and played it and could still get music out of it, but it was rather worn; they had been using it for many years. She showed me their library, consisting of a few school books, prayer and hymn books, Testaments and about two dozen old magazines that they had put cloth covers on; none of the magazines were less than six years old, most of them being dated 1867. Then she brought out a book made by sewing illustrated papers, Harper's and the London Times, together; hardly a page of this had not been torn and mended again. I felt sorry for them when I saw what a poor library they had and how much they thought of it, and told her I meant to get her new books right away.

We got back to the beach and got the boat into the water, and I sculled out to the ship and found the captain on deck under the awning, and told him that I had come on board to try and get them some books.

"Go to my cabin," he said, "and take all of my magazines, and get what the mates have and take them ashore. If you see the governor tell him that I will be ashore myself this afternoon. I am going to remain here a few days. Any time you want to visit the island take a boat and go; you need not ask me; tell the mate in charge of the deck that those are my orders."

I thanked him; this was a privilege he had never been known to give any one except his mates, and they had to notify him before they left the ship.

Going to his cabin I got all his magazines, then a lot from each of the mates; then the first mate gave me a big bundle of picture papers; next I got all of my own and the steward's. None of these magazines were over a year old; we made a practice of buying them in every port we called at; the last had been got at Hobart Town, only a month ago; it had taken them several months to get these though. I made up a large bale of them; then began to hunt up the stuff for Johnnie. I had not flannel enough, but there was a man on board who acted as my tailor, and I could get it from him. He went by the name of Marblehead, from the port he hailed from down East. I had got him out of a scrape last summer when he went to sleep up in the crow's nest; and came near wrecking us on a reef. I happened to go aloft in time to see it and reported it; we missed it; and that was all. Then the captain had him put in irons, and sending for me a short time after had me give an account of the affair, and I asked for Marblehead's release and got it. Ever since then this man had made my caps, altered all my clothes and never charged me a cent for it. Going to him now I got a lot of flannel, new canvas, thread and buttons, telling him I would get enough of these from the steward to-morrow to pay him back; but after he had seen Johnnie himself he refused to take any pay. I got a new cap from him also. Then I hunted through my books and got "Cook's Voyages," "The Life of Columbus," "The Swiss Family Robinson" and "Peter the Whaler." Then I got the paper and pencils, a jack-knife, about 200 hooks in a tin box, a ball of lines, some lead sinkers, a comb and glass, a box of matches and a box of colored crayons. These I made into a bundle and took all ashore, where I told Johnnie to open his bundle and get his cap out of it. When I next looked at him he had all the books out and wanted to know whom they were for?

"For you. Everything there is yours."

"I must keep these hid, then," he said, "or they won't be mine long; the governor will take them."

"I won't let him; tie up your bundle now and let us go."

We went to the governor's house, and leaving the bundles outside we went in. The governor and our mate were there. After our greeting I told him about the books, and we brought them in.

I was about to cut the strings off his bundle when he stopped me and untying them carefully laid them away for fishing lines. Then sitting down on the floor he acted like a boy over his first pair of boots.

"Why, here are more books than I ever expected to see again, and all nice, clean ones, too. Now the women and girls must go to work and cover them right off before they are given out."

He piled them on a table now, then turned his attention to John's bundle. "What have you in that, John?"

"He has some flannel for clothes and a few things that I got for him. He must be let keep them. I have given John a few books; he was afraid that you might take them. You must not take anything I give these boys from them, governor, I won't allow that to be done, remember."

"Oh, I won't take anything from them. Let me see that bundle, John."

John was slow about letting him see it; he was still afraid of being plundered. John saw his knife for the first time now and made a grab for it.

"Let me see that knife, John," the old fellow told him.

John had shoved it into his shirt bosom; he brought it out very slowly now.

"It is a better one than I have, but that boy has no business with it. He will cut himself or some one else before he has it an hour; he has never had a knife yet."

"Well, he has that one now, let him have it. I had about two dozen of these knives. I will give you and John's father good ones. Can't I give the rest to your boys?"

"Yes, give them anything you can spare them except tobacco. If one of them asks you for anything let me know it."

"Yes, sir, I'll bring him right here. Now, governor, if one of these boys should happen to forget your order and ask me for a few fish hooks or a knife, we need not half kill him, you know; how am I to know what a boy wants unless he asks for it? Our boys at home would ask me for what they wanted quick enough."

Next he got hold of the fish hooks. "Here is what I want. Do you know that these boys have lost all the hooks I had and can lose them as fast as I can make them? I want to set the boys to fishing to keep them out of mischief."

"Well, you don't want those hooks to do it with; those are for John. I can get you all you want to-morrow."

"Let me do that now," the mate says; "the steward has them."

He next got hold of the books and asked if Cook were not an Englishman?

"Yes, it was he who discovered this island of yours and a lot of others. He found one too many when he found the Sandwich Islands; the Kanakas killed him there."

"Yes, I must read about him when I get time and about Columbus, too; I have heard of him."

"Here is 'Peter the Whaler,' sir."

"Well, John will want that; he wants to go whaling; they all do, but they won't."

"Maybe some of them will before I get through with them; I need not tell you about it, I thought."

After the books had been returned to John, we set out for John's house for dinner. His father proved to be the man who had come aboard us that morning. The house was one of the largest in the village, none of them being very large. It had a living room with a small kitchen in the rear. The front room had a rough table with a number of benches around it; the floor was the earth beaten hard and smooth; but as rude as these houses were, they were the best I had seen yet on any of the South Sea Islands.

The beds were ranged around the wall and screened with mats, and a number of shelves had pieces of English pottery, flowers and shells; everything was neat and clean.

John hid his bundle, then going back to the kitchen brought in the whole family, his father and mother, a sister older than he and a boy about ten years old. The boy ran out again as soon as he saw me, but John dragged him in again, and in five minutes I had him climbing all over me. His name was Albert Edward, a namesake of his then Royal Highness, the present King of England. This boy was ready to go whaling, also; in fact, before I left every boy on the island was ready to go. John's mother turned out to be the governor's daughter; that made John the old fellow's grandson.

The girl brought in for dinner a dish of roast pork, yams and string beans, and bread made of corn and taro root. The woman was sorry that she had no white bread for me, but I told her that I ate corn bread at home when I could get it. After dinner the bundle got another overhauling. John's mother said that there was cloth enough there to make clothes for half the boys on the island. I told her to make it up for her own two boys. She was glad to get the needles; she said there were only four of them here now among all the women. I told her I would bring her plenty for them when I next came ashore. She brought out an old pair of scissors that had come off the Bounty; they were curious looking things; I told her I had plenty of nice steel ones on the ship, and I would get them for her to-morrow. I gave her a dozen pair, and received those old ones of hers, and brought them home with me; they are in a museum now, together with a knife and fork, probably 100 years old, which she had, and a number of spoons made of horn.

John now gave his orders about how he wanted his clothes made; he wanted a jacket like mine and a shirt with a wide collar with anchors on it, such as I had. She could make the shirt, but did not know about the anchors; I told her I would get the anchors for him.

Then we started out to see the village.

CABIA BLANCO

Natural History.

My Next Door Neighbors.

THE family which for years has taken the home next to mine for the spring and summer moved in not long ago, and I am very glad to see them back again. They are good tenants, quiet and attentive to their own affairs—not mine. They keep no dogs; their children break no glass; they never ask me to do any repairs on their house. Their water pipes do not burst, their ceilings do not fall, and if there are any leaks in their roof during bad storms, they never say anything about it to me. Of course, like other mortals, they have their peculiarities, and occasionally I see people staring rather hard at the head of the house who always wears a red coat. But, on the other hand, he never obtrudes his taste in dress on his neighbors, and I feel that any little eccentricity of this kind is more than made up for by his general good manners. And if the husband's taste in dress is a little pronounced, his wife is very modest in hers, for she is always becomingly clad in gray. Perhaps she is a Quaker.

I feel that I am very lucky to have such tenants. Their home is only about twenty feet from my house, and of course such close propinquity gives great opportunity for annoyance; but we get along splendidly.

I think that very likely my tenant has the same good opinion of his landlord that I have of him. He pays his rent regularly, and is never troubled by me. In fact, I have never spoken to him, and there is no intercourse between the families. If circumstances ever brought it about in just the right way, I feel sure that the two families might associate with pleasure and profit to both. But perhaps it is better to take no risks. That we have not met on a social footing seems a little odd, for if I recollect aright, they have occupied their present home for parts of ten or a dozen years. Perhaps this failure to get better acquainted may be accounted for by the fact that we do not speak the same language. I am a kind of a foreigner, for my ancestors came to America only about 275 or 280 years ago, while his have been here for uncounted ages. I make myself most easily understood only in English, while he uses the language that all screech owls have spoken since the beginning of time. Very likely he may feel for me something of the contempt which many true Americans—so-called—have for all recent immigrants from the old world.

In the tremendously stout branch of an old oak tree which stands twenty feet or more from the corner of the house, there is a hole perhaps thirty feet from the ground, where long ago a side branch was broken off. This hole is the home of my next door neighbors, a pair of little screech owls (*Megascops asio*).

Each year about February they make their presence known by becoming tuneful, and from five or six o'clock P. M. to midnight the male bird may be heard trilling his love song on the branches of the trees close to the house. In March there is less of this shrill song, but often at night a curious cooing sound is made by the birds, their voices rising and falling as they whisper to each other among the branches. Now, too, they begin to be seen; either standing in the mouth of the hole at evening and in the morning, or just at dusk flying about among the branches of the oak, or passing from tree to tree and bush to bush about the place.

Every spring they are looked for with interest, and if for any reason they do not appear, great disappointment is felt by all members of the family.

It is usually toward the last of March that they become most active and begin to be most frequently seen. Sometimes they alight in the wistaria vines on the house and within a few feet of the building. I remember that on March 29 a few years ago, one of them was discovered about seven o'clock in the evening, standing on the topmost twig of a little lilac bush about four feet from the piazza and not more than eight from the steps up and down which people were passing into the house. The twig on which the bird was perched was hardly as thick as a lead pencil, and it stood on the extreme tip. Every now and then the strong wind which was blowing in gusts from the west caused it to lose its balance, and it was forced to flap its wings and to reach out one foot and grasp the twig further down, to hold itself on its perch. For the rest of the time it stood quite motionless and bent forward, as if scanning the ground eight or ten feet below it. It remained here for nearly fifteen minutes, and then someone passing near with a little more noise than usual, disturbed it and it flew away, and at the same time its mate flew out from a neighboring spruce tree.

This spring there was some doubt as to whether their house would be vacated by its winter tenants in time for them to take possession. Often the gray squirrels occupy it during the winter, and sometimes carry so great a quantity of leaves and other rubbish into it, that it is really impossible to get it cleaned out in time. This year, also, a couple of starlings were seen loafing about the hole in March, and it was thought possible that they might take possession and decline to yield to the old time occupants. However, none of these things happened, and at the proper time the Megascops family moved in.

The hole occupied by the owls faces west, and often when I am dressing in the morning I see one of the birds sitting there with half its body exposed, its chin sunk on its breast, apparently asleep. As the sun gets higher and the light stronger, the bird gradually sinks down and disappears. Yet sometimes at eight o'clock or half-past, its gray head may be seen rising into view, and it looks out for a moment or two and then again sinks back out of sight.

We believe that the eggs are laid and the female begins to sit quite early in April, but about this we cannot be sure. Sometimes during the first two weeks in April, just after sunset, an owl is seen sitting in the hole, showing its whole body. Usually it sits motionless, looking toward the setting sun, but if one raps sharply on the window pane with the knuckles the bird may turn its head to see what the noise is, and then look back to the west, and will pay no attention to further rappings.

It has usually proved that the two birds are different in color, the male being red and the female gray. While the female is sitting, it is not always easy to see the owls, for during the day the male does not move at all, but remains hidden away in some secret recess which is not always known. Some seasons this resting place is in the top of a pine tree, among the thick needles, where it is very hard to see the bird, but one year he spent the day on the horizontal branch of a hemlock tree which stretched out over the lawn, and was exposed to the full glare of the sun. From one point on the branch grow half a dozen small but rather thick-leaved twigs, and the owl used to sit among these, which perfectly concealed him. His perch was about ten feet above the heads of people passing across the lawn, but usually he paid no attention to such passersby, unless, as sometimes happened, they stopped beneath him and pointed at and talked about him. Then he was likely to draw in his feathers and erect his horns.

Just about sunset every evening the little red owl commonly leaves his place of concealment and flies to a nearby branch of the oak tree over the drive, to wait there for half an hour until it shall grow dark. The children are usually playing or riding their bicycles on the drive, shouting and screaming, and while he is not in the least disturbed by the noise, he appears to take some interest in their movements, and bends over to watch them.

About the last of April the birds are commonly seen together among the branches of the oak, and it is therefore supposed that the young are hatched. Often at this time they are seen to have something in their bills which they take to the hole, and from this time on they seem to be hard at work feeding their young.

For two or three seasons toward the end of April the children used to find about the place the bodies of English sparrows. Sometimes these were headless, at others their breasts had been torn away. When the head had been cut off, this had been done with great neatness, as if with a sharp instrument. The death of these sparrows was attributed to the owls, and it was hoped that they would continue the good work.

One day, after one of the boys had come home from school, he was looking at the owl and saw beside him on the branch on which he was perched two small colored objects. As he could not tell what they were, he climbed the tree, and found two song birds placed side by side, apparently for the owl's dinner. On several occasions after this, feathers of thrushes, scarlet tanagers and warblers were found on the lawn.

One day in June as we were at dinner, Sylvia came rushing in and told us that a baby owl was to be seen in the hole. This caused great excitement in the family, and everyone left the table to look at the owl. Later in the evening a second head was seen. Then it was suggested that a ball be tossed in the air near the hole to see what would happen. As soon as the young owls saw the ball pass near them, they climbed out of the hole and looked on with the greatest interest.

The next night one of them fell from the tree, which drew a family crowd. When it was picked up, the mother owl flew close to the head of the person holding it, snapping her bill and uttering a low whistle. The little owl, placed on the branch of a tree, climbed bravely upward, and before long was out of the way of cats or dogs. Both young owls were covered with white down, but already had wing feathers strong enough to keep them from being hurt by falling. Several times after this they fell, but always, when given a fair start, were able to climb pretty high again. The old owls were seen until mid summer, and often spent the day in plain sight on the branches of the oak, where they were seen by visitors, who frequently insisted that stuffed birds had been put up in the tree for the purpose of hoaxing them.

Several times during the summer the male owl was seen sitting on the gravel in the walk with his wings partly extended, apparently taking a sun bath. Yo.

False Natural History.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an article arraigning Mr. John Burroughs, your contributor Hermit lucidly remarks, "Keen observers are springing up throughout the world and their studies of nature are deeper and far more logical and far beyond the knowledge of Mr. B. Possibly so, and Hermit cannot object to a few citations from scientific observers, even if they sustain the naturalist that he dogmatically condemns.

With reference to Mr. Burroughs' contention that birds fly untaught, it may be said that Spalding has shown experimentally that young swallows can fly as soon as they reach the proper age. As regards his assertion that the bird sings in due time without a hint from its parents, Mr. Burrough a little overstates the fact. Romanes, Groos and Weinland agree that while the song of birds is instinctive, it can never be so quickly nor so fully expressed as when the parents serve as models.

Mr. B.'s query, "Does a kitten need to be taught how to catch his prey," excites Hermit's unbounded astonishment, and he innocently remarks, "That a naturalist should ask such a question is beyond my comprehension." Despite Hermit's contention that tutelage is necessary to form a mouser or ratter, I am convinced that the observation of scores of FOREST AND STREAM readers is to the contrary. Again I adduce experimental evidence. Prof. W. Mills a few years ago subjected a new born kitten to constant observation for 135 days. All the doings and misdoings of the little creature from the day of its birth were minutely chronicled in a published diary. Before it opened its eyes it spat at a dog, and even at the professor's hand when, through fondling the dog it had acquired a canine odor. On the forty-second day it keenly smelt of the professor's fingers that had handled a recently killed mouse, and when given the defunct, it seized it with teeth and claws and growled when an attempt was made to take it away. On the 118th day a living mouse in a pasteboard box was presented it, whereupon it eagerly smelt of the box and followed it when carried away, and when the mouse

was released, seized it with a growl and played with it before killing it.

Mr. Burroughs' observation that young chickens understand the various maternal cries Hermit pronounces an error. Now, the behavior of newly hatched chickens has been the subject of much experimental investigation. In common with all young birds they evidently come into the world with a remarkable amount of inherited knowledge. Chicks hooded immediately upon emergence from the shell, and then, after the lapse of two days, given an opportunity for the first time to exercise their visual power, were observed at the end of two or three minutes, to follow movements of crawling insects with precision, and in a few minutes more to peck at minute objects with an instinctive perception of distance. Placed upon a carpet the chick, as a rule, remained quiescent, put upon gravel, it forthwith began to scratch, the material evidently acting as a stimulus to the dormant instinct. An unhooded chick, upon hearing the maternal cluck, at once ran to the hen, leaping over and dodging obstacles as though habituated to arduous locomotion.

As a rule, it may be said that maternal example awakens sleeping impulses, as did the gravel with the chick alluded to. Chicks covered by a hen walk twice as soon as those incubated, ducklings swim and birdlings sing sooner with parental encouragement. Hermit seems to believe with Mr. Long that an animal's failure or success in the battle of life depends upon its maternal training, a very pretty theory and one attractive to sentimentalists, but void of due foundation. No instruction is given, in the proper sense of the term. Not as the human mother at the cradle, does the mother bird sing to her nestlings; she is moved by no conscious interest in her offspring's future. Of such charmers, but, nevertheless, seducers of the public, as Maeterlinck, Seton and Long, it may be said that were they to profit by the works of Lloyd Morgan, Groos, Romanes and other students of animal instincts, their writings, while perhaps less remunerative to themselves, could be of greater value to the world.

A. H. GOURAUD.

The Intelligence of the Wild Things.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I HAVE read with much interest the papers in FOREST AND STREAM on the above subject, and as I venture to dissent from some of the conclusions which the writer Hermit arrives at in his article in that paper of April 18 last, I trust to your courtesy to allow me to express them.

He argues against the assertion of Mr. Burroughs that "the young of all wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did." He supports this by a series of assertions that old birds teach their young ones to fly, and animals their young to walk, and presumes, I think, when he asserts that without such instruction they could neither fly nor walk; but he does not attempt to prove that without that instruction they could do neither, for that is the correct alternative of the argument. Granted that imitation being so strong in all living creatures, it is only natural that they should strive to do what their parents are doing before their eyes; but I submit that the young of all from man downward, will, if left to themselves, instinctively make use of the modes of progression with which they are blessed. A bird taken from the nest, as I have often done, and caged before it can fly, will, when matured, if allowed liberty in a room, fly about it as gaily as an old one; and to my loss, occasionally, if the window is left open, fly through it as straight and strong as either of its parents. Animals born in a perfect condition—the calf or the lamb—walk without teaching from the moment they are dropped. Children, though too often encouraged by an overfond mother to stand and walk before their legs are strong enough to bear them, would undoubtedly find their legs, as the saying is, as soon as nature gives them strength, from crawling to standing upright and walking without assistance.

With regard to the action of the dove in pushing its fully fledged young ones off the dove cot: this is not, I take it, in order to make them use their wings, but because the old ones are about to breed again, and are jealous of the presence of the older brood.

Again, is not Hermit altogether begging the question when he says that "wildfowl bred on our northern lakes will not go south without old birds to lead the way." What proof, may I ask, has he that that is so? I venture to think the wonderful instinct which induces birds to migrate would not be found wanting in those birds to do so, because they had no leaders to show them the way. No doubt the migration of birds is one of those mysteries of nature quite beyond the power of men to dogmatize about, and I look upon it as an unwarrantable assertion to make that it is not inborn in those birds that practice it, given to them by their Almighty Creator.

Then, with regard to the question of birds being taught by their parents to sing, or make any other noise similar to that of their parents: here again Hermit believes in the necessity of instruction. Now, though undoubtedly the young copy their parents, I contend that without assistance we see every day evidence of the fact that such teaching is unnecessary. Witness the caged bird which has never heard a note, but who will, on arriving at maturity, sing with ease the natural song of its species. Chickens reared in an incubator, though removed miles from any other fowls, will likewise, when old enough, and the breeding season begins, if cockrels, crow, and if pullets, cackle and cluck exactly like the parents they have never seen.

Hermit also contends that birds are not taught by nature irrespective of their parents to select the food most suitable for them: surely one sees this contradicted continually.

Cage birds that feed on grain will, if given a variety of seed, invariably choose that which is most suitable to them, though I admit confinement generates a morbid taste for a seed that is detrimental to them. Soft bill birds could never be persuaded to touch grain, but readily take to insects or chopped meat, though they are tempted to eat moist mixtures of a kind that may, if given in excess, be injurious. This all goes to prove that caged birds do not find any difficulty in sustaining their life by food which only nature has taught them is good for them. Poultry also without parental instruction will, if given latitude in the variety of food placed before them, select that which is best for them, until again the morbid taste created by domestication induces them to indulge too freely, if tempted, in what is deleterious to them.

I do not, as will be seen, deny that the example of parents has a great effect on their offspring, but I venture to support the theory that, especially if the environments are the same, young birds and animals will invariably exhibit, when fully grown, all the habits and idiosyncrasies of their species, irrespective of parental instruction.

F. C. BLUNT, Colonel.

RYDE, Isle of Wight, May 4.

Pranks of Wood Rats.

KETTLE FALLS, Wash.—In the make up of the wood rat the mischievousness of the monkey is united with the industry of the beaver; and both are guided by a perversity which would land him in an idiot asylum save that the inmates would prove entirely too orderly and systematic in their every day life to suit him even a little bit.

Once he has taken possession of an empty cabin, do not turn in there to stop over night for the sake of avoiding a thunder storm; for, unless you succeed in shining the little wretch's eyes and blowing him into sausage, you have got a job on hand which will last the night long. Sleep is out of the question, as he delights in raising a racket in comparison with which an Irish wake would prove seductive harmony.

Visiting the empty cabin of a miner, I found that the cook stove had been left with the end door of the stove swung wide, and the griddles and crosspiece of the top removed; and while the whole interior of the stove was filled with the nest of a wood rat, the inside of the nest being lined with moss, the nest was continued up on top of the stove, piled with every imaginable kind of trash which the little brute could drag into position, until the whole affair on top of the stove looked like the rush house of a muskrat.

In the woodhouse adjoining the kitchen of my old home at Valley, a wood rat once came to preempt the whole affair, and for some days he remained so cunningly hidden in the daytime that I was unable to rout him from his retreat. Turning himself loose at night, he made things lively in general. Burrowing beneath the sill or lower log of the cabin and coming out under the floor of a closet, he then gnawed a hole through the floor, when he proceeded to utilize the closet for general purposes.

Something in the line of carpentry called the jack plane into use, and the resulting shavings were piled in the corner of the woodshed for kindling. The following night was a busy one for the rat, and happening to go into the closet next morning I found a pair of my shoes that were lying on the floor—and were the only things on the closet floor—literally crammed full of shavings, each and every one of which had been drawn singly through the tunnel and up through the floor. Evidently there had been no thought of nest-making, as the closet afforded no hiding place whatever, and the shoes were some distance apart. His work had been very painstaking and neat, and not a scrap of a shaving had been left on the floor, while the shoes were tightly packed to the ends of the toes. A trap was then set for him in the closet near his entrance hole, which he somehow managed to spring with his head, leaving only the bristles or long hairs of one side of his upper lip fast in its jaws. This appeared to satisfy his curiosity fully, and he left for parts unknown.

Nineteen years ago a party of my neighbors went on a prospecting trip into the mountains east of the Pend d'Oreille River, and journeying along the bank of the stream as the noon hour approached, they camped for dinner near the log cabin of a placer miner, whom they could see at his work on the river bank a short distance away. Dinner was cooked and they had just began their meal when the miner arrived on the scene, bade them good morning and passing on to the cabin unlocked the padlock of the door and vanished inside. But a few minutes elapsed when he reappeared, bareheaded, with pale face and eyes that blazed with wrath, and rushing up in front of the seated group he presented a .50 caliber needle gun at full cock and announced that the first man who moved in his seat would be shot dead.

One of the group, Mr. R. B. Lane, was a good talker, and he quietly and coolly asked the infuriated miner to raise the muzzle of his gun and tell them what was wanted.

"Oh, if I only knew which one of you blankety blanked scoundrels it was there'd be no foolin' about it!" cried the miner. "And now I don't want a bit of nonsense or I'll kill some of ye right where ye set."

"Look here, my friend," said Lane, "listen to me a moment before you do something you may have to regret. We don't know what you mean, and now I ask you to quiet down and tell us what you want."

"I want my buckskin bag of gold dust that some of ye's got. Ye needn't try to deny it, for it was there when I went to work this mornin' and there's been nobody along since but you fellers; and I want ye to hand it out without a word."

"Well, my friend," said Lane, "just as good looking men as you or I have been mistaken before to-day; and now I ask you to be very sure you are right before you attempt anything rash. Please go back into your cabin and make a careful and thorough search so you will know to a dead certainty whether your gold is really gone."

The calm, dispassionate tone of the speaker had its effect, and the half crazy miner, after a moment's hesitation, turned and reentered the cabin.

Some twenty minutes elapsed when he again reappeared—without his gun—and Lane said that of all the humiliated men he ever saw, and of all the abject apologies to which he ever listened, they had now the most perfect examples.

Asking the whole party into his cabin he showed them where in the side wall of the cabin he had a block of "chinking"—one of the billets of wood used to stop the cracks between the logs—which he could pull loose; and where behind it he had a place in which to hide the gold sack, and as the cabin had been built in an excavation in the river bank, this part of the wall was below the surface of the ground, forming a cunning hiding place for his gold. On his first entrance into the cabin he had felt for his treasure, and the bag was gone. Then followed the scene which had destroyed the appetites of the prospectors.

Returning for his second search he discovered that the hole continued along the log beyond his reach. Tearing the remaining blocks of chinking loose, bit by bit, he followed along to the back wall of the cabin, when he felt and drew forth his precious sack, unbroken, but with the teeth marks of an avaricious wood rat plainly legible in the folded top of the sack.

Pranks and trickery of this kind soon teach the pioneer that when one of these pests appears there is but one thing to do—make war, and war to a finish; for a pair of spectacles, the family Bible, a stick of stove wood, a bottle of peppermint, clothes-pins, iron wedges, socks, or broom handles—everything is fish that comes to his net, and his industry is yet unmeasured.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Food Birds of the Eskimos.

From the "Proceedings of the Linnæan Society."

BY J. D. FIGGINS.

POSSIBLY at no other place on the globe are birds so extensively used for food and clothing as they are in North Greenland. A portion of this bleak and barren coast is inhabited by a small tribe of Eskimo, commonly known as the Arctic Highlanders, consisting of about 250 individuals, and divided into seven or eight settlements. Through force of circumstances these natives are strictly carnivorous, and a large supply of meat is required, not only for their personal use, but for their numerous packs of sledge dogs. Seals and walruses are the animals most hunted in order to obtain food, but they are not to be depended upon entirely, as it is impossible in some years to secure the necessary numbers. Caribou are not common, and are very hard to obtain. Narwhals are taken during the early spring, but usually in very limited numbers, and they make only a slight change in the usual bill of fare. Whenever there is a shortage of seals and walruses—and this occurs often—the natives depend almost entirely upon birds. Seals and walruses often desert a locality for a year or two, and to be prepared for this the natives locate their villages as near bird rookeries as possible, regardless of unfavorable conditions. The stupidity of the birds renders them an easy prey for the hunters, whose methods of capture are very simple. As soon as the birds arrive in the spring the harvest begins, and ceases only when an abundance of other game is assured.

While at Cape York during the summer of 1896, I was invited by a party of native hunters to accompany them on an expedition to the great rookery of dovekies (*Alle alle*) near that place, and being greatly interested I gladly accepted their invitation. It was a strictly business affair with them, and they requested me to leave my gun behind and take along a net, which, of course, I did. A half hour's row brought us to the foot of a high cliff, the base of which was piled to the height of about two hundred feet with boulders, detached from it by the action of the elements. This mass of loose and treacherous rock—entering the water at an angle of about 45 degrees—was the breeding ground of the dovekies, and here they were to be captured.

These birds deposit their eggs well down in the crevices among the smaller stones, and at the time of my visit the young birds were nearly ready to leave the nests. A curious subdued murmur, made by the plaintive call of the young birds, formed a kind of background of sound for the louder notes of the adults, whose incessant chatter gave abundant proof of the countless thousands breeding at the rookery. Climbing to an altitude of about one hundred and fifty feet we reached the flight zone of the dovekies, where there was a continuous movement of large flocks, whose sole employment appeared to be flying round and round in circles which extended from within a few feet of the cliff to well out over the water. Consequently to come within striking distance of the birds, it was only necessary to watch a flock, and while they were away on their circuit, to take a position screened from behind a large rock in their line of flight.

A curiously constructed net is used at present for capturing the birds. It consists of a hoop about two feet in diameter across which a net, slightly bagging, is constructed. The hoop is secured at the end of a light pole about ten feet in length, and when in use the nets remind one very much of lawn-tennis racquets on a large scale, being swept forward with similar strokes. The hunter places the net on the rocks in the opposite direction from which the birds are expected, and on their approach raises it to meet them with considerable force, which stuns or entangles them in its meshes. The net is quickly drawn to the hunter and the victims secured. A firm, quick pressure under the wings usually causes almost instant death, but to make their capture doubly sure, the wings are crossed on the back, which prevents flight in case they survive the deadly pressure. Again the net is placed in position ready for a new strike. The escaping birds of the flock invariably dart aside in unison when the strike is made, but they apparently forget all danger by the time they have again completed their circuit, for they repeat the movement time and time again until their diminished numbers make the casting of the net a labor that is practically without result. A new flock is then selected, and the work continued until a sufficient number of birds is secured.

Before the advent of the white man, from whom materials for net making are obtained, a more primitive method was employed, namely, throwing stones, and it is still carried on by the younger generation with considerable success. Dovekies display great curiosity, and if the hunter sits quietly in full view, he will soon have an audience of them near him, all bent on occupying one rock, regardless of its size, or of their numbers. A compact flock of birds soon results, and a well directed stone thrown into their midst does great execution. Stones may be thrown a number of times at the same flock before they decide to adjourn. I experimented with both

methods, but found the latter most successful, as I was either too late or too soon with the net, much to the amusement of the natives.

On Saunders Island the method of bird catching is not quite the same, as the birds and conditions are different. The net is used, however, to advantage. At this rookery Brünnich's murre (*Uria lomvia*) is the principal species taken, although when a very large supply of birds is needed, kittiwake gulls (*Rissa tridactyla*) are also hunted. The rookery is on a perpendicular cliff, rising from the water to a height of several hundred feet, the birds occupying a space about half a mile in length, and from a few feet above high tide to the very top, and every projection of rock is covered with birds, so that standing room appears to be at a premium. Hunting at this rookery is little short of murder, for the stupid birds can be clubbed from their insecure perches or netted by the hundreds. Approaching the cliff in his kayak, the hunter gently presses his net against bird after bird that in its struggles to escape thrusts its head into the meshes of the net which entraps it. Each bird is quickly drawn to the hunter and dispatched, those remaining not being at all disturbed, and the space made vacant by one is immediately occupied by another. When the sea is smooth the natives often climb upon the ledges of rock and club the murres, hundreds being killed in this way in a very short time. The hunters frequently meet with accidents at this rookery, for the perpendicular cliff and a heavy swell make "kayaking" dangerous.

Puffins (*Fratercula arctica glacialis*) and eider ducks (*Somateria mollissima borealis* and *S. spectabilis*) are much prized by the natives, and are killed by spearing from the kayak. The spear is simply a sharpened rod of iron set into the end of a light shaft. At fifteen or twenty yards the hunter seldom misses his mark. Ptarmigans (*Lagopus lagopus*) are also taken, but in very limited numbers, as they are not common. Dovekie and murre skins are used throughout the tribe for making clothing, and hundreds of them are preserved each year for this purpose. In removing the skin, the wings are cut off near the body, and the skins are cut loose at the base of the neck and stripped over the body. The Eskimo's simple, but effective, method for removing all fat and making the skins soft and pliable, is to give them a thorough chewing.

It would be impossible to estimate the number of birds taken by this tribe each year, even when other game is plentiful, but it must be enormous. Still, the birds do not appear to be on the decrease, for the outer edges of the rookery have a new appearance that leads me to believe the breeding area is being extended. A few years ago an epidemic caused the death of a large percentage of the Eskimos, and as the food demand was consequently less, the extension of the rookery may have resulted. This, of course, is merely a conjecture, but it seems plausible.

From an economic standpoint the birds of this cheerless Arctic region are in the superlative degree a necessity to the Eskimo, and without them they would long since have perished by famine. That the natives can never exterminate the birds seems assured, for the greater portion of them are inaccessible; and if the great herds of seals and walruses become extinct, and even the natives themselves cease to exist, the birds will probbaly still continue to rear their young among these desolate and rocky surroundings.

Food Flavors.

New York, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You no doubt recall an editorial published in Forest and Stream a year or two ago bearing on the flavor given to the edible products of various animals by the food which they eat. This editorial drew out several letters from correspondents confirming the position which it took, and to my mind was very interesting.

I have just been reading a paper printed in the Proceedings of the Linnæan Society on the Mammals of Westchester county, by Mr. John Rowley, and quote from it a few words of testimony on the subject of the editorial just referred to. In his notes on the muskrat, Mr. Rowley says:

"The name 'muskrat' is obviously applied to the animal because of the musky oil which the glands secrete; and this secretion so strongly permeates the entire anatomy that a piece of flesh cut from any part of the body will be found to savor strongly of this essential oil. The flesh is eaten by some people, but unless very much disguised in the cooking, the musky flavor is so strong as to be extremely disagreeable. I am informed that a 'professional' muskrat trapper who fed his fowls during the winter largely upon the carcasses of muskrats, the following spring found that the eggs were so strongly impregnated with the musk as to be unmarketable."

Sage.

A Mysterious Bird Mortality.

Clarksdale, Miss., May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A very curious and apparently inexplicable visitation of mortality has recently been inflicted upon many birds in this locality. On the morning of May 6 it was the common talk of the town of Clarksdale that the streets and yards were strewn with numerous dead birds, as well as the roads in the immediate vicinity of the town. So far as could be learned by limited inquiry this strange phenomenon did not extend far outside of Clarksdale as a focus. I regret that I was so occupied indoors at the time that but little attention could be given by me to the subject. The mortality was mainly confined to one day, or night, but some additional dead birds were found on the following day.

As well as could be learned by inquiry this mortality embraced all the common varieties of birds that come here in the spring and remain during the breeding season. Only two of these dead birds came under my own observation, one of which, by reference to Audubon's work, was identified as a vireo; the other was of the size and general appearance of the sparrow family, except that the bill was too slender. One gentleman said that among eleven birds picked up by him in his yard there were seven different species, one of which, from his description, was an indigo bunting. It does not appear that any of the abundant English sparrows were among the victims. My information is that none of the dead birds showed marks of violence on their bodies.

I have heard no plausible theory offered to account for this extraordinary occurrence, and have none to offer myself. Can any of the readers of Forest and Stream suggest a solution of the case?

Coahoma.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mts.

For many years after the California and Oregon trail had been opened, and regular journeyings by wagon train were taking place between the Missouri River and the Pacific Slope, the far Northwest was still an unknown country. Its trade was a monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and few people penetrated it, except the employes of that great corporation, and the occasional free trappers who crossed it. Except for the trading posts dotted here and there over the vast region, its only inhabitants were the Indians and the so-called Red River half breeds, who in many qualities of mind and body, and in many of their ways of life closely resembled the Indians.

Among the interesting out-of-print books on this territory, is one entitled, "Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains," a diary and narrative of travel, sport, and adventure during a journey through the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in 1859 and 1860, by the Earl of Southesk, formerly Sir James Carnegie, a Scottish nobleman, very much devoted to sport, absolutely ignorant of America, and of course of the West, but eager to travel and to find good shooting, as well as to recruit his health by an active open-air life in a healthy climate. To him in the year 1858 a friend recommended the Hudson's Bay country, and, as it happened, this friend exercised a very powerful influence in the councils of the great company that dominated those enormous territories in British North America. Said the friend: "The country is full of large game, such as buffalo, bears and deer. The climate is exactly what you require." As a result of this conversation, in the spring of 1859, Sir James Carnegie sailed from England for New York, and early in May joined Sir George Simpson, then Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and proceeded westward with him to Saint Anthony, Minnesota, where he met James McKay, a Scotch half breed and an employe of the company, whose brother was to be his guide during his journey.

The party traveled westward, meeting various adventures, and at last reached Fort Garry, now Winnipeg. The Indians whom they constantly met, the birds and the mammals, the methods of travel, now wallowing through marshes and again ferrying across flooded streams, were all strange to the Scotchman, who nevertheless bore himself well under these new conditions. At Fort Garry he purchased his supplies and hired his men, and with considerable outfit, including one wagon and seven Red River carts, the expedition started for Fort Ellice.

These, of course, were the days of muzzleloading arms. The men carried smoothbores, running from the ordinary Hudson's Bay fuke up to excellent heavy double guns, which carried a bullet accurately for 100 yards or more. The leader of the expedition, besides a smoothbore, had a pair of double-barrel Purdey rifles.

They had not been long gone from Fort Garry when they met with a large camp of Red River half-breeds, who were now just starting on their annual summer buffalo hunt. With some of the characteristics of these people the author was disgusted, yet he was much interested in their appearance, as shown by the following description:

"Fervently as I wished them away, it cheered one's spirits to see the hunters on their march. There was infinite picturesqueness about them. Their long moving columns sparkled with life and gaiety. Cart-tilts of every hue flashed brightly in the sun, hosts of wild wolfish dogs ran in and out among the vehicles, troops of loose horses pranced and galloped alongside. The smartly-dressed men were riding their showiest steeds, their wives and daughters were traveling in the carts, enthroned on high heaps of baggage. Many of the women were clearly of unmingled Indian blood. Tall and angular, long masses of straight black hair fell over their backs; blue and white cotton gowns, shapeless, stayless, uncrinolined, displayed the flatness of their projecting figures. Some wore a gaudy handkerchief on the head, the married bound one also across the bosom.

"In M. B.'s first cart there sat a singularly handsome girl, a dark-complexioned maiden of the mixed French descent. As with so many of her race, her countenance bore a half-shy, half-disdainful expression; she looked like one who would be amiable to few, ill-tempered to most, but true to the death to her husband or her lover.

"The hunters were all in their summer clothing, wearing the usual brass-buttoned blue capot, with moleskin trousers and calico shirts. Wide-awakes, or cloth caps with peaks, were the favorite head-coverings. Gaily-embroidered saddle cloths and belts were evidently preferred to those of a less showy appearance; red, white and blue beading, on a black cloth ground, seemed to form the most general arrangement.

"Mr. R., who accompanied us part of the way and slept that night at my camp, rode beside me on his well-bred old white horse adorned with red and black trappings. He himself wore the dark blue capot, a black cap, and black moleskin trousers and moccasins, and to English notions looked a most unsportsmanlike figure, but, like all the rest, he rode gracefully and well.

"They sit very upright, with the leg nearly straight up and down. Their saddles are exceedingly small, either mere Indian pads, or narrow Spanish frames, high before and behind, with a long peak to the front. Over such a frame they strap a blanket, and sometimes also place another beneath, but nothing can keep these ill-contrived saddles from galling the horses' backs."

At Fort Ellice the party reached the border of the buffalo country. Here they feasted on fresh tongues, carts came in from the plains bringing fresh hides, and also four calves to be added to the tame buffalo already grazing about the fort. Here another man named Pierre Nummé was hired. Journeying on toward Fort Qu'appelle, they began to meet antelope, or, as they were there called, cabree, of which a good number were killed. At this place there were some Ojibway Indians ,but they were now in the country of the Crees, both of the woods and of the plains. Also, they were near enough to the Blackfeet and the Assinaboines to feel some doubts as to how these people might receive them.

It was July 4 when they left Qu'appelle fort, and only a little later they began to see buffalo—at first a few scattering bulls. They were now in a sandhill country, of which the author says: "These hills, covering a considerable tract, are about 200 feet high, and are entirely composed of sand as fine as that of the sea shores. Near them the grass grows short and scantily, much as on some of the 'links' along the Scottish coast. The Crees fancy that the souls of good men enter into a paradise concealed amidst these arid ridges." It will be remembered that the Blackfeet Indians locate the home of the dead in a sandhill country not far from this. Now they began to see bulls and to be seized with the lust of killing that seems to attack all men when such temptation approaches them.

"As I returned from the second chase I perceived McKay and Nummé driving a large buffalo before them, which on my nearer approach I found to be an old bull, very thin and sickly and hardly able to move. It was a mercy to save him from the cruelty of the wolves; so, as he had to die, I rode past him on Black and gave him a shot for practice sake—a buffalo's strange form making him a puzzling mark for a beginner—but I placed it too high, as one is always apt to do, and it merely dropped him on his knees without depriving him of life. I then dismounted, and, walking close up to him, fired both barrels of my gun right at the center of his forehead. There was no result, no more than if a clod of earth had struck him; the bull continued in the same position, glaring at me with savage eyes; the densely matted hair on his thick skull had completely defied the penetrative force of a smoothbore. McKay then gave me my Purdey rifle. At the very first shot the conical bullet passed clean through hair and bone, and the huge buffalo rolled over, dead.

"Soon afterwards we saw another bull feeding about, a good distance away on the prairie. I mounted the Bichon, M'Kay took his favorite Wawpooss, and we set out, using every depression in the ground to conceal ourselves from view. The bull, however, quickly observed us, and made off at a remarkably fast pace, with a long start in his favor besides. After some miles' galloping we began to near him. McKay was leading, though not by much, and when signs of the finish appeared, he drew rein and let me pass on.

"The bull was still running, but in evident distress. Suddenly he stopped short in a small hollow, turned round and faced me. Bichon was rather blown, and as I checked him at the edge of the hollow he made a great stumble, as nearly as possible falling on his head—in which case I should have landed directly on the horns of the buffalo. Happily my pony recovered himself in time, and the bull remaining at bay about ten yards from me, I dropped him with a bullet in the shoulder, and finished with another in the brain. Like many of the males at that season this fine, well grown bull was exceedingly scant of flesh, so we left his carcass and merely brought in the tongue. Even that was tough eating, though far from being rank or ill flavored."

Buffalo were abundant, and there was much hunting. Cows were killed for food and especially fine bulls with perfect horns and long manes and beard for heads to be taken back to the old country. There is much that is curious and interesting in the various accounts, and the author continually mentions that his balls struck the buffalo high, the old-time common blunder made by the novice. It was now mid July, a season when, as was formerly well known, the buffalo bulls were quite as likely to fight as they were to run, and two or three times a group of bulls declined to move off when approached by the author, who usually left them to themselves. He mentions also about this time seeing a peculiar looking skull with slight much curved horns—that of the buffalo ox. Later he saw one of these animals, but was unable to overtake it. At the Bad Hill a couple of bears were seen and shot at, but the wounded animal got into the brush and no one dared to follow it. The next day it was found dead.

Carlton House and Fort Edmonton were the next points reached. Mr. Hardisty was in command at the first of these forts, and as usual he gave every assistance to the traveler. At Fort Edmonton was met Mr. Woolsey, a missionary, who gave the author much information about the country and the Indians, and especially about that great Blackfoot Pi-tah-pi-kiss (Eagle Ribs), figured by Catlin and still remembered by old men in the northwest. Shortly after leaving Edmonton the author encountered Mr. Moberly, of the Hudson's Bay service, a gentleman who formerly was a correspondent of Forest and Stream, and just before leaving Edmonton he had hired as a guide over the new country into which he was to pass, Piskun Monroe, a Scotch half-breed, whom it was important to engage as interpreter, for he not only knew the Blackfoot language, but was on intimate terms with the tribe, being closely connected with it by blood." This man, old John Monroe, is still living on the Blackfoot reservation in northwestern Montana, hale and hearty at an age between 75 and 80 years.

They were now traveling through the swamps and the timber, by roads that were difficult enough, but they at last came within sight of the great mountains, and his first view of their stupendous peaks repaid the leader for all the sufferings and difficulties of earlier days.

With the mountains came a new fauna. There was fishing, and there were marmots, porcupines, wild sheep and white goats. Their first efforts at hunting these animals were not very successful, but they got much practice in climbing. A little later sheep were met with so abundant and tame that numbers were killed on a single hunt. And while at first most of the animals killed were

ewes and lambs, a little later the hunters came upon large herds of rams and a number of unusually fine specimens were secured.

It was now September and the best of hunting. Bears were plenty in the country, but, though signs were seen, none were killed.

From here they crossed over a rough spur of the mountains to what was called Kootenai plain, losing some horses on the way and traveling straight across the peaks and not by a known trail. From the Kootenai plain their route was to old Bow Fort on Bow River, which they were anxious to reach, partly because their provisions had largely given out, though they still had abundance of dried sheep meat, of pemmican and of tea. Goats were abundant here, but, as a little earlier with the sheep, they had not yet learned how to hunt them. The game constantly saw the hunter and climbed away, and he speaks of them as "enchanted beasts;" beasts which, however, at last he succeeded in circumventing. Toward the end of the month an Assinaboine hunter was met who guided the party to the camp of his own people, Stonies, who were killing goats and moose. These people were Christians and very simple, good natured and anxious to learn from and please the white men. From Bow Fort the route was back to Edmonton, which they reached October 12, finding Mr. Christie then in charge.

Leaving Edmonton October 17, they started down the Saskatchewan River in a boat, but before long the river froze, and it was necessary to send to Fort Pitt for horses in order to escape from the country. On the first day of November the men arrived, bringing sixteen horses, and six days later they were at the fort. It was now winter and the weather very severe. They passed along by way of Fort Carlton to the Touchwood Hills, and thence to Fort Pelly, where they passed Christmas day. From here by dog teams they reached Fort Garry, and in February Sir James Carnegie found himself in Boston and took passage for Liverpool.

Nebraska Game Country.

Although the springtime in Nebraska is most aggravatingly short, there is no sweeter or more charming cycle in all the horoscope of the year. The April rains, which fall with so gentle patter upon our fertile plains and low, graceful hillsides, quickly start the young grass and in less time than it takes to tell it, almost, field and wayside are carpeted with a delicate emerald which painter can never hope to imitate. Just now the universal green is spangled with numerous wild flowers of early bloom, and overhead arches an expanse of azure flecked daily with fleecy splotches of cloud that cast shifting shadows upon the peerless landscape below. Not a tree or a shrub but which now shows the effect of its recent drenching, and table-land, hillside, and gully, swept of their recent covering of dead grass and ragged leaves, by the boisterous winds that proceeded the heavy rains, have fully awakened from their long winter's slumber. Along the glorious Elkhorn's bottom the stunted oaks, glistening cottonwoods, plum and straggling elms have donned their early summer raiment as dainty and fresh as the face of the schoolboy's sweetheart. Aromatic pink blossoms and furzy bursts of faint color in every miniature canyon gives promise of a rich harvest of crab apples, golden plums, purple crow-eye grapes, wild rose buds and the acidulous sumach berry. Along the gushing Rawhide, the Papio and Silver Creek pungent water cress crowds its tender shoots along with clumps of wild musk and tough sawgrass, while bordering the wooded banks are tangles of lacy ferns, maiden-hair, Johnny-jump-ups and sturdy little polypods.

The thorny locust is just sending forth its almost stifling fragrance from adjoining thickets, where the alder buds are swelling and sweet azaloas blowing. The Morpho butterfly undulates upon the sensuous air, the dragon fly flits in and out of odd nooks and crannies over the dark places, and from the woods higher up the valley comes a lilt of melody from robin, thrush and tanager. This is Nebraska at the dawn of the first month of summer.

Notwithstanding the past winter, for continued intensely cold weather and heavy drifting snows, was the worst we have experienced out here since 1888, and notwithstanding the statistics I have accumulated from all parts of the State, show that fully 33 per cent. of the quail crop was frozen and starved to death, there are undoubtably more of these birds in the State to-day than ever before in its history—thanks to the three years' prohibitive law, which expires on the last day of next October. Deputy State Game Warden George Carter, of North Platte, told me some weeks ago that fully 50 per cent. of the quail had been winter killed, according to the warden's figures, but he has amended this opinion by reason of more recent and broader information, and now puts the birds' loss at 20 per cent., but I consider my own estimate the nearer correct. However, there are going to be thousands of birds in all sections of the State, and the sportsmen are jubilant over the fact that they will be allowed to indulge in their favorite sport once more this fall. With a favorable season of breeding Nebraska's tangly creek bottoms will afford better quail shooting than can be found elsewhere in the United States, north or south.

But if the quail are going to be plentiful, what about the chicken? If I should presume to lay before the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM the facts with reference to the plentifulness of this royal game bird in Nebraska at this period, I know I will be charged with willful extravagance and an attempt to falsely boom the State through the medium of its wonderful game resources. But to those who are familiar with my enthusiasm as a sportsman and my selfishness in keeping good things to myself, these assertions will be taken as anything but idle gossip. So far as life is concerned, I am fast getting on the other side of the slope, and if I was purely selfish the general reader would receive no information with regard for chances at the sport I love so well. Why should I care if you all went hungry, just so I had my fill? But I do care. I never did enjoy fishing or shooting alone, and now as the years keep rolling steadily on, I find myself in these times of restored plentitude less able to endure fatigue. I try to convince myself that it is simply some temporary indisposition or weakness, but from the way I felt the other evening after coming in from the snipe bogs, I sadly fear it is something that has come to stay. It doesn't bother me, though, as I used to think it would—a kind provision of an all-wise Providence—and it is simply my generous nature, my keen interest in the generations of younger and brawnier sportsmen, who can tramp and row and climb and shoot and fish with all the ability to endure that I once knew, that influences me in telling what I tell.

And the chicken.

While they are not to be found in such flourishing abundance over as wide a scope of territory as in former years, they are every whit as numerous in certain localities—especially in the lonely sandhills—as they were half a century ago, and it will be no trick at all this fall for even an ordinary shot to kill the limit—fifty birds per day—at hundreds of different points in the northern and western parts of this State. While riding across a measureless tableland on Barber's big ranch out in Cherry county on the 23d of March last, en route for the ducking grounds on Pelican Lake, we saw thousands of chicken at a single glance of the eye in any direction—more chicken than many sportsmen have seen in all their lives together. It was early morning, with the sun just sending his arrowy shafts of gold across the almost limitless and closely cropped expanse of pasture land. The birds were sitting everywhere—two's and three's generally, but sometimes as many as two hundred in a bunch. The cocks were "a-boom-oom-oom-ooming" in the bounding ecstacy of the trysting time, walking and jumping and sweeping around, with tails outspread like fans, the unimpressible hens, and the spectacle was such a rare one, that, as keen as we were to get our blinds made, we pulled up the teams and watched them for many moments. And coming into Wood Lake from Stilwell's ranch, after the hunt was all over, we flushed both chicken and sharptail grouse at intervals of less than a quarter of a mile for the entire distance of the forty miles or more. And it was the same throughout the whole sandhills world—and it is a big one—as we were told by Stilwell, Ballard, Harris, Francke, Baird, Anderson, and scores of other ranchers and cattlemen. Last fall, coming from Stilwell's, we saw the same picture, only thirty-five miles further north. We were on our way to Valentine then, instead of Wood Lake, and after we had crawled down the long rocky escarpment of the roaring Niobrara, and struck the wagon road in the valley along the river's shore, we were fairly startled by the rising of flocks of pintailed grouse that numbered their thousands and thousands, and as they got up in front of us and from along the brushy banks, they streamed in veritable sheets across the broad river. I warrant you it was a sight that but few sportsmen in these modern days have ever seen.

The movement on foot in Nebraska to interest sportsmen as well as the farmer and the public generally in the preservation of the birds, is one that commends itself favorably to every righteous minded man, woman and child among us. That much has already been done in this line is demonstrated by the fact that many of the birds that were all but driven out this section of the world—notably the blue bird—are returning and many other species which for several years have undoubtedly been on the wane—robins, larks, chickadees, nuthatches, chewinks, song sparrows, thrushes, cedar and jay birds—are conspicuously increasing. Even the twittering, sheeny-coated martin has returned quite numerously to various localities that have not known the bird for years and years, and there is a marked increase, at least in this particular region, of the little feathered denizens of all kinds. No longer ago than yesterday, while driving out the Ponca road along White Tail Run, I saw, about the cupola of the little old rustic church at the base of Long Hill, scores of sweet-voiced martins in aerial convolution, and the sight and sound took me back to the days when I was a boy "back in Ohio."

Nebraska is certainly a great bird State—probably the greatest in the Union. There is something like 400 varieties that dwell at least a portion of the year with us, and all our citizens should take an especial pride in their protection and preservation, not from any mere sentimental standpoint, although sentiment alone is sufficient to furnish a most abundant reason for this plea—but from a serious consideration of the economic relation of the birds to man.

In September and October last I made many notes of passing bird life in Nebraska, and while I observed that the migrants were tardier coming down from the north than I had seen them for years, there were many more of them when they did come. It was not until September 10 that the warblers whose mean line of northern migration is along the British boundary, put in an appearance. But from this date on till October 20 there were plenty of all kinds of migrants that linger a brief time with us—juncos, white-throated sparrows, thrushes of several varieties, and mingling with this late issue I noticed were many red-breasted nuthatches, Canadian peewits, and our sturdy little hyperborean friend, the golden-crowned kinglet. As late as the last of October, on certain lowering days, almost storms of robins and blackbirds came in, and for days they were here in confusing thousands. There is no doubt whatever that last year, in this and adjoining States was a particularly auspicious one for the birds, and what incontrovertibly contributed to this happy condition, was the better sentiment which prevails among men with reference to their care, protection and preservation. In a little pamphlet written by Professor Bruner, of the State University, and scattered broadside throughout the State, he says:

"To appreciate the beauty of form and plumage of birds, their grace of motion and musical powers, we must know them. The ease with which we may become familiar with the feathered neighbors robs ignorance of all excuses. Once aware of their existence and we shall see a bird in every bush and find the heavens their pathway. One moment we may admire their beauty of plumage, the next marvel at the ease and grace with which they dash by us or circle high overhead. The comings and goings of our migratory birds in springtime and fall, their nest-building and rearing of young, their many regular and beautiful ways as exhibited in their daily lives, stir within us impulses for kindness toward the various creatures which share the world over with us. But birds will appeal to us most strongly through their song. When your ears are attuned to the music of birds, your world will be transformed. Birds' songs are the most eloquent of Nature's voices; the gay carol of the grosbeak in the morning, the dreamy, midday call of the pewee, the vesper hymn of the thrush, the clanging of geese in springtime, the farewell of the bluebird in the fall—how clearly each one expresses the sentiment of the hour of the season!"

In nearly every case where the food habits of our birds have been carefully studied, do we find that the good done far exceeds the possible harm that might be inflicted by our birds. Allowing twenty-five insects per day as an average diet for each individual bird, and estimating that we have about one and one-half birds to the acre, or in round numbers, 75,000,000 birds in Nebraska, there would be required 1,785,000,000 insects for each day's rations.

Again, estimating the number of insects required to fill a bushel at 120,000, it would take 15,625 bushels of insects to feed our birds for a single day, or 937,000 bushels for sixty days, or 2,343,750 bushels for 150 days. These estimates are very low when we take into consideration the number of insects that various of our birds have been known to destroy in a single day. For example, the stomachs of four chickadees contained 1,028 eggs of cankerworms. Four others contained about 600 eggs and 105 mature females of the same insect. The stomach of a single quail contained 101 potato beetles, and that of another upward of 500 chinch bugs. A yellow-billed cuckoo shot at six o'clock in the morning contained forty-three tent caterpillars. A robin had eaten 175 larvæ of *Bibio*, which feed on the roots of grasses, etc. Birds, like all other animals, feed upon that food which is most readily obtained, hence the insectivorous kinds destroy those insects which are most numerous—the injurious species.

Ed Krug, a prominent naturalist and inveterate fisherman, is at his own private box down on the Waubuncey, and reports the bass rising famously. Yesterday he landed 21, the largest tipping the scales at 5¾ pounds.

Frank Dworak, president of the South Omaha Gun Club, on the bottoms below Bellevue, ten miles south of Omaha, on April 12 killed 104 jacksnipe, including one pure albino, which he has had mounted.

Ex-United States Senator Manderson and George A. Hoagland will leave Saturday for Woman's Lake, northern Minnesota, for a try at the muscallonge.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

MAY 15.

Hearing Deer Walk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A recent correspondent remarks at length on the noiselessness of a deer's movements when undisturbed, and says in all his years of experience he has never "heard a deer walk." I have. Once when my long-time comrade on hunting trips and I were spending a night far from camp, and were trying to sleep on the boughs and under the boughs (overhanging), we more than once distinctly heard deer walking quite near us. In the morning we found several tracks, and one independent fellow had come within about twenty feet of us. We had not disturbed him, and he had not disturbed us, for the rain and the charm of the situation had kept us awake most of the night.

Another time I was on a fishing trip with a party and another party came to the same Adirondack pond to hunt deer. We assured the newcomers that they were welcome, and we would be quiet at night and keep our fire down so as to facilitate their hunting. ("Jacking" was then legal.) Reassured, they made themselves at home, and the one who was to hunt was soon asleep preparatory to his night's work. We soon knew his fate would be disappointment. Talk about a lion's roar! I have never heard that, and I don't want to if it is any worse than that man's snore. We were morally certain no deer would come to the pond that night. The hunter and guide went out between 10 and 11 o'clock, but soon gave up and the snoring was resumed. I could have slept better in a thunder storm. During that night I "heard a deer walk" on the side hill above the pond, but of course he did not "come in."

Again: On two different occasions when I had taken a friend into the woods to give him a shot at a deer, he heard the deer (undisturbed) coming for some distance in the woods before appearing in sight. In one case the deer came into view about 100 yards away, and in the other case about 200 yards. Both times my friend told me of hearing it in advance of the animal's appearance.

I do not question your correspondent's statement that he has not "heard a deer walk," nor that in general they can go quietly if they wish (I also know something about that); but my experience and that of several friends teaches us that they do not always wish to. Like man's, their practice varies.

JUVENAL.

All Around Guns.

ORIENT POINT, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not suppose there is any shotgun so popular as the "all around." For more than forty years I, with most of our shooters, believed the 10-pound 10-bore was the right gun for this locality, where the game is principally ducks, rabbits, quail and snipe. All is changed now. I sell ten 12-bores where I sell one 10-bore. Were I compelled to carry and use it in all my shooting, I would not accept the best 10-bore 10-pound $100 hammerless gun as a gift—made in this or any other country. The same gun cannot be the best all around gun for all localities. In some parts of the world I would rather carry a 6-bore than a 12, but these are not the parts of the world I live in. It is folly for (what some call) small bore cranks to contend that a 16 or 12-bore can do the execution of a 6 or 8-bore, either a short or long range.

In selecting a gun the shooter should take into consideration the kinds of game he has to shoot. Mr. Hammond, in his book "Hitting vs. Missing" (which I have just finished reading), gives good advice to those about to choose guns. We agree exactly as to size of bore, length of barrel, weight, etc—of the "all around" gun. He recommends 12-gauge hammer or hammerless, length of barrels 28 inches, weight 7

pounds (length and drop of stock to suit the shooter). The above gun corresponds almost exactly with my own gun, which I have used for the past five years. This gun has become so dear to me that when I am pretty sick it does me good to have it stand near me where I can look upon it. Of course, in all the fifty-five years of my shooting I have used and owned many guns, large and small, but I have never owned one so bewitching and true as the one I now have. In the five years' use I have given it I have never had a shell misfire. This speaks well for the ammunition as well as the gun.

A good duck load for a 7-pound gun is 3¼ drams of black powder, or its equivalent in smokeless, and 1⅛ ounces of No. 4 shot is considered all right by most of our duck shooters—unless to be used over decoys. In this case No. 5 or 6 shot are preferred.

UNCLE DAN.

Staten Island Game.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sportsmen in general on Staten Island are glad to know that Gov. Odell has signed the bill to protect gray squirrels at all times in Richmond county; also that it will be unlawful hereafter to kill rabbits while snow is on the ground, and the close season for quail has been extended until the year 1908. All this has been done by the push and energy of the Richmond County Fish and Game Association (incorporated), and I know that all members will thank our good Assemblyman, and be ready for him in the future if he puts himself in our way for us to help him in our way.

Now, as to Staten Island, gray squirrels being protected at all times, some people will laugh at the idea, but it is simply a sentiment. There are a whole lot of people on this island who wish to see the wild things preserved as long as they can. Staten Island is slowly but surely being denuded of its forests, and streets are being cut through field and marsh; people from the city proper are buying land and building homes here, and it will not be many years before Richmond county, or the interior of it, will be one grand park; and it is well that the squirrels should be protected; by and by they will become tame, and no one will be sorry that they are still with us.

Protecting rabbits when the snow is on the ground means more rabbits next year. Dogs are not of much use trailing rabbits when snow is here; but there is another animal that gets its work in then—the two-legged cur. It carries a club and tracks its prey through the snow until the rabbit is found sitting; then one blow with the club does the rest. That is sport, I suppose, but I never saw it registered as such.

The quail that the game association bought and put out in 1900 have done fairly well. They can be heard now every morning from Sequin's Point to near the Great Kills on the south side of the island, and on the north side, in the vicinity of Rossville and Greenridge, they seem to be fairly well established. We have a hard time to bring them through the winters; they must be looked after and fed; but the trouble is little compared to the satisfaction one may get if he likes to hear the sweet call of Bob White.

I wonder what has become of the "War Cry" from Port Richmond? Does he send any more arrow-heads wrapped up in a rattlesnake's skin? ***

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Wild Trout that I Have Met.

MY experience with uneducated, wild and roving trout has been more limited than I would like it to have been. I have sat on the bank of a well-stocked trout stream and after having tried every fly in my book unsuccessfully, have seen the trout not twenty feet away from me breaking the water and flouting their tails at me in mute disdain. I have seen a trout cast goo-goo eyes at me from a few feet down in a clear, crystal pool as the flies skitted over the surface above it. I have even gone so far as to imagine that that trout laughed at me. In one instance, up in Maine—the home of big trout and bigger trout stories—I actually had a trout, in his wild dash at a moth miller which had dropped alongside the boat, leap into the boat with the moth miller in his mouth. On another occasion, after getting up at daylight and working hard for an hour or two and not getting a rise on the lake, I laid my rod on the gunwale of the boat and incautiously allowed the leader to work loose and become wound round the rod toward the tip, the flies hanging overboard, when up came a lusty trout who, seizing a fly, snapped my tip, but, thanks to the strength of the leader, paid the penalty that all rash trout deserve if the hook, leader, line and rod hold out.

After reading the following veracious description in the Duluth News-Tribune by Mr. Grant, of his trout, Friday, I made a resolution never again to tell any more fish stories.

Let the story speak for itself:

"John S. Grant, who lives in a comfortable log camp on the banks of the Cloquet River, six miles from Woodland postoffice, came into Duluth the other day for some fishing tackle.

"'What's the matter, John?' inquired the clerk, who waited on him. 'You look as if you had lost your best friend.'

"'I have,' was the reply. 'I have lost Friday.'

"'Friday? Who is Friday? I thought you lived alone.'

"'Well, I did—only Friday. He was my tame trout. I took him a year ago about this time, in a net, and he was such a handsome critter that I hated to kill him, and for a week kept him in a pail in the kitchen. At first he was pretty shy, but after a time he would come up to the top of the water and eat out of my hand. And finally, one day, as I was sitting out on the piazza, smoking, he flopped out where I was, and lay right down side of me, just as though he wanted to keep me company.

"'From that time on, Friday—I named him Friday because it was on that day I caught him—Friday and me was inseparable. Wherever I went, he went. All through the summer he camped down in front of the door, and I tell you the way he would jump up and catch a fly beat anything I ever saw. And in the fall he would follow right along after when I was on the trail of a deer. When the snow come, I fixed up a box for him by the stove, and there he stayed until the other day, when he went with me down to the river, where I was sluicing some fire-wood.

"'I had to cross on a log, and Friday, he followed right along after, just as he always did. But the log was slippery, or something, and he missed his fin hold, and fell into the water.'

"'Didn't he ever come back?' queried the clerk, who was beginning to get interested.

"'Come back? No, Friday never come back,' responded Grant, with a mournful shake of the head.

"'The poor little feller drowned. I found him the next day, and gave him the decent burial he deserved.'

"And John, paying for his tackle, took the first car back to Woodland and the grave of his little tame trout."

CHARLES CHRISTADORO.

Fish and Fishing.

Disappearance of the Ice in Canada.

AT last the ice has left Quebec's northern lakes and a few trout have rewarded the efforts of patient fishermen on the lakes adjacent to the city, which are always open a fortnight or so before those along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Very little, however, has yet been done in the way of fly-fishing. East winds have been the rule since the ice went out, and up to the second week of May there has been but a couple of warm days in Quebec. It was well on toward the end of the first week of the present month before the ice left the last of the lakes along the line of the railway. Nothing had been done in the way of fishing in any of them up to the commencement of the following week. It will be the third week of May this season before the fishing will be good in Lake Edward, and it will doubtless be better a week later. There will be no fly-fishing for trout worthy of the name until well on toward the end of the month. Ouananiche are reported extremely abundant in Lake St. John this spring, and though the ice only went off it on the 5th inst., a number of splendid specimens of the fish found their way to the Quebec market for the following Friday, when they sold for 14 cents per pound. Needless to say they were taken by bait. Unfortunately there is a very great deal of this fishing done in the spring of the year. Fly-fishers for ouananiche ought to find excellent sport at the mouths of the Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan by the time this letter appears in print, and the sport should continue good there until well on into June. By the time it slackens off, there is generally good fishing to be had in the Grand Discharge. This year the snow in the woods is melting very slowly on account of the cold weather, and it would not be surprising if the fall of the water in Lake St. John which precedes the opening of the fishing in the Grand Discharge, will be somewhat later than usual. At all events, I intend to watch the reports from the north very carefully in order to keep American friends posted through FOREST AND STREAM'S columns of the progress of the season.

A few fishermen destined for the Lake St. John country have already put in an appearance here. Messrs. R. F. and W. W. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Florida, arrived some days ago, and are going to fish on the Tourilli Club waters prior to visiting Newfoundland for salmon fishing. Rev. Dr. Zimmerman, of Syracuse, has taken up his headquarters at Lake Edward, ready for the first big trout of the season there. Messrs. Preston Lea and H. Swift, of Wilmington, Delaware, have passed through Quebec on their way to the Stadacona lakes, and Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, R. J. Fisher, of Washington, and W. E. Lincoln, of Pittsburg, were here a day or two ago en route to the Metabetchouan. It will be fully a week from present writing before there will be much of a rush to northern waters.

Salmon Fishery Dispute.

The Government of the Province of Quebec and some of the best known salmon fishermen of Canada and the United States are parties to an important lawsuit arising out of the right of fishing in the river Moisie. Alexander Fraser, of Quebec, claims to have owned the fishing rights of the Moisie, in virtue of his proprietorship of the banks of the river. For some years he leased the fishing in the river, and some time ago Messrs. Fitch, Boswell and others, of Quebec, became possessed of it. A little over a year ago, Mr. Ivers Adams, of Boston, purchased Mr. Fraser's property for $30,000, and claims the sole right of fishing in the river. On the other hand, the Government has always claimed the ownership of the fishing rights in the Moisie, in virtue of a judgment of the Imperial Privy Council, which declares the Province to be the proprietor of the fishing in all public navigable waters. The details of the present lawsuit possess a very great interest to all salmon fishermen on navigable waters. While Messrs. Boswell and Fitch were exercising their supposed rights to fish the Moisie, as owners of the riparian privileges, the Government resolved upon asserting the rights declared to belong to it by the highest court of the empire. They therefore notified Messrs. Boswell and Fitch that they were fishing upon Government waters and asked them to come to an arrangement with their officers. The owners refused to recognize the alleged rights of the Government. Meanwhile, Mr. Adams became proprietor of the riparian rights of the river. Then Messrs. Boswell and Fitch, who had become dispossessed of proprietary rights before they were aware that any negotiations were afoot for the change, applied to the Government for a lease of its rights. The Government believed it proper first to give a refusal of its rights to Mr. Adams, who had purchased the river from Fraser in good faith, and Adams took the Government lease for $2,500 a year, so as to be sure that nobody could interfere with him. The Government is naturally delighted to have made this lease, which they regard as a quasi recognition, at least, of the correctness of their claim. This year, however, Mr. Adams dropped the lease, which has been promptly taken up by Messrs. Boswell and Fitch. Both parties now propose to fish the river and a conflict may ensue. The Government lessees naturally look for Government protection, and the whole case has been thrown into court to decide whether or not the Moisie is a public navigable and floatable river forming part of the dependency of the Crown domain of the Province, and whether the defendants, Fraser and Adams, have any right to fish the river. The outcome will naturally be looked for with very great interest, for if the ultimate decision be favorable to the Government's contention, many anglers will find that they have paid out good money for supposed salmon fishing rights to riparian owners who do not really control the fishing of the streams at all. The present test case will doubtless be appealed from court to court until a final judgment is obtained from the Privy Council.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O.

The many American and Canadian sportsmen who have met Colonel Andrew Haggard or have read his stories, will regret to learn that he has been very ill all the winter, which he spent in Italy and the south of France. He is back again in England, however, contributing, as before, to the columns of the Field, and busy preparing two new books for the press, one a novel, the other a volume of sporting yarns from Canada, Newfoundland, India and Japan, to which Mr. John Bickerdike has written an introduction.

Royal and Other Fishermen.

An English letter says that the Prince of Wales has lately had a very good week of salmon fishing on the Dee. The King's Balmoral and Abergeldie waters extend for fourteen miles, beginning at Invercauld Bridge, while a few miles lower down the river His Majesty has another stretch.

The fact that King Edward is a very poor angler reminds me of a story which I lately read of another monarch whom he has lately visited. I mean the King of Italy. Victor Emmanuel is very fond of fishing, but it is the one sport at which he has no luck. One day he was out for several hours and was returning to the castle with the keeper, on foot, with three poor fish on a string, when they met a poor man with a magnificent catch of trout. The peasant planted himself before the King and asked a light for his pipe, and when he had received it, he said with scorn: "You seem to be no great things at fishing. To look at your catch one would think you were the King." His Majesty, rather red in the face, asked why. "Oh," returned the other, "he thinks a good deal of himself, but he is a very poor body more fit to be a king than a sportsman." E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fifth Annual Tuna Tournament.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, Cal., May 12.—As the big steamer Hermosa drifted into the dock at Avalon a line of men appeared not far away, which reminded some of the passengers of the old-time Chicago or New York hackmen, but it was a little different. Instead of "Have a hack?" it was "Have a boat, sir?" "Tuna boat, sir?" "Glass bottom boat, sir?" "For the Admiral Dewey, right this way." "Here you are for the glass-bottomed side-wheeler Admiral Sampson." "Here you are, the 'Teddy' glass-bottom boat." "Going yellow tailin', sir? Fine boat, sir; best of tackle." and many more from as jolly-faced and pleasant-voiced a lot of sea dogs as ever spliced the main brace. There are horses at Avalon, but the "livery" is boat, Avalon being a sort of a Venice, where you get into a glass-bottomed boat or a launch to go anywhere; and a very delightful custom it is. But it takes some time to get accustomed to hearing the wealthy residents of Avalon talk of launches and boatman as they would of horses and carriages, as every one has his launch and "driver" or boatman.

The hotels and boarding houses at Avalon—all have their quota of tuna anglers from all over the country who are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the big game, which is due now.

Judging by former years, the exact arrival of the game is very uncertain. Sometimes they come in April, then disappear; again it is May 15; and one year they did not arrive until June, and then came with such a rush that many were taken. Eastern anglers are often astonished at the small number of tunas taken. In no one season have over 200 been taken with the regulation rod and line of not over 24 strands; and no angler has beaten Mr. E. L. Doran's record of eighteen for the season. The reason for this lies not in the small numbers of fish, but in their game qualities. They come in thousands, fairly covering the sea at times; but the angler who takes his fish without several or indeed many losses, is fortunate indeed. There have been known certain anglers who could never land their tuna; yet offer up lines, hooks and rods year after year. The average fish in its best condition is apt to demoralize the average angler, and a wreck of tackle is the result. In a word, the chief reason why more tarpon are taken than tunas lies in the fact that the tuna in its best condition is much harder to take, and again, there are in the United States many hundreds of miles of coast providing tarpon fishing, from Aransas Pass around to the mouth of the St. John's in Florida, not to speak of Tampico, while the tuna, remarkable to relate, is, so far as sport with the rod is concerned, confined to the three or four-mile limit between Avalon Bay and Long Point of Santa Catalina. The season for this fish may be said to be from May 15 to August 15, though it changes every season, and fishes have been hooked at Catalina in February.

The angling tournament given this season by the Tuna Club, organized by Chas. F. Holder several years ago to encourage rod fishing and prevent the waste and over killing of large game fish, is attracting much attention, and many well-known anglers are on hand hoping to beat some of the records. Among them are

Col. Stearns, of Los Angeles, who holds the tuna record for 1902, and Mr. John W. Northrop, of Chicago, who is one of the best-known sea anglers in the country, having taken about every big fish that swims, including the big devil fish of the Mexican Gulf. The following are the Tuna Club's records up to date, and as may be surmised, the club record of 251, of Col. Morehouse, president of the club, until he is beaten, is the plum which anglers are reaching for.

The fifth annual angling tournament of the Santa Catalina Island Tuna Club opened with this month of May.

The only restrictions are the rules of the Tuna Club that rods and reels must be used and that rods must not be less than 6 feet 9 inches in length, the tip of which must not weigh more than 16 ounces. By "tip" is meant all that portion of the rod from reel seat to end of rod. The line must not exceed 24 threads or strands and be capable of sustaining a dead weight of not more than 48 pounds. All anglers must bring his or her fish to gaff unaided, and the fish must be reeled in, a broken rod either before or after gaffing disqualifies the angler. The tournament is open to amateurs only, professional boatmen, those engaged in allied industries on the island and members of their families being barred, except as in special class I.

The present holders of cups and records are: Largest tuna—C. F. Holder, Pasadena, season 1899, 183 pounds; Col. C. P. Morehouse, Pasadena, season 1900, 251 pounds; F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., season 1901, 158 pounds; F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1901, 158 pounds; John E. Stearns, Los Angeles, season 1902, 197 pounds.

Black Sea Bass.—F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1898, 327 pounds; T. S. Manning, Avalon, season 1899, 370 pounds; F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., season 1900, 384 pounds; A. C. Thompson, Pomona, season 1901, 384 pounds; H. T. Kendall, Pasadena, season 1902, 419 pounds.

Largest Yellowtail.—F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1898, 41 pounds; F. S. Gerrish, Jacksonville, Fla., season 1899, 37 pounds; R. F. Stocking, Los Angeles, season 1900, 48 pounds; T. S. Manning, season 1901, 33 pounds; Dr. Trowbridge, Fresno, season 1902, 47½ pounds.

The game fishes listed in the tournament are the tuna, black sea bass, albicore, yellowtail, whitefish, sheepshead, bonito, rock bass. Handsome prizes are offered in all these classes for both boatman and angler. There are prizes to the boatman for the boat which takes the first fish of the season, and for the best equipped boat, all of which has had its influence in making Avalon the admiration of anglers for the sportsmanlike methods which hold there. Everyone fishes with a rod—no one uses a handline or any kind of a line larger than a number 24 Cuttyhunk. If the fish can't be caught with this he is not caught at all, but that he is caught the records show. Local anglers are looking forward to the visit to Avalon this week of Dr. Van Dyke, of Princeton, a famous lover of the rod, who is in Los Angeles as moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. The rugged cliffs of Santa Catalina are far different from the charming scenes Mr. Van Dyke has pictured yet none the less beautiful, and it is the hope of many to see this disciple of Walton have a full measure of the "fisherman's luck," of which he writes so charmingly.

SENOR X.

At the Aquarium's Table.

Where they Like to see Every Boarder with a Good Appetite.

ALWAYS after a newly captured fish has been put into a tank at the New York Aquarium, the first thing to be done is to feed it, or try to get it to eat. At some periods of the year some fishes in nature may go entirely without food for a long time, and in captivity they may do the same, or eat very little; but as a general proposition a fish that is doing well eats well; and there is nothing that pleases those who have the care of captive fishes so much as to see the stock with good appetites. That means that the fishes are feeling well, to begin with, and their taking food regularly and in sufficient quantities means that they are keeping up their strength, and, so to speak, their spirits. As long as a fish eats it is all right. The newcomers are not only tempted with the most attractive food that can be supplied to them, but they are actually fed by hand; that is, the food is actually put into their mouths, and this very likely is done day after day; and the biggest and clumsiest of the fishes are the ones likeliest to be fed in this manner.

Every effort is always made to give the fishes generally what they would like to eat, and their diet is varied as much as possible with marine delicacies such as shrimps, soft shell clams, and so on; and it is sought to satisfy even the tastes of individual fishes. For example, the green parrot fishes like soft clams, shells and all, and they get them, these beautiful fishes eating the entire clam, biting out small chunks and chewing up the pulp and shell very fine and swallowing all. Most fishes that eat one sort and another of crustaceans, reject the shells. But that's the way the green parrots like clams, and that's the way the clams are fed to them. On the other hand, there are some fishes that get their soft clams on the half shell, these being the angel fishes, the cowfishes and the trunkfishes, and as it has been found that it is better for these fishes' health that they should not eat the tough head of the clam with the leathery, skinny hood that covers it, that part is cut out before the clams, on the half shell, are put into the tanks for them.

Indeed, the dietary is quite varied, as some fish are vegetarians, many carnivorous, and a few omnivorous. The vegetarians are few in number, and feed on soaked cereals or green plants in season. Beside shrimps and clams, the carnivores have various tastes. Some will eat only living fishes that they can capture; others thrive on dead fishes from which the bones have been removed; some require a diet of small crabs, and almost all enjoy a bit of salted codfish as a delicacy. Besides the fishes there are the turtles, seal, lobsters, sea-anemones and others to provide for, each requiring a special knowledge of its wants and habits through all the seasons.

Many an anxious consultation is held over fishes that refuse to eat or that develop some disease and lose their wonted vigor. This one needs a salve for some wound, that one is suffering from some fungus growth. The latter is treated by hydropathy literally; that is, if it is a fresh water fish it is put into salt water, and vice versa, for the fungi that live in one kind of water cannot live in the other.

Another matter of prime importance to the welfare of the inhabitants is the constant circulation of the water in ample volume. The regulation of the temperature also requires constant attention. Fishes are commonly called cold-blooded; they are, in fact, variable-blooded, and are keenly susceptible to fluctuations in the temperature of the water. In the aquarium not less than in the open water, these sensibilities play an important part in the life of fishes, and success in management means almost hourly attention to the regulation of the temperature. The New York Aquarium is furnished with a refrigerating apparatus on the one hand, and a warming apparatus on the other, so that salmon from the icy waters of Maine may feel at home, while the tropical fishes are comfortable in the neighboring tanks.

The men in charge of the fish get to know the peculiarities of every individual. In fact, this is necessary to success, and it is knowledge acquired by experience, not found in books. They tell us that fish of different kinds put together in a tank will fight till one kind is killed out, and that occasionally those of the same species will hound certain individuals to death; or perhaps it will be one only that is made the butt of all the rest. This trait is characteristic of the trunkfish.

The species of fish of which the New York Aquarium has the largest number, but of which the public sees the least, is the killifish. Although they are only from one to three inches long, they are as quick witted as the brightest of the big fish. They have to be, for they have so many enemies. At the aquarium they have an opportunity to display their powers of adaptation. They have only one opportunity to show what they can do in this direction, but they make good use of it. There is only an instant in which to decide upon the use which they will make of this opportunity, but there is no hesitation in making the decision.

The "killies" are collected every day for the aquarium by a man employed for the purpose. They are needed in large numbers, for they are used as food for the other fish. Every day a quantity of them are thrown to the bass and trout alive. It is then that they display their intelligence, or instinct, whichever it is. One is inclined at first thought to believe it is the former, for it is certain that they have never been called upon to meet the enemy in tanks shaped like those into which they are thrown. They quickly adapt themselves to the conditions under which the conflict for survival must be fought. The foe is as keen in the hunt as the hunted. It is a war of the wits.

The striped bass are kept in one of the oval basins on the main floor. There are a score or more of as fine specimens of the species as a fisherman ever looked upon in it, and it is tantalizing to one fond of fishing to watch them lazily moving across the white enamel bottom. A few minutes before 4 o'clock one of the keepers approaches the tank with a pail containing a hundred or two of the little fish. He leans over the edge, dips his hand into the pail, takes out a handful and tosses them into the center of the pool. There is a sudden commotion in the water. The bass are rising to the surface with a rush. It is now or never with the little fish. Do they lose their heads? No! The fight between the bass and their supper is now on. Will the bass have their supper? They have jumped for the largest of the "killies," leaving the smaller ones for dessert.

When by themselves the smaller "killies" usually remain at the bottom of their tank. They do not seek the bottom now. It is safer on top. With sundry darts they spring for the side of the tank. They know the habits of bass. The bass jump for their food. The small fish says to himself: "If I can only get to one side of the tank before the bass gets me, I have a fighting chance. Unless he is exceptionally clever, he cannot get me without hurting his snout when he jumps for me." He succeeds in reaching the white tile side, and finds there many of his fellows. They swim along the tank side in groups, and the bass leave them alone for a time.

Probably no angler would think of the weakfish, for instance, as one that could be induced to take food from the hand; but the weakfish at the New York Aquarium will eat in this manner.

That lightning-quick fish, the mackerel, and others of his quick moving family, can likewise be brought to take food from the hands, though they do not come up and pause and take the food deliberately from the fingers. They seize it out of the fingers as they flash past; doing this, however, of a deliberate purpose, so that it may be said of them, too, that they will take food from the hand.

In fact, there is hardly a fish which comes to the aquarium which will not take food in this way after being there six months or more. The fishes that will take food thus include not only the common, familiar kinds, but the strangely-shaped and bright-colored varieties from the tropics.

They are indeed so ready to do this that the man who feeds them has to look sharp and see that they don't bite his fingers. There are here plenty of fishes, and some of them not so big, either, with teeth sharp enough and jaws powerful enough to enable them to bite to the bone.

At the same time there are plenty of the fishes here that don't nip and catch in that way, but eat with more deliberation, and there are plenty of them that are at the top of the water waiting for the man that feeds them when he comes along, or that come to the top to meet him the instant he raises the screen above their tank.

Here is the orange filefish, from local waters, an odd looking fish, which comes to the top and feeds from the hand with absolute confidence. Its small curious mouth, when open, presents a round orifice not much more than big enough to take in a lead pencil. It takes its food by suction.

The orange filefish comes up for the shrimp held out for it and mumbles around it without any hurry at all until it gets it just right, and then sets its suction going and takes it in, and it takes in this way shrimp after shrimp.

A little further along there comes to the surface for his daily treat of killies a big portly triggerfish from Bermuda—a veteran; this old chap has been here since 1897, and it comes up now at regular feeding time regularly and waits with its nose right at the top of the water, and rolls its eye at you as it waits.

The man with the feed holds a killie down, puts it, in fact, right into the fish's mouth, and the old chap stays there and takes the killies as they are handed down.

Indeed, some of the fish at the aquarium are fed as if they were infants who were just being weaned, or in the trying period of developing teeth. Instead of presenting the food to them on the end of one's finger, however, a slender, sharp pointed stick is used. The sea anemones, the African catfish (among the livcliest fish in the aquarium), the Siamese climbing perch, sunfish, paradisefish, the amphiuma, or Congo snake, the white axolotl, the Spanish ribbed newt, the common newt, and the triton are some of those which receive their food in this way. To all of these is given minced beefsteak. As they are not sticklers the steak is only top round. These fish are kept in the glass jars in the laboratory and have no opportunity to secure food for themselves. They are always glad to get their meal, which varies from one little piece of the minced steak to a number of pieces. Mr. Spencer gives them their meal about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He carries it about on a little wooden spade which suggests a butter paddle such as the good housewives of New England work their butter with. Beginning at the end of the row, he stops in front of each jar in turn, and, taking a morsel of the meat on the end of his stick, pushes aside the ulva floating on the top of the water, and pokes it into the mouth of the fish, which, as a rule, jumps for it. Sometimes the meat sticks on the end of the stick and then the fish has to give it a pull. Some of the fish are so small that they have difficulty in swallowing a single morsel. They are always greedy for it, however, and ready to undertake the task.

"Blue Crab!" exclaimed a trim young woman teacher in charge of a flock of scholars, reading the label on a tank and glancing then into the tank itself, "I don't see any blue crabs."

But scarcely had she spoken when there came swiftly floating down from above through the water of the tank a lot of small fragments of clam that had been thrown in. And scarcely had the first of these fragments reached them when the bottom of the tank fairly swarmed with the liveliest lot of small crabs ever seen, and lots of them. There are in this tank upward of one hundred and fifty young blue crabs, ranging from one-quarter of an inch up to three inches in length.

Before that food came down they had all been buried in the sand at the bottom of the tank. Now they were all out dancing and prancing and jumping about, grabbing at pieces of the floating clam and grabbing it away from one another, and two crabs pulling at the same piece; little blue crabs—and the blue is the liveliest of all crabs—everywhere, and every one on the jump and go.

The tank that had been a moment before so quiet, was now a scene of great activity and excitement, and the young teacher and her flock were quite fascinated by the show; as, indeed, are all who chance to see this little spectacle of the blue crab tank at feeding time.

When one of the little crabs has got its claws on a fragment of clam, it may dart upward through the water; the blue crab is a greeat swimmer. It puts out one big claw, bent with the elbow to the front like a cutwater, and trails the other straight behind like a rudder or steering oar, and propels itself with its swimming claws.

Many of these little crabs take their food and climb up the back or one of the side walls of the tank and stay there to eat it, where they are less likely to be disturbed by others; so that now all the walls of the tank are sprinkled with variously sized small crabs scattered irregularly, while the bottom of the tank still swarms with them, and the previously vacant water is alive with them, darting here and there. So that it is a lively tank, indeed, this tank of the small blue crabs; and many pause to look at it.

There is one crustacean which need have no fear of the vivisectionist. It is the prawn, the first cousin of the shrimp. There are a number of them at the aquarium, where they are kept in a round jar in the laboratory. The reason that they need never fear the vivisectionist is that they are so nearly transparent that one may see their little hearts, livers and lights, and black linen thread tract right through their sides. They look as if they were made of glass with a tinge of sea green in it. Except for the two tiny dark bead-like eyes on the ends of two horn-like projections on their heads, one can scarcely distinguish them from the water in which they swim, they being so nearly colorless. When they swallow a morsel of clam, which they do from time to time when they are hungry, one can observe its progress to the digestive apparatus. Strangely, the white morsel looks black when once it is inside the prawn. This is because no light can pass through the clam, and none can be reflected from it. It is no more than a black period inside of a short paragraph of a fish. Prawns are three or four inches long. In shape and actions one might suppose them to be embryonic lobsters. They have miniature claws in front and a tangled undergrowth of legs. Great feelers—great for such an atom of life—go before to warn them of danger. Behind they have a paddle-like extremity which serves the same purpose as a similar organ on the lobster. By suddenly doubling themselves up they are able to shoot themselves backward when danger threatens before, but they are not as pugnacious as lobsters. Prawns are regarded as good to eat.

Since the death of the big West Indian seal, long famous for its habit of squirting water over the bystanders around its pool, many of the visitors have transferred their attentions to Nellie, the harbor seal, apparently with the hope that Nellie will cut up some similar antics. The handsome harbor seal has always been a favorite here, but her pool is now surrounded daily by more people than ever.

Nellie was never a joker like the big West Indian, but she is a lively creature and a lightning quick swimmer, and often in making the circuit of her pool she will jump three-quarters of her length out of the water. She has always been very intelligent and seems now to be

getting more so all of the time. For instance: Every day at 4 P. M. a man brings out of the feed room at the aquarium a tin bucket in which is contained the harbor seal's supper, which he sets over between the outer and inner railings of the seal's pool, at the platform end, there to await the coming of the man who does the actual feeding.

Nellie always comes up on the platform at this time, too, for she knows as well as anybody what is in that bucket. There on the platform she waits for the man who is to feed her. He climbs up over the railing and steps over to the pool's platform and stoops and says: "Shake hands, Nellie," which Nellie never fails to do, putting up her flipper promptly.

If the man who daily feeds Nellie comes along, as he sometimes does, rather early, and goes for the feed himself, then Nellie, as he passes along near the side of the pool, swims along inside as close to him as she can get, jumping out of the water two or three times on the way in joyous eagerness and anticipation. And when the man appears with the bucket she jumps out of the water and splashes round again and then bolts for the platform to meet him there.

But passing the pool thus early one day recently the man was surprised to see that Nellie did not follow along in the pool parallel with him as usual, but stayed right on the platform, whither she had already gone, without budging. This was strange, and looking back he saw Nellie close by the inner railing and throwing up a flipper apparently to him; and, looking again, he saw the flipper resting now on the top of that inner railing square abreast, as he now observed, of the tin bucket, which was already there, and which, to all appearances, Nellie was trying to point out to him.

It had been brought out that day a little earlier than usual, and it had chanced to escape the man's eye; but it had not escaped Nellie's.

When one of the small turtles in the pool of little alligators, turtles and bullfrogs gets hold of a piece of meat bigger than it can swallow at a gulp, it spreads its hind legs apart, as though to brace itself, and then fastens the claws on one or the other of its fore feet in the meat and pulls; just as a small boy might pull with one of his hands on something tough that he held between his teeth. In this way the turtle pulls his food into pieces that it can swallow.

There are in this small pool many small turtles, including many varieties, and they all have pretty good appetites; but some of them are too lazy to hunt around for the food when it is thrown in, or they have hazy notions of right or wrong, for no small turtle will hesitate to grab the food out of another turtle's beak if it gets a chance.

A small spotted turtle here picked up a piece of meat the other day and was industriously clawing it apart and eating when there lumbered up to it a snapping turtle twice its size which snatched the food from the spotted turtle's mouth and calmly bolted it. The spotted turtle was powerless to resent this treatment, but a minute later the spotted turtle got a chance at this same snapping turtle and got even in great shape.

When the spotted turtle had been deprived of that piece of meat it swam on a foot or two beyond the snapper and then turned around, by chance or intention, just in time to see the snapping turtle pick up from the bottom of the pool a good sized piece of meat, which it had found itself. For that piece of meat little spotterino now made a dive. It couldn't have begun to pull it away from the bigger snapping turtle, but when it came upon the snapper unawares, snipped the meat out of its beak, and was off with it before the snapper could put its wits together and shut tight.

With the piece of meat in its mouth the little spotted turtle kept right on, paddling away as fast as it could, like a small boy who had snatched something and was running away with it. The lumbering snapping turtle didn't try to follow, but the little spotted turtle took no chances. It got away from the bigger turtle as fast as it could and as far. Other turtles reached out for the meat, but the spotted turtle evaded all and made for a clear space on the bottom of the pool ten feet away; it was like going out into the open lots of a town, where there would be no houses, no people around at all, and then devoured its prize. Truly, there's something going on all the time in this pool of reptiles and batrachians.

The big sturgeon which died at the aquarium recently was not the only specimen there on exhibition. There are three more swimming about in the tanks. The sturgeon is an interesting fish with a telescopic mouth. Its mouth has not the usual bony jaw opening like that of most fish. It is on the under side of its head, like that of a shark, and is more like a hole than anything else. In front of it, hanging down like a thin beard, are a number of sensitive tentacles. Whenever the surgeon in his search for food skims the surface of the bottom, these tentacles sweep the ground. If they chance to pass over the end of the siphon of a soft-shelled clam, the information is immediately telegraphed to the brain, and the telescopic mouth unfolds into a tube over the neck of the clam. Its gills begin to work with the speed of bellows when a fire is being stirred up. The sand blows out of them on either side in a little cloud. In a few seconds the sand around the clam has been sucked through the gills and the clam is fitted into the mouth of the sturgeon. Once inside the vestibule of the sturgeon's mouth, the shell is crushed to pieces, the gills again working like a busy pair of bellows. The clam, it is needless to say, does not follow the fragments of the shell.

Weakfish near New York.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., May 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Weakfish are here and ready for business. It is early for them to take the hook in these waters, but their actions prove the fact. On the14th, 15th, and 16th good catches were made at Gifford's, and yesterday two or three were caught here in Prince's Bay in near shore, and, as we call it, "under the light." Any fisherman from New York who has fished in Prince's Bay will know the location "under the light" and "on the flats," two good places for these large yellow-finned tide runners. ***

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

VIII.—The Camper's Sky and Clouds.

"The heavens recount the glory of God, and the firmament proclaims His handiwork."—From Wellhausen's Translation of XIX. Psalm.

"Underneath the young, gray dawn,
A multitude of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."
—Shelley.

THE wild, savage instinct lingers in nearly all civilized men, and blazes forth during an outing with rod or gun. The diverse moods of my tent-mate prove this.

On Sundays he "dresses up"—white shirt, collar, a sedate face under his sober hat, patent-leathers, cuffs, and a clean shave. He protests as he sees men fishing. But we take the canoe on the train up to Curtis' Eddy, just above Cochecton, and make a Sunday run down the river to the tent at the head of Upper Westcolang Rift; and in the favorable morning light he loves to watch and follow the bass, gliding about over their now disused beds that look like big submerged soup-plates lined with little stones. He tells how the fish make them, change color during the time of actual spawning, and how the male fish guards the vitalized eggs. He says it is a shame to pursue and kill them, as they never do us any harm, and have as good a right to life as ourselves. This is when he wears his Sunday face and clothes, and feels and talks what he is, a dignified college professor.

But on Monday morning he dons a blue shirt, brown overalls, coarse shoes, and a horrible straw hat. All through the week he grows more and more disreputable; and by Saturday he is eating fried fish with his fingers, and talking in the rough dialect of a backwoodsman. He

PURE SKY AND REFLECTIONS.

voices his impatience at my slow preparations to join him in the canoe for a try at the fish with modern tackle; for our tamarack poles have been broken, stolen, and whittled up on wet mornings for shavings to start the camp-fire.

"Don't ye see 'em jumpin' out there?" he protests. "Hurry up!—rain's a comin' soon, an' they'll bite fine!"

"Thought you didn't approve of killing bass."

"Pooh! Nonsense! That was last Sunday. See, there's another jumpin' and aggravatin' me. Hurry up!"

Yet even on a Saturday afternoon, and especially after supper, if he stretches himself on one of the two rubber mattresses from the tent, and smokes, he quite charms me with the grace and taste of his conversation. But he talks rather pompously, as if he were lecturing to his classes. Here is a sample of his remarks after he has "flopped down," has a cigar "going," and while he scans the sky and its cloud-ranges as evening twilight approaches:

"Now, this is comfort, and what I often did when a boy—watched cloud-castles over the fields of the old homestead out in the West, forty years ago. It was a dream-life. I pictured faces in the 'thunder-head' clouds, flocked and balanced in the heavens. Mountains, rivers, islands of the blue sea, titan birds, faces, boats and persons in them floating down azure rivers; dragons, alligators and elephants; and I tell you those clouds of that long ago were my castles in Spain. I even wrote some verses about them. Don't run away—I'll let you off if you will listen to two of the stanzas: had them in our village paper, and the girls said they were fine.

"A fair, illumined cloud, rose-tinted mist,
Rises above the groves of verdant yew,
Joins with the clouds above, whose checks are kissed
With sunlight mild, and forms a castle true!
A castle wondrous fair, suspended in the blue:
All subtle pearls and purples in the sunset ray;
Made beauteous by the rich light melting through.
Nor fancy's pencil bright, nor poet's sweetest lay,
Can justly to the mind this fairy scene portray!

"Columns and terraces, and lofty towers,
Ane deftly fashioned, as divinely planned.
The massive portals are bedecked with flowers—
Wreath crowning wreath and band encircling band:
While on the snow-white dome, superbly grand,
A golden staff supports the flag of bliss,
On whose pink folds are traced with cunning hand,
The symbols of man's earthly happiness,
In wild confusion thrown, yet nothing placed amiss!"

"Why don't you applaud?" he growls. "You ate three fish for breakfast, and have drank four lemonades since we came in this afternoon. Indigestion—that's your trouble. How hard it is for a 'poet' to find appreciation! But really you ought to study the clouds."

We watched them while on the Delaware, as boys watch a circus.

This article is for the casual reader, who would skip dry details about cloud perspectives and some of the laws of light and color. Besides, no writers about clouds can account for much of their phenomena. So the few hundreds of words here devoted to them will be woefully incomplete and fragmentary.

The sky should be regarded as a clear, fiery-blue liquid, yet full of air that is more or less saturated with moisture that is visible when cold has condensed it. A cold wind rushing out of an Apine valley often forms clouds in the warmer, moist air which it finds below. A snowy mountain-peak frequently has its cloud-banner streaming out, but stationary in high wind, as if some wizard had tied it to that pinnacle. It is caused by the moisture being condensed into a visible cloud which is constantly blown away and as constantly formed, as the air swoops over and past the peak..

This invisible moisture in the air will cause endless change of hues in the sky without clouds, tinting its transparency in a dozen blues, faint pinks and purples, mauves and greens. I do not now speak of hues of clouds, but of transparent sky without clouds, where the moisture becomes sufficiently visible in sunlight to make tender changes of hues in the sky itself, just as dust is shown along the line of sunshine that traverses a room. So the absolute purity of the sky's deep blue is endlessly changed by invisible moisture, which is yet capable of affecting the color of the sky itself. And when clouds do appear, the sunbeams falling just along their edges and darting beyond them, show this vapor partially in effects that country boys sometimes call "the sun drawing water," and which artists so often try to show on their canvas skies.

Perhaps the leading feature of all clouds is their constant and perpetual changefulness of form and hue. No part of any cloud remains the same either in shape or color, for two consecutive moments.

The sky scenery is divided into three great cloud classes—the upper (cirrus), central (stratus), and lower, or rain cloud.

The cirrus clouds never touch even the highest mountain pinnacles, and are always full of hair-like and parallel lines whose direction is also parallel with the wind, to which each cloud always presents its narrowest point. The outlines of all cirrus clouds are very sharp, with distinct edges. When they gather in flocks and fill the sky, their number is like the leaves of the forest; and they are apt to be agitated by lofty winds which bend, break and serrate them, but without marring or destroying the individuality of any. These clouds show the coolest and softest white, pearl-gray and scarlet tints. They contain no impurities; and as light is caught and held in them, they become saturated, as a sponge with water, with the most exquisite colors, perhaps unequaled by any other hues in nature.

The whole sky is often covered with them, each sharply visible, yet often so ethereal that you can see the stars through their films. They then make the sky a titanic canopy of fleecy wool. And there will not be one of these thousands of clouds in any one of their myriad rows which will not appear to embody a distinct thought and plan; separately set, poised and balanced, yet with a thoughtful location when considered in relation to the whole giant company! It stands like a soldier on dress parade, just where it should be, in orderly companionship with the host of which it forms so tiny a part, and symmetrically aiding to make the sky a concave of petrified foam—yet tender white, pearl, mauve and pink throbbing through it all in moments when nature tries to surpass even herself, and the vault becomes transfigured! It is an unspeakable, visible plan of buoyant, sublime repose. Yet it has its unwearied, subtle passion and change on the uplifted floor of the heavens. This whole pageant, quite as much as flowing water, is governed by inflexible laws of perspectives, curvature, light and hue, as it marshals itself from the zenith down to its retirement into the horizon, melting back into the sky recesses—"folded veils of variable mist."

Thus we always find in clouds the purest vital beauty—felicitous fulfillment of function. It is quite as manifest in the stratus, or central cloud.

To this second class belong the sky-mountains with their radiant summits and buttresses of cold shadow—clouds which fling themselves into crags and precipices more gigantic than a dozen Matterhorns, yet gashed with cañons seemingly as solid as rock, and under crowded, uplifted peaks, domes and promontories—torn with cavities and tunneled with long reaches of perspectives leading back to the open firmament beyond, and with sunlight pouring through them, showing tender little fields and points of intensest blue sky; sometimes all in peace; still, fixed; and again boiling and tortured in convulsions, like Milton's flinging of "hills with all their woods."

And breaking through all this will be a dozen aisles, each full of its histories of distance and space, "fifty hollow ways among bewildered hills—each with their own nodding rocks and cloven precipices and radiant summits and robing vapors, but all unlike each other except in beauty, and all bearing witness to the unwearied, exhaustless operation of the Infinite Mind."

And as if to show that she is never satisfied with her own beauty, nature will often set above all this as a canopy, an upper concave flecked with innumerable fields of the higher cirrus clouds, also graced with exquisite glories of colors.

The magnitude of the stratus cloud formations is also amazing. So is their seeming solidity. Anywhere in them the aeronaut could breathe freely; yet with all their actual, evanescent fragility, they look massive as stone! Real mountains are thus mocked with their own forms, and multiplied in size while filled with unspeakable brightness and many-hued fire. There is no Alpine or Himalayan mountain view but sinks to insignificance in comparison with these unsubstantial pageants of the sky, which can be well seen almost any midsummer day along the Delaware. Far too often we scarcely note, much less see them. Even when specially looked at, I have heard

this dialogue between an artist and sportsman of taste, and a mere fisherman:

"What a magnificent, fiery sunset in clouds!"

"Y-a-a-s! Looks as if the sky had been wearing a mustard plaster."

It is difficult to have patience with such vulgarity before all that infinity of loveliness, equally infinite in all its parts and divisions of parts. For if you select from all that conflagration a single square inch of the picture, and study it, you find that it has the vital purity and delicacy of a leaf of the wild rose, and that it still triumphs over and defies you with its infinity quite as much in that subdivided, tiny spot, as in the marvelous whole—each point of mist and color too tender, changing, subtle ,delicate and mysterious for analysis. To those of open eye and humble heart I say, study the stratus cloud; for in the above struggle for some approximate description, I have only made pitifully weak and imperfect mention of some of its numberless attractions.

Lastly, to the rain-cloud belongs the white wreath that broods over or steals along the mountain sides, appearing, vanishing, reappearing and widening to junctions with other mists, and often ascending and blackening with increased and electric life, to take possession of the whole sky. It then plays with thunderbolts, reigning perhaps in gray monotony, or forming afar off; and, rousing and carrying its own winds, it advances toward you, the white and gray couriers crowning it like a skirmish line before the ominous main body. Or it may be seen retreating, and fringed with dreamy, down-reaching, wind-swerved rain-curtains far away among plains and hills. But it is so comparatively near that it cannot be studied in really titanic masses, sky-wide, like the cirrus and stratus.

Its most fearful life is when it seems to fill the sky because it is nearer, and brings its twisted, tortured motion across your path in the sweep and fury of the thunder-storm. It is always heavier than the rain it releases. Its edges become ragged, hurrying, fitful. And its gloom and indescribable electric oncoming and threatening murmur, its fiercer voices, sulphurous being, wildness, and impending swoop over you while it yet seems to be relentlessly shattering its own self with chaotic frenzy,

SUNSET AFTERGLOW ON CLOUDS.

form what is probably the most impressive scene of earth.

Its intense gloom is yet visible through enormous space and height, a gloom full of wild haste and crouching fear, its mad swirls of hurrying drift being flung up and onward, every writhing wreath full of its own special passion of torture, yet all overpowered and swept along by one omnipotence. Lurid colors, uncontrolled, posing fury, a sky-wide Terror being chased and fleeing before a power infinitely greater than itself!

No wonder that not only children, but many strong men, dread the advance of the maddened rain-cloud!

Here, again, nature uses the power of contrast. The rain-cloud passes; streams of fire come from its inky folds, and it bellows in pain. But as it retires into the hollows of distance, the rear guard of its rain-drops pattering on wet foliage like showers of buck-shot, note the sweet promise and blessing which it shows not only in the rainbow, but in the golden-green colors dancing on washed and sparkling forests and hills. White, dreamy, sun-flecked peace of thousands of delicate, snowy clouds, trooping to transform the heavens from their dark horror into ineffable light; while the heated hills steam like overdriven horses—the inexpressible beauty of "sunshine after rain!"

But why attempt the impossible? Far abler pens than mine have shown themselves impotent to tell of such scenes. He who dares attempt to describe them must be audacious in words; and the chances are many to one that he will not only miserably fail, but feel that his language is pompous and ridiculous, even when he has an humble desire, freed from all self-consciousness, to try and stimulate study of clouds—the downy-winged sea-angels from above whose driving shadows the scrolls of the heavens are unfolded, and from which pour the showers which wake to life the grateful laughings and sparklings through woods and meadows, rivulets and brooks that join to make the volumed music of rivers like the Delaware.

Before me are a dozen photographs of clouds; no camera can show their beauty, and no engraver represent a thousandth part of their delicacy and finish of curvature and hue. Look at the sky-pictures themselves. See them, teeming with that Vital Spirit of Nature described by Kreeshna, the Hindoo Deity, as he addresses Arjoon, the pupil. It is the Sanscrit key-note of all later writings about nature:

"I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, found in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling favor in the earth, glory in the source of light." (See Bhagvat Geeta Dialogues.)

All this is not rhapsody, but benign fact, and as vitally true of the sky and its clouds as of the earth and its peoples, whom Jean Paul came to know so well that Carlyle said of him:

"Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness, awakens in his bosom a response; nay, strikes his spirit into harmony; a wild music, as of wind-harps, floating round us in fitful swells, but soft sometimes, and pure and soul-entrancing as the song of angels. His is the spirit which gives life and beauty to whatever it embraces. Inanimate Nature is no longer an insensible assemblage of colors and perfumes, but a mysterious Presence with which he communes in unutterable sympathies. The infinite Night, with her solemn aspects, Day, and the sweet approach of Even and Morn, are full of meaning for him. He loves the green Earth with her streams and forests, her flowery leas and eternal skies; loves her with a sort of passion in all her vicissitudes of light and shade; his spirit revels in her grandeur and charms; expands like the breeze over wood and lawn, over glade and dingle, stealing and giving odors."

L. F. BROWN.

In Maine Waters.

BANGOR, Maine, May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The week has passed, and with it have passed all the desirable fishing records hitherto held in the State of Maine—to hear the enthusiastic anglers tell it themselves. And, beyond question, the conditions have been such as to make the past week one long to be remembered among the fishermen, who in 1902 had so much that was untoward to interfere with their perfect enjoyment of the best week's sport for the parallel week, ever enjoyed by visitors to the Maine trout waters.

This has been a week of peculiar conditions for Maine, especially in May, when sportsmen usually begin to watch the skies with care, and the direction of the wind with real concern. The very unusual conditions of low water, and, following soon after the cold weather, a delightful spell of warm weather, have united to bring the fishing up to date with a rush, and those who have had sufficient time to go to the fishing grounds and stay right there for twenty-four hours, or until they had all the fish they wanted or could carry, have enjoyed sport such as has not been experienced by them in long years of annual visits to Maine waters.

There has been, too, another interference with one's fullest enjoyment, when a half hundred of the best fishing waters have been made secondary in quality for the weeks of spring fishing, by holding back the water and raising it as high as the law would permit, to be used later in driving the logs. This year all is changed, and the high water does not come nearly as high in these reservoirs as has become customary since the log driving concerns secured control of them, in a measure. Particularly is this true at Moosehead Lake, which is lower this season than for several years, owing to the early freshets which rushed away the snows depended on for a later supply of driving water. This low water prevents the fish getting into the bushes and swamps along the shore of the lake, in search of insects, and as a consequence the fish have been very hungry and ready to attack almost anything that gave promise of having food qualities.

Another important feature of the past week has been the forest fires, which have raged in almost every section of Maine where there was woods, and has undoubtedly caused extensive damage to the timberlands. It has been so long since we had rain that in many places the ground and twigs were almost parched, and offered good food for the spark that sooner or later came that way. Several camps, private and public as well, have been seriously threatened, and, in some cases, even wiped out, and unless rain comes soon and in abundance, there will be large extra expense to camp owners in replacing that which the fire destroys.

It is probable that the past week has seen brought into Bangor the largest square-tail trout caught by a fisherman in Moosehead for many seasons. P. H. McNamara, of this city, was one of a party at the lake, and he landed, among others, a trout that weighed 6½ pounds, which is believed to be the record fish for those waters during the present season.

Green Lake, which panned out fairly well for the first part of the season, hasn't reported its run of smelts up the brook yet, and until that event the fishing will continue to be poor. Reports say that but one man had the courage to fish there during this week, and he happily landed a five-pound salmon.

Perhaps no two strings shown in this city have created as much interest and admiration as those of the Sterns party from Moosehead and the Pierce party from Burnt Pond. The former party was composed of Ezra L. Sterns, Col. I. K. Stetson, Hon. Wm. Engel, Collector of Customs, Albert R. Day, Capt. H. C. Chapman, E. E. Walker, and Elgin Greenleaf, of this city. They had a magnificent string, led by a fish weighing 5¼ pounds, taken by Mr. Greenleaf. The other string was not as large, even proportionately, but few handsomer trout will be seen in eastern Maine this year than the five exhibited by Assistant Postmaster A. H. Pierce and Postal Clerk H. A. Jordan, who were at Burnt Pond. Their largest weighed four pounds.

Governor John F. Hill, of Augusta, Councillor Wm. T. Haines, of Waterville, and Dr. F. G. Kinsman, of Augusta, have just returned from a trip to the Passadumkeag Stream, where they fished with great delight and most desirable results, from the source to Cold Spring. They camped out one night and caught lots of fish, none weighing above a pound, but affording some of the very finest stream fishing ever enjoyed by any member of the party. On the way home Dr. Kinsman left the others and stopped off for a day at Cold Stream Pond, Enfield, and caught eight good fish to take home.

It was at Cold Stream Pond, too, that Postmaster G. D. Libby, of Gardner, hooked "the grandfather of them all," as he puts it. Mr. Libby was at the pond all the week with a friend, J. F. Wight, of Boston, and both had been having very good luck—so good that there was an abundance of fish for the table and some to set aside against the departure for home. While trolling Friday afternoon, Mr. Libby had a tremendous strike and played his fish for a long time, once getting the fish near enough to the boat to be seen—and it was a bouncer, the largest he ever hooked, he says, and those who were near at the time support his story. But finally the fish got the better of the angler, and, much to the latter's disgust, escaped.

Wm. G. Dillingham and George A. Crafts, of the Eastern Manufacturing Company, accompanied by Fred Ayer, son of the president of that company, all of this city, have returned from a great trip to Sisladobsis Lake, where they landed forty-seven handsome salmon. They brought home all the law allows, and had an abundance of salmon, in all desirable ways of cooking, while in camp.

The sea salmon do not seem to be coming in great schools, and up to date only one has been taken during the week, a 19 pounder caught yesterday by C. P. Hodgkins, of this city. At Calais an occasional one is being taken, but the best run there is in early June, while the best run at the Bangor Pool is any time, and you are fortunate to be on hand during its continuance.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

New England Angling.

BOSTON, May 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some facts regarding the Megantic Club will be read with interest not only by the 238 members of it but by many others who have partaken of its benefits. The club has exerted a powerful influence in the cause of protection in Maine, and many of its members have been zealous workers in other States. This is especially true in Massachusetts, where a goodly number of them have joined the State Association, some of whom have been for several years members of its Board of Management.

Previous to its formation, some fifteen years ago, Canadian Frenchmen were wont to come over the line into Maine and kill deer in winter time while in their yards for their hides. In fact, indiscriminate slaughter of all kinds of game was the rule with them winter and summer.

Not only has this wanton destruction been stopped, but, under the guidance of efficient directors, a careful observance of the game laws has been secured on the part of its members and visiting sportsmen. In addition to this a fish hatchery has been established and placed in charge of a competent superintendent. Last August 140,000 young fish were liberated in L, Big Island, Rock, Grant, Northwest and Arnold ponds. In the latter were placed 2,000 landlocked salmon obtained from the United States Fish Commission last fall. 200,000 trout eggs were obtained by purchase, and 20,000 salmon eggs, as a gift from the United States. The fishing is reported to be constantly improving in spite of the fact that 163 members and 84 guests visited the preserve last year. One new camp at Chain of Ponds has been recently built.

The managing director, Mr. Stephen F. Johnson, of Boston, who has recently returned from a trip across the preserve, reports that materials and help have been provided to put the club house and camps in thorough repair prior to the opening, which occurred May 15. He, however, advised members not to visit them earlier than the 20th, and says fly-fishing is not likely to be good till June. The club house is in charge of Mr. E. MacPherson; the Chain of Ponds camps are to be managed by Mr. C. F. Sprague.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman has retired from the position of secretary and treasurer, and Mr. E. A. Phippen is assistant clerk and secretary, while Mr. P. C. Wiggin is now treasurer.

A new rule has recently been adopted by which hereafter guests will be permitted to visit the preserve only when accompanied by a member.

Secretary Phippen tells me to-day that Mr. L. O. Crane, of the directors, has already started with a party for the preserve, and several other members are getting ready for the trip. The organization of this club is one of the marvels of the times, and is due to a man who has a genius for this sort of thing. Mr. Bernard Hyneman, of Hyneman Brothers, Milk street, has just returned from the Cupsuptic. Several of the salmon he caught weighing from 3½ to 4½ pounds, together with a handsome showing of trout, were on exhibition last Thursday in the window of the Boston and Maine Railroad office on Washington street. Mr. J. C. Ackerman, of Boston, who was one of Mr. Hyneman's party, captured a salmon weighing 7½ pounds. Mr. Hyneman says he returned greatly delighted with his trip. They had pleasant weather and found things lively, several other sportsmen from New York and from cities of Maine were all getting good catches. Another gentleman just returned from the Rangeleys is Mr. James Brown, of the Railroad News Company. Mr. Wm. S. Hinman, of Boston, returned from Clear Water recently, bringing a salmon caught by himself which weighed 11 pounds, and was 31 inches in length. Mr. Hinman reports a good number of anglers and everybody having good luck. On Thursday, May 7, Dr. C. A. Moore and S. W. Bass, of Lawrence, landed five trout from 6 to 8½ pounds each, a total of 36¾ pounds. Dr. Frank Stratton, of Swampscott, got one weighing 9 pounds, and Dr. C. W. Hutchings, of Boston, one of 8 pounds. Mr. S. W. Staples, Taunton, Mass., after a two hours' struggle, more than half the time after dark, brought to gaff a salmon weighing 12½ pounds.

Dr. Aldrich, of Somerville, took a salmon 12¾ pounds, and Mr. W. S. Gilman a laker 11¾ pounds. Mrs. E. G. Gay captured a lake trout weighing 11¼ pounds. On Monday, May 11, Mr. N. F. Staples, of Taunton, after a struggle of more than two hours, succeeded in landing a salmon weighing 15 pounds, which was 33 inches long. Several others have taken trout, bass, salmon and lakers from 3½ to 7½ pounds. This is a wonderful record for Clearwater.

From Lake Webb, Weld, reports continue rosy. Messrs. Whiting and Taft, of Whitinsville; Dr. Walter Hoyt, of Waltham; Mr. C. M. Reed, of Providence; Mr. Edward Stanley and family and Mr. M. W. Forester, of Dixfield, Me., have met with excellent success.

Fine fishing is the report from Middle Dam. Doctors Twombly and Jones, with two friends from Colebrook, N. H., on May 5 took two 7-pound salmon, and others weighing 6, 4, 4½ and 5½ pounds each. The two days following they caught several trout and salmon from 1½ to 5½ pounds each.

Dr. Thayer, of Fairhaven, Mass., had good fly-fishing on B Pond May 10, taking ten trout from 1½ to 3½ pounds each. May 9, Mr. F. Rolfe, of Rumford Falls, from Pond-in-River got ten trout and salmon, the largest 4½ pounds. Several others have had similar luck. At Bemis is a large number of fishermen who are having good sport. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Leighton and their son Hugh C., of Portland, have enjoyed a delightful week in one of the Bemis camps, Mr. Leighton having taken a 4-pound salmon fishing from the dock. An old-time fisherman from North Woodstock, Mr. Isaac W. Andrews, is

MAY 11, 1903.

Speckled trout taken in Belgrade Lake, Me., by H. L. Boyd. The largest weighed 8lbs. 2oz.; the next one 7lbs. 14oz.
Photo copyright, 1903, by H. L. Boyd.

here for a few days, as are also several parties from Lewiston and Rumford Falls, and many other places in Maine, and not a few from Massachusettts. Mr. Edward H. Richards, of Woburn, left for Bemis on Thursday.

From Haines Landing come reports of a great week for fish and fishing. Hon. Joel Wilbur, of Phillips, stands at the head with a 9¾-pound salmon to his credit, also three others from 3½ to 4 pounds each. Mr. J. N. Well, of New York, has taken several, the largest 5 pounds. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, Mr. Charles N. Wood, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Coe, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sabin, of Portland, have made good records, the ladies having outclassed the gentlemen in the number of fish taken. Commissioner H. O. Stanley and Hon. S. W. Carr may be named among the well-known anglers at this resort.

At the Bald Mountain camps an unusual number of trout are brought in this season. Fifteen fish a day are secured frequently by a single boat. Among the successful ones are Mr. W. D. Hines, Portland, and Ethel M. Hines, a 12-year-old miss who has taken six fish from 2½ to 4 pounds. Others are Dr. N. M. Marshall and Mr. A. L. Edgecomb, of Portland; Dr. F. L. Cochrane, New York, and Mr. Clement R. Hooper, who is entertaining Mr. John C. Lowry and Mr. H. C. Jones, of Philadelphia.

Guests at Mountain View are happy every day, but May 7 was a record-breaker. On that day Mr. Noyes, of Brockton, took two good salmon; J. H. Prince, of Boston, two trout, 4 to 4½ pounds; F. I. Nichols, Fitchburg, six salmon, from 3 to 5¼ pounds, and a 3-pound trout, and F. C. Sheldon, Fitchburg, two salmon, 3 and 6½ pounds. Some of the new arrivals are A. L. Harlow and F. J. Pierce, of Gardner, Mass., and Wm. A. Putnam, of Leominster.

Reports from all the lakes in the Rangeley country agree that the season is proving a remarkable one. Hon. Joel Wilbur, whose name has already been mentioned, wrote to a friend on May 9: "Weather perfect, fishing best for years. To-day I reached the limit, 25 pounds." Mr. Walter Twombly, who guided your correspondent more than 20 years ago at Kennebago, has done something the past week he has not done before in the twenty-six years of his experience as guide, namely, he "went a-fishing," and he got a fine string.

Mr. C. W. Porter, of Lynn, is at his Dodge Pond camps with a party of five. Messrs. Breed and Proctor are at their camp on Rangeley.

Fishing at Moosehead is reported good, and great expectations are indulged by all for a rushing season. Mr. E. H. McKenzie, of Boston, and J. E. Dunning, of Belmont, Mass., are among the anglers at Kineo.

Mr. Harlow says there is good fishing in Round Pond, where he recently took thirty-five in one day. He reports seeing three big moose in the road in going to his camps; also that three black bears swam the Dead River and all came ashore at the same place.

Anna Held, the famous singer, has gone to Belgrade for rest and sport, being an ardent lover of the gentle art. Her husband, Mr. Ziegfeld, and several members of the company are in the party. Mr. H. L. Boyd, of New York, is reported high line for the past week, having taken one trout over 8 pounds and another 7 pounds 10 ounces. Mr. Wm. Bourne, of New York, has had good luck, also Messrs. J. M. and J. T. Frank, of the same city.

The trolling season on Winnepisseogee and Winnisquam is now at its height. The Messrs. Wax, of Boston, have taken lakers from 4 to 8 pounds each, and a total of nearly 70 pounds. Mr. Jesse Eddy, of Boston, with five others, recently took in one day nineteen trout, with a total weight of 70¾ pounds, and two salmon 11½ pounds at Lake Winnisquam.

Newfound Lake has furnished good results to Messrs. Henry F. Elliot, Wm. H. Bean and J. C. Stott, of Boston, and Mr. Wm. Nevins, of Clinton, Mass.

Connecticut Lake has been the magnet that has attracted Judge Edgar Aldrich, of the United States District and Circuit Court. At the Summit camp on the lake he has had as guests at various times Senator Wm. E. Chandler, Senator Spooner and other men of note.

Several local fishermen have taken fine strings from Mulliken Brook, Gale River and other streams accessible from Littleton, N. H. From Simm's Stream Mr. Lee Barber took a trout weighing over 3 pounds which was 31 inches in length. Congressman McCall opened his summer home at Mt. Prospect, Lancaster, a few days ago.

Mr. Rollin Jones, of Boston, has gone to his camp on Winnepisseogee for a stay of two weeks.

A lull is reported in the fishing of brooks in southern New Hampshire as well as in the western part of Massachusetts due to dry weather. Many forest fires continue to be reported throughout New England, and unless rain comes before long there will be loss of trout in all mountain streams. It is reported from Pittsfield that dynamiters are at work on the Housatonic River and other streams. The wardens are on the watch for the miscreants and are likely to "pinch" them.

There is a flurry of suppressed excitement in southern Berkshire, due to the report that President Cleveland is expected in Tyringham the last of this month or first of next. Two years ago he was reported as getting good luck in whipping the streams of this section, getting fish where the natives little expected.

Trout fishing on Lake Quinsigamond is reported to have disappointed our Worcester friends this season, and some of them are disposed to blame the fresh-water smelts which they say have become so abundant as to gorge the trout.

Some people think the fishing in the Maine lakes, even, would be better if there were less of these fish in the waters. Right or wrong in this instance, it is a great thing to know what will and what will not disturb the balance of nature.

Human ingenuity has accomplished wonders in the work of propagating fish, providing them food, etc., but it is quite likely there are not a few things yet to be learned. Certain portions of the work in this line have not yet passed the experimental stage.

Some of our big-game hunters are watching the proceedings of the New Brunswick Assembly at Fredericton, where a few days ago Hon. A. T. Dunn, Surveyor-General, presented a few radical changes to the game laws. First, to debar non-resident guides. Second, to shorten the season on moose one month. Third, to prohibit the shooting of partridges for two years. Fourth, to prohibit the trapping of mink, otter and sable for a period of three years. This as a protection to beaver. Fifth, to prevent camp helpers from getting a license to shoot moose. The close season for beaver is extended to 1907. All our New Brunswick moose hunters are on the qui vive to know the outcome. CENTRAL.

Some Belgrade Big Trout.

BELGRADE LAKES, Me., May 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Guests of the Central House have had very good fishing the past week.

Messrs. Sackett and Gallagher took five trout of 5½ pounds, 4 pounds 14 ounces, 4¾ pounds, 3½ pounds, and 2½ pounds, respectively.

Mr. Gibbs, of Montclair, N. J., took nine, the largest 6¾, 6¼ and 5¾ pounds, and six from 3¾ to 3½ pounds, Alger Farnum, guide.

Miss Ada H. Powell, of Brooklyn, took six of 6, 5, 4¼, 3½, 3 and 2 pounds 10 ounces, Lonnie Morrell, guide.

Monday, May 11, H. L. Boyd took two trout, one 8 pounds 2 ounces and 7 pounds 14 ounces, Alger Farnum, guide. These are the two largest fish ever taken in the Belgrade region, but as the fish are getting more numerous every year we look to see larger ones at any time.

Bass have commenced to run into the shoal water, and fly-fishing for same should be at its best soon.

H. L. B.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Trout Fishing Looks up.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 15.—A pronounced change for the better in fishing matters occurred this week, and good catches of trout are reported along all the streams which offer any decent fishing in this part of the country. Of these, the Prairie River is making the best show at the present writing. Mr. Charles Antoine, of this city, with his friends, Dr. R. B. Miller and Dr. C. W. Carson, are at the Bates place, above Dudley's, and have been meeting with excellent success for the past few days. Catches of thirty and forty trout have been not unusual for one rod, and Mr. Antoine has sent down to his friends a bunch of some fifty trout, which averaged in the 8 and 10-inch class, with some over 1 pound, so that it may be seen the sport has been good for at least a part of the time. Mr. Edward G. Taylor, also of this city, has gone up to the Prairie again this week. He spent a day at Delos Cone's place, and intends trying the fishing on that part of the stream. Other anglers of this city are starting to the Prairie to-day and to-morrow, so that probably the stream will be well occupied for most of next week.

A special car party of city officials and friends, headed by Mayor Harrison, will leave Chicago to-day or to-morrow for a trout fishing trip on some northern river, not at this writing determined. Mr. Graham H. Harris will be of this party, and also, it need not be said, Colonel Bill Haskell, of well established piscatorial fame.

The Bass Fishers.

The bass fishers are out in good force these warm days, and the big-mouths are now running. Some excellent takes were made by the parties reported last week. To-morrow will see a still larger number go out for the better-known waters of the vicinity. Bass Lake, Cedar Lake, Maxinkuckee Lake and other Indiana waters are reported to be doing well, and I hear also that bass fishing has begun on Pawpaw Lake, Gun Lake and others of the good waters of the lower peninsula of Michigan. Gun Lake is a water which I have never fished, but from stories I heard last fall regarding it, I think it is very well worth a visit from the Chicago talent.

Shooting Bass.

A Chicago gentleman, who does not care to have his name known, drops a note, saying that boys and men are shooting bass at Hickory Creek, near New Lenox, Illinois. The informant says: "I understood that you might take steps to stop this. I am not a sportsman, but I do not like to see the destruction even of fish life. I do not care to get the ill-will of residents there, as I am a new resident myself." The complainant's advice has been referred to State Game Commissioner Lovejoy, who properly hands it over to Nat H. Cohen, president of the Fish Commission. I have no doubt that Mr. Cohen will take prompt measures to stop this violation of the law. The spearing of suckers is now in practice very largely over rural Wisconsin and parts of this State, and the man who sees a fish running in the water and who is after that fish with a spear or gun is not apt to stop to ask whether it be sucker, trout or bass. The spring run of bass was a little delayed this year, and is now well on toward its close. The Kankakee River ought, by this time, to offer a little sport below Momence. The carp are not quite so much a nuisance in that part of the stream as further up in Indiana, where the river is more sluggish and runs through the big marshes.

Minnesota Tip.

I offer as a bass fishing tip Elbow Lake, Harbor county, Minnesota, near which are twelve other lakes, from two to seven miles in extent. These waters contain both muscallunge and bass, the Crow Wing Lakes, eleven in number, a part of the head waters of the Mississippi River, offering good sport at bass, wall-eyed pike, pickerel, etc. Parties can be accommodated, and perhaps this is a good place to keep in mind for the muscallunge trip.

Wisconsin Trout Tip.

I offer as an additional trout tip for Wisconsin the town of Sparta, from which, at a distance of some eight or ten miles, good trout fishing can be reached on the head waters of the La Crosse River. There is some fly-fishing along the La Crosse and two or three other streams in the vicinity, but for the most part the fishing is rather brushy. This used to be a great trouting locality some years ago, and even to-day will yield fair returns. The best place to head for on this

stream is the Trout Falls, something like eight or ten miles from Sparta. One can camp out or can find accommodations at the farmhouses near Trout Falls. Sparta is to be reached by the C. M. & St. P. Railway. This is a district which I have not heard of as being much patronized by Chicago anglers.

Gone to Fox Lake.

The following anglers are among those who left this afternoon for Fox Lake and adjacent waters, near Lake Villa, Ill.; Messrs. L. Ries, C. C. Ingraham, T. Anderson, E. A. Wood, William Paulsen, Chas. Oak, M. Wedertz, T. Ambrose, W. G. Ruskin, Chas. Lawrence, Dr. S. B. Friend.

For the Nepigon.

Mr. W. P. Powers, of Chicago, with one or two friends, will go up for some of the big trout of the Nepigon this coming month. He ought to get plenty of trout and plenty of flies at the same time. Mr. Powers is an old trout fisherman and has had considerable experience in Wisconsin, Michigan and the Canadian provinces. Last summer he fished in the Gaspé country and was on the Grand Pabos with a friend of Montreal, who holds a fishing on that stream.

Fort Tarpon.

A party of Chicago anglers, made up of Messrs. William Nash, O. Von Lengerke, C. H. Lester and Dr. J. N. Shallenberger, will start in a week or ten days for a tarpon trip at Aransas Pass. Mr. Delos Thompson, of Rensselaer, Ind., will also be one of the party, and there was talk that Dr. R. B. Miller might be on hand also for the tarpon festivities.

Mr. J. C. Haskell, of this city, has regularly visited the Aransas Pass country for several years, and he told me this week that during his several trips he had taken to his own rod fifty-four tarpon. On one day he knew of thirteen of the fish being taken at Aransas Pass. The custom is to beach the fish, have a look at him, measure him and turn him loose again, unless a good specimen is required for mounting.

Something Doing in Saginaw.

From certain ominous indications the appearances are that something more is doing over Saginaw way. The next party of these doughty anglers to take the field will probably be composed of Messrs. C. E. Davis, W. B. Mershon, George Morley, Tom Harvey and James Peter. The whereabouts of the trip is not yet determined. There seems to be a feeling among the Saginaw Crowd that their favorite streams have been pretty hard hit this year and last.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

As to Perch, Cooked or Otherwise.

Editor Forest and Stream:

To skin, or not to skin; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler for the soul to harbor
Thoughts of things that are, yet might be t'other-
Wise, or fret one's fingers with the spine
Festered with slime, and scales unknown to justice.
To jab; to squeal—for in that messy strife
What stings may come as knife swerves keen from aim
And gives us paws, pitted with punctured pain!

Excuse the metre. There's a cog loose in the poet-machine, and to catch the mail I haven't time to screw it up.

But why, brothers, go to the trouble of skinning your perch, anyway? *Cui bono?* Just split them down the back, broil or fry them flesh side down, and eat them out of their skins as you would do a potato. Nobody asks you to eat the scales, and if broiled you aren't likely to find any to speak of after the process.

Drop a stout log across a cradle knoll or a couple of rocks, and build your fire against it in the hollow on the lee side. Prop up your wire broiler against the log on the windward side where the coals glow red, and your cooking will be a delight to a hungry man; and the cook need not be served personally, half-cooked, as an entree. Sir Sam White Baker says, "always carry a gridiron. A frying-pan is good if you have fat, otherwise it is useless. With the gridiron you are independent," and Sammy's head was level, even though he knew not of the Yankee wire oyster broiler.

But now, here's something that I want to know. Perhaps Dr. Reinhart can get back at me!

Harking back to boyhood days and disinterring from the dust of ages a glass tank, I've started an aquarium down in my laundry among the potted geraniums. Therein dwells a perch, yellow, caught with a hook one bitter cold day in April and carried five miles in a pail on a bicycle. Life has lost charms with him, for he will not eat. He scorns a buzzing fly, worms he coldly ignores with a frigid, fishy eye at me the while. It's too early for small pollywogs. What, then, shall I give him? I believe he did take a worm or two at first, but now he must be in love, in spite of the season. Does he want company? Let some fishwise ancient say. J. P. T.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. C. H. Barkdull, in your issue of May 9, gives me the unique information that "the hatching and propagation of salmon is just like everything else." And then he sneers at "unfortunate Englishmen" like Prof. Huxley, Francis Francis, Frank Buckland, Sir I. Gibson Maitland, of the Howietown hatchery, and all those specialists who, from time to time, have had charge of the Stormontfield hatcheries on the Tay in Scotland, before fish hatching was thought of in America; at the late Samuel Wilmot, the present Professor Prince, and Mr. Livingston Stone, the most experienced fish culturist now living in America, and including the Old Angler, "who should know something about what he has been angling for," (sic) because none of them have been able to make salmon culture an economical success either in Great Britain or in Canada. He fills nearly a column of your journal with platitudes about the enormous extent of the canning business on the Pacific Coast, and vast amount of capital invested in it, which he estimates at $100,000,000, and concludes by telling us that he is interested in a number of fisheries in Alaska, and will have in operation there two hatcheries this season, and then he "extends a cordial invitation to the Old Angler, Mr. Stone, and other unfortunate fish culturists and skeptics to join us and let us teach them how to increase the number of some varieties of salmon, and at the same time decrease the numbers of others already too plentiful."

Mr. B. then tells us that "out West we have the prettiest girls, the richest gold mines, the best battleships, the biggest trees and the most salmon of any country in the world, and *with the assistance of Uncle Sam* (the italics are mine) we intend to show England and the world that we can keep up the supply of our increasing products, if we have to do it artificially." All this will be very interesting to Mr. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, but I doubt that either he or the scientific skeptics he is opposing, will see in it anything more than the broad assertions without proof contained in the previous letters of Mr. Stone and Commissioner Babcock.

The Old Angler, who is just entering his eighty-second year, regrets much that age will prevent him from accepting Mr. Barkdull's kind invitation to extend his knowledge of salmon culture and learn what need there is of hatcheries on rivers already overcrowded with fish. It would be a great acquisition to his present knowledge to learn the feat of "eating his cake and having it, too." Meanwhile, he sincerely hopes that all Mr. B.'s expectations will be accomplished. THE OLD ANGLER.

Asbury Park Fishing.

NEW YORK, May 6.—I ran down to Asbury Park last week to see the outlook for striped bass angling for the coming season which opens on Decoration Day by some of the anglers catching a big one. The weather having been so propitious, all the boys are looking forward to a good season for big fish, such as we had in 1900 and 1901. Last year our catch was very poor, and the only reason we can give is that the water was very cold during June.

Our fishing is principally done at the flume, which is a long box-like structure about 300 feet long and 25 feet wide, allowing the surplus fresh water to run off from Deal Lake into the ocean. This forms a brackish pool of considerable extent in which a bed of skimmer clams have taken up their abode and from which we get most of our bait. The pier above the flume was greatly damaged by last winter's storms, so we all have to fish from the beach unless it shall be repaired shortly, which seems doubtful. I went over to the head of the flume where the water rushes out from the lake and found the village boys scrapping herring from the box, just below where the water tumbles over forming quite a waterfall. The herring rush into this box in large schools and remain there until dipped out by the boys with their nets. The boys stand on the tops of the short spikes which protrude from the bottom of the flume and by industriously running crab nets through the water bring up from one to six shining, struggling fish, and the herring are the largest I have ever seen, the majority weighing a pound each and containing very nice sized roe. The boys sell these beautiful fish for ten cents a dozen, and are always willing to throw in a half dozen extra if any one objects to the price.

One of the bad features is that the farmers of the vicinity bring their wagons and by using a dip net as large as a barrel catch these fish by the hundreds and thousands, both roe and milt fish. They bury one near each hill of corn; this forms the richest of fertilizers and causes the corn to grow doubly fast. The farmers say that if a hill of corn is dug up the roots of corn will be found all intertwined into the decaying fish. This is probably why the herring fisheries are becoming poorer year by year. Yours for the preservation of bird, beast and fish, MAGNUM OPUS.

The Sea Trout Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a writer like Charles Hallock, who has spent thirty years of an active life in the study of salmon and trout, whose books are read by all true anglers on both continents, differs from an angler like Walter M. Brackett, whose admirable pictures of fish have delighted anglers the world over, and whose experience in fishing all the waters of Canada and the Eastern States covers a still longer period, as to the species of a *Salmo,* and when one of the leading ichthyologists of America, consenting to act as arbiter, pronounces them both wrong; when old anglers like Mr. Gregory, of Quebec, Mr. Manuel, of Ottawa, Mr. R. T. Morris and "I. W. B." range themselves on one side, and E. A. Samuels, Mr. Mershon and Mr. Von W. form upon the other side, your many readers, who are divided in opinion, must have been greatly edified when informed by L. F. Brown, in your issue of April 18, that "the question was immaterial to sportsmen, and of very little practical use to science."

His brilliant suggestion in your issue of May 9, that a "commission of three expert North Atlantic Coast anglers be appointed to settle the question," shows beyond a doubt that he knows very little about the matter, and is not qualified to give an authoritative opinion. Where will he get any more experienced, expert or intelligent anglers than Messrs. Hallock, Brackett, Mershon, Morris, E. A. Samuels or the late Thad. Norris? All these have held varying opinions both as to the habitat and habits of the so-called sea trout. His offer of fifty dollars toward the expenses of a commission shows only that science cannot expect much information from his pen.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Fishing in a Providence Park.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 12.—The people of this city are to enjoy an opportunity for fishing seldom equalled by any municipality. Roger Williams' Park Lake is to be thrown open to the fishing public July 1, 1903. For a long time past the fish of this park has troubled the "man with the rod" and at last a new superintendent of parks and a liberal city government are to allow the fishermen to realize their fondest dreams. This place has always been closed to fishing except occasionally a few have been stolen in the night; several men and boys have been at different times arrested and fined the customary $20 and cost. Some never got caught at it. A few years ago a police sergeant was accused of fishing there, but it never was proved.

There are some large fish in this lake of over 100 acres, and on several occasions they have been found dead on the shore. Probably died of old age.

Two years ago Assistant Superintendent James Costello saw a great commotion in the water, and rowing out to it in a skiff found a large pickerel, six pounds' weight, about dead by trying to swallow a sunfish which was too large for him.

There are being built by a local boat builder twenty-five flat bottom skiffs for fishing purposes only. Superintendent Fitts is not to allow the round bottom cedar skiffs to be used for fishing. Almost every kind of common fish abound here in great numbers. Bass, pickerel, white and yellow perch, eels, carp, and, it is said, landlocked salmon have been planted there, although I never heard of any being caught. About 50 cents per hour will be the price of a boat for fishing, and no fishing from the banks and no pot fishermen allowed, as only a certain number of fish of each species can be carried away. A non-resident license is not required in this State. SELDOM.

A Brook Trout in New Jersey Salt Water.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., May 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Peter Rasmussen, of this city, recently took a ten-inch brook trout from his fyke net at the mouth of the Raritan River. Where do you reckon it came from?

J. L. K.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal contests: Saturday, Contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, May 1; wind, west; weather, fair.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
C. G. Young	...	88.5	87.8	72.6	90.1	96.4
H. Brown	96	84.8	87.8	88.4	88	72.9
W. E. Brooks	112	88	88	86.8	87.4	..
G. E. Edwards	98	85.4	91	86.8	88.10	93.2
T. W. Brotherton	125½	88.4	92	90.10	91.5	95.8
T. C. Kierulff	88	90.8	84.8	82.6	83.7	84.1
C. R. Kenniff	103	91.8	90.4	95	92.8	98.1
E. A. Tucker	110	89.4	86.4	93.4	89.10	..
A. B. Carr	...	87	90.4	92.6	91.5	95.1
G. H. Foulks	90	79.8	85.4	80.10	83.1	..
G. W. Lane	..	..	88.4	89.2	88.9	..
F. J. Lane	76	85.8	81	75	78	..

Judges—Kierulff and Brooks. Referee, Mocker. Clerk, Bruning.

Medal Contests: Sunday, Contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake, May 10; wind, west; weather, fair.

C. G. Young	...	91	91	96.8	83.10	97.6
F. M. Haight	106	79.4	83	77.6	80.3	..
W. E. Brooks	110	91.4	92.4	86.8	89.6	..
H. Battu	115	86	92.4	83.4	87.10	97.2
C. R. Kenniff	100	89	94.5	92.6	93.5	97.5
H. C. Golcher	130	90.8	94.4	88.4	91.4	..
C. Huyck	...	89.8	..	..	..	..
C. B. Kenniff	130	90.4	88.4	89.2	88.9	97
W. D. Mansfield	...	90	89.4	94.2	91.9	95.2
E. Everett	121	79.4	..	..	..	..
T. W. Brotherton	124	88.4	89	90	89.6	92.4
T. C. Kierulff	94	87.7	87.4	85.10	86.7	86.6
G. W. Dinkelspiel	65	80.8	76.4	72.2	75.3	..
A. W. Blake	101	71.4	86.4	77.6	81.11	..

Mr. Mansfield, who has not taken part in the long distance contest for the past three years, borrowed a rod from one of the contestants and made an exhibition cast of 144 feet.

Judges—Kierulff and Brooks. Referee, C. R. Kenniff. Clerk, Bruning.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

20. New Rochelle, spring regatta, New Rochelle.
21-23-26-28-30. New York, special races, 90-footers, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
23. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound special, New Rochelle.
25. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
30. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual, City Island.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special, Greenwich.
30. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., special, Bridgeport.
30. South Boston, Y. R. A., open, City Point.
30. Columbia, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
30. Chicago, cruise to Indian Harbor.
30. Williamsburg, open, spring regatta.
30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
30. Riverton, club, Delaware River.
30. Toledo Y. A., Monroe Piers.

JUNE.

1. Atlantic, ocean race; Sea Gate around Fire Island and Northeast End Lightships back to Sea Gate.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
6. Columbia, eleventh annual Michigan City race.
6. Chicago, handicap race, Lake Michigan.
6. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
6 Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of G. B.
6 Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
8. Pavonia, open, Bayonne.
8-12. New York special races, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
9. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate.
10. Atlantic, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
10. South Boston, club, City Point.
10-12-13-15-16. Manchester, trial races for selection of challenger for Seawanhaka cup, Manchester Harbor.
11. New York, fifty-seventh annual, all classes, off Sandy Hook.
13. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
13. Boston, club, South Boston.
13. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
13. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
14. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
15. New York, Glen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
17. Larchmont, races for 90-footers, Larchmont.
17. Boston, Y. R. A., off Point Allerton, open.
17. Dorchester, open, Dorchester Bay.
18-19. New Rochelle, club, New Rochelle.
19. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
20. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
20. Corinthian, first championship, Marblehead.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, 90-footers, Oyster Bay.
20. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.

20. Columbia, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Hudson River.
20. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
20. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
20. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
21. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
21. Gloucester, N. J., annual, Delaware River.
25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27. South Boston, club, City Point.
27 New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27. Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Chicago, special. Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race, Toronto and L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
2. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
3. American, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
3-4. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
3-6. Williamsburg, annual cruise.
4. Corinthian of Marblehead, special, open.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Lake Michigan.
4. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
4. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
4. Toledo Y. A., Monroe Piers.
4. Chicago, race for Pfister cup and handicap race.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual, Saybrook.
4-11. Larchmont race week, Larchmont.
5. Jamaica Bay, Y. R. A.
6-8. New York, special races for 90-footers, Newport.
9-11. Beverly, Seawanhaka raceabout series, Buzzard's Bay.
11. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
11. Moriches, club.
11. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
11. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
11. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
11. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
11. Corinthian, second championship, Marblehead.
11. Eastern, run to Gloucester.
13. Eastern, annual, Marblehead.
11. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
14. Hempstead Bay, club.
15. Eastern, cruise, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
16. Eastern, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
16. New York, fifty-eighth annual cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
17. Eastern, cruise, Newport to New London.
18. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
18. South Boston, club, City Point.
18. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
18. Indian Harbor, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Greenwich.
18. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
18. Corinthian, third championship, Marblehead.
18. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
18. Canarsie, club.
18. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., annual.
18. Corinthian of Stamford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.
18. Corinthian, 3d champ., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Winthrop, Y. R. A., open, Winthrop.
18. Chicago, races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
21. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
23. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-in-Bay.
24. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-in-Bay.
25. Boston, club, Hull.
25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.
28. Squantum, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay.
29. Quincy, Y. R. A., open, Quincy.
29-Aug. 1. Corinthian midsummer series, Marblehead.
30-Aug. 1. Boston midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
30-Aug. 1-4-6-8. New York trial races for selection of defender of America's Cup.

AUGUST.

1. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club. Oyster Bay.
1. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
1. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
1. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
1. Columbia, race to Highland Park, Lake Michigan.
1 Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
1. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
1. South Boston, club, City Point.
2. Bergen Beach, club, Gravesend Bay.
3. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
4. Boston, Y. R. A., open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, race to Milwaukee.
5-8. Corinthian Marblehead midsummer series.
6-8. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials and annual.
7-8. Milwaukee, open.
7-8. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., meet at Milwaukee for all classes.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
8 Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
8. Moriches, novice race.
8. Royal Canadian, Canada cup race.
8. Shelter Island, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
9 Chicago, cruise, rendezvous at Charlevoix.
10. Boston, club, Marblehead.
10. Manchester, Crowhurst cup, open, W. Manchester.
10-16. Hempstead Bay, cruise.
11. Manchester, Y. R. A., open, W. Manchester.
12. Misery Island, Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay.
12-15. Atlantic, race week, Sea Gate.
13. East Gloucester, Y. R. A., open, Gloucester.
14-15. Annisquam, Y. R. A., open, Annisquam.
15. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
15. South Boston, club, City Point.
15. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Moriches, special.
15. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
15. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
15. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
15. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
15. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
15. Savil Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
15. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
16. Williamsburg, ladies' day.
17. American, Y. R. A., open, Newburyport.
17. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
19. Moriches, ladies' regatta.
20-22. Duxbury, Y. R. A., open, Duxbury.
20. First America's cup race; balance of races to be sailed on alternate days, Sundays excepted, until result is determined.
22. South Boston, club, City Point.
22. Corinthian, fifth championship, Marblehead.
22. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
22. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
24-25. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet.
26. Moriches, McAleenan cup race.
27-29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
29. South Boston, club, City Point.
29. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
29. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
29. Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
29. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
29. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
5. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
5. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Toronto.
5. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
5. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Columbia, cruise to Indian Harbor.
5. Hempstead Bay, open.
5. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
7. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
7. Moriches, annual, open.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
7. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., open, Nahant.
7. Williamsburg, cruise.
7. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials. and fall regatta.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.
19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

BAD weather prevented the two Shamrocks from getting together but once last week. The boats will not have any more trials on the other side, and are now being put in shape for the voyage across the Atlantic. Cable reports state that Shamrock III. and Shamrock I. will leave the Clyde for the States on the thirtieth of May. Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht, will convoy Shamrock III., and the ocean-going tug, Cruiser, which was recently purchased by Sir Thomas, will look after the first Shamrock.

After spending several days at Bristol, Reliance left there on May 15 for the westward. While at Bristol she was given a new boom and a new gaff and other improvements and changes were made. Reliance reached New Rochelle on Saturday morning, and at noon that day she was towed to City Island, where she was hauled out on the railway at Jacobs' yard to have her bottom cleaned.

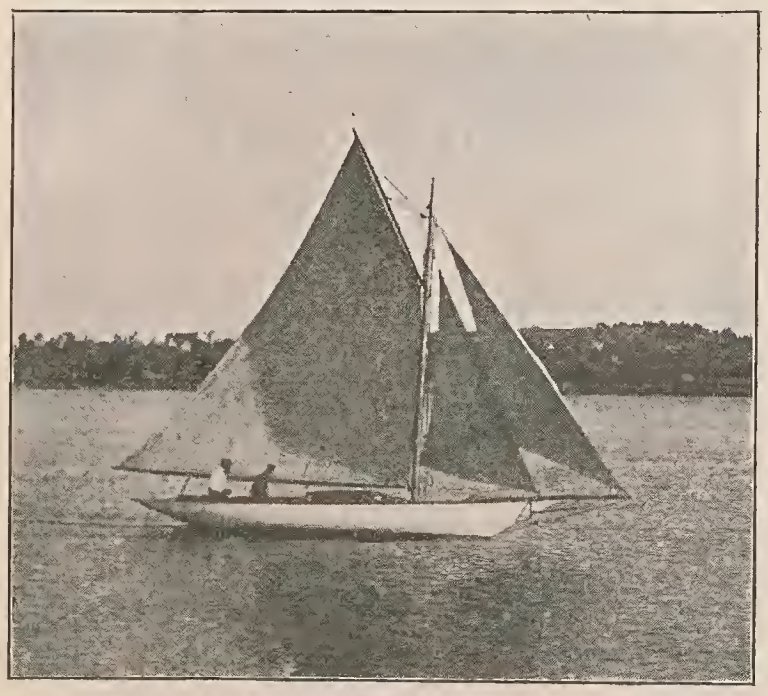
Columbia has been hauled out at the Morse Iron Works, South Brooklyn, in order to have her bottom rubbed down. Constitution was to have been hauled out at New London, but owing to an accident to the railway that would take some time to repair, she was towed to City Island, and will be hauled out at Jacobs' yard as soon as Reliance goes overboard.

In an Eighteen-Footer—Some Short Cruises and a Longer One.

Honorable Mention Story in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY E. P. MORRIS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE Lapwing is a small cutter of a type now becoming obsolete. Her dimensions are O. A., 27ft. 9in., L. W. L. 18ft., beam at water-line 6 ft. 11in., draft 4ft. The displacement is 6,400 lbs., ballast on keel 2,400 lbs., inside ballast about 600 lbs., sail area 404 sq. ft. She is of my own design, and in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 14 and 21, 1896, I gave her lines and some account of her building. Any reader who is sufficiently interested to turn back to his files will see at once why I say that she is of a partially obsolete type. The midship section is a very easy and, I still think, a pretty S curve, but she has too little beam and bilge and is too thick through the floors. She is a low-powered boat, with the defects and the virtues of this type; she has a good deal of room inside, but a narrow cockpit; she does not carry her sail easily, but she is reasonably fast with a small sail spread, and she is easy in a sea and easy to handle. She is, however, a small boat, at the best, and has to turn in sometimes when larger boats go on in comfort.



LAPWING.

The spars are heavy and the running rigging was new this year, so that I felt complete freedom from the apprehension that something would give way at a critical time. I carry two anchors, 30 lbs. with 30 fathoms of cable and 40 lbs. with 35 fathoms, the latter stowed below. The tender is 10ft. long, unusually high and wide, and a good boat if properly handled, though I got into serious trouble once with it, as I shall have to confess below.

In the cabin arrangements there is nothing unusual except the placing of the stove. This is fastened down upon the forward end of a slide which runs back under the cockpit. The after end of the slide holds the dishes in slots, so that all these things can be pushed back out of sight. When the slide is drawn forward for cooking, the stove comes under the companion-hatch and the fumes of cooking escape easily. This arrangement, which I have not seen on any other boat, has proved extremely convenient and I should be glad to furnish drawings and dimensions to others who may wish to try it.

As to meals I seldom cook under way, but have a hot breakfast before starting and a three-course dinner at night. We use canned provisions almost entirely and especially canned soup, which invariably forms a part of the dinner; fresh fruit and water are the only things for which we are ever forced to land.

The Lapwing was built at Pemaquid Point, Maine, during the summers of 1895 and 1896. In September, 1896, I brought her around to New Haven and for the next three years used her in the Sound. In July, 1900, I took her back to Pemaquid and cruised about the Maine coast as far as Mt. Desert. The following summer I could not get away and she stood high and dry, on the spot where she was built, until August last, when I set her afloat again. At this point my summer's cruising begins.

All the cruises started from the old wharf half a mile inside of Pemaquid Point. On the shorter trips, of which I will give somewhat brief account, I was accompanied by some member of my family (who fortunately share my love of sailing and take turns in going with me), and I was skipper and crew and cook and steward. Occasionally, in reefing or coming to or getting under way I allowed my guest to take a hand at the tiller.

I.—To Blue Hill Bay and Back.

This was a cruise with an object and, like all cruising that is limited to a definite course and time, it had an element of "business" in it; we felt obliged to make our runs, regardless to some extent of weather or comfort.

The log in brief is as follows:

Saturday, Aug. 9.—Pemaquid to North Haven in Fox Island Thoroughfare. Distance, 34½ miles.

Aug. 10.—A drift across the East Bay to Green's Landing in Deer Island Thoroughfare. Distance, 9½ miles (the shortest whole day's run of the summer).

Aug. 11.—To Blue Hill Bay. Wind E.N.E.; thick weather and part of the course sailed by compass. Distance, 16 miles.

Aug. 12.—Returning by the same course. To North Haven with puffy northwest wind; single reefed. Distance, 25½ miles.

Aug. 13.—To Pemaquid. Wind northwest. Distance, 34½ miles. Total for the cruise, 120 miles.

This was a cruise of much variety, which extended to the scenery, the weather and the people and things that we met. The course from Pemaquid to Deer Island Thoroughfare is the one usually followed by yachts going along this coast and is therefore well known to Maine yachtsmen. After one passes Whitehead, there is a rather curious alternation of sheltered and open water. The Muscle Ridge Channel is much more protected by the outer islands than one would suppose from the chart; the West Bay is comparatively open; Fox Island Thoroughfare is like a river; the East Bay is open and Deer Island Thoroughfare is similar to the Muscle Ridges. And each of these five stretches is just about six miles long.

I cannot say that the weather alternated so regularly, but it began and ended with breezes almost too strong and there was a calm in the middle. We started, in reality, on the afternoon of the 8th, but ran at once into a heavy southeast blow, which raised immediately the question whether we should go on or turn back. Everybody who sails goes through this experience and knows the quick calculations about a harbor, the hasty balancing of common sense (or perhaps mere common fears) against pride, and the discomfort of putting back, as we did. When we met strong winds on the return, however, in almost the same spot, we were within sight of home and of course had no thought of turning back. We had started that day under two reefs and staysail with a puffy northwest wind which gradually lessened as we got along to the Georges. I shook out a reef soon afternoon and F. got out the lunch; we expected nothing but a quiet afternoon's sail. But it was not so willed. I was just taking up a pilot biscuit well spread with cold chicken, when a violent puff came out of Muscongus Bay, the sea rose, the boat jumped, the spray blew and the scene was changed. I wished for my second reef, but we were near home and I contented myself with lowering staysail and began to jockey the boat up toward the land with the mainsail half full. By way of contrast to our excitements, a big schooner yacht went past us just at this time, getting in her topsails, to be sure, and slacking off her mainsheet, but going on her way with so little fuss that a lady on the deck could keep her seat quietly in an armchair. Yet I do not know that she was enjoying herself more than F., who regardless of the waste of good provisions was making merry over my pilot bread, which had seized the opportunity to slip down to the cockpit floor. My boat is so sharp and heavy that

she holds her way well in a choppy sea and I had no difficulty in getting into smooth water and reaching my mooring, but I had evidence that it was a fresh breeze when we met a good-sized cutter under two jibs and trysail—making, by the way, a pretty and an unusual picture.

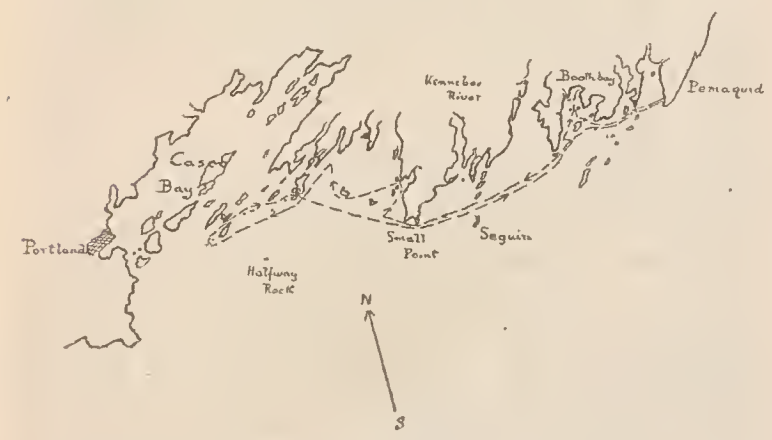
On this cruise I had my only experience this summer of sailing in a fog. It was in going from Green's Landing to Blue Hill Bay. We worked to the eastward as far as Long Ledge Beacon before it shut in thick. From there F. gave me a compass course E.N.E. to the buoys at the narrow entrance to the Bay. I held this course for nearly an hour, then made land (which looked very near and very high) on the starboard bow. Suspecting that the tide had set us to windward I kept alongshore, looking sharply for rocks, until we made a black can buoy. I saw this for an instant only under the sail and very absurdly took it to be a schooner at a distance with her jibs down; F., partly correcting my exaggeration, thought it was a fishing boat. But it was the buoy we wanted and from this point all was easy. I do not usually like fog, but this experience was rather exhilarating.

In returning through the same channel the next day I had a chance to test the plans which I try to have ready in case anyone should fall overboard. It was only F.'s hat; had it been the owner of the hat I should have been less cool, but so far as the test went I found myself equal to it. We were close hauled on the starboard tack. I came about, stood back a little, gybed over, ran down with all sheets slacked off to stop the boat's way and picked up the hat to my satisfaction. But it is surprising to see how far a boat gets away from an object dropped overboard and to discover how easily one loses sight of an object in the water while he is bringing the boat back to the spot where it was lost. I suppose the only safe course is to use the tender.

North Haven, in Fox Island Thoroughfare, is a favorite anchorage of mine. We lay there our first night out, one of the most beautiful star-lit nights I have ever seen, and again on our last night. This time there was a strong northwest wind and every boat in the place seemed to be in use, some of them double-reefed and carrying ladies and children, others with crews of boys and heeling over under whole sail. It was a most animated picture. While we were watching it, a fisherman came in, luffed up and let got his anchor. But his peak halliard jammed and he was in some danger of dragging down on a neat yacht astern of him. Then the animation of the scene increased rapidly. Loud profanity from the man in charge of the yacht, excited gesticulation from the feminine owner ashore, dignified silence on the part of the fisherman; no damage to the neat yacht.

The anchorages that I used on this trip need no description; in fact, one can make a lee almost anywhere in the Muscle Ridges or in either Thoroughfare. One who is going over the course for the first time should try to get the advantage of fair tides through the Muscle Ridges; in the other narrow channels it is not so important. "Obstructions are well marked," as the Coast Pilot says, but the very number of buoys and spindles is so great as to be confusing. I should not care to go through without checking off the buoys on the chart.

II.—A Leisurely Cruise.



After three days ashore I started with a new passenger to spend a few days among the islands in Casco Bay.

Saturday, Aug. 16.—Under way at nine and sailed to the westward inside of Ram Island, past Boothbay and inside of Sequin with an easy northwest breeze. Off Small Point it fell light and I worked up toward Small Point Harbor, intending to go into a cove at the head of the bay. Some fishing boats, however, moored behind an island showed me that I need seek no further and I ran into the little harbor called Carrying Place Cove, deep, fairly well sheltered and extremely pretty. The bottom is, I think, rocky, but we lay in comfort and sat late on deck enjoying the beauty of the evening. Distance, 20 miles.

Aug. 17.—In accordance with the plan of the cruise we made a very leisurely start at nine, wind northwest, cold and strong. We ran along the outside of the fringe of islands, following in a general way the indentations of the shore until about 1.30, when we went inside between Junk of Pork and Green Island—two expressive names. Then followed an hour of delightful sailing between Jewell and Crotch Islands, with bright sun and keen little puffs of wind that made a single reef comfortable. About three, after a stretch of more open water and some flying spray, we turned into Pott's Harbor and anchored on the northern side in Basin Cove. Here we instantly began to experience all that has been said or sung of the pleasures of harbor after storm. Not that we had had a storm, but the wind had been fresh and cold and there had been enough water aboard to make us ready for escape from it; inside, under the shelter of a hill, we lay in absolutely unruffled calm and the sun shone down with comforting warmth. On either side were shores wooded to the water's edge and at the head of the cove was a farmhouse surrounded by pastures, with an old tide-mill, now disused, on one side. In this peaceful scene we spent an afternoon of Sunday calm. M. sketched, while I smoked and dozed in the warm sun and turned alternately to the quiet cove and to the outer bay, where others, less wise, it seemed, than we, were seeking the pleasures of activity under two reefs and clad in oilers. The only drawback to this almost perfect anchorage is the strong tide which runs from the basin above the old tide-mill. There is good water up the middle of the cove as far as the turn. Distance, 19 miles.

Aug. 19.—Under way at nine, wind light northwest. With a fair wind we had no difficulty in going out by the southern passage, where there are seven buoys within one mile. Sailed quietly over to the Cuckolds and tacked up into Boothbay Harbor, by way of getting a contrast to our previous anchorages. Here all was bustle and motion and noise, not altogether agreeable noise. A band was parading ashore and the launches and fishing boats of Boothbay are equipped with a peculiarly offensive kind of motor. But in this harbor there is always much that is interesting; this time I kept my eyes upon a fine large cutter, whose graceful sheer proclaimed her a Fife boat, even before I saw her long English tiller. Distance, 25½ miles.

Aug. 19.—A short and easy run to our mooring at Pemaquid in time for lunch ashore. Distance, 7½ miles. Total for the cruise, 72 miles.

This kind of unhurried cruising, making an easy start and turning into harbor in the middle of the afternoon, does not carry one far, to be sure, but the making of long runs is not the object of cruising. It is only the very inexperienced who suppose that sailing is a lazy occupation; the quick and constant motion of a small boat, the work of cooking and cleaning, the occasional heavy straining at cable or halliards—altogether these make a good day's work. In addition to them six hours' sailing is enough. Perhaps such easy cruising may not satisfy the energy of youth, but I commend the plan to the middle-aged.

III.—A Small Boy's Cruise.

For the sake of completeness I will mention here my cruise with H., who had at the early age of five his initiation into a sport which I should like to think that he may pursue for fifty years to come. I expect him to begin paying me back about twenty years from now with cruises in a yacht of larger size, bought, I trust, with his own money, on which I shall be an honored passenger, doing no work and offering advice with paternal freedom and with the positiveness of age and experience.

We sailed to Boothbay in rain and a light breeze, spent the night in peace broken only by its rolling off the bank, laid in supplies for the next cruise, rowed about the harbor and got home for lunch, a well-pleased pair. I was gratified afterward to hear him describing to his mother the operation of "pumping up" the anchor of a schooner; his technical terms were not quite correct, but his observations had been precise and detailed. Distance, 15 miles.

IV.—A Drift.

My wife and I had spent some time over the charts, planning a six days' cruise which should take us into the upper Penobscot Bay, to Castine, down Eggemoggin Reach and home through the Thoroughfares. In ordinary weather this could have been done without pressure, but we struck a week of extraordinary light winds. The first day we had a reasonable breeze, but after that there was only one stretch of about two hours when we were really sailing; the rest was a drift in the lightest of light airs. And from the morning of Friday to Sunday noon it was a dead beat with sheets not once started.

In such a cruise there was nothing of interest on the sailorizing side and I will compress the log into a few sentences.

Tuesday, Aug. 26.—Pemaquid to Owl's Head Harbor, with moderate southwest breeze. Distance, 27½ miles.

Aug. 27.—To Camden at 1.30. Turned in to escape the unendurable heat. Distance, 7½ miles.

Aug. 28.—To Buck's Harbor (Cape Rosier) across the bar between Job and Lime Islands. Distance, 17 miles.

Aug. 29.—To North Haven, down East Penobscot Bay. bar between Job and Lime Islands. Distance, 17 miles.

Aug. 30.—To Burnt Island in the Muscle Ridges. Spent four hours at anchor to avoid drifting down the bay. Distance, 13½ miles.

Aug. 31.—To Pemaquid at 8.30 P. M. The afternoon almost a dead calm. Distance, 21 miles. Total, 103½ miles.

But if the weather was calm, so were we, and if the sun was hot (and it was), we kept our tempers cool. It was a disapointment to give up Castine and Eggemoggin Reach, but it had its compensations. The last day was especially trying to the soul; we rolled about all the afternoon in a heavy swell, taking eight hours to make seven miles, within plain sight of home, watching the fog sweeping over the land and expecting it to reach out to us at any moment. There was no breeze on the water and we seemed to progress only by the jerk-jerk of the main-boom as the boat rolled. Yet we kept a philosophic mind. Once I am told that I gave way. As we came down the East Bay, making for North Haven where we expected mail from our deserted family, the nice breeze which we had had for two hours left us just before I could round the buoy into Fox Island Thoroughfare. This was hard and my composure was further shaken by a big schooner yacht which walked past us with her upper canvas full. Instead of standing over to the shore for a breeze I kept making impatient short tacks at the buoy. Of course I missed it and it is reported that I did not bear my failures with a perfect equanimity. If I did break down here—and I find nothing about it in the log—it was the only time. When we got up early for a good start, as we did every morning, and had no breeze till nine, we rowed about the harbor; when the heat became unbearable, I put up an umbrella for the first and only time in all my sailing or I made the ends of the staysail sheets fast to the tiller and used them as tiller-ropes, steering from a shady spot forward of the mainsail.

And all the time which was subtracted from the pleasures of sailing we gave to the other pleasure of watching the shores and fixing upon our memory the beautiful scenery of the upper bay. Thus in exchange for some lost experience in managing my boat I have a most distinct picture of Owl's Head Light, a vivid mental photograph of the West Bay full of vessels and yachts becalmed—all hazy, like a Japanese sea-picture—and at the very time when I was losing my temper at the entrance to Fox Island Thoroughfare I now find that I was the gainer by a dark-toned evening memory of the harbor I was so impatient to enter. It was, in particular, a piece of good fortune that we were obliged to give up Eggemoggin Reach and go down the East Bay past Eagle Island. When we left Buck's Harbor there was just breeze enough to give us steerage-way close-hauled and keep us comfortably cool, and the whole scene, as we worked past Pumpkin Island Light, was wonderfully beautiful. The water-surface, after two days of calm, was absolutely level, not rippled by the breeze but marked with a tracery of fine lines, and from this level surface the shores and islands were reflected with a dark effect, a sort of steel-gray, like the reflection in a Claude Lorraine glass. The islands were of varying shapes and colors, some sloping and green with grass, others abrupt and crowned with spruces, and the rocks about the water-level were of a deep reddish brown. The distant scenery was not less beautiful; the Camden Hills were in the west, Mt. Desert in the east, Cape Rosier and the Blue Hill behind and Isle au Haut ahead. We met no yachts and but few vessels on this sail and I fancy that the middle passage between Deer Island and North Haven is less known than the West Bay and the Reach. However beautiful the latter may be, I do not see how it can be equal to the East Bay, and Owl's Head, the most picturesque single spot on the West Bay, seemed to me to be surpassed by Eagle Island Light with the precipitous and richly colored island of Hardhead lying opposite to it.

Of things of human interest, also, there was no lack. Off Pumpkin Island, at the head of the Reach, two large schooner yachts met. One, the smaller and newer, dipped her ensign, the other acknowledged the salute by firing a gun and the first responded by another gun. I am—or try to be—a cruiser and boat-sailor, not a yachtsman, and I have at times smiled at the anxious care which yachtsmen bestow upon their various flags, but there was something so gracefully courteous in the droop of the ensign across the white mainsail, something so dignified in the slow passing of the two vessels, that I forgot to scoff and suffered an instantaneous conversion.

A moment later a small catboat, sailed by two nice-looking boys crossed my bow and to my astonishment I saw the name Morris in big black letters across her stern. Now my name is a respectable one, handed down from a descent Welsh ancestry and I sometimes, in an etymological mood, trace it back through the Morris dance (in which my forefathers doubtless figured with conspicuous grace) to the Latin Maurus. This is all very nice, but I had not expected, even in these days of amazing yacht names, to see it painted on a boat. "Hallo," I said, "what have you got my name on your boat for?" The boy who was steering dodged this impertinence by a counter-question, "What is the name of your boat, then?" "Lapwing." "Where's she from?" "New Haven." "Did you sail her up here?" "Yes." "What, around the Cape?" said he, and I never saw a more lively incredulity on a boy's face. "Yes," I answered, and I could not refrain from straining his imagination still further by adding, "and I am going to start back next week." The two boys looked at each other a moment and each read the other's skepticism in his look; "Oh, go on," said number two, and they turned their back upon the gray-bearded jester. I hope they read Forest and Stream.

Another boat-load of boys, somewhat older boys who might have been college students, I met in the Muscle Ridges late one afternoon. They had their tender across the cockpit, the tide with them, the wind aft, no lookout (or so at least I thought) and a generally happy-go-lucky air. After crowding me almost into a buoy they saw me and one of them shouted, "How do we go to get to Rockland?" "Go around Ash Island, there, by the beacon," I answered and pointed as well as I could. When I saw them last they were headed for the bar on the wrong side of Ash Island, where there is about two feet of water. No chart, no knowledge of the place, no lookout! But they had the cheerful confidence of youth which carries one far and, contrary to all propriety, usually carries one safely.

I tried three new anchorages on this trip. Owl's Head Harbor was the best of them; it has good bottom and water enough, especially on the eastern side, and it has the great advantage of being within an eighth of a mile of the regular course into the West Bay. It is a much better small boat harbor than Rockland and better than one would expect from the chart. Buck's Harbor is also good, but it is disfigured by a quarry and the bottom, at least where I anchored, is rocky. The anchorage behind Burnt Island, just off the Muscle Ridge Channel, I took because it was too late to look for anything better. I don't think I could judge it fairly, for I ran back to it and a retreat is depressing; so was the dark hole itself, so were the mosquitoes which swarmed down on us, so were the deserted quarries. Besides, I partly slipped from the bow and wet one leg to the knee. But on the most impartial judgment it is not a good harbor, though it would give shelter from an easterly and is very near the course.

V.—Pemaquid to New Haven.

The object of this cruise was to bring the Lapwing to her home port between Sept. 2 and Sept. 22, with as much pleasure as possible on the way. The friend who started with me, H. W. F., is a well-tested woodsman, quick in expedient and cool in a crisis, but of limited experience in cruising. I give the log almost as it was written, adding remarks in parenthesis and reserving general comments to the end.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Morning foggy, but clearing, wind W.N.W. Dropped the mooring at 12, taking the usual westerly course past Ram Island and the Cuckolds. We took tricks of an hour at the tiller. (This custom we observed very punctually and I found it a great relief to the monotony.) As the wind was ahead and we could not make the mouth of the Kennebec, we stood up Sheepscot Bay and anchored in Herman's Harbor at five. (A ledge runs partly across the entrance, covered at high water; otherwise this is a good small-boat harbor.) Distance, 10¾ miles.

Sept. 3.—Up at four and, as there were two to divide the work, under way at five with everything in order for the day. Light northwest wind to Sequin, then light southwest breeze, which gradually backed round to south and increased, so that we reacheed straight across to Cape Elizabeth outside of Half Way Rock. Anchored in Wood Island harbor at five, exactly 12 hours under way. Distance, 36½ miles.

Sept. 4.—Blowing hard southwest, dead ahead, and thick. Some vessels came in, but none went out. At anchor all day. Late in the afternoon there was a sudden shift of wind to northwest, followed by a beautiful golden sunset.

Sept. 5.—Under way at 5.10, wind northwest and fresh. Carried whole sail to Cape Porpoise, then luffed up into smooth water and put in one reef. The wind increased and off Bald Head Cliff we put in a second reef and changed jib for staysail. Off Portsmouth we saw two naval boats racing; one was rigged with two sliding gunters and seemed to be having the better of the other, which carried two standing lugs. I had never seen either rig before. Both boats had large crews and stood up well in the strong breeze. So far we had made a fine run, fully five knots an hour, but about this time I noticed that the tender was filling from the splashing over her bow. I put off bailing, hoping that she would go all right, but as we headed more to the eastward she took a wide sheer and capsized. I laid the boat to and hauled the tender alongside. F. took hold of her gunwale to turn her over and did it, but his left thumb was frightfully jammed between the boats, the nail being almost completely torn out. As the tender went astern, the oars floated out, but I paid no attention to this, being occupied with binding up the wound. Then I started for the nearest harbor. This was Newburyport, some three miles away to leeward, and I anticipated no difficulty in getting in, but we met a most extraordinary head tide between the jetties, against which I could make no headway. As I was beating across, the tender, which I had only partially bailed, turned over again and I anchored. Righted the tender with the boat hook, got my anchor with very great difficulty in the strong tide and tried it again. Failure; anchored again, and here we lay for three hours within sight of a trolley line which would have taken us quickly to a surgeon, but unable to get to shore because of the loss of the oars. It was a long and wretched afternoon. Finally, about six, a tug came into the harbor and, when I explained the situation, towed us up and under the pilotage of one of the men, whose kindness to strangers I shall not soon forget, we fell into the hands of a very skillful surgeon. Happily it proved that amputation, which we had feared, was unnecessary, though the injury will leave permanent marks. Distance, 45 miles. (First, haul the tender alongside and bail her before she is half full. Second, lash in the oars. Third, use the boat hook to turn her back, if she does capsize. I wish I could have learned these elementary rules at a less price.)

Sept. 6-7.—In Newburyport harbor, at anchor off the yacht clubhouse. With much reluctance we decided that F. must go home by train and I therefore telegraphed to White of New Haven (*quem nomino honoris causa* and because he is known to hundreds of Yale men) to send me the man who had made the trip with me in 1900. He arrived very promptly on Sunday morning and in the afternoon I set F. ashore, both of us deeply disappointed at this termination of his cruising. (But we have since exchanged vows to explore Buzzard's Bay together next summer.)

Monday, Sept. 8.—An early start and a slow sail around Cape Ann. Wind south and light. Hoping to cross directly to Provincetown the next day we did not push on to Marblehead, but turned in early to Gloucester. (This cost us a whole day. We counted too hopefully on crossing the Bay.) Anchored in the cove at the head of the harbor at 2.30. Distance, 25¾ miles.

To me this is the most interesting harbor on the coast and a fleet of fishing schooners is a finer sight than a fleet of yachts. Put a pair of them alongside and the yacht looks like a toy, as indeed she is.

Sept. 9.—Foggy and breeze late from S.S.E. Stood close-hauled along the shore toward Marblehead, looking at the fine summer houses. Toward noon the wind backed to southeast and increased, so that we had to give up Scituate. About 12.30, rounding the Graves, we stood up Hypocrite channel for Boston. This was an interesting sail and consoled me for the short day's run. Anchored near the wharves of the N. Y. and N. E. Transportation Co. and I made a hasty rush, the details of which I now recall with amusement, for the Southern Terminal Station, where I hoped to intercept my family on their way to New Haven. I was disappointed in this, but I learned some lessons in regard to the effect of wearing rough clothes. The conductor of the train hailed me in highly peremptory tones with "Hi, there! Where are you going at?" and the well-dressed passengers, an acquaintance or two among them, did not even glance at me. Once before, on an earlier cruise, I was refused entrance to a hotel and was for a time under suspicion of stealing my own boat, and I consider myself qualified by these experiences to add a chapter to Stevenson's Inland Voyage.

The storm signals (S.E.) were flying when I returned to the boat and the afternoon was made uncomfortable by the constant passing of tugs and steamers. Distance, 28 miles.

Sept. 10.—The weather looked threatening and we were not under way till 11. Passed the new seven-master lying at anchor and had an easy sail to Scituate. Distance, 20 miles. (The best anchorage is not behind the breakwater, but up the harbor out of the swell.)

Sept. 11.—Under way at 5.30, wind light northwest. In the expectation of a shift to southwest we ran down close to the land for a slant to Provincetown. The wind came in, however, southeast and we had a long slow beat across. Passed a lobsterman with an auxiliary engine in his boat. As soon as he got hold of the buoy, he set his wheel hard down and kept going in a small circle, hauling in the slack by hand. When the slack was gathered in, he put the warp over a snatch-block on a davit and then around a winch attached to the motor and so hauled the pot by machinery. I saw plenty of evidence this summer of the spread of the motor among fishermen, but nothing more ingenious than this. Reached Provincetown at 6.15 and anchored on the western side of the harbor. Distance, 31½ miles.

Sept. 12 to 16.—Lay in Provincetown harbor, waiting for good weather and a pilot. This is, I believe, a not uncommon experience even for large yachts. The tedium of waiting was partly relieved by visits to the shore and talk with pleasant acquaintances and was, for one night at least, entirely dispelled by one of the dispensations of what P., a former Rhode Islander, sometimes calls Providence-town. For this harbor, though fairly good for vessels, is a poor place for small boats. It is so wide that, if one anchors near the town, a strong southerly breeze puts him in a position of discomfort, and in a northeaster or an easterly gale there is practically very little shelter anywhere. One must be ready to shift anchorage with every change of weather. This characteristic of the harbor got us into the scrape of which I propose to make full confession. Late on Friday the wind was coming strong from the southeast and it looked like bad weather. We therefore put in two reefs, to be ready for anything, and went over to the south side, anchoring directly opposite one of the old forts and, for extra assurance, putting down both anchors. Here we lay in comfort over Saturday; the storm signals were flying (S.E.) and we had no communication with the shore. Just before sunset there was a slight break in the sky to the northwest, but it seemed to settle down again for a southeast blow, and our judgment appeared to be confirmed by the red lantern (easterly winds) at night on the signal pole, which we naturally interpreted to mean southeast. We turned in therefore as usual. About 11 I woke to find the boat moving about in a lively fashion and the wind N. to N.N.E.; we were on a lee shore and much too near the beach. The weather was as bad as possible, blowing hard, raining, black, intensely cold. We waited an hour, not so much hoping for a change as dreading the trouble of doing anything. Then we went on deck; sounded; 6ft. and the tide half ebb. There was nothing for it but to get under way. We got the small anchor with some difficulty, set the mainsail two-reefed and both went forward to get the large anchor. It appeared to be impossible to break it out, though we were both straining on it and the boat was sheering violently to one side and the other; in fact, it had come up from the hard bottom at once and we were all the time hauling it against the bobstay. The utter blackness of the night and the violent motion of the boat partially explain a blunder which now seems incredible. When we discovered the facts, it was too late; we got off on the wrong tack, touched, went on a little, touched again and finally paid off and stopped, broadside to the sea. We got the mainsail off at once, dropped the small anchor to bring her head to the wind when she floated and went below to wait. She was heeled over so much when she took the ground that she did not thump, and as the tide fell she went slowly down on her bilge. I felt great confidence in her strength, but it was, of course, possible that if the sea rose it would drive her sideways on the beach before the tide turned. Revolving these possibilities, we braced our bodies on the sloping bunks and braced our spirits with tobacco. For I could not cook, and pilot bread and sweet chocolate, though sustaining, are not comforting. As the tide came in and the boat began to rise to an even keel, I kept an anxious eye upon Long Point Light, directly over the stern, for the first signs of swinging, and when at last the anchor held her and the light began to shift to the starboard quarter, our spirits rose with every thump. About 3:30 we went on deck again, cleared up the tangled gear, set mainsail and staysail and clawed off "like a pilot boat," as P. remarked. A substantial breakfast, a warm drying sun and a general clear-up soon dissolved this little episode into a mere memory, amusing rather than dismal.

Sept. 16.—Rounding the Cape, we intended to start early in the evening of Monday, the 15th, but the breeze was too light. Under way at 1:15 A. M., with a pilot aboard, wind light N., cold and clear. A slow beat from Wood End to Race Point. Outside there was a heavy easterly swell which made it necessary to keep well off shore, and the wind was light all day, N. to N.N.E. It is almost impossible on this run not to feel impatient, and our progress was in reality slow; we passed Cape Cod Light (Highland) at 7, Nausett about 11, Chatham about 2:30. The Marconi station, on the Highlands, is very impressive; the four enormously high lattice-work towers seem the higher because of the low building between them, and the strange structure somehow increases the desolation of this part of the Cape. As we neared Monomoy, about 4:30 or 5, we could see lines of breaking seas ahead, and it seemed possible that we might have to go out around the Shovelful Shoal. But Bearse's Shoal began to cut off the swell, and some of the breakers proved to be only tide rips. My tables gave low water at 4:30, and I counted upon a favorable tide around Monomoy Point. Instead of that I found to my surprise, a strong head tide and heavy rips. At the Point the tide was too much for us, and we had to anchor to wait for slack water, which, by my tables, I supposed must be at 10:30. But, again, to my surprise and confusion, the tide rip began to smooth out soon after 7. (I worked this all out afterward. The turn of the current at Monomoy is some two or three hours after the turn of the tide. I now remember that I was confused by this two years ago, and I ought to have remembered it. Eldridge's tables give the time of currents; the Government tables do not.) While we were at anchor we had some soup and coffee, and at 7:30 we rounded Monomoy, stood N.N.W. to clear the Handerchief, and then kept off for Bishop and Clerk's Light. (The fishermen usually preserve the old English pronunciation and call this Bishop and Clark's.) There was a full moon and moderate breeze; I took the tiller and sent P. and the pilot below. Having had only two hours' sleep Saturday night and none on Monday night, I fell asleep while steering and had to stand up to keep awake. I was thus engaged at 12, when I entered upon my fiftieth year and I meditated somewhat on the question how long a man of my age should continue to amuse himself by sailing about in a little boat. (As long as one can get pleasure and renewed vigor out of it, I suppose.) As we neared Hyannis, about 1, I called the men, went below and instantly fell into a sleep so profound that I did not waken when we came to anchor or when the two men came down into the little cabin and made up their berths. Distance 64½ miles; time, exactly 24 hours.

As the passage around Cape Cod is rather long for small boats, I add a note or two:

1. The chance of going into Chatham is too slight to be considered. I once followed a fishing boat in, but it was a quiet night and I might just as well have anchored outside, near Monomoy. This time I saw a fisherman stand in twice and turn back each time, evidently because the sea on the bars was too heavy. And this was on a clear day with moderate breeze.

2. Yachts going south often wait a long time for a westerly or northwesterly wind, but the local pilots go in almost any kind of settled weather, and rather prefer a N.E. wind, because it is fair from Monomoy to Hyannis.

3. A knowledge of the currents is extremely useful. Eldridge's tables give this information pretty fully.

4. The coast from Chatham north is so clear that this part of the passage can easily be made at night.

5. Pilots from Provincetown to Hyannis can be had for $12 to $15, and I suppose at Hyannis also, going north. After trying both methods I shall take a pilot for my little boat, not only for his knowledge and help, but also, I will say frankly, for his moral support. Anything more forbidding, desolate, depressing than the outer side of Cape Cod I cannot imagine.

Sept. 17.—Under way about 10, wind E. and strong. Passed Succonnesset Lightship at 11:25 (the captain gave us the exact time), and had a fast run with fair tide through Quick's Hole, but at the western end of the Hole we ran into the heaviest tide rip I have ever seen. The poor little boat was almost helpless; one sea would catch her before she had recoveded from the preceding, and solid water repeatedly came over the bow and broke against the cabin house, something that I have rarely seen on my boat. Reached New Bedford at 4:30. Distance, 40½ miles. Chose a quiet anchorage on the Fairhaven side, away from steamers, and had a good night of sleep.

Thursday, 18th.—We made two attempts to go out, but found the sea and S.E. wind too heavy.

Friday, 19th.—Wind E., but the clouds began to break about 7. Under way at 8. There was a strong swell outside and we kept off shore, expecting a shift of wind to the S.W. It did not come, and we had a rather uncomfortable day, rainy and thickish, with a very threatening sky. P.'s weather prophecies, which are apt to be pessimistic, became quite appalling. We held on, however, resisting the temptation to run into Newport, and about 5 rounded Point Judith and anchored behind the breakwater, very glad to get relief from the swell. Distance, 36 miles. (I suppose this is not a very good anchorage. The bottom is hard sand. We lay quietly in the angle of the breakwater; no other boat or vessel was in that night.)

Sept. 20.—Wind E.N.E., sky overcast. Under way at 5:35. The swell continued, but the tide was fair and, when we got into Fisher's Island Sound, very strong, so that we made a rapid run. Off Black Point it turned against us, but the wind had risen and we made nearly five knots. In the rain squalls, of which there were four or five, I stood by to slack the peak halyards, but we carried whole sail all day and ran into Sachem's Head at 5:30, exactly. Distance, 57 miles in just 12 hours, the best run my boat has ever made.

Sept. 21.—Under way at 6, tied up at White's at 6:35. Distance 12½ miles. Total for the cruise, 408 nautical miles in 19 days, counting the first and last together as one. Of these, 8 were spent in harbor, 11 under way.

My experience in cruising is not sufficient to warrant me in offering advice to others, but the following remarks may pass as comment:

1. Under very favorable conditions my boat, with a tender in tow, makes five knots; under ordinary conditions three knots is all that I count upon, and forty miles is a good day's run. The trip from New Haven to Pemaquid has each time taken about three weeks, with ten to twelve sailing days. This has required some pressure, and the next time I shall allow four weeks. I know that this will seem an absurdly large allowance, but I believe that the speed of boats and the distance that can be made in a day are habitually much over-estimated.

2. The good harbors for vessels are often poor harbors for small boats. To get the necessary rest one must lie in a really quiet berth. I have often wished that there was a good "Coast Pilot for Small Yachts." Perhaps FOREST AND STREAM might get from different men with local knowledge a series of short articles giving practical descriptions of small harbors—the "dodge-holes"—to be cut out and inserted into the Coast Pilot.

3. The kind of knowledge I have found most useful in such a cruise is, first, familiarity with the use of charts; second, knowledge of tidal currents; third, knowledge of the weather. Most boat sailors would, I think, reverse this order. It is certainly worth much to be able to foresee shifts of wind some hours in advance, but I have found the ordinary weather prophecies productive chiefly of vain hopes or of useless forebodings. The cruiser from harbor to harbor makes his decision about starting in the morning, regardless for the most part, of the evening indications. But I know that this is heresy.

4. How far such a cruise in a small boat involves dangers beyond the ordinary risks of sailing I do not know, but so far as I can see the risk is not great. I have never had anything that could be called an adventure; the accident to my friend's hand, related above, comes nearest to it; if this had happened to me when I was alone with my wife or one of my daughters, it would have been somewhat serious, but I could certainly have made a harbor somehow. I have, I suppose, grown cautious with years, but caution combined with sense is what makes cruising safe.

The total distance for the summer was 718 miles; the time spent aboard the boat was thirty-six days.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Messrs. Wallace Bros., of Norfolk, Va., are supplying and fitting the handsome schooner yacht Virginia, owned by Mr. F. W. McCullough, of Norfolk, with 25 horse-power Buffalo marine gasolene motor. The skipjack Doctor, owned by Mr. C. H. Bull, 4 horse-power Buffalo marine motor, and building for Mr. C. C. Couper, of Norfolk, Va., a handsome 32ft. hunting launch with 14 horse-power Buffalo motor. Mr. McCullough's yacht will be finished and ready to go into commission about the end of the month, Mr. Bull's boat by June 1 and Mr. Couper's launch about June 15.

The $10,000 clubhouse of the Hampton Roads Y. C. is being pushed energetically, and is expected to be completed by July 15.

Mr. J. R. Hodder, ex-commodore of the Winthrop Y. C., has recently disposed of his knockabout Ariel through the office of Frank N. Tandy to Mr. C. A. Williams, of Worcester. Ariel, ex-Giralda, is a 25ft. knockabout. Mr. Williams will use her for cruising in Buzzard's Bay.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: The steam yacht Kalolah for Mr. H. H. Hogins to Mr. Dumont Clarke. The auxiliary yawl Dione for Mr. Gouverneur Paulding 2d, to Mr. Frank F. Streeter, of Boston, Mass.

Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., has issued the following orders through his Fleet Captain, Franklin A. Plummer:

1. The squadron will rendezvous at Seawanhaka Harbor, Oyster Bay, on Saturday, May 30, in order to take part in the opening exercises at the clubhouse.
2. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 10:30 A. M.
3. On signal from the flagship at noon, the club burgee will be mastheaded on the club flagstaff, and all vessels in harbor will dress ship simultaneously.
4. In observance of Decoration Day all ensigns will be half-masted.
5. Immediately after dressing ship all yachts will be inspected by the commodore. The fleet captain has offered a cup for the yacht which the committee appointed by the commodore shall place first for decoration and general commission.
6. At 4 P. M. a reception will be held on the flagship, to which all captains, members and their guests are cordially invited.
7. On Sunday, May 31, divine services will be held on board the flagship at 11 A. M., conducted by the fleet chaplain, Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D.

Captains are earnestly requested to have their yachts in harbor during the ceremonies.

A bad explosion occurred on board the new auxiliary yawl Vagabond, anchored off Ninety-second street, Hudson River, on Saturday, May 16. Captain W. E. Rich, of Vagabond, was ashore at the time of the accident, and the crew were filling the gasolene tanks from a barrel. Just what caused the explosion is not known, but it is thought that some of the gasolene leaked into the boat's bilge, and the gas arising from this fluid filled the cabins, and when one of the men lighted a match the explosion followed. The yacht was being put in shape for a cruise to the eastward, and there were several men on board besides the crew. All were more or less burned, including Mrs. J. Blois Gibson, the yacht's owner. Assistance was rendered by nearby boats, and those who had jumped overboard were picked up. The Japanese steward was burned worse than any of the others, and was taken to the hospital in a critical condition. The sails, rigging, and spars were destroyed, and the hull of the yacht was badly damaged. The fire boat New Yorker filled her with water and she sunk at her anchorage. Preparation for raising the yacht were made on Monday.

Vagabond was a new boat, having been recently launched from the yard of her builders, the Geo. Lawley & Son Corporation, South Boston. She was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and was intended solely for cruising, and was very elaborately and handsomely fitted. She is 71ft. over all, 51ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth, and 9ft. draft. The yacht was insured for $20,000.

Resolute, the new auxiliary schooner that was built for Mr. J. M. Masury from designs made by Messrs. Cary Smith and Barbey, was launched from the yard of the builders, the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company, Shooters Island, on Monday afternoon, May 18. Resolute is 124ft. over all, 90ft. waterline, 23ft. 8in. breadth, and 14ft. draft.

At the Herreshoff plant at Bristol the schooner building for Mr. Morton F. Plant is nearly plated. The steam launch building for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt is practically finished. She is 26ft. long and will be equipped with a 30 horse-power motor. She will be used as a tender to Mr. Vanderbilt's steam yacht North Star. The 35ft. steam launch Sunbeam built for Mr. J. C. Hutchinson, of New York city, developed a speed of 18 miles on her trials.

Dr. J. B. Palmer, of New York City, is having a raceabout built at Webber's Yard, New Rochelle, from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow.

The Larchmont Y. C. went formally into commission on Saturday May 16.

The following charters have been made through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane: The steam yacht Felicia, owned by Mr. E. W. Bliss, to Mr. Charles Steele; the schooner yacht Sea Fox, owned by Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, to Mr. Arthur T. Kemp.

The annual dinner of the Shelter Island Y. C. was held at the Lotus Club, New York City, on Friday evening, May 15. The officers of the club are: Com., James Weir, Jr.; Vice-Com., Arthur E. Whitney; Rear Com., John W. Weber; Sec., William B. Hill; Treas., Harold Otis, and Fleet Surgeon, George F. Little, M. D.

Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, owner of the steam yacht Conqueror, is having another steam yacht built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Company, of Troon, Scotland. She was designed by Mr. George L. Watson, and is a very large vessel, being intended for ocean cruising. The yacht is to be 240ft. on the waterline and will be completed early next year.

The turbine steam yacht Lorena, that was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, at Leith, Scotland, for Mr. A. L. Barber, of New York City, attained a speed of 21.88 knots on her trials.

Mr. Pembroke Jones has offered a cup to take the place of the Paget cup, won by him in Carolina last year. The cup will be raced for by the Newport special thirties, and will go to the boat winning the greatest number of points from July 1 to Sept. 15. A win counts two points and a second place one point.

The Regatta Committee of the Atlantic Y. C., which is composed of Mr. Henry J. Gielow, Chairman; Mr. Frederick Vilmar and Mr. Charles E. Schuyler, has given out the following racing schedule for the present season:

Saturday, May 30, Decoration Day.—Classes J and below; short courses; start, 2:30 P. M.

Monday, June 1.—Ocean race; Sea Gate around Fire Island and Northeast End Lightships back to Sea Gate; start, 10 A. M.

Tuesday, June 9.—Thirty-seventh annual regatta; all classes; long courses; start, 11 A. M.

Wednesday, June 10.—Ninety-footers; course from Sandy Hook Lightship fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return; start, 11 A. M.

Saturday, June 20.—Classes M and below; short courses; start, 3 P. M.

Saturday, July 4.—Classes J and below; short courses; start, 3 P. M.

Saturday, July 18.—Classes M and below; short courses; start 3 P. M.

Monday, July 27.—Ocean race; from Newport to Nantucket Shoal Lightship to Sea Gate; start, 10 A. M.

Saturday, Aug. 1.—Classes M and below; short courses; start, 3 P. M.

Wednesday, Aug. 12, to Saturday, Aug. 15, inclusive. Race week.

Wednesday, Aug. 12.—Classes J and below; short courses; start, 2:30 P. M.

Thursday, Aug. 13.—Motor boats; short courses; start, 2:30 P. M.

Friday, Aug. 14.—Classes M and below; short courses; start, 2:30 P. M.

Saturday, Aug. 15.—Water sports; start, 2:30 P. M. Illumination of yachts, fireworks, etc.

During race week should the owners of two or more yachts in any one class, not provided for, desire to race, the Regatta Committee will, upon application, provide for them, and suitable prizes will be awarded.

Monday, Sept. 7 (Labor Day).—Classes J and below; short courses; start, 3 P. M.

Ocean Race.—From Sea Gate to Nantucket Shoal Lightship; thence to Northeast End Lightship and Sea Gate; start, 10 A. M.

Saturday, Sept. 19.—Fall regatta, all classes, long courses; start, 11 A. M.

Aria, the steam yacht built for Mr. Edward H. Blake, of Bangor, Me., was launched from the yard of the builders at Morris Heights on Saturday, May 16. Aria is built of steel and has a flush deck. She is 165ft. over all, 138ft. waterline, 18ft. breadth and 8ft. draft. She has triple expansion engines of 1,000 horse-miles. The yacht will be delivered to her owner on June 4.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:

First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Division Encampments.

To the several commodores and Officials of each division of the A. C. A.:

I herewith extend my greeting and well wishes for the success of your Division Encampment, and to each member attending. I wish to express a sincere hope that you and your friends will enjoy your recreation to such an extent that your next desire will be to attend the annual A. C. A. meet at Sugar Island.

I exceedingly regret that owing to my recent illness I probably cannot attend the Division Encampments.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT,
Commodore A. C. A.

A. C. A. Regatta Committee.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take great pleasure in advising you of the appointment of Mr. A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, Wis., as a member of the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A., representing the Western Division.

J. K. HAND,
Chairman Regatta Committee.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A:

Atlantic Division—A. S. Gregg Clarke.

The following have become life members to the A. C. A:

Hon. George W. Gardner, Cleveland, Ohio; John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.; Reade W. Bailey, Pittsburg, Pa.; Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y., and C. Fred. Wolters, Rochester, N. Y.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 21-22.—New Paris, O., Gun Club's tournament.
May 21-22.—Kenton, O.—Shoot of the Kenton Gun Club. A. G. Merriman, Sec'y-Treas.
May 24-26.—San Francisco, Cal., Trapshooting Association's three days' bluerock handicap tournament. Open to all; $1,500 added. C. C. Nauman, manager.
May 26-27.—Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club's fourth annual amateur target tournament. A. F. Heeb, Sec'y.
*May 26-27.—Brownsville, Pa.—Brownsville Gun Club tournament. W. T. Doherty, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.
May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Decoration Day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.
May 30.—Orange, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club. Ralph B. Baldwin, Sec'y.
May 30.—Shrewsbury, Mass.—Shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club.
May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.
May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, Sec'y-Treas.
May 30.—Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.
May 30.—Buffalo, N. Y., Audubon Gun Club's all-day shoot. E. P. Reynolds, Field Capt.
May 30.—Gallatin, Tenn., Gun Club's shoot. W. G. Harris, Sec'y.
May 30.—East Harrisburg Association's tournament.
May 30-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Shoot of the South Side Gun Club.
May 30-31.—Pullman, Ill.—Calumet Gun Club's target tournament. E. B. Shogren, Mgr.
June 2-4.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Burmister's tournament. John Burmister, Spirit Lake, Ia.
June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.
June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.
June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association. J. F. Mallory, Sec'y.
June 4-5.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of the Lafayette Gun Club. R. A. Livenguth, Sec'y.
June 4-5.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, under auspices of the Vermillion Gun Club. G. Harris, Sec'y.
**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.
June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.
June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.
June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.
June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.
June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.
*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The third annual Maryland County shoot for amateurs, to be held at Baltimore, Md., Shooting Association's grounds, Pamlico Road, June 2-6, has a programme of special interest for amateurs and professionals. June 2, practice day, has a programme open to all; seven events, of which six are at 15 and 20 targets, with a uniform entrance as follows: Experts, $2; semi-experts, $1.50; amateurs, $1. No. 7 is the Baltimore Handicap, 50 targets, entrance $1; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; eleven merchandise prizes, of which four go to the lowest scores. June 3, first day, has a programme for all, and score for county amateurs only. Added money, $52. Six events have 15 and 20 targets, $8 and $10 respectively added; entrance 80 cents, $1, $1.30 and $1.40. No. 7 is the county amateur championship of Maryland, 100 targets, $2 entrance. A long list of experts, residents of the county, are barred. This event has twenty prizes, of which five go to the lowest scores. Open to all are ten events, each at 20 targets, $5 added, with three different class entrances, as follows: Experts, $2; semi-experts, $1.50; amateurs, $1; five moneys, 35, 30, 20, 10 and 5 per cent. A gold signet ring, donated by Mr. Lester S. German, will be given for high average in sweeps. June 4, second day, is for county amateurs only; $52 are added. The first six events are like to those of the first day. Event No. 7 is at 50 targets, three-man team race, $1 per man entrance; for the team championship of the county. There is a list of prizes for teams from first to fifth, and for four lowest teams; also prize for highest individual score. June 5, third day, is a double programme for county amateurs only, and also open to the world. There are three county amateur events, of which the third is the State championship cup event, 15 birds, entrance, price of birds, with an optional $5 sweep. There are six live-bird events open to the world, of which three are $2 miss-and-outs. There is also a programme of ten 20-target events, like that of the previous day. A gold signet ring, donated by a member of the Baltimore Shooting Association, will be given to high average. Targets, 2 cents. Four sets of three traps, Sergeant system. Any one may shoot for targets only. Lunch will be served on the grounds. Ten-gauge guns 2yds. back of 12-gauge. Known traps, unknown angles. Shooters' badges, 25 cents. Programme commences at 9 o'clock. "You can borrow a gun to fit you on the grounds." The manager is Mr. J. Morell Hawkins. Assistant manager, Mr. James R. Malone.

The Pawtuxet, R. I., Gun Club may this year abandon its heretofore Memorial Day shoot, and throw its support in favor of the Aquidneck Gun Club's shoot at Newport. Concerning the Pawtuxet Club, the Newport Herald states: "Interest in the weekly shoots of the club is growing, the attendance Saturday having been the largest of the season, and including a number of visitors. The prize shoots of the club will begin June 6, and it is believed that by that time the Saturday afternoon events will have become the most important trapshooting events around Providence. The traps have been placed in the best condition and some of the latest improvements have been added. The new officers of the club have been working hard for its interests, and there are prospects that the club will have the best year of its career."

The Richmond, Va., Leader, states that "the City Gun Club, which is composed of some of the best colored shots in the city, will hold its initial shoot of the season next Tuesday afternoon, beginning at 4 o'clock, at its shooting grounds, in the rear of the old expositions grounds. The club, which numbers some twenty-five or more members, has been presented with 550 rounds of shells by Harris, Flippen & Co., for this contest. The club will give its first annual outing to Buckroe Beach June 22, where they will contest with crack teams from Newport News and Hampton. The officers of the club are: George W. Bragg, President; John C. Lewis, Vice-President; Dr. D. A. Ferguson, Secretary; Dr. E. R. Jefferson, Treasurer; George St. Julien Stephens, Scorer; E. A. Randolph, Referee; D. P. Bragg, George Jenkins and James H. Smith, Executive Committee."

At the Interstate tournament at Du Bois, Pa., May 13 and 14, Mr. Luther J. Squier was high gun both days, with a score of 181 out of 190 each day, a total of 362 out of 380. Mr. J. T. Atkinson, of New Castle, was second on the first day, with 176. Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, was third, with 175. On the second day, Nobles, of Olean, N. Y., was second, with 181 scored; Atkinson was third with 177.

The secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth, writes us as follows: "Please cancel the date, May 30, claimed in your Fixtures column for shoot of Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club. The shoot has been postponed owing to the fact that Harrisburg's claim for that date appeared in the sporting papers a week earlier than ours. The future date will be announced shortly."

Mr. A. B. Richmond, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes us: "I wrote you a few days ago asking you to insert in your Fixtures column the dates June 23, 24 and 25 as the dates for the second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association. It has been decided to change those dates to Aug. 18, 19 and 20."

We are informed that the Committee on the May Walk of the Independence Shooting Club, of Plainfield, N. J., reported, and that the May walk will start from the hotel on May 24. This is an excellent feature, both as it refers to physical culture and utility in emergency, for a shooter, who attends a shoot, may walk from necessity afterward.

At the annual meeting of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, held at Newark, N. J., it was decided to hold this year's tournament some time next fall, possibly in September. The place was not definitely agreed upon, but there is a probability that Trenton will be approved by a majority of the Association members.

In the programme of the Maryland County shoot is the following: "By request of the Baltimore Shooting Association, the following was granted Jan. 1, 1903: 'Any county amateur who wishes to joint the Baltimore Shooting Association in the future may do so without fear of being barred from the Maryland County shoot.'"

The Buffalo, N. Y., Audubon Gun Club has resumed competition with earnestness. It is holding semi-monthly shoots, and has divided the contestants into classes A, B and C, with badges as an object of competition in each. The club announces an all-day shoot fixed to be held on May 30.

The Brighton Gun Club was organized at Neenah, Wis., recently, with officers as follows: President, Alfred Galpin, of Appleton; Secretary, N. Strange, Menasha; Treasurer, P. M. Conkey, Appleton.

The programme of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, at the Enterprise Gun Club's grounds, McKeesport, Pa., June 17 and 18, has a like number of events for each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2. There is an important list of merchandise prizes for competition. Targets 2 cents, ½ cent deducted and added to the purses in each event. Th Rose system will govern.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, a popular trade representative, was a visitor in New Orleans recently, where he shot in good form, thence he journeyed into Louisiana. He, besides doing a successful business, was adding personally to his long list of friends.

Mr. John E. Bassett, the secretary, writes us as follows: "The New Haven Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on Decoration Day, May 30. They will add $30, throw targets for 1½ cents, and serve a plain but substantial luncheon free to shooters."

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will probably be strongly represented at the Pennsylvania State shoot this week, as that club has been strongly represented at the traps in preliminary practice in some weeks of late.

A feature of the shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club on Thursday of this week is a match between Messrs. A. G. Fisher and Samuel Whitmore, at 100 targets, for $10 a side. Sweepstake events will be a part of the programme.

At the Oklahoma shoot, held at El Reno, May 7 and 8, Reust won first in the live-bird championship with a score of 23 out of 25. Heer was first in target averages for the two days.

The programme of the third annual Maryland County shoot has the following in large type: "Look out for Capt. J. R. Malone's ninth annual midsummer shoot in August, 1903."

The champion event for the individual amateur championship of New York is to be at 100 single targets only, and not at 60 singles and 20 pairs, as mentioned last week.

The Emerald Gun Club's May shoot has been postponed to June 2. The regular June shoot of this club will take place on June 16.

The New Britain, Conn., Gun Club contemplates holding an all-day shoot May 30 on its new grounds, and thereby make a formal opening.

It is rumored that the Bayonne, N. J., Gun Club will shoot a ten-man team race at Bayonne with the Secaucus Gun Club, for a purse.

The Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club announces that it will hold its fifth annual tournament on Decoration Day, May 30.

BERNARD WATERS.

Schuylkill County League Tournament.

TREMONT, Pa., May 14.—The Schuylkill County League of Game and Fish Protective Associations held a semi-annual tournament to-day. Delegates and shooters were present to the number of fifty or more. The irrepressible T. H. Keller, of New York, was of the visitors, and was shooting in good form.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Dr. H. J. Bricker, of Mahanoy City; Vice-President, Fen Cooper, Mahanoy City; Secretary, Samuel Gore, Pottsville; Treasurer, B. V. Murphy, Tremont; Solicitor, W. J. Whitehouse, Pottsville.

The next meeting of the League will be held next September in Pottsville.

The Peters Cartridge Company cup and the County medal were the main events. The former was won by the Llewellyn team; the Tremont team was the holder. The County medal was won by David Wise, of Minersville; the prior holder was C. F. Seltzer, of Pottsville.

Peters trophy team shoot, five-man teams, 20 targets per man:

Pottsville Team No. 1.—Wise 19, Seltzer 17, Rehrig 15, Pritchard 17, Knittle 14; total 82.

Tremont Team No. 1.—Bradley 13, Bonewitz 15, Machemer 19, Murphy 14, Dillfield 17; total 78.

Pottsville Team No. 2.—Davenport 17, Haverty 17, Gore 17, Schuster 16, Wool 14; total 81.

Llewellyn Team.—Weir 18, W. Lawrence 17, Adams 18, G. Lawrence 16, Daubert 17; total 86.

Beckville Team.—J. Springer 13, Knittle 12, E. Springer 10, Beck 14, Krammes 14; total 63.

Tremont Team No. 2.—Simon 14, Leininger 16, Weal 13, Maguire 12, Faust 13; total 68.

Programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
C Adams	6	..	6	4	4	12
M Cooper	5	10	9	7	8	18
T H Keller	9	8	9	8	8	22
Rehrig	8	..	8	..	10	..
Paul	6	..	7	..	6	..
Daubert	9	..	..	6	8	..
Gore	5	..	..	..	3	..
One-Trigger	10	9	8	7	7	24
Bricker	7	..	6	6	9	16
Pritchard	6	..	..	..	..	16
Krause	8	..	8	4	8	17
Seltzer	7	..	6	..	4	16
Davenport	2	4	6	7	4	..
H Beck	5	..	4	4	6	..
Updegrave	7	7	7	..	7	19
W J Beck	..	6	..	..	5	..
Springer	..	7	..	..	6	..
Ed Springer	..	5	..	..	8	..
Griffo	..	..	..	..	..	19
Bradley	..	9	..	..	..	..
Fidler	..	6	..	..	3	..
Knittle	..	8	..	2	3	15
Weir	..	6	7	9	9	16
Woggles	..	7	6	7	5	..
H Adams	..	7	..	..	..	..
G Lawrence	..	7	6	5	7	18
Long	..	..	..	..	5	..
N Lawrence	..	6	7	..	10	17
D Leininger	..	6	7	..	..	14
Krammes	..	..	5	6	7	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
Myers	..	..	7	..	..	..
Wise	..	..	8	8	7	21
Schuster	..	..	6	5	4	..
Haverty	..	..	2	..	6	..
Wool	..	..	6	..	3	..
Snipe	..	..	8	..	..	..
Weinrich	..	..	..	4	5	..
R Weir	..	..	..	7	..	..
Umholtz	..	..	..	3	3	..
C Updegrave	..	..	..	7	9	..
Long	..	..	..	2	..	..
Walker	..	..	..	..	3	..
Simon	..	..	..	..	2	..
Leidich	..	..	..	..	2	15
Purcell	..	..	..	..	2	..
Goetler	..	..	..	..	7	..
Naud	..	..	..	..	5	..
Raring	..	..	..	..	4	..
Devlin	..	..	..	..	2	..
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	2	..
Weal	..	..	..	..	6	..
Ruff	..	..	..	..	1	..
Gorman	..	..	..	..	2	..
J Knittle	..	..	..	..	6	..
Dillfield	..	..	..	..	4	17
Machemer	..	..	..	..	..	16
Bonewitz	..	..	..	..	..	17
Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	20
Deitz	..	..	..	..	..	15

Remington Gun Club.

ILION, N. Y., May 16.—There was a good attendance at the second regular shoot of the Remington Gun Club this afternoon. The next regular shoot will be held Saturday, June 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	10	15	10
Tenne	22	7	..	..
Colling	20	10	13	..
De Lany	10	2	..	5
Hepburn	22	8	9	..
Pederson	21	10	15	10
Brennen	18	3	..	..
De Garmo	23	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	10	15	10
Bassett	18	5	11	..
Russell	19	..	..	9
Hubbard	21	9	..	..
Tomlinson	24	9	11	9
De Bourdieu	16	..	..	..
Corbin	16	10	14	..

W. H. GRIMSHAW, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association, held on May 9:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	10	25
Young	9	14	8	11	9	5	..	..	..	..	22
Grant	8	13	8	8	9	8	..	4	..	..	..
Jules	8	11	10	13	8	8	7	7	10	10	22
Harvey	8	14	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brinley	5	8	6	12	8	5	..	..	..	..	..
Kemp	..	8	6	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	14
Daly	..	8	8	10	8	5	7	..	..	..	..
Lamont	..	..	5	7	5	..	9	10	..	..	..
Gaskill	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	4	17
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	..	23
F W Matthews	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	19
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..	7	..
W H Matthews	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	6	..	18
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	10	3	12
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	6	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

Trenton, N. J., May 16.—The tournament of the Trenton Shooting Association, held to-day, was a pleasing success. Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York were well represented in the competition. There were eleven events. Mr. Luther J. Squier was high gun with a total of 186 out of 200, the programme total. Neaf Apgar was second with 185; Chris. Feigenspan was third with 184. A steady breeze added to the difficulties of the shooting. Four extra events were shot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	30	20	15	25	15	15	15	20		
J A R Elliott	14	13	12	29	17	12	20	12	11	15	18	200	172
J T Skelly	11	14	12	25	13	11	20	14	13	12	20	200	165
H S Weller	13	12	12	27	16	14	20	14	12	14	17	200	171
F E Butler	11	11	11	24	17	11	14	12	11	12	13	200	147
W H Hobbs	13	15	10	..	16	9	..	12	13	14	..	125	102
L J Squier	14	15	14	28	18	15	24	13	13	14	18	200	186
Jules	7	9	13	20	17	12	23	10	12	9	17	200	149
Chas Cole	12	14	13	27	16	13	19	13	13	13	18	200	171
Grant	11	10	13	..	16	10	..	11	13	11	16	145	111
C W Feigenspan	13	14	14	27	18	14	23	15	15	12	19	200	184
Dr W Gardiner	10	14	9	22	18	12	18	12	14	11	15	200	155
Albert Young	12	13	10	22	16	10	20	13	9	11	12	200	148
J R Hull	13	14	11	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	60
E E Sickley	10	14	14	..	14	12	..	12	14	..	..	110	90
J E Throp	10	9	..	24	15	..	..	10	..	..	..	95	68
G H Piercy	13	13	14	27	14	13	22	11	14	14	17	200	172
Capt Money	10	10	13	28	17	13	22	15	10	11	20	200	169
G R Schneider	12	12	13	21	16	12	18	15	12	11	14	200	156
Neaf Apgar	14	13	15	28	18	13	22	15	14	15	18	200	185
Bessemar	..	..	9	21	14	13	20	13	10	15	15	170	130
H L Lee	..	..	13	24	17	11	19	12	10	12	12	170	130
E Banks	..	..	..	26	15	..	22	14	12	12	17	140	118
Jas Phillips	..	6	..	21	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	75	58
Rowan	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	9	10	..	50	30
J S Hale	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	15	14
F C Childs	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	5	10	..	45	23
G W Squier	..	..	13	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	30	25
Dr J Pardoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15	7
J H Stutsman	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	6	10	..	70	41
Harvey	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	6	10	..	70	41
W I Pardoe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	15	11

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 16.—The members of the North River Gun Club, at the weekly shoot to-day, were favored with delightfully clean and pleasant spring weather. Mr. Gus Greiff, who has been out of form for some time past, shot well and showed a positive gain in form. In event 11, at doubles, he scored 9 out of 10. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	25	15	10	10	10	10
Bittiner	5	9	8	7	9	6	7	11	8	7	6	..	3
Harland	3	6	7	2	11	7	7	15	..	..	..	4	..
Greiff	7	5	13	7	14	5	7	20	8	9	9	9	5
Eickhoff	7	6	12	7	12	6	6	18	8	5	6	6	5
Voselman	..	7	10	..	..	6	7	16	11	..	7	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	6	9	4	4	16	..	..	2	..	..
Morrison	..	8	11	8	..	6	7	21	13	..	7	8	8
Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	..	..	4	3	..	..
Newkirk	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Richter	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	16	..	..	3	4	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	..	5	8	3
Sidway	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	2

Events Nos. 1, 6 and 11 were 5 pairs; event No. 8, handicap prize shoot.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

The Italian Gun Club.

On May 12 the members of the Italian Gun Club assembled in full force at Outwater's grounds, on the banks of the Hackensack, Carlstadt, N. J., the occasion being the regular monthly club contest at 10 birds, in which fourteen members faced the score. Saldarini, with 9 kills, won the club event. His eighth bird was a hard driver, which he failed to stop. Barbieri, Germolini and Rigani divided second honors with 7 kills each. Raoli shot up his April score, which added six birds to his yearly average. As usual, there was a large gathering of friends, and the day was a most pleasant one for the sport. The scores were as follows:

Feist	1110212000—6	Covati	200011*012—5
Minewini	00101*0010—3	Arignoni	1010211000—5
Barbieri	2021012201—7	Beneetti	1000010220—4
Gerbolini	220*11*111—7	Dr Felice	1000100022—4
Gazzola	0120100112—6	Raoli	1020002201—5
Rugani	0012210211—7	Di Barnardi	0000200022—3
Saldarini	2221212022—9	Raoli	2220100022—6
Anguivola	0202010002—4		

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J.—In event 1 at 10 targets, the scores were as follows: Andrew Wright 3, Harry Pope 9, John Williams 5, W. J. Pope 6, Frank Kishpay 5, Alfred Right 4, Elmer Black 1.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., May 19.—There was a good attendance and pleasant weather as favorable conditions for the weekly shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. Some excellent scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	20	25
Schorty	14	15	15	14	13	23	19	15	..
Dudley	13	13	14	11	13	22	19	16	..
Van Dyne	12	12	11	8	12	13	17	16	..
Van Valkenberg	13	5	12	10	14	16	23	9	..
Gillies	11	9	10	13	7	15	17	..	..
Malcomb	11	8	9	11	7	12	..	..	..
G Hughes	10	11	12	9	11	12	17	..	..
Barker	13	8	5	5	10	11	19	..	..
Reynolds	9	9	8	9	10	16	7	17	..
Staples	14	11	12	12	12	21	14	15	..
Duke	..	11	13	..	13	14	18	15	21
J Pearsall	..	..	..	9	10	19	16	17	..
Headden	..	..	..	6	6	8	10	4	..
Pearsall	..	..	..	10	12	15	20	18	..
Hughes	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	..	..
Hennessy	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	..	..
Hansman	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	19	15

Events 6 and 7 were at 20yds.

Erie Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J.—The Erie Gun Club, one of the oldest shooting organizations of South Brooklyn, wound up its winter season in true shooting style at Outwater's grounds, Carlstadt, N. J., on Wednesday of last week. There will be no shooting during June, July and August, as the club contests are at 14 birds instead of 7 as in former years.

Charles Plate won the club event with a score of 13, losing his sixth bird, a fast right-quarterer. Henry Dohrman and Charles Detlefsen divided second honors with 12 each, while Finnigan, Hitchcock and Sweeney tied for third place with 11.

As a wind-up of the season, John Hen served one of his old-time dinners, and the boys were at the score from soup to pivot. The birds were a fair lot, and many friends were present. Scores follow:

H Dohrmann, 28	02122222201211—12
G Humphreys, 28	01120221*01011— 9
C Plate, 28	11211012222212—13
C Detlefsen, 28	21211112201101—12
R Maeder, 26	12220011020021— 9
F Gref, 28	00011102000222— 7
C H Luhrssen, 26	00121100000101— 6
P Finnigan, 26	22101*22102211—11
H Jankowsky, 27	12121000001111— 9
D Mohrman, 28	20212010101201— 9
M J Sweeney, 27	2202212*021111—11

Jeanette Gun Club.

There was a good attendance Friday last at the regular monthly contest of the Jeanette Gun Club, on the grounds of the Hudson County Driving Park, at Guttenberg, N. J. Although the day was mild, the birds proved to be a good lot of flyers, as the scores will show. Schorty, on the 20yd. mark, won Class A medal with 10 straight, defeating Steffens, Greiff and Loeble, all at 30yds. George Haggerdorn, a guest, also grassed 10, and Henry Pape won the Class B medal, at 28yds., with a straight score—well, a few were hard ones, while President Fred Ahlers decamped with Class C prize with 8, losing his first and tenth birds. Following the club event, Chris. Interman successfully defended the challenge medal, defeating Chas. Meyerdiercks by a score of 14 to 11. Next in order was the team race at 5 birds a man between Capt. Ehlen's team and one headed by Capt. Pape, which resulted in a victory for Ehlen's team by 5 birds, the score being 32 to 27. Preceding all events, C. Meyer, with the gun that "Frank got," defeated Chas. Steffens in a 5-bird match at 30yds. rise, both contestants using brush guns. Scores:

F Ehlen, 25	*111121210—8	C Interman, 28	2102221121—9
F Kastens, 28	1122110122—9	G Haggerdorn, 30	2222222222—10
C Meyer, 30	1111202211—9	C Thyssen, 28	1210010220—6
J Kroeger, 28	2111122*01—8	J Luhrman, 25	2222110000—6
C Steffens, 30	11222021*0—7	J Hainhorst, 28	1101011211—8
H Pape, 28	1221112122—10	W Rohlfs, 28	0101010011—5
G Greiff, 30	2222220222—9	C Meyerdiercks, 28	12010110*0—5
Schorty, 30	2122212222—10	G E Loeble, 30	1201220101—7
H Gerdes, 25	2120100110—6		

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

C Interman, 28	111122121101222—14
C Meyerdiercks, 28	101121102102022—11

Team match, 5 men a side, 5 birds per man:

F H Ehlen	21102—4	H Pape	22210—4
C Meyer	21211—5	G E Greiff	12221—5
C Steffens	21121—5	G E Loeble	01202—3
G W Hagedorn	22002—3	C Interman	12111—5
F Karstens	12102—4	J H Kroeger	00010—1
C Meyerdiercks	00111—3	J H Hainhorst	10111—4
Rohlfs	12201—4	C H Thyssen	11110—4
Gerdes	21201—4—32	J Luhrman	00001—1—27

Richmond Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—Albert A. Schoverling was very much talked about on Saturday of last week by winning a solid silver loving cup and the championship of the Richmond Gun Club, at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J. F. Hatkins and Ed Lovett were close seconds with 11 each, and divided second honors in the cup race. Baron Von Walkenberg, Fessenden and Hawes divided second money in the sweepstakes with 12 each.

In the 5-bird event Schoverling, Reierson and Hawes were high guns and divided first and second moneys.

The birds were, as usual, a fast lot, and the day an ideal one. Following are the scores:

No. 1, 5 birds, $2, 29yds.:

Schoverling	22220—4	Reierson	1221*—4
Bechtel	10001—2	Hawes	1*112—4

Richmond Gun Club championship, 15 birds, Rose system:

A A Schoverling, 30	20222222222*222—13
G Bechtel, 29	10*12011*221002—9
E Joline, 29	212222*02121122—13
F Hatkins, 29	120121002222202—11
M Reierson, 29	11020*200120101—8
E Lovett, 29	102222202001222—11
L W Colquitt, 29	220212202022222—12
Von Walkenberg, 30	0220*022022202*—8
F P Fessenden, 29	2*2222220222022—12
W Pearsall, 28	200222212000222—10
A Hawes, 28	122222221022020—12

H. P. Fessenden was referee.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., May 16.—There were twenty-three contestants at the weekly shoot of the Union Gun Club to-day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Carlough	11	9	9	9	7	10	11	17	21
Huck	8	9	10	11	11	..	..	22	..
Frank	9	10	10	13	12	..	..	..	..
Wise	12	..	9	13	12	10	10	16	..
Van Tassel	12	..	9	13	11	10	..	..	..
J Hall	3	..	7	7	9	7	..	..	..
H Von Lengerke	10	..	10	12	4	13	12	13	16
F Axford	4	..	3	4	8	9	8	12	..
James	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Matzen	9	..	6	10	9	9	10	18	..
Lawson	..	..	5	6	2	9	..	17	..
Collins	..	..	13	13	13	11	14	21	..
Hughes	..	..	4	5	5	..	..	..	..
McClements	..	..	6	10	5	9	..	..	..
Ford	..	..	10	14	12	12	..	..	..
Reeves	..	..	..	10	11	13	12	18	20
Fredericks	..	..	11	10	10	..	..	..	..
Andrews	..	..	..	3	..	4	4	13	..
Keevit	..	..	..	6	..	7	8	..	..
Paul	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	16	..
R E Laucon	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carlough	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	22	..
Reeves	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	22	..
H Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..

C. B. AXFORD, Sec'y.

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., May 16.—The shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club to-day had contestants and scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Cannon	8	12	8	14	8	11	8
Mains	..	14	6	..	..	..	..
McFarland	..	10	6	8	7	13	9
Knight	..	..	..	10	9	10	7
Black	5	5	6	11	4	6	4
Powelz	..	7	5	7	5	..	..
C H	6	7	5	7	6	..	..
A Ohs	4	8	..	8	..	..	..
C Ohs	5	8	6	7	..	..	..
Turley	..	6	5	..	..	..	..
Loy	..	7	6	8	..	..	..
Fredrock	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Crawfordsville Tournament.

COMING so close on the heels of Paducah, it will interest all lovers of trapshooting to know that Tobacco Bill has "gone and done it." Just laid Fritz Gilbert, his side partner, in the shade; 398 out of 400 in a two days' tournament is the record. We must not forget that Pop Heikes was a busy boy; he made 199 the first day and 193 the second day. There were so many other good scores that all cannot herein be singled out, yet Hughy Clark going down the line with 194 is not to be passed by.

The happiest lot of shooters—and among them the best that every gathered at one tournament of like nature—met at Crawfordsville, Ind., May 11, and the day was so perfect, the trap on its good behavior, as it was run by a one-legged mad. Ed. Voris was there to greet them, and all his lieutenants were ready to attend to every want, and the most complaint I heard was that the dinner furnished was too good. Read the scores all over; they tell the tale of the most perfect conditions.

This is the twenty-fifth time that Crawfordsville has held a spring tournament, and as Pop Heikes has attended most of them, he only desires to live to attend twenty-five more of just such perfectly managed tournaments. When Crawfordsville claims dates there is no use of worrying about anything only your shells, and then not to forget the dates. Voris, Stillwell, Snyder, Helm, Lacy and about fifty more very good gentlemen will attend to all the details, and what they overlook you can rely on Dad Detrick not failing in the smallest particular. Few clubs have a keeper living in the club house. Long live the Crawfordsville Club, and may more records be made on their perfect grounds.

Several years ago Ralph Trimble was just starting out, and he made a record at this city which has not been equalled, breaking 144 out of 145 targets, all reverse angles.

Tramp Irwin shot through a live-bird programme and killed 100 per cent. There are many other very large scores on record made there, and there will be many more in the future. But who can beat the one herein chronicled. It may stand for years, and may never again be excelled save at the historic grounds at Crawfordsville.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Crosby	10	15	20	15	19	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Davis	9	13	18	11	18	15	17	13	18	10	17	15
Stillwell	8	13	17	13	18	13	18	14	16	13	18	12
Wiggins	7	14	16	14	17	14	18	13	20	14	19	15
Trimble	9	14	19	13	18	13	18	13	18	13	16	15
Heikes	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	19	15	20	15
Burnside	7	10	15	12	20	12	15	14	19	15	17	14
Hirschman	9	12	17	14	19	14	18	14	18	13	17	..
Fort	8	15	17	13	19	13	17	15	19	12	20	14
McCaffrey	8	7	16	13	20	13	19	14	17	12	19	14
Phillis	8	15	18	12	18	13	20	15	20	15	20	15
Le Compte	9	13	17	14	20	14	20	14	17	14	19	15
Voris	10	14	16	11	19	14	17	15	16	15	17	14
McIntosh	10	13	17	12	17	14	18	15	18	14	19	13
Clark	9	14	18	13	20	14	19	15	18	15	20	15
Rike	10	15	18	15	20	13	20	15	19	14	20	12
Peck	9	13	18	14	17	13	20	15	18	14	18	14
Heffley	6	13	20	10	19	13	17	12	18	13	15	13
Hughes	10	13	17	14	19	15	15	13	17	14	19	15
Connor	9	13	16	12	19	15	20	13	18	14	19	15
Marshall	10	15	20	13	16	14	16	12	15	13	18	14
Nash	7	12	18	13	17	14	20	15	17	12	19	15
Tripp	9	14	17	9	18	13	17	13	19	..	..	..
Parry	10	13	19	13	17	15	19	15	17	..	..	..
Head	9	12	19	14	20	13	19	13	19	13	19	14
Flynn	8	12	15	14	17	14	18	13	18	13	19	13
Stipp	9	12	17	14	16	11	17	15	20	15	18	14
Sherwood	7	11	17	13	18	14	17	13	16	13	15	15
Tetzell	9	14	19	12	19	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Buckingham	8	13	13	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tully	6	13	13	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Zea	7	12	17	13	16	10	17	9	..	11	..	13
Fagett	7	13	16	10	..	12	..	12	..	..	..	11
Jack Snipe	7	14	19	12	15	13	14	13	20	..	..	..
Short	9	13	18	14	15	13	19	13	18	..	..	..
Bell	8	12	15	19	16	15	12	..	..	..	..	..
Servis	9	14	18	..	..	..	..	12	17	12	..	..
Iliff	..	..	*18	14	..	10	..	8	..	..	12	..
Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..
Deitrick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	20	15
Grimes	9	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snyder	4	13	16	13	..	13	..	..	..	16	..	..	..

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Crosby	10	15	19	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Lord	9	14	19	13	19	14	18	13	16	14	20	13
Stillwell	9	11	18	13	19	13	17	14	18	13	17	12
Wiggins	9	13	18	13	17	14	17	14	20	14	20	14
Trimble	9	14	19	12	19	14	18	14	19	14	18	13
Heikes	9	15	20	15	19	13	20	15	20	13	19	15
Burnside	9	12	18	13	17	12	19	13	20	15	18	14
Nash	9	14	15	14	18	14	19	13	18	14	19	14
Fort	8	14	20	14	19	15	14	11	20	15	19	13
Washburn	7	10	19	13	18	12	18	12	17	12	19	13
Phillis	10	14	19	14	20	14	18	15	20	11	19	14
Le Compte	8	13	20	15	19	13	18	14	19	15	17	14
Voris	9	14	20	11	17	13	20	15	12	13	19	15
Flynn	10	13	17	13	18	11	19	11	15	10	13	14
Clark	9	13	20	15	20	14	20	14	19	15	20	15
Rike	9	15	20	15	17	15	20	14	20	15	18	14
Waters	9	14	19	14	20	14	19	14	19	14	19	13
Heffley	8	12	17	13	16	14	17	14	16	14	18	13
Connors	10	14	20	14	20	15	19	14	18	12	20	15
Hughes	9	13	19	15	16	14	20	14	19	15	20	15
Marshall	7	14	18	15	19	11	19	12	19	13	20	12
Head	8	15	19	13	17	13	20	12	19	14	20	12
Smiley	9	11	16	13	14	10	11	12	..	..	..	..
Tripp	8	13	17	15	19	14	17	11	19	13	19	13
Dugan	5	15	19	13	16	12	13	12	18	13	16	..
Livinguth	..	..	20	13	17	14	18	14	16	14	19	15
Tompson	..	..	19	14	17	15	19	14	19	13	19	15
Slow	..	..	18	15	16	12	17	13	15	13	19	14
Sarvis	8	12	17	14	..	14	16	..	..	15	..	..
Snyder	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	..	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Detrich	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Iliff	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..
Eastman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	12

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., May 9.—The Cincinnati Gun Club cash prize contest resulted as follows:

Barker (18) 45, Medico (16) 45, Gerlaugh (16) 45, Gambell (20) 44, Ackley (15) 44, Herman (17) 44, R. Trimble (21) 44, Wilson (17) 44, Faran (18) 42, Nye (16) 41, Ahlers (19) 41, Willie (16) 40, Capt (17) 40, Maynard (18) 40, McB. (16) 39, Corry (17) 39, Harris (19) 37, Falk (16) 36, J. B. (17) 36, Roanoke (16) 35, Lindsley (16) 35, Block (18) 34, Du Bray (17) 34, Jack (16) 32.

Team race, 50 targets, 16yds.:

Gambell 49, Medico 46, Faran 46, Wilson 44, Ackley 44, Capt 42, Lindsley 41, Roanoke 37, Jack 33; total 382.

Maynard 46, Harris 43, Block 43, Herman 42, Gerlaugh 38, Willie 37, Du Bray 36, McB. 36, J. B. 33; total 354.

At the annual meeting the following board was elected: R. H. West, G. W. Schuler, J. B. Mosby, Dr. A. B. Heyl, Fred Dreihs, Joe Coyle, Lou Ahlers, J. E. Worth (Maynard), Herman Jergens. Officers will be named at regular monthly meeting.

Three hundred and fifteen thousand targets were thrown the past year. One and one-third fare has been obtained for State shoot all over United States.

Interstate Tournament at DuBois.

DU BOIS, Pa., May 16.—The trapshooting tournament given by the Interstate Association for the Du Bois Rod and Gun Club, on May 13 and 14, was a very pleasant affair. The first day, as far as weather conditions were concerned, was perfect, and thirty-three contestants, some of them of national reputation, faced the traps in all of the events brought off. Twenty-three took part in the entire programme of the day. Some of these were members of the local club, and several were from surrounding towns. The shooting was witnessed by a large number of people, quite a few of the spectators being ladies.

There were ten events, four at 15 targets, four at 20 and two at 25. L. J. Squier, of Wilmington, Del., was high gun for the day, and he made the largest number of straight scores, five. Out of the 190 targets shot at, Squier missed but 9. J. T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., was second high gun with 176 breaks. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, Pa., was third high gun with a total score of 175 breaks.

Messrs. Guinsburg, Quinn, Kelly and Wolfe made up a squad of local men who participated in all of the events. Messrs. Munch and Sullivan shot in all but one event. Kelley was in the best form among the local men, his total for the day being 167. Guinsburg scored 155, Quinn 146, Munch 139, Wolfe 136, and Sullivan 120. The number of targets shot at by Munch was 175, and by Sullivan 170.

Burgoon, of Clearfield, Pa., was well up among the number with the high scores, scoring 164 out of the 190. Sizer, of Kane, Pa., broke 171, and No. 96, the cognomen of a gentleman from the same city, broke 166.

The new score sheets, copyrighted by Mr. Chas G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, Pa., were given a trial by Manager Shaner, and they gave the best of satisfaction. Manager Shaner stated that he will use them at all Interstate Association tournaments in place of a blackboard, the possibility of mistakes being reduced to a minimum when using them.

The programme of the second day was an exact duplicate of the first day. Thirty contestants, but three less than the number taking part the first day, participated, and twenty-two shot in all of the events. It was another favorable day for the marksmen, the weather being fine and the scores made were first class.

Again Squier carried off the high gun honors, shooting at 190 targets and breaking the same number as he did the first day, 181. Nobles, of Olean, N. Y., was second high man with a score of 178, Atkinson was third with 177. Dr. W. Jessop, of Kittanning, Pa., and L. V. Byer, of Rochester, N. Y., tied for fourth place with scores of 172 each.

The local club was represented by Messrs. Sullivan, Quinn, Kelly, Munch, Cotter, Guinsburg and Wolfe, and each one took part in all of the events. Kelly again led the home talent, scoring 163 breaks. Wolfe was close up to him with a score of 158. Burgoon was in good form, as he was on the previous day, and he broke 163 targets.

The tournament was handled in a very able manner by Manager Shaner, assisted by Mr. Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg.

The scores of both days follow:

First Day, May 13.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Atkinson	12	20	15	14	23	15	19	20	14	24	190	176
Squier	15	20	19	15	23	15	20	18	15	21	190	181
Fleming	14	17	19	12	24	14	19	18	13	25	190	175
Kelsey	14	17	14	14	22	13	16	16	12	18	190	156
Bessemer	14	15	17	14	18	14	15	20	13	19	190	159
Hull	12	19	19	15	22	13	17	20	13	19	190	169
Guinsburg	12	19	19	10	17	12	14	18	9	25	190	155
Jessop	10	17	17	12	17	12	18	14	15	24	190	156
Bookey	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	20
Fulford	13	18	16	13	23	15	17	18	11	20	190	164
No. 96	10	18	16	13	24	13	17	19	13	23	190	166
Sizer	15	18	19	12	25	13	16	19	12	22	190	171
H Wilson	10	20	19	14	22	11	17	19	12	23	190	167
Nitrow	14	16	14	11	22	12	18	17	15	18	190	154
L V Byer	13	16	15	12	23	14	19	18	14	22	190	166
Burgoon	11	17	12	14	21	14	17	20	14	23	190	164
J F Leyer	9	8	10	5	15	11	10	12	11	17	190	107
Nobles	11	17	17	13	21	14	17	18	15	25	190	168
Dailey	7	8	10	10	17	9	10	5	8	14	190	98
Quinn	12	15	15	10	20	11	17	18	11	17	109	146
Kelley	13	17	19	13	21	14	18	17	13	22	190	167
Wolfe	12	15	13	9	14	10	14	16	11	22	190	136
Munch	..	14	17	12	22	11	13	14	14	22	175	139
Sullivan	12	13	16	8	16	11	..	17	11	16	170	120
Burnham	..	..	..	10	..	10	12	17	..	..	70	51
Cooley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	20	12
W Eley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	15	11	20	80	65
Connelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	14	17	60	47
Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	..	35	19
Zerbe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	22	60	53
Callahan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	16	60	35
Summerville	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	17	60	38
Whitman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	25	11

Second Day, May 14.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	15	20	20	15	25	at.	Broke.
Atkinson	12	19	19	14	23	14	20	20	13	23	190	177
Squier	13	19	17	15	25	15	18	20	15	24	190	181
Fleming	15	17	18	14	20	13	20	17	13	23	190	170
Kelsey	13	18	19	15	22	11	20	18	12	21	190	169
Bessemer	13	14	18	11	23	12	19	15	14	23	190	162
Hull	12	18	16	13	21	11	18	20	14	21	190	164
Guinsburg	11	16	17	10	23	14	16	13	12	19	190	151
Jessop	12	18	18	14	23	14	18	19	13	23	190	172
Fulford	11	16	17	14	20	11	16	16	13	20	190	154
Cotter	8	15	15	12	20	13	15	14	7	18	190	137
No. 96	13	16	15	11	19	14	18	18	12	22	190	158
Byer	12	17	20	15	22	14	18	18	14	22	190	172
Nitrow	12	15	16	11	19	13	15	18	14	23	190	156
Sizer	14	15	19	14	20	14	19	15	14	23	190	167
Nobles	13	18	20	13	25	14	17	19	15	24	190	178
Burgoon	14	17	17	10	20	13	19	19	13	21	190	163
Dailey	11	10	13	10	13	7	11	9	8	..	165	92
Callahan	8	9	10	7	17	7	13	9	8	..	165	88
Eley	10	15	15	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	95	67
Connelly	9	13	12	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	95	55
Sullivan	13	11	14	12	20	12	20	16	11	15	190	144
Kelly	12	18	17	13	22	12	18	17	13	21	190	163
Quinn	11	14	11	10	20	12	16	17	7	20	190	138
Munch	8	15	15	10	22	12	14	13	11	18	190	138
Wolfe	11	16	15	13	22	13	17	17	11	21	190	156
C L Zerbe	13	15	20	12	19	13	14	18	12	23	190	159
Summerville	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
No. 64	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	16	9	11	..	70	43
Benjamin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	40	24

Clearview Gun Club's Shoot.

DARBY, Pa., May 16.—The Clearview Gun Club handicap event at 25 targets was won by Forden, after tieing with Smith on a full score, the tie being decided by the tossing of a coin after two tie shoot-offs. The handicap allowances counted as breaks. The scores:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Jones	19	..	19	Elwell	11	7	18
Ludwig	8	5	13	Bell	20	2	22
Fisher	23	..	23	Downes	20	3	23
Lang	11	..	11	Anderson	17	..	17
Bevans	14	1	15	Smith	21	4	25
Urian	21	2	23	Carr	14	10	24
Forden	18	7	25	Leicht	16	4	20
Davison	16	2	18	Armstrong	6	10	16

Rambling Trap Notes.

Bunkerhill, Ill.

WHAT was to have been a live-bird plant proved to be a lively shooting match. Some of the Bunkerhill boys had intended to have a pigeon farm, but suitable quarters could not be arranged and the birds went to the market after being shot at by Messrs. Cumming and Payne, of this city. It was hoped to arrange a match between shooters of this and adjoining towns, but it fell through. Our townsmen then tried their skill, with the following result:

Cummings .....2102011220122012210221221221222200121022221022 1202—40
Payne .....1012122111210212122001222122121021211221 2*2102101201—41

Litchfield Contest.

The boys are not faltering. They believe in using our nice grounds when the "sun is shining." The shoot held last week had the ineentive to make our boys get around and try for better scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Snell	115	98	Close	60	47
McDonald	25	23	Ripley	50	29
Acree	50	23	Mcyers	75	58
Yeager	25	9	Carroll	25	8
Miller	30	4			

Iowa Boys Get Together.

The Grand Mound Club got the shooting fever this week, and eleven of the boys looked up their long neglected guns and went out to shoot the rust off them. The scores show lack of practice, as only two made straight scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Broke.
Mack	6	6	6	2	..	4	4	28
Allison	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	23
Allison	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	20
Ritter	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Voss	3	7	6	..	..	..	..	16
Kaiser	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	7
Buck	8	9	9	8	3	6	..	43
R Lea	7	2	8	5	4	5	..	41
J Shaddow	8	6	10	7	8	6	4	53
B L M	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	26
Dad	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	7

Colored Trapshooters' League.

Last week the colored trapshooters met at Pleasant Hill, Mo., and engaged in a little practice at the traps. During the day an organization was perfected among the colored men, which is expected to be to the colored shooters what the G. A. H. is to the whites, as some good system of handicapping will be used.

The officers are as follows: President, Ed. Armstead, Kansas City, Mo.; First Vice-President, Leon Jordon, Kansas City, Mo.; Second Vice-President, J. E. Cohron, St. Louis, Mo.; Secretary and Treasurer, T. H. Cohron, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Directors: S. A. Edwards, Kansas City, Mo.; N. G. Fulbright, Merriam, Kans.; T. H. Dawson, St. Joe, Mo.; R. H. Monday, Pleasant Hill, Mo., and Ed. Fort, Kansas City, Mo.

The next annual merchandise shoot will take place at Kansas City during the horse show or fall festivities, in order to secure half fare rates.

Harvey McMurchy was looking around for a good opportunity, and he spied out Mr. Cohron during the G. A. H. and offered a medal for the colored boys to shoot for, and here is the score of the McMurchy inter-city medal contest: Cooley 13, Fort 14, Jordon 16, Edwards 21, Crochett 13, Gudgell 11, Monday 15, Gibson 19, Armstead 18, Cohron 19, Monday 16, Dixon 13.

Bonesteel.

Mr. Leach, secretary of the Bonesteel, S. D., Gun Club, sent in a statement that the shooting season will open up on their grounds on May 26. There will be nine events of 15 targets each, $1 entrance, four moneys, Rose system. In addition to this, Mr. Spotts, who holds the Peters Cartridge Company's medal, has consented to put same up for open competition. This should call together a large crowd of shooters.

Instead of giving added money, the club will charge one cent for targets, that will be the same as adding $10 to the purses for each 1,000 targets thrown. There should be a large gathering, as Fairfax, Lynch, Bristow, Butte, Armour and Geddes are our near neighboring towns.

The sliding handicap will be used, the losers going up and the winners going back a yard. This should even up matters a bit and give all a chance.

Irving, Ill.

Phil Standor, Irving, Ill., has sent a programme of a two days' shoot that he will hold June 10 and 11, at Irving, Ill. All amateur shooters are invited to come and have two days' shoot. A good lunch will be provided, and the air will be fresh and fine, as the shooting will be on Mr. Standor's farm. JOLLY.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 13.—To-day the contestants in the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club made scores as follows:

Bonbright cup:

Kershner	16	5	12	7—19	Adkin	18	5	16	8—24
Bonbright	16	5	14	8—22	Coughlin	20	5	15	4—19
Newton	16	5	14	10—24	Rickman	19	5	14	7—21
Worth	18	5	14	6—20	Wray	20	5	13	5—18
Clark	22	5	16	7—23					

Club prizes:

Kershner	25	23	Adkin	27	21
Bonbright	25	22	Coughlin	29	13
Wride	28	11	Rickman	28	23
Worth	28	21	Stewart	25	23
Clark	32	24	Newton	26	25

In the cup event, column 1 denotes allowance of singles; column 2 denotes allowance in doubles; column 3 denotes number of singles scored; column 4 denotes doubles scored, and column 5 is the total. In the club event, column 1 denotes allowances; column totals.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—At the regular shoot, May 16, some good shooting was done. Ford, in the shoot-off of the tie with Hitchcock for the Class B medal, broke 24 out of 25, and only 4 out of 60 got away from Andrew Reid, of Walkerville, shooting from the 18yd. mark, and it is almost a certainty that the lost targets have holes in them.

Following are the scores, the fifth event being the trophy handicap, the sixth the club event, and the seventh the shoot-off:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	25	25	25	
T Reid, 18	6	11	9	..	19	21	..	
Brodie, 16	6	15	13	9	23	20	23	
Ford, 18	..	..	..	6	20	20	24	
Hitchcock, 18	8	12	12	9	21	20	20	
Leggett, 16	..	..	..	..	13	15	..	
A. Reid	10	13	..	10	..	..	23	
Clark	4	12	13	8	..	..	17	

D. A. H.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., May 16.—At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day, Manager John S. Wright had a class of nine post-graduates, and the shooting as a whole was excellent for amateurs. Ten events were shot, a total of 120 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	10	10
Hagedorn	14	8	14	7	11	7	10	13	4	8
Coims	13	9	12	7	12	9	7	12	7	10
Bergen	9	7	11	8	12	8	9	13	..	..
Frost	11	5	8	7	10	9	6	8	7	7
Hitchcock	13	10	12	8	..	7	8	..	..	..
Dreyer	10	6	10	6	12	..	8	11	7	..
Wright	11	9	12	7	12	9	8	12	7	..
Hansleiter	10	7	9	7	8	8	3	10	4	..
Pagson	2	2	5	3	6	2	..	5	..	..
Mohrman	9	9	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

No. 9 was at 5 pairs.

Neponset Gun Club.

EAST WALPOLE, Mass., May 16.—Events 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 was the 50-bird prize event, with the following handicaps: Griffiths, 20yds., Campbell 18, Kirkwood 19, Fenton 18, Cuke 17, Puck 17, Barry 18, Tarkens 18, Sawyer 17, Linfield 18. Three prizes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Griffiths	7	9	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	9	9	7	7	8	7	8	9	3	9
Puck	7	5	7	5	9	8	6	6	6	4	7	8	8	5	7	8	9	3	7
Fenton	8	8	8	9	6	10	5	5	6	5	10	5	8	6	9	6	8	3	7
Campbell	10	9	7	6	8	8	2	8	9	9	9	4	8	7	8	9	8	4	0
Kirkwood	8	8	10	8	9	8	8	6	7	8	10	9	8	8	8	9	8	6	7
C F Wolfe	3	3	7	6	7	3	3	6	4	4	5	5	5	3	5	3	2	1	8
Morse	7	4	6	4	4	7	5	10	3	7	6	5	7	4	3	3	5	2	2
Sawyer	8	6	9	3	5	4	3	6	7	8	7	5	8	4	5	5	8	3	4
Wood	7	8	10	7	5	8	6	8	4	6	7	5	8	5	5	7	4	2	9
L F Wolfe	8	5	6	7	7	8	5	4	6	2	6	4	6	5	4	5	6	2	6
Lee	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	3	5	5	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tarkens	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	4	8	6	..	..	9	10	..	7	4	8	7	6
Barry	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	7	5	9	7	6	5	8	6	8	9	3	6	5
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	7	3	8	6	9	8	8	6	7	4	3	2	8
Blanchard	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	5	3	4	4	5	4	6	7	5	5	4	3	6
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	4	2	5	4	3	5	5	2
Belcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	3	4	6	2	1	4	1	7
Wales	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	7	6	8	9	7	3	8	3	5
Cuke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	6	5	5	6	7	5	5	2	8
Linfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	10	9	6	5	6	6	5	7	8
Flowers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6	4	5	1	..	..	..	..
Shehan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	3	5	5	7	7	7	3	8	
Bateman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	3	4	4	4	5	2	6	
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	2	4	2	..	..	..	
E Wales	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

EDGAR BILLS, Sec'y.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 16.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club held their regular semi-monthly shoot to-day. Scores made were as follows:

Events:	*	1	2	3	4	5	*	6	7	8		
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	13	Broke.	Av.
Spencer	16	7	7	7	6	3	7	7	..	..	60	.63
Nichol	11	5	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	.44
Bittenbender	..	7	8	6	8	7	..	10	22	8	76	.78
Langdon	..	7	8	6	9	6	..	5	16	5	62	.63
Shoemaker	..	6	3	8	5	7	..	..	..	..	29	.58
Mason	..	8	8	8	10	7	..	..	..	..	41	.82
Von Storch	..	7	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	.60
Hardenburg	..	6	4	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	28	.56

*Extra events.

Our next shoot will be held on May 30, Decoration Day, and will be the club's fifth annual tournament.

The indications are that there will be a big crowd of shooters on hand, who will participate in the 10-target events scheduled for that day and extra events if time will permit.

Extensive improvements are being made at the grounds, and we will be prepared to accommodate and take good care of all who come. This shoot will be open to all; four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., excepting in special prizes for high average, which will be divided, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Will shoot rain or shine.

J. D. MASON, Sec'y-Treas.

S. D. S. A.

OMAHA, Neb.—The annual State tournament of the South Dakota Sportsmen's Association will be held in Vermillion, Thursday and Friday, June 4 and 5. Twelve events will be pulled off each day, including target and live-bird shooting. H. G. Taylor, president of the Association, writes from Mackling that about forty shooters will contest for money prizes and medals. The shoot will be given under the auspiees of the Vermillion Gun Club, and the annual election of officers will be at the Waldorf Hotel, Thursday evening. All money will be divided 35, 30 and 20 and 15 per cent., and American Association rules, modified, will govern. Manufacturers' agents and profcssionals will be allowed to shoot for price of targets only. The C. H. Arland trophy event is open only to members of the Association. The live-bird championship medal event will be a hummer. Shooting begins promptly at 9 A. M. and 1 P. M. Targets trapped at 2 cents; live birds at 15 cents.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The Colt Gun Club held their sixth medal shoot Saturday, May 16. H. J. Mills, of Bristol, made the highest score of the day. Four new members were added to the club, namely, John Stone, Wm. G. Grose, Clarence A. Bill and George Allison. These, with the recent former additions, go to show that trapshooting is steadily on the increase in Hartford. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Mills	..	22	24
Cook	..	22	..
McFetridge	22	21	..
Hermann	21	21	21
Hubbell	21	18	21
Calkins	19	14	..
Colt	18	..	..

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
Alger	17	14	..
Allison	16	15	..
Hollister	16	20	19
Capron	15	14	9
Stone	15	12	11
Miller	..	12	12
Ryan	..	11	..

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., May 16.—The officers' cup and the club handicap were the main events of the Keystone Shooting League's weekly contest at the traps to-day. Mr. H. L. Coleman killed the 10 straight in the club handicap. Harrison and Fitzgerald tied on 14 in the officers' trophy event. The special match between two shots was postponed. The scores:

Club handicap, 10 birds, optional sweepstake:

Coleman	2222222222—10	Fitzgerald	2011111*22— 8
Harvey	2222022122— 9	Morris	2222022220— 8
Francott	2222222022— 9	Geikler	2220202222— 8
Jones	2120222212— 9	Harrison	0201021111— 7
Rothacker	0022222111— 8		

Officers' trophy shoot, 15 birds, 28yds. rise:

Harrison	121102122122111—14	Wayne	022112212010220—11
Fitzgerald	1111211110(1111—14	Harvey	201002222222022—11
Geikler	112222200220222—12	McFalls	221201112*112*0—11
Jones	112110101220022—11	Malone	002020222020202— 8
Rothacker	001222221200121—11		

Oklahoma Tournament.

EL RENO, Okla., May 9.—The annual meeting of the Oklahoma Territory Sportsmen's Association was held here this week. This is perhaps the youngest association of its kind in the United States; but it is very wide-awake, and will be more so in future, through the action of its members in their annual meeting just closed, in which they decided to hold their shoots open, in future, to all comers, and to separate the live-bird and target events. They realize that Oklahoma is one of the few States (they like to call themselves a State, and in all justice it should be one now) where live-bird shooting is not tabooed, and they want to hold a big midwinter meet and invite all who wish to come and participate.

The next annual meet will be held at Oklahoma City, and the boys there promise that there will be nothing lacking of an attractive programme when next they send them out.

The weather this week was so bad that the programme was carried through under much difficulty, but the boys kept faithfully at it, and thus compelled a successful issue of their undertaking. Their programme was devoted to amateur competition, but trade representatives who attended were shown the utmost courtesy. The sum of $300 was added to target events, moneys divided Rose system, three and four places in the short and longer races, and birds thrown from magautrap and expert traps, the full limit of allowance under Association rules.

The winners of averages were Heer, Ruest, O'Brien, Kirby, C. Dickson and Riehl. The State target championship was won by Reust, of McCloud, for the fourth consecutive time. It was shot for in the two 25-target events the second day.

Reust also won the live-bird championship, with 23 kills. This programme was spoiled by the lack of birds, the representatives and others who had lost three or more being compelled to drop out in order to allow possible winners to complete their scores:

May 7, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total Broke.
Rohrer	11	13	15	12	21	13	16	12	15	6	19	153
Owens	12	14	13	13	21	11	14	11	16	12	23	160
Bonebrake	14	15	14	12	20	10	13	8	14	10	20	150
Riley	12	13	15	13	23	12	9	12	17	13	22	161
Pierce	12	13	16	15	22	14	17	12	14	12	20	167
Huston	13	13	18	12	24	11	16	11	16	10	17	161
Herriman	10	13	17	14	24	13	15	10	9	10	17	152
F Moore	10	5	12	8	19	..	..	11	11	8	17	...
Neal	12	6	14	10	23	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
O'Brien	13	13	15	13	20	13	13	14	15	12	21	161
Heer	14	13	17	14	23	10	18	14	18	12	24	177
Riehl	12	11	13	14	22	12	12	13	12	15	22	158
Reust	12	15	17	11	23	12	15	11	17	12	22	167
Hubby	10	12	18	14	..	..	15	8	12	13	19	...
Bell	11	12	13	8	18	11	17	13	10	13	14	146
Hume	10	13	16	18	19	9	11	17	13	10	16	142
Jay	8	11	15	13	19	11	15	11	14	9	15	141
Williams	12	12	12	10	13	14	14	10	16	12	22	147
Ray	8	9	8	8	15	7	7	7	5	..	..	...
Jones	8	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnson	11	9	16	..	..	..	13	13	17	12	19	...
J Young	12	10	17	13	13	14	13	12	20	12	18	164
W H Hall	11	13	19	13	21	10	8	8	8	8	16	135
Fisher	10	11	12	13	17	13	13	13	8	8	21	143
Winton	9	10	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
H Dixon	13	8	14	14	20	14	17	13	12	13	15	153
C Dixon	12	10	18	12	20	14	14	8	16	12	16	153
Downing	10	12	18	9	16	13	10	14	8	12	15	137
Chappel	4	8	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kirby	13	11	19	13	21	12	17	11	14	12	22	165
Reichert	7	9	7	9	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	...
Powers	10	8	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Tabor	8	..	8	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	11	...
Whitten	11	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hoffman	10	11	14	12	14	..	9	12	16	11	20	...
Flickenger	..	13	11	..	..	11	11	12	15	14	17	...
Pettit	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	...
Spicer	..	11	11	..	..	..	8	..	13	11	15	...
Bowers	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harris	8	11	16	12	10	5	10	12	12	11	14	121
Hanan	..	..	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Piatty	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Boa	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	18	12	21	...
T Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	12	14	...
Greig	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	18	14	19	...
Riley	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	...
Smallwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	..	..	..	...
Prickett	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	7	..	..	...
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	17	11	16	...

May 8, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Total Broke.
Rohrer	11	13	13	14	14	12	19	23	14	8	17	158
Owens	13	10	18	12	15	14	22	24	11	13	18	170
Bonebrake	13	11	12	10	13	11	12	17	11	9	13	132
Riley	13	8	17	10	18	12	23	19	13	15	14	163
Pierce	13	12	15	14	14	14	18	22	14	8	17	161
Huston	12	13	15	11	15	14	21	22	12	15	18	170
Herriman	15	11	14	10	17	12	22	18	12	15	19	165
Moore	11	11	19	8	14	..	17	15	..	..	..	96
Reust	14	13	19	14	18	13	24	23	14	14	17	183
Piety	14	13	18	12	19	10	22	21	12	14	15	172
O'Brien	14	14	19	12	18	15	24	24	13	14	18	185
Heer	14	13	19	15	20	15	21	23	13	12	19	184
Riehl	11	12	19	14	18	13	20	24	12	15	18	176
Kirby	14	12	16	12	19	15	21	17	15	12	19	172
Hubbey	12	11	15	12	17	12	24	22	13	14	18	169
H Dixon	9	11	15	13	16	13	20	23	10	14	18	162
Flickenger	10	12	18	10	16	14	22	18	13	9	18	160
C Dixon	15	15	18	14	18	15	21	24	10	15	18	183
Boa	11	15	19	15	18	13	25	25	12	13	17	182
Donley	14	9	17	13	16	12	20	21	15	15	18	170
Gregg	9	14	17	11	18	12	20	19	9	14	13	156
J Young	11	13	18	10	15	13	22	23	10	14	17	166
Hoffman	10	8	17	12	..	12	..	..	11	9	..	...
Baker	11	9	11	6	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hanan	9	6	8	10	18	9	16	23	12	..	..	...
Bell	8	9	14	11	13	11	19	21	7	15	8	136
Zutovem	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Williams	11	11	16	15	19	12	22	22	14	13	13	168
T Young	11	12	12	13	15	14	..	..	14	15	15	...
Fisher	6	9	16	12	17	11	..	..	10	..	..	...
Jones	10	13	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Harris	5	12	12	10	14	9	16	23	12	13	12	138
Davis	12	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Smallwood	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Puckett	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Risse	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	...
Spicer	..	..	..	12	15	..	..	..	8	..	..	...

Averages.

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
Heer	177	184	361
Reust	167	183	350
O'Brien	161	185	346
Kirby	165	172	337
C Dixon	153	183	336
Riehl	158	176	334
J Young	166	164	330
Owens	160	170	330
Riley	161	162	323
Pierce	167	161	328
Huston	161	170	331
Herriman	152	165	317
Rohrer	153	158	311
Bonebrake	150	132	282
Bell	146	136	282
H Dixon	153	162	315
Williams	147	168	315
Downey	134	170	300
Harris	121	138	259

Combination championship events:

O'Brien	22022220222222222221*22102—21
Harris	2*20*22022w
Reust	212222222222221*221022222—23
Heer	11111122112222122210212O—23
Bonebrake	12220022*2122202222220122—20
Owen	12222022212012222111221O—22
Neal	02022102112202120222001O—17
Flickenger	2122221220210*22*22w
Gallup	20*2220222222022w
Rohrer	2222220*222220222*0020222—19
Boa	22222222202222022w
Riehl	22222001222222222w
Hubbey	22222222221020120w
Jones	1112**2*012010001*w
Brown	01112111110112000l0w

KILLMORE.

Florists' Gun Club.

AT the regular shoot of the Florists' Gun Club of Philadelphia, at Wissinoming, Pa., May 12, the weather conditions were perfect. A large crowd was present, and many ladies were in attendance. Shooting was over two magautraps run by electric motor, and their work was perfect.

In the club shoot at 50 bluerocks, Geo. Anderson was high with 47.

For Eisenlohr prizes, with handicap allowance added, Anderson had a total of 55.

For the 75 shots, Fox and Landis were high with 67, Anderson 65, Sheeler 63, Shew 63, Mrs. Park 63, Sanford 63, Sterling 62, Bucknell 61.

After the shoot the annual shad dinner was served at the Delaware River club house, adjoining the Florists' grounds. Over 100 members and friends participated. The day was voted a grand success.

F. E. Butler kindly assisted in many ways in running the shoot.

Club shoot, 50 bluerocks:

Anderson	23	24—47	F E Butler	18	18—36
Mrs Park	21	25—46	C W Haywood	13	23—36
Landis	23	23—46	Reed	17	19—36
Sheeler	21	23—44	Burton	19	16—35
Fox	22	22—44	Harris	17	18—35
Park	21	22—43	Lane	18	17—35
Shew	21	22—43	Campbell	17	18—35
Sanford	21	20—41	Parsons	16	18—34
Sterling	21	20—41	Till	15	18—33
G O Bell	19	21—40	McKaraher	18	14—32
McMaster	19	20—39	Pleasanton	14	18—32
Pechin	16	23—39	Dr Smith	13	18—31
Bucknell	20	19—39	Thomas	16	14—30
Wescott	20	18—38	Havermahl	13	10—23
J B Haywod	21	17—38	Luther	20	w—20

Twenty-five bluerocks, to count for Eisenlohr prizes: Fox 23, Bucknell 22, Sanford 22, Landis 21, Parsons 21, Sterling 21, Shew 20, Sheeler 19, F. Butler 19, McMaster 18, Anderson 18, J. B. Haywood 18, Pleasanton 18, Reed 18, Till 17, Mrs. Park 17, Burton 17, Wescott 16, Harris 15, C. W. Haywood 13, McKaraher 12.

Selecting the best two out of the three strings and adding handicap allowance: Anderson 55, G. O. Bell 53, Sheeler 52, Park 51, J. B. Haywood 50.

WISSINOMING, Pa., May 16.—There was a large attendance at the shoot of the Florists' Gun Club to-day. Landis was high with 92 out of 100; G. O. Bell was second with 90; Sanford was third with 87. Six events were shot, the total number of targets being 100. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Daudt	13	11	17	13	13	19	86
Mrs Park	14	8	16	12	14	13	77
Lawrence	13	12	16	11	(1	16	79
Harrop	12	7	15	11	11	15	71
Sanford	12	13	17	15	11	19	87
Lane	11	11	13	10	12	11	68
Pleasanton	10	6	15	8	9	14	63
Ridge	15	7	17	11	14	18	82
Felix	12	11	17	11	12	17	80
Dupont	13	14	17	12	12	14	82
Shafer	10	4	15	8	10	14	67
Eames	15	11	18	14	12	17	87
Weiman	12	11	20	10	9	17	79
Shaw	10	9	19	9	10	12	69
Freed	13	10	16	10	14	17	80
Bell	15	14	18	13	13	17	90
North	6	8	17	..	..	..	31
Harrison	11	7	6	..	..	..	24
Myers	9	11	16	10	11	14	71
Ford	9	11	16	8	14	14	72
Keeler	14	11	15	..	..	..	40
Landis	13	12	19	14	14	20	92
Johnston	8	7	15	10	..	..	40
Smith	..	..	12	..	..	..	12
Francotte	..	..	14	13	11	..	38
Coleman	..	..	18	15	14	..	47
Francis	..	..	..	..	13	..	13

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 16.—The scores herewith were made at the regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. We have got the magautrap working fine, and hope to get the final win on the Inter-county cup from the Poughkeepsie boys next Saturday. We cordially invite any shooters who may care to try our grounds preparatory to the State shoot to come here Saturday, the 23d inst., and shoot a few sweeps with us if they are amateurs; and shoot along with us if they happen to be professionals. The addition to the club house is completed, and other work is being rapidly pushed forward. We are expecting a big crowd at the State shoot, and will be prepared for them. The first batch of programmes have been sent out, and we have plenty more for the asking. Come up Saturday and see how you like the grounds.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Mrs E F Ball	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I T Washburn	10	8	9	6	7	7	8	..	..
E F Ball	9	7	10	8	..	6	8	8	8
C G Blandford	9	9	9	8	6	10	9	10	10
Dr Snow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Abe Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

C. G. B.

Remington Gun Club.

ILION, N. Y., May 9.—Although to-day was not one of the regular days for a meeting of the Remington Gun Club, there were several members present at their grounds on East Main street for a practice shoot, and they all showed up in good form. E. D. Fulford, the well-known trap shot, was present, and tested a shotgun which has been just completed for him. The fact that he broke 94 per cent. would show that the gun was very much to his liking.

The new rifle range at the club grounds is nearly completed and will be used the first time May 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15
Hepburn	9	12	9	14	..	..	Corbin	9	11	8	13	..	..
Fulford	10	14	9	14	..	..	Morse	7	12	9	13	..	..
Humphreys	8	12	9	13	9	12	Jenne	8	13	9	14	..	..
Pederson	7	9	8	13	9	14	Hubbard	8	14	..	11	..	..

W. H. GRIMSHAW, Sec'y.

Manufacture of Firearms in France.

MR. HILARY S. BRUNOT, Consul at St. Etienne, writes to the State Department as follows:

The number of sporting guns of divers sizes and models turned out by the important manufactories of St. Etienne is annually increasing, the production for 1902 being considered in excess of that of the preceding year.

According to the official figures published recently by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Etienne, the number of gun barrels in an unfinished state presented to the proving house was 103,172 in 1902, of which 1,538 were rejected at the first trial, and 3,101 at the second. The remainder received the proof stamp, showing an increase of 26,210 over the preceding year. The great majority of the barrels were made of steel, the rest comprising ordinary guns, pistols, revolvers, etc. There were 269 cannon to be used against hailstorms.

At no other epoch in the history of the industry of St. Etienne were such favorable results reported. The value of sporting guns has likewise increased; the arms are better finished and command higher prices.

On the other hand, the national manufacture of arms is going through a crisis, and many skilled workmen have been given a month's notice, the Government orders not being sufficient to employ as large a number as formerly. This is the situation not only at St. Etienne, but at Government factories located in other parts of France. These establishments are at the disadvantage of being limited to one single product, viz., military arms, while the manufactories supported by private capital can engage also in making sportsmen's supplies, such as bicycles, gun tools and novelties, gun cases, trunks and valises, lanterns, cutlery, fishing rods, reels and paraphernalia, swords, games, etc. Thus they are able to divert their energies to meet demands in various branches of the trade, according to changes of fashion or popular whims.

In reference to recent inquiries on this subject, it may be stated that French patterns of sporting guns are not well known in the United States, though we buy enormous quantities from Belgium. Foreign-made barrels bear Government proof marks as a guaranty of the safety of the arm, and the dealer, in selling, usually lays stress on this point. A large, new proof house has been recently constructed at St. Etienne, equipped with the best modern devices for testing the guns made in this vicinity.

City Park Gun Club.

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 13.—The Times-Democrat contained the following account of a shoot, May 13, at which Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, of New York, was present:

The mid-week competition for the prize shoot took place yesterday at the Gun Club grounds. A good number of members was in attendance.

Among the visitors to the club was Carl Von Lengerke, the New York representative of a powder company. Mr. Von Lengerke reached the city yesterday morning, and complained of being tired, but was nevertheless high gun of the day, breaking 35 targets out of a possible 40.

Of the regular competitors Maurice Kaufman was high gun in Class A, with a score of 32, while Lee headed the list in Class B with 34. Full scores:

Class A.

	Yards.	Totals.		Yards.	Totals.
	16	19		18	15
C Von Lengerke	19	16—35	Benedict	16	13—28
	17	17		16	14
M Kaufmann	17	15—32	Stone	16	12—26

Class B.

	14	17		12	11
Lee	17	17—34	Fisher	12	15—26
	12	16		12	16
Dupont	16	16—32	Campbell	16	8—24
	13	15			
Roberts	15	14—29			

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 16.—The Buffalo Audubon Club is holding semi-monthly shoots, and is getting "on earth" again. A number of new members have joined at the last meetings, and some of the new shooters are making the old heads hustle. At the shoot held on this date, Burgwaldt won Class A badge with 20, Capt. Foster Class B badge with 24, and Savage Class C with 18. The club will hold an all-day shoot on May 30. The scores of the shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	10	5	10	Targets:	10	15	25	10	5	10
Reed	4	9	17	7	6	7	Reynolds	..	10	19	6	5	3
Burkhardt	8	11	15	..	..	..	Sinclair	..	..	12	7	..	..
Burke	5	6	16	6	..	..	Chapman	..	..	15	7	4	4
Kelsey	9	13	22	9	..	..	Savage	..	..	18	7	6	9
McArthur	8	10	22	9	5	6	Benson	..	..	17	6	..	..
Smith	6	..	20	..	..	..	Burgwaldt	..	..	20	9	8	..
McLeod	4	6	10	3	3	..	Norris	..	..	..	7	..	..
Foster	..	10	24	6	8	4	Morgan	..	..	..	8	5	2
McCormack	..	12	15	8	5	..	Seymour	..	..	16	8	6	3
Eaton	..	12	19	8	5	8							

E. P. REYNOLDS, Field Capt.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

North Carolina.

IF you want to locate in the State where there are better opportunities than in any other section of the Union—the State that has superior climate, excellent water, splendid facilities for manufacturing and fine locations for poultry raising, fruit and vegetable farming—you should go to North Carolina. It is only ten hours' ride from New York city. The freight advantages are such that the fruit and vegetables gathered in the afternoon reach Washington city early next morning. The fruit and vegetable growers of North Carolina—especially those around Pinebluff—have finer marketing facilities than growers in any other territory in the South. For information, write J. T. Patrick, Pinebluff, Moore county, N. C.—*Adv.*

About Your Vacation.

LITTLE journeys to lake resorts and mountain homes will be more popular this summer than ever. Many have already arranged their summer tours via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and many more are going to do likewise. Booklets that will help you to plan your vacation trip have just been published, and will be sent on receipt of postage, as follows:

"Colorado-California," six cents.

"In Lakeland" and "Summer Homes," six cents.

"Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake," four cents.

F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.—*Adv.*

The Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., writes us that "Billy Crosby, under dates of May 11 and 12, broke the world's record for long continued shooting at Crawfordsville, Ind., in a two days' programme event. He shot 200 birds each day, missing but one bird each day, or a continuous shoot of 398."

"The Trapshoter's Ready Reckoner" is a necessary part of the equipment of every secretary of a gun club. By turning over its leaves the gunner or score-keeper can tell at once just how the different money prizes should be divided, and a vast amount of labor and uncertainty is avoided, while time is gained and general satisfaction guaranteed. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

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IN THE DAYS OF OLD NEW YORK.

THE citizens of New York have just been celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its establishment as a government. Like St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg and many another, New York had its origin in a fur-trading post; and the chronicles of its beginning are for the most part records of barter with the Indians for peltries. In the annals of the first years of New York the antiquarian who is something more than a dry-as-dust delver in the musty records of the past may find abundant interest in the chronicles which have come down to us of the wild people, the wild animals and the wild ways of those times. The first traders came here not long after Henry Hudson's landing; and for many years thereafter the traffic in peltries was the life and substance of the place. Daniel Denton, who was here in 1670, and whose "Brief Description of New York" is one of the rarest and most prized of the early books relating to the city, gives us many quaint descriptions of the settlement, the Indians, and the game as he saw them.

"The inhabitants," he tells us, "consist most of English and Dutch, and have a considerable Trade with the Indians for Bevers, Otter, Raccoon skins, with other Furrs; As also for Bear, Deer and Elke skins; and are supplied with Venison and Fowl in the Winter and Fish in Summer by the Indians which they buy at an easie rate."

"The commodities vended from thence is Furs and Skins before-mentioned; As likewise Tobacco made within the Colony, as good as is usually made in Mary-land: Also Horses, Beef, Pork, Oyl, Pease, Wheat, and the like."

The rivers he found "very well furnished with Fish, as Bosse, Sheepsheads, Place, Perch, Trout, Eels, Turtles, and divers others." And of the Long Island shore he relates that there was there a store of "Whales and Crampasses," of which the inhabitants were beginning to make a successful fishing industry. In further description of the Long Island country adjacent to New York, he writes:

"For wild beasts there is Deer, Bear, Wolves, Foxes, Raccoons, Otters, Musquashes and Skunks. Wild Fowl there is great store of, as Turkies, Heath-Hens, Quailes, Partridges, Pidgeons, Cranes, Geese of several sorts, Brants, Ducks, Widgeon, Teal, and divers others: There is also the red Bird, with divers sorts of singing birds, whose chirping notes salute the ears of Travellers with an harmonious discord, and in every pond and brook green silken Frogs, who warbling forth their untun'd tune strive to bear a part in this musick."

Which goes to show that Denton had music in his soul and was a very good sportsman in his day. Certainly he had the art of seeing things, of picturing his world in colors so charming that it has attractions for us as we see it with him. Here is one of the enticing bits of his review of the inducement New York and its surroundings held out for the European:

"And how prodigal, If I may so say, hath Nature been to furnish the Countrey with all sorts of wilde Beasts and Fowle, which every one hath an interest in, and may hunt at his pleasure; where besides the pleasure in hunting, he may furnish his house with excellent fat Venison, Turkeys, Geese, Heath-Hens, Cranes, Swans, Ducks, Pidgeons and the like: and wearied with that, he may go a Fishing, where the Rivers are so furnished, that he may supply himself with Fish before he can leave off the recreation."

Of the Indians of New York and Long Island, Denton naïvely remarks, "it is to be admired [i. e., wondered at] how strangely they have decreast by the Hand of God, since the English first settling of those parts. * * * And it hath been generally observed that where the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting off the Indians either by Wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal Disease." One less pious and not so ready to see the working of the "Divine Hand" might find as one potent agency of the decrease the thrifty traffic of the traders in drink. Wooley, another New York chronicler of that day, tells us of the Indians and their love of liquor:

"The Skins of all their Beasts, as Bears, Bevers, Raccoons, Foxes, Otters, Musquashes, Skunks, Deer and Wolves, they bring upon their backs to New York, and other places of trade, which they barter and exchange for Duffles [blankets] or Guns, but too often for Rum, Brandy, and other strong Liquors, of which they are so intemperate lovers that after they have once tasted, they will never forebear, till they are inflamed and inraged * * * as if they were metamorphosed into the nature of those beasts whose skins they barter." The long story of the Indian and the white man's drink began very early in this country and the melancholy record is not yet completed.

That the New York Indians were no mean hunters, Wooley bears testimony when he writes:

"They lived principally by Hunting, Fishing and Fowling. Before the Christians especially the *Dutch* came amongst them were very dexterous Artists at their Bows, insomuch I have heard it affirm'd that a Boy of seven years old would shoot a Bird flying: and since they have learn'd the use of Guns, they prove better marksmen than others and more dangerous too (as appear'd in the Indian War with *New England*)."

Wooley is the chronicler of early New York who must always be held in grateful memory by sportsmen for his cheerful little story of an adventure with a bear in Mr. Robinson's orchard, a plot which is supposed to have extended from Cedar street to Maiden Lane, in the financial district where the ground is covered with twenty-story skyscrapers.

"I was one with others," he relates, "that have had very good diversion and sport with them in an Orchard of Mr. John *Robinson's* of *New York;* where we follow'd a Bear from Tree to Tree, upon which he could swarm like a Cat; and when he was got to his resting place, perch'd upon a high branch, we dispatc'd a youth after him with a Club to an opposite bough, who knocking his Paws, he comes grumbling down backwards with a thump upon the ground, so we after him again." Whether he got the bear or whether the game was lost in the wilderness which is now City Hall Park, Wooley neglects to tell.

MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP SEA.

TO THE average man or woman there is perhaps nothing less known or more mysterious than the sea. We behold it from some little point and follow it with the eye for a short distance till its surface meets the horizon, but we know nothing of what is on it or beneath it, or where its waters come from or whither they go. Less than a generation ago our knowledge was much less than it is to-day, but even still we are only at the beginning. The subject is one which must continue to fascinate us, and we may now learn much more than is generally known about it by a recent contribution from the pen of Mr. C. H. Townsend, the Director of the New York Aquarium.

The most extensive inquiries into the mysteries of the sea have been made by the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain, but others of the European powers and an individual—the Prince of Monaco—have conducted important investigations.

The two questions about the sea that most immediately present themselves concern its depths and the life which inhabits those depths. Up to about the year 1872 the work of making soundings was difficult, and those made were untrustworthy, because they were made with hempen rope which did not sink easily and was greatly drifted by currents. In 1872, however, on the British vessel Challenger, Sir William Thompson devised a means of sounding by which wire was substituted for rope, and by this means the erroneous results previously made were corrected.

The sounding wire sinks rapidly and presents but small surface either for friction or to be affected by currents. With the wire are sent to the bottom several instruments, a thermometer for temperature, a self-closing cylinder to bring up bottom water, and a cylinder to bring up the bottom mud. The weight is usually a 60-pound iron shot, which detaches itself when the bottom is reached. To the reel on the deck of the vessel is attached an indicator, showing the number of fathoms of wire that have run out. When the sounding has been made, the wire is reeled in again by steam.

The greatest depth at present known was discovered in the year 1900 by the United States cable survey ship Nero, near the Island of Guam. Here the sounding was 5,269 fathoms, or nearly 6 miles. Previous to that, depths had been found north of New Zealand considerably more than 5,000 fathoms, and there are many other depths in the Pacific Ocean only slightly less.

It is, of course, well understood that the surface of the sea nearly everywhere carries an abundance of small animal and plant life. This life is the cause of the phosphorescence so often seen in the sea. These minute plants and animals are continually dying and falling to the bottom, and their remains constitute a large part of the mud which forms portions of the bottom of the deep sea.

From every body of land there is continually being carried into the sea through the erosive influences of air and water by brooks, rivers, tides and currents a vast quantity of matter which forms the floor of the sea near to the shore. Much of this suspended matter is carried a long way out from the shore, but deposits formed of this material do not commonly extend into the ocean more than 100 or 200 miles from the shore. These are the terrigenous deposits. Beyond this what are called pelagic deposits are made by the sea instead of by the land, and consisting largely of the remains of the minute plants and animals just referred to, and known as diatoms, radiolarians and globigerinæ. Beyond these so-called oozes, in the still deeper portions of the ocean, are the red clay deposits which are practically destitute of life or of the remains of life. These deposits lie so deep that the shells of surface organisms which fall toward the bottom are dissolved by the water before they reach it.

Most of the knowledge which we have of the life of the deep sea comes from dredging by vessels especially fitted up for this purpose, and of such vessels none has done more than the United States Fish Commission Steamship Albatross, which is no doubt the best equipped deep sea dredger in existence to-day. From this vessel have been made a vast number of soundings and dredgings, some of them from a depth of over 4,000 fathoms, which have added enormously to our knowledge of the life of the deep sea. The operation of dredging may take but two or three hours for moderate depths, or, as in the case of the deepest dredge haul—that from 4,173 fathoms—ten hours was required to take in the line. Besides the dredge, there is used the tangle, of loosened strands of rope, which is dragged over the bottom and frequently brings up great numbers of invertebrates. The Prince of Monaca has devised a deep sea fish trap in which fishes have been taken two miles below the surface and gill nets set far below the surface have also captured fish, and promise to yield good results.

In the great depths of the sea it is always cold, the temperature being near to the freezing point. It is also known that at great depths the pressure of water is something tremendous, and that the deep sea animals can only exist there because their tissues are so permeated by fluids that the pressure is balanced, while if brought to the surface, and the pressure which keeps them firm is withdrawn, they almost fall to pieces.

Practically no light is found at a depth greater than 200 fathoms, yet many of the animals are brilliant in color, red, yellows, purples and greens predominating. There is an entire absence of blue. Although sunlight is absent at these great depths, many of the animals—both fishes and invertebrates—are phosphorescent and produce their own light. Some of the deep sea animals are wholly blind, and those which have eyes very likely see by the light of the phosphorescence which is being emitted by themselves and so many others of the creatures that are found in these depths.

Dr. A. P. Knight, Professor of Animal Biology in Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., has conducted a series of dynamite explosions in water to determine the effect upon fish. The results show, for one thing, that such explosions are more destructive in deep water than in shallow water, where the pressure resulting from the explosion is not sufficiently great to rupture the swim bladder. The most significant fact brought out was that when dynamite cartridges are used for fishing, in addition to the fish which come to the surface and float and are taken, a much larger number may be merely stunned and escape, or be killed outright and sink to the bottom. Among those which come to the surface are so many immature that not one-third of the number killed is marketable. Dynamiting is one of the most wasteful of all the modes of fishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Climbing a Burning Mountain.

(The interesting facts and experiences recorded under the above caption were taken from the letters and Consular reports of the late Major Albert Woodcock, and were indicted by him in the month of May, 1886, at the United States Consulate, Catania, Italy.)

SICILY is one of the insular possessions of Italy. Catania, a beautiful city of 105,000 inhabitants, is a thriving seaport town of the island. It is situated at the foot of Mt. Ætna on the seashore. It has several very fine streets. One is named "Via Lincoln," for our loved and lamented President. These streets are paved with lava, and are as smooth as a parlor floor. The houses are built of lava. The walls are veneered with white limestone or marble. The lava of the past centuries is like granite, and is susceptible of a fine polish. Catania has over 100 churches and some 80 old convents. It is a quaint old town. It was founded 729 years before Christ. The old town is buried in lava. The present city rests upon it. The old Greek theater has been partially excavated, also the amphitheater. The latter was capable of seating 2,500 people. The city has a beautiful park called Villa Bellini. It is a lovely gem. In it flourish tropical plants and trees and the choicest of flowers bloom there the entire year.

The climate is admirable. The summers are no hotter than those of Illinois. The heat, however, is long and continued, without rain, and the sun is intensely glaring. Such continuous heat, with but little moisture in the air, is debilitating. Most of the Sicilians take an afternoon sleep of two or three hours. The winters are very mild, frost is seldom known, "the beautiful snow" never visits us, but we can always see it glimmering in the sunlight upon Mt. Ætna. The Catanese never have fires in winter. I find an occasional fire necessary for comfort.

During the past centuries Catania has several times been shaken to the ground by earthquakes. It has been scalded and scarred by lava streams. In fact, as stated above, the old town is buried in lava. Mt. Ætna is the prominent feature of the landscape. It rises gradually from the sea, piercing the sky with its cone to a height of over two miles.

On the 17th of this month we had an earthquake shock. Ætna commenced to growl and roar in the distance like some infuriated monster. Occasionally sharp peals, as of distant thunder or the discharge of artillery, were heard, great, black clouds of smoke from the main crater were seen shooting upward thousands of feet in the heavens, soon great volumes of flame burst forth from the side of the volcano at the altitude of a mile, half-way up the mountain, and the excited cry of "An eruption! An eruption!! An eruption!!!" arose from all parts of the city, and a shower of fine cinders came sifting down upon us, making it unpleasant to walk in the streets.

At 5 P. M. of the following day, a party of five, in two cabs, left Catania to visit the scene of the eruption. The party consisted of two Italians, two Englishmen and an American. One of the Englishmen was Charley Worthington, a gentleman of fine education and heart-culture. The eruption is distant from Catania about 18 miles. Our way wound upward through groves of orange, lemon and olive. The bright green foliage of the orange and lemon interspersed with the sober gray of the olive and fig makes the sides of Ætna very beautiful to the height of 700 or 800 feet. Myriads of flowers of every hue were by the wayside. The sweet breath of these, mingled with the perfume of the pearly blossoms of the orange, filled the air with their fragrance. The scene about us was one of enchantment, but higher up in the distance was one of terrific grandeur. There a huge column of black smoke from the main crater, and the fierce column from the burning one, united thousands of feet up in the heavens, formed a perfect arch of wonderful symmetry that darkened and glowed alternately. The apex of the arch floated away in a great river of billows toward the setting sun. The sun looked wan and lurid 'midst the sulphurous smoke as it descended behind the mountains. There was not a cloud in the heavens save those from the burning mountain, which were being driven westward by the wind. The full moon rose clear and bright above the Calabrian range, silvering its peaks. Far beyond us the grand old Mediterranean Sea stretched away to the horizon in perfect tranquillity. Its beautiful bosom wimpered and shimmered with the silver glitter of the moon. Our ride up the mountain was a most delightful experience.

We left our cabs at Nicolosi, and hired mules and guides. It was still 8 miles further up to the eruption. Mounting the mules, we began to climb in earnest. When within 3 miles of the scene our mules could advance no farther. We then continued our climb on foot to within a mile of the eruption, where we halted for a rest and lunch. The scene before us was terrific. We ate our bread, cheese, and meat, well-seasoned with scoria, a heavy shower of which was raining down upon us from the volcano. After a rest of thirty minutes the order was to advance. Our guides, the two Italians and one other, refused to obey, declaring it was dangerous. Worthington and the American moved forward alone. A mountain, called Mont Grasso, loomed up in front, and a short distance south of the conflagration. To reach this we had to pass over the old lava bed of 1766. There was not a vestige of a path. We had a wild scramble over lava rocks that were like sea-tossed billows suddenly transformed to stone. They were rugged, sharp, contorted and twisted into every conceivable shape. Great seams and fissures yawned in every direction. To fall into one of these would be death. We moved slowly and cautiously till we reached the valley between the mountain and the fiery monster. In threading this valley we were nearly blinded by the smoke, and almost suffocated by the sulphurous gases.

When we reached the extreme end of Mont Grasso (the nearest point to the eruption) we climbed up its precipitous side about 100 feet and seated ourselves. Before us (no obstacle intervening) was one of the grandest exhibitions nature ever produced; tongue cannot tell it, or pen describe it. There were three monster cones side by side. Each was spouting flame thousands of feet into the heavens. Every few moments there seemed to be great internal throes of nature, when with a report as of a hundred cannon, there would be whirled into the sky, in gyrations, floods of liquid lava and red glistening lava rocks. These would fall again into the craters or just outside of their rims. Clustered about were other smaller craters, all shooting upward livid flames, or spouting red-hot lava jets, some of them resembling fiery fountains, and there seemed to be a rivalry among them as to which could spout the highest. The incessant roar was deafening. It reminded me of the battle of Chickamauga with its continuous discharge of cannon and thousands of rifles. From the craters a river of lava came rushing down, bearing upon its surface great, black, unmelted boulders. It poured over a precipice in fiery sheets, forming a wonderful cascade. It then branched off into three different streams that wound along like monster fiery serpents. A little above the fall there seemed to be beneath the red hot river's bed some gigantic power imprisoned and struggling to be released. I told my companion it must be old Vulcan who, the classics allege, lives and works in Ætna, forging thunderbolts for Jupiter. It would puff, puff, puff like a mammoth high-pressure steam engine, and then, all of a sudden, with a burst of thunder, would hurl the river bed with its superincumbent lava gyrating into the heavens. A seething, boiling whirlpool would instantly set in, which, in a few seconds, would again be flooded by the advancing tide. Again the puffing would be resumed, and in a few minutes there would be a repetition of the terrific scene. The heat was scorching. A strong breeze blew from the east, driving away the sulphurous vapors, else we could not have kept our position for a moment.

While gazing with awe and bated breath at the wonderful scene, the ground suddenly opened within a stone's throw of us, and up shot a large number of great, redhot blocks that glowed with white heat. They fell back in the same spot, the ground closing over them. Many long flickering, beautiful tongues of orange, red, blue and green flame shot upward from the place. Soon again there was a sharp detonation of thunder, and from the same spot, higher up, still went another great shower of glowing blocks, of which some fragments fell uncomfortably near us. You ought to have seen an Englishman and an American climb! We went up that steep mountainside with the agility of squirrels, and throwing ourselves down upon the narrow crest of the mountain, continued to gaze and wonder. The mountain upon which we were shook and trembled beneath us, as if it had an ague fit. We had experienced the quaking when seated near its base, but on the crest the sickening motion was intensified and it seemed to rock to and fro. At first we felt like clinging to the rocks lest we might be shaken off, but a sailor gets used to a storm, and a soldier to battle, so we, after awhile, got used to the oscillating trembling motion. When scoriæ rattled down upon us like hail, we had all we could do to protect our hands and faces. That mountain to-day (May 30) cannot be ascended. It is surrounded by lava, and at times has been covered with fire. The spot that so suddenly opened up its battery and frightened us from our perch, afterward became a burning crater.

We dared not descend where we climbed up. After an hour or two spent upon the crest watching this most majestic exhibition of nature, we threaded our way on the mountain top to its south end, the most distant from the eruption, and there descended. Then came the slow, tedious struggle over the old lava bed. When we had recrossed it Mr. Worthington's hands were worn through and bleeding, and the writer's light buckskin gloves were torn to shreds. When we reached the place where we had left the mules we found that guides, companions and mules had left us, and we crawled back to Nicolosi on foot. Entering our cab we noted that the sun was gilding with golden light the eastern mountain tops, and that the sea was blushing a beautiful rose color beneath his ardent glances, but we were too tired and sleepy to return his glorious smile. We fell asleep in our cab, and were awakened at the door of the Consulate, in Catania, at the hour of 9 A. M.

Our streets are black with cinders. The ashes have fallen upon southern Italy. An English captain complained to me that his beautiful ship was begrimed and blackened by the storm of scoria while yet far distant upon the sea. The three great craters described have since consolidated into one. The latest news is that Nicolosi is a doomed city, that a fiery stream of lava 500 feet wide and 45 feet thick is slowly advancing upon it. Bprello and Bellpasso are threatened. Every movable thing has been taken from Nicolosi. The water of the cisterns has been pumped out to prevent explosions that would be caused by the hot lava sealing them up and converting the water into steam. The gates of that city are closed, and it is surrounded by a cordon of soldiers to prevent anyone from entering. A bulletin this moment received announces that the eruption within the last 24 hours has greatly decreased; that the lava flood is within 1,000 feet of the town, but it is hoped that the town may yet escape. Burning lava, when exposed to the air cools and thickens and moves slowly, but irresistibly. The fresh warm lava continues to pour along on top of the cooler strata. This forms great ridges and spreads over much space, and when at a distance from the erupting crater makes slow progress. The ridge is constantly cracking, and throwing off on either side great masses of burning matter. Vineyards are being destroyed, trees are burning, and everything is laid waste that the fell destroyer reaches. It will take centuries to deface the track of the fiery demon, and render the ground again arable, should there not be another visitation of Ætna's wrath. ALBERT WOODCOCK.

(Edited by his son, Dr. A. J. Woodcock.)

RIVERSIDE FARM, Byron, Ill.

A Visit to Pitcairn's Island.

In Three Parts—Part Three.

As we went on our way to see the village, whenever we would pass a house, one of the women or girls would run out and drag me in to see where they lived. They had a lot of questions to ask about men who had left here, some of them years ago, and seemed to be surprised that I did not know them; they had gone to the United States; it was useless to explain that both the absent Pitcairn Islanders and I might be in the United States and still be 3,000 miles apart; they have no idea at all of distances or the extent of any country.

In about an hour we had got up to the chapel again and found the governor there ringing his bell to call the children to Sunday school. He called us in and said, "Mr. Robinson tells me that you could teach my boys about everything that is taught in your schools at home. Now teach them to-day. It will give me a rest; I generally teach them." Then giving Robinson, who was here, too, the girls to teach, he turned his hour glass and left us.

I had about twenty-five boys, of all ages, from 6 to 18, but the youngest of them could read quite well. Their lesson was the third chapter of St. Matthew, about John the Baptist in the Wilderness. They had about six Testaments among them; a boy would read a verse, and then pass his book to the next boy.

They told me that John the Baptist was the patron saint of about half of them here; about every second boy was named John. I told them that they could have him, but I claimed the other John, the evangelist, as mine. I was not a Baptist myself. Then turning over to St. John's Gospel, I told them about him, how he was Christ's youngest disciple, and that he had lived to be nearly one hundred years old. Then we turned to his book of Revelations, and I told them how he came to write them.

They wanted to know about my country, the people in it and the animals we had. In telling them about the animals I had to keep in mind the fact that these boys had never seen an animal larger than a goat. One of them had seen the picture of an elephant, and asked about him. I told them where the elephants came from, what they used them for there, and what we used them for.

Another boy had read about the buffalo. I told them about him and how we shot them and how the Indians shot them with bows and arrows. Then I told them who the Indians were. They wanted to know what a horse was like. What he ate and if he would bite them.

At the end of an hour the old governor came in, turning his hour glass again, put me and the boys over on the side the girls were on. Then going out he rang his bell, and every one on the island came in, all taking seats on our side of the chapel. The governor going to his reading desk, announced: "I expect the captain and his crew here this afternoon. When they come let every man and boy stand up; the women and girls need not rise." Then he began to read out a hymn; but in a moment stopped and held up his hand, and we all got on our feet.

I looked over my shoulder and saw that the captain had brought three of his mates, all the white crew and all but an anchor watch of the natives. He had just landed the crew and marched them up here. The steward and several others who were Catholics, had come of their own accord; he had not compelled them to come. The governor seated the crew, then led the captain up to his reading desk, and then took his seat along with us.

The captain gave out the hymn, "Come, let us join our friends above," and these natives sang it about as well as a congregation on shore would do, though few of them had hymn books. Then the captain read the lesson, a chapter out of the Bible, and then made an address. After church, Mr. Robinson, who had been ashore all day, took the crew on board, while the captain and his mates remained ashore.

Early next morning the small boats began to come off, bringing fresh meat and vegetables, and they kept on bringing them until the captain told them to stop. They wanted no money; they had no use for it at that time; but the captain gave the men and large boys shirts and cloths out of the "slop chest"; the value of these would be charged to the company as pay for fresh meat. The women did not fare as well. A whale ship does not carry any dry goods, but I got them a few later on.

The first boat to come off was the governor's, and he had John for a passenger. I took the boy down to breakfast with me. The first thing that caught his eye was "the big lot of white bread that we had," this mess of ours was called the second cabin mess; we always had fresh biscuit.

I offered it to John, but he wanted the hard bread. "Let him have it," said the steward. "When he has eaten it as long as we have he won't want it quite so bad."

After breakfast, taking John with me, I went below to help to get the stores we meant to give them. We gave them a part of nearly everything we had—flour, sugar, coffee and vinegar—were what they wanted the worst. I showed John all over the ship. A little dumpy engine that stood forward to work the windlass and capstan claimed the most of his attention; he wanted to see it go, but we had no steam up. I took him everywhere except to the captain's cabin, that, I told him, I would find an excuse to get into some time during the day. I left the cook's galley until the last, I wanted to see what the boy would do when he first saw a negro. The cook was a full negro, who weighed about 300 pounds, and was nearly as broad as he was long. We called him Baltimore; his name was Collins. He was very good-natured, and when not busy cooking or telling his Kanaka help how to cook (they did the most of it), he would be either singing hymns or playing the banjo. That banjo was kept going from morning to night; when he did not have it I did. Baltimore was sharpening a knife on a steel and singing "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand" at the top of

his voice just as we came in. John gave him one look, then with a yell fell out of the door backward.

"Well, what is the matter with you? Have you never seen a nigger before?" Baltimore asked.

"No, he has not," I explained.

"Well, what are you going to do with this boy, take him to the white man's country, too?" Baltimore asked.

"Yes, I am, if you'll feed him for me."

"Oh, I'll feed him. Do you like pie, Johnnie?"

John did not know.

"Yes, he likes it; if he don't I do; get it out."

He brought out a pie he had made for the cabin and cut each of us a piece.

John took a bite and found that he liked it.

I had a small magazine on board that contained 25 Sharps rifles and as many Colts pistols, with plenty of ammunition for both. The captain had given me charge of it early in the voyage. I went to it to show John a gun, for he never had seen one. The first thing that took John's eye in the cabin was the library. He got hold of the big Webster dictionary, but could make nothing out of it. Then I showed him the barometer and explained how it could tell us when a storm was coming, and the chronometer, telling him that it gave us the time in England. Next I unrolled the chart and pointed out his island. He wanted New Zealand and Norfolk Island, I found them for him. Then I had to explain the sextant. The captain got out his telescope for him, and then gave us a shotgun to clean. We took it on deck, and I had John fire it off.

By this time dinner was ready. The captain had a custom of dropping down on some mess nearly every day to see if there were any complaints. There never was one; the ship had the name of being one of the best fed in the trade, but this custom of his may have been one reason why we did not have anything to complain of; the steward never knew just when or where the old man would turn up to ask questions. He came past our mess to-day and asked me "What are you going to do with this boy?"

"I had meant to take him home with us, sir, if you will allow me to do it."

"Well, I don't know that I have any objection to you taking him, but don't take him without seeing the governor about it first."

After dinner I got a pistol, my pockets full of ammunition and a barrel stave for a target, and taking a native boat, John and I went ashore, and after he had got all the boys in the village together we went out a mile from town and proceeded to hold target practice. I had given the men smoking tobacco today, and the boys had most of them got hold of some by this time; some were smoking, the rest were trying to the moment we had got clear of the village.

I put a boy on picket to let us know when the governor was coming, then after I had fired a few shots I let each boy shoot. After a while the picket gave the alarm; the governor was in sight. I had the boys get their cigarettes out of sight and lighted one myself to account for any smell of tobacco. When he found that none of us had been shot he was greatly pleased; he told me, as he left us, that he had no use for firearms.

After the target practice we explored the whole island. It is only about five miles across either way, and about twenty miles square; a mere speck on the ocean, so small that many of our maps do not show it at all; but as near as I can remember now my chart gave the latitude as 22 degrees 30 minutes south and 120 degrees west longitude. There are no springs on the island. They have to depend for water on a small pond in the middle called Brown's waterhole. This is fed by rains, and as it does not rain here at times for a year, they are often rather short of water. No ship will ever take any unless it should be out of water altogether.

Their largest animal now is the goat. They did have a few beef cattle years ago; but a number of years before I visited them the islanders had all left here, going to Norfolk Island, and after a time finding that if they remained there all were likely to die, they returned here, to find that meanwhile these cows had overrun the whole island; they had to kill them off, not having room for them, but were sorry afterward that they had not kept some. But there is no room for the cattle; in fact, there was hardly room for themselves now, and the governor wanted to send a colony to New Zealand.

They raise everything that will grow in that climate, and it is growing twelve months in the year; winter is unknown; they only have a rainy season instead. They always have plenty to eat and some to give to any ship that calls.

As small as this island is, it has been found more than once by shipwrecked men, who have been kept until they found a chance to leave; one or more never left, but remained here until they died. I can think of worse places than this for a man who had no family at home to remain in. Only that it was at that time cut off from the rest of the world, except when a whaler called, I should have stayed there myself; they tried hard to keep me.

The next day John came aboard dressed in his new clothes. His mother had made trousers, shirt and jacket, but had put no pockets in them. Marblehead, the ship's tailor, put pockets in the jacket and anchors on the collar; then went to work and made the boy a sailor suit of white cloth, with gilt buttons on the jacket. John got inside of this suit as soon as it was finished.

After dinner I got out all my needles and scissors and all the steward had left of his private venture. We were going home now, so he let me have at cost the things he had carried to trade among the islands—muslins, calico, silk, thread, ribbons and woolen cloth. Making these up in two bundles I gave one of them to John's mother, and asked her to give the other to Amelia Young; but she said Amelia would think far more of them if I gave them to her. John's father consented to my taking the boy home with me. "I give him to you; take care of him," he said.

"I will take the same care of him that I would of my own brother," I told him, "and see that he gets back here if he wants to come. I did not intend to ship again, but I can if I want to, and may now; if I don't our steward will bring him back for me; I started out here this time with $200 in gold, and have most of it yet and have all my pay coming to me when we get back, and while I have money he has it. I meant to go back to our army when I got home; I was in it a good many years, and if John wants to go along I can have him taken as a trumpeter.. I expect I will have a row with the governor before I get John, though."

"You go at father real rough," John's mother advised; "that is the only way to get along with him. He will be disappointed, too; he told me he was going to keep you here and marry you to Amelia Young."

"Oh, he is counting his chickens before they are hatched; if he is not careful I may take her with me along with John."

I went up to the school to give Amelia her present and bid her good-by.

"You are not going," she said; "the governor is going to keep you; he told me so; he wants you to teach these boys; I can take the girls."

"He can't get me. The captain would not let me stay or I might stop here. I may come again, though, and stay here."

"Well, I wish you would, we want you."

Next I went to the governor and found him in a peck of trouble; I had given the boys about three dozen jackknives, and he said that in a week they would have everything on the island that could be be cut, cut down; they were at it from morning to night; he saw nothing but a boy and a knife everywhere he went.

"Well, let them cut, that is what those knives were made for. I called to tell you that I am going to take John home with me."

"The captain promised that he would not take any of my boys or men with him."

"He is not taking him, I am."

"Well, you won't; he can't go."

"Can't he? I say he can and will. Now you don't want the boy to spend his life on this island, do you?"

"I have spent my life on it, and my father spent his on it, too."

"Yes, I know he did; and had your father belonged to any other country but England, he would not have been let spend his life here; he, most likely, would have finished his life from a ship's yardarm."

"Have you a family at home?"

"No, I was never married."

"Then stop here; I will get you a wife and when I die you will be governor."

"Who will you get me?"

"Any of these young women here; any one you may want."

"How would Amelia Young do?"

"Yes, I can get you her. Do you want her?"

"She may not want me."

"Oh, that will be all right. I can tell her to take you. Anything I want here is done. I'll get you her."

"No, sir; I could not stay, even if I wanted to, and I don't; the captain would not let me. By the way, governor, since you won't let me have John, have you any objection to my taking Amelia Young with me?"

"No, you can take her, I'll let you have her, but I can't give you a boy."

We came out now and I said, "Well, it is no use, Johnnie, he won't let me have you."

"I am going, anyhow," John told me.

That evening at dark John's father, who had been on board taking supper with us, was going ashore, and asked John if he were coming. "No," he replied, "I am going to stay here after this."

The next afternoon I told John's father what the governor had said, and added, "But if the captain don't stop me I am going to take him anyhow; so if he turns up missing you will know where he has gone to."

Next morning after breakfast we got ready to leave; I took John forward to see me start the donkey engine and our anchors come in; and we began to move off. Going into the engine room my partner asked, "Have you seen the governor?"

"Not to-day; I am not looking for him just now."

"Then he is looking for you; he was here a moment ago."

"Why, is he on board?"

"Yes; he goes out to sea a few miles with every ship that calls here."

The governor came down and said, "I am after John, I want to go ashore now."

"All right, go ashore, but you don't get John. I have him now and mean to keep him."

"I can't let you have him. I would hate to have to complain to the captain about you, but yon can't take him. Had you asked for any other boy I have, you might have got him. You have been kind to us and I would not refuse you, but I won't give you John."

The governor went on deck and we followed him; the captain was standing forward of the foremast. I thought to send John to him; but as soon as the boy saw him he took off his cap, and walking up to him asked, "Can't I go home with you, please, sir?"

"No, Johnnie, the governor won't let me have you, I guess."

"Now you can go home with me, can't you?" the governor asked, grabbing him by the arm.

"Just stop that right now, sir," the captain told him. "You must not abuse that boy for wanting to go with us; I won't have that."

"No, certainly I won't abuse him; he is my favorite grandson, or I should have let your young man have him."

The ship was rounded to, and the governor's canoe was brought alongside; he and John got into it, and the governor bidding us good-by, paddled off, while we swung around and started again. I had turned to go below, when one of the white crew says, "Look, sir, your boy is going to swim back to us." John stood up in the canoe, he had thrown his cap off and was now pulling off his jacket, while the governor, who had stopped paddling, was dragging at him. They were likely to upset. The old captain made one of the quickest moves I had ever seen him make. Going with about one jump to our nearest boat, he called out, "Stand by, here, this boat's crew." The Kanaka crew took their places in the boat; it took us only about a minute to get a boat in when we were in a hurry, and we were in one now. I jumped in and sent one of the crew out again. If we picked them up I would get the mate to bring the boy back.

But they did not upset. In a minute the governor got John to take his seat again; then waving his hand to us started off. So again we turned our nose to sea, and in an hour the little island was far astern.

For nearly ten weeks after leaving the island we saw no whales. I was in hopes that the old man would try some other part of the globe next; I wanted to go to the coast of Japan, for I was in no hurry to get home, and would as soon stay out for the next two years; the life suited me, it might not have suited me, though, if I had been with some captains.

At last we got two rather small ones, and three days after this ran into a school of about a dozen of them. This was Captain Williams' luck; we could find whales when no one else could. There were at least a dozen in sight from the "crow's-nest," and slowing down, our boats were called away.

I was supposed not to have anything to do with these boats, and on some ships I would not be allowed one of them when it was after a whale; but early last spring, as soon as we had got on the whaling grounds and before we had seen a whale, I had got permission to go in Mate Robinson's boat, and the first time our boats were called away after the lookout had given his cry of, "There she blows; Oh blows!" I took my place in the boat as bow oar. I chose the bow so as to be able to see the crew and not make any mistakes. I had nothing to learn from them about rowing. I had been rowing a boat ever since I was ten years old, whenever I could find water enough to float one. But these whale boats were new to me, and then in the bow I could see the harpoon thrown and the lance used. We were lucky this day, and got one of the largest whales that had ever been taken in the South Pacific; the crew said he had been taken because a landsman had been in the boat; however, we got him, and ever after this, when the boats were sent away, if I was not on duty I took my place as bow oar for Robinson. But I was not satisfied yet, I wanted to go and kill a whale myself, but never expected to get a chance to do it; very few captains would give me a boat, even if all his mates were crippled, and our mates never had had anything wrong with them until now.

Just before we left Pitcairn's Island our fifth mate, Mr. Watson, was taken down with what we thought was the typhoid fever, and he still had it. When the boats had been sent away a few days ago he had not gone. I was in the engine room then and did not go, but I had been doing a good deal of thinking since. I wanted his boat next time. So to-day, when the boats were called and he came on deck to take him, the captain said, "I am not going to send your boat today, Mr. Watson; you are not fit to go."

I was standing beside Mr. Robinson and said, "I have a notion to ask for the boat, sir."

"Go and ask for it" he told me; "you will get it."

Walking up to the captain, I said, "Will you please let me have Mr. Watson's boat to-day, sir? I think I can get you one of those whales; I should like to try."

"Yes, go ahead and try; you may not get one, you probably won't, but you can try, I like to see a man try, and try and bring that boat back again whether you get a whale or not."

Running forward to the boat I called out, "Stand by here, No. 5." The boat-steerer ran and took his place, and the Kanaka crew came forward, but stood looking at me.

"Get aboard, men; be in a hurry about it." And taking my place at the stern, I told the men, who stood at the falls, to lower away, and we were dropped into the water. Before I had left the deck I saw a large whale that was nearly astern of us and at least three miles away; he could only be seen when he rose on the swell. I steered for him, but when I had got to within less than a mile of him he began to move off, but left very slowly; he had not seen nor heard us yet. I looked down at my crew; they were pulling on those oars for all they were worth, and the sweat was rolling down their naked breasts.

"Men," I told them, "I want that whale to-day. Get him for me."

"Oh, we get him, sir," my stroke declared. "We follow him all day, if you say so."

After a while the whale stopped again, and we began to close up on him very fast. I kept my eye on the boat-steerer, he would nod to me when we were in close enough; we dare not speak nor make a noise, or the whale would be off again.

Soon the steersman gave me his signal to stop rowing; I raised my left hand, and the oars came up together while the boat moved still further forward, then stopped, and the steersman, drawing his arm back, sent the iron home. As soon as I saw it strike, I threw myself down and called out, "Stern all!" and my crew sent the boat astern in a hurry. The whale lay for a moment after he had got the iron, then throwing himself half out of the water went down, but did not go far; he only took half of one line with him. These lines are 1,800 feet long, and I had seen a whale take nearly two of them out before he stopped. When he came up againg and began to blow, I saw that we had hurt him bad; the foul air and water he was expelling was tinged with blood.

Now he started towing us, and headed right for the ship; that was where I wanted him to go; we were all of four miles away from it now.

He only ran a mile, then stopped. I thought there must be something wrong with him; I had seen them tow us five or six miles before now.

"No, he is all right," the boatsteerer declared; "he is lazy, that is all. He counts you a whale, anyhow. This is the best day's work you have ever done, sir; this won't be the last time you will command this boat if you sail with the old man again."

Now we closed in on him again, and the boat-steerer

put another iron into him, then the whale sounded again, but did not stay down long, and when he came up this time he started towing us in a circle, but soon tired and stopped again. Now he was ready to be lanced. The mate generally does the lancing, but this boat-steerer always did the lancing for Watson in this boat. I wanted to lance that whale, but if I made a mistake my boat would be smashed, and I and my crew lost; there was no boat near to pick us up. I could order Woodruff back here and do the lancing myself, but was afraid I would make a mess of it.

"Do you think I can lance him?" I asked.

"Why, yes; if you want to, you can. You have seen it done often enough."

"Yes, and I want to do it; I want to have it to say that I killed my whale. I will never get another chance like this."

He took my steering oar, and going forward I picked up the lance. When about two lengths from the whale I nodded and the oars came up, but the momentum of the boat carried it up close to the whale. Bracing myself now I drove the lance in, then pulling it out, drove it in again, then jerking it out I called, "Stern all!" and the boat was sent astern in a hurry. But we need not have been in one, the whale did very little thrashing around, and in ten minutes rolled belly up dead. Next I got a line on him to tow him, then looked to see where the ship was. It was coming to me at full speed, the lookout having reported me fast some time ago, and the ship had been kept close in to me since. I had my whale lashed alongside, mine being the first to be brought in, then had my boat hoisted in and stepped on deck. I felt a foot taller than I had when I had left the deck two hours before. The second largest whale we had taken on the voyage was lashed alongside there, and it was mine. The old captain was marching backward and forward across the deck near the wheel. Going up I saluted and said, "I have to report, sir, that I have brought that boat back and a whale also."

"Yes, sir, I see you did, and you brought me a good one, too; you have done well, sir."

The other boats came in during the next hour, bringing in two small ones between them; they had to tow theirs in, while we lay here hove to, but these three filled us up, and we were ready to go home now.

We were nearly out of coal, having only a few tons left, and were not using the steam except when it was absolutely necessary. The nearest coal would be in the Straits of Magellan, and it would be a good deal out of our way to go for it, but we were ahead of time anyhow, so the old man concluded to go there when off Cockburn Channel, the entrance to the straits, we got up steam again. It is dangerous for a ship as large as ours to go in here under sail, though most steamers use the straits instead of doubling Cape Horn, and a ship under sail has been known to pass through them; our old New Bedford whalers sometimes did it. There is probably only one meaner spot on the globe than in here in these straits, and that one is just below them, off the Horn.

There is a penal colony here belonging to Chili, most of the prisoners seemed to be here for having been engaged in some revolution at home, from what I could learn about them. They seemed to be, most of them, quite intelligent, and they did not appear to be guarded very closely. They cannot get away, for if they left by land and were not frozen to death, the Indians would kill them.

I tried to see some of the Patagonians, but did not succeed in meeting any of them; they are perfect savages, and the men average six feet in height. This place is called by the English Port Famine. When we were ready to leave I had my cabin and engine room searched in real earnest, and not in the crew's imagination. The Chilian officer of the guard, a young fellow hardly more than a boy, did the searching, but it was convicts he was looking for, not boys. I took him all over the ship to show it to him after the officers had convinced him that we had no convicts, and did not want any, and it was from him that I got most of my information about this country. He spoke very fair English, and finding that I had been a soldier he questioned me about our army, and told me about his; then going ashore he and I visited the prison, and I took dinner with him in his quarters. Just after we had got clear of the straits our lookout reported a sail. As she was several miles to the windward, we would not have paid any attention to her, but the lookout said that she seemed to be in distress, so we stood down to her. She proved to be an English merchant ship, and had her ensign set at half-mast, union down. Our captain asked what was wrong, and they said that they had no water; could we spare them some?

"Yes, all you want. Send your boat."

While the boat was coming I went down and got a bucket of fresh water and brought it up. When their boat came alongside I saw that it was in charge of a boy of 18, the ship's second mate; he was the captain's son, he told me; his boat's crew were all, except one, young Irishmen, the one being a Dane. I passed the water down to the mate, but before taking any of it himself he passed a cup of it to each one in his crew. He said they had been on short allowance of water for a week, and had used the last this morning. They had been 168 days out from London and had been 14 days off Cape Horn trying to double it.

On my remarking that he was the youngest mate I had ever seen, he told me that he had been born at sea and had always followed it, and could now sail his ship anywhere on the globe.

We gave them eight casks of water, all they would take; and Captain Williams sent one of our boats, with me in charge of it, to help get the water to them. I was a mate for a short time to-day myself again, that was for getting him that whale. Had I stayed with this captain I no doubt would have been a sure-enough mate in time. After we had got the water on board the captain asked me down to his cabin and set out the wine and cigars, while the young mate poured a drink and cigar to each of my boat's crew. Captain Williams had told me to offer the captain anything he might need in the way of supplies, but he said they had plenty now to last them to Valparaiso; they meant to call in there; the ship was bound for San Francisco. When we were leaving them the young mate walked aft to his colors, that had been set right-side up now, and began to dip them; I took ours and dipped them in return.

We called in again at Crusoe's Island, then ran across to Valparaiso, and while we lay here, I had a chance to repay Woodruff, the boat-steerer, for getting me that whale, and did it in a rather funny way, too. He had gone ashore, got drunk and fallen into the hands of the police, and I being ashore, concluded to get him released, for if the captain had to do it Woodruff would hear about it afterward. Going to the calaboose I found an old judge, who, while he could speak English, could not read it, as I soon discovered. I had on a suit of clothes made of officers' cloth and a cap on which Marblehead had worked in yellow silk letters an inch high "Engineer"; the judge took me to be a mate. I let him keep on thinking so, and asked for my man. Yes, I could have him; and giving an order in Spanish to two officers, they each took a rifle, which was carried there then instead of a club, and going back to the cells brought Woodruff out between them. I was afraid that he might still be drunk and give us away, but he took in the situation as soon as he saw me and stood in front of me holding his cap in his hand.

"Well, Woodruff, what is wrong here. Drunk again as usual, are you?"

Yes, sir, he had been drunk, but he hoped I would overlook it this time; it would not occur again, sir.

"Not for fourteen days, it won't. I have overlooked it in your case too often. It don't do you any good. Could you come ashore if you tried and not get drunk?"

Yes, sir, he thought so.

"Well, I don't. You are a disgrace to your ship and the flag you sail under; get aboard the ship now and see how fast you can do it; I'll have a pair of irons there ready for you; it will be fourteen days this time."

"He knock two of my men here down, and tell me he can whip all the men I got," the old judge told me.

He could have done it and so could any of us if the police did not use their guns, but I did not say this to the judge.

"Oh, he is not half as dangerous as he looks to be; I can handle him. How much will his fine be?"

"Un peso, one dollar, if you are going to punish him."

"I am going to do it, then, and he knows it." And handing the judge his dollar we left, Woodruff taking care to keep far enough behind me to carry out the idea of my still being a mate.

From Valparaiso we ran up to Callao, Peru, and here I took a saddle horse and rode out to Lima to see the cathedral, said to be the finest one in South America; Lima is only a few miles from Callao, its seaport; a street car line runs out to it now.

Next we ran across to Honolulu and left our native crew there, then steamed to San Francisco, and the white crew were paid off and discharged; very few had more than a few dollars coming to them, having drawn their wages close up at the different ports we called at.

Most whaling crews are paid by what is called a "lay." They get their share of the price of what oil is taken, but this ship belonged to a stock company, who paid regular wages and took the oil themselves. It would have been better for most of these men had they been compelled to wait for their pay until now; as it was, the most of them would have to hunt a ship right away or let a shipping boss hunt it for them, then let him skin them.

I had not drawn a cent of pay, I had not needed it; I had taken money with me and brought part of it back, and now had all my wages due me, except what I owed for clothes. The captain counted out $485, then $25 more, saying, "These are for that whale you got me. I told the agent about it, and the company pays you this." The whale would be worth at least a thousand dollars to them, but I had never expected a cent for it. The captain was anxious to have me ship again, but I told him I would go back to the army now, that I had only gone this time to see the islands.

The captain told me that he meant to send a good organ to Pitcairn's Island, and that one of the company's ships that would sail now in a few days had orders to call there and leave it. I saw a way now to get my stuff to them, and went to work right off to find what I wanted to send. I hunted through nearly all the book stores in the city for a copy of the "Mutiny of the Bounty"; most of them had never heard of it. At last I found a man in a second-hand book store who knew it, but he told me it had been out of print for forty years or more. I got a fine copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a school geography and large atlas, a chart of the flags of all nations in colors, a history of the United States, a copy of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Greenwood's "Reuben Davidger," "The Cruise of the Beagle," Cooper's novel, "The Crater," "Cast Up by the Sea," "Gulliver's Travels," about two dozen boys' magazines, a lot of pictures, more white paper, crayons and pencils, enough hooks and lines to last these boys a lifetime, more knives, drawing books, water colors and brushes, and a large bundle of dry goods for the women. When I had this stuff all collected my room at the hotel looked like a variety store. I had so much of it that I was afraid the ship would not carry it for me, so I went to see the captain. We had met this ship among the islands last summer; she was lying at anchor there with a broken shaft and her engineers could not mend it; they were two more such "engineers" as we were, only more so; the captain called them blacksmiths. I and my partner went to work on his shaft and mended it after a plan of mine; it held for him until he got home, he told me.

"You can send a ton if you want to," he assured me; "and can come and deliver it yourself. I am keeping a berth in my engine room open for you. Captain Williams has told me about you. You got him a whale, I am told."

"Yes, sir, I was lucky enough to get him one."

"Yes, he told me all about it; he gives you a good character, and a good one from him means something with us. He said you were one of the few landsmen he had ever carried that would make a sailor. He said he never had to follow you with a club to keep you from getting drunk; he had never seen the sign of whisky about you."

"No, sir; I took care that he did not. I knew that to get along with him I would have to cut the whisky out, and I cut it out."

"Now come with me this voyage and I'll have you qualified for a mate when we get home and make you one, that is what you want, is it not?"

"No, sir, I don't intend to follow the sea any longer."

"Well, Williams said he thought you wanted a mate's berth, and he told me that I had carried worse mates than the one you would make right now."

"I am much obliged to him, I am sure, but I don't want to go again; if I did it would be with him."

"You are different then from some men I have met, you could not pay them enough to get them to sail with him the second time."

"Yes, sir, there are such men, but the most of them are men that neither you nor Captain Williams would want the first time if you knew them; they have to be put in irons too often; I never had the least trouble with Williams."

I boxed up my stuff and put a letter in the box, telling the old governor to give the box to John just as it was; that there were no shotguns in it. I directed it to the Governor, Adams Town, Pitcairn's Island. Then I took a train to St. Louis to go to the cavalry again.

I did not hear from the island for the next ten years; but in 1884, just ten years after I had left the island, I found myself in San Francisco again. I had come down from Arizona with a lot of military prisoners, who were going to Alcatras Island, in the harbor, a military prison; and after I had got rid of them I took in the town again, and did not omit the docks, either. I found a schooner that had just come from the island, and asked for the governor and Johnnie. The captain told me that the governor was still living, but he could not place John. "He may be the young man who acts as the governor's aid," he said. "He has a grandson about 25 years old, who seems to be running things there just to suit himself. When I was there anything I wanted I had to apply to him for before I got it, and he is as sharp as a steel trap, too; he may be your young friend."

Yes, he was Johnnie, there could be no doubt about that; and so he had never gone a-whaling.

Since writing this the news has reached us of a hurricane and tidal wave that swept the Society Islands in January of 1903, destroying half of the people on them.

There were none of those Society Islands that I saw, and I was ashore on several of them, but were at least 20 feet above high tide. If a wave high enough to wash people out of cocoanut trees a hundred feet high passed over those islands it must have blotted out Pitcairn's Island.

CABIA BLANCO.

Natural History.

Bird Nesting.

THE average man (if he thinks of the subject at all, which is doubtful) imagines, I suppose, that every tree or thicket at this season of the year is full of birds' nests and that he has only to poke his nose in to find them. Let him try it. I will bet him a new hat that he may go poking around all day through Central or Prospect Park without being able to find a single nest, except by mere accident.

But he must not think the worse of his eyesight on this account. The fact is, a bird's nest generally is about as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay. (I speak, of course, of the nests of the Passerines or smaller variety of birds.)

However naturalists may differ on the question of protective coloring in plumage, there can be no difference between them, I fancy, as to protective coloring or assimilation in nest building. The closeness with which a bird can make its nest harmonize with its surroundings is little less than marvelous.

When I was a boy my fondness for bird-nesting amounted to a passion almost, and many is the holiday (and, I fear, day stolen from school) I passed in wandering through the woods, or by hedgerows, with eye keenly on the alert. I remember that nothing used to surprise me more than that I should find so few nests. Often I would feel convinced that I must have passed some, and would retrace my steps to examine certain spots—dense, leafy thickets, or close, grassy hedges—where it seemed to me birds couldn't help building, but usually in vain. "Where do they build, anyway?" I would exclaim, not without resentment, deeming, with boyish logic, that the birds had no right to conceal their nests. I was unacquainted then with nature's scheme of protective coloring and assimilation. I do not doubt that I often failed to see nests that were directly under my eye. Indeed, I recall that I seldom found a nest except through some indiscretion on the part of the owner.

Now, if this is true of the trained eye of a boy, how much more true must it be of the eye of an adult, which either never had any cunning or has lost it!

This was brought home to me forcibly during a recent stroll through Prospect Park.

On the shore of the lake is a thick, scrubby tree of the thorn family, in which during the winter I had observed the remains of a nest, probably a bluebird's. During my recent stroll I passed this same tree, which was covered with green leaves and blossoms (presenting a very different appearance from what it had in the cold, bleak days of January), and it occurred to me that possibly the bluebird had returned and built in it. So I went up to it, and getting directly under the branches, made a careful examination, but no new nest

could I discover, nor yet the remains of the old one, which, no doubt, had been scattered to the winds long before the winter was past. I was about to turn away, but unconsciously, as I may say, reverting to a habit of youth, stood a moment to shake the tree, when I heard a flutter of wings. Looking in the direction of this I saw, to my great astonishment, a bluebird arise from its nest, which now, to me, was perfectly plain or discernible. Why I had not seen it before I could not understand. It reminded me of those puzzle pictures in which a face or something quite distinct in its outline is lost in a harmonious setting.

I had not proceeded far on my walk when I observed a robin perched on the limb of an aged, weather-beaten fir tree, with something in its bill. I drew back to observe her (for it was a female), saying to myself that her nest would be in a leafy elm close by, but there's where I made the mistake. A minute or two after I had drawn back where I could not be seen by Mistress Robin, she made a little race along the limb of the scraggy pine and popped into her nest in the fork. There it was, matching the rusty gray bark to perfection. Somehow these experiences aroused in me a little of my old-time passion, and the evening being inviting, I continued my walk down the peninsula—a part of the park which extends east from the water tower, and is, perhaps, more unfrequented than any other part. Certainly it is admirably adapted for nest-building, being thickly covered with trees and thickets. Here, then, I set about seriously to see whether I had lost all my old skill. But, will it be believed?—after an hour's patient hunt—peeping here, peering there, glaneing everywhere—I was obliged to confess myself absolutely beaten: not a single nest had I found! Once again I asked myself the question: "Where do the birds build?" It was somewhat humiliating, but I had to admit that they build just in such places as I had been scarching. And there was no doubt at all that I had overlooked many. Truly the motto of the birds in nest-building seems to be, *Ars est celare artem.* Which may be freely translated thus: The greatest art is to conceal art.

Such birds as build large nests which cannot be concealed, build them well out of reach. A notable exception to this class of nest-builders is the osprey, commonly called the fish-hawk. Though its nest can be seen a mile away, there is no attempt made at placing it high, at least systematically so. But woe betide the venturous youth who conceives the idea of inspecting the inside of it, whether from mere curiosity or with felonious intent. I was recently down in southern New Jersey, where fish-hawks are quite numerous, and I had brought to my notice the case of a youth such as I have referred to. I went to see him and found him in bed, if you please, with his chubby head swathed in bandages. At first he seemed disinclined to talk, but after I had bestowed a few bad names on fish-hawks and told him a few of my own early adventures, I won his sympathy and he opened up and gave me a graphic account of his experience.

I shall make no attempt to reproduce his words, not being skilled in the southern Jersey dialect. Suffice it to say that ignoring the popular disapproval of any molestation or disturbance of the fish-hawk (which is almost as sacred as the buzzard) and ignoring, likewise, the warnings of his elders as to the bird's defensive powers, the boy determined to make an inspection of a nest which had excited his curiosity from childhood, a great big basket of a thing on the top of a blasted pine in the middle of a field. After reconnoitering, therefore, for a while, he found out when the owners were usually absent, and selecting his time (the hour after dawn—I pause a moment to picture him, in my imagination, as he emerges from the silent little frame cottage, stained and worn with half a century of rain and wind and sun. He gazes intently in the direction of the well-known tree, and then across the sandy pinelands, which the sun is just beginning to illumine. The pines are black against the horizon, while shadows linger here and there, but afar there is a glimpse of blue-gray ocean with a fringe of white breakers on the shore, and lo! as the boy gazes he sees the hawks winging their flight thither. His heart gives a great throb and then) he made a dash for the tree and was up it in a jiffy. But when he reached the nest he found to his disgust that not only could he not peep in, but he couldn't even reach his hand over the side.

A squeaking of young birds inside only whetted his curiosity, so he promptly proceeded to demolish the nest, or pull it apart as best he could. This proved no easy job, and in his eagerness to get a glimpse of the fledglings, he lost his prudence (if, indeed, he had any) and outstayed his time. He was busily engaged in tearing out sticks when he heard a rush of wings and then a series of angry cries, and then, as he expressed it in his naïve fashion, "I kinder thought a cyclone struck me!" Fortunately, he had presence of mind to cover his eyes with his left hand, while with his right he tried to defend himself. But what is a boy's bare hand against the beak and talons of an infuriated fish-hawk? Needless to say, in a little while he fell to the ground exhausted and bleeding. His cries, as well as those of the hawk, attracted the attention of a plowman, who was driving his team afield in the peaceful early morning. Seizing a breeching strap as the nearest thing at hand, he rushed to the rescue. By this time the other hawk had returned, and both birds valiantly attacked the plowman, but he beat them off sufficiently to enable him to raise the prostrate boy and bear him to safety. After he had been revived (for he was insensible when found) he was taken home and put to bed, with lacerated head and hands and a fractured leg in addition.

When my hero had reached this point in his narrative he asked for a glass of water, and his kind old mother, who sat by, got up to fetch it. Taking advantage of her absence he pulled me down toward him and whispered: "Don't tell the old lady, but I'll get even with them pesky hawks yet!"

He spoke with the grit of a true-born Yankee. However, I told him that "getting even," especially with birds, was all a mistake. "Besides," I added, "the hawks may get even with you." But I could see that he was not impressed. Alas, when did the words of wisdom or experience impress youth?

In connection with the above story, a fact which I have observed, occurs to me. It is this: If you disturb a bird while it is building, or even after it has laid its eggs, it will not show much concern and may even appear indifferent, flying off to a distance or quite away; but let you disturb it after the young have made their appearance and then behold the demonstration of frenzied anxiety and fear you have occasioned. Perhaps the greatest demonstration of this kind I ever saw was occasioned not by a boy or a man, but by an owl.

I was walking in the woods and heard a commotion among the leaves a short distance away—the loud tchick—tchicking of robins, and the louder twit-twiting of wood thrushes, with a shrill under chorus of lesser bird notes. Approaching the spot I descried Minerva's bird perched on the limb of a tree. True to its character of wisdom, it appeared to be quite undisturbed at the outcries of the feathered mob about it. At sight of me, however, it took wing and softly disappeared in the dim aisles of the woods, with the mob howling at its heels, so to speak.

It is certain that the small boy does not enjoy much popularity among the birds, but his unpopularity is as nothing compared to that of the owl. And the birds have reason, as the French say. For, as a despoiler, the boy is always more or less stupid and blundering, while he is often merciful, but the owl is at once subtle, unerring and pitiless. Save the helpless tribe of songsters from Minerva's pet.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—III.

HAVING, in our last chapter, disposed of the tailed batrachians inhabiting the United States, we are now ready to turn to the tailless forms. These are well known to everyone, for frogs and toads are found everywhere except in the very driest and the very coldest regions. Some 800 species have been collected and named, and of these between fifty and sixty occur within our limits. They are all inoffensive animals and of the greatest value to the agriculturist, for they feed almost exclusively upon insects and are efficient aids in removing thousands of these [illegible]. When caught they have the rather disagreeable [illegible] of defending themselves by discharging their urine, and it is a common notion that this fluid is a producer of warts on the hands of those who are touched by it. Repeated experiments by the author and others have demonstrated that this is a mistake, and, like many other popular ideas must be relegated to the realm of superstition. By zoologists the tailless batrachians are divided first into two groups, according to the character of their breast bones, and these two groups are further subdivided by the characters furnished by the teeth and fingers. However, as a discussion which would involve the dissection of numerous specimens would be out of place here, we may conveniently divide our American species into the three following groups:

Fig. 1—Outline drawing of the Northern Frog—*Rana septentrionalis.*

I. Toads, no teeth on the upper jaw.

II. Frogs, upper jaw with teeth, fingers not enlarged at the tips.

III. Tree frogs, upper jaw with teeth, fingers and toes more or less enlarged at the tip to form a sticky adhesive disc.

Of the first group we possess several species, but the common toad or wart-toad *Bufo lentiginosus,* being best known, will be described. It is an abundant animal in the whole of eastern North America, and extends its range toward the south and west as far as Montana, Arizona, and Mexico. It is quite variable in coloration; its back is usually grayish or olive-brown with irregular patches of dark brown, but specimens have been collected which were almost a uniform black or uniform brick red. Beneath the color is nearly the same as above, but of a much lighter tint. In size it may attain a length of body and head of five inches, but is usually smaller. The females are larger than the males. The habits of the toad are mostly nocturnal, although it is not uncommon to see one hopping about in the daytime. Usually, however, it hides away in some hole or obscure corner and comes forth at evening to seek its food. This consists almost wholly of insects, and such great quantities are devoured that intelligent gardeners and farmers seek to induce the little animal to take up its residence on their grounds. One full grown toad was once seen to eat at one time twenty-three squash bugs, and a little later ninety-four caterpillars. The prey was taken by suddenly extending the tongue from the mouth and then as suddenly drawing it back with the insect adhering to it. In its efforts to swallow some unusually large morsel or keep down some obstreperous worm, the toad performs some curious acts which seem ludicrously intelligent; such as pushing a bite down its throat with its hands or some convenient stone, or rubbing its stomach to make its dinner lie well.

It spends the winter season buried in the mud or in some hole, but it emerges early in the spring and the loud, trilling love song of the male is one of the surest signs of the approach of warm weather. It very quickly seeks the water, where a mate is found. The eggs are deposited, not in a mass, as are those of the frogs, but in long strings consisting of a double line of eggs inclosed in a tube of gelatinous matter. Two such strings contained 8,840 and 2,200 eggs respectively. The tadpoles are nearly black and hatch very early. The metamorphosis occurs near the middle of July, the young toads at that time being about half an inch long.

From the wart-like excrescence of the toad there exudes a thick whitish fluid which is very acrid and serves to protect the animal against its enemies. It is said that this secretion will make a dog's mouth sore and will even cause inflammation of the human skin, but the writer, who has handled hundreds of the animals, has never observed the latter to be true. The skin of the toad is shed from time to time, and many observers state that this skin is at once rolled up and swallowed by its former wearer. Numerous stories have appeared from time to time describing the finding of toads sealed up in solid rock or buried in some hollow tree, where they must have remained torpid for an indefinite period. There is every reason to doubt these tales, for experiment has shown that when deprived of food and air the animal very quickly dies. Dr. J. A. Allen, however, has described the finding of some toads at the bottom of an old well, where they had probably remained for ten or fifteen years at least. They were torpid, but being taken out they soon recovered and hopped away.

Very much like the toad in appearance, but differing from it in having teeth in the upper jaw, and the pupil vertical instead of horizontal, are several species which may be called burrowing toads or frogs. The distribution of these is very poorly known, as they apparently spend most of their existence underground, coming to the surface only at long intervals to lay their eggs. They are also strictly nocturnal, and next to nothing is known of their habits. The single species of this curious group which occurs in the eastern United States is known as the spade-foot frog, *Scaphiopus holbrooki.* Both names refer to the peculiar flattened spur with which the extremities are armed, and which is used by the animal in digging its tunnels. It is most interesting because of its ability to utter loud cries, which are, according to several observers, second in volume only to a steam whistle. Dr. E. D. Cope, who has written more extensively than any other author on American batrachians and reptiles, in speaking of this species, says: "Though so widely distributed, it is seldom seen. After rains in spring and summer its cries may be heard at night, proceeding always, so far as my experience goes, from temporary pools. I have observed it twice in Pennsylvania, twice in New Jersey, and once in Massachusetts on the main land opposite Martha's Vineyard. Specimens from the latter locality, which I kept in a vivarium, buried themselves in the earth by day, but issued at nightfall and industriously explored their surroundings. Their burrows were concealed by the loose earth, which fell into and filled them, but below this the bony top of the head could always be found. Frequently one eye projected from the débris, presenting with its brassy colored iris a most singular appearance. On being irritated with a hard object they utter a clattering note entirely unlike that of the breeding season."

Of the true frogs we have about a dozen species, but this number is apparently greater from the fact that several species are extremely variable and present a number of varietal or sub-specific forms in different parts of the country which they inhabit. The best known frog in the United States is the leopard frog, *Rana pipiens.* Its range extends from Maine to Oregon, New Mexico, and Florida, a larger territory, perhaps, than is covered by any other batrachian. In most localities it is plentiful, and it is often used as food. In color and form it is quite variable, but as yet no satisfactory explanation of the variations has been put forward. In general the color above is ashy, olive, or bright green; below, uniform white or yellowish. On the back and sides are numerous rounded or oval brown spots of small or medium size, usually bordered with yellowish. The spots on the back are larger than those on the sides and are often arranged in two or three irregular rows. The dorso-lateral folds, ridges of skin lying one on each side of the back, are conspicuous in this species and are usually of a lighter color than the neighboring skin. The upper surfaces of the limbs are more or less barred and spotted. A full grown specimen may measure four inches from tip of nose to end of body, or have a total length of about eight inches.

The habits of the leopard frog are quite as interesting as those of the toad. Its favorite home is the margin of some quiet pond or stream where the grass runs down to the

water's edge. Here it can lie, concealed by its perfect protective coloration, until some unwary insect comes close enough to be seized and eaten. Here, too, it is itself comparatively safe from its arch enemies the snakes, and can escape from the small boy by jumping headlong into the ever ready water. When it dives it usually goes straight to the bottom, where by kicking about vigorously it can so roil up the mud as to hide it very effectually. Sometimes, however, if there is vegetation in the pond, it will simply dart in among the leaves and stalks of the water plants and come to the surface some distance away and slyly watch proceedings from behind some fallen leaf or twig. Occasionally it tires of the monotonous sedentary life and travels away to considerable distances from the water, hopping about in the cool damp grass. When winter comes it retires to some quiet pool and in company with others of its kind buries itself in the mud to remain dormant until the advent of spring. It is, however, not a good judge of time, and is liable to break the sleep at any warm day, come to the surface and croak away, only to be forced once more to retreat to the mud. Its song is quite variable and difficult to describe. Prof. Cope says that its voice may be imitated by the syllables chock, chock, chock; but at times it sounds like derisive laughter, and again a sort of low querulous tone. It is on hand again with spring, and at once proceeds to hunt up a mate. Eggs are laid very early, in favorable years even as soon as the middle of March. They are laid in great masses consisting of the small eggs inclosed in a large quantity of jelly. The tadpoles escape in about forty-five days and are dark brown and about five-sixteenths of an inch long. They grow rapidly and in August or September undergo their metamorphosis. The young frogs are about an inch long and seem to spend most of their time in the grass near the pond which they have left, but they scatter out, and such as survive find their winter quarters wherever they may happen to be when cold weather sets in.

The largest of all our frogs is the bullfrog, *Rana catesbiana,* a species which is distributed over a territory almost as extensive as the one just described. It may be distinguished at once by its large size and by the fact that there are no dorso-lateral folds. The color may be pale yellow, green, brownish or even deep brown above, beneath it is white or yellowish. Usually the back is more

Fig. 2—The Tree Toad.

or less blotched with brown and sometimes the lower surfaces are similarly marked. In length it may reach eighteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the outstretched legs. The bullfrog is notoriously an inhabitant of the brooks, rivers, and lakes, being seldom found in small bodies of water. It probably never strays far from its home in search of food. Its note, which is well known to all who have approached its haunts, is a loud, hoarse bass "bi'wum" repeated several times and under favorable conditions can be heard at a distance of several miles. It is said that if the bullfrog is teased or whipped it will cry like a child. The food of this creature is of an extremely varied character, and on glancing at the list of things which it is recorded to have eaten one is inclined to think that it will swallow any living thing which can pass down its throat. In times of hunger it will even eat a weaker individual of its own kind. A grass-snake three feet long was found in the stomach of a large bullfrog by Dr. Jos. Jones, of Georgia. The tadpoles of this frog attain a large size and require two years for their full development.

The bullfrog is a common article of commerce in all the larger markets of this country, and so great a delicacy has it become that most serious inroads have been made on its numbers. The great demand has led to numerous efforts to start "frog farms," but, so far as the author is aware, they have not been crowned with any startling degree of success. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact that living food cannot be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy the frogs' voracious appetite.

We now come to the group of tree frogs, almost all of which are species of small size, adapted by their peculiar toes for a life on the stems or leaves of plants. Many of the tree frogs, however, spend the greater portion of their time hopping about among the dead leaves in the woods, and some are seldom, if ever, found anywhere except among the pebbles along the margins of some pond or stream.

A common example, illustrative of the latter kind, is the cricket frog, *Acris gryllus,* which is abundant everywhere in the East about fresh water. It is one of our smallest frogs and may be known by its small size, warty skin, and the peculiar triangular dusky spot between the eyes. Often there is considerable green in a border to the triangular patch just mentioned and in a stripe down the back. The sides, behind the fore legs, have a dusky stripe and another of the same kind from the eye to the shoulder. The color, however, is variable, and in the same individual may change rapidly. The abdomen is always white. It is a cheerful little creature and even on the hottest days of summer may be heard executing its rattling song. It appears very early in the spring and lays its eggs at once. The tadpoles transform in August or September and shortly after this they go into winter quarters.

As an example of a tree frog which spends much of its time in trees, our account would be incomplete without mention of the chameleon tree frog, *Hyla versicolor,* whose note is so well known as announcing an approaching rain. It is an animal which is far more often heard than seen, but if one will take the trouble to follow up the cry the songster can usually be found sticking on some branch or leaf or fence rail. It has the ability to change its color so as to resemble its surroundings, and one must look closely to find it. Usually the color is a light gray with dark mottlings, but the gray may give way to green of varying shades. The species may be recognized, however, by the clear yellow color which covers the groin and the thighs, as well as by its large size for a tree toad, and the short, squat, toad-like form. It spends the winter in the ground or in hollow trees, never, so far as is known, going into the mud, as do the true frogs. It emerges early in April or May, and at once begins its loud love song. The eggs are deposited singly or in small clusters attached to grasses growing in the water near the shore. They have very little gelatinous matter about them. The tadpoles emerge in two or three days, and by the end of July complete their metamorphosis and climb at once into the neighboring trees and bushes. Their food is almost exclusively of insects. The tree frog is to some extend nocturnal in its habits, a fact which probably accounts for its evident enjoyment of the twilight hours and the few minutes of darkness which precede a storm. At such times, all through the summer, it gives its loud, clear, trilling note which tells us that although unseen these pretty woodland singers are always about us.

W. P. HAY.

Seaboard Air Line.—IX.

Report to May 15, 1903, from Bay Ridge, which is in Greater New York, on the Eastern Shore of New York Bay.

THERE is a corner in the edge of a certain piece of woodland, where the rubbish of years, in the shape of broken branches, decaying stumps, and a general accumulation of riff-raff has been cast, till, with the lapse of time it has formed a goodly mass—jungle, in a small way, one might call it. Saplings, and various woodland growths, thrust their way through this dead ramage resting upon the damp mould that nourishes their life, to the freedom of the pure unfiltered air and sunshine.

Briers and vines weave here and there, binding with curious interlacings the whole mass so securely that none but the most persevering investigation is ever likely to penetrate the secrets its holds.

In this sheltered nook the spring starts very early. The first balmy airs from the southland that wander there, are more than likely to be welcomed by the rustle of the tender green drapery in which our little jungle has already clothed itself.

Every trailing vine gives greeting from its quivering tips; and the plumes of the saplings are bowing right and left with graceful movement.

It is a choice retreat, largely patronized by the "elite" wood-folk. Indeed, so crowded does it often become with the arrival of transient feathered guests in spring and autumn that I have mentally dubbed it "The Migrants' Club."

One is sure to find interesting material there at all times, and especially when the migration is passing. A few days since a yellow-breasted chat was perched in one of its cool corridors. I could not see him, so well had he screened himself from view, but his voice seemed so full of complaint that I paused to listen.

"It is all very well," he said, "this talk about soft green foliage waving about. Sentimental stuff; I tell you it's too dry! too dry! too few bugs and beetles, very few worms, and all of 'em dried up. Its too dry! too dry! I'll move on." And he did, that very night. This has been the plaint of practically all our transients who used the "Air Line" this spring. They have not utilized their stop-over tickets to any extent. We have had no rush, but rather a steady increase of travel from the first week in April, till its culmination during the first week in May, since which time it has gradually diminished.

The "redstart contingent" was very noticeable in point of numbers, as also were the "black-throated blue" warblers. Last spring the chewink, rose-breasted grosbeak and the vireos secured special mention in my report. This year, with the two exceptions above noted, the review was much as usual. It is certainly interesting and curious to note the varying numbers of certain migrants from year to year, and I have never been able to satisfy myself in regard thereto.

It was a stirring sight in the afternoon of March 23, when a gang of nearly 200 fine Canadas passed us on their way north. The bay was shrouded with low-lying fog, that covered the craft at anchor from their trucks down, so that one could locate them only by their topmasts. Overhead, where the geese swung along under the blue sky, all was clear, and their wild clangor rang musically over the fog-bank below. Travel is practically over for this season. The first broods of robin and starling are already foraging on their own account, so I think we shall "close our books" and join our little residents in a prayer for rain, to refresh the dry earth and relieve the parched throats that show their discomfort by the widely opened beaks that we see on the lawn and in the trees, where our birds move restlessly in their discomfort.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The Eagle's Prey.

WHILE returning from meeting last Sabbath, and while driving through the pine forest between the village of Meyers Falls and our home, with my wife and two of our children in the back, a large eagle crossed the road about a hundred yards in front of the team, flying some twenty feet above the ground, and bearing in its talons a porcupine.

We were greatly astonished, and I want to ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM if any one else has ever seen this strange animal in the talons of an eagle?

ORIN BELKNAP.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Land of the Whoopers.

OMAHA, Neb., May 20.—The question whether the Crow, Lone Tree and other small streams of the region roundabout Cheyenne, Wyoming, are tributary to the North or the South Platte River, and which was referred to me for solution by a number of sportsmen out that way, is answered, so far as the angler's interest goes, anyway, in the following letter from the Attorney-General of Wyoming:

CHEYENNE, Wyo., May 13.—I am in receipt of your favor of April 29, requesting my opinion as to whether or not the South Platte River is tributary to the North Platte. I presume that this question is suggested by virtue of the provisions of Chapter 22 of the Session Laws of Wyoming of 1903, which provides a special open season for fishing from the Big Horn and North Platte Rivers and their tributaries. This law would apply only to the tributaries of the North Platte River or Big Horn River in Wyoming, and would not extend beyond the boundaries of Wyoming. As the South Platte River does not touch Wyoming, the question as to whether or not it is a tributary of the North Platte would have no bearing on the interpretation of this statute.
Very respectfully, J. A. VAN ORSDEL, Att'y-General.

The reason for desiring this matter established is that the Wyoming laws prohibit fishing in all streams of the State before June 1, with the exception of the tributaries of the Big Horn and North Platte rivers.

While duck shooting this spring out in the Cherry County sandhills, we saw a flock of eleven whooping cranes, and the sight awakened the most pleasant memories of my early days in Nebraska, back in 1886-7-8-9, when this now almost extinct bird flourished plentifully here. It was on Sunday, March 29, when we saw these birds, while Gerard and I were on our way from the ranch to Pelican Lake, and our attention was first called to them by the trumpet call of the leader when they were high up in the air. The expectation of seeing a whooping crane being remote; indeed, I remarked to the kid that they were swan, whose hoarse, but sonorous and musical "hoo-roo-ooo-ooo-oo!" is much like that of this big white, crimson-crested crane, but as they wound down and settled on a sandy point of "the island," and that far-reaching clarion call again came quavering over the barrens, their identity flashed through my mind at once.

Lolling down in the warm sand Gerard and I watched them for fully an hour. It was a fine opportunity to study the great bird, though at a long distance, and we improved it fully; in fact, until they finally rose with a chorus of hoarse cries and circled up into the upper sunlight and then off and out of sight over the distant Red Deer Lake.

For the benefit of our modern hunters, whose chances for becoming familiar with this grandest of all the game birds that ever chose Nebraska's lonely wilds for a feed and resting place, lies in the pages of history, I will say that the sandhill crane, with all his beauty and wariness, alongside the whooper, is an inconspicuous fowl. Larger than the biggest of the sandhills by fully ten or eleven inches in extent of wing, and from a foot and a half in length, of whiteness that vies with the purest snow, save the dab of velvet black on the tip of the pinions, and carmine streak over the crown of his head, he is the most impressive feathered biped known in this section since the fabled wonders of the prehistoric days. When cleaving the golden sunlight of early spring over the blue lakes, reedy marshes, sandy barrens, pasture lands and choppy hills of Cherry County, he is a sight to tingle the blood of the most stoical, and incredible as it may seem to the young sportsman of to-day, there is no mistake about it. Twenty years ago Nebraska was one of the most favored feeding and resting grounds for the whooping crane there were in the whole country.

Just a short way northeast of Rogers, out on the Platte, lies a quite extensive half open valley and half billowy prairie, which was formerly thickly covered with the delicate and curly buffalo grass, with clumps of hybrid acacia, and splashes of moccasin flowers mingling with cat-o-nine-tails, flags and tules as you approach the river. This stretch of country was a great stamping and picking grounds of not only sandhill cranes, but the big whoopers, who never like to associate with the former or any of the lesser breeds, but in this instance their fondness for the place overcame their prejudice, and they were often found there together. They were always to be seen here through the dreamy month of October and well into the gloom of November, but as soon as the air became bitey it would start them all off for their winter homes in the balmy South. The whooping cranes are, without an exception, the wariest, most cunning and resourceful of all our big game birds and about the hardest to get a shot at. And yet, by our superior intelligence, we used to outwit them frequently in the old days out about Rogers, and in another letter later, I will tell you of the last shot I got at one, way out in the sterile fastnesses of Duel county, in March, 1894. What goose shooting is now, whooping and sandhill crane shooting was to the few gunners who went out from this city in the days of which I write. My! how it used to make my blood bound to lie there in a blind in the low hopples or tall, yellowy grass and listen to that penetrating and weird hoo-roo-ooo-oo-oo, long drawn out and rolling, seemingly, from every point in the autumnal skies, as a flock of these great birds approached me. If you find it hard to lie still now and await the incoming of a line "auh-unking" Canadas, you would have found it an insurmountable task to have done the same twenty years ago for the onrush of a ragged bunch of whoopers. To bat an eye meant the dashing of your hopes. Rigid and still as a statue you had to lie or crouch, until the low whiff-whiff-whiff of their fan-like wings fractured the atmosphere above you, until you could see the carmine of the eye and the long raucous throats stretched out over you. Then to your feet, and what a sound and what a sight—what a climax of frenzy, as you view the tangle of monstrous

white birds, with broad wings hammering the air desperately, every bird climbing distractedly toward the sky, sheering, tumbling and lurching in all directions at the same time, the sunlight glancing from their dark green, dagger-like beaks and crimson domes, and the very earth and air vibrating as with the peals of thunder. That was whooping crane shooting, and it makes my blood leap, my nerves tremble and my brain whirl to recall it.

Local sportsmen are quite indignant over the report that a number of wealthy Eastern gentlemen have, or are about to purchase, Three Springs and Raccoon lakes, as well as the old Anse Newberry ranch north of Cody, 400 miles up the Elkhorn, and are going to turn the same into a game preserve for their own personal use. They intend, so the story goes, to prohibit all shooting and fishing there excepting that which they indulge in or oversee themselves. They are to get possession some time this summer. Three Springs and Raccoon lakes, with their bordering marshes, and running waterways, have been a favorite ducking grounds for Omaha and Nebraska sportsmen for years, and thus to lose them now will be an aggravation, indeed. I was one of the very first of the Omaha wild fowlers to visit Newberry's; in fact, I almost pride myself on discovering Anse's cozy hunter's hostelry, and surely it was I who gave the place, through my unpretentious sporting effusions, the most of its pristine glory. Newberry's shack then, was a rude log structure of two rooms, with crudely tanned buffalo skins for a partition and with a mere paucity of conveniences and comforts. But things have changed since those dim old days, and the Newberry mansion to-day is complete and fairly modern in all its details.

Dear old Anse, how loth we will be to give him up. I can close my eyes now, as I sit here at my scarred and rickety old desk, and look back and again enjoy the entrancing scenes and stirring incidents of my first visit to his homely roof and the famed Lugenbeel marshes. What a magnificent bag of mallards and redheads we made, and what a battle our old pointer, Don, now basking away his waning days on Ted Ackerman's ranch, up near Spearfish, had with an otter, and how we did yank the rock bass from the Raccoon's mossy and limpid waters. You remember it, Jack, don't you—it was only a little over fourteen years ago. You recall, don't you, sometimes, even way out there in your new home on the Columbia, what a picture of rapturous enchantment old Anse's old log and sod house, with its bunches of ducks hanging on the back walls and the dark façade of old Thunderburg frowning down on the lapsing waters of Three Springs. What did we care for the faraway world, what did we care whether the ducks flew or the fish bit? Did not untrammeled nature supply all the senses demanded out in that wild and remote nook of the universe? Such scenes as environed that old frontier tavern in those old days, glowing as they did at sunrise or eventide upon the background of that barren old sand mountain, beautiful as Bifrost before the portals of Valhalla. And must we now say farewell to that sacred spot in nature's heart, those old hunting grounds, where the tints not so detectable in the atmosphere, kindled the glassy lake's surface when the sun went down, and where the fragments, even of each cloud, formed on its delicate texture a perfect image.

A game preserve, indeed—yes, it must be so, it is in the air, and the Lugenbeel is not the only spot to which this is coming. That we must make up our minds to. Even Billy Brewer is now organizing a club in Omaha, with the object in view of purchasing the Stilwell ranch out in the Cherry county sandhills for a game preserve. Mr. Brewer's idea is to buy the Stilwell place, which embraces nearly one thousand acres and takes in over half of Hackberry Lake, a great bass as well as ducking grounds; the east end of Clear Lake, a noted canvasback resort, and runs clear down to the north shore of Dewey Lake, one of the grandest lakes in all that wild region, with plenty of bass and bluegilled sunfish and wild fowl grounds unsurpassed in the State. The sod hunting lodge is to be quadrupled in size, and many improvements made about the living house and corral. The membership is to be limited to fifty Nebraskans, and Stilwell, one of the best duck shots in the country and an all-round efficient and intelligent man, is to be installed as gamekeeper, who will reside there the year round. Mr. Brewer is counting on getting the deal through by next October.

There is some talk of bringing the big coursing meet, which for several years has been held out near Friend, to Omaha. This may be true, but I doubt it, for it is quite probable that the people who brought about the anti-pigeon killing law, would bob up as the friend of the long-eared Jack. The four days' card planned for next fall is a grand one, and if it were possible to run it off near this city, it would attract an immense attendance. The pastime is very popular out at Friend, as well as through the whole southwestern and southern part of the State, and coursing devotees flock there from all quarters of the country. Many of the best bred and speediest greyhounds in the United States are owned by Nebraska leashmen, and this fall arrangements are being made for some entries of dogs from over the ocean. Backed, as it is, by the leading business men of Saline and adjoining counties, the sport equals, if it does not excel, that of the great Kansas and California meets. Owners hereabouts are already getting their strings in condition for the spring trouts on the open prairie, and when fall rolls around the speculators will have as fine a lot to pick from as ever ran against each other in the country. It is a notable fact that the Nebraska Club uses only Nebraska rabbits, although some judges pretend to claim that the Montana and Idaho breed is the best, but if they can outrun our own long-eared buffoons of the plain, they are surely birds. Rich purses will be hung up this coming autumn, and whether held here or at Friend, the meet will be one of the most important ever held in the West.

Some time this week I intend, for the exclusive benefit of the FOREST AND STREAM, to take a run out to O'Neil and take a look over the State field trial grounds, said to be the finest in America.

There will be a regular exodus of prominent anglers from Omaha coming week. Judge Munger, Attorney Summers, Clerk Thummel, Marshal Homan, of the U. S. Court, and the writer will go to Sheehan's on Lake Washington, Minn.; Martin Meyer and George Hayes to the Nishna, this State; Dr. Owen and Thos. Orr to Lake Jefferson, Minn.; Judge and Wilber Fawcett to Lake Winnibigoshish, Minn.; Myron Learned and Will Hamilton to Three Rivers, Wis.; Fred Goodrich and Bob Lowe to Lake Ida, Minn.; Editor John Weaver and City Editor Joe Polcar and Artist Billy Pixley to Okoboji; Robert Patrick, W. S. Poppleton and some Washington friends to the Patrick ranch in the Wyoming mountains, and Hon. Tom Nolan, R. L. Metcalfe, editor of the World-Herald, and Dr. Wirth to Hackensack, Minn. SANDY GRISWOLD.

Roughing It.

ANY expression or term is rendered intelligible only through its relationship to its environment, and, therefore, the accepted meaning may change very materially, from time to time, to correspond with a change in surroundings.

"Roughing It," for instance, in the times of Lewis and Clark, and their immediate successors in western explorations and trans-continental expeditions, meant a contest with difficulties which were impossible to anticipate and also the risk of life; while now, the same expressions when applied to the Adirondacks, means actual luxury with merely a rough setting.

On the whole, shooting, fishing and camping expeditions are, nowadays, owing to the supervision and assistance of professional guides, rather smooth affairs, as is indicated by the increase in the patronage of these recreations by the female element. There are few unexpected hardships, and the matter of fatigue can usually be kept well within the capacity of a frail member of a party; but occasionally circumstances will get beyond control; a party may get into the trough of the sea, so to speak, with a resulting shaking up that will fairly represent a genuinely rough time, as such is understood in this day and generation. Here, for instance, is an example. Last autumn, because of an error by one of several persons who repeated a message, which originated in French on the edge of the Canadian woods, was told to the occupant of a telephone station, and was thence transmitted to a telegraph operator, who translated and forwarded it by his method to the States, a citizen of Quebec and the writer reached a remote railroad terminal, almost simultaneously, on our respective ways to join a noted hunter—to whom each felt an exclusive right—in a search for moose.

Being unable to determine by a comparison of, my written and his oral, evidence, which of us was out of time and place, we agreed to drive the 35 miles to the rendezvous and allow Pierre himself to choose between us. The surprise, confusion, and forceful remarks of the old chap need not be dwelt upon; it is enough to say that his trapping partner was sufficiently moved by the explosion of feeling to go to his assistance and divide us "share and share alike." During the long uncomfortable drive the Quebecer and I had been so shaken together and had corporally commingled to such an extent that neither of us objected to a union of our forces while proceeding to the hunting grounds.

A coolness having sprung up between the two hunters and some Maine game wardens, it was deemed wise that we should make a detour around a corner of that State, which necessitated an additional drive of 30 miles in company with our canoes, and it also necessitated the search for an unfamiliar brook on which we proposed to float into the Canadian branch of the St. John's River. By starting the teamsters with canoes before dawn, we were enabled to congregate at the end of the wagon road about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This drive was even more severe than that of the day before, and we were glad indeed to dismiss the buckboard, the spring of which had been rendered nugatory by duffle and enter the timber on foot as an advance guard of the wagon, or rather running gears, which bore the canoes.

We had been informed that the brook would be found after following an unused lumber road "4 miles," and with the thought of pitching our camp upon its banks in time to catch some trout for our evening meal, we went merrily forth filling our lungs with the fragrant breath of the woods. Ere long we came upon a fallen tree, which had to be cut in twain before the canoes could pass, and, worse luck, every now and then another similar operation had to be performed; we found too, that many springs were busily engaged in emptying themselves into the forsaken road and thus converting it into a quagmire. The deep holes had to be corduroyed and from the shallower ones we had, time and again, to pry the conveyance and even the horse. Indeed, we had to go to the rescue of each other whenever a flying leap fell short of a substantial footing, and a deep and pertinacious mud puddle would threaten interment. When the sun went down, peeping at us through the trees from over the shoulder of a distant hill, we were seen still deep in the woods and the mire, and still tugging at the horse, the wheels, or our boot straps. The only thing that saved the informant of the distance to the brook from our wishes of speedy discomfort 'midst painfully heated surroundings, and also a prospective drubbing (if our wishes failed in their purpose) was the possibility that he meant an indefinite "for" instead of a precise "four" miles.

The Quebecer went on ahead with the hope and anticipated pleasure of soon finding the longed-for opening in the woods and signalling back to us that cheering information. When, however, we came up with him sitting bedraggled and disheartened on a log, convinced that we had lost the way, we stopped to think. To spend the night in that morass was out of the question for us, and also the horse—the poor brute, having fallen in the slough a number of times, was being chilled by the night air—to return was seemingly beyond the endurance of any of us and so, whether or not we were astray, we preferred going forward. The moon arose, and by the by was most cordially welcomed, to find us, man and beast, cut loose from most of our impedimenta and forging ahead for anywhere.

Sooner or later a broader expanse of illuminated sky was noticeable, and presently we entered a small clearing in the middle of which were several log huts and, from one of these, rays of light were escaping through chinks between the logs. Well, thank heaven, we were somewhere! Without announcing our arrival, we pushed open the door of the illuminated hut and saw four youths ranging in age from 18 to 25 years, eating an ill-smelling mess, onions predominating, from a filthy shelf by candle light. We stared at each other through the doorway for a few moments, and then, in the French language, we were invited to enter and were offered food and shelter. We crossed the threshold to find the hot and foul air of the room insufferable, and we not only declined the food, but also the shelter, and hastened out into the night, though not before we had noticed cautious glances by the occupants at a pair of boots which protruded from one of the bunks. Outside in the moonlight we built a fire, and while having a frugal meal of tea and biscuits, woefully discrepant with our needs, discussed our new acquaintances.

Pierre, who had been caring for our overworked horse, joined the circle and remarked, "De axes ees rusty; de chaines fer to draw de logs ees rusty, too; de han's of de men ees soft; no feed ees here fer de horses; sure dis ees no logging business what dey do." After a while our hosts came from the hut, the four young men being accompanied by a middle-aged man whose frame was large and face as villainous as I had ever been so unfortunate as to look upon. No crime named in the statute books was uncongenial to that degenerate countenance. Is he a Bill Sykes? I wondered. Simultaneously, with their arrival, an old gray mare emerged from the timber into the fire light and was promptly seized by the forelocks by one of the group and so cruelly kicked in the belly that I arose to object. She was released and I became the focus of threatening looks from under contracted brows. When our food was disposed of the strange wood dwellers still squatted like Indians near our fire, looking on and smoking in silence. The Canadian and I were very tired, after our two days of travel, over some 70 miles of frontier roads, to say nothing of swamps, and it was important that we should sleep, in order to be equal to the demands of the morrow; but where? Our tents were upon the abandoned wagon some distance back, over that awful tote road; and to go into the hut was not to be thought of. Pierre and Tom decided that we two "sports," as they called us, had better take possession of a vacant log stable, while they would seek cover in such a locality as to enable them to detect any attempt on the part of our foundlings to forage upon our supplies in the rear. Accordingly, we were escorted to where the preparations were to be made and looked on while the Hudson's Bay blankets were laid athwart the doorway and my sleeping bag placed further inside of the shanty. As there was no door, we constructed a sort of barricade of odd bits of wood as a substitute and then crawled into our covering. Jove! the earth floor was hard and the inequalities of it necessitated frequent turning so as to make an equal distribution, over our anatomy, of the rapidly accumulating sensitive spots. We had been asleep—I do not know how long—when, with a resounding crash, in fell our barricade. I felt my roommate jump into the air and heard him exclaim, "You get out of here right quick!" I turned over in my sleeping bag, as soon as its narrow confines and my aches would permit, with the expectation of finding myself covered by a gun in the hands of the villains; but, instead, gazed into the moonlit countenance of the gray mare, whose home we probably occupied.

The citizen of Quebec would be the first to be stepped upon, should the critter make good her threat to enter, and I felt so much relieved, by the absence of bipeds in the rumpus, that I took no part in repairing the abatis, and promptly fell asleep. Within what seemed a very brief time, I was again startled by a warwhoop from the Canadian, who barely escaped being trampled underfoot by our persistent friend. Once again he braved the night air in scant apparel and rebuilt his defenses without an attempt to formulate into words his views upon the subject. This repression and self-control impressed me deeply, even in my drowsy condition.

When for the third time we were rudely recalled to a consciousness of our overpowering fatigue and misery, as well as our inability to persuade the old mare to be merciful, I expected to hear a flow of oratory which would clear the surcharged atmosphere of its oppressive gloom, and when my roommate returned to his blankets and mildly said, in subdued tones, "We seem to be having a large-sized night mare," my mental tensions relaxed and I shook with suppressed laughter. The morrow was another hard luck day, and the thought of it makes me weary. Our horse's feet slipped between the logs of a corduroy, and broken bones were narrowly averted, the shafts snapped and our broad opportunity for exercise was enlarged by having to carry the canoes and luggage a long slippery way to the much sought for brook; we had little else to eat than hard tack, and as cold rain came down in torrents, wetting us through and through, we did not find a landing place along the brook on which we embarked about three o'clock, till darkness made tent-raising a difficulty, and eventually we threw ourselves upon the wet earth, practically supperless, for the night.

Let me hasten to say that the glorious sun arose in a clear sky the next morning and dried our clothing and our tears; it cast impressively beautiful lights and shadows upon the placid surface of the St. John's River; aroused all of our latent enthusiasm and warmed our hearts into gladness. The rough features of our "roughing it" were ended, and thenceforth we had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and what is more each of us was so fortunate as to get a bull moose.

It just occurs to me that I have put a period at the

end of my yarn before telling of our discoveries relating to the den of bipeds we "dug out" from their concealment on our first night in the woods, but on reflection, I realize that that story would be a digression from "Roughing It," and so, therefore, with King John I will merely add, "I had a thing to say, but I will fit it with some better time." LIPPINCOTT.

BALTIMORE, Md.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—I met Fred Merrill, of Milwaukee, in Chicago the other day, and he said he thought that the Wisconsin Legislature was this week going to pass the bill prohibiting spring shooting in that State. It seems that we are not to have quite such good fortune. The new bill, as passed later this week, allows an open shooting season from April 10 to 25 on ducks and geese only. Pickerel are classed in the same category with bass and pike, and are protected March 1 to May 25. The bag of ducks is limited to 15 a day.

Moreover, my brethren, the State of Wisconsin swings into line with the FOREST AND STREAM platform, and absolutely prohibits the sale of game of any kind at any time!

We surely can report a distinct advance, almost a startling advance, in our game laws in the West for the past two years. Texas, Illinois, Wisconsin—these names ought to be written high on the roll of honor for this spring. To be sure the Wisconsin law, although it gives but a 15 days' season in the spring, is a loop-hole law, and to that extent is bad. The limit of the bag to 15 birds a day is also to some extent a loop-hole, since the clause is hard to enforce, but it is a movement in the right direction. Upon the whole, we may say to-day that Wisconsin is further along the troublous road of game and fish protection than she has ever been before in all her history. This is not to say that Wisconsin has been remiss in the past, for she has always before this spring led the State of Illinois distinctly in her attitude in regard to the game laws. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Game Protection in Wisconsin.

ACCORDING to the official report of the Wisconsin Department for Protection of Game and Fish, 52 illegal hunters and fishermen were arrested last month and the receipts for confiscated articles amounted to $351.80, and the fines to $530. The largest seizure was made by Warden Follbrecht, and was a shipment of 1,078 black bass from Green Bay to Chicago. The fish were sold for $153.30. The most seizures in the month of April were made by Warden Valentine Raeth, of Milwaukee, containing gill nets, hoop nets, fyke nets, set lines, decoys, and six illegal shipments of fish. He also arrested, with Warden Vollbrecht, a man in Dodge county for fishing with nets, who was fined $25 and costs. On April 18 Raeth arrested two hunters from Illinois for shooting ducks in Kenosha county. They were fined $20 each. The wardens, Geo. Redmond and A. Johnston, arrested fifteen illegal fishermen in Marathon county, twelve of them were convicted.

MILWAUKEE, Wis, May 17.

The Wood Rat.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the course of my wanderings I once held the camp for Frank Geduhn, at the head of Lake Macdonald, Idaho; to which returning after a day's absence, I found a large part of the contents of my grip scattered about the floor and many articles missing. A pack of playing cards, among other things, was distributed about the floor of the cabin in a most promiscuous manner. Hair brush, razor case, soap, and other materials which had been left on a table were gone, and a heavy volume was balanced on the edge, ready to fall. Suspecting the cause (for Frank had had provoking experiences with wood rats at his other camp at the foot of the lake), a search was begun for the rascal's nest. In vain every probable place of resort was investigated, until we chanced to move a box which was used as a stand for a washbasin, when lo! the interior was a sight! Not only were my own missing articles brought to light, but the nest itself was in great part composed of several towels which were folded in the form of a turban, and intertwined with many articles of domestic use. The animals did not seem shy or secretive after their lair was discovered, but scampered about the premises like tame kittens.

These rats had fluffy tails an inch and a half wide at least. The body color was bluish gray. I am glad we don't have these creatures East. They are worse than tame crows, by whom I have suffered much in days past.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

The Wolf's Tail.

SEYMOUR, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the May 9 number of FOREST AND STREAM Mr. E. P. Jaques, in his article on "Intelligence of Wild Things," says he would like to know how anyone gets near enough to a wolf to make a study of their habits. Where he is located it is very possible that, on account of the comparatively thick population, the wolves have become so cautious that they are seldom seen. Here, however, it is common to see anywhere from two to twenty in a day's ride, sometimes not more than thirty to sixty yards off. I have ridden along the tops of bluffs several times and seen wolves hunting cottontail rabbits in patches of plum bushes or broom weed below me. When running game they carry their tails high over their backs and waving like a foxhound making game. When carrying anything or traveling during the daytime the tail is carried low, the tongue is almost invariably hanging out, and they have a general air of being tired to death. Sometimes when with a wagon or working force the beggars will trot up to within fifty yards, sit down and watch you work for ten minutes or so, yawn two or three times and trot off again. I've seen them sit perfectly still and watch a pack of dogs come toward them till within seventy-five yards. Evidently they were under the impression they were not seen. MARK HOPKINS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

IX.—Visitors.

"The' hain't nothin' like an aou'door fire, an' a shanty like this, an' a bed o' browse, fer raal, genywine, restin' comfert."—Sam Lovel, in Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop."

"I love thee, O thou dim and dreary feeling!
I love thee, O thou desolate communion
Of the lone spirit with Nature, now revealing
To her fond worshipper in that sweet union
Of hidden brightnesses which lie enshrined
In the dark recesses of the unconscious mind,
A smothered flame, a torrent which doth need
The hand of Nature and of Solitude
To waken it; and then with headlong speed
Shoots forth, until the mind, unformed and rude,
Doth by that healing stream burst into being—
All pure, all bright, all beautiful, all seeing!"

—Thackeray.

ONE who really camps out is not merely with nature, but a part of nature. And one who looks at nature while "dressed up," and from the dawdling porch-chair or the soft seat and shade of carriage or automobile, is something distinctly apart. More and more, this is realized by the seeker for summer recreation and joys. More and more, the summer campers, and their proportion of women, increase along the Delaware. Rough, drunken, profane men are now the decided exception; for they are instantly branded as sham sportsmen. Families that camp out are increasing, with their charming personalities of matron and miss in heavy shoes, flannel skirts, and waists that were discarded for

SUNSHINE.

home wear, but treasured for use during a tenting month or fortnight. There is not a day here but an artist would be charmed with a vision of a Hebe or Juno, "loose an' free" in outing dress, and an old straw hat pinned into jaunty shape and often trimmed with gathered bunches of real wild flowers—daisies, bee-balm, delicate ferns, or meadow or pond lilies. And from under these hats smile freckled, brown and healthy faces. How grateful they are to the eyes of the real sportsman!

There is nothing which will more quickly win the chivalrous interest, admiration and service of a camper or angler, than the discovery of one of these modern river-naiads. How well she fits her sylvan environment! She likes to camp; she loves to fish. She is fond of what he loves. Seated on the camp-stool under the trees beside the tent, still and often timorous in the canoe as it shoots rift or rapid, or when proudly showing her new-found skill in cooking at an out-of-doors fire, her presence is at once a godsend, blessing and benediction! Right here is such a personage now, frying bass on the tiniest fire, over which you could place an inverted milk-pan—she has learned to cook with as small a fire as possible, and avoid the smoke and heat of the larger one. And my cynical old comrade is inviting her father, mother and chaperon, to "come across the creek to-night and take pot luck with us." I can read on his old face, the stern resolve to bankrupt our larder in giving that "spread," and I know that I shall quarrel with him for the privilege of acting as waiter while this nymph of the bronzed cheek and wavy hair of softest brown is eating from our tin plates, with a pewter spoon and a bone-handled knife and fork. Our sugar will not be sweet enough for her, and so we shall go to a friendly farmer's house and bribe his wife to sell us a jar of wild honey. And both of us are conscious of the fact that when we get back to town, each will accuse the other of being a gray-headed old fool.

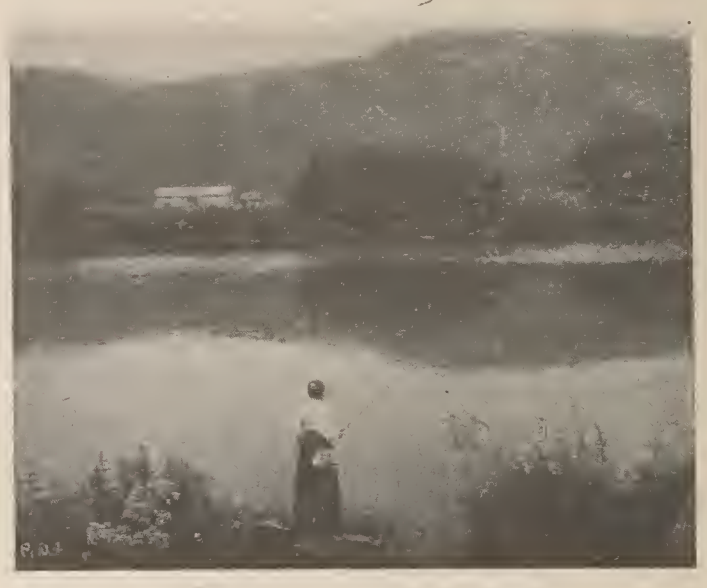
Meanwhile, we watch the charming picture of the real mistress of her camp as she fries and serves the fish, and we eat in the most exquisite of dining-rooms; all frescoed in gold and green and blue, and filled with water and foliage music; and which shows some signs as evening comes on, of getting its ceiling bespangled.

If this experience is dangerous to us old fellows with daughters at home older than this Diana, think of the peril to the two college boys over in the next tent! Such a camp is the special trap of little Dan Cupid. I watch my tent-mate choke down his admiration, assume his sternest exercise of will, and proceed to study its Queen.

An old waist with a bunch of daisies at the corsage, a gypsy hat trimmed by herself with a sprig or two of delicate ferns, big shoes, flannel skirt of blue, and bewildering curls that refuse to be imprisoned, and get loose to fall and look at a happy face with black eyes, and the indescribable hue of bounding health which blooms, regnant, in the bronzed cheeks. That is all: but it is enough! Such a young sportswoman should be avoided by the young man unless he is prepared to risk serious danger to his peace of mind. I know of several mishaps to bachelor life right here on the Delaware, because of the young man's too great confidence in himself.

Emerson says in a poem that the weeds and brambles he found along the shore were very beautiful there, out with the sky and uproar; but that they were unsightly and noisome when he had gathered and taken them home. Many of these woman campers are beautiful at home; but it is perilous indeed to meet them on these shores.

Several of these family parties are located along two or three miles of the Pennsylvania shore, and



A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN ANGLER.

two more are located on the New York side. We exchange visits, the men to eat, smoke, and exchange fishing and hunting yarns, the women to gossip about the delights of the outing, and plan for fishing and canoe excursions. A charming matron member of one of these families has quite enslaved the two "ancient" sportsmen by her ability to cast far out and land an occasional bass from a favorite standing-point on shore. and by her skill, shown while bathing, in mounting and balancing herself on that most unsteady of boats, a rubber sleeping-mattress.

And we keep asking each other: "Why do not more women camp?" The quarters need to be rough, but are easily maintained as comfortable. Tens of thousands of women waste their strength in social ambitions and struggles; and upon the advent of summer, they are in the tumult, strain and dazzle of life on some Atlantic liner, or flitting butterflies as they scamper through Europe. They are throwing away priceless opportunities to add many years to their none too useful lives, by camping out beside some fair lake or stream, or a forested river like the Delaware. It would be amusing if not so pitiful, as they stand before the masterpieces of the Dresden, Rome, Florence and Paris picture galleries, and voice their admiration for the work of Titian and Angelo, Tintoret and Raphael; to witness how blind they are to the fact that, back at home, say on this river Delaware, there is not one hour or minute of any day without its treasure of actual scenes that those very painters would humbly own were infinitely more lovely than anything ever placed on canvas. Raphael often spoke of the wild rose in sunlight, and would not even take up his brush, saying that flower was the painter's despair. There are nooks and dells right along this shore, where hundreds of

A BALANCING FEAT.

blossoms of the wild rose star their green bushes, smiling forth new proof of Ruskin's statement that it is the supreme flower in nature's wild garden.

Another social advantage among campers is that they are known in advance to be presumably desirable comrades and acquaintances. For there is something about wealth which, far too often, hardens the heart, and causes the degeneracy manifested by insolent exclusiveness. Real "campers-out" are members of that noblest human life, and most vital foundation of the nation's hope, the cultured middle classes. And they believe in and enjoy the democracy of tent-life. They are possessed in generous measure, not only of love of nature, but of love for their fellow men. Right here are citizens from widely separated towns—merchant and judge, doctor, attorney, and journalist, state official, banker, manufacturer and railroad man. Among their most prized neighbors are two farmers, a shoemaker and a school teacher, happy in their tent across the river.

And we all exchange visits, suppers, and gifts of wild flowers, and realize that some of these friendships formed on the stream will last through life. Such people are the glory of a nation, and certainly have far richer measure of sincerity, usefulness and nobility

than many of the over-dressed, boudoir-fed and pampered habitués of our seaside and mountain hostleries and palaces.

But, after all, we like our wild visitors the best. A pair of blue herons have been roosting in the top of a tall pine half way up the hillside. They are not disturbed; their shy presence and half companionships are pleasant as they drift on slow wing to their lofty perch at sunset. They are good dots of wildness in the swampy places, and can be brought near to the eye by use of opera glasses, as they wade in sedges and through open watery shallows free from reed grass, while they look for frogs and fishes.

Nearly every day we see one or both of the single pair of bald eagles that have a home somewhere in these hills. The soaring and diving of three or four fish-hawks furnish another subject for interest and conversation. During a few mornings we have heard the rise and quacking of a dozen or two of mallards, widgeons, teals and brants, fleeing on rapid wings from our approach. Circling hen-hawks and shouting flickers voice their approval of the summer above and among the treetops. Swallows range like happy dogs and skim the water's surface. Indeed, a fellow camper is listing the wild birds which have visited our trees during a fortnight. Here are about one-third of them:

Helldiver, heron, gull, three kinds of owls, blue jay, nuthatch, kingfisher, woodcock, stakedriver, chickadee, lark, martin, brown thrasher, bobolink, wren, loon, tree-sparrow, crossbills, crow, hermit thrush, snipe, phœbe, catbird, robin, whippoorwill, mourning dove, sandpiper, kingbird, bunting.

Rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, a woodchuck, an old hen with her brood of chickens and wandering far from home, dogs, horses, cows, two calves, quail and yellowbirds have also been close to our camp. On two "muggy" mornings we have been startled and surprised by the drumming of a partridge, which some dream of spring has charmed into making that love-call. And as we visited a wide marsh far below, and found a lagoon, we located two muskrat houses; and one of their inmates swam across our bow, his arrow-like course guided by that unseen but well-known black and hairless tail. He dived unsociably, and probably entered his home below the waterline! But we wish we could call on him in a friendly way, and learn if he and his wife prosper in their summer foragings, and whether the children are well.

Among our most welcome visitors are the small boys and girls. Nothing makes my chum so happy as to take a youngster in triumph on his shoulder and deposit him in the canoe, put a trolling lure and line into his hands, and paddle about, watching the child's delight in his possession of the place of honor, so different from his subdued and humble presence down in one end of the boat, even then a place greatly longed for because he can see the men fish. And grateful mothers in some of the farmhouses have sent him little paper-covered glasses of maple syrup, and pans of hot biscuits, tokens of their appreciation for his kindness to their "chicks." And the fathers sometimes visit us to smoke a pipe and chat, saying, "Never mind the trespass signs; come an' go as ye like." They even bring the wives and children down for a smell of the smoke and a bask in the light of the evening fire. My chum visibly grows younger, and says that these are rich compensations for the lack of sense of greater wildness which the camper has along lakes and streams in the remote forests of Wisconsin, Nova Scotia or Quebec.

And now, having tried to tell something of the beauty in nature, and in human nature, and, perhaps, sadly tired the angler who may have scanned these articles in disappointment for some facts about the actual angling along the Delaware, I will try to furnish, in the next number of FOREST AND STREAM, facts about the fishing—where to go, what bait to use, where to fish, and what kinds, numbers and average weight of fishes a fairly skillful angler may expect to get, with average luck. He shall not have occasion to complain that I never give him practical aid if he wants to go a-fishing on this river.

L. F. BROWN.

Maine Angling News.

BANGOR, Me., May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This week has been a record breaker among the fishermen who have troubled the Maine waters with fly or baited hook, and owing to the peculiar conditions of the season, has resulted in some of those strings, such as the oldest visitors to Moosehead, the Rangeleys and other famous waters used to catch in "the good old days when fishing was fishing." As Commissioner Ring remarked to the writer, "This season will go down as the most successful season throughout Maine that the fishermen have ever enjoyed, at least since there has been a record."

Singularly enough, this has resulted from almost the opposite condition of what would have been prophesied as necessary to success with rod and line. Had anyone been anxious to make a name for himself as a forecaster of the fishing for the spring of 1903, he would have considered the phenomenally cold weather and rainy days of last spring to be coupled with the poorest of success, and would have said that to have good sport, Maine would have to enjoy a long month of warm days with occasional showers to warm the water. On the contrary the month has been, except for a comparatively few days, rather cool, although those few days have been scorchers for the time of year, and have brought the fish, trout, togue and salmon to the surface quickly, ready to take anything that offered chance of a meal. Perhaps the strongest cause of the good success has been the low condition of the waters, as the early freshets, coming before the lakes cleared of ice, dropped the water and prevented the fish getting into the bushes and swamps around the shores, and so picking up quantities of feed, even while they were out of reach of the average fisherman. To repeat, not for years have there been so many successful fishermen in Maine as during the present season up to date, and the fish taken have certainly averaged larger than usual.

The forest fires, to which reference was made in last week's letter, have, fortunately, been controlled, although not without some tremendous work on the part of the fire wardens and their assistants, who worked night and day, almost, for a week, in the effort to prevent the spread of the flames to more valuable timber than was destroyed or, as in some cases, to valuable resort property, as, for instance, the well-known camps at Indian Pond, near Moosehead Lake, which were reported to have been wiped out. Fortunately only an old lumber camp belonging to the same man was burned, and, although the camps took fire, the flames were extinguished and the fire controlled until all danger was passed. Later, heavy showers swept across the State, drenching everything in their paths, so that the timberlands of Maine practically escaped the great danger of destruction. Had not this relief come, Maine might readily have seen another fire to match the famous Miramichi fire, since conditions were ripe for such an event, and it was impossible to obtain men enough to fight the fire's advance. In one town every able-bodied man and all the boys obtainable turned out and, in two crews, fought the enemy night and day. Yesterday Commissioner Ring, who is both forestry commissioner and fish commissioner, assured your correspondent that all the fires in the State were out, and no further danger is to be apprehended. This is a year when the origin of such fires will be closely investigated, and woe betide the luckless camper who is neglectful of the rights of others in this regard and leaves a spark of his campfire alive when he breaks camp or goes out for a fishing trip.

Considering these different conditions, therefore, it is surprising that such records have been made. In fact, the records of some almost make a true sportsman to blush for those who permitted their enthusiasm to so far outweigh their sense of sportsmanship, and catch more than could possibly be used in camp or carried home. But it is always so, and the only protection the fish have when some people are around is not to feed.

The Seboomook Outing Club, which has been—or at least whose first detachment has been—at the club's hotel at Moosehead Lake, has had wonderful luck. During but three days' fishing they caught 60 trout, several weighing from 3 to 5½ pounds each, while they secured several good salmon weighing from 4 to 9 pounds, and togue ranging all weights from 22 pounds down. To enumerate the strings taken by the different men would be to greatly prolong this letter. It is enough to say, that in all the years of this party's coming to Moosehead, none of the club ever had such sport with the fish. Mayor H. M. Doremus, Collector of Customs G. L. Smith, M. R. Sherrerd, R. L. Ross, W. T. Johnson and Fred Castle, all of Newark, N. J., and all under Mr. Castle's guardian eye, were in the party.

Other parties on the lake included one of Geo. M. Sherman and James M. Hall, of Boston, who took in a few days 90 trout, ranging from 3 pounds down; Clifford Bass and Dr. Eagan, of Gloucester, Mass., who took in a week 40 trout, one a 5-pounder; F. S. Snyder and H. W. Priest and wives, of Boston, who spent a week at the former's camp on Williams Stream, and took 150 trout; A. D. Thayer, of Franklin, Mass., and wife, who have been among the earliest fly-casters, and have had great sport, getting 12 in one trip of a few hours; J. F. MacGowan, of Boston, who also caught on the fly some exceedingly handsome trout, leading all rivals, some of his trout weighing better than 3 pounds, and a salmon of equal weight; Willard H. Wheeler, J. H. Spafford and Wm. C. Atwater, of New York City, and Arthur H. Dakin, of Boston, had great sport farther down the lake, about Deer Island, taking all the law allowed during their week, a 4-pound trout being their best squaretail; another party of only two, caught in the same vicinity in a few hours, 5 handsome trout; A. W. Ford, of Salem, Mass.; F. D. Barrows, J. S. Rowe and E. B. Spearing, of Foxcroft, fished at the Outlet, and in one day took 18 squaretails from 4½ pounds down; another party at the same place took, in a little over two hours, 33 lakers, as the residents call the togue. These are but samples of the sport that has been going on at Moosehead for the week.

Fishing at Sebec was rather slow for a few days, owing to the presence of logs, but as soon as they passed through the sluice and into the river, the salmon and trout began to take the troll again and some fine catches have resulted. Dr. Holt, of Dover, took two salmon weighing 5 pounds 7 ounces and 4 pounds 11 ounces; Fred Carr, of Sangerville, 3½ and 4-pound salmon, and 14⅝-pound togue; N. J. Lamb, of the same town, 2 togue and a salmon averaging over 4 pounds each; Judson H. Root, of Hartford, Conn., had great sport with the fly at Long Buttermilk Pond, a mile from Sebec, where he took togue weighing 10½ and 15½ pounds, salmon of 4 pounds and less, and quantities of trout. Mr. Root thinks that when togue do rise to a fly they are about as gamy as one need ask for.

Attempts to stock Dexter Pond, or Silver Lake, or Lake Wassokeag, as it is called by the adherents of the several names, have never proved very successful, and the fishermen have begun to believe there were no salmon there. Lately several fishermen, while trolling, have lost their entire troll and extensive portion of their lines, through the rushes of some big fish. Roscoe Burrill, of Dexter, is the only prize winner so far, however, he landing a 2½-pound salmon.

Up the main line of the B. & A. the sport has been great, although as those lakes opened later than Moosehead, the best sport is yet to come. At Nahmakanta Lake, Victor Hodgins, of this city, Arthur Felts and John H. Small, of Boston, secured a fine string, while a party from the Debsconeag Club, Wm. R. Noon, of Boston, and Gordon Merritt, of Ridgewood, N. J., took in a day and a half at Rainbow Lake, 33 pounds of trout. Mr. Noon, who has gone home, landed at the home pond, First Debsconeag Lake, a 19-pound lake trout; C. H. Gray and a friend of Oldtown, were at the same camps, and caught a splendid string at Rainbow, some as heavy as 3 pounds.

Traffic Manager G. M. Houghton and J. W. Cratty, of this city, were guests of Express Agent Moody, of Patten, at the latter's Shinn Pond Camp, and in their visit of Saturday and Sunday took a splendid string, one trout weighing 4½, and six going better than 3 pounds.

At Portage Lake the sport is fast and furious, and fine strings are being landed every day. A big string, hung up at the station as the down train passed through there to-day, attracted great attention. Dr. Dobson, of Ashland; Warren Pratt, Col. C. P. Allen and C. F. A. Phair, of Presque Isle, are among the lucky fishermen there this week.

Herbert Lawton, Morton G. Baldwin and H. C. Jealous, of Boston, and W. E. Scoville, of New York City, have been at Square Lake for ten days, but owing to the lake being full of logs and other untoward circumstances, some of which they could understand, they didn't have the record-breaking sport that success elsewhere would indicate was awaiting their arrival. Two or three fish a day seemed to be the limit, and but few salmon were taken. Yet they had continual evidence that there are immense salmon and togue there, which, for some reason, could not be induced to take the lure. Mr. Lawton took the banner for salmon, getting two of 8 and 5½ pounds.

The St. Croix waters continue to hold up well; in, fact, it is doubtful if sport will be longer continued with more satisfactory results, in any system in the State, as in some part of this chain one finds sport from the leaving of the ice until the end of the season. Capt. W. S. Higgins, of this city, and Lieut. H. G. Gilmore, U. S. N., went there the other day and caught all they wanted of salmon, bringing away all they were allowed to, and they might readily have taken many more. J. Putnam Stevens and G. M. Barney, of Portland, fishing at Grand Lake stream, caught 42 salmon.

Megunticook Lake, at Camden, which is famous, not so much for its big trout as its close proximity to the sea, and to the mountains, affording a seashore resort, a lake city and a mountain range all close by, is demanding its share of credit as a resort for big trout. L. M. Chandler, of Camden, caught there a 2¾-pound trout.

And speaking of ponds that are making new records, there is Peabody Pond in Bridgton, where the salmon fishing is the wonder of the town, and everybody who can secure a rig is after the gamy fish. Horace G. Larrabee leads the string at present with a 10½-pound salmon, while Fred Libby is right behind with an 8-pounder.

Lake Auburn evidently feels that it has been much maligned, as the majority of fishermen had come to believe that fishing in that much-stocked lake was wasted time. Yet this week the beautiful little lake has been nobly cleared of such imputations, and furnished in three days' fishing only, not including many that could not be recorded, 26 trout and 78 salmon. The largest salmon weighed 9½ pounds.

The largest bass ever hooked in the Kennebec River north of Augusta, in which waters bass are numerous and grow to great size, was taken this week at Skowhegan by Fred Niblen, of New York, and weighed 7¼ pounds.

Among the ponds reached from Bangor is one, Floods, which, in the earliest years of his childhood the writer used to hear of as a wonderful spot for fishing, and out of which came the strange trout that had no red spots on them. Immense strings of these fish were caught there, some of them of large size, and it was many years before Bangor anglers found that these "silver trout" were really the American saibling, and were indigenous to but one other water in New England or the East, Lake Sunapee, in New Hampshire. So hard were the anglers after the beauties that the pond suffered severely, and in later years the U. S. Fish Commission has taken a great deal of its saibling spawn from the supply there. When the fishing was at its height J. Henry Peavey, of this city, at his own expense, secured a supply of salmon and stocked that pond. In a few years he caught one of his salmon, which had grown to a 13-pound fish, but now for several years not one has been taken or seen. This week, while Mr. Peavey and Fred E. Thomas, of this city, were out there together, they saw Geo. W. Gould, of Brewer, hook and land a salmon, which upon being weighed, was declared to be 9½ pounds. Mr. Gould and C. H. Patterson, while at the pond, caught also 24 of the saibling, while Mr. Peavey and Mr. Thomas, having but one day there, landed 13, the heaviest a 3-pound fish. Perhaps no more beautiful string has been taken there in recent years than was caught by Fred S. Cohoon, of Brewer, who displayed a string of 12 in that city, ranging from 3 pounds down, four of the fish ranging above a pound and a half. Singularly enough, this species of trout can only be caught in deep water, still-fishing. The salmon was caught on a piece of a chub, whereas this fish will usually only touch a smelt or fly.

As Senator Frye and a party of friends are at Mooselucmeguntic, and State Councillor Haines, of Waterville, is entertaining Governor Hill and his council at Great Pond of the Belgrade chain, next week's record will doubtless eclipse even this; but no square-tailed trout will exceed the record held for so many years now by Senator Frye, for the largest trout ever landed in Maine on a fly.

HERBERT M. ROWE.

Montana has experienced much trouble in years past with the killing of big game by depredating bands of Indians while off from their reservations. A law was passed by the Legislature this year which is designed to prevent the recurrence of such conditions. It prohibits the carrying of firearms by roaming Indians; any Indian who is found with arms while away from his reservation is guilty of a misdemeanor, and all such arms are to be seized and confiscated and sold for the public benefit.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Bass Fishing Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 23.—Warm weather, slightly overcast, offers good promise to the bass fishers of Chicago to-day, the week-end being the great time of departure of these clans. Some scores went out last week, most of them to the lakes of upper Illinois, but thus far no very great catches have been reported. A half dozen big-mouths or less was about the average for each party. The lakes of the Fox Lake chain seem to hold out remarkably well, in view of the tremendous drain upon them at the hands of the Chicago contingent. I suppose there are actually thousands of anglers who fish these waters every summer, but, although extremely heavy takes are not common, nearly every expert bait-caster who goes up into the better districts can report some sort of success on his return.

It is the belief of most of the boys that the best bass fishing has not yet come, and it certainly is the case that the season is not yet at its zenith in regard to the numbers of anglers going out. From time to time I offer the names of some of the anglers who go up into the Fox Lake country, but it is impossible to get at the personnel in full of this Chicago bass fishing aggregation. In all likelihood it runs into the hundreds every Saturday in good fishing weather like this. The Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Wisconsin Central and the Northwestern roads, on Saturday afternoon and evening, carry actually hundreds of bass fishermen, some of them expert, some of them merely enthusiastic, many of them ignorant, but all anxious to get out of doors.

These men carry all kinds of equipment, but of late it has become the custom for them to secure their live bait here in Chicago. It seems something of a paradox to say that Chicago is a better place to get live frogs than the country, yet such is unquestionably the case. More than one bass fisherman has gone up into the Illinois and Wisconsin country in expectation of catching his own frogs, only to find that some scores or hundreds had been ahead of him with the same intent, and cleaned out this line of speckled beauties. The tackle stores now carry live frogs in quantities and sell them in little baskets especially prepared for the purpose. One firm here in Chicago had, before 12 o'clock to-day, sold a little over three hundred dozen bait frogs to bass fishermen. This was Von Lengerke & Antoine, and this firm will have on hand for next Saturday five hundred dozen frogs. When it is remembered that this is but one of the several concerns which handle live bait frogs, it may be seen what dimensions have been attained by the frog industry in this city.

We have not yet reached the dignity of handling worms over the tackle counters here, but I notice that the first-class dealers to-day carry preserved shiners, preserved frogs, etc., nicely done up in glass and looking as good as some of the preserves mother used to make. As to the virtue of these pickled goods I cannot personally speak, but should think that the little pickled minnows would be very good for those who care to bait fish for trout early in the season. It is an open secret that some of the largest catches, and of the largest trout taken in Michigan early in the season are on salted minnows. A minnow packed in salt, however, becomes brittle and hard to handle. These preserved baits are perhaps better.

Tips on Bass.

I offer as tips on bass waters this week the Lauderdale Chain of Wisconsin, reached via Elkhorn, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Road; also Gun Lake, Michigan, earlier mentioned, as an excellent bass water. One of the largest black bass ever displayed in a Chicago show window was taken in Gun Lake some years ago, and reports say that water is good in early summer.

The Wautoma District.

I have had something to say recently regarding the Wautoma district of Wisconsin, and whether due to this fact or not, at least one party, that of Mayor Harrison and his friends, have within a few days been up in that country, this being the point chosen by the Mayor last week, by aid of the Northwestern Railroad people. The party did not do anything extraordinary in the way of fishing; in fact, seemed to have picked out the worst rivers in the neighborhood. The Mayor and his friends put in one day on the McCann, with slight results. They had few trout, not over half a dozen to a rod, and very small. They went too far down on the stream, going in at Dakota, instead of eight or ten miles above that point. They agree that the McCann is a beautiful river, but that it would be a much better trout stream if it had some trout in it. Without doubt there are some big rainbows there, but it is not sufficiently well stocked to offer good fly-fishing at this time.

The party seem to have struck on Straw Creek, which is sometimes called the south branch of the White River. So near as I can tell from the description of Mr. Harris, who was with the party, they fished Straw Creek above White River and down to the latter stream. Here Mr. Harris got thirty-five trout in one day, the others coming in with smaller numbers. Mayor Harrison, who fished with Colonel Bill Haskell as his steadfast companion, had moderate success, and perhaps he was served with poetic justice, for he inflicted great personal pain upon Colonel Bill, in that he compelled the latter to fish with a fly all day long. Anyone who knows Colonel Bill Haskell must imagine his going out and being forbidden to drop a fat worm into certain likely pools. It is reported, I wot not with what accuracy, that Colonel Bill Haskell actually took four or five trout on the fly. Just fawncy! At any rate the party got enough trout to eat, although they did not eat them, but brought them home. I think they would have done better had they gotten in on Willow Creek, Chaffee Creek or Hall Creek, which are further away from the railroad and less fished.

Upper Wisconsin.

The reports on that famous stream, the Prairie River, are all in at this date, so that one can give a pretty good estimate of the fishing there. The season has shown a great number of trout taken, and from all appearances the stream is holding its own with last year, some anglers thinking it is better and some believing it not quite so good. Mr. Charles Antoine, who has been on the stream for three weeks this spring, thinks he did not catch quite so many trout as he did last summer, but he had five or six days of splendid fishing, taking a great many half-pound trout and a few over a pound. He sometimes got a couple of dozen, on one day 39, on another 47, and once he and Mr. E. G. Taylor brought in 63 between them. He sent down some very pretty trout.

Among other Chicago men in at Bates' place, on the Prairie, with Mr. Antoine, were Messrs. Andrews and Simmons, with Mr. Warder, Superintendent of Lincoln Park, and Mr. Ludlow, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. Dr. Miller and Dr. Carson returned home last week from the Prairie.

Mr. T. G. Ryan and a couple of friends from Appleton, Wisconsin, were out at Dudley's place on the Prairie, the middle of this week. My friend Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, spent a day earlier in the week at Dudley's, returning to Wausau Tuesday morning.

Mr. E. G. Taylor fished at Bates' for some time, and then dropped down to the stream below the Dudley dam for one day, among the bigger fish. He took fourteen trout during the day, which weighed a little over 8 pounds altogether. The trout were coming well at the time, and his basket was a very pretty one indeed for this country.

I dropped in at Delos Cone's place on the Prarie, Monday afternoon of this past week. At the time a thunderstorm was just brewing, and for about an hour before the shower the trout came better than I ever saw them do on that river. All the big ones were moving about in midstream, and there were more of them than one would have believed were in the entire river. Chester Cone and I took fourteen that afternoon, and we had five which came in between ¾ of a pound and 1 pound. I found the McGinty fly the best for the big trout at that time. The next day it rained very hard all forenoon and after the rain nothing rose at all, except the stream itself, which crawled a foot higher up its banks. Of course this ruined the fishing, and the following morning coming off cold and windy, the most diligent whipping of the waters failed to get any response, Chester and I, in five miles of fishing, scarcely taking a dozen decent trout between us.

Trout Before a Storm.

This is the third time that I have happened to catch the big trout coming freely just before a thunderstorm, once last year in Michigan, once on Lunch Creek, Wisconsin, a couple of weeks ago, and this time on the Prairie. There must be something in the atmospheric conditions which induce the big trout to go on the feed just before a storm. Perhaps in their philosophy they know that there is going to be a rainy day when they will not want to go out of doors, and hence load up while things are propitious. Yet the high water is supposed to bring down abundant feed. I give this up, along with all the other trout problems, which have never been solved by the scientists from Sir Isaac Newton down. It is a pity Sir Francis Bacon was not a trout fisherman.

As to flies in upper Wisconsin, Mr. Antoine found the Captain, black silk body and white double wings, and the double-wing hare's ear and woodcock his best killing flies. He tried McGinty for two days and did nothing. Mr. Taylor left word for me to use grizzly-king and professor, which I did not find killing. Chester Cone used the cow-dung, and I found McGinty and Abbey my best killers. It would be hard to establish any rule of action from such data, though personally I am beginning to believe a great deal in the Hon. Watt Humphrey's pet fly, the McGinty, for stirring up big trout when nothing else will do it. It is a freak fly, and on its first appearance on a stream the trout will hail it with joyfulness. At least, perhaps, they will.

Speaking of the numbers of anglers on the Prairie River, brings one face to face with the fact that there is not trout fishing for all the trout fishers. On last Sunday there were thirty-five anglers at Bates' place on the Prairie, of these about twenty-five being Merrill fishermen, who came up by team, some twenty miles. About 200 trout were taken from the stream that day. Nothing could save even this prolific water except the continuous stocking, which is done above Dudley's place.

The Single Fly.

The cult of the single fly is growing in Wisconsin. Henry Dudley, the veteran keeper of "Dudley's" on the Prairie, tells me that he has not fished with more than one fly on his cast these last five years. Chester Cone, although but sixteen years old, is an angler always safe to bring in trout. He scorns worm and never uses more than the single fly. This is the fashion employed by Mr. E. G. Taylor also. It is the index of a semi-dry style in trout fishing. For whipping about in the air and flicking at a definite spot the single fly is much sweeter to fish than two or three. One who tries it will find that he saves much time in freedom from disentanglements. Three flies together on the same cast have a great way of getting fond of each other's society, even with the most careful handling, and even when the wind is not high. The average trout fisher, however, will perhaps long cling to the triple fly, on the theory that when one has three different patterns up he can the sooner discover what fly the fish are taking. In seven cases out of ten it will be the stretcher, no matter what the others may be.

Amateur Fly Tying.

The height of skill which can be attained by the amateur fly-tier is evidenced in one of the noon-day Wishininne stories to-day. It seems that Mr. Ed Ellicott, city electrician, while absent with the Mayor's party at Wautoma, Wisconsin, constructed an artificial fly of such exceedingly lifelike appearance that when it was placed upon the table it took wing, rose and flew out of the window. This story is vouched for by no less an authority than Colonel Bill Haskell. The same story is also vouched for by that doughty angler of yore, Kit North, in Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Decoration Day.

There will be the usual annual exodus of anglers on Decoration Day, hundreds in all. Among those to leave Chicago, May 29, will be a majority of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, who will repeat last year's trip to the Lauderdale lakes, Wis. This trip will be of two or three days' duration, as the participants may prefer. The party will leave Chicago at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon and may return Sunday evening, leaving Elkhorn at 5:30 P. M., or Monday morning at 6:28 A. M., which latter will bring the members back to Chicago at 9:30 A. M. The expenses for this trip, including 'bus, railroad fare and hotel bill, is only $6.50. This certainly puts bass fishing within the reach of all.

The Chicago Fly-Casting Club begins its season of club events at Garfield Park this afternoon, May 23. Subsequent dates will be June 20, July 25 and Aug. 22 for the competitions in distance and accuracy, bait and fly-casting. In delicacy with bait and fly, the following are the dates: June 6, July 11, Aug. 8 and Sept. 5.

Easier Now.

A personal letter from Nate H. Cohen, president of the Illinois Fish Commission, expresses gratification at the recent improvements in the Illinois game and fish laws.

"After July 1," says Mr. Cohen, "when our new law goes into effect, providing for three paid wardens at $900 a year and expenses, it will be much easier to control enforcement of the law, as these wardens will be immediately under me, and when these violations occur I can send one of them to investigate. The way the law is now, it is almost impossible to get any convictions, as they depend upon fees. In most instances there is not sufficient evidence to convict, and the warden gets nothing."

Western Man Goes East.

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, has bought an extensive estate in northern New Hampshire, which he will use as a game and fish preserve. The property formerly belonged to the late David Blanchard, of Pittsburg, N. H. The Spooner preserve will be a distinct addition to the large estates already used as game preserves in different parts of New England.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Tarpon and Tuna.

Which Is the Hardest Fighter?

A RECENT article states that the tarpon and tuna are recognized as the two great game fishes, but that the tuna is "but the wind that blows," compared to the doughty tarpon.

This is at such variance with my experience with both of these fishes, that I am inclined to believe that some "catfish" angler is trying to get a rise from among the sea anglers, and that he has never seen a tuna, much less a tarpon. The relative game qualities of these two fishes will doubtless always be a question for dispute, and it is mainly a matter of individual experience; but when it comes to the question of fighting qualities there can be but one view. The tuna is the king, and I say this, well knowing the struggles some anglers have had with the tarpon. I have caught both fishes, and both have so many splendid qualities appealing to the angler that I would, in a just and fair summing up on points, place them on a par; but the tarpon is a herring, while the tuna is the king of the mackerel. You may see the tarpon lying in some snug corner or under mangroves like a garfish or pickerel. No one ever saw a tuna at rest; it is the prototype of action and restless energy—always rushing or moving—a hunter par excellence.

I shall never forget my return to tarpon fishing after several seasons of the tuna. At first I was amazed at the ease with which I managed my catch. None of my fish were under five feet, and none took me over fifteen minutes to land—with an 8½-foot rod—and in no case did I push the fishing. If I had ten minutes would have seen the quietus of every tarpon. And this is no reflection on this splendid game that went into the air like a bird, a dazzling, blazing glory of the sea—to fire one's blood with the desire for conquest along this line—without end.

Certain long, slender tarpon have been known to fight for several hours. One towed a party of New England anglers several hours at night. Another towed a boat three hours out into the gulf, and the experience of a single season of tarpon in Florida and Texas would make a book; yet, I have never heard of a tarpon that could equal the fight made at Santa Catalina, in which Mr. Woods, of Chicago, was fought for seven hours, the rod being then taken by his boatman, who played or fought the fish seven hours more; and then the fish escaped after showing about a foot of its broad tail that suggested an 8-foot fish. Neither has Judge Beemishe's play, during which he was towed 20 miles, been equaled; and it should be mentioned that nearly all tarpon are caught and played from light boats that no angler would think of hooking a tuna from; 18 or 20-foot four horse-power launches being used in all these contests, the boat alone being a very heavy pull for the fish.

The two fish are noble jumpers, but the tuna does not leap when hooked, and here the tarpon scores against it, but the tuna gives spectacular displays when feeding, and has been known to jump over the boat of an angler. The tarpon is caught mainly in shallow water, hence does not sulk to any marked degree, unless it is taken in the deep channel or reaches deep water, when it outsulks the king of the sulkers, the salmon. But the tuna is a blue water fish, and will often plunge down, though some of the best fish that have been taken have played near the surface. The tarpon varies—some are very gamy, others are poor

fighters, and the same is true of the tuna. Certain male fishes, during the breeding or spawning season, are weak and can be caught by women; indeed, a boy has been known to catch such a fish which weighed over 150 pounds, and I have seen a boy not over 12 years of age land a 6-foot tarpon in ten minutes, but these fishes were not normal. A tuna weighing 125 pounds in its best condition, will fight successfully from three to five hours, towing a heavy boat from 10 to 20 miles, and this certainly cannot be said of any tarpon of similar size; and after long experience with both I consider that one tuna of 125 or 130 pounds, if harnessed to two tarpons of like weight, would drown them or tow them both. There is no surrender to the tuna; he fights to the last and often comes in as dead as a door nail, dying of heart failure.

It is not my intention to disparage the splendid tarpon that has no peer in its peculiar field, but physically, it is no match for the tuna, pound for pound, the latter occupying a field quite as peculiar and distinct. In a recent book on tarpon fishing, published by an English sportsman, he claims that no skill is necessary in taking these fishes. I venture the statement that this gentleman has yet to meet a tarpon at its best, as such a fish can easily demoralize a tyro. It is difficult to tell what the Florida average of rod catches is, but Aransas Pass alone claims 178 tarpon, taken during the season of 1902. I have not the figures, but I doubt if any angler has taken over 17 tunas at Avalon in any one season or that 100 fish over 100 pounds' weight have been taken in any one season. Hundreds of tunas are hooked, and they are there by thousands, but almost every novice loses 10 or 12 to every one hooked, and the surface strike and fierce rush, throwing water high in air, I have seen demoralize an angler so thoroughly that he hooked but one in twenty—more or less. In taking a number of tarpon, which were over 5 feet in length, none towed my boat—a very light one—200 feet. On the other hand, I never hooked but one tuna that did not tow me from two to ten miles; but there "are others," and doubtless they have had quite different experiences with this splendid game. LOWHOOK.

Massachusetts Fishing.

BOSTON, May 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game held a meeting on Thursday, May 21, those in attendance being H. A. Estabrook, chairman; A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester; Counsel Herman S. Fay, of Marlboro; James R. Reed, A. C. Sylvester, of North Attleboro; and William B. Phinney, of Lynn, the clerk of the Legislative Committee on Fish and Game. Mr. Phinney has been president of the Lynn Fish and Game Association several years, and a member of the Executive Committee ever since the formation of the Central Committee three years ago. The cause of protection has received loyal support from him as a legislator, and much credit is due him for the work accomplished the past winter. Chairman Estabrook is not only a sportsman of wide experience, but has labored earnestly for many years in promoting the interests of the devotees of rod and gun. The work of the committee under his leadership this year reflects great credit upon him and upon the Fitchburg Club of which he has been president. He was instrumental in securing the cooperation of several clubs in the vicinity of his city which sent witnesses to the State House at the time of the hearing on the anti-sale bill, of which the FOREST AND STREAM gave a full report. All the other members of the committee have been zealous and efficient in the discharge of their duties, and the result is well known.

On Thursday evening the meeting of the State Association was well attended and the president occupied the chair. The proprietor of The Nottingham, Mr. Amos Whipple, a member of the Association, was one of the diners. The chairman of the Metropolitan Park Commission, William B. de las Casas, Esq., spoke about game in the parks, and Mr. Kinney on the protective work of the Association. Several members spoke of recent fishing trips. Several candidates were elected members and a number of new names were proposed. In the hill sections of the State the brooks are now very low, but should we have rain before long there will be better fishing.

Another State Reservation.

From Pittsfield comes news that leading citizens of Berkshire county are moving to have "Constitution Hill" in Lanesboro set apart by the State. The hill is near the old homestead of Josh Billings, and about ten miles from Greylock. The more such reservations the better for the game.

The "Sandwich Woods" would be an admirable tract to be set aside in the same way. Here there probably has never been a time since the landing of the Pilgrims when there were not quite a good many deer. If placed in the care of the State they could be better protected from fires and the game could be perpetuated. There are other tracts scattered over the State that could be purchased at small expense and rendered more useful in this way than in any other.

From New Hampshire Commissioner Wentworth reports as follows: "They have had the best stream and lake fishing in this State this spring we have had for years." I. P. Ransom, a well-known guide, casting a fly for trout, hooked and landed a 10½-pound salmon in Sunapee Lake. The fly was a Parmachene-belle. Salmon seldom take the fly there, the commissioner declaring he has not known of more than half a dozen being caught on a fly the past ten years. Judge Edgar Aldrich had a singular experience with a salmon on Connecticut Lake. The fish went to the bottom and sulked—started again and went straight for the shore (which was not far away), made a leap and landed high and dry seven feet from the water, where it was captured by the guide. This may sound like a "fish story," but it is vouched for by young Judge Shurtleff, of Lancaster.

The open season on Diamond Pond and Dublin Lake commenced May 20. Bass fishing all over the State begins June 1.

Mr. A. F. Cate is reported as having taken a salmon weighing 10 pounds at Newfound Lake, and many others have been caught from four to eight pounds.

Mr. C. F. Danforth, of Boston, writes me that five golden trout (*Aureolus*) were taken from Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire, the first part of this month. These are familiarly known as Sunapee saibling, and are said to be the first which have been taken from this pond for three years. This fish is indigenous to Dan Hole, and, I am informed, to only three other bodies of water in the United States. Mr. W. F. Robinson, of Boston, caught one of these fish weighing five pounds. A young lad, son of Mr. Joseph Gridley, of Boston, took a salmon there weighing 6½ pounds recently. Mr. A. T. Sisson, of the J. B. Hunter Company, Summer street, took a six-pound lake trout on a fly at Newfound Lake, which is a rare thing, as lakers seldom rise to a fly.

From the Rangeleys and Moosehead reports of great fishing continue to pour in. If we can credit all the fine reports, there has not for many seasons been a month of May like this for angling in the big lakes of New England. Details must be deferred to my next letter.

CENTRAL.

The Devilfish and Some Other Fishes in North Carolina.

FOREST AND STREAM for April 18 came to hand while I had by my side "Brickell's Natural History of North Carolina," published in 1737. The reference to Elliott's "Sports of the Carolinas," under the caption, "A New Jersey Devil Fish" (p. 310), caused me to turn to the older account of the fish given by Brickell in the early part of the preceding century. In this the record was first published (p. 224) that "the devilfish, so-called, is of a monstrous large size and strength, for it hath been known to weigh a sloop's anchor, and run away with the vessel for a league or two, and to bring her back again almost to the same place against the tide."

The proper scientific name of the devilfish appears to be *Manta birostris*, and Mr. Fowler was under a misapprehension when he declared otherwise. I think he would admit now that such was the case.

But my main purpose in writing is to elicit information respecting several other names current in North Carolina in the early part of the eighteenth century and recorded by Brickell. Such are:

"Sea-Tench" (p. 234), evidently applied to the blackfish or tautog.

"Welch-men" (sing. Welchman), described (p. 239) as "the largest sort of perches," and as "a very firm, white and sweet fish." This is evidently the black bass.

"Irish-men" (sing. Irishman), mentioned (p. 239) as "the fourth sort" of perch, "a more flat fish than any of the former, and much resembling a *bream*, being all over speckled or mottled with black and blue spots." This is undoubtedly the crappie or calico bass.

I cannot recall mention of the name Irishman (for the crappie) in any other work, but Tench and Welchman have been repeatedly recorded. Can any of your readers give instances of the use of any of those names now and specify the exact localities in which they are used? I am sure others besides myself would be much obliged for the information. THEO. GILL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Sucker in a Cypress.

A STORY comes from Jeanerette, La., where about thirty pounds of fish were recently sawed out of the heart of a cypress log. The other day when the larger end of an immense cypress log was being passed under the saw of the mill of the Jeanerette Cypress Lumber Company, one of the millmen made the discovery that in a hollow of the log was some substance that was evidently extraordinary. His examination acquainted him with the fact that a large fish had been sawed up with the log. The log was one that had been cut about the usual distance from the ground, but which had a hollow one one side above where it had been cut. The hollow space opened out in a hole of a few inches in diameter on the side of the tree. The hollow space itself, however, was of ample dimensions. Occupying a great proportion of the space were the sawed remains of a large sucker, probably a "choupique," estimated to have weighed at least thirty pounds. The explanation that has been offered for the lodgment of the fish in so unexpected a place was that in high water when the hole in the side of the tree was below the surface of the water, a small fish got through the hole into the hollow. The fish failed to swim out of the hole before the water fell. Enough water remained in the hole at all times to permit the fish to live, and it "waxed fat" in its peculiar abode, and at least remained fresh, if not alive, when the log was being rafted and when it was run into the mill.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rhode Island Angling Notes.

PROVIDENCE, May 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Salt water fishing has superseded the fresh water sport and large catches of tautog are reported all along the bay. It is not an unusual occurrence for a party of men—some women, too, enjoy the sport—to bring home fifty pounds each of the toothsome fish. Mussels are the popular bait in the spring.

The black bass fishing of this State seems to be traveling backward for some unknown reason. It is three years since any large catches of large bass were made. The law is on all fresh water bass waters until July 1, except Lake Mosuansicut and Sneachs Pond.

Some fine brook trout have been caught in a small pond within the city limits this spring. The brooks which form this reservoir are known to contain trout, but to catch them with a hand line and by a boy twelve years old who was fishing for "sunnies," is something unusual. I had always supposed that trout were in the brooks at this season of the year. Is it possible the brooks have been limed and the fish driven into the pond by it? The pond I refer to is Upper Canada Pond.

The Providence Journal announced last week the capture of a brook trout in a seine set for salt water fish in Narragansett Bay, and many fishermen are wondering at it. If they had read FOREST AND STREAM a few months past they would know from the very best authority that brook trout are not killed by salt water, and that they will live in it.

Assistant Superintendent Costello got after two fishermen last week who were fishing in R. W. Park. They left, taking some pickerel "as long as your arm," as James says. They abandoned their box of shrimp and Mr. Costello threw a handful in the lake, and white perch as large as shad grabbed them up eagerly. There will be great sport there July 1.

I should like to say to J. L. K. about the trout caught in a fyke net in salt water which he mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of May 23, that I reckon that trout came from some brook which connects with the salt water, even if said brook was ten miles away.

Let J. P. T. try some salt water shrimp for that pet perch of his. No perch ever refused to bite at shrimp. I have found nineteen shrimp in the stomach of one perch. SELDOM.

The Sea Trout Discussion.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The only men who are really qualified to decide the sea trout "question" are those native anglers for fifty years along the waters where the sea trout live, and who have watched and studied their haunts and habits at all seasons of the year.

There are hundreds of such anglers in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, and other North Atlantic Coast points.

Even those students and anglers who have made occasional visits to sea trout waters, and have returned to the States and written books and articles for many years, are not experts to decide or further write about this "question." Already they are in the following situation:

We cannot settle this matter; therefore we must discuss it forever.

Forty years ago the discussion annoyed me. It has been continued from time to time. It is about time the wranglers showed a disposition to practically dispose of it. They express a great desire for truth. Then let them file their briefs before men who really know, and accept the decision of a commission of anglers who alone are really competent to decide. If they want the truth which they cannot find themselves, let them raise the other four hundred and fifty dollars, while I, not interested in the "question," but desiring relief from the discussion, contribute fifty. And until some practical step is taken to really solve the "problem," perhaps the three per cent. of your readers who are still interested in it will allow a respite to the other ninety-seven per cent. who are satiated with the long discussion. L. F. BROWN.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

MAY.

30. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
30. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
30. Harlem, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual, City Island.
30. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special, Greenwich.
30. Bridgeport, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., special, Bridgeport.
30. Southern, annual, New Orleans.
30. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
30. South Boston, Y. R. A., open, City Point.
30. Columbia, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
30. Chicago, cruise to Indian Harbor.
30. Williamsburg, open, spring regatta.
30. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
30. Riverton, club, Delaware River.
30. Toledo Y. A., Monroe Piers.

JUNE.

1. Atlantic, ocean race; Sea Gate around Fire Island and Northeast End Lightships back to Sea Gate.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
6. Columbia, eleventh annual Michigan City race.
6. Chicago, handicap race, Lake Michigan.
6. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
6 Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of G. B.
6 Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
8. Pavonia, open, Bayonne.
8-12. New York special races, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
9. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate.
10. Atlantic, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
10. South Boston, club, City Point.
10-12-13-15-16. Manchester, trial races for selection of challenger for Seawanhaka cup, Manchester Harbor.
11. New York, fifty-seventh annual, all classes, off Sandy Hook.
13. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
13. Boston, club, South Boston.
13. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
13. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
14. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
15. New York, Glen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Larchmont, races for 90-footers, Larchmont.
17. Boston, Y. R. A., off Point Allerton, open.
17. Dorchester, open, Dorchester Bay.
18-19. New Rochelle, club, New Rochelle.
19. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
19. Indian Harbor, 90-footers, Greenwich.
20. Southern, Baldwin and Walker cups, New Orleans.
20. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
20. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
20. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
20. Corinthian, first championship, Marblehead.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, 90-footers, Oyster Bay.
20. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
20. Columbia, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Hudson River.
20. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
20. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
20. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
21. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
21. Gloucester, N. J., annual, Delaware River.
25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27. South Boston, club, City Point.
27 New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27 Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
27. St. Paul, cruise, rendezvous St. Paul, Minn.
27. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

JULY.

1. Royal Canadian, Queen's cup race, Toronto and L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.

2. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
3. American, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
3-4. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
3-4. Bay-Waveland, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Bay St. Louis, Miss.
3-6. Williamsburg, annual cruise.
4. Corinthian of Marblehead, special, open.
4. Columbia, annual open regatta, Lake Michigan.
4. Beverly, first Corinthian, Monument Beach.
4. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
4. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
4. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
4. Toledo Y. A., Monroe Piers.
4. Chicago, race for Pfister cup and handicap race.
4. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual, Saybrook.
4-11. Larchmont race week, Larchmont.
5. Jamaica Bay, Y. R. A.
6-7. Beverly, trial races for 21-footers for defense of Seawanhaka-Beverly cup.
6-8. New York, special races for 90-footers, Newport.
9-11. Beverly-Seawanhaka, Beverly cup, Monument Beach.
10-11. Mobile, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Mobile, Ala.
11. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
11. Moriches, club.
11. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
11. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
11. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
11. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
11. Corinthian, second championship, Marblehead.
11. Eastern, run to Gloucester.
13. Eastern, annual, Marblehead.
11. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
14. Hempstead Bay, club.
15. Eastern, cruise, Marblehead to Vineyard Haven.
16. Eastern, cruise, Vineyard Haven to Newport.
16. New York, fifty-eighth annual cruise, rendezvous Glen Cove.
17. Eastern, cruise, Newport to New London.
17-18. Pascagoula, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pascagoula, Miss.
18. Beverly, second Corinthian, Monument Beach.
18. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
18. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
18. South Boston, club, City Point.
18. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
18. Indian Harbor, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Greenwich.
18. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
18. Corinthian, third championship, Marblehead.
18. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
18. Canarsie, club.
18. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. S., annual.
18. Corinthian of Stamford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound.
18. Corinthian, 3d champ., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
18. Winthrop, Y. R. A., open, Winthrop.
18. Chicago, races for Warrington and Lillienfeld cups.
18. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
21. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, Put-In-Bay.
22. Inter-Lake Y. A., open, yacht and power races, Put-In-Bay.
23. Inter-Lake Y. A., squadron sail and auxiliary race, Put-in-Bay.
24 Inter-Lake Y. A., open. Put-in-Bay.
24-25. Biloxi, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Biloxi, Miss.
25. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
25. Beverly, cruise, rendezvous Monument Beach.
25. Boston, club, Hull.
25. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
25. Royal Canadian, L. Y. R. A., skiff races, Toronto.
25. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
25. Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
25. Hempstead Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Bridgeport Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
25. Chicago, club, Lake Michigan.
25. Penataquit Corinthian, cruise, rendezvous Bay Shore.
27. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
27-29. New York, Newport series, all classes, Newport.
28. Squantum, Y. R. A., open, Quincy Bay.
29. Quincy, Y. R. A., open, Quincy.
29-Aug. 1. Corinthian midsummer series, Marblehead.
30-Aug. 1. Boston midsummer series, Y. R. A., Hull.
30-Aug. 1-4-6-8. New York trial races for selection of defender of America's Cup.
31-Aug. 1. Gulfport, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Gulfport, Miss.
31-Aug. 18. Keystone, cruise, rendezvous, Woodmere, L. I.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, third Corinthian, Monument Beach.
1. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
1. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
1. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
1. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
1. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
1. Columbia, race to Highland Park, Lake Michigan.
1. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
1. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
1. South Boston, club, City Point.
2. Bergen Beach, club, Gravesend Bay.
3. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
4. Boston, Y. R. A., open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, race to Milwaukee.
5-8. Corinthian Marblehead midsummer series.
6-8. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials and annual.
7-8. Pass-Christian, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., Pass-Christian, Miss.
7-8. Milwaukee, open.
7-8. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., meet at Milwaukee for all classes.
8. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
8 Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
8. Moriches, novice race.
8. Beverly, fourth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
8. Royal Canadian, Canada cup race.
8. Shelter Island, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
9 Chicago, cruise, rendezvous at Charlevoix.
10. Boston, club, Marblehead.
10. Manchester, Crowhurst cup, open, W. Manchester.
10-16. Hempstead Bay, cruise.
11 Manchester, Y. R. A., open, W. Manchester.
12. Misery Island, Y. R. A., open, Salem Bay.
12-15. Atlantic, race week, Sea Gate.
13. East Gloucester, Y. R. A., open, Gloucester.
14-15. Annisquam, Y. R. A., open, Annisquam.
14-15. Southern, Southern Gulf Coast Y. A., New Orleans, La.
15. Beverly, fifth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
15. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
15. South Boston, club, City Point.
15. Horseshoe Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15 Moriches, special.
15. Huntington, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
15. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
15. Eastern, Marblehead to Gloucester.
15. Corinthian, fourth championship, Marblehead.
15. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
15. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
15. Savil Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
15. Hartford, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, special.
16. Williamsburg, ladies' day.
17. American, Y. R. A., open, Newburyport.
17. New York, autumn cups, Glen Cove.
19. Moriches, ladies' regatta.
20-22. Duxbury, Y. R. A., open, Duxbury.
20. First America's cup race; balance of races to be sailed on alternate days, Sundays excepted, until result is determined.
22. South Boston, club, City Point.
22. Southern, Rawlins, Tranchina and Oliviri cups, New Orleans.
22. Corinthian, fifth championship, Marblehead.
22. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
22. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
24-25. Wellfleet, Y. R. A., open, Wellfleet.
26. Moriches, McAleenan cup race.
27-29. Columbia, Lipton competitive cup races, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
27-29. Cape Cod, Y. R. A., open, Provincetown.
29. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
29. South Boston, club, City Point.
29. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
29. Beverly, sixth Corinthian, Monument Beach.
29. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
29. Corinthian, sixth championship, Marblehead.
29. Savin Hill, club, Dorchester Bay.
29. Huguenot, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
4-5. Eastern, open, Marblehead.
5. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
5. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay,
5. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Toronto,
5. Southern, Fornaris cup, New Orleans.
5. Indian Harbor, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
5. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
5. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Columbia, cruise to Indian Harbor.
5. Hempstead Bay, open.
5. Penataquit Corinthian, special, Bay Shore.
5. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich.
7. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
7. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
7. Moriches, annual, open.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
7. Jamaica Bay Y. R. A.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., open, Nahant.
7. Williamsburg, cruise.
7. Norwalk, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Sachem's Head, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
7. Penataquit Corinthian, open, Bay Shore.
9-11. Columbia, races for Webb cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
10-12. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, specials. and fall regatta.
12. Keystone, open, Woodmere, L. I.
12. Beverly, seventh Corinthian, Monument Beach.
12. Bay State, Y. R. A., open, Lynn Bay.
12. Chicago, handicap race to Kenosha.
12. Columbia, fall regatta, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup race, Toronto.
19. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
19. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
19. Larchmont, schooner cup race, Larchmont.
19. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate.
19. Bensonhurst, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
19. Manhasset Bay, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Riverside, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, fall regatta.
26. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
26. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
27. Williamsburg, open, fall regatta.

OCTOBER.

3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
3. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
5. Southern, fall, New Orleans.
10. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.
17. Columbia, special, Lake Michigan.

THE two Shamrocks, together with the steam yacht Erin and the ocean-going tug Cruiser, will leave for the United States on Thursday, May 28. Late cable reports state that it is possible that Sir Thomas Lipton will enter Shamrock I. in all the races against Columbia, Constitution and Reliance where she is eligible.

THE body of Collier, the steward on board Shamrock III. that was knocked overboard and drowned when the yacht was dismasted April 17, was recovered on last Saturday. It was found in Church Hope Bay, Portland, and it was identified by the clothing, the features being unrecognizable.

CONSTITUTION met with a slight accident while being hauled out on the railway at Jacobs' yard at City Island on Tuesday, May 19, which made it necessary for her to be put in the dry dock of the Morse Iron Works at South Brooklyn. She was to have been hauled out at New London, but an accident to the railway there made it impossible and she was towed to City Island. Reliance was on the railway at Jacobs' yard, but as soon as she was put overboard Constitution was warped on to the cradle. When the latter boat had been hauled about two feet out of water, the piling gave way and this allowed the ways to spread and the yacht careened to port. The cradle was lowered immediately and Satellite, the yacht's tender, towed her into the stream. The accident might have been a very serious one, and it was fortunate that the piling gave way when it did, for had she been further out of the water she might have been badly injured.

The following morning she was towed to South Brooklyn, where the water was pumped out, and after an examination was made it was seen that she was not badly hurt. Two plates were found to be badly dented, but the frames were uninjured, and no other damage was sustained. The dents were hammered out of the plates, and a few rivets that had become loosened were tightened up. Constitution's bottom was found to be very foul, and the crew were put to work rubbing it down. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff was sent for as soon as Mr. Belmont, Constitution's owner, heard of the accident, and he made a thorough examination of her when she was in the dry dock, but found the hull intact, with the exception of the two dented plates.

New York Y. C.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, May 21.

RELIANCE and Columbia met in the first of a series of five races on Thursday, May 21, and the new boat won by 14 min. and 43 sec. The race was an unsatisfactory one in many ways, but Reliance demonstrated her ability to beat Columbia with ease in smooth water and a light breeze.

There was a large fleet of steam and sail yachts on hand to see the race, and several hundred New York Y. C. men with their guests were on board the steamer Sirius. In the morning there was but little wind, and at noon it was practically a calm.

The Regatta Committee, composed of Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Edward H. Wales, were on board Privateer, Mr. R. A. C. Smith's steam yacht, which was used as the committee boat. As there was no wind at twelve o'clock the committee postponed the race until 1:25. About this time a light S. W. breeze worked off the Long Island shore, and the preparatory signal was given at 1:40. A signal on the committee boat announced that course 3 would be sailed. The boats started from a buoy off Matinicock Point. E by N. ¼ N., eleven miles to and around a mark off Eaton's Point, then W. N. W. three miles to and around a mark off Green's Ledge Light, and then S. W. by W. ½ W. back to the starting line. Total distance twenty-five miles.

Besides Mr. C. O. Iselin and Mr. N. G. Herreshoff there were several other well-known amateurs on board Reliance. Mr. E. D. Morgan also had several of his friends with him on Columbia. At this time the wind was very light from the S. W. by S., making the first leg of the course a reach. Both boats had their balloon jib topsails set in stops.

Reliance was some distance from the line when the starting signal was heard. Her handicap was up at 1:57, but she did not cross until one minute later. The balloon jib topsail and balloon staysail were broken out just after the gun. Reliance was ahead and to windward of Columbia, which boat crossed at 1:59:10, with Mr. Morgan at the wheel. Columbia's balloon jib topsail was broken out just before she crossed. The headsails on both boats were lowered and set in stops again. The tide was now running flood, and the boats made but slow progress against it. Reliance drew away from Columbia at once, and the latter boat was unfortunate enough to run out of what little wind there was, and before she got out of the flat spot Reliance had a big lead. Headsails were experimented with on both boats, first reaching jib topsails would be set in place of the balloon jib topsails, and then the ballooners would be set again.

About half past four, when Reliance was off Lloyd's Neck, she got a better breeze. The breeze was all overhead, for there was not a ripple on the water. Columbia soon caught the new wind, and both boats moved along at a smart clip. Reliance gybed around the first mark off Eaton's Neck at 4:56:10, and stood off for the second mark with the wind, which was steadily increasing, over the port quarter. Columbia was timed at the first mark at 5:05:00, which showed a gain of 7m. 40s.

Both boats were heeled well down by the freshening breeze, and they traveled very fast. Reliance covered this leg of the course, a distance of three miles, in 13m. 40s. Columbia was being slowly left astern by Reliance, although she was doing some pretty sailing. For some reason or other Columbia did not break out her jib on this reach, and lost more ground by not doing so. Reliance rounded the second mark at 5:09:50 and Columbia at 5:20:10, which showed another gain of 1m. 30s. for Reliance.

Sheets were flattened down, and the boats could just lay their course back to the finish line. The breeze was now quite fresh, and both boats were heeled well over. Reliance threw a lot of spray off to leeward as she moved through the water, but her wake was remarkably clean, and she continued to get away from Columbia. The tack on Columbia's jib topsail carried away, and it was some time before another sail could be set. Luck seemed to be against Columbia, for the wind lightened up and headed her as soon as Reliance crossed, and she tacked just on the finish line. The times at the finish follow:

Reliance	6 14 36	Columbia	6 29 19

Reliance gained 4m. 23s. on this leg.

Saturday, May 23.

The second of the series races between the 90-footers was held on Saturday, May 23. The boats were unable to finish within the time limit, owing to the light breeze. More interest was centered in this race, as all three boats were on hand. The damage that Constitution sustained while on the railway at City Island had been repaired, and she was apparently in splendid racing trim.

There was a good N. E. breeze in the morning, and there was every indication of a good race, but as the day wore on this breeze petered out, and very much the same conditions prevailed as in Thursday's race.

The Regatta Committee were again on the steam yacht Privateer, and at 1:20 the preliminary signal was sounded. At this time there was a little northerly breeze blowing. The signal on the committee boat indicated that the boats would cover exactly the same course that they did on Thursday. At 1:35 the preparatory signal was given.

The first leg of the course was a reach, and there seemed to be a diversity of opinion on board the three boats as to what headsails should be carried. Reliance crossed at 1:50:20, with a reaching jib topsail set, with Constitution on her lee quarter with her staysail, jib and big jib topsail set. Columbia was in the weather position, but some distance behind with her balloon jib topsail set, the handicap gun was fired before she was over the line, and she crossed at 1:52:24. Reliance began to pull away at once, and Constitution luffed out on her weather. Jibs and staysails were lowered on Reliance and Columbia, in order to give their big light sails every chance. Some few minutes after the start the number 2 jib topsail on Constitution was lowered, and her balloon jib topsail was set in its place. Columbia was headed out into the Sound, and she passed astern of Constitution.

When off Oyster Bay Reliance caught a slant and drew away still more from her competitors, but before long Columbia had the breeze also, and she began to close up on the new boat perceptibly. Constitution also picked up a little, and a balloon staysail was broken out on Reliance. Even with this sail set Columbia kept gaining, and a similar staysail was set on the old defender. Columbia and Constitution were well out in the Sound, and Reliance was almost becalmed. Her spinnaker was set and allowed to run well forward. Those on Reliance finding the spinnaker was doing no good, took the sail in.

A big towboat bound west with a long string of barges astern, came along at this point, and had it not been for the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the captain, the tow might have seriously interfered with the boats. The captain of the towboat, whose name was Honeybrook, kept out of his course in order, and by so doing prevented any annoyance whatever.

When off Eaton's Point Reliance was over a quarter of a mile ahead of Columbia, and some distance to windward. Constitution was astern and to windward of Columbia. As Columbia was still gaining on Reliance this boat again set her spinnaker. She carried this sail till she was well up to the mark. Reliance gybed over just before she rounded the mark, and Constitution, which was a long distance behind, made the fatal mistake of gybing at the same time. The times at the mark follow:

Reliance	5 23 50	Constitution	5 29 25
Columbia	5 25 52		

Columbia had gained 2s. on this leg on Reliance and 5m. 28s. on Constitution.

The boats got more wind on the second leg of the course. Reaching staysails were set, and the three boats made good time. Reliance reached away from the other two boats very fast. Reliance's big jib top-

sail was taken in just before she reached the second mark, and her jib was broken out. The same changes were made on Columbia a few minutes later. The boats' times at the second mark follow:

Reliance .....5 39 50 Constitution 5 46 47
Columbia 5 43 17

On this leg, a three-mile reach, Reliance beat Constitution 1m. 22s. and Columbia 1m. 25s.

On the beat back to the finish line all three boats carried baby jib topsails. The wind was getting very light again. Reliance, however, continued to open the gap between herself and Columbia. Constitution's jib topsail met with an accident, and it was replaced with another. Constitution was put on the starboard tack, apparently hunting a better breeze. What little breeze there was seemed to be aloft, and Reliance's big club topsail was catching every puff. A fresher breeze was seen working out from the westward, and it reached Reliance first, as she was so far ahead. The breeze shifted a little and allowed Reliance to lay her course for the mark. The new breeze reached Columbia first, and Constitution felt its influence a few moments later. In the fresh breeze Reliance was laid well out and her topmast had a pronounced buckle in it. Her jib topsail was taken in, and when it was found the race could not be finished within the time limit, her club topsail was sent down on deck. Reliance kept on and crossed the line even after the committee had signalled "no race." Columbia held on to her club topsail and crossed the line 5½m. after Reliance.

The Coupe de France and Italian Cup Matches at St. Remo.

BY GEOFFREY DE HOLDEN-STONE.

FROM a British point of view, especially that of a keen yachtsman, there can be no doubt that until the above matches were sailed at the end of last month, the present Mediterranean season has been of the dullest. For at present—although it seems only the other day that the 52-footer Magdalen lost us the possession of the Coupe de France on a question of measurement, not because she was not quite as speedy as Quand-Même II.—we find her in Signor Tonietti's ownership, the only modern boat of her size and type in the Mediterranean; though, singularly enough, she was beaten in her first match by Spring, ex-Mildred, ex-Eldred; a boat which, as well as Caprice, is even more out of date than Penitent.

Yet apart from such sport as she may show during the remainder of the season, there will be little or nothing to excite British interest. For British and Continental owners of large craft appear to have lost all touch with Riviera yachting, although the various race committeees on the littoral have abated no whit of their wonted liberality in the matter of trophies and prize money. Indeed, there is little reason to expect the owners to re-enter the game; although it is true that a similar depression existed in British waters during the autumn which preceded the building of Britannia: an epoch which heralded the palmiest period of British yaeht racing, the latter nineties.

In view of these facts, one can only commend the foresight of the committee of the Yacht Club de Franee in deeiding, nearly two years ago, that in future the Coupe de France should be contested by ten-tonners instead of the "twenties." Had not some such arrangement been made, it is probable that yachting on the Riviera littoral would have been entirely confined to the smallest classes, and the matches for the national trophy remained in abeyance. For, had one of our 36-footers in the Solent class appeared as a challenger, she would probably have been out-measured by the French rule. And as no such ehallenge was sent from either the Solent or Clyde, despite opportunity, such a contingency would seem to have been thought of by British owners. Clearly, then, the only chance of a contest was to be expected from Italy. And yet no Italian builder had turned out any racing boat bigger than a ten-tonner.

However, the result of the first contest under the new conditions was, as will be remembered, distinctly discouraging to French yachtsmen; for Union, the syndicate boat built to defend the Coupe de France against the Duc d'Abruzzi's Artica, failed so badly in her trials that they were forced to defend with the Bordelais boat, Mons. Donault's Suzette, which was not built as a defender, but merely for the ordinary class racing of a Riviera season. What this last might have done in capable hands, with properly fitting sails, need not be discussed; but the fact remains that her skipper, impatient of expert advice, tinkered with her English-made sails until he ruined them, and subsequently so mishandled her that she had no chance against the Italian challenger.

Nevertheless, undaunted by defeat (or perhaps only too certain that his boat had not been seen at her best), Mons. Donault allowed Suzette to be named as the challenger for the Coupe de France matches this year, sailed at San Remo on the 27th and 29th ult., the history of which is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of the sport for contradictory form, to say nothing of sheer luck. For mark what happened. So soon as the challenge was received, no less than three defenders were designed by the most skillful builders in Italy: Leda, for the Duc d'Abruzzi; Sally, for Signor Coltelletti, and Nada, for Commander Floris. All three were launched early in the current Mediterranean season, and the result of their trial spins at San Remo made it apparent that the Costaguta boat Leda was not only a better boat than Artiea, but unusually speedy in light airs, while the Oneto-built Sally was the best of the trio in a hard breeze. Their form, at least, was known, and they were elearly not susceptible of any great improvement; so their owners proceeded to race in the ten-ton series with Suzette at the ensuing regattas, and as the latter was no better handled or canvased than heretofore, they beat her in the hollowest fashion, day after day, for weeks.

Yet during these San Remo trials, it was evident to the eognoscenti that the Gallinari boat Nada was not so far behind either of her rivals as to be out of the running for the Cup defense. Indeed, seeing that the disposition of her lead was clearly all wrong, and that her American-built canvas was not only too heavy, but could not be made to fit or draw at all, the best judges were unable to gauge the extent of her possible improvement. Fortunately Gallinari, of Livorno—the builder also, by the way, of those speedy racing four-tonners Sfinge and Nemesi—was given a free hand in this respect, and having unshipped a goodly portion of Nada's inside ballast and replaced it with outside lead, thus stiffening her considerably under sail, he discarded her American sails and ordered a new racing suit from a Cowes firm of world-wide reputation. The result of all these alterations more than vindicated his judgment, for Nada defeated Leda and Sally in such wholesale fashion in the final trials at San Remo that the defense committee had no other option than to choose her as their representative.

Yet again, mark what happened. Nada's victory seemed to be assured, for although Suzette's skipper, under pressure, had had her mast re-stepped in its originally designed place, it was seen when she sailed to the line on the morning of the 27th, that she still wore her spoilt English mainsail. On the other hand, Mr. Cramer, Nada's amateur skipper, had not only never set foot aboard her until that morning, but knew nothing of the course, never having previously sailed in San Remo Bay. Nevertheless, he sailed the defender well enough to beat Suzette on the first round of the course, but just as the latter rounded the western mark for the second time, the breeze, previously fresh from S. E. by E., suddenly chopped around and put her so far ahead of Nada that the Italian boat could never again overhaul her. On the 29th, again in a light easterly, Nada was ahead all the first round, but standing in too far on a shoreward leg, was held in a flat patch for over fifteen minutes, while Suzette—which, on this day had her French-built mainsail—picked up a streak outside, overhauled all the time she had lost, and won easily by over nine minutes. She thus recovered the trophy, despite bad handling, by a lucky fluke on each day. The truth of this, the correctness of the San Remo trials, and the previous form of all engaged, has since been established beyond cavil in every match which these ten-tonners have sailed, as one or other of the Italian boats, usually Nada, has invariably beaten Suzette from start to finish. Thus does familiarity score, in combination with true breezes.

Yet poorly sailed and disappointing as these matches were, those for the Italian Cup, between the five-tonners—Mons. Damoy Picon's Titave, sailed by Paul Tossens, and Signor Dall'Orso's Melisanda, of which Signor Ettore Bocciardo was skipper—were extremely interesting and well-fought out. In fact, so smart was the performance of both that they beat the Coupe de France boats on corrected time on each day. At the same time Titane's victory was more or less a foregone conclusion, for not only had she been sailed into her best trim from the beginning of the season in all the Riviera regattas, but had proved herself to be one of the fastest five-tonners afloat by the ease with which she had won nearly all the matches in her class. Melisanda, on the other hand, was only just launched from the Costaguta yard at Voltri, in time for the Italian Cup matches, and practically started an untried and untrimmed boat. And smartly as she was handled by her amateur skipper, it was scarcely to be expected, under the circumstances, that he should defeat such a clever professional as Paul Tossens; the latter in a boat which he knew as well as the back of his hand.

Both trophies have thus been won by French yachtsmen; but the Regis Y. C. of Italy has already challenged afresh for the Coupe de France, and the matches will be sailed early next year. Another Nada may well be forthcoming from the Gallinari yard, or the same boat may be used with good prospect of success. On the other hand, it is unlikely that any French designer will succeed in turning out a boat to beat Suzette. At the same time it must not be forgotten that, although the latest British-built 36-footers on the Solent and Clyde—such as Sorais II., Nyama, or Barabel—might be somewhat over measurement under the French rating rule, there are others, such as "D", "Girleen" or even one of the 36ft. class of three seasons ago, which could be brought within that rating with very little alteration, and would, furthermore, stand an excellent chance of once more bringing the Coupe de France to the British side of the channel.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, May 25.—The yacht racing in Massachusetts Bay will open Saturday with the Y. R. A. race of the South Boston Y. C. It is expected that nearly all of the yachts that will race during the season will be present, and, with a good breeze, some rare sport is assured. The biggest class in the fleet will be the 18ft. knockabouts. There have been more of these boats built during the past winter than at any other time since the class was formed. There must have been at least 25 new ones built, and possibly more. As only a few of the older boats have been sold in other waters, the elass should be a very large one, indeed. Two of the extreme 25-footers will be ready to race, Chewink III., owned by Mr. F. G. Macomber, Jr., and Great Haste, owned by Mr. T. K. Lothrop, Jr. The third of the new 25-footers designed by Messrs. Burgess and Packard for Mr. J. E. Doherty, will not be ready for some time. There is another new one, designed and built by Mr. Walter Kelley for his own use, which may be ready. There will be a good bunch of 22-footers in the first race. A new one is now being built by Fenton, of Manchester, for Mr. W. H. Joyce, of Philadelphia, from designs by Messrs. Burgess and Packard. This will make ten boats for the class. Three of these boats raced from Boothbay to Marblehead last week, starting on Saturday. The first day's run was to Cape Porpoise, a distance of about 50 nautical miles. They carried a good breeze all the way, and finished within a few seconds of each other, rather a remarkable performance, considering the distance sailed. Class R, the modified elass of 21-footers, to do away with the freaks in class, will elaim the entries in boats of this length. Several of the boats of last year have been sold, and have been sent away from Boston, but it is thought that there will be enough left to make a good race.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield reports the sale of the 51ft. gasolene launch, Harriet N. Crie, to parties who wish to remain unknown for the present; the 35-footer Heron, owned by Mr. F. C. Swan, of New York, to Mr. W. J. Badger, of Boston; the 21-footer Micmae, owned by Mr. Richard Hutchison, to Mr. Howard Palmer, and the 21-footer Dabster, owned by Mr. George P. Keith, to Mr. Francis Skinner, Jr. He has been eommissioned to design an 18ft. knockabout by Mr. Keith.

The membership committee of the Boston Y. C. announces that the following members have been elected: Samuel N. Braman, B. P. C. Clapp, A. A. Elston, F. L. Shevlin, Justin W. Lester, Sumner E. Brown, L. A. Chase, C. G. Hall, Arthur H. Vinal, A. B. Whittier, Vincent Farnsworth, Frank E. Dickerman, Amun U. Joasted, and G. C. Hawkins, regular; Carl O. Zerrahn and Ernest Manahan, Rochester division, and R. W. Strout, Marblehead division.

The following sales have been reported by Hollis Burgess: 50ft. steam launch Caprice, owned by Mr. John Pettigrew, of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. G. A. Gibson, of Boston; 45ft. sloop Fanita, owned by Mr. Francis H. Bacon, to I. H. Porter; 21ft. knockabout Louise, owned by Mr. R. L. Shewell, to Dr. Morton Prince; 21ft. raceabout Kittie, owned by Mr. Harry Lewis, of Gardiner, Me., to Mr. Charles M. Brush, of Brookline; 21ft. raceabout Idol, owned by Mr. C. F. Lyman, to Mr. E. M. Padelford, of Washington, D. C.; 19-footer Caterpillar, owned by Mr. E. B. Maltby, to Mr. Ralph Nason.

The Manchester Y. C. has announced the following fixtures:

June 10, 12, 13, 15 and 16, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday—Trial races for Seawanhaka cup.
July 7, Tuesday—First championship.
July 21, Tuesday—Second championship.
August 3, Monday—Y. R. A., open.
August 4, Tuesday—Crowhurst cup.
August 11, Tuesday—Third championship.
August 17, Monday—Club handicap.
September 7, Monday—Club handicap.

The Seawanhaka cup committee is composed of Arthur M. Merriam, chairman; E. A. Boardman and Horace B. Pearson, secretary.

The following fixtures have been arranged by the Wollaston Y. C.:

May 30, Saturday—Chase cup.
June 17, Wednesday—Club handicap.
June 27, Saturday—First club championship.
July 7, Saturday—Moonlight sail.
July 18—Saturday—Ladies' day.
August 1, Saturday—Second club championship.
August 15, Saturday—Clam bake.
August 29, Saturday—Third club championship.
Sept. 5, 6, and 7—Annual cruise.
September 26, Saturday—Chase cup.

The regatta committee of the Quincy Y. C. announces the following fixtures:

June 13, Saturday—Club handicap.
June 17, Wednesday—Club handicap.
July 16, Thursday—Ladies' Day.
July 18, Saturday—Club handicap.
July 29, Wednesday—Y. R. A. open.
August 1, Saturday—Club handicap.
August 15, Saturday—Club handicap.
August 29, Saturday—Club handicap.
September 7, Monday—Club handicap.

The Winthrop Y. C. announces the following fixtures:

June 6, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 13, Saturday—Interclub class handicap.
June 20, Saturday—Class handicap.
June 27, Saturday—Interclub class handicap.
July 11, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 18, Saturday—Y. R. A. open.
July 25, Saturday—Class handicap.
July 26, Sunday—Club run, programme later.
August 1, Saturday—Interclub series.
August 8, Saturday—Class handicap.
August 15, Saturday—Interclub class handicap.
August 16, Sunday—Club run, programme later.
August 22, Saturday—Class handicap.
August 29, Saturday—Interclub class handicap.
September 5, Saturday—Class handicap.

The Beverly Y. C. announces the following fixtures:

June 13, Saturday—First club race.
June 17, Wednesday—Open sweepstakes.
June 20, Saturday—Second club race.
June 27, Saturday—Third club race.
July 4, Saturday—First Corinthian.
July 6, Monday—Trials for interclub match.
July 7, Tuesday—Trials for interclub match.
July 9, Thursday—Interclub match with Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.
July 11, Saturday—Interclub match with Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.
July 18, Saturday—Second Corinthian.
July 25, Saturday—Club cruise and race at New Bedford.
August 1, Saturday—Third Corinthian.
August 8, Saturday—Fourth Corinthian.
August 15, Saturday—Fifth Corinthian.
August 22, Saturday—Van Rensselaer cups.
August 29, Saturday—Sixth Corinthian.
September 5, Saturday—Open race.
September 7, Monday—Open race.
September 12, Saturday—Seventh Corinthian.

All of the above races will be sailed off Wings Neck, with the exception of the Van Rensselaer cup race, which will be sailed off Marion, and the open race of September 5, which will be sailed off Mattapoisett. The Corinthian races only will count for club championship.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has chartered the steam yacht Viking, owned by Mr. Franklin Haines, to Mr. James A. Garland; the steam yacht Ardith, owned by Mr. Guy Loomis, to Mr. F. W. Wurster. Mr. Jones has sold the yawl Sultan for Mr. C. A. Van Iderstine to Mr. F. E. Brown.

New Rochelle Y. C. Spring Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, May 23.

The New Rochelle Y. C. opened the racing on Long Island Sound by giving its spring regatta on Saturday, May 23. The regatta was marked by a small list of entries, only seven boats starting. The race was a very unsatisfactory one, it being little more than a drifting match, and the results were inconclusive.

Grasshopper was the only new boat among the starters. She was designed and built by Mr. "Larry" Huntington, and was sailed by her designer.

All three classes sailed twice over a triangular course. The start was made off Echo Bay, then to and around the spar buoy on Hen and Chicken Reef, then to and around Middle Ground buoy on the northeast end of Executive Rocks, and back to the starting line.

The preparatory signal was given at two o'clock, and the raceabouts were sent away at 2:15. Mavis crossed in the weather berth with Rogue under her lee, while Grasshopper went over on the leeward end of the line. The little puff that helped the boats cross did not last long, and they were almost without steerage way soon after the start.

Dorothy was first to cross in her class, and she was followed by Caper, Adelaide and Knave.

At the end of the first round Mavis was over three minutes ahead of Grasshopper, and Rogue was so far behind that she withdrew. Dorothy had a good lead on Adelaide, while Knave was only a few seconds ahead of Caper. On the second round Grasshopper did better, and cut down Mavis' lead materially. Adelaide also did better and closed upon Dorothy considerably, while Knave got away from Caper a little. Mavis was the first boat to finish, followed by Grasshopper, Dorothy, Adelaide, Knave and Caper. Mavis beat Grasshopper 1 minute 12 seconds. Dorothy beat Adelaide 3 minutes 16 seconds, and Knave beat Caper 4 minutes 3 seconds.

The wind was very light and variable up to the last leg of the second round, when a fresh northerly breeze came up and gave the boats a little windward work.

The summary follows:

Raceabouts—Start, 2:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mavis, H. Pirie	4 24 36	2 09 26
Grasshopper, Harold C. Pryer	4 25 38	2 10 38
Rogue, A. Bryan Alley	Did not finish.	
Larchmont 21ft. L. W. L. Class—Start, 2:20.		
Dorothy, Louis G. Spence	5 17 56	2 57 56
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	5 20 12	3 00 12
New Rochelle One-design Class—Start, 2:20.		
Knave, R. M. Bavier	5 27 41	3 07 41
Caper, P. L. Howard	5 31 44	3 11 44

The winners were Mavis, Dorothy and Knave.

Lloyds' Register of American Yachts.

IT is with considerable pleasure that we are able to call attention to "Lloyds' Register of American Yachts," which has just been issued. For years past there has been a great need for a really good and complete book containing a record of American yachts. The "Lloyds' Register of British Yachts" contained a very fair list of American boats, and that book was used by all interested in the subject as being standard. Last year a prominent member of the New York Y. C. approached the English Lloyds and told them of the great demand for a register of American yachts and requested them to get out an American Yacht Register of the same high order as the English edition. This they agreed to do, and the first issue of the work is remarkably complete and accurate considering that it is a first attempt.

It seems strange that it was necessary for an English firm to have to come to our rescue in this matter and that no American concern had the enterprise to take up the subject, but now that the Lloyds have come into the field they should have the hearty support of all American yachtsmen, and we hope to see a long list of American subscribers for the next edition. Lloyds' American Edition of Yachting will undoubtedly be accepted by all the clubs throughout the country as standard, just as their English edition has become the authority on the other side.

The book contains particulars of 850 steam and power yachts and 1,939 sail yachts, or a total of 2,789 yachts, all of which are owned in the United States or Canada.

The addresses, clubs and yachts of upward of 2,500 owners are given in a separate list arranged alphabetically, according to the names of the owners.

There are illustrations in colors of the flags of 94 American and Canadian yacht clubs, with the names of their officers, in the book, and of 1,073 private signals of yacht owners.

A list of the yacht builders and designers of the United States also appears, with the names of the yachts built or designed by them, and lists of signal letters, and of the late names of yachts.

Particulars of the classification of those American yachts, which are classed by Lloyds' Register Committee, are given in the book, and in this connection it may be mentioned that the society's rules for the building and classification of yachts have recently been completely revised, and will shortly be ready for publication.

The subscription to the American Yacht Register is $7.50. Applications for the book should be addressed to Lloyds' Register of Shipping, 15 Whitehall Street, New York City.

YACHT CLUB NOTES.

The regatta committee of the Beverly Y. C., of Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay, has made up the following racing schedule for the season of 1903. All the races will be sailed over the club's courses off Monument Beach, with the exception of the open race held on September 5, and that regatta will be sailed at Mattapoisett:

June 13—First club race.
June 17—First open sweepstakes. Prizes added by club.
June 20—Second club race.
June 27—Third club race.
July 4—First Corinthian race.
July 6 and 7—Trial races for 21-footers for defense Seawanhaka-Beverly cup.
July 9, 10 and 11—Seawanhaka-Beverly cup races.
July 18—Second Corinthian race.
July 25—Rendezvous, 9 A. M., for the cub cruise.
August 1—Third Corinthian race.
August 8—Fourth Corinthian race.
August 15—Fifth Corinthian race.
August 29—Sixth Corinthian race.
September 5— Open race, Mattapoisett.
September 7—Open sweepstakes. Prizes added by club.
September 12—Seventh Corinthian race.

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The regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C., composed of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms, T. J. McCahill, Jr.; E. S. Wheeler, and H. C. Nash, has laid out the following schedule for this season's racing:

Saturday, May 30 (Decoration Day)—Race for the 30ft. class and club handicap.
Friday, June 19—Race for the 90-footers Reliance, Constitution and Columbia.
Saturday, June 27—Club handicap and race for sailabouts.
Saturday, July 18—Race for power yachts.
Saturday, July 25—Club handicap and race for sailabouts.
Thursday, August 6—Races for special and one-design classes.
Friday, August 7—Races for regular racing classes.
Saturday, August 8—Annual regatta for all classes.
Saturday, September 5—Races for all classes.
Monday, September 7 (Labor Day)—Club handicap and race for sailabouts.

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The Ventnor Y. C., of Atlantic City, has elected the following officers: Com., E. Stanley Grove; Vice-Com., Morris Johnson; Rear-Com., George A. Crawford; Fleet Capt., J. F. Snyder; Sec'y and Treas., H. M. Fitton.

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Mayor Weaver, Commodore of the Seaside Park Y. C., has appointed the following committees for the season of 1903: House Committee—B. B. Lister, chairman; H. F. Orleman, John D. Johnson, Calvin F. Crowell, Morgan Lister. Membership Committee—Harvey T. Weber, chairman; James A. McGann, George H. Thacher. Regatta Committee—George S. Gandy, chairman; R. Herbert Crowell, Herman Muller, Ormond Rambo, Frank Thacher, Lynn Sailer. Press Committee—Joseph R. Wilson, chairman; Marshall P. Sullivan. Entertainment Committee—Thomas Nelson, chairman; John D. Johnson, Jr., Marshall P. Sullivan.

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Mr. L. D. Sampsell, secretary of the Southern Y. C., has given out the following fixtures of the Southern Y. C., and the dates of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association racing circuit:

Southern Y. C., New Orleans, La.
May 30—Annual regatta.
June 20—Com. Baldwin cup, model cabin sloops; Walker cup, open sloops.
August 22—Rawlins cup, model cabin sloops, over 20ft. rating; Tranchina cup, open sloops; Oliviri cup, round bottom catboats.
September 5—Fornaris cup, cabin sloops, over 30 ft. rating.
October 5—Fall regatta.

Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association, racing circuit:

July 3, 4—Bay-Waveland Y. C., Bay St. Louis, Miss.
July 10, 11—Mobile Y. C., Alabama.
July 17, 18—Pascagoula (Miss.) Y. C.
July 24, 25—Biloxi (Miss.) Y. C.
July 31 and August 1—Gulfport (Miss.) Y. C.
August 7, 8—Pass Christian (Miss.) Y. C.
August 14, 15—Southern Y. C.

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The Metropolitan Y. C., of New York City, was given a charter by the Secretary of State at Albany on May 20. The club is made up in a measure of members of the Harlem Y. C. For several years past the Harlem Y. C. has been running two club houses, one at 519 East 121st street, New York city, and another at City Island. This spring it was decided to abandon the club house in 121st street and make the club headquarters at City Island. Some of the older members of the organization objected to this move, and it is these men who have organized the Metropolitan Y. C.. James F. Lalor, vice-commodore of the Harlem Y. C., was elected commodore of the new club, which now has a membership of over one hundred and a fleet of forty yachts. The officers of the Metropolitan Y. C. follow: Com., James F. Lalor; Vice-Com., Samuel Smith; Rear-Com., J. A. Symmers; Fleet Capt., J. J. Barr; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. F. Amabile; Finan. Sec'y, Julius Gutman; Record. Sec'y, Richard Lankenor; Treas., J. H. Andrus; Cor. Sec'y, William Fitzgerald; Steward, Charles Theobold. Board of Directors—George Oakes, James Fitzgerald, Harry Mason, T. J. Canavan, J. F. Lalor, William McCann, and J. H. Andrus.

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The Bay View Auxiliary Y. C. has recently been organized. The membership is composed of men who are owners of auxiliary yachts and who make Jamaica Bay their headquarters. The following officers have been elected: President, J. Arthur Carlings; Com., Horace Pettitt; Vice-Com., J. G. Nelson; Fleet Capt., Winslow Allen; Sailing Master, Capt. M. A. Griffiths; Treas., H. A. Gregory; Sec'y, T. B. Willis.

A club house is to be erected as soon as plans can be made. Up to the time the new building is completed the members will occupy temporary quarters at Bay View Landing. The club flag is a crimson "fouled" anchor on a white field, with three blue stars below the flukes.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

The steam yacht Rival, owned by Mr. Turner A. Beall, has been chartered through the agency of Messrs. Colven & Bickmann to Mr. H. H. Sands.

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Mr. Everitt Coffin, of New Rochelle, has purchased the 37ft. yawl Abeona. The sale was made through the agency of Mr. William T. Douglass.

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Mr. Frank Lovett, of Yarmouth, N. S., has purchased the schooner yacht Columbia from Mr. James M. Whitall, of Philadelphia.

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The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. has chartered the steamer Gay Head, through the agency of Messrs. Sadler, Perkins & Field. The boat will be used by the club members to see the America's Cup races.

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The English-built steam yacht Surf, owned by Mr. F. D. Lambert, of Leith, and now under charter to Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr., arrived at New York on May 19. The yacht stopped at the Azores.

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The year book of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts has recently been issued. The book, which is more complete and better gotten up than ever before, contains the racing rules, restrictions and records of 1902 races. The book is bound in drab buckram and there is a picture of Little Haste on the cover.

* * *

The following sales have been made by Mr. Hollis Burgess: The 50ft. steam launch Caprice, owned by Mr. John Pettigrew, of Springfield, Mass., to Mr. G. A. Gibson, of Boston; the 45ft. sloop Fanita, owned by Mr. Francis H. Bacon, of Milton, Mass., to Mr. I. H. Porter, of Somerville, Mass. Fanita is now being rigged as a yawl. The 21ft. knockabout Louise, owned by Mr. R. L. Shewell, of Brookline, Mass., to Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston; the 21ft. raceabout Kittie, owned by Mr. Harry Lewis, of Gardiner, Me., to Mr. Chas. M. Brush, of Brookline, Mass.; the 21ft. raceabout Idol, owned by Mr. C. F. Lyman, of Boston, to Mr. E. M. Padelford, of Washington, D. C.; the 19ft. jib and mainsail Caterpillar, owned by Mr. E. B. Maltby, of Boston, to Mr. Ralph Nason, of Boston; the 21ft. knockabout Meander, owned by Mr. Henry W. Peabody, of Boston, to Mr. E. M. Padelford, of Washington, D. C.

* * *

The State Department at Washington made public on May 17 an account of how Mrs. Robert Goelet's yacht Nahma three weeks ago successfully passed the Dardanelles and steamed through a maze of Turkish red tape.

On April 27 Mrs. Goelet, with a party of New York friends, entered the Dardanelles on her yacht Nahma. The Nahma carries two six-pounders mounted forward and aft, "for saluting purposes." When the sentinels on the Turkish fortresses caught the outlines of these guns under their tarpaulin coverings, there was a rushing to and fro, signals flashed back and forth, and soon a shot plunged across the Nahma's bow and the yacht hove to.

Mrs. Goelet had a dinner engagement in Constantinople for which she had already broken all speed ordinances, and she did not like interference by Turkish officers with her plans.

The officers were polite, but firm. The Nahma was a warship, witness the six-pounders, and to such the passage was closed. Two days of delay followed. Mrs. Goelet demanded that Minister Leishman secure from the Sultan respect and proper reparation for her broken dinner engagement and a passage for the Nahma.

Although an extensively married man, Abdul Hamid is not without a sense of humor. At any rate, the Nahma, six-pounders and all, was allowed to steam on at the end of two days as a yacht and not as a warship. His Sultanic Majesty also conferred on Mrs. Goelet the Grand Cordon of the Turkish Order of the Chefakat, which was not much, after all, for a woman who had done what the powers have never been able to do with all their armaments.

Canoeing.

Prizes for Canoeists.

IN order to encourage canoeists and small boat sailors, who do their knocking about on inland waters, to keep a record of their trips and experiences, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer cash prizes for the best accounts of cruises taken during the season of 1903. As few restrictions as possible will be imposed, and those given are made only with the view of securing some uniformity among the competitors' stories, so that the judges will be able to make a fair award.

The prizes will be as follows:
First, $50.00.
Second, $25.00.
Third, $15.00.
Fourth and Fifth, $10.00 each.
Sixth to Eighth, $5.00 each.

I. The cruise must be actually taken between May 1 and November 1, 1903.

II. The cruise must be made on the (fresh water) inland streams and lakes of the United States or Canada.

III. The canoe or boat in which the cruise is made must not be more than 18ft. long over all.

IV. An accurate log of the trip must be kept, and all incidents and information that would be of value to other canoeists covering the same route should be carefully recorded.

V. A description of the boat in which the cruise is made should preface the story, and a list of outfit and supplies.

VI. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

VII. Stories should contain not less than five thousand words, written on one side of the paper only.

VIII. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

IX. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

Each manuscript to which a prize is awarded shall become the property of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. All manuscript should reach the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, N. Y., on or before December 1, 1903.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Central Division—Robert M. Codd, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. E. Davenport, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph A. Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

Eastern Division—Theodore T. Pettingill. Dedham. Mass.; William E. Marshman, Lawrence, Mass.; H. W. Fenno, Auburndale, Mass.; Jesse E. Gray, Medford, Mass.; Minot T. Phelps, Manchester, N. H.; H. W. Walkling, West Medford, Mass.; J. A. Burdakin, Dedham, Mass.; Geo. H. Gage, Lawrence, Mass.; Edward B. Stearns, Lester P. Howe, Joel S. Daniels, Darwin J. Forsaith, Manchester, N. H.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 11.—There was a good attendance at Shell Mound range yesterday. Weather conditions were fine. F. E. Mason did good work with target rifle. Scores:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly competition shoot, Pistol Club trophies: W. C. Pritchard 92, B. Jonas 82, C. A. Becker 75, F. Kington 66.

Re-entry match: W. C. Pritchard 93, 90, 90, 85; D. D. Smith 90, 88, 88, 86, 84, 83; C. A. Becker 84, 80, 81; Kington 70, 74.

Revolver Club trophies: J. E. Gorman 87, J. R. Trego 83, M. J. White 83, William Proll 82, W. F. Blasse 82, J. W. Thompkins 72.

Re-entry match: J. E. Gorman 94, 90; J. R. Trego 86, 81; J. W. Thompkins 85, 73; William Proll 84; M. J. White 81, 79; W. F. Blasse 81; F. Kington 61, 60; C. A. Becker 82.

Gold medal: F. E. Mason 226, 225, 225 bars; Martin Blasse 223, 221, 210, 207, 207, 207; G. Tammeyer 222, 219, 214, 213, 212, 211, 205.

Silver medal: M. Kolander 187, 186, 165, 160.

Re-entry match: D. B. Faktor 223, 219, 218; C. M. Henderson 208, 206.

Club scores: F. E. Mason 227, C. M. Henderson 221, G. Tammeyer 219, O. A. Bremer 214, Martin Blasse 210, W. F. Blasse 201, M. Kolander 186.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. E. Mason, 228; second champion class, G. Tammeyer, 219; first class, H. Stelling, 208; second class, H. Bornholdt, 204; third class, J. Beuttler, 186; best first shot, S. Heino, 25; best last shot, M. Kolander, 24.

Competition shoot, open to all marksmen: F. E. Mason 219, D. B. Faktor 211, Herman Huber 205, M. F. Blasse 203.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion highest score class, F. P. Schuster 446; champion medal class, K. Wertheimer, 405; first and second classes not filled; third class, Charles Oldag 368; fourth class, J. Beuttler, 356; best first shot, E. Doell, 25; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 24.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this Association on May 10 the following scores were made. Conditions, 200yds., offband, German ring target:

						Honor.
Gindele	226	217	216	210	198	63
Lux	225	220	212	205	202	62
Payne	224	220	215	214	215	65
Strickmeier	221	220	217	216	208	57
Nestler	221	219	216	216	213	60
Odell	219	213	204	200	197	58
Roberts	216	214	212	207	199	64
Bruns	214	211	209	202	201	65
Hofman	212	200	200	200	195	57
Trounstine	202	201	189	184	180	56
Hofer	199	197	190	189	188	49
Freitag	198	197	193	193	191	60

CINCINNATI, O.—At the regular meeting of this association on May 24, the following scores were made. Conditions, 200 yards; offhand; German ring target:

						Honor.
Odell	224	216	214	210	207	70
Strickmeier	222	220	215	213	208	60
Nestler	218	214	203	197	195	64
Bruns	218	211	202	201	198	58
Gindele	217	210	200	199	196	58
Payne	216	215	215	211	208	64
Roberts	208	203	202	198	188	60
Lux	207	206	203	199	197	64
Hofer	206	204	202	201	193	61
Freitag	204	200	195	194	187	62
Hofman	203	202	200	200	196	53
Drube	202	197	194	188	184	66
Uckotter	202	192	191	186	183	39
Trounstine	184	184	182	180	180	48

Our Own Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., May 12.—In the team match of Our Own Rifle Club, the competition was as follows:

Capt. Smith's Team.—Smith 101, A. Bittle 106, F. Besson 108, F. Knapp 88, L. Bittle 105, F. Dable 103, J. Bander 115, G. Prigge 87, W. Watts 112, J. Kull 94; total 1,019.

Capt. Ostermeir's Team.—Ostermeir 100, C. Ebner 95, C. Bishop 95, Greenfield 90, J. Mertz 103, G. Ferguson 99, N. Mander 97, W. Hawthorne 108, J. Schneider 95, W. Coley 97; total 979.

On the previous Friday Our Own Rifle Club met the Independent section, with results as follows:

I. S. S.—J. Hessenbarth (Capt.) 95, O. Roethe 101, G. Oberst 96, A. Schrimpf, Jr., 115, F. Weber 86, A. Schrimpf, Sr., 91, W. Krueger 72, O. Habersang 92, B. Balzer 95, R. Feldweg 84; total 927.

Our Own.—J. Bauder (Capt.) 110, F. Knothe 103, F. A. Friensehner 109, Ostermeier 66, A. Bittle 90, L. Bittle 86, T. Gabriel 105, Ferguson 95, Besson 98, Watts 99; total 961.

The programme of the fourth sharpshooters' tournament of the Central Sharpshooters' Union of North America, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., June 17-21, may be obtained on application to Mr. H. Kephardt, corresponding secretary, St. Louis, Mo. The targets are divided into two classes: Open to the world and open only to members of the C. S. U. The Point target has 56 cash prizes, a total of $500; tickets for 20 targets cost $1; shooters who score 200 points will receive a gold medal. The people's target, German 25-ring; 3 shots on a card; first card $2; re-entries $1 per card; 60 prizes; total $450. Man target, tickets for 5 shots, $2; re-entries $1; 60 cash prizes, total $450. Honor target, target same as people's; 3 shots, no reentry; open only to members; 1st, $100; 2d, $80; 3d, $70. Also other valuable prizes. Stieh target, 3 shots, 60 cash prizes; total $400. King target, German ring, 60 prizes; total, $355 and medal. Bull's eye, 2 shots $1, reentries; 33 prizes, total $422. Special railroad rates over all roads. Headquarters, southeast corner Broadway and Elm Street.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

May 27-28.—Williamsport, Pa.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

May 27-28.—Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two-day bluerock tournament of the Corner Rod and Gun Club; $100 added. John V. Linker, Sec'y.

May 29-30.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

May 30.—Rutherford, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Union Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y

May 30.—Concord, S. I.—Decoration Day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

May 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the North River Gun Club. Jas. R. Merrill, Sec'y.

May 30.—New Haven, Conn.—Decoration Day shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

May 30.—Orange, N. J.—Decoration Day shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club. Ralph B. Baldwin, Sec'y.

May 30.—Shrewsbury, Mass.—Shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

May 30.—Tournament of the East Harrisburg, Pa., Shooting Association.

May 30.—Newport, R. I.—Second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.

May 30.—Detroit, Mich.—Winchester Gun Club's Decoration Day third annual tournament; all day. Rose system and average prizes. Sliding handicap, 16, 18 and 20yds. D. A. Hitchcock, See'y-Treas.

May 30.—Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. J. D. Mason, Sec'y.

May 30.—Buffalo, N. Y., Audubon Gun Club's all-day shoot. E. P. Reynolds, Field Capt.

May 30.—Gallatin, Tenn., Gun Club's shoot. W. G. Harris, Sec'y.

May 30.—East Harrisburg Association's tournament.

May 30-31.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Shoot of the South Side Gun Club.

May 30-31.—Pullman, Ill.—Calumet Gun Club's target tournament. E. B. Shogren, Mgr.

June 2-4.—Arnold's Park, Ia.—Budd & Burmister's tournament. John Burmister, Spirit Lake, Ia.

June 3.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, See'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association. J. F. Mallory, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of the Lafayette Gun Club. R. A. Livenguth, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, under auspices of the Vermillion Gun Club. G. Harris, Sec'y.

**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.

June 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament.

June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.

June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.

**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Union Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at Rutherford, N. J., on May 30.

The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club will be held on June 3. Every one welcome.

The Richmond Gun Club will hold its next shoot at Concord, Staten Island, on Decoration Day.

The Sec'y-Treas., C. L. Kites, informs us that the Springfield Shooting Club will hold a fall tournament on Sept. 7.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, as a representative body, seems to be consistently reposeful.

Mr. Fred Quimby arrived in New York on Monday of this week after a long business trip in the West. He will remain about a week before taking wing again.

The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the Union Gun Club shot a six-man team race, at Rutherford, on Saturday of last week. The Union Club won by a score of 250 to 225.

The members of the Binghamton Rod and Gun Club and Owego, N. Y., Gun Club are considering a series of club shoots, competing alternately on each other's grounds.

The match between Messrs. S. Whitmore, of Brunswick, Me., and A. G. Fisher, of Bath, each shooting at 100 targets, resulted in favor of Mr. Whitmore, by a score of 89 to 84.

Mr. Frank Lawrence was a visitor in New York after the Pennsylvania State shoot. He journeyed to Williamsport, Pa., on Monday, to attend the Interstate Association shoot, May 27 and 28.

The Hunters Rifle Club contemplate holding a shoot on the club grounds at Elizabeth, N. J., on Decoration Day. A 50-bird match, between Mr. Henry Orstat, of Elizabeth, and Mr. Geo. Wheeler, of Newark, will be a feature of the meeting.

The North River Gun Club, of Edgewater, N. J., announces a holiday shoot on May 30, commencing at 1 o'clock. In a 10-man team match with the Spring Valley Gun Club last Saturday, the North River Club won by a score of 171 to 133; each man shot at 25 targets.

Keep in mind this bit of information which the Cincinnati Gun Club emphasizes in its programme: "Reduced railroad rates, one and one-third fare for round trip on the certificate plan. Be sure and get your certificate. Ask your agent for them now."

Mr. C. A. Lockwood, of Jamaica, L. I., will give a Decoration Day shoot near Rockaway, on the east shore of Jamaica Bay. The expert, Mr. J. S. Wright, has been engaged as manager. Mr. Lockwood will entertain his friends with a dinner on that day. The event has all the essentials of a pleasant outing.

On May 23 the Poughkeepsie Gun Club was represented by a team at Ossining with a purpose to take back the Inter County Cup, which it held for a time, till the Ossining Gun Club concluded to take it. There were seven men to a team, 25 targets to a man. The scores were: Ossining, 142; Poughkeepsie, 133.

Mr. T. B. Nichols, of Nichols, Iowa, won the Smith Cup with a straight score of 20 targets, at the Iowa State Shoot, at Osceola, May 21. In the averages, Booth was first with 373 for the first two days, shooting at 440 targets; Crosby, second, 372; Heer, third, 368; Gilbert, fourth, 367; Marshall, fifth, 360; Budd, sixth, 359.

The week beginning June 7 is notable for the great tournaments fixed to take place in it. The New York State Shoot, at Ossining; the Ohio Trapshooters' League, at Cincinnati; the Caddo Gun Club's tournament at Shreveport, La.; the Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament, and several others, will afford ample opportunity for the shooters of all points of the compass to get busy.

The estate, on which are the clubhouse and traps of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is to be sold on June 18, and as a consequence, the last shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was shot on those old grounds on last Saturday. Mr. John S. Wright, the club manager, with his usual energy, has new grounds in view, and it is quite possible that the old clubhouse will be moved to the new grounds and shooting resumed in the near future.

Mr. D. W. Hallam, secretary of the Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association, writes us the following kind remembrance: "The regular field days of the Dover Sportsman's Association are Memorial Day, May 30; Fourth of July and September 30, Labor Day. We shoot ever Saturday, from 4 to 6 P. M. If any of our friends should happen to be in our vicinity call and see us at the grounds, where we will furnish you with guns and ammunition."

The programme of the Cincinnati Gun Club's forthcoming tournament has a guessing event, purse $25, class guessing, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.; "60 per cent. to the one making the nearest estimate to, or the exact number of shooters who will participate in this tournament, and 40 per cent. to the next closest estimate. Only those who participate in the tournament are eligible to guess. All guesses must be in writing, and must be in by June 1, or bear P.O. mark of that date." Do ties divide or guess the tie off?

Mr. S. M. Van Allen, an expert, is reported by the Brooklyn Eagle to have done some remarkable shooting on Tuesday of last week: "Stephen M. Van Allen broke the world's record at 1,000 clay pigeons, consecutive shooting, by breaking 995 out of a possible 1,000, at Jamaica. The event took place at his cottage, at the Three Mile Mill, in the presence of a number of invited guests. George Morris acted as referee, and William Seeley as scorer. One hour and thirty minutes were taken from the time that the first shot was fired to the close of the shoot. The shooting was done in stands of 100 pigeons, at a 30-foot raise. The birds were thrown by hand. Van Allen scored his first miss at his fifty-first bird. His longest run without a miss was 372, and he broke 765 with but four misses. Van Allen is manager of the Mansion House at Jamaica, and is quite a trick shooter."

The programme of the seventh annual tournament of the W. Va. State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Ohio Valley Shooting Association, Parkersburg, W. Va., June 3, 4, and 5, provides $160 added money. The events are alike for each day, eight at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $3 added, and four at 20 targets, $2 entrance, $5 added, with the single exception that on the second day after the sixth event the State championship at 50 targets, entrance $1.50, will be shot. Every one will stand at 16 yards. Experts shoot for targets only, at 1 cent each. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Grounds open for practice on June 2. High gun for three days, expert class, will receive a gold medal. Three lowest averages, $4, $6 and $8. The Rose system will govern the moneys. Shells shipped, care of Mallory Brothers & Stewart, prepaid, will be delivered on the grounds free.

The programme of the Soo Gun Club's tournament, June 9-11, at Sioux City, Ia., has like events for each day, eight events at 15 targets, four at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, with $10 added to each event. There is one exception on the second day, No. 7, at 15 targets, which is the Interstate Championship Contest, silver cup to high gun. In cash and merchandise, $500 will be added. Meals served in the clubhouse. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The tournament is for amateurs. Professionals are barred from the purses. Shooters scoring 93 per cent. or over will be charged $3 per day extra: 92 and less than 93, $2; 91 and less than 92, $1. The fund so created will be equally divided among those who shoot through the programme and score less than 89 per cent. Professionals will have $15 per day, $10 to first high gun, $5 to second. Targets, 2 cents. Grounds open for practice on June 8. Ship shells and guns to J. W. Boyd, 506 Fifth Street.

The programme for the Interstate Association's Trapshooting tournament, given for the Meriwether Gun Club, Warm Springs, Ga., June 16-19, provides two days of target shooting, ten events each day, alternately 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, and $8 and $12 added money. On the third day there are two live bird events, of which No. 1 is at 8 birds, $8 entrance, birds included, 30 yards' rise, class shooting. No. 2 is at 12 birds, $12 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33 yards. Three moneys, Rose system, ratios 5, 3 and 2. On the fourth day, the Warm Springs, Ga., annual Live Bird Handicap will be shot. The conditions are 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. The Meriwether Gun Club guarantees $500. The contestant who makes the highest score will receive a handsome piece of sterling silver plate in addition to the money prizes. If a tie for it, it shall be shot off miss and out. Targets 2 cents. The grounds will be open for practice on June 15. Lunch served free to contestants. Guns and ammunition prepaid and marked in owner's name, forwarded to Chas. L. Davis, Warm Springs, Ga., will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. The target events are handicaps, distances 14 to 23 yards. The handicap committee has a membership as follows: Col. J. T. Anthony, Charlotte, N. C.; Col. Thomas Martin, Bluffton, S. C.; Messrs, R. H. Baugh, Birmingham; F. C. Wilson, Savannah, and F. H. Woodworth, Chattanooga. Special rates, one and one-third fare on the certificate plan, from all points south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, and east of the Mississippi River, including Washington, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

The programme of the seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, to be held under the auspices of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, June 9-11, states that there will be $300 added money, and $1,750 in guaranteed purses. All stand at 16 yards. Targets, 2 cents. No one barred. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Targets thrown 50 yards, unknown traps, unknown angles. Professionals will pay $2 per day extra; all others will pay $1, this fund to be divided among all amateurs shooting through all the regular events, and who do not win their entrance fees. There are eleven 15-target events on the first day, of which No. 6, 25 targets, is the Press-Post Trophy; Nos. 7 and 8, 30 targets, the State Journal Cup, and No. 11, special at 25 targets; all the rest are at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $5 added. The Press-Post trophy event is for a guaranteed purse of $250, all surplus added; forty-two high guns. Regular entries $3.50, close June 1; penalty entries $5. On the second day, besides the regular events, Nos. 6, 7 and 8, 50 targets, are for the L. C. Smith trophy, $7 entrance, for a guaranteed purse of $500. The special event, the Sportsman's Review trophy, is at two-man team race, 25 targets per man, optional sweeps for $2.50; entrance per team, $1. On the third day, besides the regular events, Nos. 6 to 10, 20 targets each, is the Ohio Trapshooters' League Grand International, at 100 targets, for the championship of the world, at 16 yards, entrance $14, for a guaranteed purse of $1,000, and all surplus added. No. 11 is the Shooting and Fishing 5-man team race, 50 targets per man, $1 per man entrance; 30 singles and 10 pair. To each of the 15-target events, $12 will be added.

BERNARD WATERS.

She had fifteen million dollars,
  Placed in bonds, and shares, and rents;
He had fifteen million dollars,
  So they merged their sentiments.
Now they've raised a son who's valued
  At exactly thirty cents.

—Chicago Tribune.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., May 23.—Between events 5 and 6 the contest for the Shooting and Fishing trophy took place between teams of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the Union Gun Club. There were thirty-two contestants present. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	15	10	25	25
Banks	14	14	17	10	15	12	8	..	..
Gardner	12	12	11	10	11	9	7	..	..
Engle	13	13	19	13	15	10	9	..	..
Carlough	14	11	20	13	11	13	8	..	..
Apgar	13	14	19	12	13	15	9	25	24
Yeomans	15	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	..
Ogden	13	12	17	12	..	..	..	..	..
Piercy	15	15	18	12	15	14	7	22	22
Collins	13	13	17	12	..	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lee	7	8	15	11	10	..	..	..	..
Herrington	11	13	16	..	..	9	9	..	..
Money	9	12	15	13	14	..	..	..	23
Ford	14	13	18	12	12	13	10	23	..
Butler	7	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..
Wise	..	8	13	8	8	..	..	..	..
Simpson	..	14	14	13	8	12	8	..	..
Sedore	..	7	..	8	7	8	6	16	..
Van Tassel	..	7	..	9	10	..	..	..	..
England	..	9	..	10	9	..	..	..	..
F Axford	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heinisch	..	..	15	8	..	..	..	..	..
Sinnock	..	..	17	12	7	..	..	..	..
Feigenspan	..	..	17	15	14	12	5	20	24
Huck	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Krebs	..	..	15	..	10	..	..	..	..
Bowker	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hexamer	..	..	18	8	9	8	8	..	..
Brinkerhoff	..	..	..	8	..	4	5	..	..
H Von Lengerke	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Matzen	..	..	..	8	..	7	6	14	..
Krug	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
C Sedore	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	19	..

Team contest, Shooting and Fishing cup, 50 targets:

G H Piercy.....01011010111110111100111011011111111110010011—35
F V Carlough...01111110111111001110011110100110111011101101111—37

D D Engle.....00011101101100111001111010111011111111011111101111—36
Capt Money.....01011111111100111111101111111111111011111100110111—41

C W Feigenspan.11110111011111111111111111111111011101100111110110—42
W Simpson.....11101011101111100111110111101101101111111111111111—41

F E Sinnock.....11010110111101101111111101110101111111011110011011—38
E Collins .....10111111111111111111111111111111111011111110010111—45

W L Gardiner...01010010110110011111111011111001111111011110111011—36
N Apgar .....11011111111100111111111111011111111111101111110111—44

M Herrington...01111111101101110110010101101101111111111111101110—38
W H Huck.....10111111110111111111101111111111011011101101111101—42

Summary: South Side—Piercy 35, Engle 36, Feigenspan 42, Sinnock 38, Gardiner 36, Herrington 38; total 225

Union—Carlough 37, Money 41, Simpson 41, Collins 45, Apgar 44, Huck 42; total 250

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., May 23.—The club shoot to-day, at 10 targets, resulted as follows: F. Kishpaugh 6, A. Right 7, J. Williams 6, F. Suthren 3, Harry Pape 7, Hawkins 2, W. Stephens 6.

Pattenburg—Independent.

Pattenburg, N. J., May 25.—The Pattenburg Gun Club shot the return match, May 23, with the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, on the Easton ground. Our boys report a very pleasant visit, and being well entertained by gentlemen. The scores follow:

Pattenburg Gun Club.

N Stamets .....0100111000010000001000110— 8
G Hann .....1100000101010000010100111—10
W Bawlby .....0001110111101111010011010—15
R Stamets .....0100000000010001011111100— 9
Milbern .....1101101000010110001100001—11
B Hall .....0111010010101011111110001—15
Eckard .....1111011010101111100100110—16
Williamson .....1111101001011101100110100—15
Barker .....1111101011011100011000111—16
Holbrook .....1000110110011110100010101—13—128

Independent Gun Club.

Markley .....1111011101111111111111010—21
Elliott .....0100101110110100110111011—15
H Miller .....1111111111111011011111111—23
Skeds .....1010011111111111011111111—21
J Heil .....1001111011111111110111111—21
W Maurer .....1110111111111111111011111—23
Richards .....1111010001110111111111100—18
Fredericks .....1111110111111111111111110—23
Hansman .....1111111111111111111111110—24
H Snyder .....1010111111101111111110111—21—210

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 23.—The North River Gun Club of Edgewater, N. J., shot a team match with the Spring Valley Gun Club at the latter's grounds, resulting in a victory for the North River Gun Club by 38 targets. The following are the scores:

North River Gun Club—Richter 15, F. Truax 22, Glover 21, Monahan 21, Eickhoff 16, Allison 17, Vosselman 15, Merrill 15, Morrison 20, Harland 9; total 171.

Spring Valley Gun Club—Smith 15, Geiger 16, C. E. Fisher 18, C. B. Fisher 20, Mapes 6, Addis 8, Blanchard 12, Singer 15, Bahr 16, Keesler 7; total 133.

We will have a large shoot on Decoration Day, May 30, shooting to commence at 1. P. M.

JAS. R. MERRILL,
Sec'y North River Gun Club.

New York German Gun Club.

Louis T. Muench, Dr. Hudson and Emil Steffens were the three high guns on Wednesday of last week at Outwater's grounds, at Carlstadt, N. J. The event was the regular monthly contest of the New York Germant Gun Club, at which eighteen lovers of trapshooting faced the score. Baudendistel, one of the coming stars of the club, had the misfortune of losing his second bird, that was hard hit, and finished his score with a total of 9.

Block, Von Kattengill, Schlicht and big Pete Albert tied for third place with 8 kills each. Little Charlie Brown, a son of one of the old-timers, made his first killing on that day with a score of 5 out of 10. Following the club event, the balance of the April scores, on account of the scarcity of birds, was postponed until the May shoot. Garms, Muench and Steffens were the only ones to score 5 each. The birds were a good lot of flyers.

Scores:

J H Block, 28	2210120221— 8	22120 —1
P Garms, 28	2122021220— 7	12222 —5
H Von Kattengill, 30	*202221221— 8	00120 —3
L T Muench, 28	1212222222—10	11222 —5
Dr Hudson, 28	1211112111—10	12120 —4
G Hagenah, 25	0010002020— 3	2002002200—4
J Wellbrock, 29	0222002112— 7	.....
C Brown, 25	110122*00*— 5	.....
E Steffens, 28	1212222111—10	22111 —5
H Mesloh, 28	0*22012000— 4	.....
J Schlicht, 28	2120212012— 8	01*11 —3
R Baudendistel, 28	1021111222— 9	01122 —4
P Albert, 28	0101111221— 8	01012 —3
J P Danncfelser, 28	12101012*2— 7	01011 —3
A E Hendrickson	1010220021— 6	0*002 —1
E Radel, 28	101*121201— 9	00100 —1
H Jacob, 28	1002*0*011— 4	0*111 —3
H Meyn, 28	1202021001— 6	.....

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 25.—The next shoot of the Fulton Gun Club will be held on June 3, commencing at one o'clock. Every one is welcome. The weather was pleasant. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Schorty	14	14	14	12	12	13	11	20
Staples	12	13	10	13	10	14	8	20
A A Schoverling	11	12	15	11	11	11	13	18
Goetter	9	10	8	10	9	10	11	12
Davis	8	4	6	8	11	8	8	6
Hearne	12	10	11	12	12	9	..	17
Reynolds	7	11	12	5	5	9	10	8
Weinstein	1	4	6	..	..	..	..	8
Scott	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

Club medal handicap, 25 targets; for members only:

	Brk.	Hcp.	T'l.		Brk.	Hcp.	T'l.
Hearne	17	4	21	Davis	6	5	11
Schoverling	18	1	19	Reynolds	8	4	12
Goetter	12	4	16				

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—At the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club on Saturday of last week, there were fifteen shooters present. Owing to the fact that the estate, on which the clubhouse and traps are situated, will be sold on June 18; this was the last shoot on the old grounds. Mr. John S. Wright, the club manager, has other grounds in view, and the club devotees will not be disturbed to any important degree. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	20
Sharp	7	13	8	14	23	..	..
Brooks	4	7	9	10	14	..	..
Frost	5	11	8	11	11	4	13
Rider	9	11	7	15	20	10	14
Bergen	6	14	8	11	21	6	16
Wright	8	12	8	10	19	5	11
Newton	6	9	7	7	..	..	..
Hitchcock	6	14	..	..	23	8	16

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	10	20
Dwyer	6	9	5	10	20	6	13
Mohrman	7	9	9	12	21	8	17
Winslow	4	8	4	8	18	..	..
Clark	4	8	..	..	13	..	..
Ackley	8	11	..	..	19	..	..
Randall	..	..	..	..	10	17	..
Osterhout	..	..	11	..	..	..	7

No. 6 was at 5 pairs and No. 7 at 10 pairs.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Ed Voorhees was shooting in great form on Thursday, the 21st, and won the club medal of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club at the Cedars after the third tie, in which he defeated John Pillon, with a score of 34 out of 35. Several sweepstakes followed, in which Schorty and Montanus were high guns. Scores:

Events:				1	2	3	4
1 McKane	14	16	3	..	..	..	..
E Voorhees	9	16	8	..	..	..	..
H Williamson	9	15	7	..	..	..	..
C Cooper	7	10	4	7	4	..	5
Dr Gowband	6	10	5	2	4	..	6
Schorty	..	18	..	10	8	10	7
Montanus, Sr	7	8	2	..	..	..	..
Paul Suss	7	7	1	4	6	..	..
S Berry	7	13	7	6	2	..	3
J Pillion	7	14	8	6	..	..	..
Montanus, Jr	18	20	6	7	5	..	7
E Carolan	16	12	7	3	3	4	5
L E Allen	5	3	6	3	5	..	5
*R Dede	..	7	..	4	1	..	1
*Helmstreet	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Phil Suss	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
*Kracker	..	7	..	4	2	..	2
†Schorty	..	..	..	8	10	..	..
Dr Hill	..	..	..	..	4	4	..

*Guests. †Re-entry.

Shoot off:

Voorhees	9	5	7	6
Pillion	7	5	7	4

The first column of figures is the point handicap.

Events 1, 2, 3 and 4 are sweepstakes at 10 targets.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 18.—We have organized in this city a new gun club, called the Indianapolis Gun Club. It is incorporated under the laws of this State, with a capital stock of $5,000, divided into 1,000 shares of $5 each. We have secured by purchase 16 acres of land, which, for natural advantages, cannot be surpassed anywhere in the country. It is, in dimensions, about 825 by 900 feet, and is located on one of our trolley lines, within 15 minutes' ride from the business center of the city. The land was purchased at $100 per acre, and before the title had passed we were offered $150 per acre cash, or about $800 profit on our investment. It is the intention of the promoters of this club to make it more of a State shooting park than a purely local one. Stock has been taken by a great many of the well-known shooters of the country. We propose erecting a large clubhouse and making such other improvements as will be necessary to have a strictly first-class trapshooting park, and will spend upon improvements alone, in the neighborhood of $4,000. We propose making this the best equipped grounds in the United States, having in view the securing of the largest trapshooting events which will ever be held in this country. We are going upon the theory that it is only necessary to show the shooters of the country and those interested in such sport that our grounds are superior to those of any other club, and that in addition to this we are able to handle the crowd.

We will have sufficient frontage to place six sets of traps in a direct line, extending from one side of the ground to the other, and enabling the shooting to be done toward the north. The trolley line runs directly in front of the clubhouse, and one can step right off the car on to our platform. Indianapolis is so centrally located that it is an easy matter for shooters from all sections of the country to reach us, and on account of its advantage as a railroad center, it will be of less difficulty to secure rates than at most other points.

W. T. NASH.

Chicago Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 16.—Lem Willard was the winner of first in the weekly trophy contest, after a shoot-off with O. O'Brien, with whom he tied. The conditions of the Chicago Gun Club's weekly trophy are 25 targets, unknown angles, handicaps extra allowances. The scores:

	Shot at.	Hcp.	Score.		Shot at.	Hcp.	Scores.
Willard	26	2	25	O'Brien	32	7	25
Zacker	29	4	23	Bowles	29	4	22
B S Carson	31	6	15	Paterick	33	8	21
Mrs Carson	32	7	13	Walters	29	4	16
Borroff	27	2	14	Weart	31	6	17
Ikey	28	3	20	Dr Morton	31	6	20
Franklin	31	6	18	Dr Franklin	25	0	10
Boltman	25	3	19	J L Jones	36	11	11
Harrity	25	0	17	Darlington	25	0	13
Weber	28	0	17	Mrs Howard	32	7	15
Elias	25	0	21				

In the monthly handicap at 15 targets that followed the weekly event, Paterick, Willard, Weart, Ikey and Dr. Buckley made straight scores. O'Brien and Dr. Morton scored 14 each. Zacker and Boltman scored 13; Bowles, Walters, Weber and Elias each broke 12; Darlington, Franklin and Jones tied with 10 broke.

A. A. WALTERS, Sec'y.

Iowa State Tournament.

OSCEOLA, Ia., May 21.—The annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association closed to-day. The attendance was good, and the tournament a success in every way. The programme was a large one. The two first days, May 19 and 20, at targets, called for thirteen events each day, and the third day had three live-bird events: one for the State team trophy, one for Ottumwa diamond badge, and one at 15 live birds, which was cut to 12, owing to supply of birds running out.

The weather the first two days was pleasant, with a good breeze; but the last day was warm and sultry.

Event No. 8, for Smith cup, is not included in averages. Six teams tied for State team trophy, and the shoot-off was miss-and-out. Klein and Gilbert won on the eighteenth round. This gives them the ownership of this cup, as they have won it three times in succession.

Eleven were tied for the Ottumwa diamond badge and agreed to shoot off in next event, miss-and-out, to save birds. Marshall, Crosby, Hindmarsh and Bottger won, and will divide the entrance money next year.

The Association meeting was held on Wednesday evening. Spirit Lake was selected as the location for holding next annual meeting. The following officers were elected: C. W. Budd, President; Fred Gilbert, Vice-President; John Burmister, Secretary; Chas. H. Copley, Treasurer. Board of Directors: Frank Duncan, Dr. Douthett, Henry Steege, T. B. Nichols, W. B. Linell. Legislative Board: Geo. McCulley, J. F. Powell, Dr. C. E. Cook and J. W. Gray.

The manufacturers were represented by Marshall, Riehl, Crosby, Gilbert, Budd, Lord and Whitney.

T. B. Nichols, of Nichols, Ia., won the Smith cup with a straight score. The win was a popular one, as he is a favorite with the sportsmen of Iowa. The scores:

First Day, May 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	Broke.
Gilbert, 22, 22	11	14	13	15	13	17	12	16	15	17	13	15	15	170
Crosby, 22, 22	14	12	12	15	14	18	15	..	14	19	15	20	13	181
Heer, 20, 19	13	13	11	12	14	13	12	..	14	19	14	17	14	165
Budd, 20, 20	14	12	12	12	15	18	13	18	12	18	12	19	15	172
Burnside, 19, 18	13	10	13	9	10	14	10	..	13	17	13	16	9	147
Foley, 19, 21	13	12	11	15	15	18	15	16	15	16	12	14	14	170
Riehl, 19, 18	12	10	12	11	13	14	13	..	12	12	13	16	13	151
Marshall, 19, 19	14	15	12	14	13	16	12	..	11	15	12	18	14	166
Klein, 19, 19	13	14	13	12	14	17	13	13	14	16	14	16	11	167
Waters, 19, 18	11	11	13	13	14	16	13	..	13	15	12	16	11	158
Linell, 18, 19	15	13	14	14	13	18	14	18	12	16	12	18	13	172
Crouthcup, 19, 19	13	13	13	15	14	17	12	15	13	17	13	20	10	170
Nichols, 18, 18	12	12	10	13	15	15	14	20	13	18	12	16	10	160
M Thompson, 18 18	12	13	13	13	15	18	11	..	15	17	9	18	13	167
McDonald, 18, 18	12	13	12	14	12	15	11	..	13	18	14	19	13	166
Duncan, 18, 18	13	13	12	13	12	14	13	18	14	19	12	20	14	169
Gray, 18, 17	10	12	11	10	13	17	14	..	13	16	12	19	9	156
Crisman, 17	11	13	13	12	13	18	14	14	13	17	12	15	11	162
McCulley, 17, 16	10	12	14	12	13	18	11	18	10	17	12	16	12	157
S Douthett, 17, 16	9	8	12	9	8	9	12	18	10	17	12	14	14	134
R Thompson, 17, 16	12	10	11	10	12	16	12	..	12	17	12	19	11	154
Stafford, 17, 16	11	9	12	12	10	18	12	..	13	15	12	18	13	155
Booth, 16, 17	13	14	11	14	13	19	12	14	12	17	14	18	12	169
Elbert, 16, 17	12	14	14	9	14	19	13	19	15	16	10	18	15	169
Forney, 16, 16	13	13	12	14	9	16	12	..	14	17	13	17	9	159
Burmeister, 16	13	12	10	15	9	17	14	18	11	18	12	13	13	157
G Dare, 16	10	11	3	9	8	9	9	..	7	11	10	9	9	105
R L Dove, 16	11	13	10	15	12	16	13	..	12	16	12	17	11	158
Ritters, 16	14	11	10	12	15	14	13	16	14	17	19	17	10	156
Griffin, 16	10	14	14	14	9	15	12	16	12	16	14	18	13	161
McCauley, 17, 16	12	10	13	12	9	8	12	13	12	14	10	16	..	142
H Adams, 16	12	8	11	11	12	18	14	..	14	14	13	17	14	158
Clark, 17, 17	13	11	12	14	13	14	7	..	11	15	12	15	14	151
McFarland, 17, 16	7	9	11	12	10	12	7	..	13	16	10	17	15	139
Wallace, 18, 17	14	13	11	13	15	15	11	..	14	17	13	19	14	169
Bell, 18	14	14	11	12	14	17	14	18	14	19	15	19	11	174
W H Davis, 16	10	10	11	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
C H Davis, 16	8	12	11	9	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Painter, 17, 16	17	12	12	10	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
A A Taylor, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	10	17	12	16	10	...
La Rue	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	10	16	13	..	..	...
Bottger, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	19	12	16	19	17	12	...
Lord, 17	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	12	18	13	20	8	...
Landis, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	...

Second Day, May 20.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	Broke.
Gilbert, 22	13	11	14	13	14	19	14	17	12	23	14	18	15	197
Crosby, 22	12	11	14	12	11	16	14	18	13	22	15	20	13	191
Budd, 20	13	11	12	14	14	17	13	16	13	20	13	17	14	187
Foley, 20, 19	10	8	14	12	12	16	13	18	14	20	13	18	14	182
Bell, 20	12	10	13	13	11	18	14	13	13	20	13	18	13	181
Heer, 19	12	15	11	14	15	17	14	19	14	24	14	19	14	202
Klein, 19, 18	12	12	14	13	11	15	12	18	13	23	8	20	14	185
Linell, 19	12	13	14	12	13	16	8	16	11	23	13	17	14	182
Marshall, 19	13	14	12	11	13	18	15	15	1	22	14	17	12	191
Crouthcup, 19, 18	7	11	9	14	13	14	11	15	1	20	9	..	..	...
Nichols, 18	13	15	10	12	14	17	15	18	11	20	12	18	8	183
M Thompson, 18, 17	9	11	12	15	14	15	14	18	15	20	11	19	14	187
Duncan, 18	12	12	14	14	14	15	13	16	15	24	12	15	13	189
Gray, 18	10	9	10	11	10	15	13	11	9	20	13	16	14	161
McDonald, 18, 17	11	12	14	14	10	16	15	17	14	23	13	19	11	189
Crisman, 17	13	11	14	12	11	17	13	16	11	22	10	17	11	178
Bottger, 17, 18	9	15	13	14	15	18	13	18	13	23	14	19	13	197
Powell, 17, 18	15	10	15	14	12	19	15	16	14	22	13	20	11	196
Burnside, 17	15	12	14	15	12	15	13	18	14	24	14	20	14	200
Wallace, 17	14	13	13	12	15	16	15	19	12	24	11	19	15	198
Bickmore, 18, 16	12	11	9	9	12	17	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	...
Waters, 17	14	8	12	13	14	18	15	15	15	24	12	20	15	195
Richl, 17	15	11	14	12	14	18	12	19	13	21	14	19	13	195
Elbert, 17	13	13	11	11	14	16	13	18	14	23	14	19	10	189
Booth, 17	14	12	14	13	13	18	13	18	15	24	15	20	15	204
Burmeister, 16	12	13	13	9	13	14	11	16	12	24	10	16	..	...
McCulley, 16	11	11	11	12	8	14	14	18	11	18	13	14	10	165
Saunders, 16	14	12	12	11	12	16	13	16	10	21	9	15	11	172
R Thompson, 16	13	11	13	11	13	15	13	17	14	24	13	17	8	182
Griffin, 16	14	10	11	12	15	10	12	18	13	22	12	19	13	181
Stafford, 16, 18	10	12	15	15	13	20	12	15	13	22	13	18	14	192
Moore and Hart, 16	9	10	11	9	8	13	13	11	11	18	10	17	..	...
Dr Douthett, 16	12	14	12	13	12	13	13	17	13	22	12	15	11	179
Painter, 16, 17	13	13	15	13	14	18	13	14	10	21	9	16	11	178
Dove, 16	14	7	12	10	15	15	11	14	..	14	..	..	..	...
McFarland, 16	13	12	14	13	11	18	14	16	11	21	..	..	..	...
Clark, 16	14	12	14	15	12	16	13	17	..	20	..	..	..	...
Adams, 16	10	9	14	11	13	16	14	17	..	20	..	..	..	...
Taylor, 16	11	14	15	14	14	16	12	14	12	21	14	14	11	182
Landis, 16	9	5	6	4	..	..	6	7	..	..	6	..	..	...
Lord, 17	12	13	13	11	12	15	..	..	12	20	14	18	..	...
Forney, 16	15	14	10	12	14	15	10	18	..	23	..	..	..	...
Rittgers, 16	13	7	10	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dare, 16	10	8	11	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ruffcorn, 16	13	11	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lochrie, 16	..	..	5	7	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Walls, 16	..	..	10	11	..	..	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wier, 16	..	..	13	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Warner, 16	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Becker, 16	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	10	15	..	..	..	..	...

Third Day, May 21.

State trophy team event, two-man teams, 20 birds, entrance $4, birds extra:

Sioux City.

Gray	22221I*112	— 9
Duncan	2222202020	— 7—16

Des Moines.

Boettger	22222021220	— 9
Budd	2221222121	—10—19

Spirit Lake.

Gilbert	2211112011111111121	—17
Klein	1222222222221212112	—18—35

Nichols.

Nichols	211212211212221222	—18
Crouthcup	122111120222122210	—16—34

Osceola.

Douthett	212122112*210	—11
Booth	1221222222221	—12—23

Ottumwa No. 1.

Griffin	222*12122221210	—13
Crissman	2222222222222	—14—27

Ottumwa No. 2.

Saunders	22222220222110	—12
Parnell	2221222222222	—14—26

Ottumwa diamond badge, 10 birds, $6.50, handicaps, 26 to 32yds., open to all:

Gilbert, 32	22I20w	Griffin, 27	1I12211222—10
Crosby, 32	2122222211—10	Klein, 31	20w
Lord, 29	2200w	Budd, 31	1120w
Duncan, 28	2121221221—10	McCulley, 28	2111211222—10
Riehl, 29	2222222222*— 9	Foley, 28	2122222221—10
Crisman, 28	2222222222—10	Crouthcup, 29	1212212221—10
Elbert, 28	2212121122—10	Nichols, 28	1212221120— 9
Douthett, 27	111110w	Burnside, 30	20w
Stafford, 28	12210w	Boettger, 29	2222222211—10
Marshall, 30	2212222222—10	Waters, 29	11222220w
Parnell, 28	222220w	Hindmarsh, 28	1111212111—10

No. 3, 12 live birds, entrance $10, $100 added, open to all:

Parnell, 28	222222220222—11	Heer, 29	1021222222211—11
Crisman, 28	122121022220—10	Waters, 29	2*2222122222*—10
Griffin, 27	122122220110—10	Booth, 26	1212222221220—11
Riehl, 29	2222202212222—11	M Thompson, 28	221100122222—10
Walls, 28	2222221221112—12	R Thompson, 27	2122222211221—12
Marshall, 30	2222222222222—12	Duncan, 28	2212211202222—11
Boettger, 29	1212222222222—12	Taylor, 28	2211210022220— 9
Lord, 29	2*2220101201— 8	Gray, 28	2210221111211—11
Klein, 31	0212222222222—11	Gilbert, 28	2122021212211—11
Gilbert, 32	2121211212222—12	Nichols, 28	222*21121211—11
Crosby, 32	2221211112212—12	McCulley, 28	2221210122220—10
Stafford, 28	2222212011102—10	Hindmarsh, 28	1211112112111—12
Burnside, 30	2100212222221—10	Foley, 28	2222221120202—10
Douthett, 27	0022111201222— 9	Crouthcup, 29	2121221220222—11
Budd, 31	2222212012022—10		

The first day 215 targets; second 225:

	1st day.	2d day.	T'l.		1st day.	2d day.	T'l.
Crosby	181	191	372	McCulley	157	165	322
Gilbert	170	197	367	Dr Douthett	134	179	313
Heer	166	202	368	R Thompson	154	182	336
Budd	172	187	359	Stafford	155	192	347
Burnside	147	200	347	Booth	169	204	373
Foley	170	182	352	Elbert	169	189	358
Riehl	151	195	346	Forney	159	...	159
Marshall	166	194	360	Burmeister	157	...	157
Kline	167	185	352	Dare	158	...	158
Waters	158	195	353	Griffin	161	181	342
Linell	172	182	354	Ritters	156	...	156
Crouthcup	170	...	170	McCauley	142	...	142
Nichols	160	183	343	Adams	158	...	158
M Thompson	167	187	354	Clark	151	...	151
McDonald	166	189	355	McFarland	159	...	159
Duncan	169	189	358	Wallace	169	198	367
Gray	156	161	317	Bell	174	181	355
Crisman	162	178	340				

HAWKEYE.

In Memory of Dr. Burdette.

NEW YORK, May 25.—Hudson county lost a valuable citizen and the Jersey City sportsmen a very enthusiastic member, in the death of Dr. John B. Burdette. Dr. Burdette settled in upper Jersey City over forty years ago. He was a pupil of Dr. Louis A. Sayers, whose memory he cherished devotedly. He graduated from the New York Physicians and Surgeons, and settled in upper Jersey City in 1858. At an early date, by his indomitable will and force of character, he soon took a front rank in the community as a safe and successful practitioner, and his reputation as a surgeon was not confined to the State.

He was an enthusiast in all outdoor sports, a charter member and first president of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, a club that much, through his energy and wise direction, obtained a very serviceable reputation throughout the county, having challenged all the clubs in the United States and defeated all it met at the traps, notably the Fountain Gun Club of Long Island, when the Fountain Club was flushed with its victories at the New York State shoot, having won the Richmond cup and the diamond badge. The J. C. H. Gun Club, under the marshalship of Dr. Burdette, defeated the club in a match of 20 men a side, 10 birds each man, the score standing, J. C. H. Gun Club, 175 birds; the Fountain, 161.

The doctor was a man of strong individual character. He hated hypocrisy or insincerity, and his anathemas against a rascal, in whatever line he might be, were vehement.

Often exceedingly brusque in his manner, he had a kindly heart. He rarely sent in a bill, never to a poor man, and not a little of his extensive practice was in dispensing of charity. He had a keen sense of humor and could tell and enjoy a good story. He and Captain Ruben Johnson (of glorious memory) were for years, until the captain's death, almost inseparable companions.

Many happy days we have spent with the genial doctor and his other Dromio, Dr. Levering, at the camp on Lake Hopatcong, long ere its magnificent shores had been mortgaged by the bulls and bears of Wall Street. Day after day would the doctor seat himself, just off Sharp's Rock, with his two poles (I mean poles, not rods) and watch those bobs, and many a nice pickerel and bass graced the larder of the camp, the result of his patience and skill.

How well we remember the time he brought in a 7-pound pickerel, which Old Southpaw Al Heritage, our caterer, so admirably planked and served as he said, a la French.

The doctor was with us a charter member of the Gull Island Club, away down Pamlico Sound way, and did some good shooting with the black brant. He will be missed by many.

JACOBSTAFF.

Whitmore—Fisher.

BRUNSWICK, Me., May 21.—S. Whitmore, of Brunswick, defeated A. G. Fisher, of Bath, in a 100-target contest at unknown angles, on the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club to-day. The men were very evenly matched and shot in fine form. Whitmore was the favorite, and did not disappoint his admirers. Below we give the score:

Whitmore	11111011111111111111110111—23	
	11111111111111010111111001—21	
	10111111111111111111111111—24	
	11111111111101110011111I1110—21	
		89
Fisher	10001111111111111111101011—20	
	11111111011111011111111111—23	
	01110001011111101111111111—19	
	10111111111111111110111110—22	
		84

At the 14th of his second round Whitmore's gun failed to cock.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
S Whitmore	120	110	91.6	Nason	100	68	68.0
Darton	120	106	88.3	Randall	80	71	88.8
Fisher	120	99	82.5	Wyman	80	66	82.5
Scribner	120	91	75.8	Goud	80	58	72.5
Thompson	120	77	64.1	Hunt	80	57	71.2
Maxwell	100	79	79.0	Curtis	80	48	60.0
Webber	100	74	74.0	Merrill	60	44	72.5
L C Whitmore	100	72	72.0	Vannah	60	39	65.0
Dunning	100	70	70.0				

Others shooting only one or two events were Sinnett, Furber, Footer, Toothaker, Luce and Atkinson.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 23. The Inter County Cup remains at Ossining. During the fall of 1902 the Ossining Gun Club offered a $50 loving cup, to be shot for by teams of seven men from Orange, Rockland, Dutchess and Westchester counties. Several teams signified their intentions of competing, but after the wasting of a lot of paper and ink, that which promised to furnish plenty of friendly rivalry for the possession of so handsome a cup, as there are at least ten clubs in the counties named, almost turned out a fizzle. The Poughkeepsie club lifted the cup once, and we went up in force and brought it back. The Poughkeepsie boys tried to lift it to-day, and tried hard, but it stays here by a narrow margin of seven birds. Winans, of Poughkeepsie, and Clark, of Ossining, were not up to their usual form, while P. G. Smith, of the visiting team, smashed 24 out of 25, which is way above any previous performance of his. Washburn, of Ossining, shot, as he usually does in team work, at the head of the bunch, tieing Smith with 24. Altogether, it was a fine afternoon's sport, and we hope this is but the beginning of a series of friendly contests between the two clubs. The three highest averages were made by members of the home team, Blandford 89, Ball 87 and Washburn 86 per cent. Kindly mention that the book of the N. Y. State Association contains names of clubs belonging to it, but the secretary has neglected to write in the addresses of many of the clubs. We hope that clubs that have failed to receive proper notice of the next meeting will kindly notify the secretary of the Ossining Gun Club, Mr. J. Curry Barlow, to that effect.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.		Ossining Gun Club.	
M Hector	14	W Clark	14
H Marshall	20	P B	18
P Smith	24	E Ball	22
H Winans	14	A Washburn	24
A Duboise	19	A Bedell	20
A Traver	23	C Blandford	23
F Buckley	21—135	Hans	21—142

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7		Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10		Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
I Washburn	6	9	7	..	..	10	..		H Marshall	..	7	6	5	10	3	5
E Ball	9	7	9	7	..	10	10		P Smith	..	10	9	7	6	4	7
H Winans	8	8	..	..	..	..	8	9	A Traver	..	7	9	6	9	8	6
A Duboise	10	5	..	..	..	9	..	..	A Bedell	..	10	8	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	9	8	9	9	10	8	..		Hans	..	..	8	9	9	..	6
P B	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	M Hector	..	..	9	5	9	9	7
W Clark	..	..	7	8	5	6	10	..	Miss Holland	..	..	6	7	5	8	5
J C Barlow	..	..	6	4	..	..	6	..	F Buckley	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	7
J Hyland	..	..	7	8	8	..	6	8	W Henry	..	..	..	..	8	8	7	8
														C.	G.	B.

Dickey Bird Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb.—There was an unusually large attendance at the second regular summer shoot of the Dickey Bird Gun Club Saturday, but the scores, owing to the gale that swept transversely over the grounds, was instrumental in keeping the score way below the Dickies' normal standard, Vorhees winning the medal with a total of 19 out of 25.

Vorhees	1111110111111011110110001—19
Morrison	1011101011010101110111111—18
Downs	1101101011010101110110001—18
Toozer	1111100011100110001000100—15
Hoye	0111000001111000111001110—13
Sherwood	1100011101011100101010110—15
Nicholson	1001100110111001010100111—15
Lane	1100111001110001111101110—16
Craig	1111010010000111111011011—16
McDonald	1111100111111100010111110—18

After the regular shoot there were a number of sweepstakes, in which some thirty shots, non-members and members, participated, and in which the scores were improved, notably, McDonald broke his twenty-five straight, Toozer twenty-two and Vorhees twenty. On Decoration Day the Dickies' will give a grand all-day sweepstakes, open to all.

The Soo Gun Club of Sioux City, Ia., is making elaborate preparations for their annual summer shoot, June 9, 10 and 11, and W. F. Duncan writes me that among the entries will be such men as Budd, of Des Moines; Townsend, Herr, McDonald, Loomis, Fogg and Kimball, of Nebraska; Gilbert, of Spirit Lake; Gottlieb, of Kansas City; Riehl, of St. Louis, and many other of the high-class trappers. The prizes will aggregate over $4,000, and both amateurs and professionals are eligible. The premier event will be the insterstate championship contest on June 10. Last year the cup was won by Guy Burnsides, of Knoxville, Tenn., and 50 per cent. of this year's purse will go to him. The high gun will get the cup, while the remaining 50 per cent. of the purse will be distributed among the contestants, according to their standing.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., May 20.—The Chesapeake Gun Club will hold a big shoot at Riverview Park next Wednesday afternoon. Special events are being arranged for the occasion, and a number of visiting shooters will attend as the guests of the club. Among the visitors will be Mr. Du Bray, a gun company representative and one of the well-known "crack" shots. Members of the Norfolk and Portsmouth clubs will also be among the visitors.

The weekly shoot of the club was pulled off yesterday afternoon. The weather was fine for the shoot and some very good scores were made, but the number of shooters was rather small.

Mr. T. F. Stearnes led the field and Mr. Jack Robinson, who was shooting for the third time, was second.

The scores of yesterday's shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3		Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25		Targets:	25	25	25
T F Stearnes	23	22	24		Fred F Allen	8	8	12
Jack Robinson	22	21	19		W K Stow	20	19	..
Harry Westacott	21	18	21		Jno DePirs	22	18	..
Fleming Saunders	18	20	21					

The members of the club hope to have a good team to represent them at the annual State shoot, to be held at Lynchburg this year. No team has been selected as yet, but an effort will be made to get one together.

G. B. J.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 23.—At the weekly shoot of the Baltimore Shooting Association to-day scores were made as follows:

Hawkins	10 15 10 14 45—94	Cockey	6 13 6 8 ..—33
Short	10 15 9 14 46—94	Kesler	5 7 5 8 25—50
Chew	10 13 10 13 46—92	Winchester	5 8 .. .. 24—37
Malone	10 14 10 11 44—89	Mordecai	5 7 8 12 35—67
Lupus	7 15 10 13 39—84	Silver King	6 11 9 14 ..—40
Henderson	9 14 .. 14 45—82	Brown	5 11 6 10 36—68
Gent	7 13 6 14 43—83	Hall	7 10 6 11 ..—34
Roberts	7 11 6 14 38—76	Harper	5 8 5 9 ..—27
Preston	6 9 8 9 16—48	Marley	8 14 7 14 ..—43
Biddle	.. .. 8 12 40—60	George	10 13 10 13 ..—46
Franklin	7 8 8 10 ..—33		

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Pennsylvania State Shoot.

The week of shooting, according to the programme presented for May 18-21 by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, the competition at flying targets being under the auspices of the Florists' Gun Club, Wissinoming, the competition at live birds being under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, was an eminent success. Upward of 100,000 targets were thrown in the four days devoted to them, although Monday was a practice day, and not recognized as a part of the programme events.

The programme was wisely and justly arranged. It was liberal in its provisions. It provided competition for amateur and professional alike, though the amateur was given the greater consideration. Special effort was made in the division of the moneys to provide for that unfortunate tournament class which has difficulty in scoring 80 per cent. In the open amateur sweeps $5 was added to fifth place, $3 to sixth place, so that a contestant who broke 10 or 11 out of 15, or 15 or 16 out of 20 targets, would win something even if small. High and low average money was provided. For the open amateur sweeps State Association members only were eligible to win the averages. The daily averages were $10 to the four high guns and $5 to the two low guns, $2.50 each. The general average prizes for three days, 300 targets, were $10, $7, $5 and $3, first to fourth, respectively, class shooting. Lowest general averages, $5, $3 and $2. There also was a trophy for the State Association members making highest average in State events 1, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 9, and a trophy to lowest average. These events had a total of 165 targets. In the open amateur sweeps, all shooters were taxed 50 cents. This fund was divided among all amateurs who in the three days' events failed to win their entrance.

An admission fee to the grounds was charged. Four magautraps, run by electric motor, threw the targets. This part of the tournament was in charge of the expert, Mr. Charles North, who has had much experience in all the details of tournament matters.

The tournament was managed by Mr. D. S. Daudt, who is a crack shot himself, either at targets or live birds.

The cashier's office was in charge of the expert, Mr. J. K. Starr, assisted by Messrs. A. B. Cartledge and H. H. Stevens.

Other assistants at the target traps were:

Trap No. 1.—A. L. Whitaker, referee; J. L. Horn, scorer; F. C. Schneider, rustler.

Trap No. 2.—John Haek, referee; Ned Nieukirk, scorer; H. Reed, rustler.

Trap No. 3.—J. Elwell, referee; Chas. Reed, scorer; W. N. Purcell, rustler.

Trap No. 4.—A. G. Daudt, referee; F. Rieley, scorer; F. Zeigenfuff, rustler.

The weather much of the time was sultry and oppressively hot, more like days of August than of spring.

The grounds are delightfully situated close by the beautiful Delaware River, and are enjoyable in themselves, apart from the good competition which they afforded. A good substantial lunch was served. The merchandise prizes, added money and guaranteed prizes were offered by the Florists' Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Association was held on May 20, a large attendance being present. A large number of new clubs were elected to membership, which denotes an increased interest in trapshooting, and permanency and greater importance of the State Association. York and Williamsport made application for the State shoot of 1904. York was awarded it, and the vote was made unanimous. Officers were elected as follows: President, J. O'Hara Denny, of Ligonier; Vice-President, John A. Wilson, of Franklin; Secretary, J. N. Runk, of Chambersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Allen N. Seitz, of Glen Rock; Treasurer, J. H. Worden, of Harrisburg; Board of Directors: C. F. Kramlich, of Allentown; J. F. O'Neill, of Wilkes-Barre; Dr. Geo. Goebel, of Philadelphia; Geo. Crane, of Mountville, and R. R. Bennett, of Pittsburg. Messrs. Denny and Wilson, beside offering a tropy in the live-bird competition, have promised one for target competition next year. It will become the permanent property each year of the winner. The different reports indicated that the Association was in prosperous and sound condition. The press members were shown special consideration. Nice carbon copies of the scores were furnished them promptly, for which they were grateful and have kind remembrance.

In the open amateur sweepstakes of the first three days, L. Z. Lawrence was high average with 289 out of 300. J. T. Skelly and J. A. R. Elliott tied for second on 288; J. T. Atkinson was third with 283, and Edward Banks was fourth with 282.

Monday, Practice Day.

Monday was not a programme day, yet there were upward of ninety shooters who were on the grounds for practice. The star performance was that of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, who broke 98 out of 100. Pyle was close up to him with 97, Brewster was 96. There were a number of others who shot well, but these were practice events and were no part of the regular programme. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20		
Lane	11	12	12	11	11	14	..	..	..	100	71
Humer	14	13	19	14	15	20	15	15	19	150	144
Deniker	13	15	20	14	13	19	..	..	..	100	94
Denny	8	13	12	11	10	17	12	12	11	150	106
Bucknell	15	12	18	14	12	19	..	..	..	100	90
Coleman	12	14	18	14	14	19	15	16	16	150	134
Emmers	10	9	18	14	12	18	..	..	..	100	81
Mink	11	12	17	14	13	19	14	15	19	150	134
McLouth	12	13	18	13	13	19	10	11	17	150	126
J F Davis	11	9	19	6	11	13	10	12	10	150	101
Eaton	14	14	20	14	12	20	15	14	17	150	140
Bates	12	13	17	15	13	16	15	14	18	150	133
Chlay	14	14	18	14	12	18	11	13	17	150	131
Hoff	12	12	16	14	11	17	11	12	16	150	121
Bessemer	12	15	18	14	12	18	14	14	19	150	136
Howell	12	15	18	13	15	17	13	14	18	150	135
Stroh	14	15	17	15	15	19	15	13	19	150	142
Powell	11	12	17	10	11	15	10	10	15	150	111
Griffith	12	14	19	14	14	19	14	13	9	150	138
Schneider	13	15	18	12	13	17	..	..	..	100	88
Apgar	13	15	19	12	15	20	15	14	17	150	140
Squier	13	14	19	15	15	20	15	15	20	150	146
Hawkins	14	15	20	14	14	18	15	15	20	150	145
Henry	13	12	17	14	13	19	12	15	19	150	134
J F Fisher	12	14	18	13	10	18	13	12	18	150	130
H B Fisher	11	11	20	11	13	19	..	..	..	100	85
Kersey	13	13	10	9	7	12	..	..	..	100	64
Pyle	15	15	20	15	15	17	..	..	..	100	97
Greiff	13	13	18	9	14	16	..	..	..	100	83
Laurence	14	15	19	13	12	15	..	..	..	100	88
Montange	14	12	17	15	12	16	..	..	..	100	86
McCabe	13	12	11	12	8	17	..	..	..	100	79
S D Reed	13	12	16	14	12	19	..	..	..	100	86
Fulford	14	13	19	13	15	18	13	14	19	150	138
George	7	10	11	13	10	15	5	10	15	150	96
Huttenlock	11	10	20	10	7	17	..	..	..	100	74
Howard	13	12	16	11	11	12	11	11	13	150	110
Brown	14	13	18	12	12	18	..	..	..	100	87
Graham	13	12	19	12	14	18	..	..	..	100	88
Pontefact	13	9	14	10	11	13	11	11	16	150	108
Kimmel	13	12	17	12	12	16	9	12	16	150	119
Steward	13	14	15	11	14	11	11	13	15	150	117
Myers	14	11	16	12	12	14	11	11	17	150	118
Holly	10	13	12	8	10	13	13	11	16	150	106
Westofer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16
Pfleger	14	13	17	15	15	17	..	..	..	100	91
Atkinson	15	14	19	12	15	20	..	..	..	100	85
Fleming	14	11	12	11	14	15	..	..	..	100	77
Andrews	10	13	14	12	13	17	..	..	..	100	79
Irwin	14	14	14	13	15	17	..	..	..	100	87
Withrow	14	14	16	14	12	17	..	..	..	100	87
Leek	13	15	17	15	15	16	..	..	..	100	91
Everett	14	8	15	14	11	14	..	..	..	100	76
Trego	13	15	16	14	13	16	13	12	19	150	131
Flock	6	10	17	10	7	15	..	..	..	100	65
Shibe	12	14	16	13	13	16	..	..	..	100	84
Dimmick	13	8	18	12	10	18	..	..	..	100	79
Kellogg	11	14	20	14	11	17	..	..	..	100	87
Love	11	11	16	11	14	18	..	..	..	100	81
C E Myers	11	10	15	15	13	15	..	..	..	100	77
Butler	14	13	18	12	13	16	..	..	..	100	86
Aiman	7	13	16	12	9	15	..	..	..	100	72
Runk	10	10	15	13	10	19	..	..	..	100	77
E Johnson	11	15	18	12	14	19	..	..	..	100	89
Johnston	14	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	38
Lowe	12	10	19	14	13	15	..	..	..	100	83
I C E	..	..	..	14	13	19	..	..	..	50	46
Pleasanton	..	..	..	11	14	16	..	..	..	50	41
Torpey	..	..	..	12	15	19	14	13	19	100	92
Bell	..	..	..	12	13	16	..	..	..	50	41
Ridge	..	..	..	13	14	20	..	..	..	50	47
Felix	..	..	..	10	11	16	..	..	..	50	37
R E Parker	..	..	..	14	11	20	13	15	15	100	88
C W Haywood	..	..	..	11	15	17	..	..	..	50	43
Stephens	..	..	..	14	15	14	12	13	19	100	87
Brewster	..	..	..	14	15	18	15	15	19	100	96
Kreuger	..	..	..	12	11	15	12	13	18	100	81
Elliott	..	..	..	15	15	20	15	14	19	100	98
J R Hull	..	..	..	14	12	19	15	13	18	100	91
Wynn	..	..	..	12	13	14	..	..	..	50	39
T B Harris	..	..	..	13	14	18	12	12	18	100	87
Jebb	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	11	..	30	24
Herman	..	..	..	12	..	..	11	..	..	30	23
H K Wilson	..	..	..	9	..	..	11	..	..	30	20
W K Benner	..	..	..	14	..	..	12	..	..	30	26
Williams	..	..	..	10	..	..	12	..	..	30	22
Loomis	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	13	50	30
A H Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	16	50	41
Sanford	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	17	50	43
Landis	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	15	50	42
Xavier	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	30	23

First Day, Tuesday, May 19.

The masses of shooters visible in every part of the grounds were sufficient evidence that the tournament was one of the greatest. All the events were well filled. There were about 150 shooters.

There were three State events, of which No. 1 was a sweepstake, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance $100 guaranteed, surplus added, divided 25, 20, 18, 15, 12 and 10 per cent.

No. 2 was the Milt Lindsley trophy.

No. 3 was the Florists' handicap, 25 targets, $1 entrance, optional sweep $1.50, Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1 points, speed handicap. There were nine prizes, the first being a Lefever hammerless gun; second a Stevens single-shot rifle. M. S. Brey made a clean score of 25. Six—Fox, Mink, Dover, Landis, Stroh and Anderson—tied on 24.

The open amateur sweeps were six in number, four at 15 and two at 20 targets, entrance $1.50 and $2, and $8 added to each. This made a total of 100 targets, $10 entrance and $48 added. The purses were divided Rose system, 8, 5, 3 and 2 points; added money was given, $5 to fifth place, $3 to sixth place. These events were open to all amateurs and State Association members. Manufacturers' agents were barred from the purses, but one-half cent on each target they shot at was reserved for daily average for them.

Shooting commenced shortly after 9 o'clock and continued to late in the afternoon. Of the 100,000 and upward of targets thrown during the shoot, 27,000 were thrown on this day, hence the four magautraps were kept reasonably busy. Mrs. W. K. Park was the only lady contestant, and although she shot well, she was not up to her best skill. J. A. R. Elliott broke 98 out of 100, but the daily average money for high and low guns being for State Association members exclusively, he could not share in it. The general averages were governed by the same conditions. H. L. Coleman, of Higgins, Pa., scored 97 and took first. Chlay, Smith and Skelly scored 96 each. There was a large percentage of the contestants who averaged 90 or better, as the scores show:

	Open Amateur Sweeps.							State.	
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6		1	3
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total.	20	25
C W Haywood	13	13	15	13	11	18	83	19	22
Pfleger	14	15	17	13	14	19	92	16	21
Mrs Park	10	13	14	12	10	16	75	18	19
W K Park	10	10	18	12	13	19	82	18	21
H George	10	10	11	10	13	8	62	11	12
Eaton	13	13	18	14	15	19	92	18	23
Bates	14	13	18	10	13	19	87	17	22
Chlay	12	15	20	14	15	20	96	18	22
Huff	14	13	18	15	13	18	91	16	22
Graham	13	10	19	10	15	18	85	17	20
Denniker	13	15	18	13	15	20	94	19	20
Bessemer	14	13	18	13	14	19	91	19	23
Trego	12	13	18	15	12	18	88	18	20
Jessop	14	15	20	11	14	17	91	18	20
Apgar	13	15	20	15	13	18	94	..	..
Squiers	15	11	18	15	12	18	89	..	..
McMurchy	14	15	19	13	9	18	88	..	..
Elliott	15	15	19	15	15	19	98	..	..
Griffith	13	15	19	13	12	18	90	..	..
Coleman	15	14	20	14	14	20	97	18	23
Parker	14	15	16	14	12	19	90	16	20
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..
Trafford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
G Henry	14	15	18	14	12	14	87	17	20
Kruger	12	15	19	12	15	20	93	19	23
Flock	10	12	14	11	14	18	79	18	21
Stephenson	13	15	17	13	14	20	92	17	21
Brewster	13	12	14	12	14	16	81	16	19
Hummer	14	14	18	14	15	18	93	18	..
McLouth	12	13	15	14	11	14	84	15	21
Denny	10	12	17	10	10	13	73	11	13
1 C E	14	12	18	13	13	18	88	16	22
C Lane	11	12	13	13	9	13	71	13	18
Huttenlock	11	12	18	11	12	15	79	16	19
Pontefact	11	14	10	10	8	14	67	15	18
Pyle	14	12	20	15	14	15	90	17	21
Stroh	15	11	18	14	15	18	91	16	24
Shaner	12	14	17	14	12	20	89	18	22
Runk	15	12	19	14	12	14	86	17	21
Atkinson	15	14	19	15	13	18	94	19	21
Irwin	11	14	19	13	15	19	91	17	21
Fleming	13	13	18	15	12	20	91	16	23
Withrow	14	10	16	15	13	18	86	19	21
Andrews	9	9	15	11	7	14	65	16	14
Fisher	12	14	16	14	14	16	86	17	21
Brown	14	10	19	13	13	18	87	17	20
Davis	10	7	4	7	10	13	51	14	6
Low	14	14	20	12	11	16	87	16	16
Trafford	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	32	16	..
T B Harris	14	14	19	13	14	18	92	18	20
G Anderson	13	12	20	12	15	20	92	16	24
Landis	15	15	17	13	14	18	92	18	24
G D Bell	12	14	17	13	12	16	84	18	22
Ridge	14	14	17	10	12	20	87	18	21
D Sanford	14	14	19	12	13	20	92	18	22
Fulford	12	14	20	13	13	18	90	..	..
Hawkins	14	15	19	14	13	19	94	..	..
Johnson	13	13	19	14	12	19	90	..	..
Banks	14	14	19	14	15	17	93	..	..
Buttler	13	12	17	13	12	19	86	..	..
Pleasanton	12	10	14	10	14	15	75	12	15
Kellogg	10	12	14	10	14	18	78	20	19
A C Love	12	10	16	12	13	14	77	11	18
C E Myers	9	12	15	13	12	17	78	16	21
Torpey	..	11	19	11	10	18	69	16	19
Fox	13	14	16	15	14	20	92	18	24
Reed	14	13	19	13	13	14	86	17	22
Demmick	12	14	16	12	11	19	84	18	19
Montanye	11	14	18	11	14	17	85	14	22
McCabe	12	15	18	14	14	18	91	19	22
Everett	10	12	15	14	14	18	83	14	15
Flock	12	14	17	12	14	19	88	19	22
Shibe	9	11	13	10	10	16	69	14	15
Mink	14	14	18	14	12	19	91	18	24
Burnham	12	11	15	10	14	16	78	12	..
Seitz	8	12	12	11	10	9	62	17	..
Cartledge	12	12	19	14	10	17	84	18	20
Raum	12	12	18	13	12	17	84	17	23
M S Smith	15	15	18	13	15	20	96	20	22
Holderbaum	14	13	15	11	12	18	83	18	20
Jebb	14	13	20	12	13	19	91	15	20
Williams	10	15	19	12	11	18	85	17	20
S W Grubb	13	13	19	15	15	19	94	17	23
Howell	14	13	17	14	13	18	91	18	23
Minneck	13	11	15	11	12	17	79	15	19
Keller	13	10	15	15	12	18	84	..	..
Hull	14	14	19	14	13	20	94	..	..
North	12	10	11	12	12	19	74	..	..
Leek	13	10	14	11	9	18	75	..	..
Schneider	11	13	16	11	13	19	83	..	..
J H Hahn	14	13	17	13	14	17	88	15	22
C A Miller	14	13	15	13	11	19	85	18	21
Hanky	11	12	19	14	12	18	86	18	21
Koch	11	8	12	12	11	13	67	..	..
M Russell	15	9	16	12	13	15	80	16	17
Kimmel	13	12	15	14	12	19	85	15	19
Holly	12	13	10	11	13	15	86	16	17
Howard	10	12	17	12	11	15	77	19	12
P F Dupont	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	26	..	..
G B Myers	13	11	17	13	12	18	84	20	18
H Stewart	9	12	16	13	11	15	76	16	13
Foord	14	12	18	14	12	17	87	..	..
Freneh	11	13	16	11	12	16	79	..	..
Powell	11	11	16	13	9	15	75	..	..
Hammond	14	13	18	13	10	19	87	..	..
Welles	12	15	18	13	14	17	89	..	..
H B Fisher	12	14	14	13	14	18	85	18	22
Loomis	9	8	10	7	6	16	56	13	..
Franklin	13	14	17	11	11	14	80	15	19
Dr Pepper	15	15	16	13	12	19	90	13	17
A Rogers	15	15	18	15	13	17	93	16	19
W K Benner	11	15	20	13	13	19	91	19	16
H Wilson	13	13	13	12	12	16	79	18	19
E Coleman	12	14	16	13	11	18	84	19	19
W Harrison	14	15	19	15	12	16	91	19	20
Watson	14	14	17	13	14	20	92	20	23
Knode	14	12	17	13	12	19	87	19	22
Herman	10	12	11	13	11	17	74	..	..
Doner	13	14	17	15	12	19	90	17	24
Brey	15	14	19	12	14	18	92	18	25
Weinman	11	12	17	14	13	16	83	13	..
Crowell	9	11	14	11	8	17	70	..	..
Greiff	14	13	17	12	9	17	82	..	..
J L Smith	14	13	20	12	15	19	93	..	..
Burroughs	11	13	15	12	10	14	75	..	..
Graff	13	12	16	15	10	16	82	..	..
Wynn	12	11	15	11	11	15	75	17	..
Bucknell	14	10	18	13	14	19	84	17	23
W K Harris	11	7	13	10	9	15	65	15	17
F Cooper	12	14	19	14	15	16	90	20	21
Gotwals	13	9	17	9	10	14	72	11	..
H Henry	10	11	15	12	10	15	73	..	..
I Budd	10	11	17	14	12	15	79	..	..
Felix	12	10	15	6	..	..	43	..	..
Emmers	13	13	12	12	10	15	75	..	..
Kersey	9	7	7	10	..	..	33	..	..
J L Lawrence	14	15	18	15	15	18	95	..	..
Skelly	14	14	19	14	15	20	96	..	..
E Dupont	13	12	18	15	14	16	88	..	..
Weidner	13	13	17	13	9	13	78	..	19
Lupus	13	13	17	14	13	17	87	..	..
Kramlich	13	12	19	13	13	20	90	20	22
Straub	12	9	12	12	12	17	74	18	13
Schleicher	12	15	20	13	12	19	91	17	23
F M Eames	11	14	18	13	14	18	88	16	19
Housman	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	30	17	23
Newcomb	..	..	..	..	..	13	19	32	19	..

In State event No. 2, the Milt Lindsley trophy for two-man teams, 25 singles and 5 pairs, $4 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., twenty-three teams entered. There was also an Association trophy, which went absolutely to the winner, and individual trophies to the members of the winning team. Eight or more teams, four moneys. First was won by the North Side Gun Club team No. 2 with a total of 66 out of a possible 70, as follows:

North Side G. C. No. 2.	S.	D.	T'l.
Atkinson	24	9	33
Watson	25	8	33
	49	17	66

Keystone Shooting League.	S.	D.	T'l.
Fox	24	10	34
Ridge	24	6	30
	48	16	64

Independent Gun Club.	S.	D.	T'l.
Landis	23	7	30
Mink	25	8	33
	48	15	63

West Chester Gun Club.	S.	D.	T'l.
Humer	24	9	33
Rogers	21	9	30
	45	18	63

Oil City G. C. No. 1.	S.	D.	T'l.
Eaton	25	7	32
Chlay	23	8	31
	48	15	63

The totals of the other teams were as follows: North Side No. 3, Shaner and Fleming, 62; Altoona Gun Club, Smith and Halderbaum, 61; Ligonier Club No. 1, Jessop and Bessemer, 60; Ligonier No. 2, Denniker and Trego, 60; North Side No. 4, Pyle and Irwin, 59; Harrisburg Gun Club, Kreuger and Stephens, 59; Keystone, Cooper and Coleman, 58; Oil City No. 2, Bates and Huff, 58; Florists' Gun Club, No. 2, G. O. Bell and Cartledge, 58; Ambler Gun Club, C. W. Haywood and Pfleger, 58; Towanda Gun Club, McCabe and Montague, 57; Wilkesbarre Gun Club, Stroh and T. B. Harris, 56; West Branch Gun Club, Everett and Flock, 55; Florists' Gun Club No. 1, Sanford and Anderson, 55; Keystone League, No. 2, Eames and Harrison, 54; Chambersburg Gun Club No. 1, Minnick and Russell, 51; Chambersburg No. 2, Runk and I. C. E.; North Side Gun Club No. 1, G. Henry and J. Fisher, 49.

Second Day, Wednesday, May 20.

There were three State events on this day, as follows:

No. 4, the Wolstencroft trophy, 50 targets, $1 entrance, optional sweep of $2; $10 added, divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., Wolstencroft trophy to the winner. Five tied for the trophy with scores of 48, namely, Messrs. Coleman, Atkinson, Denniker, Eaton and Ridge. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Coleman broke them all and won.

No. 5 was the Sportsmen's Merchandise Handicap, 25 targets, $2.50 entrance, speed handicap. This event was postponed till the following day owing to lack of time in which to shoot it.

No. 6 was the Harrisburg trophy for three-man teams.

The open amateur sweepstakes were like those of the preceding day.

On this day the entries touched high water-mark, and made a new record for the number of entries at a State shoot, and ranked well with the greatest open shoots of the United States. The total of entries for the day was 180. This made a heavy competition to handle, consequently the full programme of the day was not completed. The open amateur sweepstake events were shot off first. The competition was of such a high order that an extraordinarily large number of the contest[illegible] were in the money, and as a consequence the purses were [illegible] up very fine. Messrs. L. Z. Lawrence and J. T. Skelly, in[illegible]e non-resident professionals, were high in the amateur sweep[illegible]s with 97 out of 100. Messrs. F. Cooper, of Mahanoy City an[illegible]. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, took first average with 96 out of [illegible]0, though tied by Hawkins and Johnson, professionals. Mes[illegible]ward Banks, of New York, and E. C. Watson, of Tyrone, Pa., tied on 95, the money going to Watson, as he is a resident amateur. Ten tied on 94, namely, Apgar, Griffith, F. Coleman, Trafford, Stephens,

Humer, W. S. Smith, Shaner, Atkinson and Fisher. The scores follow:

	Open Amateur Sweeps.							State.
Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7		4
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total	50
C W Haywood	12	12	17	14	13	19	87	43
Pfleger	14	15	20	9	13	19	90	43
Mrs Park	11	12	16	11	11	17	78	36
W Park	12	11	16	12	14	17	82	40
H George	10	11	15	10	10	12	68	32
Eaton	10	12	19	14	14	19	88	48
Bates	14	13	19	14	11	15	86	45
Chlay	13	13	19	13	12	17	87	45
Huff	13	13	19	11	13	16	85	44
Graham	13	13	19	15	14	19	93	41
Denniker	12	14	20	14	..	..	60	48
Bessemer	12	15	19	13	14	18	91	42
Trego	11	12	17	14	10	15	79	46
Denny	12	14	15	13	15	7	76	26
Jessop	14	15	15	14	15	19	92	44
Apgar	13	14	19	14	14	20	94	..
Squiers	14	14	19	15	12	19	93	..
McMurchy	12	13	16	15	15	19	90	..
Elliott	15	14	17	15	14	18	93	..
Griffith	14	15	18	13	14	20	94	..
F Coleman	15	14	19	15	14	17	94	48
Parker	14	15	16	14	12	19	90	45
Cooper	15	14	20	15	14	18	96	45
Trafford	15	15	18	14	14	18	94	42
Seitz	9	8	8	8	8	9	50	35
Krueger	11	15	16	13	14	18	87	46
Flick	11	11	18	14	13	15	82	42
Stephens	14	15	18	15	13	19	94	46
Brewster	14	15	16	14	15	19	93	47
Humer	14	15	20	14	14	17	94	44
Fulford	14	13	16	12	14	19	88	..
Banks	14	14	19	15	15	18	95	..
Hawkins	15	14	20	14	13	20	96	..
Butler	15	13	19	14	13	18	92	..
E Johnson	13	15	18	15	15	20	96	..
McLouth	11	11	13	10	10	18	73	32
I C E	13	13	18	11	15	19	89	38
Lane	14	13	19	12	12	19	89	40
W S Smith	15	13	17	14	15	20	94	42
Halderbaum	12	14	14	12	14	17	83	43
Heiser	12	9	17	9	12	13	72	35
C E W Miller	13	12	17	12	13	16	83	..
Hankey	9	10	13	..	..	..	32	..
Hahn	10	14	16	12	10	14	76	..
G Henry	12	12	18	11	13	16	82	44
J F Fisher	13	10	13	10	12	16	74	35
Pontefect	8	11	19	13	11	14	76	30
Shaner	15	15	17	15	14	18	94	43
Brown	10	12	13	11	..	..	46	..
Anderson	13	15	15	14	12	14	83	..
Landis	14	14	19	13	14	18	92	47
G O Bell	10	14	18	14	13	11	80	..
Ridge	14	12	18	10	14	19	87	48
Samord	14	15	19	12	13	17	90	..
Kellogg	14	13	18	15	14	16	90	38
C C Lowe	10	11	15	10	13	14	73	39
C E Myers	12	12	14	13	12	12	75	30
P S Pyle	14	14	18	14	15	18	93	43
J B Harris	10	12	19	9	15	17	82	45
Brey	13	12	20	15	14	19	93	44
Schlicher	14	13	20	13	13	18	91	47
Kramlich	13	12	18	11	13	19	86	43
Straub	13	14	14	7	10	14	72	33
Crall	13	13	15	13	12	15	81	34
Atkinson	15	14	19	14	13	19	94	48
Irwin	14	12	15	11	11	14	77	40
Fleming	14	14	19	15	14	20	96	46
Withrow	10	9	18	11	..	..	48	..
Watson	14	14	20	14	15	18	95	46
Keller	14	14	19	14	14	18	93	..
Hull	13	15	18	11	13	18	88	..
Schneider	12	12	15	11	10	15	75	..
Greiff	13	14	17	15	13	13	85	..
P F Dupont	14	11	17	10	13	18	83	..
Murray	14	10	12	12	12	18	78	..
Dimmick	12	13	18	11	14	17	85	..
Everett	14	13	19	14	12	15	87	..
Flock	12	13	17	14	9	19	84	..
Shibe	13	14	17	10	9	15	88	..
Kimmel	14	12	20	8	..	..	54	..
Holly	9	9	11	..	..	..	29	..
Howard	12	11	13	9	..	..	45	..
G B Myers	13	12	17	13	..	..	55	..
H Stewart	11	8	..	..	..	..	19	..
Powell	14	13	16	10	11	16	80	..
Foord	13	13	15	11	12	16	80	..
Low	13	8	16	9	13	15	74	..
L Z Lawrence	14	14	20	15	14	20	97	..
Keller, Jr	12	13	15	..	10	16	66	..
Rahm	11	9	17	10	12	12	71	38
Howell	13	13	19	12	11	16	84	43
Montanye	11	12	16	13	13	19	84	40
McCabe	13	14	19	11	14	18	89	47
Wynn	8	10	17	13	10	16	74	..
Stroh	12	15	20	13	15	16	91	43
Burnham	13	11	16	11	14	16	81	39
Runk	11	12	19	13	13	16	84	43
Doner	10	14	15	11	..	..	50	..
Rodgers	13	15	18	11	14	17	88	44
Jebb	11	14	15	12	14	17	83	..
Williams	14	13	16	13	9	17	92	..
Benner	12	13	18	14	13	14	84	..
Wilson	13	11	17	11	15	18	85	..
Minneck	12	12	16	14	13	16	83	47
Eames	13	12	19	13	11	15	83	38
Torpey	14	15	19	14	9	19	90	43
Bucknell	9	14	16	13	13	17	82	46
McSherry	14	11	15	11	12	16	79	39
Fontain	14	14	18	15	12	17	90	42
J B Park	13	9	14	13	12	16	77	42
Brennan	15	15	20	13	13	17	93	44
Huttenlock	15	11	15	9	10	17	77	39
Houseman	10	12	16	15	14	15	82	46
J R Malone	12	12	20	12	15	16	87	..
J W Chew	13	14	19	12	13	14	85	..
German	13	14	19	14	12	20	92	..
J W Johnson	10	13	15	11	13	13	75	..
Downs	13	12	17	14	10	17	83	..
Loomis	9	8	16	7	13	10	63	33
Knode	14	13	19	14	13	17	90	45
Deardorff	12	13	16	8	11	12	72	31
Levins	4	11	8	5	10	14	52	20
Ritter	13	15	14	10	11	17	80	43
Gregory	15	14	16	12	14	16	87	..
Hammond	12	13	19	12	13	18	87	..
Bassett	14	14	17	13	14	20	92	..
Harvey	14	13	15	11	12	19	84	44
Eachus	11	12	15	9	8	16	71	..
J R Taylor	12	12	13	13	9	12	71	..
Jules	11	12	17	11	13	14	78	..
J R Farley	11	12	19	10	12	18	82	..
Emmons	13	14	19	14	11	18	89	..
C Cole	12	12	20	13	15	19	91	..
C R Mulford	8	12	16	13	11	17	77	..
Sheeler	12	13	13	5	10	13	66	41
Barrett	11	12	17	14	13	15	82	..
McKaracher	10	11	13	8	12	15	69	38
G Hoffman	14	12	13	13	13	20	85	..
Fox	12	15	17	14	13	20	90	44
Murphy	12	14	17	9	10	15	77	47
Englert	14	15	13	14	13	14	83	33
Grubb	15	14	16	13	14	16	88	40
H B Fisher	15	15	19	11	14	20	94	46
Franklin	7	11	10	..	..	..	28	..
Mink	14	13	18	11	13	19	88	47
Hallowell	15	14	17	11	10	19	86	39
Vandergrift	13	12	12	10	11	11	69	..
Aiman	10	10	15	12	13	14	74	..
Dr Pepper	11	12	9	10	12	17	71	..
Tomlinson	13	15	18	10	13	16	84	..
Weinman	11	12	14	11	10	16	74	..
McFalls	13	14	15	8	12	13	75	..
De Houpt	13	9	14	12	14	15	77	..
Dalton	14	10	19	14	10	18	85	..
D Johnston	10	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
J T Skelly	15	15	19	14	15	19	97	..
Emmers	12	15	15	15	13	10	80	..
W K Harris	13	13	16	10	14	14	80	38
Weidner	14	14	14	14	12	11	79	..
Coffroad	11	14	14	10	..	..	49	..
D Irwin	14	13	14	12	..	..	53	..
J W Evans	10	10	12	10	10	16	68	..
Harrison	13	15	16	14	12	12	88	..
Acker	10	10	14	10	9	17	70	..
Wilson	10	12	16	13	11	17	79	..
M Desch	10	14	19	13	11	19	86	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	14	27
Frain	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	28	..
J Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	47
W H Wolstencroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	47
Schools	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Lee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	44
Mack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	33
Felix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	36
C F Bush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29
Blair	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35
Laurent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Rotzel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	37
House	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	29

Shoot-off of the tie in State event 4 for Wolstencroft trophy: F. Coleman 25, Atkinson 23, Denniker 22, Eaton 21, Ridge 21.

The Harrisburg trophy, for three-man teams, 25 targets, $6 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., had thirteen entries. This was a closely contested race and evoked much interest. The J. F. Weiler Gun Club, of Allentown, proved to be the victors with the excellent score of 72 out of 75, the members of it making 23, 24 and 25, a score which is hard to beat. The Harrisburg Shooting Association, the Clearview Gun Club, and the Carlyle Gun Club scored 70 each. The scores:

Oil City Gun Club—Eaton 24, Chlay 21, Graham 23; total 68.

J. F. Weiler Rod and Gun Club—Kramlich 23, Schlicher 25, Brey 24; total 72.

Harrisburg Shooting Association—Stephens 22, Brewster 24, Humer 24; total 70.

North Side Gun Club No. 1—G. Henry 23, J. F. Fisher 22, Pontefect 18; total 63.

Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon—Cooper 22, Coleman 22, Trafford 21; total 65.

North Side Gun Club No. 2—Atkinson 25, Watson 21, Fleming. 24; total 70.

North Side Gun Club No. 3—Knode 23, Pyle 21, Shaner 25; total 69.

Florists' Gun Club No. 1—Sandford 19, Anderson 25, Bell 18; total 63.

Clearview Gun Club—Bucknell 25, Rogers 23, Fisher 22; total 70.

Keystone Gun Club, of Philadelphia—Fox 25, Landis 19, Ridge 19; total 63.

Carlyle Gun Club—Parker 25, Kreuger 22, Stroh 23; total 70.

Ambler Gun Club—Brennan 21, Mink 24, Pfleger 20; total 65.

Ligonier Gun Club—Denniker 23, Bessemer 20, Jessop 21; total 64.

Third Day, Thursday, May 21.

Besides the regular six open amateur sweepstakes of the previous tournament days, there were three State events.

No. 7 was a swepstake, 20 targets, $2.50 entrance, $100 guaranteed, surplus added, divided 25, 20, 18, 15, 12 and 10 per cent.

No. 8 was the Reading trophy for four-man teams, 25 targets, $8 entrance, $10 added, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; eight more teams, four moneys. The Reading trophy, and the Association trophy to the winner, the latter absolutely individual trophies to the members of the winning team.

No. 9, the Consolation Handicap, was not shot, the postponed Sportsmen's merchandise handicap of the previous day's programme being put in its stead.

The interest in the shoot was well sustained both by the contestants and the spectators. As on the previous days, the open amateur sweepstakes were shot first. Three professionals, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, Luther Squier and L. Z. Lawrence made high average, 97 out of 100, but as they were non-resident professionals, they were barred under the conditions governing these events, as explained hereinbefore. Mr. W. S. Sherer, of Carlyle (Parker), tied with Fox on 96, but Fox being a professional, the first money went to the former. Messrs. Skelly and Atkinson tied on 95, the former a professional; the latter amateur. Bucknell, Trafford, Humer, Banks and E. Johnson tied on 94. There were a total of 116 contestants in all the events. The scores in the open events follow:

	Open Amateur Sweeps.							State.
Events:	1	2	3	4	6	8		7 5
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Total.	20 25
C W Haywood	13	13	16	12	12	17	83	14 18
Pfleger	12	15	19	15	14	19	94	19 23
Mrs Park	9	12	15	12	13	13	74	14 15
W K Park	13	12	14	9	12	17	77	16 23
I C E	14	13	16	14	13	17	87	17 23
Eaton	13	10	17	14	15	18	87	18 24
Bates	15	15	17	12	14	19	92	17 24
Chlay	13	14	17	11	14	19	88	17 24
Huff	13	13	15	13	11	19	84	19 24
Graham	13	14	17	13	14	18	89	.. ..
Bucknell	14	15	20	14	14	17	94	17 16
Knode	14	15	18	13	13	18	91	14 ..
Trego	12	15	18	13	14	19	91	19 24
Denny	11	9	14	12	9	14	69	14 ..
Jessop	11	13	16	12	14	19	85	16 21
Apgar	13	14	16	15	14	20	92	.. ..
Squiers	14	14	20	15	14	20	97	.. ..
McMurchy	13	15	18	11	15	19	91	.. ..
Elliott	13	15	19	15	15	20	97	.. ..
Griffith	13	15	19	12	13	19	91	.. ..
Coleman	12	13	19	14	11	19	88	18 19
Parker	13	14	20	15	14	20	96	19 21
Cooper	13	14	17	14	14	18	90	20 20
Trafford	15	15	20	14	13	17	94	18 ..
Seitz	12	10	12	9	13	16	72	16 17
Kreuger	12	14	17	14	14	20	91	19 22
Flick	10	10	15	12	13	16	76	17 18
Stephvens	14	12	18	13	15	19	91	18 20
Brewster	14	14	19	13	14	19	93	20 23
Humer	14	15	20	14	13	18	94	18 22
Fulford	14	15	17	14	14	19	93	.. ..
Banks	14	15	18	14	13	20	94	.. ..
Hawkins	13	13	18	15	14	18	91	.. ..
Butler	13	13	17	14	13	17	87	.. ..
E Johnson	15	13	19	15	12	20	94	.. ..
Atkinson	14	12	19	15	15	20	95	20 23
W S Smith	15	14	17	11	14	18	89	18 22
Fleming	15	11	20	14	13	15	88	19 23
Denniker	15	14	18	14	12	17	90	19 19
Watson	15	12	18	14	10	19	88	18 20
Low	12	10	16	14	13	13	78	16 ..
Powell	14	9	14	12	9	15	73	.. ..
Keller	10	11	12	11	11	17	72	.. ..
Wynn	15	11	17	14	13	16	86	15 23
H B Fisher	12	14	17	13	11	19	86	17 19
Fontaine	14	13	16	14	13	16	86	15 19
Lane	10	11	11	12	11	16	71	.. ..
Anderson	12	13	19	14	14	16	88	19 23
Landis	13	14	17	14	12	19	89	16 22
Newcomb	13	14	16	14	13	19	89	18 23
Ridge	13	15	17	15	14	19	93	11 22
Sandford	15	13	19	12	15	18	92	18 20
G Henry	14	15	17	14	12	17	89	19 19
J F Fisher	11	13	17	14	13	16	84	17 23
Pontefact	11	12	16	12	14	10	75	15 19
Schlicher	14	15	18	12	13	18	90	16 21
Grubb	13	12	17	13	15	19	89	17 21
German	15	14	20	12	15	16	92	.. ..
Jebb	12	11	..	7	11	..	41	.. ..
Lewis	13	12	12	12	12	..	61	.. 18
Williams	10	13	..	11	12	..	56	.. ..
Franklin	13	12	16	13	12	16	82	.. ..
Stroh	14	13	15	15	14	20	91	16 20
Burnham	12	10	16	12	11	16	76	14 ..
Pyle	15	12	18	13	12	19	89	20 21
Kellogg	12	14	14	13	13	18	84	19 18
H E Love	11	13	14	13	11	17	79	13 14
Torpey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14 22
C N Miller	10	12	16	11	12	19	80	.. ..
Harrison	12	14	15	14	14	19	88	.. ..
J B Harris	11	14	18	13	15	18	89	19 25
Gregory	12	12	14	13	11	16	79	.. ..
Fox	14	14	19	15	14	20	96	19 22
Kramlich	13	14	17	15	12	19	90	17 ..
Schlicher	12	15	19	15	13	18	92	18 21
Brey	14	15	19	14	11	18	91	18 23
Englert	14	12	18	13	13	12	82	15 21
C E Myers	13	12	..	11	10	..	46	.. ..
Montanye	12	12	15	13	15	19	86	.. ..
McCabe	11	14	19	15	14	19	92	.. ..
Cotting	11	12	18	11	9	14	75	.. ..
Hinkson	14	12	17	11	12	16	82	.. ..
Skelly	14	15	19	12	15	20	95	.. ..
L Z Lawrenec	15	13	20	15	14	20	97	.. ..
Keller, Jr	11	12	13	8	10	12	66	.. ..
Hull	11	14	18	12	14	18	87	.. ..
Harvey	14	12	18	12	13	18	87	23 ..
Money	15	10	18	12	13	18	86	.. ..
Tomlinson	14	12	15	13	13	13	80	.. ..
Shew	9	13	15	9	12	8	66	.. ..
McCoy	7	7	..	..	..	..	14	.. ..
French	12	13	14	13	13	18	83	.. ..
Schools	10	9	17	8	13	18	75	24 ..
J L Smith	15	15	18	13	13	19	93	.. ..
Flock	14	12	15	11	12	17	83	16 20
Dimmick	15	14	17	14	9	18	87	18 ..
Holderbaum	..	12	17	12	15	16	72	.. ..
Runk	15	15	17	13	15	16	91	16 21
W K Harris	12	12	14	11	8	17	74	16 20
Dover	14	13	14	12	13	18	84	16 21
J Thomas	11	13	18	12	14	19	87	.. ..
Seltzer	11	10	16	10	12	18	77	.. ..
Jim	10	9	15	11	12	15	72	.. ..
Shibe	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17 22
Minnick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18 21
Pleasanton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14 19
Wentz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 16
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 18
J B Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 23
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 8
Felix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 21
Keeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 19
Bisbing	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 20

Shoot-off for second and third prizes in Merchandise handicap: J. F. Fisher 24, Trego 24, Bates 24, Harvey 24, Newcomb 24, Pfleger 23, Eaton 23, Huff 23, J. B. Haywood 23, Schools 22, W. K. Park 21, I. C. E. 21, Brey 21, Fleming 21, Atkinson 21, Anderson 20, Brewster 20, Wynn 18, Chlay 17.

T. B. Harris won first with 25 straight. First prize was a Parker hammerless gun. Third was a Mullins' duck boat; fifth a Marlin repeating rifle. Seventh a Winchester rifle. There were twenty-five prizes all told. Lots were drawn to determine the allotment of the remaining prizes, and the winners, from second to twenty-fifth, were in the order mentioned here: Bates, Trego, Eaton, Huff, Schools, Chlay, Fisher, Harvey, Newcomb, Pfleger, Haywood, Park, I. C. E., Atkinson, Fleming, Brey, Brewster, Anderson, Wynn.

In the State sweepstake event at 20 targets, Pyle, Brewster, Cooper and Atkinson made straight scores, while Pfleger, Huff, Trego, Kreuger, Fleming, Denniker, Anderson, Ridge, Henry, Kellogg, Harris and Fox missed but one.

Reading Trophy.

In the Reading trophy event, four-man teams, there were ten entries. The contest was exceedingly close, but one target dividing several of the teams in their totals. The North Side Gun Club team No. 1 won with 94 out of the possible 100. The North Side Gun Club team No. 2 was second with 93. The Carlyle Gun Club was third with 92. The scores:

Carlyle Gun Club.		Brandywine Gun Club.	
Kreuger	22	H Minker	20
Humer	24	H Irwin	17
Brewster	23	B Coffroad	17
Stephens	23—92	D Irwin	17—71
Keystone Shooting League.		**J. F. Weiler Gun Club.**	
Landis	24	C F Kramlich	20
Ridge	21	H Schlicher	23
Bucknell	20	M Brey	22
Fox	23—88	Trafford	22—87
Florists' Gun Club.		**North Side G. C. No. 1.**	
Anderson	24	Atkinson	23
Sanford	22	Fleming	23
C W Haywood	20	Watson	24
H B Fisher	23—89	Shaner	24—94
S. S. White Gun Club.		**North Side G. C. No. 2.**	
Dr Cotting	14	G Henry	19
Hinkson	17	J F Fisher	23
Parry	16	Knode	23
Denham	18—65	Pyle	23—88
Oil City Gun Club.		**North Side G. C. No. 3.**	
Eaton	24	Denniker	25
Bates	22	Trego	20
Chlay	20	W S Smith	24
Huff	21—87	Jessop	24—93

This concluded the target programme.

Fourth Day, Friday, May 22.

The competition at live birds took place on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction, under the auspices of that organization.

There were four events on the day's programme, the conditions of which are given in connection with each event. A feature of the day was the extraordinary number of entries in the different events. The 10-bird handicap had 51 entries; the 12-bird event had 48, and the two State events also filled well. There were many of the contestants who had achieved national fame both as sweepstake and match shooters. Miss Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank Butler) was of the number, and shot well, though want of practice probably has put her somewhat out of the exeellent form in which she shoots when at her best.

Event 1 was open to all. The conditions were: 12 live birds, $10 entrance, birds included, handicaps 26 to 33yds.; class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Of the 48 contestants Trafford, Atkinson, Jebb, Hull, Johnson, McCoy, Bessemer, Stevenson, Budd and Thomas scored the full number, 12; but there were so many in the tie it split up the money rather fine, the straight scores paying $16.10; second and third, $6.44 each. Fifteen tied on 11, and eleven tied on 10:

Seitz, 29	21*122221221—11	Hull, 30	222222222221—12
Denny, 27	22*220112121—10	Du Bray, 29	222222222202—11
Rahm, 28	22*222200102— 8	E Johnson, 31	222222222222—12
Morris, 27	222222122202—11	L P Scott, 27	210120210220— 8
P F Pyle, 29	222222212120—11	G Henry, 29	0120*2112001— 7
Trafford, 29	122222222222—12	Cooper, 31	2222*2222211—11
H Stephens, 29	112112110212—11	Fulford, 31	121101111111—11
Pfleger, 29	022021111112—10	Miss Oakley, 28	221212022021—10
Atkinson, 30	222111222122—12	McCoy, 29	222222222222—12
Felix, 29	222222202022—10	Dimmick, 28	022121022022— 9
Geikler, 28	222222202022—10	Bessemer, 30	222222222222—12
A Lella, 27	200222120*21— 8	Y Stevenson, 28	222222222222—12
Coleman, 32	222220222*22—10	Williams, 28	212222102222—11
Eaton, 29	210002222022— 8	Jessop, 29	220220222212—10
Harrison, 29	11111110212—11	Schools, 28	22*201211222—10
Sarge, 29	021212221222—11	Oliver, 28	1*111*122120— 9
Flock, 28	112220221101—10	Budd, 30	121222211212—12
Crosland, 28	2*2*22222222—10	Shibe, 28	100202210122— 8
Jebb, 28	222222222222—12	Kreuger, 30	*11011010122— 8
Wills, 28	02222122*211—10	J S Smith, 29	202221112122—11
J B Park, 28	110110202211— 9	Elliott, 32	211212211202—11
M S Brey, 30	212121111*22—11	J F Fisher, 29	211121111110—11
Brewster, 29	*2*202222222— 9	Thomas, 28	122222111222—12
Bucknell, 29	111222201221—11		

Nov. 4, at 10 live birds, was a handicap, 26 to 33yds., $7.50 entrance, birds included; three high guns. For every five entries over twenty, one extra money was made. Eleven made full scores, which covered all the moneys. They were Sarge, Everett, Vandegrift, Greiff, J. L. Smith, I. Budd, Felix, E. Johnson, Seitz, Wills, and Atkinson. The scores follow:

Sarge, 29	2222222222—10	J Thomas, 28	2222220212— 9
Flock, 28	0222222202— 8	Wynn, 27	0120w
Dimmick, 28	2012001211— 7	Sanford, 29	21222*2112— 9
Shibe, 28	112110*222— 8	Hull, 29	0121212222— 9
Everett, 28	1211221221—10	Carlyle, 29	10012*1110— 6
Williams, 28	1022111222— 9	Felix, 29	2222212222—10
Bucknell, 29	2202222222— 9	E Johnson, 31	2222222222—10
Geikler, 28	2222220022— 9	Fitzgerald, 28	12200w
Eaton, 28	1222220202— 8	Jessop, 28	1021211112— 9
Vandegrift, 29	2222221221—10	Scitz, 29	1121121112—10
Miss Oakley, 28	0120111111— 8	Crosland, 28	22220*w
Lamb, 29	2101221222— 9	Bessemer, 30	*222222222— 9
H Henry, 30	2220222222— 9	Jebb, 28	022220w
Eames, 28	0122222222— 9	Wills, 28	2222222222—10
J Park, 28	2110211112— 9	Brewster, 29	0222*22002— 6
W Brey, 29	2222220222— 9	Hull, 30	0222122200— 7
Greiff, 30	2222222222—10	J F Fisher, 29	00010*w
J L Smith, 29	2222221122—10	Swartz, 30	1012220w
McCoy, 29	2222202222— 9	Emmers, 29	2212220222— 9
Denny, 27	0211202220— 7	Wescott, 28	1101102221— 8
Elliott, 32	212*w	Atkinson, 30	2221222122—10
Rahm, 28	12101000w	Bremson, 29	2202220122— 8
Morris, 27	020w	Cella, 27	0*21221112— 8
Schools, 28	*112*12000— 5	Harvey, 28	2202222222— 9
Budd, 30	1112211122—10	Evans, 29	2212120211— 9
G Henry, 29	2102011010— 6		

State event 3 was the Denny-Wilson trophy, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, cup and 40 per cent. to the winner; next three highest scores to receive 50, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively. Thirty-two entered. Of these, nine withdrew at an early stage, when it became apparent that a miss or two put a contestant out of winning any sum worth continuing for. Fred Coleman and J. Vandegrift scored straight, and the shoot-off was postponed till the following day. The conditions of this trophy provided that a shooter scoring three consecutive wins became the owner, and any one failing to score that number within five years, it then would be competed for by those who had scored wins on it. The previous winners were J. J. Hallowell, of Philadelphia; F. Cooper, of Mahanoy City; J. T. Atkinson, of New Castle, and W. S. Bessemer, of Millvale.

Ten tied on 14; seven tied on 13, and three tied on 12. The scores:

McCoy	222222222222*—14	Wynn	12110120w
Crossland	122122222221022—14	Geist	222222222*20222—13
H Stephens	121022122*w	Kreuger	2221*10w
Geikler	222222222220222—14	Blackbird	*220w
Eaton	21212022112*222—13	Felix	2222222220202022—12
Eames	2222222221202022—13	Scitz	1102111112111111—14
Bird	1111111*1111121—14	Bessemer	22222222*222222—14
Sanford	2211212021222022—13	Bucknell	2020211222212222—13
Jessop	0222021112202212—12	G Henry	1111111011012102—12
Coleman	2222222222222222—15	Swartz	1121212202*1121—13
Humer	2022222121212221—14	Fitzgerald	*11122222001100—10
Denny	0120w	Emmers	2221222112012222—14
Rahm	22002w	Felkers	2111221111011122—14
Atkinson	1122111122012222—14	Harvey	2220222220w
J F Fisher	0220222112222222—13	Y Stevenson	222220w
Vandegrift	1221111221121212—15	Harrison	111010w

Event 2 was the L. C. Smith trophy for three-man teams, 15 birds per man, 45 birds per team; entrance per team, $25; divided 40, 35 and 25 per cent. Six teams entered. The Keystones, of Lebanon scored first with 43, Trafford killing straight, while Cooper and Coleman missed only one each. The Keystone Shooting League No. 2 was second with 42, J. Vandegrift being the contestant with a straight score on his team. In the 10-bird event, and the Denny-Wilson trophy he also killed straight, making a total of 40 birds for the day. Eames, of Keystone No. 2, lost his last dead out. The Pottstown team was third with 41, Geist scoring straight, his two team mates, Emmers and Brey, scoring 13 each.

East Harrisburg Shooting Association.

H Stephens	1112122210220 22—13
Brewster	2222222222122222—15
Oliver	22221012220212*—12—40

Keystone Shooting League No. 2.

Vandegrift	1122221121211 11—15
Fitzgerald	2210102211111122—13
Eames	222222221222 22*—14—42

Keystone, of Lebanon.

Cooper	2112210121221 21—14
Coleman	2222122*2221222—14
Trafford	2222111222222222—15—43

North Side Gun Club.

G Henry	1121220010221 12—12
Bessemer	2222222222220222—14
Jessop	0222111202211112—13—39

Keystone Shooting League No. 3.

McCoy	2222222022*22022—12
Swartz	2221222220111222—14
Bucknell	2022222200222222—12—38

Pottstown Gun Club.

Emmers	2222222*0222222—13
Geist	2222222222221222—15
Brey	121101111111121*—13—41

Fifth Day, Saturday, May 23.

This was the last day of the shoot. The weather was comfortably pleasant, though too warm for the birds to be at their best. The shoot-offs were specially interesting to the shooters and the spectators. The exhibitions of skill were first class. Coleman was shooting in remarkably fine form. He was putting in both barrels within quick time and accuracy, and though shooting so quickly, he was shooting with judgment. If not quite sure with the first at times, he always made sure with the second. He caught his birds so quickly that they did not have time to get up speed and become hard. Vandegrift also was shooting in fine form, and was pressing Coleman hard, and though he lost finally it was only after a race which was high class. Coleman's work was extraordinary throughout the tournament. He won the State championship, the Wolstencroft trophy at targets, the Denny-Wilson trophy, the Williamsport trophy, and was a member of the successful team which contested for the L. C. Smith trophy.

The shoot-off of ties at 5 birds, for the Denny-Wilson trophy, first 20 at 28yds., then 10 birds at 31yds., resulted as follows:

Coleman	22222222222221121122222222222—30
Vandegrift	12122112211111222212211102111—29

Coleman thus won the cup.

The first event was a 10-bird handicap, open to all, $7.50 entrance, birds included, 26 to 33yds.; three high guns; for every five entries over twenty, an extra money was made. There were thirty-three entries. Elliott was the back-mark man, 32yds.; E. Johnson, of Atlantic City, was one yard nearer. Six tied on straight scores, Elliott, Trafford, Morris, Vandegrift, Jebb and Johnson. There were twelve 9s, but 9 was of no value. The scores follow:

Elliott, 32	2121112122—10	Vandegrift, 30	1122121121—10
Sarge, 29	2222222202— 9	Geikler, 28	0122022220— 7
Felix, 29	2220222222— 9	Jessop, 29	*011*00222— 5
McCoy, 29	22222222*2— 9	Dimmick, 28	1000202212— 6
Bucknell, 29	2222222022— 9	Everett, 28	22212122*2— 9
Bessemer, 30	22*2222w	Seitz, 29	111*110012— 7
Hoffman, 29	2222022022— 8	Emmers, 29	2212220222— 9
Budd, 30	1111111220— 9	Taylor, 28	1012021222— 8
G Henry, 29	21222122*2— 9	Brewster, 29	*222220022— 7
Harrison, 28	2121200w	Du Bray, 29	2*20222202— 7
Geist, 28	2220222222— 9	Trego, 29	1211*12222— 9
Humer, 29	212222121*— 9	Schools, 28	2100221101— 7
Byers, 28	2020202112— 7	Tebb, 28	2222222222—10
Kimmel, 28	22220*0222— 7	Flock, 28	2122102220— 8
Trafford, 30	2222222222—10	E Johnson, 31	2222222222—10
Morris, 27	2221222212—10	J S Smith, 29	1222121110— 9
Kreuger, 29	2120211*11— 8		

Thirty-seven contestants entered for the Williamsport trophy, the diamond badge event, the championship of Pennsylvania, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, class shooting, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Six tied with straight scores. Coleman killed 15 straight and won. Kreuger got a sitter in the twelfth round, an alert bird, pointing straightaway. Kreuger hit it hard with his first, was slow with his second, and the bird flew away skyward. The scores of this event follow:

Emmers	222222222222222—15	Eames	2022010w
Trafford	012222000w	Fitzgerald	12*21**w
Trego	102221222220222—13	Wescott	2222100022222*1—11
Atkinson	1*12122221212 10—13	Vandegrift	11*111112111112—14
Taggert	022101110202002— 9	Jebb	2**222222222212—13
Wynn	221220222*10110—11	Geist	022222202222222—13
H Stephens	*21211211211212—14	Humer	22212222*222212—14
Coleman	2222122222222222—15	Felix	22221222222*222—14
Kummer	222220202200w	McCoy	*22222*2w
Morris	222100w	Bucknell	220222222222222—14
Daudt	222221222220222—14	Geikler	222022222222202—13
Harrison	2211221111111122—15	Kreuger	111212221112211—15
Francotte	2222222222222222—15	Sanford	221222212222112—15
Seitz	222121211112 11*—14	Harvey	22222222*222222—14
Daylor	2212222122220220—13	Swartz	011122111110222—13
Brewster	0222*2222220022—11	Byers	222220022222002—11
Bessemer	2222*1202222222—13	Hoffman	212021211110201—12
Oliver	2122012202012*2—11	Flock	2221210*2121221—13
Ridge	222221*0212*122—12		

Shoot-off of ties, 5 birds, first 10 at 28yds.; second 10 at 31yds.:

Coleman	222222222222222—15	Emmers	20
Kreuger	122112211110	Francotte	2*
Harrison	212*	Sanford	0

The last event was a handicap at 15 birds, open to all, $10 entrance, birds included, 26 to 33yds., three moneys, Rose system, ratios 8, 5 and 3.

Geikler, 28	222222222222222—15	Flock, 28	0211221221*1122—13
Harvey, 28	2221222222222222—15	Francotte, 29	22202020w
J L Smith, 29	1111112211122111—15	Geist, 28	02222000w
Sarge, 29	2112221222212222—15	Celba, 27	2100222*2002122—10
Elliott, 32	2121212101121 22—14	Humer, 29	212002221*w
Emmers, 29	2112222222222222—14	Felix, 29	222222211221212—15
E Johnson, 31	1221222222222220—14	Bucknell, 29	2222222*2*22202—12
Bessemer, 30	1121221200222222—13	Dimmick, 28	2122*1112*22212—13
Kummer, 28	2220222202022222—12	Everett, 28	1010*1221111222—12
Seitz, 29	1*10220212210 11—11	Wescott, 28	02*0100*2w
Daylor, 28	1220212212102*0—11	Morris, 27	212220202*20222—11
Vandergrift, 30	2212112222212122—15	Du Bray, 29	222221212222222—15
Vanartsdalen, 28	222002222222222—13	Swartz, 29	2221211**200w

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 20.—The second shoot of the summer series was held at Wellington to-day, the attendance numbering a baker's dozen. Some complained of the unlucky number, and knew they would not be able to shoot, and according to the scores, they were quite right. Frank was easily high gun, his pairs, however, being a serious drawback, but singles were just to his liking, and he let very few of them get away. Gleason was next in line, rapidly getting used to the 18-yard mark, and soon there will be no holding the Doctor, who recently put the club record at 93 out of the 100.

Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	5p	10	10	15	5p	10	15	5p	10	Av.
Frank, 18	14	4	10	8	13	6	..	10	..	..	.765
Gleason, 18	11	6	9	7	14	8	8	..	7	6	.760
Tozier, 16	6	6	5	7	9	6	8	6	7	5	.566
Woodruff, 17	10	5	6	7	9	7	7	8	8	..	.639
Lee, 16	10	5	7	7	11	2	7	6	6	..	.581
Barry, 16	11	8	7	5	13	4	5	12	..	..	.685
Hollis, 19	8	4	..	3	8	7	..	..	..	..	.500
Retwood, 14	4	..	..	6	5	..	..	10	2	..	.416
Williams, 16	..	4	9	9	9	4	..	7	4	6	.589
M E K, 14	..	..	2	..	4	..	2	4	..	5	.284
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	11	5	6	10	5	..	.617
Bell, 18	..	..	..	..	10	3	6	8	6	..	.550
Puck, 16	..	..	..	..	11	3	6	9	5	9	.615

Merchandise match, distance handicap:

Frank, 18	011110111111111	10 11 01 10 10—19
Gleason, 18	110011110101111	11 11 01 00 01—17
Barry, 16	011111111101111	01 00 01 00 11—17
Spencer, 18	111101101011101	10 00 10 10 11—16
Woodruff, 17	101111100000111	10 11 10 11 01—16
Hollis, 19	110010111000011	11 11 11 01 00—15
Tozier, 16	01111100010110*	01 10 10 10 11—15
Puck, 16	111111001101101	01 00 11 00 00—14
Williams, 16	011001010011111	11 10 01 00 00—13
Lee, 16	000111111101111	00 00 01 00110—13

May 13.—The Boston Gun Club opened their new prize series at Wellington to-day, a small attendance only being present, but no lack of enthusiasm, and the shoot in itself proved to be just the right kind of a social gathering. New distances proved a setback to most all, though the worst to be afflicted was the winner of last series, and the two yards seemed to cause no end of trouble. This will not last long, as John is just the boy to ferret out the whys and wherefores, and it will not be his fault if he does not find where the trouble lies. Good scores were on a vacation, one clean score being all the 14 shooters could find, though one way and another, there were quite a few of those unkillable targets grassed, and surely the shooter that did it felt way up into the 90 per cent. class, when such a mistake happened. In a little impromptu team match, both sides scored even, and the question of superiority of one over the other is not yet settled, though each claims to be the winner. Major Hallam, however, says: "Wait till next time, and we won't do a thing to them," and so the story goes.

Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	5p	10	10	15	5p	10	15	10	15	25	25	Av.
Bell, 18	10	6	7	5	9	5	5	10	6	..	..	..	.600
Frank, 18	8	5	9	6	10	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	.625
Campbell, 16	12	6	8	8	10	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	.738
Lee, 16	8	8	3	6	5	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	.500
Kirkwood, 18	10	7	9	7	12	7	9	13	10	12	..	12	.807
Woodruff, 17	9	6	8	6	10	6	5	11	7	..	..	..	.648
Hallam, 16	3	..	4	3	5	1	3	6	3	..	..	..	.295
Retwood, 14	9	..	5	3	9	..	..	10	6	..	..	..	.560
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	1	7	9	7	..	..	..	.524
M E K, 14	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	6	5	4	..	..	.308
Miller, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	.360
Gleason, 18	..	..	..	..	9	4	4	..	..	6	16	10	.490
Fredericks, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..		.720
Henry, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..		.600

Merchandise match, 15 unknown, 5 pairs; distance handicap:

Kirkwood, 18	111111100110111	11 11 11 10 00—19
Woodruff, 17	101101101101011	00 10 01 11 11—16
Campbell, 16	100111011011011	11 01 10 11 00—16
Bell, 18	111101010010110	11 00 10 11 00—14
Frank, 18	011110111100101	00 00 10 10 11—14
Spencer, 18	011110001101101	00 00 00 01 00—10
Gleason, 18	010110110000100	11 01 10 00 00—10
Lee, 16	000110100000101	10 00 10 00 00— 7
Hallam, 15	001001100100010	00 10 00 00 00— 6

Team match, 25 singles:

Spencer, 18	011110001101101	0011101111—16
Miller, 16	100000011000110	0101000101— 9
Retwood, 14	100001011111111	1100011110—16
Woodruff, Capt, 17	011010111101111	0111100111—18—59
Bell, Capt, 18	111011011010101	1111000011—16
Hallam, 15	001001100100101	0000110100— 9
M E K, 14	101001101000001	1101000011—11
Kirkwood, 18	111011111101111	1111111111—23—59

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., May 16.—The Troisdorf medal contest resulted to-day as follows: Barker (17) 48, Harris (17) 48, Ahlers (19) 46, Rike (16) 46, Rhoads (16) 46, Gambell (19) 45, Medico (16) 45, Block (17) 43, Faran (16) 42, Herman (16) 42, Miles (16) 42, Linn (17) 41, Willie (16) 40, Coleman (19) 39, Corry (16) 39, Capt. (16) 39, Nye (16) 39, Sunderbruch (16) 38, Ackley (17) 36, Jack (16) 35, Falk (17) 34, Steinman (16) 34, Krohn (16) 34, Boyd (16) 34, Roanoke (16) 33, Frohliger (16) 31, Maynard (18) 31, Lindsley (16) 30, Farmer (17) 29.

Team race, 25 targets:

Rhoads' Team—Rhoads 25, Gambell 24, Barker 23, Medico 23, Block 22, Ackley 21, Nye 20, Willie 20, Faran 19, Maynard 19, Boyd 18, Capt. 17, Miles 16, Krohn 13; total 280.

Rike's Team—Rike 24, Sunderbruch 24, Linn 23, Harris 23, Ahlers 22, Herman 21, Frohliger 21, Jack 19, Corry 17, Lindsley 17, Krehbeil 16, Williams 16, Roanoke 14, J. B. 13; total 270.

May 18.—First race, 30 singles and 10 pairs, three high men out:

	Singles.	Doubles.	Total.
Gambell	29	17	46
Medico	26	16	42
Van Ness	28	12	40
Alkire	24	15	39
Stout	26	13	39
Ahlers	27	11	38
Faran	25	9	34

One hundred target sweep, three moneys:

Gambell	19 20 19 20 19—97	Ahlers	17 18 18 16 17—86
Alkire	16 16 20 20 17—89	Faran	16 15 18 18 17—84
Van Ness	18 16 18 17 19—88	Stout	20 18 14 16 16—84
Medico	16 19 18 16 18—87		

Gambell ran 56 straight; Alkire 50 straight.

Twenty-five target sweep: Gambell 24, Alkire 23, Van Ness 23, Medico 22, Faran 20, Stout 15.

May 12.—Match race, 25 pairs: Medico 41, Rhoads 39, Gambell 39, Ahlers 38.

May 14.—Match race, 50 singles: Rhoads 49, Medico 47.

No. 2, same: Gambell 48, Rhoads 46.

Match race, 100 targets:

Rhoads	24 25 25 23—97	Gambell	24 23 23 24—94

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE,, N. Y., May 21.—The "Marshall Cup," this week, was won by Mr. Coutan with a score of 24 points.

Scores: Coutan (6) 24, DuBois (4) 23, Traver (3) 23, Smith (2) 22, Marshall (5) 22, Briggs (4) 20, Winans (2) 19, Russell (1) 16, Pickenpack (4) 18. Scores in the other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10
Hans	7	..	..	9	..	5	10	..	..	..	7
Traver	7	12	9	6	8	..	..	..	19	..	..
Briggs	..	7	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	5	..	..	10	..	..	..	23	..
Smith	..	..	7	9	9	..	..	..	22	22	..
Winans	..	..	8	5	..	10	..	7	..	17	..
Wicker	..	..	..	6	7	..	5	7	10	..	5
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	7	..	14	21	..
DuBois	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	8	19	..	6
Claymark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	..	16	..
Pickenpack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..

DUB.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. B. T., Lakeport, N. H.—While walking on the beach at Old Orchard, Me., a few days ago, I came across a queer fish or animal, which I would like very much to have you name and describe. I send a rough drawing. It was about 11 or 12 inches long and covered with a shell like a turtle; the tail or spike is three-square and 5⅛ inches long, and the whole body of a dark brown, a little lighter on under parts. It covered itself with sand very quickly. The forward part was concave, and there was quite a suction when pulling it out of the sand. There were twelve or more legs with claws like the small claws of a lobster, and he kept them so busy that he was hard to examine. Please tell me about him in correspondence column. Ans. Your drawing and description make it quite certain that your animal was a horseshoe crab (*Limulus*), a genus of crustacean found along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida and the West Indies. They are very common from southern New England southward. Two doubtful species are found on the coast of Asia. The position of *Limulus* is as yet uncertain. While generally regarded as a crustacean, there are some who believe that its relationships may ultimately prove to be with the scorpions. The horseshoe crab frequents sandy and muddy shores, where it burrows just beneath the surface. Sometimes it comes out and walks over the bottom, feeding on small animals which live in the mud. Its eggs are laid near high-water mark, usually at the time of the full moon, when the tides run unusually high, and at this time the horseshoes are gathered, to be used as manure on land, as food for hogs, chickens and ducks, and the eggs for food for trout, which are very fond of them. The spawning takes place in May, June, July and August, and perhaps still earlier further to the south.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to Asheville.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell, account the meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, at Asheville, N. C., June 8 to 12, excursion tickets from New York to Asheville at the rate of $21.70 for the round trip, tickets to be sold good going, June 5, 6 and 7, with final return limit of June 15, inclusive.—*Adv.*

The Southern States

Is the coming section of America, and if you want to locate in the most prosperous State of the Union—the one in which there are the most cotton factories, furniture factories and diversified factories of all kinds—write J. T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C.—*Adv.*

The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y., recently received a target of 5 shots from Henry L. Cole, of Whitefield, N. H., which is a conclusive testimonial in itself of the sterling efficiency of the Malcolm Co.'s products. The target is a bullseye the size of a half dollar, and each of the 5 shots is a bullseye. It was made with a Rough Rider telescope mounted on a Stevens 12-inch .25-caliber pocket rifle. The Malcolm Rifle Telescope Manufacturing Co. will be pleased to send descriptive circular to applicants.

Mr. T. H. Keller informs us that at the Pennsylvania State shoot, May 18, 19, 20, Mr. James Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., won the high average in the open amateur events, also high average in the State events, and the combined general average, and tied the winner of the State championship. In the regular events, shooting at 500 targets, he scored 476, an average of over 95 per cent. He shot Peters Ideal factory loads, Dupont powder and a Parker gun.

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VACATION TIME.

WE are now in the height of the outdoor season, and for a few months longer the consideration of the vacation soon to come, or just enjoyed, will have large share in our thoughts.

It is a trite saying that each of us is at heart a savage and desires, at least once a year, to return for a little while to the habits of those primitive ancestors who depended for support on the flesh of the beasts which they hunted, the fish which they caught from the waters, the shellfish gathered from the seashore, or the roots and fruits yielded by the soil. This may be true, but whether it is so or not will probably never be known. It seems more probable that since the pleasures of life consist chiefly in its changes and its contrasts, so we, who are civilized, who live in cities, towns, villages or at all events in houses, and are bound by all the restraints of civilized society, find our highest pleasure in escaping for a time from that society and the restraining fetters consequent on our ordinary close association with men. We long for a freedom unknown in our daily life, for an independence known only to natural things who wander at will, when and where they please, and who lie down and sleep at their own good pleasure. We long to go where we please; to stop when we feel like it; to eat when we are hungry, and not at set times; to lounge in camp, in our oldest clothes or without any clothes at all; to be for a little time our own masters.

One and all the civilized people of the world are struggling in a race for such measure of wealth as shall give them absolute independence, shall enable them to do precisely as they please. None of them ever attains the sum of his desires. The man who has become a multimillionaire has formed the habit of making millions, and this habit has become stronger far than was his old desire for freedom, for a time when he could travel, could spend his days in fishing or shooting, or in studying natural history, or could buy back the old farm where he was born and go there to be for the rest of his life a farmer.

Yet, for a little time, each one of us who spends his vacation in the forests, or among the mountains, or on the seashore, who makes his fishing trip, his hunt for big game, or spends two or three weeks cruising on yacht or tiny catboat, is richer far than any of these multimillionaires, for he is doing the things that he has longed for and looked forward to; he has thrown aside for a little while all sense of responsibility, and has once more become a child with the child's freedom from care, but with far more than the child's capacity for enjoyment. Let him make the most of his good time. It will not last long, and a whole year may elapse before it comes again.

The early spring trout fishing is over, and summer trips are now beginning. Long ago yachtsmen fitted up their boats, and now every spare moment is spent on the water, preparing for races or cruises to take place during the next three or four months. Until the summer is well over the sports of the water will be the only ones presenting themselves to most readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but close upon them will follow trips into the mountains for big game, the strenuous climb after mountain sheep and goats, the careful stalk of the sleek deer and the high fronted bull elk. As the heat of summer wanes, men will begin to get their dogs in condition, and the covers of the East and the prairies of the West will be crossed and recrossed by the active ranging beauties, and the flat crack of the shotgun, with its smokeless powder, will awaken echoes all over the land. Later still, when sharp frosts have killed vegetation North and South, and the air is bracing and the ground rings hard under the foot, quail and ruffed grouse will be followed, and from the north will begin to appear the wildfowl, sometimes in such numbers as to almost darken the skies, and then as it grows colder and colder, and winter is at hand, the duck shooter's time has come, and hidden in blind or battery he takes toll of the swift-flying birds that dart to his decoys.

There is a wonderful variety of fur and feather and fin in this broad land of ours, and if population, civilization and progress have covered much of it so thickly that there is no longer place there for the wild creatures that we love to pursue, yet there still remain many spots, far from the haunts of man, where good shooting and fishing may be had. In all directions the country is traversed by railroad lines anxious to give good service to the sportsman, and to induce him to travel over their roads. Of steamship lines the same is true.

For many of us there is the opportunity for a good vacation.

IN THE EARLY HOURS.

OCCASIONALLY there comes, just before the dawn, the gleam of a strange peculiar light that shines in the eastern sky—an unfamiliar glisten, refraction rather than reflection. It is soft and thin, like the glimmer of zodiacal light, spanning the afterglow of a clear sunset. Only in the calm of early hours, when the east is absolutely filmless, does this weird, evanescent halo rest upon the world. It is the "avant courier" of the dawn, not always seen, but when once the charmed eye has looked upon its soft beauty as it holds the sleeping woods, his is a dead soul indeed that does not thrill to the memory.

Phœbe often awakes and seems alive to the witchery of its shining, for time and again the plaint of the lonely little voice will add its far-away effect to the prevailing quiet.

Pho-e-be! Pho-e-be! cries the little gray bird, and, for a space, all nature seems to await the answer that never comes. Now the dawn is rapidly brightening over the earth, till presently the thin, soft sheen we have noted is gone—vanished with the first touch of the morning breeze that rustles the leaves.

Tera-lee! tera-loo! sing the robins, in quick response to one another, while as yet the other members of the feathered choir are silent. How the echoes fling their rollicking notes far and wide through the early twilight.

Olio! Olio-cheee-e!—a pause—*Olio-cheee!* Up from the dell where the night mist still lingers comes the exquisite voice. A swamp robin, sweetest songster in all our woodlands, is charming. Clear, bell-like the magic call seems to signal the late risers among the wood folk, for soon the sounding trill of the wren is heard, as it sings to a running accompaniment of vireo warblings, while the stirring *tu-e! tu-e!* of the oriole is answered among the tree-tops by the full-throated challenge of a great crested flycatcher. The deep chest-notes of a yellow-breasted chat announce the fact that the tenants of the shrubbery are awakening, and soon we hear them, brown thrush, chewink, catbird—the air is filled with bird music. "Grace before meat" is the rule with the majority of bird families, and though it is said that "the early bird catches the worm," still, we find he generally sings with exquisite grace ere he proceeds to do the catching. Even the rank and file—plebian birds, we may call them—squawk and cheep and chirrup to the best of their ability before breaking fast. Soft-winged owls and other night prowlers will utter uncouth sounds before starting on their silent quest for food. But it is the bird music that rings out on calm mornings just before the dawn that impresses the hearer with its fervor. They put their little hearts into their songs "in the early hours," long before the dew drops begin to sparkle in the sun's rays.

THE United States consumes a million bullfrogs a year, of a gross value to the hunters of $50,000; and the frog as food is growing in popularity. This means increased pursuit; and as was pointed out in a bulletin of the United States Fish Commission in 1897, "the unrestricted hunting of frogs threatens their practical extinction in all places where their abundance and shipping facilities or proximity to market render the business profitable." It is probably within the observation of more than the person who may read this note that waste places which once resounded with the mellow bellow of the bulls by night are now silent; the frogs have been caught until the stock was exterminated. Up to date, in spite of the recurring story of marvelously profitable frog farms, artificial culture has not been achieved; every story of frog farming, when traced to its source, proves to be a fake pure and simple; or else the farming is found to consist only in catching small frogs and penning them in swamps and ponds until they grow to marketable size. As the frog supply cannot be replenished by artificial means, it is highly expedient that the native production of this valuable resource should be conserved; and one reasonable means to this end would be the protection of frogs in the breeding season, and a restriction of the annual period in which they may be taken. Such a provision has just been adopted by Pennsylvania in a law which makes it unlawful to take bullfrogs between July 1 and November 1.

MR. FOWLER'S paper on the question of public fishing rights in lakes will be read with much interest, because the subject is one which appeals to a vast number of anglers in a very direct and personal way. It is only a truism to say that the hosts of fishermen are multiplying while the waters available for fishing are decreasing, because so many of them once open to the public have come into the control of individuals and associations by whom they are strictly preserved for their own use. In some States all bodies of water exceeding a specified area are by statute declared to be free to the public for fishing. Thus in Massachusetts the law is that "the fishery of any pond, the area of which is more than twenty acres, shall be public." And New Hampshire has the same size limit: "All natural ponds and lakes containing more than twenty acres shall be deemed public waters." The New Hampshire law goes further than this, for it provides that, if such waters are surrounded by private lands through which no thoroughfare gives access to the lake, county commissioners may lay out a thoroughfare to it through a way condemned for the purpose. While, as Mr. Fowler suggests, the operation of the New Jersey law in seizing private waters is akin to the seizure of private lands and has the color of an invasion and confiscation of property, the principles of riparian rights are so complicated that one would be unsafe in foretelling what the courts might ultimately decide in a case like this.

TO THE Audubon Society of North Carolina has been entrusted the duty of appointing special game constables who shall work under the Society's direction for the enforcement of not only the laws for the protection of song birds, but of the game laws as well. In other words, the game warden machinery of the State is controlled by the Audubon Society. Under these circumstances it is believed that sportsmen, both residents and those who visit the State for shooting, will be glad to contribute to the resources of the Society by affiliating themselves with it as members. Membership is of two classes: One of sustaining members, who pay an annual fee of $5, and the other of life members, who pay one fee of $10, with no additional fees thereafter. Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson, the secretary, tells us that a number of Northern sportsmen have already shown their interest in the Society by joining it, and there probably are many others who would be glad in this way to contribute to the work. Prof. Pearson's address is Greensboro, N. C.

IN another column is recorded the agreement entered into by the members of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association with the Audubon Society and the A. O. U., by which the dealers pledge themselves to abstain from traffic in the feathers and skins of gulls, terns, grebes, hummingbirds and song birds. As the agreement covers importation, the good effects of the pledge will not be limited to this country. This result is a distinct achievement for the bird protectors, the importance of which is beyond computation. It were much to be desired that the example thus set by the dealers of New York might be followed in other great markets of the world where the traffic in wild bird skins is enormous. One Berlin firm has recently placed an order with Russian agents for 80,000 skins of one species; and it is recorded that a single cargo of wings of willow grouse received at Archangel amounted to ten tons.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Witch of Bay of Islands.

THE Bay of Islands, in which Camp Island and Boundary Rock are situated, is not on the Newfoundland seaboard. Boundary Rock is the outer guard of an archipelago of barren rocks and spruce-covered islands on the Nova Scotia coast; it is the last bit of *terra firma* between Canada and the Irish shore. For an average of two hundred days a year the surf thunders against the northeastern side of the ledge and the rock is dimly visible as a black streak amidst the white spray. The least easterly wind raises a sea which would capsize any boat, no matter how skillfully handled, if the occupants attempted to cross the channel between Camp Island and the breakers. It is only in the months of April and May that any rational human being wishes to set foot on the rock-weed grown slopes and naked ledges.

From the last of March to the middle of May the summer migration is going on along the Atlantic seaboard. Every fine day from sunrise until noon the flight goes on. Wildfowl in millions are making their way from the Atlantic Coast of the United States to their breeding grounds in Labrador, Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay. One who has not seen them can have no conception of the huge flocks of eider ducks, coots, ice ducks, and sheldrakes which pass along the coasts on their way to the alder swamps and marshes of the Northern *Terra Incognita.*

I made it a rule to devote one week of each year to wildfowl shooting, and as I have a prejudice against unnecessary work, I usually hired a man to do my rowing and pick up cripples. Abijah Best was an elderly man who could neither read nor write. He and his family lived in a 15 by 20 shanty which could be reached in a rowboat if the weather was fine, or by a footpath across the bogs when it was stormy. He fished lobsters in the spring, when he was not too lazy to tend to his traps, "lay around all summer," and starved during the fall and winter. His family inherited his dislike for manual labor, and positively declined to attend school. Every winter some misguided individual kept them from starving, and they increased like New Zealand rabbits or English sparrows.

The Captain kept a "general store" and had a comfortable house; his wife ran the store, and possibly that accounted for the fact that the Bests had no dealings there. My guns, cartridges and shooting suit were at the Captain's house; his dog was waiting for the coach at the bottom of the field, and when I alighted welcomed me as an old acquaintance. Poor Kaiser! that was ten years ago; he was a young dog then and one of the best retrievers I ever shot over. No sea was too rough for him, no weather was too cold. He was hideous to look at—most mongrel Newfoundlands are; but he had more intelligence under his disreputable looking hide than the majority of hundred dollar pedigreed kennel aristocrats can lay claim to.

Kaiser's mistress received me at the door. "That dog's been clean crazy since the Captain got your guns down and oiled them this morning; he knows as well as possible you are going out to the Rock. Just make yourself at home as you used to do. Your clothes are laid out on the bed, and the Captain's down at the wharf fixing up the boat with that Bijah Best."

I changed my clothes and walked down to the beach, preceded by the dog. The Captain and Abijah were stowing away the forty odd sea duck decoys. The Captain and I left Abijah to finish stowing the decoys and returned to the house for the guns, cartridges and provisions. He explained it was such a fine afternoon we had better row out to Camp Island and stay there for the night. We could sleep until close on daylight and have the decoys out as soon as it was light enough to shoot. We should be perfectly fresh for the morning's sport, and the row back would not fatigue us as much as if we had to row back next day. I had been there before; I had no wish to row eighteen miles in a day with soft hands (and nine miles home with a sore shoulder), so I gladly assented.

The first time I was out on the rock the Captain took four Queen Anne muskets and a French fusee with him; these weapons were converted flint locks, and fired the old fashion "beaver cap." The breechloader had supplanted this armory, however, and we only took two guns each, a single 10 bore and a double-barreled 12. Abijah had a double muzzleloader, the barrels of which were attached to the stock by a few fathoms of copper wire and some cod line. He carried his shot in a leather bag, his powder was in an enormous ox horn. There was just enough wind to enable us to sail the first six miles. The islands were still wearing a wintry look with patches of snow here and there and masses of ice still clinging to the rocks. The harbor was full of harbor birds, coots, "lords," ice ducks and sheldrakes, but they gave us a wide berth. Every now and then a small bunch of sea ducks (eider ducks) would allow us to get within a dundred yards of them and rise as soon as we got the cartridges into one of the guns; an occasional seal would rise astern of us and watch us for a minute or two before he dived again, and here and there we would see a fish hawk suspended over the shallow water in shore watching for perch or sculpins. It was an ideal afternoon, and the trip itself was worth the thirty-mile drive.

We made the little cove on Camp Island just at sundown. An old sheldrake was in possession, and as he flew out I ventured a shot at him and knocked him down. Kaiser went overboard and brought him in to the landing while we were running the boat between the rocks. As there was no camp on Camp Island and there might be twenty degrees of frost before morning, it behooved us to rig a shelter and collect drift wood for a fire. Part of the island is covered with low spruce trees blasted by the sea breeze and dense as a Mississippi canebrake. We rigged up a tent with one sail in the shelter of the bushes, collected enough wood for the night, "brushed down" the floor of the camp, spread another sail over it and cooked our supper. After supper we lit our pipes and sat in the fire light. Abijah was the most superstitious man in the country. We had very hard work to induce him to spend the night on Camp Island, and I do not think he would stay there alone for a thousand dollars an hour. I had had some experience of the superstitious nature of the older fishermen in this locality; a number of them still believe in witchcraft, and every polling station along the shore contains an island or a rock on or near which Captain Kidd buried money.

In addition to the legends relating to Captain Kidd and his mythical treasure there is another reason why some of the islands are avoided at night. Many of them serve as the last resting place of victims of the frightful shipwrecks which were once so common along this inhospitable coast. A lighthouse keeper I used to know had buried over thirty bodies and parts of bodies during the time he lived on one of the islands. Only a year before the date I write of, the Captain found a man's body floating in the cove our boat lay in. Who or what he was no one knew. He wore a charm with the square and compasses on it and half a dozen people in the district clubbed together and paid the expenses of a decent funeral. Stories like these lose nothing by the telling. Sixty or seventy years ago the section of coast I refer to was practically without roads, there was no telegraph, nine-tenths of the population could neither read nor write, communication with civilization was by schooner, and when the civil power desired to investigate a reported case of wrecking or some transaction closely verging on piracy, they appealed to headquarters and a sloop or gunboat was sent to do the work which one constable can perform at the present time.

It is only three years since the Government broke up the last nest of outlaws at Whitehead, a place within an hour's journey of the Western Union Telegraph Company's headquarters. The story of arson, ship sinking and general rascality which came out at the trials reads like a romance of the eighteenth century Cornish wreckers. The Munroe gang received their deserts and are expiating their offenses in penal servitude, the telegraph line runs from one end of the shore to the other, every settlement has its schools, armed cutters patrol the coast and look after wrecks, the dangerous shoals are buoyed, there is a lighthouse on every important cape, and a steamer calls at the village wharves twice a week.

Superstition dies hard, however, and it may be a couple of generations before the belief in ghosts, witchcraft and "spells" is totally extinct in these regions.

To resume my story, however, we had our supper, Abijah cut up enough drift wood for the night, and about half past nine we turned in. The camp was a comfortable one, the night was calm and frosty, the Captain slept like a boy and I did not wake up until two A. M. As we had eaten some very salt smoked salmon for supper, and as I did not care for black tea, I requested Abijah to go to the spring and fill the kettle with water. The spring was not fifty yards away, but the man politely but firmly declined to go unless I went with him. Under ordinary circumstances I should have been exceedingly angry, but the thought occurred to me that Camp Island might be haunted, and if that was the case I should like to find out the ghost's history. I accordingly picked up the kettle and went to the spring myself. On my return I asked Abijah why he was so reluctant to go, as our usual attendant, Solomon, would have gone in a minute. Perhaps it was the fact that I had employed him in the woods some time previously and given him a prescription to cure a cow of his (which a neighbor had bewitched) that made him communicative; at any rate he hummed and hawed for a while, then, with a glance at the Captain, who was snoring like a trombone, he began his narrative.

You never saw old man Toffts; he died 'way before your time, but maybe you've heard of him. He came to these parts on a 'Merican pirate in the last war (1812). She was wrecked somewhere off Sambro and most of her crew was drowned, but Toffts came ashore on some of the rigging, and the Indians found him and kept him alive. He came down to these parts when the shore was all woods and a man could kill a moose 'most anywheres he was minded to try. You didn't have to take out papers for a bit of land in them days; you built your house where you wanted to and put in your crop and nobody came along to trouble you. Toffts built a place on Toffts' Point, and ran a fence right across from the tall cliff to the other side. It was good land and he fenced off maybe two hundred acres and said he'd shoot anyone who came across the fence without leave. He had great learning and could read print as fast as a man could talk, and he was a great man to work. He must have cleaned up ten acres first and last; the piles of rock he took out are all round the old cellar yet—rocks two men couldn't handle by themselves. He lived there all alone for some time, and then he got a woman who couldn't talk at all. They did all their conversation on a slate and with their hands. She was a real smart woman, as strong as a man, and too bad to look at, and from the day she came there Toffts began to make money. He never had any more than a little "flat" before that; but she hadn't been with him three months before he went out fishing in the flat and came back in a new fishing boat, with new sails, all fresh painted and with lines and gear on board her. He sailed right into the harbor here, and when some of the folks asked him where he got her he says, "I made a trade for the little old flat and I guess I got the best of it, too."

Two days afterward a fellow came around the point and he says that he was out fishing among the islands a day or two before. The fog was very thick and he hears a man rowing along easy, he sings out, "Who's there?" and the answer came back, "The Devil." He didn't take no more notice for a minute or two, then the fog begins to rise and he sees Toffts rowing straight for a big boat which was not a hundred yards ahead of him. Her sails were all set and there was no one on board. Toffts hooks into her and steps over her side, then he sings out, "What do you think of my trade?" and when the fellow rows up to her the little flat was gone. That was enough for him. He saw Toffs had traded boats with the Devil, and he turned his own boat around and put for the shore.

There was five houses round the harbor in them days; there's forty now; and Toffts tried to raise a crew to go fishing with him, but no one would go in such a boat. She would have held four men, but two could manage her. "Very well," says Toffts, "if you men won't come you can stay ashore; but death's as handy to you on shore as it is at sea. There's going to be a burying in this harbor before three months, and it won't be a body washed up, neither."

That very afternoon some boys went into a house and one of them picks up an old rusty pistol, points it at his brother and says, "I'll shoot you." He swore he never laid his hand on the trigger, but the pistol goes "bang," and the boy drops on the floor stone dead. The man that owned the pistol swore he hadn't loaded the pistol; and then the people knew that Toffts was a witch and had put a spell on the harbor.

A few days afterward some men were out on the island and they seen a little man-o'-war close in shore. They rowed off to her and told her there'd been a man murdered in the harbor, and the captain puts in and sends a boat's crew after Toffts. The captain sends for the people and begins to swear them on the Bible, and a man wrote down all they told him, and then read it over to them and they put a cross to it. He examined four or five people and they all told him what Toffts had said; and the man who owned the pistol swears it wasn't loaded. Just then the boat came back with Toffts handcuffed and his feet tied. The captain looks as black as thunder, and says: "Untie that man and bring him up here." Then he reads over what the folks had sworn to and says very stern like: "What's the meaning of this infernal nonsense?"

Toffts doesn't seem at all took back. He says: "This here's quite true; I did say some of them would die ashore. I believe the boy's brother did shoot him accidental, and I was fishing near Halibut Island when the thing happened. Yes, sir, it's all true, but I didn't put no spell on him, and I didn't trade boats with the Devil; and if I had put a spell on him, there ain't no law against witchcraft. What I want to know, sir," says he, "is why I've been put in irons and my feet tied and brought on board this here vessel? I would have come on board quiet and civil, but that young officer slapped the irons on before I could open my mouth to speak."

The captain he got very red in the face, and turned to the men who told him about the murder. Says he: "What the devil do you fellows mean by reporting a murder to me and bring me in here on a fool's errand? First you say Toffts killed the boy and then you all swear his brother shot him, while Toffts was fishing at Halibut Island, six miles away. I've wasted a whole day in getting in this cursed harbor, and listening to your stories about witchcraft, and now I have got to stay here all night or run the risk of knocking the bottom out of the vessel on one of these blasted rocks. Get off my ship, the whole gang of you," says he, "and never you dare to board a King's ship again with a parcel of lies about witchcraft and swapping boats with the Devil, you pack of longshore pirates." Then he turns to Toffts and says: "I'm sorry my officer exceeded his instructions, but they told me you had shot the boy yourself. Go with this man and get something to eat and a glass of grog, and the boat'll take you back where they fetched you from, and here's a guinea to make up for the mistake."

Toffts says he will pilot the man-o'-war out and she needn't stay all night. The captain says yes, and he does it.

That was all the harbor folk wanted to know about him; a man who could bewitch a King's officer and make him believe he hadn't put a spell on the boy was a man to leave alone.

Toffts went back home, and after that him and the deaf and dumb woman used to go fishing together; no man in the harbor would dare set foot in the boat. They used to catch more fish than any four men; and when Toffts pulled his boat up for the winter it was the same with his trapping. If one of the harborers got a mink, he killed an otter; and he had some kind of a scent he used about his traps that tolled all the foxes to them, like them tollers in the boat toles up duck and drakes.

It would be about five years after the boy was shot that that same boy's father comes across one of Toffts' traps with a mushrat in it. He picks the trap and mushrat up and starts down the lake; it was snowing at the time and he had quite a lot of fur with him. Just as he was getting off the ice he slips on a rock and sprains his ankle. There he was, five miles from home, a big pack of fur, no food, and a sprained ankle. He left his load and cut a stick. It took him ten hours to go the five miles, and when he got home his foot was frozen. When he comes to his own door and goes to open it, he hears something rattle. There was the trap with a mushrat in it and a witchwood branch lying in the snow. He never looked at another trap that winter, his feet was so sore.

Next fall there was three or four families come to the harbor, the Captain's grandfather here was one of them; and when the old residenters told them that Toffts was a witch, they laughed at them. The Captain's grandfather was a magistrate; when people went to him for law on Toffts he daren't give it them; but when Tobe Smith's father pointed a gun at him he fined him $10 and sold two nets of his to pay the fine. I was only a little gaffer then, but I can mind the time.

Toffts kept very much to himself over on the point; he used to go to Halifax once a year, and maybe once in three months he'd come to the harbor to buy stuff from the Squire's store. Witches always have money, and the Squire used ter say to him kind o' pleasant like: "Give my respects to Captain Kidd next time you see him, Mr. Toffts, and ask him if there ain't two or three bottles of sherry wine left in that Spanish ship that sunk outside Boundary Rock. I'm a great believer in the Good Book when it says, 'Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.'" Then Toffts would bring the old man two or three bottles of wine the next time he came. Some folks said that he smuggled it; but I've seen the bottles with the shells on them when I was a gaffer fifty years ago.

Things went on very quiet for some time; new people begun to come into the harbor and some of them made friends with Toffts. It was one New Year's day over sixty years ago that the row happened. I wasn't born then, but my father saw it with his own eyes. The deaf

and dumb woman came to the Squire's door for tobacco. Toffts was ill in bed, or she told the Squire he was, writing on paper to make him understand. There was two women that were bad friends in the store, and one of them was settin' on the bench with the dummy. The other one says, knowing she couldn't hear, "You're a well matched pair, you and the witchwife."

She answers back, "I ain't afraid of being taken for her sister, anyway. I don't know which of you is the ugliest, she with half her teeth out, or you with eyes all squinty and red hair."

There'd have been war right there, but the old Squire put his foot down. The dummy never let on she understood, she just spit on the floor and trod on the place. That very evening them two women's husbands were in a camp twenty miles off getting out ship timber. They had some words, and before the other men could part them, they out knives and stabbed one another. They were carried out, and neither of them did a day's work until spring. This set the people near crazy. The Squire had to own up to hearing the women saying them words, and the whole settlement saw the men brought in on a sled. Still the Squire wouldn't give no law, and when the people told the old doctor about it, he called them a pack of fools and told them to shut their mouths.

At that time was a fortune teller at Halifax, and the people got that scart of Toffts they made up $20 and sent Bob Kaiser's father and a man called Hezekiah Tuffin—him Tuffin's Island's named after—to see the fortune teller and find out what they was to do. They were gone just a week, and when they came back the answer they brought was "Fight the devil with fire." The folks took it that the witch was to be burned, and seven of those that had been worst bewitched by Toffts laid out to do it, when the Squire went away to buy his goods in the spring. I've heard my father say that that was the awfullest winter he ever remembered—the two men stabbed, four cows died, and toward spring the wolves came and killed every sheep in the harbor. There hadn't been any wolves for twenty years before that, nor were there any for nearly thirty years afterwards.

Two days before Good Friday the schooner came along, and the Squire went aboard. Then the seven men who were to burn Toffts met in one of their houses and prayed, and swore on the Bible never to give one another away. The man whose boy had been shot was boss of the crowd and he said if the others went back on their word he'd do the thing alone. There was an old log shanty where the new church stands now, and they decided that they would tie Toffts to a stake in the middle of the building and set it on fire at the four corners. It would be quite a job to get him, as his house was built of big logs, he had two good guns, the dummy was as strong as a man and carried a sheath knife all the time.

The only way was to get him away from his own house and take him to the shanty after dark. This was easier than they thought for. On Good Friday afternoon his boat comes round the head with him in it, and he walks up to the Squire's store, leaving the boat on the beach with his gun in it. When he came back, boat and gun were gone. It's the best part of ten miles from the store to Toffts' Point by land, and there was nothing for him to do but walk it. Before he had gone half a mile the men had him tied to a tree, with a gag in his mouth. Then one of them fetched a sled; they put him on it and drew him over to the shanty just as soon as it was dark. They had brush ready piled in the place and a stake fixed in the floor. One of them takes the gag out of Toffts' mouth and said: "If you want to pray, now's your time. You haven't more'n a few minutes to do it in; then there'll be an end of you and your witchcrafts; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Toffts got very white. Says he: "You'll repent this when it's too late, and you're standing under the gallows, on Halifax Common, with the soldiers around you."

As he says this, Tuffin's dog came in and jumped on him. "This here dog," says he, "has better sense than you men."

"Get outer this," says Tuffin to the dog, and with that the dog goes to the door, turns round and says, as plain as a man: "I'm going to the harbor to tell the folks what's going on here, and to bid them get the grave clothes ready for two of ye." With this he claps his tail between his legs and bolts for the next house, yelling "Murder!" and "Fire!"

Tuffin drops down on the floor in a fit, and from way up in the air outside comes the awfullest Voice: "Father, I can't rest in my grave if you murder Toffts. He never shot me."

The men were too scared to speak. Tuffin lay on the floor and foamed at the mouth, and Bill Harrigan was down on his knees praying, when he heard his dead boy's voice. Then the Voice outside said: "Loose him and let him go," and with that the cords drops off Toffts of their own accord, and he kneels down by Tuffin and says: "I'm going to let this man's blood or he'll die right here." He lets him hear a pint of blood, and the man comes to, very weak and scared.

"Now," says Toffts, "I'm going back to the slip and I want my flat and gun fetched where I left them. If they're not back there before an hour there'll be trouble for somebody. Perhaps you men had better walk along of me; nothing will hurt you while you're with me."

They were a badly scared crowd, but the worst was to follow. Just as they got to the road they met the Devil himself in the likeness of the old Squire's black bull. He was standing in the middle of the road. They were right on to him before they saw him. His eyes were like red hot cinders and the smoke was coming out of his mouth like a coal fire.

"Stop!" says he.

"Keep right on!" shouts Toffts, "don't do his bidding."

And with that he breaks a dogwood stick out of the bushes and goes for him. There never was a Spirit or a Devil yet that durst face a dogwood stick. The Devil gave one jump and went into the bushes, and they could hear him stamping and calling "Stop! stop!" as they went by. There wasn't much stop to them until they got to the slip. The first thing they saw there was Toffts' fishing boat with the dummy and two men aboard in the moonlight.

"A nice mess you'd a been in, if you'd burnt me," says Toffts, "with him waitin' for two of you at the slip"—pointin' his finger to where they left the bull,—"and her that's just as bad waiting for you on the water. Now go, and on the word of a man, I'll never meddle with you. The dog hasn't told anybody. You let me go before he could get here; but I'm afraid the Squire will get to hear of it before long."

The Squire did hear of it, but the crowd guessed they'd better tell him the truth of it themselves than let him get the story from the Devil in the likeness of his bull. The day he came back the whole crowd went up to his house and made a clean breast of it. He sends the constable after Toffts, and when he comes he asks him how much of this is true. Toffts says it's all true, but he didn't want no law on the crowd, as they'd promised to leave him alone.

The Squire swells out and says it ain't his business to say whether there's going to be law or not. Says he to the crowd: "I could send the whole pack and bilin' of you up to Halifax to be tried for 'tempted murder, but seein's you've promised not to do it again, I'll be easy with you this once, and make it an assault and battery case. The fine'll be $5 each and damages a dollar. If any of you have not got the money two quintals of codfish will do as well, so long as it's well cured." Turning to Toffts he said: "You told me you didn't want no law in a criminal case; that's contempt of court, that is; and the law allows me to put a fine of $20 on you for it; but seein' this is the first offense and you didn't know no better, I'll be content with putting an injunction on you instead; and the injunction is that you go out of the witchcraft business and stay out of it. I can't fine you for witchcraft, but I can get at you for contempt of court, and every man you bewitch after this it'll be contempt, and cost you $20."

Toffts said he was quite willing to quit if the harborers would leave him alone; and he takes the Book and swears on it. The Squire makes them shake hands all round, and them that had the money paid their fines, and them that hadn't brought in the codfish that day. Toffts kept his word. He made a lot of money and his boy went to the States and made a lot more. When the dummy died the boy went and fetched the old man. Nobody dare live in the old house, so it rotted down.

Two years ago his grandson came down here in a little steamer of his own; he was awful rich and he spelt his name differently. He was cruising about the islands for nearly a month. Maybe he thought his grandfather buried money out there. He gave the parson a hundred dollars for the new church; and his wife, a fine lady with diamonds on, bought all the old plates and dishes and spinning wheels she could get hold of. There was one of the men who were going to burn his grandfather still living, and "on the poor." I'm blessed if he didn't go to see him and get him to tell the story. He gave the old fellow two suits of clothes and $10 in cash, and had him out to dinner on the steamer. Folks say, though, the Devil still lays around the islands after dark asking men to trade boats with him, and offering to show them where old man Toffts buried his money. I'm a poor man and ain't got no learning, and I'm mortal afraid to meet him.

The morning was breaking, and the Captain's snores ceased. Abijah proceeded to boil the kettle and get breakfast ready. Kaiser uncoiled himself and proceeded to worship the guns in anticipation of the day's sport. I was in a brown study, thinking of Charley Tuffts, the actor (who under another name is known from one end of the world to the other), his charming little wife and their little deaf and dumb boy. I had dined with them on their yacht, the White Witch, on more than one occasion during the last summer, and Mr. Tuffts had told me that his grandfather and father had lived in eastern Nova Scotia. He had omitted, however, to tell me that the founder of his family had terrorized an entire community for years, and come within measurable distance of being burned at the stake as a "witch" in 183—, only saving his life by a clever bit of ventriloquism.

When the day's shooting was over I asked the Captain if he had ever heard the story.

"Why, yes," he replied, "you couldn't get Abijah Best to go near Toffts' Point after dark for $20. I can just remember the old man myself, and how he used to cure warts. His son went into the railroad business and made money and his grandson is a play actor in the States. He owns the old homestead, and sends me the money to pay the taxes on it every year. I gave him an old brass blunderbuss with a bay'nit to it that used to belong to his grandfather, and he sent me this gun, that I had to pay $20 duty on, as a present, he was so pleased to get the old thing. It's a queer thing how some of those fellows that go to the States make money and get on in the world, isn't it?"

I thought of the grandfather curing warts in his old age and the grandson visiting the scenes of his "witchcrafts" in a steam yacht, and I agreed with him that it was.

EDMUND I. L. JENNER.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Talk not of the idleness which is full of quiet thoughts. Is it idle to be up with the day—to feel the balmy coolness of a rich May dew—to watch the coming splendor of the sun—to see the young lambs leap—to hear singing, a mile above us, the strong-throated lark, the spirit of the scene—is this idle? Yet by some 'tis called so. The sluggard who wakes half the night to lay lime-twigs for poor honesty the next day; the varlet who acknowledges no villainy on the safe side of an act of parliament—he calls one a loiterer and a time-killer; be it so—it does not spoil the fishing. Idle! why, angling is in itself a system of morality!—Douglas Jerrold.

To the ordinary Englishman who shoots, the caliber of the sport open to any citizen of New York who cares to buy a rifle and pay for a license is something of a surprise. The deer are so numerous that it is estimated that in 1902 more than 6,000 were shot by licensed sportsmen within the State forest domains. The rate of cost for deer-stalking in the Scotch Highlands is reckoned roughly at £40 per stag. Consequently, on the British scale, the sportsmen of New York State enjoyed what would, in these islands, represent £240,000 worth of sport with deer alone.—The Country Gentleman (London).

Natural History.

The Intelligence of the Wild Things

Editor Forest and Stream:

E. P. Jaques, in FOREST AND STREAM, May 9, 1903, makes the following statement:

"How much of intelligence that is necessary for bird or animal to maintain life is taught by the parent bird or animal? None."

Then he states further: "We have chickens that were taken from under the hen as soon as they were out of the shell. Drop a crumb before them and they pick it up; that is the first and they do it very naturally."

Why did Mr. Jaques take these chickens into the house and act the mother to them? Why didn't he turn them out doors and let them go it alone, if they do not need a mother's care and teaching? Simply because he knew that they would perish if left to themselves so early in life. He would not be afraid to turn them out with the hen.

I want to congratulate Mr. Jaques because of his peculiar breed of fowls that produce chicks that will pick up crumbs as soon as they are out of the shell. All the chickens in the world, except his, absorb the yolk when born, and do not eat food for twenty-four hours. The poultry books and papers claim that twenty-six hours after the chick is out of the shell is soon enough to begin feeding. Mr. Jaques' chickens remind me of the Kansas farmer's cucumbers. He planted the seed, then started for the house. Finding that the vines would overtake him, he broke into a run, but he was too late. Feeling for a knife to cut away the tangle of vines he found a cucumber had gone to seed in his pocket. When I read this story I thought it hard to beat, but Mr. Jaques' chickens can "take the cake," or crumb.

While farming I handled thousands of chickens hatched under hens. When I remember the time and patience expended by myself and help in teaching motherless chicks to eat, I envy Mr. Jaques the possession of his automatical superintellectual breed of fowls.

Mr. Jaques does not seem to understand the questions under discussion. I will quote from his paper to prove this:

"A bird flies by outside the window and with a warning note they squat and 'freeze,' as Seton Thompson puts it. A hat thrown across the room produces the same result. The mother never taught them that, as she is still on the nest hatching the rest of the eggs." How fortunate Mr. Jaques is when he desires to prove a phenomenon. His chickens, unlike other chickens, are active when first out of the shell, ready to assist him in proving his argument. And then, too, that accommodating bird that undoubtedly had heard that the chicks were out of the shell and flew by the window just in time to prove the statement that was to appear in FOREST AND STREAM. However, the quotation is useless, for no one disputes that fowls inherit fear and many other attributes. The question is in relation to the mother's ability to teach her young the enemies to avoid. Fear is inherited by all, or nearly all, young animals. The human family is no exception to the rule. But I do not believe that the speech of the lower animals is inherited. It would be just as unreasonable to claim that human speech is inherited.

Mr. Jaques claims that when young roosters attempt to crow the old rooster drives them away. This statement shows Mr. Jaques' superficial method of examining a question. I shall have to plead guilty of falling into the same error. When I begun my farm life I saw the old roosters drive the young roosters away, and I wrote to a farming paper: "It would seem that old cocks try to prevent young cocks from learning to crow." Careful study of fowls later caused me to change my mind. I was obliged to swallow my former statement, although it was a bitter pill. I, like hundreds of others, hate to be caught in error, especially when that error appears in cold type over one's name. By a careful study of fowls through the year, I noticed that the old roosters did their crowing in the morning, until young roosters were old enough to crow. Then they changed their habit and would crow at any hour of the day. It did not take me long to find out that the old roosters were giving the young ones lessons. I also found that it was jealousy that caused the old roosters to drive the youngsters away, and not a desire to prevent them from crowing. That was knowledge acquired years ago. During my eighteen years of hermit life that knowledge has been verified every year. On my road to the city, in the edge of the woods, I walk through a flock of chickens numbering several hundred. These chickens run at large with their mothers. The old roosters do not crow through the day until the young roosters are old enough to learn. When the young roosters are good crowers, late in the fall, the old ones resume their habit of crowing in the morning, and the young imitate them.

It seems to me that I should be thoughtless and witless if I could not comprehend such a simple problem.

Some years ago my attention was called to a hen that had adopted a litter of kittens. When I first saw them they had got their eyes open. Every day I spent an hour or more watching the old hen and her strange family. The hen would let the cat suckle the kittens, but when they were through she would drive the cat away and hover over the family. The cat was a tramp that fed with several others on swill brought from the city for hens and hogs. As far as I could see, the cat was willing to let the hen rear her kittens. The whole affair seemed natural and was as intelligently arranged as if it had happened to human beings. I carefully noted the actions of the old hen and kittens. The kittens soon learned the calls of the hen, and the hen certainly understood the calls of the kittens. The hen would wander into the bushes, scratching for insects which she ate without offering them to her adopted family. When the kittens wanted rest and sleep, they made a thin cry and the hen would immediately hover them. If they wanted food their cries sounded to me like the call to hover, but the hen understood and led them to the milk dish. If the dish was empty she led them to the hen yard and looked for bits of meat or bread. If she failed to find food, she went to the house door and called until some

one of the family brought out milk. Before the cat deserted her family, the hen would lead the kittens to a flat ledge where the cats sunned themselves. The cat usually hunted up the hen in the early days, for a relief from an overflow of milk. Several times I saw the hen hunt for the cat when the kittens were hungry. When the cat weaned the kittens the hen seemed to understand that she must look to the family for food.

I noticed that the kittens, as they became older, failed to play like kittens taught by a mother cat, and their voices remained weak and thin. In many ways they showed a lack of cat teaching. On the other hand, they adopted some of the ways of the hen. They would scatter like chickens and would scratch in imitation of the hen. I did not see them eat the insects which they found, excepting grasshoppers. Mr. Parsons was a practical man and wanted eggs, so he killed the kittens. If I had known what he intended to do I should have offered to buy the lot for further study. I remember that I sent FOREST AND STREAM an account of this case—I think a clipping from a local paper. The intelligence of the cat, hen and kittens, under strange conditions, was so evident that a dull observer could not make a mistake. The cat reasoned that the hen would take good care of her family, and she was contented, like some human mothers that give their babies away. The hen understood fully that the kittens would not eat the insects which she found, and reasoned that she must look for food in another direction, and intelligently acted upon this reasoning.

Mr. Jaques seems to be unfortunate in his home observations of the wolf. He claims to have been among wolves all his life, and yet could not get near enough to see how they carried their tails, and he questions the statements of others. If he would use his thinking powers he might come to the conclusion that there were other localities outside of Kansas where the wolf could be studied at close quarters. In my boyhood days I saw wolves frequently in the State of Maine. My father sold out his business in the town of Oldtown, where he sold goods to the Indians and lumbermen, and moved into the wilderness. Bears, wolves and other wild things ranged around the new home. Often I have seen wolves skulking around the sheep yard at night time, and once a wolf chased a sheep into the barn. Six feet below the floor there was a hog pen. The sheep jumped into the pen and the wolf followed. When the wolf found he was penned he acted like a whipped cur. He hugged his tail between his legs, something I had never seen before.

Our cows pastured on the intervales in the woods, and it was no unusual thing to meet a bear or wolf in the old logging road when late in the afternoon we were searching for the cattle. At this period there were no deer in that part of Maine. Years later the wolves retreated to the northern wilderness and deer returned in great numbers.

In the fifties, while in the woods for Nathan Frost, of Orono, I saw wolves frequently. In the fall six of us went in to build a camp and hovel. While we were taking our supplies from the bateau to the camping ground we often met a very large wolf in the path. Sometimes he would refuse to leave the path. After we had leveled a spot for the camp, and while we were eating dinner, this wolf walked to the middle of the cleared spot and showed his teeth. Cal. Bumpus, the boss, threw an ax at him and he left, but did not hurry. He, and all the wolves of my observation, carried his tail hanging down naturally. I except the one in the hog pen and those I have seen in traps, and young ones at play in captivity that raised their tails.

Inquirer writes that he would like to know how I know that the song sparrow is teaching his year-old boy to sing? I answered this question fully in one paragraph of my paper, but for Inquirer's benefit I will repeat. I stated that the old male would sing the mating song often enough to give the young male a lesson. That he did not sing to the females which he brought into the woods, "or sing the mating song when alone, but instead he sung a low twitter by the hour." I should be dull of comprehension if, after fourteen years of this exhibition, I could not understand what was going on in my dooryard.

Inquirer also writes: "He speaks of a song sparrow in his dooryard which has visited the place for fourteen years. I should like to know how he knows that it is the same song sparrow?"

This is a fair question, and deserves an answer in full. I have just read the revised proof of this sparrow's history, which, with other natural history items will appear later in book form; therefore I can only give a limited answer. I know this little sparrow by his individuality. Then, too, he is the only sparrow that visits my dooryard, excepting now and then when he brings in one of his children. Again, he was wounded fourteen years ago in the wing and the short feathers over the wound persist in standing up after each moult. This sparrow is well known to hundreds of summer visitors. A Governor of the State and his wife formed his acquaintance years ago.

Inquirer wants to know why the song sparrow's wife will not consent to live in the woods? If he knows anything about the life of this sparrow, he must know that it is a bird of the farm and field. The females select the nesting site and rear the young; the male sings but does very little toward the support of a family. This sparrow's wife sticks to the fields and will not nest in the woods, although a former mate, that was shot, did rear one brood in the woods near my cabin.

From my boyhood days I have been interested in natural history, and for the last eighteen years I have spent the most of the time in careful, and I trust intelligent, observation of the wild things about me. I feed the birds and supply nesting material of various kinds. The birds have learned to know me and are fearless when I pry into their domestic affairs. As the years go by I am more and more impressed by the close relation between bird ways and human ways. Courtship and marriage are as variable and interesting as in the human family, but there is no divorce in the bird family. Once mated is mated for life. The male birds return from the south about a week before the females and young. The old females assist the young females in selecting nesting sites, which usually are in the immediate locality of the mother's nest. The mother looks after the welfare of her year-old daughters; in this way family ties are maintained. I see this trait in many birds that visit my cabin, such as catbirds, woodthrushes, veeries, ovenbirds, robins, towhee buntings, chestnut-sided warblers, black-throated warblers, redstarts, chickadees and song sparrows. It proves that blood is thicker than water in the bird family as well as the human family. I have seen mother birds assist in nest-building in several instances. Years ago I saw this trait in the caves swallow. The young birds would begin a nest on the plain clapboards, which would fall before it was half built. The old birds took a hand and induced the young birds to select a secure spot. I have known the old bird to use force to keep a foolish youngster from a dangerous nesting site.

My reason for criticising Mr. Burroughs' article in the Atlantic Monthly was stated in my first paper. His positive statements, so plainly at variance with the sentiments found in all his books, will be quoted by numerous writers, and will furnish the munition of war to hundreds of scribes who are wholly ignorant of the questions in dispute. Mr. Burroughs has eloquently described hundreds of intelligent acts of the lower animals. I have long been an admirer of his brilliant descriptive powers, and I would rest satisfied if I possessed half his ability to describe what I see in my study of nature. But the intelligence of wild things is a fixed fact, and the sentiment is growing rapidly with the intelligent public. Nature studies are now more common in our schools, and the lecture field is overrun with students of nature. Instinct is no longer king of the wild things. He is deposed and must take his place with the commoners.

M. A. WALTON, "Hermit."

GLOUCESTER, May 19.

What Are They?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last fall, while taking a stroll with my hound through a rather wild strip of woods, I ran across a fox hole which looked as though it had sheltered a family of foxes that summer. I thought no more of the find for a time, but this year, when I was shown a young fox, one of a litter of five, which had just been dug out, I thought that possibly the hole I had found might also be inhabited.

One morning recently my brother and I started out to find it and see if it was occupied. We easily reached the place, which was on the side of a steep hill and in the middle of a patch of catbriers. The entrance was directly under two fallen trees. These were crossed and evidently had been utilized by the foxes as a means of concealment of the entrance of the burrow, since part of the branches were under the pile of dirt that had been taken out of the hole. The trees, therefore, had been there before the hole was made.

There were no signs of habitation around the outside, but I was very anxious to dig it out as I had never seen the inside of a fox hole.

This promised to be a difficult job, as the space was a small one and the only tool we had was a sod cutter that we had brought along with which to kill snakes. We had not come with the intention of digging; merely to see if the hole was inhabited. We intended to excavate after we had satisfied ourselves as to this.

However, we began, and after a while got the trees out of the way and reached the hole itself. This went into the hillside horizontally for about two feet and then took a sharp turn to the left and from there went straight ahead, it was very hard digging, as the ground was full of large stones and the sod cutter was not of so much use to us as our hands.

Where we started the hole was about six inches under the ground, but rapidly deepened till it was two feet below the surface. It kept at this depth for a while, going upward, following the slant of the hill. Finally, after cutting many roots and removing many stones, we reached a place about eight feet from the entrance, where the burrow forked; it was now a question which fork to follow. I said the right; so we fell to work on that one. We had gone a short distance when my brother brought a stick about five feet long and pushed it into the hole. He drew it out and examined it, and on the very end were a few hairs. This evidently was the right way to the nest. We dug on vigorously, and suddenly we gave a start, we had heard a noise from the hole—there was something there.

I leaned down and peered in, and could see a lot of leaves, evidently a nest. After going a little further we pushed the sod cutter far in and pulled down the nest, which seemed to be up on a ledge. At first nothing came, but all at once I saw a dark object on the bottom of the hole; it was crying. We pushed the flat blade of the sod cutter under it, and slowly pulled it out. At the first glance it resembled a new-born kitten, it was blind and apparently a few hours old, and was a trifle short of four inches in length. It was dull black, with round ears and noticeably large claws.

I looked back into the hole again and saw two more. We took these, and were examining them when we heard a rumbling noise. Like a streak of lightning something darted through the chamber where the kittens were found into a third branch of the hole. No one could see what it was. We tried to dig it out, but we struck an immovable boulder and our progress was stopped.

The identity of the young ones was and is a mystery. They certainly kept us guessing on the way home. Every animal was suggested, from a bear to a rabbit, but my brother and I were sure they were skunks.

Fortunately for us there was at home a cat that had kittens, but they were almost weaned, and we had our doubts about the old cat caring for the little beasts. We took away the kittens and put in the small animals. The cat smelt them and turned them over a couple of times, and then left the box. We were very anxious about them, but left them there, and an hour afterward, when we returned, the youngsters were peacefully taking their dinner and the old cat was perfectly contented.

For one day they were with their new mother, but it was feared that she might not have milk enough to raise them, as her other kittens were so old.

Happily for us, that very night another cat had three kittens. These were promptly drowned and the unknowns now had another mother. With this cat they have thriven from the 10th of May (the day we found them) till the present time. They began opening their eyes one week after we got them, May 17.

At first they were thought to be gray foxes, and some still think they are, but now that they are two weeks old the general opinion is that they are raccoons. They have turned a little lighter color, the head is a little brown, decidedly so behind the ears, and there is a slight suspicion of their having rings around their tails.

But the strongest argument against their being 'coons is that a 'coon, so far as I know, never breeds under ground. They make their nests in hollow trees or stumps, but friends, who have lived for years in the country, say that a 'coon does not breed under ground.

Perhaps the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can throw some light on this question.

R. PAGE.

MILFORD, Conn., May 25.

The Antelope's Power of Scent.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by the last issue of your paper that Juvenal has "heard deer walk." In the remarks which I had made some time ago in which I said I had never heard a deer walk, and to which, I presume, Juvenal refers, I neglected to say that all of my experiences among deer had been in localities where there were no deciduous trees, and consequently no leaves on the ground at any time, which might account largely for the silent movements of deer which have come under my observation, and it might be safe to presume that some of those deer which he refers to as having heard walk were in dry leaves. Certainly the one he refers to as having heard walking at a distance of 200 yards must have been tramping on some very noisy substance. Thus it is that different experiences are often had amid different surroundings and conditions, which, if they were all understood, would often save long discussions.

For some years I tried to determine for myself, by observation, a fact concerning antelope, and am still not quite satisfied, and would like to hear the opinions, based on experience, of some FOREST AND STREAM readers. I almost decided for myself that an antelope could not scent a hunter.

Of course, all will agree that they do not depend upon their nose and ears to detect danger to the same extent that deer do, but rely chiefly upon their eyes, while exactly the reverse is the case with deer, and in all my stalking them I never had my presence betrayed by their scenting me, although often the wind appeared directly from me to them. I never talked to anyone about it until once I was out on a hunt for antelope with an old hunting and trapping companion, who was experienced as well as observing, and one evening he came into camp and said: "Do you know I have often doubted whether or not an antelope had the power of scenting danger, but now I know they can't." He was one of these very positive people, and once he was thoroughly convinced of a thing, no power on earth could change him. He then told me of the occurrence of the day in which he was so thoroughly satisfied that they were unable to scent him, and it further strengthened my belief in that direction.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

[The suggestion as to antelope made by Mr. Carney is new to us and very interesting, and it is hoped that anyone who has made observations bearing on the matter will give FOREST AND STREAM readers the benefit of them.]

Philadelphia Zoological Society.

THE Thirty-first Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia has just been printed. It consists of the report by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, secretary, of the finances and condition of the Society, to which is added the results of the investigations by Dr. C. B. Penrose, of the pathological conditions of certain animals which had died during the year.

At the close of the year the membership of the Society was 1,851. The admissions during the year were 252,555, to which is to be added 125,000 tickets issued for the benefit of pupils of the public schools. The total receipts for admissions for the year were $32,476.55, an increase over the previous year of nearly $7,000. August was the month of greatest attendance, nearly $6,000 having been received, and February that of the smallest attendance, only about $750 having been received. The receipts for May, 1902, were $1,500 more than for May of the previous year; those for August, 1902, more than $2,000 than in August, 1901. The increase of admission through the year was steady.

During the year 2,450 animals were exhibited, and of these 51 species had never previously been shown in the gardens. Two very small American deer, one from an unknown locality in the Southwest, and the other from Tampico, Mexico, are now regarded as *Mazama texana,* Mearns; found from southwestern Texas to the southward.

A considerable number of animals were born in the garden, of which the most interesting by far were two bears, hybrid between a male grizzly and a female black bear. Unhappily these were destroyed by the mother immediately after birth. They were born February 10. Three black bear cubs, born February 6, were cared for by the mother until February 17, when they also were destroyed.

A series of important experiments have been carried on by Mr. Brown in the effort to determine the hygienic effect upon many tropical and subtropical mammals of free access to fresh air and of exposure to variations of temperature, greater than usually permitted in zoological gardens. Certain African monkeys were exposed to outdoor air daily during winter, except in stormy weather, for periods ranging from ten minutes in very cold weather

to five hours in moderate weather. These monkeys remained in perfect health, with the exception of one, which died from disease of the liver, in no way related to the exposure. A number of other similar interesting experiments, all of them successful, have been tried. Generally the effort was made to keep down the temperature of the larger buildings, and before the end of the winter considerable variations were allowed to occur. Thus in the antelope house a temperature of 48 degrees was reached, in the carnivora house 43, the monkey house 42, and the elephant house 38 degrees. An average maximum for all these buildings was not much more than 60 degrees. In no case was any injurious effect or discomfort apparent among the animals, which have been unusually free from sickness. It is to be recalled that the large orang, "Chief," which lived in the collection from November 16, 1893, to November 3, 1897, had been in the open air, with snow on the ground, before reaching the garden. After his arrival, less attention was paid to the temperature of his cage than has been the case with any of the other anthropoids owned by the Society, and it often fell to 60 degrees or less. He was always healthy, and his death was caused by intussusception.

These observations suggest radical changes in our methods of treatment of many species in the direction indicated.

Dr. Penrose's investigation into the pathological condition of the animals which have died in the garden are extremely interesting, and promise much in the direction of prolonging the life of captive wild animals.

As might be expected, tuberculosis was by far the most common disease, this trouble having claimed no less than thirty specimens, of which twenty-five suffered from general tuberculosis. Kidney trouble was also common, and the various forms of diseases of the lungs and their connected organs claimed a number of victims.

The number of additions to the Society's collection was large, and on the whole the condition of the Society shows most gratifying improvement over the previous year.

Milliners and Bird Feathers.

To settle the differences between the Audubon Society and the millinery trade over the varieties of birds which should properly be used for hat trimmings, the following agreement has been entered into between the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association, the Audubon Society of the State of New York, and the American Ornithologists' Union:

The members of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association hereby pledge themselves as follows:

To abstain from the importation, manufacture, purchase, or sale of gulls, terns, grebes, humming birds, and song birds.

To publish monthly in the Millinery Trade Review a notice informing the millinery trade in general that it is illegal to buy, sell, or deal in gulls, terns, grebes, humming birds, or song birds, and that no means will be spared to convict and punish all persons who continue to deal in the said prohibited birds.

To mail printed notices to all dealers in raw materials, importers, and manufacturers of fancy feathers and to the millinery trade in general, that all violations of the law will be reported to the proper authorities.

To notify the millinery trade by printed notices as to what plumage can be legally used.

It is further agreed on the part of the Millinery Merchants' Protective Association that on and after Jan. 1, 1904, the importation, manufacture, purchase, or sale of the plumage of egrets or herons of any species and of American pelicans shall cease, and the said birds shall be added to the list of prohibited species mentioned above.

It is understood and agreed that the restrictions referred to in this agreement as to gulls, terns, grebes, herons, and humming birds, shall apply to the said birds irrespective of the country in which they may have been killed or captured.

The Audubon Society of New York State, on its part, hereby agrees as follows: To endeavor to prevent all illegal interference on the part of game wardens, with the millinery trade; to refrain from aiding the passage of any legislation that has for its object restriction against importation, manufacture, or sale of fancy feathers obtained from domesticated fowls, or of the plumage of foreign birds other than those specifically mentioned above.

It is agreed by each of the parties that this contract shall remain in force for a period of three years from the date of its execution.

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet—a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking. It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then, long-forgotten things, like "sunken wreck and sunless treasures," burst on my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment! Does not this daisy leap to our heart, set in its coat of emerald!—Hazlitt.

A little bird sat on a telegraph wire,
And said to his mates, "I declare,
If wireless telegraphy comes into vogue
We'll all have to sit on the air."
—London Fishing Gazette.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. *Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?*

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

That Brotherly Bunch.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your entertaining contributor, Mr. Sandy Griswold, in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, makes allusion to a "brotherly bunch" that was "handed out" by Rev. Newton Mann, in a sermon preached by him, to a brother minister, the Rev. Robert E. Lee Craig: Reverend Mann is quoted as follows:

"The sorry spectacle is still presented in these days of a piety which has no affiliation with morality; a service of God without obligation of kindness to His creatures. Was there ever a more sorry illustration of this than the story of a prominent Omaha minister who administered the sacrament and christened babes out in the State a few days ago, and then amused himself on the way back by shooting song birds?

"For bringing into town the bodies of twenty-two meadowlarks, he was arrested and fined $110, and is unable to see any wrong in his course, only regretting the personal inconvenience to which he was subjected.

"It is such things which show how far the shadows of the Dark Ages still reach down among us, and stealing over us disturb not the least our equanimity."

Never was an objurgation uttered that fitted more aptly the man who uttered it. Every line of this truly Christian "brotherly bunch" fits the Reverend Mann like a kid glove. It is truly a "sorry spectacle" when a man wearing the garb of a minister of the Gospel, who presumably "administers the sacrament and christens babes," seizes upon so flimsy a pretext to hurl mud from the pulpit at a brother minister.

I take it that the Reverend Craig is a Southerner, judging by the longest end of his name. However the meadowlark may be regarded in the North, in the South he is a perfectly legitimate object for the sportsman's gun. It is true he is too easy a mark when on the wing to interest skillful shots, but even these do not disdain the meadowlark when other game is scarce. But he is a prime object of pursuit for the beginner and the boy gunner. The bird is nearly as large as the partridge—American partridge—*Ortyx virginianus,* vide Audubon—and makes a most excellent dish for the table.

As to the meadowlark being considered a "song bird," it is probable that the idea never occurred to anyone except the Reverend Mann, and that only for the purpose of affording occasion for his own dulcet song of detraction of his fellow of the cloth.

The meadowlark very infrequently utters a short and melancholly ditty, which the negro humorists paraphrase into the words "laziness kill y-o-o-u-u," which constitutes his only claim to the character of a "song bird."

As to associating the idea of "immorality" with the shooting of meadowlarks, the absurdity of the suggestion is its own refutation.

A "sorry spectacle," indeed, that such an incident should be made the occasion of dragging religion into the mire of vilification of a brother.

The Reverend Craig certainly had enough of the buffetings of evil fortune, when, innocently depositing his bag of meadowlarks on the station platform, he was engaged in friendly conversation by the complacent game warden until the train arrived and he was about to step on board, to be then informed that he had violated a local game law, of which he was ignorant, and haled before a magistrate and heavily fined; I say he had abundant grounds for "regretting the personal inconvenience to which he was subjected" without being made the recipient of a shower of mud from his "brother in the Lord."

"It is such things which show how far the shadows of the Dark Ages still reach down among us" * * and do "disturb the equanimity" of some of us.

If the Reverend Mann's congregation are edified by such Gospel as that, the Lord help him and them.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Whooping Crane I Missed.

SPEAKING about the last shot I ever got at a whooping crane, don't you always, when reviewing your many trips afield and the numerous incidents connected with them, try to decide in your minds which shot, of all the thousands you have made, you most regret missing? Anyway, I do. Such reflections bring back to me a flood of happy memories of the days and nights I have spent amid nature's best scenes, and of almost every game bird and animal in this great country of ours. I can close my eyes now and see them from the Aroostook and Adirondacks to the cane brakes and teal swamps of Louisiana, from the gulf to the St. John's country in upper Canada, all through the great plains land of the Dakotas and Nebraska, from the crystal lakes of Minnesota, through the mountains, to the Suisun marshes in California, and how they stood, ran or flew among their surroundings, for I have shot at them all, except mountain sheep, and I'll get one of them this fall, and whenever I think of those old day joys I get feverish with the longing for just one more trip.

Sometimes I think my most regretted miss was when I failed to down a cow moose across a three hundred yard stretch of bog up in Maine with an old time single breechloading Sharps rifle, while hunting with my beloved old friend, Dr. H. W. Carpenter, of Ohio. Then I think it was the big wildcat I failed to injure up in the wilds of Paulding county in the north part of the Buckeye State, while deer hunting with Lon Oliver and John Perry. I was standing on the slanting trunk of a fallen monarch that had lodged against another of his kind, thirty feet above the ground, watching a runway, when the bobtailed feline walked right under the log beneath me, and I missed it clean, with one of those old-fashioned double-barreled rifles, one barrel on top of the other, and which were manufactured forty years ago by an old gunsmith at Painted Post, New York. Again it is a big male swan—and to-day I wouldn't shoot one for a hundred dollar bill—out in Deuel county, this State, in March, 1894, when the Barrister and I made the biggest bag of canvasbacks and redheads ever brought into Omaha in either ancient or modern times; a pesky singing coyote way up on the Little White River in South Dakota, when the Merganser Club was encamped on the Lake Creek marshes; a flamingo on the St. John's River, Florida, or the albino dove I got two cracks at one year ago last summer, while out plover shooting with the selfsame Barrister—and so on and so on ad infinitum, for my old comraderie of the field, I must confess I have made many, many misses, yet you can take it for granted that my kills have been leagues and leagues in excess of them.

Now I am almost positive that the shot I most regret missing, all circumstances considered, or at least the one that occasioned me the keenest chagrin and disappointment, was that out in Deuel county in the spring of 1894. It was on a wild and blustery March evening and I was on my way home to Hamilton's ranch, together with Hamilton himself, in his little old single horse wagon, after a day with the ducks on Lake Maverick. We had traveled probably a couple of miles from Maverick's rice-fringed shores and the light was growing uncertain, when we descried three whooping cranes standing in the center of a little alkali pond off on the prairie about three hundred yards from the wagon trail. The great white birds loomed up as big as ostriches, and, bubbling over with excitement on the instant, I insisted on undertaking to get a shot at them.

"It's no use, Sandy," declared Hamilton, as he pulled up his little rat of a tan colored cayuse, "but if you want to try it, all right. I'll wait for you. But you see there isn't a particle of cover, and you might as well try to sneak on the man in the moon. We might as well drive on."

But with those three big white birds—last remnants of a noble race—standing out there in the shadows like marble images, Hamilton might as well have argued with the gentleman he referred to of lunary habitation.

The wagon at a standstill, I was out in a jiffy, and, pulling off my cumbersome ulster and throwing it over the ducks in the back end of the wagon, I took my gun from Hamilton's hands, and, slipping in a couple of Ideal shells loaded with 1s, I got down on all fours and started on my laborious and almost hopeless journey toward my quarry. On my hands and knees I traveled fully one hundred yards, without attracting, apparently, even the slightest attention from the birds, but fearing to advance further in such a conspicuous attitude, I fell flat on my belly, rested a moment, and then continued on my wearisome way. I was breathless with anxiety and almost tired to death with my tortuous mode of locomotion, but, spurred on by my success thus far, I crawled on, writhing over the stunted grass, straggling yucca spikes and sandburrs, like some fabulous serpent of an unknown realm. I took advantage of every tiny hillock upthrown by the previous night's industry of mole or long-eared plains mouse, every bunch of thin tumble weed, roll of Russian thistle, or unbrowsed grass, every old wind-filled buffalo wallow or blow-out, depression of any kind or character, until I actually succeeded, in an incredibly short space of time, in getting within sixty yards of a trio of the grandest birds it had ever been my good fortune to see—grander because they were even then so scarce that the sight of a small flock flying way up beneath the blue arch once in a while was a treat but rarely enjoyed. So it will not be difficult for sportsmen to define the feelings which thrilled me. Like dreary hours seemed the few moments it had taken me to reach this point of vantage, and when I peered forward and saw my great birds standing there, so white and still that I could almost catch the light from their keen black eyes, it seemed to me more like a dream than a reality, and I took up as little time as possible in catching my breath and calming myself for the shot.

The nearest bird to me was an old male, and a tremendous big one. I could descry, even in the lowering light, the crimson crest, the greenish dagger-like beak and staunch, lead-colored legs. He stood fully five feet from the alkali moisture to his carmine crown. He had a monstrous body, nearly twice as large as his nearest companion, and great flowing plumes overfell his sloping flanks. It was only here, on the barren plains, between the ghostly sandhills, that one could hope to see such a magnificent creature of our western solitudes. I certainly never before saw such a bird and never expect to again.

There was no use in trying to shoot in the cramped condition in which I had found myself. I was nervous with hope and fear and all in a tremor from my hard journey from the wagon. Quickly, however, I formed my plan, and once determined I summoned all my powers, all my control, and jumped to my feet, expecting to lay the big bird dead, even at that long range, in his tracks before he could even raise a feather of those mighty pinions.

But alas! quick as I was, the old whooper was quicker. They had evidently discovered me before I made this final move, and the very second my prostrate form was in motion, there sounded on the air a note of ringing distinctness, a note like no other I had ever heard before, it seemed to my wrought up fancies, and one I will not try to imitate with letters, and three pairs of enormous white sails were spread to the wind, three long necks were outstretched, and three clouds of snow went climbing heavenward with a speed that made my heart hop into my mouth like a redhot cannon ball, and palsied my fingers, and struck me dumb. Shoot!

On my life I tried to! But instead of a standing target, it was a swiftly flying one, a traget slicing off the thin cold air at the rate of a mile a minute. It seemed to me, when I did touch the trigger of my old Parker, my big bird was a hundred yards away, leading his two lesser consorts by possibly a dozen yards or more. The king of the feathered world I realized was out of reach, but I did bang away at one of the lagging birds with my first barrel, and with my second at the other. My eyes were blinded with rage, but my ears were still alert and I caught that searching, long-drawn and rolling hoo-roo-ooo-oo from out the far away blackness of that early March night, and the trance was broken!

Not one single snowy feather, not a wisp of down did they leave floating in their wake, and as I turned sadly and dejectedly toward the wagon, which I could see dimly

now through the rapidly thickening darkness, and Hamilton beckoning me to accelerate my gait, I sobered up and thought to myself how unholy it would have been to spoil anything so rare and so beautiful as the scene I had just gazed upon, and as I trudged along, head hanging low, over the short stiff grass, I sought to console myself with the reflection that few gunners in even those now distant days were allowed to behold what I beheld, and not in a long lifetime had many hunters succeeded in worming themselves over the prickling verdure within easy shot range of the noblest and most graceful of all the wild things God ever created.

And now. No more do I regret missing that shot; while at the time it was the most terrible disappointment in the many, many long years of an arduous sportsman's career, it will now forever more, so long as I do live, stand out in bold and sacred relief, not as the greatest regretted, but as the luckiest of all the shots I ever missed.

"You always were a fool," was all that greeted me from Hamilton, as I enveloped myself in the big ulster and crawled up on the rickety seat beside him.

According to a rumor from Lincoln, George L. Carter will succeed George B. Simpkins as chief deputy game warden and fish commissioner for the State of Nebraska. The appointment, if made, will go into effect July 1. Carter is one of the present deputies and has made a very creditable officer.

Warden Simpkins returned this morning from Humbolt, Neb., where he prosecuted John Scheidegger, S. B. Rice, Martin Bush, Rudolph Vertiska, Bob C. Carry, and James Lee for seining in Horse Shoe Lake. The parties settled by the payment of $51.31 for the ten fish found in their possession.

Coming home from Stillwell's, out in Cherry county, this spring, we passed along the southern shores of Red Deer Lake, one of the best ducking waters in the sand hills, and famous for its geese and canvasbacks. We saw thousands of ducks, principally canvas, in the open holes, while sitting all over the ice, in all directions, geese were seen in bunches of ten to half a hundred. Inquiring of the driver, an old-time plainsman, how the lake had received its name, he said:

"It may strike you, gentlemen, as a trifle singular, but thirty years ago the region immediately around about this lake, which was considerably larger then than it is now, was frequented by species of white-tailed deer that I never saw or heard of anywhere else. It was a small animal, a veritable dwarf of a deep red color that changed but a trifle in winter or summer, and so attractive were they to the early hunters and trappers out here that they were literally exterminated long before the country had begun to settle up. Now, this is no fairy story, but the truth, for I saw the deer many times myself, but nothing like them anywhere else. I killed a seven-year-old buck right off that neck running back to the hills there, and it wasn't as big as a full grown antelope, and weighed but ninety pounds, and was plump and fat at that. In those times, when any of us old trappers proposed a deer hunt, the invariable query was 'Where shall we go—down to Red Deer?' and ever since then this lake has gone by that name."

The fact that the late Legislature even failed to correct the very grievous "bull" in our present game law covering the shooting of doves and upland plover, is a matter of deep regret to all provident sportsmen. The law makes the open season on these birds from April 15 to October 30, and as dove shooting through August and September in this State is one of the gunner's chief delights, they are much provoked at the original framers of the bill for not attending to this matter, and instead of the preposterous season they granted for killing these precious birds they should have studied the requirements of the case and made the lawful period what it should have been. As it stands now a shooter cannot be molested for killing doves all through the nesting season, and, more's the shame, there are plenty of them who suffer no qualms of conscience about doing it. The dove law should have been from July 15 to November 30, and the plover season from July 1 to November 30. The all-wise drafters of the original bill also failed to give the grandest bird of them all—the jacksnipe—any protection at all, and its original incentive undoubtedly was the creation of a ways and means to compensate a few political heelers through the medium of the wardenships. The protection of our game and fish was a secondary consideration. However, the law has finally been massaged until it is more than fairly acceptable, and if it is enforced, will answer very well until an improvement can be made.

A large and enthusiastic gun club was organized out at Alliance on the evening of May 1. The officers chosen were: F. E. Allen, president; L. A. Shawver, secretary, and C. Glensdale, treasurer. C. Porter was appointed captain of the trap-shooters, and W. G. Dielan of the rifle range. Board of directors, L. N. McFall, J. F. Horney, E. G. Morris, S. M. Smyzer, and L. A. Shawver. The club makes its bow with sixty-four charter members, and the membership is limited to one hundred. Adjacent to a large area of chicken, plover, curlew and ducking grounds, the Alliance Gun Club is in a position to be quite a factor in upholding the game laws. Some antelope, too, linger on the broad plains of Box Butte county, of which Alliance is the county seat, and many trout have been planted in the Rock, Snake, and Blue Water rivers.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, May 22.

According to the Daily New Advertiser of British Columbia, Professor Prince, Commissoner of Fisheries for Canada, stated recently at Ottawa that he had witnessed the capture of a B. C. salmon weighing 84 pounds, but that the largest ever caught was taken out of the Skreena in B. C., and weighed 104 pounds. He further stated that in the eastern Province of Canada, where the salmon do not reach these gigantic proportions, fish are caught as large as the Norwegian salmon of 50 pounds, or thereabouts, which are recorded from time to time. The annual catch of salmon throughout Canada appears to be worth about twenty-five million dollars.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

X —Illusions.—Over-Confidences.—Facts About the Fishing.

"Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain, I wad sleep?"
—Ballad of Chevy Chase.

"Then here's to the lass;
And here's to the bass
That she fears she may not get!
And here's to the grace
Of her radiant face,
As she calls for the landing-net."
—Bentley.

OUR tent is rather small to protect two large men while sleeping through rainy nights. This is about the only fact on which we have agreed during the last week. For there has been a tacit understanding that whatever is asserted by one of us, the other must deny. Hence, differences about who shall rise from the comfortable talk of first wakefulness each morning, get out of his blanket and start the fire, "put on" the coffee-pot, and empty from the canoe the water that accumulates during rains. Also as to who shall wash the dishes and go up to the farmhouse after milk and butter. It applies especially to who shall paddle the canoe about with this latest addition to our bevy of campers, a charming woman and her more charming little daughter. Each reminds the other that he is too old and feeble for *such* work, but each has the illusion that the other should do all the routine work, and play afterwards. This is a worked "system" rather than anything caused by actual desire. But it has led to mutual accusations of inability to see, hear or understand anything whatever, and to confident statements that there is one man who sleeps in our tent who offensively plumes himself on seeing and knowing a lot that ordinary mortals cannot behold. And each asserts that the other is that man. Endless disputes have resulted from this attempt to spice our outing days and nights with friendly contention.

For example, I look into my tiny mirror and discover that the bite of a wood-tick has caused a discolored spot under what seems to be my right eye. When Damon's attention is called to it, no sympathy is received. He says:

"You go about in a comic opera trance, boasting that you can see, and don't realize as you see your own face in that mirror that what seems to be your right eye is really your left one. Been writing a lot of articles reproaching readers with lack of sight! Been preaching that men should study rather than describe; and then describe in a long published article every week for three months! How much of the stuff you have 'described' have you actually seen? Why can't you keep out of print and be satisfied?"

"And who begged me to write 'em?"

"I. More's the pity. Heal yourself, doctor! Hurry up, now—want to get out on the river. Awfully fine sky—almost as blue as those I saw when I was at Flor——"

And then I have the satisfaction of proving to him that although the deep blue of Italian skies has been raved about for a thousand years, they are several shades of blue lighter than these over the Delaware. He makes another attack:

"You'll stop fishin' or eatin' to tell a victim he cannot behold a tree. You cannot see one yourself! Look at that one standing on the bank across the brook. I suppose you think you see it as upright, and do not believe you actually see it standing on its head."

"Nonsense!"

"Sure! That's what I'm talking about in you. Been looking at landscapes through our camera for a month and seeing them turned topsy-turvy, and don't know that your eye is a little camera, lens and all; and that you really see things bottom upward!"

"Do you mean to tell me that I see this water as if it were above the mountains; and that they are shown on my retina with their tops downward?"

"Exactly!"

I change the subject, but secretly write a letter to an oculist friend in town—don't get the answer I want, and say nothing about it.

Then this wise comrade rigs up a tiny instrument he calls an "aerometer," and puts it in a high wind, saying:

"Think this breeze advances uniformly, don't you?"

Then he demonstrates to me that wind is not a uniform force, that what he calls its "internal working" is "a series of infinitely complex phenomena, variable and irregular in their movements beyond anything that can be conceived—even the smallest portion of the air-current which can be examined being proved to have no 'homogeneous' parts, but consisting of an exceedingly complex tangle of tiny and diverse currents." Or, as Langley states: "In a high wind, the air moves in a tumultuous mass, the velocity being at one moment perhaps forty miles an hour, then diminishing to an almost instantaneous calm, and then resuming."

And he gets me befogged in a demonstration, with hundreds of algebraic figures, that the faster birds fly the less power they require to support themselves in air, and to swiftly advance—just as, per contra, power must be increased by corresponding leaps and bounds as the speed of steamships is increased. I vote the whole discussion pedantic. But he will not be shaken off.

"And you think that the reflections of that foliage just above this little reach of calm water in the brook, are the same foliage that you see direct! You really see the under side of the reflected leaves, and the upper sides of the actual leaves. And how do you know that your sensitiveness to hue is the same as mine? What you call blue may really be yellow to me."

We grow silent, watchful, figuratively circling each other like a pair of cats about to fight. He continues:

"Maybe the moon *is* made of green cheese."

His drawl and half-shut eyes are insufferable.

"How do you know it is not? Nobody has ever proved that Nature did not gather all the milk for a million years and——"

"Bother! Come to breakfast; the fried fish are fine, and eating is one more thing we can agree about."

"All right; but you can't have the canoe for two hours. Made an engagement last night to paddle Mrs. R. and her Dorothy over to the point, and try to get some water-lilies. Fine looking widow! Notice how her hair catches the sunbeams?"

So that was why she had declined my invitation.

"And there's another thing. You have been writing a lot of high jinks about loveliness of environment. One chapter on sky and clouds, another on running water, and more about tent-mates and watching whippoorwills; and all that has been skipped by readers who have wondered whether you ever would show you really know something about this river and its fishing, and tell them where to go to land a few bass and how much time and money that will cost! Ponder on that while the widow and I take our canoe ride." And he paddles away with the lady and her child.

It would be a pleasure to furnish the names of several dealers who sell good fishing-rods, lines, reels, flies and leaders, landing-nets, boats, cameras and tents. But these numbers are not advertisements, and real anglers and canoeists know where such supplies can be found. No guide, hotel, or tackle-dealer can be named here, and the railroad is specified solely for the information of sportsmen. It is assumed that the sportsman has priced and purchased the small sleeping-tent, canoe, camp cooking utensils, and fishing tackle.

Get a time- table of the Erie Railroad, and make Hancock station the destination for the start of the outing. The 8:55 A. M. train from New York reaches Hancock, 164 miles, at 1:27 in the afternoon. Fare for round trip, $7.10. The 8:00 A. M. train from Buffalo reaches Hancock, 261 miles, at 2:27 P. M. Fare for round trip, $11.70. The tent can be shipped as baggage; the canoe, crated, will cost about $1.40 per 100 pounds from New York to Hancock, and about $1.56 per 100 pounds from Buffalo. Tent and canoe can be easily carried to the river from Hancock depot.

Use an eight-ounce lancewood (it is hard to get a good one now), or split bamboo fly-rod, with not less than 200 feet of oiled silk line, six foot single leaders, and a solid reel, for the constant work will find any weak spots in it. The ideal lure for the bass is the Montreal fly, on say No. 4 hooks. The next best fly is the Parmachenee-Belle. Casts of fifty feet should be readily made with proper rod, line and flies. The bass taken on flies will be the liveliest ones, but will not be over two pounds in weight. If the comparatively clumsy fishing with bait is insisted upon, use small catfish, frogs, minnows and hellgramites, here listed in the order of their excellence. The largest bass will be taken with bait, as they lie deeper, are lazier, and far more cautious.

Carry the following list of locations, towns and fishing places along the fifty-three mile cruise from Hancock to Lackawaxen. Remember, trains are always available, and all the towns have fairly good hotels. Guides with some knowledge of boating can be hired at any point on the route.

Towns and Fishing Places, Hancock to Lackawaxen.

Hancock.
Junction of Rivers—Shehawken.
Nobody's Eddy—Good fishing
Town of Stockport—Good fishing.
Dillon's Eddy.
Tom Pollock's Rift—Good fishing.
Wooster's Eddy.
Town of Equinunk, Pa.
Equinunk Eddy—Fair fishing; wall-eyed pike.
Town of Lordville.
Lordville Eddy.
Weston's Bend—Good fishing.
Bouchou Eddy.
Cold Flats.
Long Eddy—Upper part, good fishing.
Town of Long Eddy.
Basket Eddy.
Basket Rift—Good fishing.
Town of Kellam.
Little Equinunk Eddy.
Tyler's Rift.
Dark Eddy—Good fishing.
Town of Hankins.
Hankin's Eddy.
Golden Eddy—Good fishing.
Pine Flats.
Ross Island—Good fishing.
Town of Callicoon.
Bush's Eddy.
Pine Tree Eddy.
Curtis' Eddy—Good fishing.
Towns of Cocheeton, N. Y., and Damaseus, Pa.
Damascus Eddy.
South Cochecton.
Milanville, Pa.
Cochecton Falls. (Guide needed to shoot these.)
Gordon's Eddy.
Town of Narrowsburg, N. Y.—Good fishing.
Arnold's Eddy—Good fishing.
Jim Dunn's Rift.
Van Gilder's Eddy.
Town of Tusten.
Tusten Rift—Good fishing.
Ten Mile River Eddy.
Ten Mile River Rift.
Mast Hope Eddy—Good fishing.
Town of Mast Hope, Pa.
Upper Westcolang Rift—Good fishing.
Lower Westcolang Rift—Good fishing.
Little Falls.
Lackawaxen Eddy.
Town of Lackawaxen.

The above list of good fishing places can be relied upon by the canoeist and angler. Not all of these places have been personally fished by me to the extent of knowing their continued worth as lurking places for bass; but I have had the list checked and verified by the well-known canoeist and angler, Mr. W. F. Patterson, of New York, who has cruised for several summers on this special part of the upper stream.

It should be remembered that when the flies are cast on reaches of the river between these more prominent eddies and rifts, much good fishing may be found. The bass are liable to be where least expected, and the drifting canoeist can find such places by using the flies steadily. For example, there is a very special small eddy, locally known as "Black Jim's Eddy," about two miles below Narrowsburg, over toward the New York side of the river, where the railroad line runs close to the bank, that has very often yielded remarkable fishing. It is about midway between Arnold's Eddy and Jim Dunn's Rift.

The above list of places is merely given in manual form; but any average angler with average tackle, if he

takes the canoe run, is sure to find such good bass fishing in many places along that fifty-three miles that he will indeed be hard to please if not satisfied.

The delights of scenery along all that run have been mentioned in preceding numbers. It can be readily repeated from any station, as the work of placing tent and canoe on a freight train, and their transportation back up the river, are easy and prompt. Try the trip! The most exacting bass fisherman can hardly fail to be satisfied! And if to his love of angling he adds a love of natural beauty, this certainly is the ideal canoe trip for the Atlantic Coast and Mississippi Valley sportsman. Bass may be taken on and after June 16.

L. F. BROWN.

Fishing Rights in Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The lake region of the northern part of the State of New Jersey has long appealed to the angler and lover of nature. A number of the largest lakes have been preempted as summer resorts and have lost, in part, that rugged simplicity of their original garb bestowed by nature. Large hotels and cottages on their banks, dancing pavilions, picnic grounds, small steamers plying in their waters and Sunday excursions have worked a material change.

There are many lakes, however, which appeal most eloquently to the man who likes to rough it, and who visits the inland waters of the State to leave behind all thoughts of dress and hotel life. Invariably the smaller the lake the wilder it is in scenery and the less liable to be changed by the atmosphere of a summer resort and its conventionalities.

Before the railroads opened up the region, the native angler had the lakes to himself and the fishing was free to all. Of late years the attention of men of wealth has been attracted to the section and many of the lakes have been bought outright and treated as preserves, on which none but the favored few are allowed to wet a line.

The buying up of these lakes has lately reached such a pass in many communities that the native angler has been out of it altogether, and many men of the cities have seen their favorite fishing haunts disappear and have had to look elsewhere for their pleasure.

The native Jerseyman is always resourceful and has great faith in the Legislature of his State, and for a number of years has been demanding legislation to remedy the existing evil. It remained for Sussex county, which is in the heart of the lake region, to take the initiative. Many of her lakes had been bought up, and when, a few years ago, the owner of Swartswood Lake, one of the largest sheets of water in the county, refused to allow free fishing, matters reached a climax; mass meetings were held and at the next election all other rural campaign questions became subservient to it. The result was that the Assemblymen from that county went to the State Legislature pledged to secure for their constituents free fishing in Swartswood Lake. The county representatives succeeded and the Legislature in the year 1901 passed an act which is highly novel and furnishes a good example of special legislation for the benefit of a certain community, which, because of constitutional barriers, had to be so drafted as to embrace every county of the State.

The law applies to any county in the State having fresh water lakes of a water surface area exceeding one hundred acres, but before the law shall take effect in any county, the act must be submitted to the citizens for acceptance or rejection at the next local election.

It provides for the appointment by the Supreme Court of a Board of Commissioners, to be known as the County Lake and Park Commission. The commissioners are given the power "to acquire and make available to the inhabitants of the county and to the public, rights of fishing common to all, in fresh water lakes within said county having an area of water surface exceeding one hundred acres, and lands not exceeding ten acres adjoining thereto and within said county for public use and enjoyment therewith;" and have power "to take in fee or otherwise, by purchase, gift, device or eminent domain, said rights of fishing in said lakes aforesaid and said lands adjoining thereto as aforesaid."

Sussex county accepted the act by popular vote and a commission was appointed, but before any proceedings were taken by this commission in the condemnation of rights of fishing in Swartswood Lake, the constitutionality of the law was brought up for review in the Supreme Court on a writ of certiorari taken by Mr. Andrew Albright, the owner of Swartswood Lake. The Supreme Court, in a decision handed down in the fall of 1902, upheld the act on all grounds, and the case has now gone to the Court of Errors and Appeals, whose decision is awaited with much interest.

Among the many constitutional questions involved the one of great interest to the public and to the owners of lakes on which the public is not allowed to fish, is whether the right of fishing is a public use and can be taken and condemned as a severable interest in lands. The act does not contemplate the actual purchase, by condemnation, of the land under water, or, in other words, the lake itself, which would carry with it the right of fishing, but simply the purchase of the right of fishing in the lake, which right is severable from the ownership of the land. In this particular it differs from any park act heretofore passed by other States and has no parallel in legislation. It would seem to be not only novel, but vicious and ill-considered, and legislation that should be frowned upon, as paving the way for further assaults upon constitutional provisions.

If the act is sustained, and adopted in other States, it would have the effect of creating many public fishing preserves which could not in any sense be called public parks, nor justified from that standpoint. The owner of the fee to the land under water in the lake loses the control of the right of fishing in the same, which control was his sole reason for purchasing. The lake with the right of fishing vested in the public, would be practically of nominal value to the owner and he would be in no better position, as to fishing on the lake, than any citizen of the county or the public at large. Such legislation would render any land owner subject to having his estate turned into a public picnic ground while he still perforce must own the land in fee and pay taxes thereon.

If the act provides for the purchase of the lake and the lands surrounding it and the establishment of a public park, it might be justified and the right of fishing would then be incident to the park and a part of the public enjoyment to be derived.

Again, the right to fish may be for profit or it may be for pleasure. It cannot be gainsaid that fishing for profit stands on the same footing as any other private business. We cannot place fishing for pleasure on a higher plane than other wholesome sports. If legislation of this character is sustainable, no private owner of real property in rural districts, whether he own land under water or woodland or meadowland will be safe from what may be termed legalized trespass by the public.

Fishing is only one of the many wholesome recreations of the people. The public likes to hunt and play golf and baseball; our strenuous President and other good citizens find enjoyment in chopping down trees. Certainly a law which would condemn for public use the right to play golf or baseball or chop down trees or hunt on the land of a private citizen cannot be justified; yet there is as much reason and right in laws of this character as can be found in the law in question.

The right of fishing, speaking from a legal standpoint, is a right of profit in another's freehold, and if this right can be properly taken for the benefit of the public as a public use, we can well say that any other right of profit can be taken, such as the taking of fruit. The small boy element in any community exceeds the number of anglers. Moreover he has more time. The picking of fruit in all stages of growth is one of his favorite pastimes. Why not condemn for his benefit the right of taking fruit? Surely if this legislation is for the benefit of the public, the number of individuals who would really derive enjoyment therefrom should be taken into account.

On the whole, it would seem that the usually conservative State of New Jersey has gone entirely too far in this particular legislation.

KENNETH FOWLER.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Massachusetts Legislation.

BOSTON, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Fish and Game Commission in their report for 1902 recommended several changes under the head of New Legislation. First—Providing for re-stocking ponds that had been stocked by them on petition of selectmen or of thirty or more citizens of a town. The law has been so amended as to provide for a second term of three years of protection.

Second—For the better protection of song and insectivorous birds there has been added after the fine specified, ten dollars, the following: "For each bird taken or killed or each nest disturbed or destroyed contrary to the provisions of this section." A very evident improvement.

Third—To prevent the use of explosives in fishing waters. The wording is, "Whoever kills or destroys fish by the use of dynamite, or other explosive, or explodes dynamite or powder in fishing waters shall forfeit ten dollars for each offense."

Fourth—The so-called millinery law, relative to possession or wearing the bodies or feathers of certain birds, has been made clearer and more specific.

In each of these cases the statutes have been materially improved and strengthened. It augurs well for sportsmen's interests when members of a committee on fish and game are willing to be guided to a great extent by men who make a special study of those interests, and upon whom in a great measure rests the responsibility of proper care of fish, wild animals and birds. The sportsmen of the State have reason to remember with gratitude the members of the committee of 1903, as well as the commissioners.

Another bill which has received the Governor's signature and which pleases the shore people of Barnstable very much, prohibiting the taking of fish by nets and seines in the waters of Barnstable and Marshpee on Nantucket Sound. Another good bill is the one prohibiting the use of drag-nets, set-nets, purse-nets, seines or trawls in ponds. This law forbids the use of floating devices in connection with trawls and makes ten hooks constitute a trawl.

Another bill places a bounty of $5 on a wildcat, Canada lynx, or loupcervier. Whether there be any of the last named in the State I cannot say. I have never seen one nor heard any man say he had seen one at large in Massachusetts.

The bill providing compensation to farmers for damage done by deer is now in the Governor's hands, as is also the right-of-search bill in such shape as it is. I hardly expect it would be recognized by the man who made the original draft. Capt. Collins informs me that the commissioners did not think it wise to urge further legislation on lobsters just now, in view of the request for authority to call a convention of commissioners and others from the lobster producing States and the British Provinces. An act for this purpose has received the Governor's signature. In case such a convention is called elsewhere than in Boston, the commissioners are authorized to attend it.

Representative Warner's trout bill has been rejected. It made the trout limit 5 inches. Mr. Warner, representing several clubs in and near Northampton, desired that there should be a uniform law in all those counties, but inasmuch as Berkshire, which now has no legal limitation as to length, would not agree to a 6-inch limit, he urged the bill for 5 inches, although he and his constituents would have been better pleased with a 6-inch law such as is in force throughout the State with the exception of Berkshire county. In all probability this may be regarded as a finality for the present session of the Legislature.

A new association for protection of fish and game has just been organized at Middleboro, largely through the efforts of Senator Pratt and Dr. W. C. Woodward, who was for several years a zealous member of the State Association, and has been made secretary of the new society. Under the leadership of such men we predict for it a bright future. These local associations are not only of much benefit to the individual members, but exert a powerful influence in the inculcation of the protective sentiment throughout the community and in securing proper legislation.

In this connection it is a source of disappointment to read the fourteenth annual report of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League, in which it is announced that "this document will conclude the doings" of the League. It is true the object for which it was originated, viz., the abolition of seining and trap-fishing in Buzzard's Bay, has been accomplished. The attempt to regain admittance to the Bay may never again be attempted by the Menhaden Fisheries Company, yet possibly it may be; but there are other fields yet to conquer. The report alluded to concludes as follows: "We desire to express our obligations and thanks to our secretary, without whom there never would have been any League, and who has, until his health has failed him and he is able to do no more, given his time and influence to the work from first to last." Your readers will remember that when the Executive Committee of the Central Committee was first chosen, George H. Palmer, Esq., of New Bedford, who has been so many years secretary of the Southern Massachusetts Fish and Game League, was elected one of its members. His failing health is a serious loss not only to his immediate associates, but to the cause of protection in Massachusetts.

The names signed to the report as the Executive Committee, beside that of the secretary, are Arthur Rickitson, president; Robert Bennett, vice-president; Henry M. Knowles, treasurer; Charles S. Randall—the last name will be remembered as for many years a member of Congress. Would it not be possible for these gentlemen by a little effort on their part to awaken an interest among the hundreds of sportsmen in their city and vicinity in forming a New Bedford Fish and Game League for the care and propagation of fish and game in their section and generally throughout the State, in conjunction with the work of other clubs? On whom else will Secretary Palmer's mantle fall? How much it would rejoice his heart to see a large, wide-awake club arise from the ashes of the old league of which he has been so long a part! It is to be hoped that a movement of this kind will soon be inaugurated.

Col. E. B. Parker has recently returned from a fishing trip in Vermont. Accompanied by Mr. A. S. Richardson, of St. Albans, he fished on brooks in Waterford, a few miles from St. Johnsbury, with very fair success. He fished from the same bridge from which he took a plunge unintentionally three years ago, as recorded in FOREST AND STREAM at that time. He informs me that the people of Vermont are regretting very much the calling to higher service of former Commissioner Titcomb regarding his accepting a position under the United States Commission as a great loss to the State. The Colonel says he shall soon make another visit to his preserve, provided there is plenty of rain, but not otherwise. He is an ardent sportsman, and is regretting his inability, for business reasons, to join his friend, Mr. J. M. Hoyt, of Lynn, who has recently started for the Rangeleys.

Yesterday I met "Stepie" Johnson, managing director of the Megantic Club, who has just returned from the preserve. He says their woods have narrowly escaped the fires which have been raging all around them. Mr. Woodruff and brother, of New York, Mr. Talcott, of New Jersey, with Mr. Barker, of Scranton, Pa.; Mr. Woodburn, of Connecticut, and Mr. Harrison, of Pawtucket, are having good sport and getting all the trout they can use. Treasurer P. C. Wiggin has just left Boston on a wedding tour to Quebec and will stop at the club house on his return and then go to his camp at Chain of Ponds. Mr. Bateman, of Quincy, left yesterday for Spider Lake. A new dining camp is being built at Arnold Pond, and Mr. Johnson says one night last week the workmen had plenty of light to work by in moving lumber all night long from the forest fires. Secretary Phippen is to start for the woods in a few days, and others will soon follow. Mr. Eben H. Davis, proprietor of the Lakeside on Umbagog Lake, who has been engaged all winter in literary work for D. C. Heath & Co., left Boston on Thursday for his hotel, where he will remain till late in the autumn. He with others occupied Deer Park Lodge for several seasons and says he owes his life to the recreation he has enjoyed in the woods.

Congressman S. W. McCall, a friend of sportsmen's interests, left Winchester on Thursday with his family for his summer home in Lancaster, New Hampshire, and it is reported that Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, has recently purchased a large tract of land in northern New Hampshire for a game preserve.

Mr. Herbert Thayer, member of the House from Franklin, informed me that his brother, Mr. A. D. Thayer, and wife have just returned from Moosehead, where they had excellent sport, and Mrs. Thayer captured a laker weighing 13½ pounds. The A. D. Foster party of five from Boston averaged a hundred pounds daily while at the lake. Mr. George S. Harris, Luther Greenleaf, C. B. Devereaux, and F. D. Hall, of Boston, and J. L. Fassett, of Ware; W. C. Freeman, of Providence; E. W. Bourne, of New Bedford; E. J. Hodgdon, of Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Hill and two daughters from Medford, have all met with gratifying success. The Tisdale party, A. A. Tisdale, L. A. Tisdale, with six friends from Leominster, are getting plenty of fish. Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Parker, from Bedford, are at Kineo with several friends, including Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lamb and Mr. W. C. Mentzer, of Somerville. Mr. E. Haring Dickinson, of Boston, is accompanied by several friends at his private camp on the lake, and Mr. N. C. Nash, Boston, of the State Association, with Mr. F. A. Seamans, of Salem, is camping on "Little W" at the head of the lake. A party from Worcester, Charles H. Sibley and four others, are taking their share of fish. The Mohawk Fishing Club, composed of Haverhill and Boston sportsmen, is well represented in Mr. Snyder's camp at the head of the lake by the president, C. W. Arnold, Hon. A. P. Jacques, and others from Haverhill; Richard E. Frazier, George Waterman, P. B. Heintz, and Jacob Mosser, of Boston. Mr. A. B. Shaw, of Leominster, is reported to have taken a 19-pound togue. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Dudley, and Miss Dudley, of Haverhill, are at Northwest Carry. Mr. Heintz, of the Mohawks, has taken a 5¾-pound squaretail trout, and President Arnold one weighing 4 pounds. Fred S. Lufkin, of Gloucester, is well to the front with an 8½-pound salmon. Mr. W. H. Wesson, of Springfield, is entertaining Nathan D. Bill, J. W. Kirkham, Samuel J. Fowler, and Frederick Harris at his camp at Moody Islands. Rev. Leonard K. Storrs, of Brookline, and Elias J. Bliss are getting plenty of trout and togue. The Watson party, including John J. Pew, A. B. Cook and others, have gone out, having taken 330 trout and 20 togue

during their stay of two weeks. Mr. E. S. Farmer and party, including his niece, Miss Locke, of Arlington; E. F. Perkins, J. E. Thompson, and F. X. Fitzpatrick, of Boston, have made daily catches of from 40 to 60 trout and togue. Mr. C. M. Harriman, of Boston, and party, including A. C. Wharton, H. A. Blackmer and others, of the Whale Club, New Bedford, have left camp after a week of good luck. Mr. R. Provost, of Philadelphia, is entertaining several friends at the cottage he has just erected at Cathance Lake.

Reports of fine fishing at Cold Stream Lake, Enfield, are at hand. Among anglers there have been Gov. Hill and Hon. William T. Haines, of Augusta, and Eugene M. Hersey, of Bangor, former president of the Maine Sportsmen's Association. Commissioner Carleton, returning from a recent trip, reports that he never saw anything like the fishing which was had one day while he was at the lake. He caught that day the full allowance and the fish were taking the bait just as freely when he quit fishing as at any time during the day. "Every angler on the lake that day had the same good luck, and there were no favored sportsmen at all; * * * there was no difference whether water was shallow or deep." He says he will go there again soon. Mr. J. Franklin Wight, of Wellesley, A. F. Brett and W. R. Thain, of Boston, have also had good luck there.

Fly-fishing is on at Belgrade Lakes, and it is said that it has not been as good at any time in the last five years. Among those enjoying it are Charles C. Hoge, of New York; R. B. M. Cook, of Port Chester; A. H. Soden, of Boston, and the Wells party, including Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Wells, of Southbridge, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gale, of Haverhill, Mass. There is a long list of new arrivals from New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and elsewhere. Big catches of 80 and 100 bass a day are reported of common occurrence now with promise of still greater ones as the water becomes warmer. The Anna Held party have gone to Paris, Me., to remain a couple of months, returning to Belgrade for September.

Mrs. E. J. Jennings, of Farmington, has to her credit a 12-pound salmon taken recently at Clearwater, and H. I. Spinney captured two togue, 9 and 10 pounders. But Mr. J. M. S. Hunter, of the Farmington Chronicle, is the happiest man in town, having brought to gaff a 10½-pound salmon. This is what he says: "I have fished for twenty years and that is the first fish that I ever caught that ever gave me full satisfaction." The struggle lasted two hours, and after it was landed in the boat it was found to have a hook, leader and several feet of line attached to it, the hook being firmly imbedded in the jaw of the fish. The moral to be drawn is, use strong tackle if you want to save your fish in Clearwater.

An Albino Trout.

Mr. Roy Stuart, of Farmington, captured a 2-pound albino trout, said to be the first one of the kind ever taken from the lake. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bergen have taken possession of their camp. Messrs. W. S. Ames and E. J. Tucker, of Boston, and several others, have been stopping at Unity Camp a few days. At Haines' Landing the Mooselookmeguntic House and cottages have been taxed to their utmost capacity to accommodate the host of sportsmen from different parts of the country. There seems to be no limit to the fine catches the anglers have been getting. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bliss and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tedcastle, of Boston, had exceptional success—the ladies (as usual) taking the largest fish, 6½ and 7 pounds. Charles N. Wood, Frank Ridlon, L. Pfingst, of Boston; Fred S. Kinner, of Milton; W. H. Coe and J. R. Marble, of Worcester, are a few of the Massachusetts fishermen guests at the hotel.

From Rangeley it is reported that several wealthy Massachusetts gentlemen are making plans for a large game preserve, to extend over fifteen square miles, which is pleasing to the citizens, and the project will receive their aid. Dr. F. W. Palfrey, Alexander Jackson, Julius Matthews, A. J. Maybury, E. G. Reynolds, F. L. Roberts and F. C. Brown, of Boston, and C. A. Taft, of Whitinsville, have had good sport. Everything is lovely at the Bald Mountain camps, F. A. Kidder and C. C. Badger, of Boston, and Mr. Clark, of North Attleboro, doing their full share in keeping up the fishing record.

The writer met Mr. James Brown, of the Railroad News Company, since his return from Bald Mountain camps, and he reported the finest fishing in all his experience, and he is a veteran angler. He said they threw back all less than 2 pounds, and there were usually twenty boats out, and the most of them would come in with not less than 15 fish, averaging from 3 to 5 pounds in weight. He says, "This is straight."

Guests at Mountain View are not grumbling. H. W. Clark, for twenty years or more a member of the Mass. F. and G. P. A., has had his usual good luck, as have also N. P. Damon, C. C. Sheldon and F. I. Nichols, of Fitchburg, J. H. Flynn, of Boston; F. J. Pierce, of Gardner and many others.

A 12½-Pound Salmon.

At Upper Dam, Mr. Llewellyn M. Bickford, of Brooklyn, has taken the record fish for this season, and it tipped the scales at 12½ pounds.

At Bemis, among the lucky ones, are Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thompson, of Lowell; C. K. and L. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. McKeown, of Boston, and E. H. Richards, of Woburn. At the Birches is quite a party from Lynn, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Nelson, Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Judkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Littlefield, Dr. T. M. Smith, Thos. Welsh, James Manning, C. H. Baker and E. A. Greaton. At Allerton Lodge, where the late president of the State Association, Col. Rockwell, used to go often, is a Boston party of eight, among them Mr. E. B. Haskell and H. A. Priest. Mr. E. V. R. Thayer and party have gone to Mr. Thayer's cottage on Richardson Lake. Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Thayer, of Boston, are occupying one of the new cabins at the Barker. Senator Frye has with him at his camp Gen. Sewall, with Wm. Huntoon and wife as guide and housekeeper.

At the Ledges, a party consisting of Judge R. S. Ransom, Mrs. Ransom, son and daughter, also Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Dennis, with J. Mathieson, C. R. Hill and D. E. Heywood as guides, have had phenomenal fishing. These camps are owned by a company of eight, five of whom live in New York. Two new camps have been added to the group this spring, making five in all.

At Newfound Lake, N. H., Congressman Frank D. Currier and O. B. Sargent, of Canaan, N. H., took 12 trout that weighed upward of 60 pounds—this in one day in a single boat, and establishes a new record. Messrs. E. H. Weaver and David H. Clark, of New Haven, have also had good luck on this lake.

CENTRAL.

At the New York Aquarium.

Second Paper.

"THAT," said the aquarium attendant, pointing to the most beautiful specimen of all in the great collection, "is the angel fish, and that other," pointing to the loathsome clawed dragon lying in the bottom of the tank, "is a hellbender."

The women gasped. They didn't know for a moment whether the aquarium man was becoming profane when he said "hellbender." Then one of the visitors shuddered and said the fish with the awful name was the ugliest thing she ever saw.

"Well, I don't think so," said the caretaker. "It depends on the way you look at it. I don't find him ugly." The women were listening attentively, and a quizzical look came into the man's eyes as he continued: "Beauty is only skin deep, anyhow, and what this fellow lacks in good looks he makes up in good behavior. You may think, now, that the angel fish is charming, but it is about the meanest of the lot. One of those brought from Bermuda five years ago killed every other angel fish put in with it. And the lady fish over there," he went on, looking pointedly at his listeners, "gets along all right enough when there's only one in a tank. More than one results in a fight."

The peaceful stillness that reigns in the old aquarium is striking. Visitors who make the trip to the Battery and pass through the thick casement walls, leave the roar of the elevated and the noises of the street behind, almost as though they had stepped into an underground vault. Inside the light is subdued, and one hears nothing but the fall of water, and here and there a splash, as some speckled beauty jumps into air. Sightseers move around the circle of tanks talking in undertones, and giving vent to their interest in suppressed cries of delight. The atmosphere of the place is indeed impressive. Imagine, then, the surprise of those in the place one day last week when from the gallery came a child's shrill voice calling to his mother on the other side of the main floor:

"Oh, Muzzie, have they got any mermaids here?"

The sea anemone is the last animal on sea or land that one would pick as a fighter; but a certain little rock crab in the collection knows that he is. A battle between the fighting anemone and a thieving crab was described by L. B. Spencer, who has charge of the aquarium laboratory:

"I was feeding the anemone, a fair sized brown specimen," said Mr. Spencer, "with bits of chopped clam from a long stick. The crab, not content with his own share, darted at the anemone and attempted to steal the choice morsel from it.

"Then a funny thing happened. Fully thirty small thread-like coils shot out from near the anemone's mouth, striking the crab on all sides. These threads are said to having stinging powers equal to a nettle.

"Instantly the crab doubled up in apparent pain and started round that glass tank like one possessed. After numerous turns he approached again, and this time the anemone stung him hard, for after a turn or two he turned over on his back and wagged his flippers feebly.

"It was some time before he recovered. I tell you that crab has not been within hailing distance of the brown anemone since."

Installed in one of the big pools there is now a happy family comprising a large number of small turtles, alligators, crocodiles and bullfrogs. The pool is 28 feet long and 12 feet wide, and with plenty of water, and at one end there is a corrugated platform. The creatures could scarcely have quarters more comfortable or better adapted to their wants. Up the inclined plane as up the bank of a stream the animals climb at will.

About the middle of the pool is an old stump, upon whose top there is pretty likely to be found some turtle resting; and turtles love to creep under the stump for shelter or seclusion. Floating about in the pool's waters are a number of irregular-shaped slabs of cork, islands upon which the animals like to climb, and there are likely to be from one to three creatures on any one of these floating islands. And finally, among so many creatures, there is likely to be something going on all the time. For instance:

Around in front of a big bullfrog that was sitting on the inclined plane, drifted one of these floating islands. The bullfrog's eye caught it, and he thought he would like to take a sail on it.

The island was a foot and a half or so away, but that was a very easy jump for the bullfrog from his place on the bank. Landing on it, he gave the island a fresh start, under which it now sailed away with quicker movement.

The bullfrog had landed on one end of this slab. He was sitting thus when something began to weigh down the other end of the island. Then the bullfrog saw an alligator climbing up out of the water, his great head with long and powerful and wide open jaws and massive shoulders already up and more alligator coming. The bullfrog took just one look and then turned again once more toward the shore. It was a good deal further off now than when he first struck the island, but he had a great incentive now, and great as the jump was he made the shore handily, and left the island to the alligator.

There are things of this sort going on all the time. There's a turtle, maybe, on one end of an island and an alligator comes along and climbs up on the same end, submerging it and so floating the turtle off, the island supporting the 'gator, however, when called upon to bear his weight alone.

Turtles promenading on the bottom of the pool, in opposite directions, meeting, sometimes turn out readily and sometimes scrap for the right of way, but these fights don't amount to much, and on the whole the various creatures dwell together in peace and harmony. The different varieties in the tank include soft shelled, snapping, musk, slider and spotted turtles, and wood and Blanding's and diamond backed terrapin. The person who endeavors to pick out the representatives of the different varieties will have a task similar to that recently set by a publication which printed a series of faces, and after telling what the faces were supposed to represent left it to the reader to designate them properly. In that case there was a prize of $500 offered for the nearest guess. There is no prize offered for a correct designation of the different turtles. There was no correct guess in the case of the faces. The turtles are nearly as difficult to pick out.

In one division of the turtle pool there are two big loggerheads weighing 240 pounds apiece or more. One of them came in last winter and the other about a year ago. The one that came in last January has scarcely begun to eat; but there is nothing astonishing about that, for such turtles may easily go months without eating. The other big turtle not only eats all that is put in for itself, but all that is put in for the other fellow, too.

Commonly these big turtles are to be seen each with its head in its own corner of the pool; and at feeding time the food for each is put down in a corner at its head. The older turtle, which, somehow, doubtless in some fight at sea, has lost half its starboard forward flipper, begins promptly on its portion and eats steadily until it takes it all in. It has a head as big as a cocoanut, and it is a big, clumsy creature generally; but it goes about its feeding intelligently, and never misses a scrap.

By the time it has finished it is likely to find itself in the middle of the pool, to which it may have washed some of its food by the swashing of its massive body, and then from there it makes straight for the other turtle's corner, where the untouched food is lying.

The chances are that the other big turtle has backed out of its place before this, but whether to give the other a chance or to avoid it would not be so easy to say. At any rate, the first turtle goes up into the other's corner with the grace of a scow, and proceeds to strip that corner clean, too.

When a big turtle like this does find an appetite, it always seems to find a big one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Bass Fishers.

CHICAGO, May 28.—The bass fishers are getting ready in numbers for their exodus to-morrow and the day after, and, fortunately, the promise is for decent fishing weather and decent-natured fish. For the first time in the season we have had a little touch of bass fishing, and the boys who went to the Fox Lake country last week brought back good catches. One of the best of these was taken by Messrs. Whitney and Salter, at Loon Lake, on last Monday, these two bringing home a basket of fifteen handsome big-mouth bass. The state of affairs at Loon Lake was typical of that existing now pretty much over this Illinois chain. The bass were on the feed at the first of this week, and they ought to continue so for a week or ten days at least.

Members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club who will make the Lauderdale trip this week, are Messrs. A. C. and Frank Smith, F. N. Peet, Itha H. Bellows, E. W. Letterman, John Homan, with Messrs. Mason and Noyes. They ought to strike the Lauderdale country at just about the right time. This is a pretty and restful region, and one might be worse employed than spending a few days there at this time.

Nothing is doing in Indiana bass fishing, and thus far nothing startling comes from the lower peninsula of Michigan. It is a good time for lower Wisconsin and upper Illinois, and that is the way I should counsel any one to head at this stage of the game.

Trout Fishing.

The trout fishing reports from the lower peninsula of Michigan thus far, have not been very rose colored, and I should rather think that Wisconsin had beaten the south peninsula so far, if one is to judge from reports of friends. The Pere Marquette has not been in good shape as yet, and the Chicago boys have not yet gone over there for their trip, but on June 11 Messrs. Smith, Peet, Bellows, Letterman, Perce and Hascall, all of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, will make an expedition thither. They will be joined by John Waddell, Asa Stuart and Mr. Avery, of Grand Rapids.

The three gentlemen last named were on the Pere Marquette May 7 to May 10, but they met a bad proposition. The water was covered with midges, the minute flies known as "curses" by some anglers, and the result was that the trout did not "come," nothing of very good size being taken.

An odd incident occurred during this fishing trip. Mr. Waddell was sitting on a bank, adjusting some flies, when Mr. Stuart came wading down midstream and frightened toward him a good-sized trout which was lying out on the rocks. Mr. Waddell was sitting motionless at the time, and the trout did not discover him as an enemy. With a stealthy motion he reached his landing net, made a scoop, and actually caught the live trout in his landing net. I think this feat has not been duplicated by very many. "I will show you how to catch 'em," said he to his friend.

These anglers above mentioned, and others, state that thus far the trout have been found out in midstream and in shallow water. This simply means that the hatch is on and that the trout are feeding either on the caddis grub or on the imago.

Wisconsin Stream.

I have heard lately of another good trout stream in Wisconsin, the Sturgeon River, which runs into

Lake Michigan waters. You have to ride about twenty-five miles over a wretched road, but the fishing there a few weeks ago was worth the trip, some trout being taken which went to a pound and a half.

The Pork and the Bass.

There are many reasons why the American hog should have a place emblazoned upon the national coat of arms. The more I think it over the more I believe the hog is not fully appreciated. Nobody and nothing around a camp is more useful than the hog, when properly prepared, and especially if it is a fisherman's camp, there may be divers uses for his porkship. Now here is Mr. Joseph H. Hunter, the patent lawyer, of Washington, D. C., who was out at Garfield lagoon last Saturday, enjoying the bait-casting contest of the Chicago Club. Mr. Hunter says that some of the finest bass fishing in the country is to be had on the Potomac and Susquehanna rivers. He thinks he is one of the few bait-casters who go out of the city of Washington, but says that he has sometimes splendid sport bait-casting for small-mouth bass. He uses a three-inch strip of pork rind and hooks it on the outside of one shoulder or corner, so that it whirls around in the water. He prefers this to frog or minnow. The bass, according to his story, lie out under the willows, or on the shady side of rocks, and when he casts his frog bait into the right spot it never travels more than two or three feet before the bass gets it, if he wants it. It is much like fly-casting. Mr. Hunter says that he has frequently caught twenty-five small-mouth bass of one and a half to four pounds in this manner during a day's fishing. He insists that a section of the American hog thus prepared, is better than any patent or natural bait which can be devised, and he ought to know, for he is a patent lawyer.

For the Anglers.

Hints may have been gathered from time to time in these columns of the extent of the Chicago angling traffic. Such dimensions does it attain that at least three of the leading railroads running north annually make special schedules on its account. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul trains touch the lower part of the Fox Lake country, and their schedule is arranged specially for the convenience of the week-end anglers to those nearby resorts. The Wisconsin Central Railroad touches the Lake Villa country, more especially, this being on the eastern side of the lake district. The Chicago & Northwestern, beginning tomorrow and thereafter until June 27, will put on a special Pullman, running to the muscallunge and bass country, the end of the run being at Watersmeet, Michigan. This train leaves Chicago at five o'clock and reaches Watersmeet at 6 o'clock in the morning, Sundays. It leaves Watersmeet at 9 o'clock in the evening, Sundays, and reaches Chicago 9:45 the next morning. Special schedules are made also on the Gogebic and other points by the Northwestern. That the railroads are wise in making up this accommodating service for the public is well proved by looking at any of the week-end trains going north out of Chicago.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Following are the scores made by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club at the last weekly competitions:

	Acc'y & Del'cy, Per Cent.	Bait-Casting, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows	93	97
G. W. Davis	..	90 4-10
H. G. Hascall	95 2-3	98 1-10
N. C. Heston	92 2-3	97 5-10
G. A. Hinterleitner	..	96 8-10
John Hohmann	..	96 2-10
E. R. Letterman	92	97 2-10
E. L. Mason	..	97 2-10
F. N. Peet	95 2-3	97 3-10
C. B. Robinson	..	94 8-10
F. S. Smith	..	96 3-10
Keiser	..	98 5-10
Noyes	..	93 6-10

Winning scores: Distance and accuracy, Peet and Hascall; bait-casting, Hascall.

Illinois Fish Law.

Interesting features of the new Illinois fish law are: Confining of the legal mesh of nets to one and a half inches square; making a penitentiary offense of the use of dynamite or drugs in fishing; enforcing the destruction of any gar fish taken in a net, the taker being guilty if he does not destroy such gar fish; providing a penalty for the use of spear on any fish except German carp (most excellent good!); a bluff at the enforcement of the old fish way law for dams on streams and rivers; the appointment of five fish wardens, under salary; making officers of the fish commission all sheriffs, deputy sheriffs and constables; establishing length limit on black bass at eleven inches; making it a misdemeanor to use seine without consent of owner of land on which seine or net is taken; making it unlawful to fish within 400 feet of any dam from April 15 to June 15; making it unlawful to use a trot or set line on any inland lake; making it obligatory to label packages containing fish in shipment, and to describe same. It is forbidden specifically to kill in any way except by hook and line, bass, pike, pickerel or wall-eyed pike. It is forbidden to kill any fish whatever by means of nets, in any waters, from April 15 to June 1, nothing in this section applying, however to Lake Michigan.

As to the spearing of carp, which seems to be allowable under this act, it is not so much to be taken as a sign of regeneracy on the part of the Illinois State Fish Commission as an assistance to market fishermen who make an idustry of selling carp. We are the great carp garden of the world. While we recognize that there is such a thing as a game fish, we do this without prejudice to our own rights, which rights appear to be more especially concerned with the rearing and selling of the leather-back nuisance which has ruined our Western streams. Tons of these fish are marketed by seining companies, who operate under the theoretical supervision of the Illinois State Fish Commission. That their operations destroy quantities of game fish cannot be denied. That we do not seem now able to remedy this matter is another fact which, apparently, cannot be denied. I doubt if there is a fish commission in America which has actually increased fish life to a greater extent, in proportion to its resources, that that of Illinois. The seining out and replanting of small fishes taken from cut-off bayous and sloughs is the most practical form of fish planting ever devised. It is one of the pities of the time that such splendid work should have been offset by the mistake, intentional or otherwise, which resulted from the general introduction of German carp.

Odd Angling Incident.

An odd incident happened last week to my friend Antoine, when he was fishing in the Prairie River. He saw a rise at his fly and struck, apparently hooking and certainly playing and landing a nice trout. Inspection proved that some one else had had hold of the fish before. It had a bait hook and snell fast in its mouth, and Mr. Antoine's fly, instead of hooking the fish, had fastened in the loop of the snell, thus holding the fish firmly enough to kill it. I never heard of an incident exactly similar.

The Waushara County Streams.

So far as I can learn, my own solitary trip up in Waushara county, Wis., around Wautoma, was about as fortunate as any, and the Saginaw men admit that their average was not as good as that which we made at Wautoma. Arthur Bean and myself took in our broken week's fishing 121 trout in all. These fish were not all over 8 inches, but I think were practically all over the 7-inch limit, and certainly we kept no little yearlings, as is the case with a great many fishermen who go in there, according to the story of my companion.

At Wautoma we seem to have blundered into a very interesting piece of country and one which is worth remembering. We saw a great number of gray squirrels as we rode about through the country, and the woods were quite full of nests. I was told that the squirrel shooting is very fine there in its proper season, and also advised that a great many ruffed grouse are to be found there scattered along in the covers which lie separated by the farming lands. There are some woodcock along the boggy streams. I saw one fine fellow one morning, and also a jacksnipe or two. Rabbits are very numerous. When one remembers that this is all along a river which offers an occasional rainbow trout and which, a little lower down, affords good fly-fishing for small-mouth black bass, I think he will agree that the district is worth remembering. I should not forget to say that a good many prairie chickens are killed in there in the opening week of every shooting season.

More directly in point, however, is the trout fishing, which I took pleasure in investigating during my short stop at Wautoma. Of course, on the snowy Thursday we remained indoors, but on the following morning Arthur and I hitched up for a trip to the McCann River, of which I had heard so much at one time or another. I found this was only a seven-mile drive from Wautoma. As to this McCann River, a prettier trout stream never lay out of doors. It reminds me very much of the Little Manistee River of Michigan. It is big enough to carry a splendid head of trout, and, moreover, its banks are not thickly covered, so that one can easily wade the stream and cast a fairly decent line. The bottom is harder than in most of the other streams in that district which we fished. The typical stream in this part of Wisconsin in some way resembles the sand bottom streams of southern Michigan, though it seems to me these Wisconsin streams are more difficult to wade than those of Michigan, very crooked, rather narrow, and with deep holes shelving under the banks, the bottom being made of loose and shifting sand, not always safe to tackle with anything but caution. The McCann River was the prettiest of these streams which we saw, and was more than comfortable for fishing. It needed only one thing, that is to say, trout. Residents tell me that eight or ten years ago people came from all over the country to fish the McCann. They seem to have fished it out. I hear that it is a little warmer stream than most of the other brooks of that vicinity, and for that reason it seems to have been chosen by the rainbow trout rather than the brook trout. At the point where we struck it, it held very few trout, as I proved by careful wading. We fished two or three miles of this stream with result of only two or three rises, a most disappointing experience on so beautiful a river. At the bridge, where we first turned out there was a swift, deep hole, and here Arthur tried the worm, with the result of a couple of slow, dull strikes and two rainbow trout, one of which weighed something like three-quarters of a pound. Disgusted, we pulled up and followed the stream down to the first mill dam. Here we found the residents spearing suckers, the party having already two or three bushels of suckers. In this part of the river I saw quite a number of rainbow trout, some of them weighing, I should think, between 1 and 2 pounds, but none of them offering to rise. The miller told me that earlier in the spring he very frequently saw large numbers of trout below the dam, but admitted that they were not so numerous as they once were. We heard of numerous good-sized trout being speared in this stream, in weights of 3, 4 and 5 pounds. These were all rainbow trout.

It is too bad that the McCann River cannot be properly stocked and preserved. If it were possible to make a preserved stream out of it, it would be one of the loveliest trouting waters that ever lay out of doors. I don't doubt that we had rather an indecisive experience on it, and presume other fishermen might be luckier at a later date. Indeed, I hear of one party who fished above us and who were reported to have taken 17 trout which weighed 35 pounds. This I accept with a large-sized grain of salt, as I do not believe the fish were rising in the McCann River on that day.

By noon we had had enough of it, and hence started home, resolved to fish our little stream, Straw Creek (I called this "Strauss Creek" in an earlier letter, but it should be spelled "Straw." The creek mentioned as Morris Creek is properly to be called Marr's Creek). On our way in from the McCann we crossed the little stream known as Lunch Creek, which at that point ran winding through a very pretty meadow, which came close to the roadside. I suggested that here was a chance to cast a good line. Art was rather reticent, and said that Lunch Creek was no good, and that it had been fished out badly last year. None the less, as we had but two or three fish at this time of the day, we decided to tie up for a moment and give this stream something of a trial. A storm was coming up, a heavy wind was blowing, and the sky was leaden and overcast. None the less, the little meadow and the crooked black stream formed such pleasant invitation that I began to fish just as though I intended to catch trout. I was using a new fishing rod, which pleased me all the way through, and as to fly, the McGinty, the same which I found so killing in Michigan last summer, and a fly which, so far as I know, had never been used in the State of Wisconsin. This combination seemed to work. I was laying out a long line and fishing up stream, when all at once, on a 30 or 40-foot cast, I felt a sharp tug, and hooked a beautiful trout of about 10 inches. I thought this was a mere fluke and supposed I should not catch any more fish, but presently I heard a shout from my companion a little way down stream, and saw him hold up a handsome trout. "Half pounder!" he cried to me, and presently he had in another one of equal size. As for myself, this gave me confidence, and I began to go up stream, taking what advantage I could of the heavy wind. The result was one of the most beautiful pieces of sport that I ever ran against in my checkered career. It seemed as if every trout in that stream had come up from the caverns, which extended under the meadow banks, and was now feeding in mid stream. They ate the McGinty fly, with its black and yellow body, and liked it so thoroughly that they tore the wings off of three of my new flies before I had worked the stream more than a few hundred yards. I put my trout in a pocket of my shooting coat, until finally they became too numerous, and I called Art to bring up my creel. His eyes stuck out when he saw my pockets. I had hardly a fish which would weigh less than half a pound, and I had a dozen or more of them before I quit.

As I worked up stream I met an old German farmer coming down, plunking a lead sinker and a bunch of worms into every choice hole along the stream. He had a cane pole so long that he could not carry it, but dragged it along from one hole to the other. As he stood fishing one hole in the crooked stream, I made a long cast into the hole. In an instant there was a flash and a splash. It took the old man some time to realize that I was connected with a trout so far away. I had hardly landed the trout before the old man was into the hole to see if he could not catch another. He showed me 5 trout which he had picked up on his way down the stream. I did not think it worth while to work over the water which he had visited. Presently the air grew colder, the wind changing, and the trout were off their feed.

We struck Straw Creek before long, and here, as I stood watching him, my friend Art picked out 8 or 10 handsome trout, 2 or 3 of them rainbows. We had 25 trout when we struck the hotel that night. At first we carried these trout in my creel, but the small creel would not hald the 25, so we put them into Art's big bass basket. They told us such a basket had not been brought into Wautoma in the last nine years, and I fancy it will be a long time before such another one is made. It was simply the weather and the McGinty.

As to Lunch Creek, it is fished nearly every day, and was fished after our trip there by bait fishermen in considerable numbers. When we came to clean up our trout so that I could send a few of them home, we found that 20 of them weighed 10¾ pounds, certainly a most handsome basket of fish to make thus by chance and under conditions apparently most unfavorable.

The following morning we got the other side of the picture. There was a cold, drizzling rain which did not let up all day long. None the less, Art and I went out once more, this time trying Straw Creek, on the scene of our earlier encounters. This time the trout simply refused to come. As I waded the stream I saw scores and hundreds of trout darting from under the logs, but none out in mid stream waiting for edible things to come along. The drizzle kept up all the time, until Art was drenched to the skin. My light rubber poncho, brought along for such an emergency, kept my shoulders dry and my spirits up until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we ingloriously went home with scarce half a dozen trout between us.

Just to show a change, the next day came off clear, with a cold northwest wind, which is the sign of clearing weather in this part of the United States. I was half frozen during the night, and it was so raw, cold and windy that we concluded it was utterly useless to go fishing. In the afternoon, however, I got restless and asked Art to drive me out to some sort of stream so that I could stretch a line once more. He took me three miles to the lower reaches of this same Straw Creek, where there was a little meadow fishing. He told me that there were not many trout, but that I would have room to cast a fly; and as long as one can cast a fly he doesn't care whether he can catch anything or not. Left alone, I found myself on a quiet stream, with occasional riffles, an occasional piece of hard bottom and numerous deep holes shelving back under the banks. Reminding myself of the doings of the conquering McGinty, I mounted that fly again, but the trout would none of it. There was a tiny light-winged gnat about the size of a mosquito upon the water, and searching through my fly-book, I found an English fly with red body and mallard wings tied on 12 or 14 hook. I mounted this and began to fish up stream, dry fly-fashion. Wading into the lower end of a hole as quietly as I could, I would flick this fly here and there over the pool, more especially at what I guessed to be

the deepest parts, and then, casting it as lightly as I could, allow it to drift down stream. In this way I picked out 6 or 8 very nice trout, all about the 8-inch class, not to mention a dozen little fellows, which I put back into the stream.

The Big One.

It was on this afternoon, while I was using the little gray-winged fly, and after I had lost several trout which the tiny hook failed to stop, that I had my banner experience of the trip. I hope I am too old a fisherman to talk about the big one that got away, but that is what I must do. The wonder is that so noble a trout could live in this little, out-of-the-way stream, harried as it is by bait-fishermen, and open and unreserved as it seems to an observer. I was not so anxious to catch trout as to cast a fly, and observing a nice place along the bank where I could lay out a good line and try my new fly-rod, I measured off perhaps 50 feet, reaching out, cast after cast toward a certain likely looking black place under the bank. At last I thought I had the line lengthen to the right gauge, and as fortune would have it, I dropped the little fly into precisely the spot I would have chosen. I was almost frightened at what then ensued. With a rush and a splash and a flame of color the big old fellow, who lived there, came out into the air. He struck in a semicircle, his belly toward me, and again I saw the spectacle known only to the trout fisher—the deep, shaded spot of black water, the somberness, the shadow—all at once lit up by a flame of red and orange. You cannot paint that and you cannot describe it, but you see it once in a while if you follow the game of the fly and the trout. Naturally the old fellow hit his object, and as he went down I felt a tremendous pull at the other end of the line. He went out again three times, and I saw him plainly as I journeyed along and went down closer to him. I tried my best to get him to go up stream, where there was some open water, but this he refused to do. A few rushes, and he showed me that my new rod was not powerful enough to stop him, even had I dared to put much strain on the tiny fly. Then all at once there came that dead stop which every angler who uses three flies at a time will recognize. The trout had fouled me. The middle fly was stuck in a snag in the stream. I worked for several moments trying to free the fly, but fearing to put too much strain on the line. I had a telegraphic connection still with the trout, and at length, after four or five minutes' fighting him in this way, concluded I would have to wade down and try to free the entangled fly. As I stepped into the stream I saw the old fellow lying there over the white sand. He was a fine trout for so small a water, no four or five-pounder, but a trout that I suppose would have weighed 1¾ pounds on the scales, about what you call a 2 or 3-pound trout. As he saw me he immediately ran out. Once more the rod proved too flexible to stop him. He was off into a rushing little channel which passed over a bushy bed, in a flash he was tangled up once more. Once more I waded in up to my hips, and kicked loose the fly, which this time was holding him. Alas! the hook came back free, in its bend a little piece of brush not so large as a small lead pencil. I imagine that old fellow deliberately rooted his head into that brush pile until he got leverage sufficient to work out the little hook.

After this, not grudging my trout his escape and feeling pretty well satisfied withal, I went on down stream and went home in the darkness, with a dozen nice ones in the basket.

Other Streams.

At Wautoma I heard of several other streams which must be duly looked into at a later date. One of the best of these is Willow Creek, a stream which Wm. Wood, the keeper of Mr. Miller's preserve on the Pine, has told me about before now. Willow Creek is something like 12 miles from Wautoma. It is for the most part brushy, but they tell me that there are places where meadows run down to the banks, and the story is that the stream has not been fished this season and should be worth investigating.

Yet another stream is Chaffee Creek, which is reported to me as a little larger than Straw Creek. This must be something like 10 or 12 miles from Wautoma. It is said to contain places where one can cast a fly, and in earlier seasons has been the scene of some very heavy catches. We must see about Chaffee Creek one of these days before long.

Still another stream is Hall Creek, over in the same country, east of the Northwestern R.R. Willow Creek runs into Lake Poygan, and these streams seem to have a southeasterly course, paralleling the direction of the Pine River, which is the capital trout stream of this district.

I met an Oskkosh fisherman, who told me Willow Creek can be reached by way of Oshkosh. One takes a steamer and goes up the river to Tustin, thence taking rig to the Pine River village, or Poysipi village, the latter being near Willow Creek. The lower reaches of the Pine River can also be fished from these villages. Thus you will see that you can enter either from the east or from the west quite a good-sized trout country, which has streams open to the public, and streams which hold very decent fish. My own trip was too short to fully explore all this country, but I consider it one of the most interesting discoveries that I have made in quite a while.

The Main River.

At the village of Wautoma there runs the main Wautoma Creek, which a little lower down meets the Straw Creek, sometimes known as the South Branch of the White River. Below this point is the White River. Benjamin's farmhouse being only about 5 miles down stream from Wautoma. I started for Benjamin's place, but got side-tracked, as above described. Either from Benjamin's or from Wautoma one can reach all these streams which I have mentioned. Three miles below Benjamin's is the village of Neshkoro, which may be called the southern limit of the trout fishing of the White River. From Neshkoro the White runs through meadows offering most tempting opportunity for fly-casting. They usually fish it with a boat, but I am sure that a boat is not in the least necessary. I have heard of a couple of dozen fine black bass being taken in a day by the fly-fishermen on the White, below Neshkoro.

As to the trout fishermen, Benjamin's place this spring was well patronized by anglers, many from Oshkosh, some of them from Indianapolis, and one or two from Milwaukee. Mr. Hooper, of Oshkosh, and his son, had been in a couple of days when I saw them, but they took only about a dozen trout, the best day's fishing they had. These trout were very handsome fellows. They tell me that one hardly need expect to get very many trout there now, but is safe upon getting a good one if he gets any at all. The stream here is crooked and deep, and it takes a fisherman to do business, as the trout are pretty well educated. I have heard of rainbows as heavy as three pounds being taken in this part of the stream. A speckled trout weighing over three pounds has been lately reported on this same stream. I presume there are more big trout in these heavier waters than in any of the streams I have mentioned, and a man who is satisfied to fish all day and get one or two good ones might do well to stick to this water. If he wants a little more rambling and a little brushier and smaller water he can patronize some of the streams which I have mentioned, on nearly any of which there will be occasional stretches of meadow fishing, where there is good opportunity for casting the fly. I found all of these streams stocked with trout, which rise freely to the artificial fly. Indeed, I did not use a bait of any description during my trip, nor did my companion, Arthur Bean, try bait-fishing very much of the time. The streams are cold spring water, overgrown enough in long reaches to offer protection to the trout, and they seem to have been regularly stocked by the fish commission of the State of Wisconsin. The practice of taking yearlings ought to be discountenanced. An 8-inch limit on Straw Creek, for instance, would make of it a magnificent fishing stream. It is literally alive with small trout to-day. These streams all seem to resemble the famous Pine River in their abundance of natural trout food. The hatch of fly was not abundant in the cold weather during my stay, but the streams are full of larvæ. I took one trout on my last afternoon which seemed distended almost to the point of bursting. I killed and opened this fellow, and found his stomach to be literally crowded with what seemed to be black mud. This was no doubt made up of caddis cases in great part, but the greedy fellow seemed to have taken in a good deal of alluviam along with his larvæ.

I cannot say how fishing may prove later in this new district of mine, and presume, of course, that the first warm days of the season are the best; but I intend to look at some of the larger streams a little further from the railroad at a later date, and shall, of course, be glad to advise any inquirers of the proper sort in regard to later discoveries which may be made. This district is about 200 miles north of Chicago. Leaving Chicago at 3 o'clock in the afternoon one reaches Wautoma at 8:40 in the evening; not a bad schedule, as it leaves him free to open his fishing operations on the following morning after a full night of sleep.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Fishing.

BANGOR, Me., May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The drought continues, and throughout the State there is still the same dry condition that was referred to in previous letters, resulting in frequent forest fires.

While this drought worked greatly to the benefit of the anglers for several weeks, it now appears that it is beginning to have a disastrous effect on the sport in some localities, although in others the fish continue to bite eagerly. In still others, there have been so many winds during the week that it has been, most of the time, impossible to fish, and even if one was venturesome enough to go out, the fish could not be prevailed upon to take the lure. Yet, as intimated above, this has not been universally the case, and some parties have enjoyed phenomenal success.

Probably none have surpassed the Thompson party of this city, made up of J. A. Thompson and wife, who have just returned home from a novel combination trip. They went to Katahdin Iron Works by rail, thence drove to Long Pond, where they fished in West Chairback, one of the most delightful trout ponds in the State; then journeyed by canoe and afoot to Lake Onawa, whence they returned to the shore of Long Pond by way of the Canadian Pacific to Henderson, the B. & A. to the Iron Works, and afoot via Houston Pond and over the Chairback range to West Chairback Pond for a day's fishing; finally arriving at Long Pond with all the trout they could carry. It was a great trip, and Mr. Thompson, who has fished in that section of the fish country for thirty years, never saw better sport than he had in three different days' fishing on this pond of the Chairbacks, one of the highest trout ponds in the entire State.

Judge John Howard Hill, of the municipal court, Portland, and Frank O. Haskell, of the same city, have been at Lake Onawa, enjoying the fishing there and at Long Pond with marked success. Some handsome salmon were taken by them at Long Pond, and the best trout fishing they ever saw was had at West Chairback Pond, which they visited one day.

Oliver W. Shad and Orin A. Barnard, of Boston, have been at Camp Houston, Katahdin Iron Works, enjoying some splendid sport among the trout of Little and Big Houston ponds.

Edgar Mowrey and Henry Lincoln, of Providence, R. I., are at Chairback Mt. Camps, Long Pond, where they are enjoying some magnificent sport. At latest accounts they were doing their best to break the famous record of the Chairback ponds, east and west, and had made a trip to Hedgehog, where in one day they caught 60 trout.

Although there are some lakes that are not holding up well, Dobsis, of the famous St. Croix system, is not one of them, and this pond, which is perhaps the best of the system, commonly referred to as the Grand Lake system, because of the fame of Grand Lake and Grand Lake stream, is continuing to furnish some great sport. Among those who have been there may be mentioned A. D. and Charles Warner, of Wilmington, Del., and Byron Eldred, of Boston, who took 44 salmon and 2 trout during their stay of three days, only half of which time could be devoted to fishing because of weather conditions; G. B. Freeland and his friend, Mr. Bird, of Boston, took 12 salmon of an average weight of 3 pounds each, in but one day; E. B. Burgess, of Somerville, and C. H. Smith, of Cambridge, are still there and are having grand sport.

Frank D. Parsons, of Millinocket, and a party of friends, some from Millinocket and others from New York, spent a day recently at Mud Pond, another tributary of Millinocket Lake, and caught a most unusual lot of handsome brook trout.

At Moosehead the past week has been one of mingled joy and disappointment, as the fish were very willing to bite when the lake was not too rough to fish. Still, in spite of windy weather and other drawbacks, some excellent strings have been taken by those who know how and where to fish in the big lake at such times. Arthur J. Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass., who is an expert on Moosehead angling, is at the Outlet for his spring stay and is having good sport.

Dr. C. P. Thomas and E. J. March have returned to this city from Moosehead, where they spent but two days, with such good success that they brought home 36 nice trout and several good-sized lakers.

A jolly crowd has been at Kineo for the past week, and is having great sport according to a member of one party, who was obliged to go home ahead of his friends. In the list are Frederick S. Parker, wife and daughter, of Bedford, Mass., who have a steamer all to themselves and are cruising all about the lake, and getting great sport whenever they chance upon a spot where the fish are taking hold well. Others on another steamer include E. S. Farmer, of Arlington, Mass., who is getting all that is coming to him in the way of trout; F. X. Fitzpatrick, of Cambridge, Mass.; W. F. Perkins, of Derry, N. H., who is getting some exceedingly nice square tails, weighing as heavy as 4¾ pounds, and lakers up to a 9½-pound limit. Miss Helen M. Locke is the champion of this party, having not only taken a dandy string of trout, but gotten near enough to a cow moose and calf to have taken a fine photograph if she had been supplied with a camera. In Duck Cove she saw the moose, and whiled away the time by catching 3½ and 3¾-pound trout. F. E. Thompson, of Arlington, who was making his initial trip to Moosehead, had the trip of his life, and is forever wedded to the life of the angler, for he took about two dozen fish during his stay, some as heavy as 3½ pounds.

E. M. Stannard, of Racine, Wis., was in the city yesterday on his way from Moosehead Lake, where he fished for a day or two and caught the banner strings for the West Cove anglers, taking ten or a dozen trout during the time he was there. One square tail weighed 4½ pounds, and there were ten togue in the lot.

Among the Kineo anglers, Fred S. Lufkin, of Gloucester, Mass., and H. A. Giddings, of Hartford, Conn., have led all comers with record fish, the former having taken the largest salmon of the week, an 8½-pound fighter, and the latter leading with the best square tail of the week, and, so far as fight goes, one of the best of the season, a 5½-pound trout. But these were not all the fish taken, nor all that these two enthusiastic fishermen secured. Mr. Lufkin took one of the finest strings seen at Kineo in many a day, including seven trout that weighed at least 2½ pounds each, and three togue of 14, 8 and 6 pounds. Mr. Giddings has taken a large number of average trout, two of the best weighed 3½ pounds apiece.

Several of the popular fishermen's clubs, annual visitors to Maine's great inland sea, are on hand for some of the sport that the others have been enjoying during the last fortnight. None will have a better time or leave a record of larger fish taken than the well-known Mohawk Club of Haverhill, which, for many, many years has been coming to Moosehead or some tributary waters. In the party this year are President C. W. Arnold, Chas. H. Davis, D. T. Kennedy, George L. Emerson, A. P. Jacques, D. T. Dudley and Walter C. Lewis, of Haverhill, Richard E. Traiser, George Waterman, Jacob Mosser and P. B. Heintz, of Boston, and it is a question which are more striking, their artificial flies or their uniforms, as this club has, throughout its existence, come to Maine adorned with scarlet waistcoats. A new club this year is under the direction of one of Moosehead's most ardent admirers, who has been coming to the lake from Boston for many years, but never before as the president of a sportsmen's club. C. M. Harriman has always had good success, and will live up to his reputation this time, while his fellow clubmen will do their best to beat him. The other members are A. C. Wharton, H. A. Blackmer, A. W. DeWolf and H. F. Carson, all of New Bedford, except Mr. Harriman.

Walter Wesson, of Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass., is entertaining a party of friends at his camps on the Moodies, and visiting the good fishing points in Mr. Wesson's handsome new steamer, built last year. In his party are Nathan D. Bill, Frederick Harris, Samuel J. Fowler and James W. Kirkham, of Springfield, Mass.

Grand Lake Stream advices are to the effect that the fishing there is a bit slack just now, as it is between the trolling season and the fly-fishing, although there have been about 200 successful visiting sportsmen there during the month just closing. Fly-fishing begins June 1, and after that date Grand Lake Stream will be a busy place for the fly-casters, who invariably get a good catch there as soon as the fly-fishing begins. Early fishing does not touch this stream, since it is closed to all but casters of the fly, and is open only from June 1 to October 1 of each year. In this stream, which is really the west branch of the St. Croix River, there are these special regulations as to fishing, and this not

only has a most beneficial effect in preserving to the sportsman one part of the great St. Croix system that may not be depopulated by the bait fisherman, but also affords the only fishing in St. Croix waters after September 15, the general date of close time for the river and tributary waters. This special regulation has been in force only two years, but already its beneficial results are being seen and recognized. Grand Lake stream is two and a half miles long, and in that distance after leaving Grand Lake, drops 196 feet, its frequent falls affording a continuous chain of pools that always contain the delightful salmon of these waters, which are strongly claimed by many to be the actual ouananiche of Canada, and every whit as delicious and gamy. The ouananiche stay in the river all summer, and the day is most unusual when the fish will not rise to the fly at some time during the day. Of course, readers of FOREST AND STREAM understand, when the ouananiche is attributed to Grand Lake and its outlet stream or river, that the same fish is to be found in all the waters of that system, among which are the Dobsis lakes, referred to in the earlier part of this letter. Others of the same chain stocked with this fish are Junior, Scraggly, Pleasant, Pocompus and West Musquash. These are all beautiful bodies of water and fished comparatively little. It is noticeable, in this connection, that the salmon of Grand Lake and Grand Lake stream, are showing up larger this last year or two, and now run from a pound to a pound and a half heavier than they used to do.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Stag Lodge.

I HAD heard much of Stag Lake and Stag Lodge, and the wild country of northern New Jersey, where game and fish abound, but like very many others, I was perhaps a bit skeptical as to a full realization of the wildness and ruggedness of this particular section and of its natural beauty.

Not so, however, was it with Justus Von Lengerke, who, a quarter of a century ago, found good shooting on the Jersey City meadows, and gradually, as he prospered in life's struggles, pushed his way further and further back into the wilds of Jersey until he invaded Sussex county. Here he found everything to his liking—lakes, mountains, brooks, game, fish and plenty of room and lots of seclusion. Even then there was born in his mind a possibility, a probability, a hope of realization, which the years have enabled him to bring to perfection; money was needed and has been used, but the real success of Stag Lodge lay in the fact that the brain and muscle of its owner worked in unison and together. Where stumps and alders were, lawns and flowers are now. The shallow extremities of the lake were filled with dead and dying bushes; these have been pulled up, cut out and burned; spawning beds have place there now.

And this rough but gentle spot is within sixty short miles of New York. It seemed even nearer, thus does time speed in good company. We left New York in the middle of a hot afternoon and in less than two hours alighted from the train at Andover, Sussex county, N. J., where Carl met us with a span of horses, one of which is well bred and the other one just as good. They could and did go "up hill and down dale," while Teddie (just a yellow dog) sped along ahead or close behind, always alert, spying here and there, looking for an evening prowler by the roadside, be it chipmunk, cottontail or woodchuck; they were all his specialties, and needed speed and cunning to dodge the natural hunter.

On a beautiful rise in the road the team came down

THE LODGE.

to a walk. Here a view in every direction could be had, yet one made sad by the devastation caused by the woodchopper. Large stumps of trees only remained, that but a short time ago supported trees that met over this mountain road, shading it in summer and ameliorating its bleakness in winter, like a vast throne denuded of its splendor. It was here that Justus Von Lengerke first revealed to me his very close relationship to nature, his love of God's gardens, his reverence for the giants of the forest, recalling to my mind Cooper's "Pathfinder" or "Deerslayer." With a wave of the hand he exclaimed, "Isn't this a shame?" There in the valley stood the sawmill that had consumed the draperies which nature had laid so daintily over those gray rocks and laid bare the mountain's nakedness. "Thank God, I have many acres over there, to which, as long as I live the woodchopper shall be a stranger." And speedily the horses carried us on, down and up again, only now at all times with heavily timbered frames to our pictures, cool, invigorating, lovely. In many places along this road can be seen heavy broken boulders that but a few years ago contributed to the substantiality, danger and discomfort of the road bed. This master of industry, however, showed his long training and battles in the powder business by supplying it gratuitously to the committee on roads for blasting purposes, until now 'tis an ideal road, thoroughly devoid of its former bumping monotony, yet lacking in sameness at every turn. The drive of three miles and a half with the pure air and the ozone here at an elevation of 1,200 feet fits one for the feast that lies before him.

The sun had not yet set, when a break in the treetops revealed Stag Lodge, but the palisade at one end of Stag Lake had cut off the sun's last rays, in order to give the right shadows, the right touch to this home in the wilderness.

At the extreme east end of the lake is Stag Lodge, with its seventy feet of broad piazza, the center of which is uncovered, so that the nightly visit of Arcturus should not be missed. A feature of the interior is the great fireplace of the reception hall, built of unhewn stones gathered on the spot; and the running water with which the house is supplied is piped from a spring on the mountain side. Much ingenuity has been manifested in making the most of the natural conditions at Stag Lodge. Just back of the main building is the ice house, in the side of which is a natural refrigerator. Across the lawn, still in the rear, stands a modern barn, to the right a chicken yard, which is a "dug out" with the mountain on two sides and a three-foot stone wall on the other two sides; overhead are heavy timbers covered with earth, and over the door screened ventilators; here a hen can keep her mouth shut all summer and scratch and lay and hatch in summer attire all winter. A duck house by the side of the lake affords these fowls all the same sort of comforts of home. And still genius dimmed not nor wearied, for as you enter the grounds you pass an apple and vegetable store house which in like manner is largely constructed by nature.

It is not all wilderness at Stag Lodge, for 300 feet of hose are required to reach to the edges of the lawn, and here and there are flower beds; and on one side is the vegetable garden; and a half mile back the old deserted farm, where all supplies for man and beast can be raised.

In front of this most modern lodge lies the lake, sixty acres in extent. At one end a palisade rises 350 feet high. From its summit one can see Culver's Gap in the north and the Delaware Water Gap in Pennsylvania, 25 miles away in the west. Here the master of Stag Lake and Lodge points in all directions with natural pride, and shows one the vastness and wild grandeur of his domain, 500 acres in extent, and declares "he will live to enjoy it a hundred years."

In the lake are to be found pickerel, large and smallmouthed black bass, yellow perch, sunfish and "catties."

As the shadows died away, and the curtain of night closed upon the beautiful view, a whipporwill mounted a rock near the house and gave its call; an old frog of gigantic proportions asked for his "last drink," and the great horned owl announced his daylight once more, while the crickets chirped their supremacy in numbers, and even Teddy grew quiet as though impressed.

At the earliest dawn, when the palisade took on a golden hue, Mr. Von Lengerke was seen emerging from the lake, while Ernst, his son, cast a long shadow over the duck pond, where in front of him played many young ducks, darting over the surface after the early rising insects. The day was full of charm and interest. I was, perhaps, most impressed by the thought of the many days of manual labor done here by my host. Every improvement bears the stamp of his own handiwork. A prominent object in his gun cabinet is his hand-made ax. I asked Mr. Von Lengerke about the game, and he told me that he has woodcock, grouse and occasionally ducks, but he rarely kills a grouse, for he would "rather hear them drum than eat them." Then I became impressed.

T. E. BATTEN.

Angling and Charitable Deeds.

SUNDAY morning came at last, and our annual fishing trip to White River started about 6 o'clock. Mr. F. H. Josslyn, of Oshkosh, and the writer, after packing fishing tackle, wading boots, old clothes, lunch and many other things into the wagon, started on our 42-mile drive to Benjamin's farm, which was to be our home for a few days. At about 11:30 we stopped for lunch at a place which had been dubbed on one of our earlier trips, "Hotel Josslyn." The hotel is nearly all out of doors, being simply a very beautiful elm tree, which afforded abundant shade for ourselves and horses. After giving the team a chance to rest, we started on the "short half" of our journey, reaching Benjamin's about 3 o'clock. As it was Sunday, we did not fish, the more so that we found Dr. Milburn—the pastor of Plymouth Church, of Chicago—had arrived a little earlier than we expected. We talked over what "had been" and what we hoped might be our luck on the morrow, and spent an enjoyable afternoon and evening.

Clarence Young and George Lawrence, of Milwaukee, had secured the services of Owen Goodwin (the man who has always held the record for best catches in the White River country) to pilot them to the places where the big ones are found. Mr. E. W. Gillett, of Chicago, had Mr. Will Goodwin for his guide. As for Josslyn and myself, we had fished with Owen Goodwin so many times before we felt that we needed no guide.

Dr. Milburn and all the others came in Monday night with very excellent catches. After supper we again gathered in the big living room and talked it all over.

Just before turning in for the night Owen Goodwin made a hit with every one by telling a story on Josslyn that put him to the "blush." It seems last year they had made up a purse for an old lady in the neighbor-

THE LAKE.

"THE BOSS."

hood who had been unfortunate, and Clarence Young had carried it to her together with a big basket of Mrs. Benjamin's good things, and being too modest to take any credit to himself, told her Josslyn was the donor, ever since which time the good woman has been trying for a chance to kiss Josslyn to show her appreciation of his benevolent character.

Goodwin finished up by saying he would give a dollar toward another purse provided Josslyn would consent to being kissed. and he could be present when it was bestowed. Mr. Gillett immediately went Goodwin one better, and so on, until Dr. Milburn insured that purse to Mrs. Flynn by telling Josslyn it was assuredly his Christian duty to be kissed. Kissed he was the next day.

Between fishing and spinning yarns the time passed quickly, and we once more started home, taking back for our share 74 beautiful trout. H. R.

Are Fish Hatcheries a Success?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to me that your editorial on "State Fish Hatcheries and Their Work," in the issue of May 16, wherein it is shown that a great many private waters, trout ponds and streams throughout the United States are rehabilitated and kept stocked from artificial hatcheries, is a refutation of the Old Angler's postulate that artificial fishculture is a failure in toto. The Caledonia Creek in Ohio, and the Blooming Grove Park waters in Pennsylvania are shown to be most prolific by annual tabulated statements of the fish caught by members of the clubs owning and preserving them. There are quite a number of private breeders, half a score, perhaps, whose success is attested by their annual output of fry, fingerlings, and ova, in adidtion to the two-year-old trout which are sold for breeding purposes to hundreds of gentlemen who own ponds and streams lying within their reach. I think it may be claimed that the landlocked salmon fishing of Maine, which is alrcady widely distributed over the State, and the bass fishing of sundry localities in several States, is due to artificial culture. Though success in these specialties is not sufficiently pronounced to bank much upon, still it cannot be denied that anglers are having a good deal of sport in these lines, and including fly-fishing for sea salmon as well in certain rivers of Maine.

The Old Angler's data, published in your columns, regarding the results of fishculture in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, gathered from his protracted official experience as Inspector of Fisheries in those Provinces, cannot be gainsaid. He has no object, I mean, in misrepresenting. What he affirms simply witnesses that the fishculturists of Canada have not made the best use of their natural gifts, which are even better than our own as a whole.

In this connection it may be proper for me to say that I think he has written a very strong paper in demonstration of the uselessness and utter absurdity and waste of money in maintaining salmon hatcheries on the superabounding and jammed up rivers of the Pacific Coast. His arguments are backed by corroborative and convincing testimony, to which I myself have been an eye witness in years past. Why these hatcheries are maintained and encouraged out there—the *raison d'être* which he gives for their existence—need not be restated in these lines. The deposition stands without indorsement.

In the early history of the McCloud and Sacramento hatcheries, the efforts of Livingston Stone, the most eminent fishculturist of our time, were purely experimental, and were justified, as events proved. They were praiseworthy, not only for their logic, but their outcome. But in Columbia River and Alaskan waters all the conditions are as different as can be. Artificial hatcherics are certainly superfluous there. CHARLES HALLOCK.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contests.—Saturday—Re-entry; held at Stow Lake, May 23. Wind, S. W.; weather, fair.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
W. E. Brooks...	105	84	87.4	94.2	90.9	..
T. W. Brotherton	129	91	84.4	94.2	89.3	94.9
G. C. Edwards..	97	87.4	90	84.2	87.1	85.9
G. W. Lane.....	...	..	88.4	88.4	88.4	..
E. A. Mocker...	103	88	89.8	91.8	90.8	..
F. H. Reed.....	...	90.8	89.8	84.2	86.11	..
G. G. Young.....	...	..	..	..	..	95.9
G. H. Foulks...	95	84.4	91.8	76.8	84.2	..
P. J. Tormey....	80	89	78.8	84.2	81.5	97.1
P. J. Tormey....	75	90.4	83.4	78.4	80.10	90.6
P. J. Tormey....	75	87.4	88	76.8	82.4	53.7
W. E. Brooks...	115	93.4	89	93.4	91.2	..
G. H. Foulks....	93	90.4	88.4	84.2	86.3	..
H. B. Sperry....	...	86.8	..	..	..	..
A. B. Carr.....	...	91	87.4	92.6	89.11	..
C. G. Young....	...	..	..	..	..	95.4

Judges, Kierulff and C. R. Kenniff; referee, Young; clerk, Bruning.

Medal Contests.—Sunday—re-entry; held at Stow Lake, May 24. Wind, west; weather, fair.

T. W. Brotherton	137	..	..	..	..	96.3
F. M. Haight....	100	89.4	84.4	81.8	83	..
H. C. Golcher...	133	88	90.8	87.6	89.1	..
J. B. Kenniff....	125	..	..	..	..	..
T. C. Kierulff...	101	90.4	89.8	80.10	85.3	82.1
F. M. Haight...	105	85.8	88.4	80.10	84.7	..
P. J. Tormey....	81	86.4	..	..	..	96.1
P. J. Tormey....	80	88.8	..	..	..	97
P. J. Tormey....	83	89.4	..	..	..	92.9
H. C. Golcher...	130	90	88.4	88.4	88.4	..
C. G. Young....	...	..	..	..	..	98.2

Clerk, Bruning.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, June 1.—The first striped bass of the season was taken at this point on the 27th inst. by Joseph Cawthorn, weight 13 pounds. This came in the way of just recompense, as he has given them most faithful trial the past three weeks. Kingfish are beginning to take the hook at all points along the coast, and they run of very fine size. As is customary, Manasquan River gave first results to bass fishermen, three or four having been taken there, the weight of which I have been unable to learn. Plaice, too, are in evidence, as they are being taken quite freely in all our rivers. What I wrote in relation to fine perch fishing two weeks since still holds good, and they are being taken at points where their presence was heretofore unsuspected. On Friday last, in Asbury Park, men took ten from Sunset Lake which weighed full 10 pounds; this average is phenomenal. What is a matter of interest here is the great run of tomcods with us the past two months. The waters fairly teem with them. LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Bloodhounds and Man Hunting.

PARIS, France.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* May I ask of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are posted on the subject, to give some information concerning the use of bloodhounds for the detection of criminals or runaways? If so, will they be kind enough to let us know:

1. Whether the use of bloodhounds is, so to say, officially recognized: are there jails or prisons where bloodhounds are kept for the purpose of following runaway prisoners? Are there lunatic asylums or other establishments where bloodhounds are kept for the purpose of recovering runaway lunatics, etc.; are there private detectives who keep such dogs and use them in their work, and is the use of bloodhounds rare or frequent, and where are they more generally used? Are bloodhounds kept for purposes other than the above mentioned? And can reliable accounts of their feats be provided?

2. Are there associations or prisons specially interested in bloodhounds, and having practical experience? Name and address, please.

3. A good deal has probably been written on the matter: could some reader tell me which are the most reliable publications, books, pamphlets, or papers of any sort? (Name of publisher also.)

I must explain that I ask for such information not out of mere curiosity, but because I wish to be able to give an account to French readers of the practical uses to which bloodhounds are put on the western side of the Atlantic. I must add, also, that I shall be much interested in all that concerns the training of bloodhounds, their education, trials, etc. HENRY DE VARIGNY.

[We trust that some of our readers will give the information which M. Varigny desires.]

Points and Flushes.

Mr. Chas. F. Brockel, 225 Main street, Danbury, Conn., writes as follows:

"Some mean thief stole my English setter Rod about a week ago. He is registered in A. F. D. S. B.; black head and ears, chestnut colored cheeks; white stripe between eyes; muzzle white-ticked black; black spot on left ribs; black spot on same side hip; rest white. Suitable reward leading to recovery of dog and no names mentioned.

All motorists and cyclists have at various times had encounters with dogs, and the following story describes a little experience of this kind. A driver of a motor-car had the misfortune to run over a fine fox-terrier, and, at once pulling up, he went back to the apparent owner, expressed his regret at the occurrence, and gave him a sovereign. Then he drove off, while the man observed: "That's what I call a real gentleman. Now, I wonder whose dog that was!"—Shooting Times.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
6. Columbia, eleventh annual Michigan City race.
6. Chicago, handicap race, Lake Michigan.
6. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
6 Marine and Field, Y. R. A. of G. B.
6 Knickerbocker, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
8. Pavonia, open, Bayonne.
8-12. New York special races, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
9. Atlantic, annual, Sea Gate.
10. Atlantic, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
10. South Boston, club, City Point.
10-12-13-15-16. Manchester, trial races for selection of challenger for Seawanhaka cup, Manchester Harbor.
11. New York, fifty-seventh annual, all classes, off Sandy Hook.
13. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
13. Boston, club, South Boston.
13. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
13. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
14. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
15. New York, Glen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Larchmont, races for 90-footers, Larchmont.
17. Boston, Y. R. A., off Point Allerton, open.
17. Dorchester, open, Dorchester Bay.
18-19. New Rochelle, club, New Rochelle.
19. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
19. Indian Harbor, 90-footers, Greenwich.
20. Southern, Baldwin and Walker cups, New Orleans.
20. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
20. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
20. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
20. Corinthian, first championship, Marblehead.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, 90-footers, Oyster Bay.
20. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
20. Columbia, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Hudson River.
20. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
20. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
20. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
21. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
21. Gloucester, N. J., annual, Delaware River.
25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27. South Boston, club, City Point.
27 New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27. Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
27. St. Paul, cruise, rendezvous St. Paul, Minn.
27 Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S yachts, Shamrock III. and Shamrock I., left Gourock, Scotland, on May 28, for the United States. The boats were accompanied by the steam yacht Erin and the ocea-going tug Cruiser. Large crowds were on hand, and excursion steamers followed the boats for some distance. Shamrock III. will come out in a cutter rig, while the old boat is rigged as a ketch.

New York Y. C.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Tuesday, May 26.

The third of the serics races for thc 90-footers held off Glen Cove by the New York Y. C. was the first real test the boats have had and the race was interesting and exciting from start to finish. The race was sailed in a nice southerly breeze of about ten knots strength that held quite true throughout. Although Reliance finished first by two minutes, twenty-one seconds, the result of the race is still a matter for conjecture, as none of the boats have been measured, and it is believed the Reliance will have to allow Constitution quite a little time.

The boats sailed twice over a fifteen mile triangle. The start was made off Martinicock Point, thence E. ½ N. six miles to and around a mark off Lloyd's Point, thence N. W. four and one-half miles to and around a mark off Little Captain's Island, thence S. W. by S. four and one-half miles to the starting line. This made the first leg a close reach on the starboard tack, the second leg a broad reach with the wind over the port quarter, and then a close fetch back home. At the start all three boats were carrying the same canvas—big club topsails over the mainsails and No. 2 jib topsails over the staysails and jibs.

The Regatta Committee was again on board Mr. R. A. C. Smith's steam yacht Privateer. The preparatory signal was fired promptly at noon and the boats started fifteen minutes later. Reliance crossed the line right on the gun, Constitution was just on her weather quarter and Columbia was to leeward of Reliance. Reliance heeling down rather more than the other two boats began to draw away from Constitution at once. Reliance was pinched and luffed until she worked out to windward of Constitution, and while these two boats were indulging in a luffing match, Columbia, which had been left well behind, drew up a little, but as soon as Reliance and Constitution were put on their course again she was again left far behind. After the two boats had passed Center Island they caught some stout puffs that drew out of Cold Spring Harbor. This prompted those on Reliance and Constitution to take in their big jib topsails, a smaller one being set on Reliance, but Constitution was allowed to jog along with only her jib and staysail. She seemed to do better with a little less sail, and caught up all she had lost just after the start.

The times taken as the boats gybed around the first mark follow:

Reliance .....12 43 18 Columbia 12 45 17
Constitution 12 43 41

On this six mile reach Constitution had beaten Reliance 7s. and Columbia 2m. 6s.

After rounding, Constitution had her balloon jib drawing some time before Reliance's was broken out. A spinnaker was set on Columbia, but it is a question if it helped her any. Reliance and Constitution again got into a luffing match, and as the latter boat was to windward she had rather the best of it, and worked up on Reliance quite a bit. When the boats squared away for the mark, spinnakers were set and Reliance again pulled ahead a little.

The times taken at the second mark were:

Reliance .....1 14 09 Columbia 1 23 50
Constitution 1 15 10

On this leg Reliance had gained 38s. on Constitution and 7m. 42s. on Columbia.

After rounding, sheets were flattened down and a baby jib topsail was set smartly on Reliance. There was some delay in getting this sail set on Constitution. Reliance and Constitution held the port tack while Columbia took the starboard tack soon after rounding. Reliance and Constitution tacked once to starboard and were then put back on the port tack for the mark. The new boat had gotten away from Constitution a little on this leg. The last barge of a long tow fouled the mark, and Constitution, having to go out of her way, lost some little time. The boats were timed at the end of the first round as follows:

Reliance .....1 44 32 Columbia 1 59 40
Constitution 1 47 18

On this leg Reliance had beaten Constitution 1m. 45s. and Columbia 5m. 27s.

Baby jib topsails were set on all the boats after rounding. There was a twist in Reliance's and it was lowered and reset. On this leg Columbia did much better, and gained nearly two minutes on the leading boats. Jib topsails were taken in and balloon jibs were set in stops before the mark was reached. The times taken as the boats gybed around the Lloyd's Point mark follow:

Reliance .....2 12 20 Columbia 2 25 04
Constitution 2 15 09

Balloon jibs were broken out and as the wind had worked around to the west of south, preparations were made on Constitution to set the spinnaker, but it was not broken out. Constitution moved along very smartly on this leg, and made a decided gain on Reliance. Columbia set her spinnaker, but it did her more harm than good. Balloon jibs were taken in as the boats hauled on the wind. The times at this mark were:

Reliance .....2 40 29 Columbia 2 55 30
Constitution 2 41 41

On this leg Constitution had beaten Reliance 1m. 28s. and Columbia 3m. 14s.

The shift in the wind had headed the boats off a little, and they had a beat back to the finish line. Baby jib topsails were set on all the boats.

Reliance had rather the best of it on the beat home, although Constitution would pick up in the puffs. Columbia made a splendid showing on this leg, and cut down Constitution's lead noticeably. The times at the finish follow:

Reliance .....3 12 11 Columbia 3 28 02
Constitution 3 15 02

On this leg Reliance had beaten Columbia 50 seconds, and Constitution 1m. 39s.

On the first time around Reliance had beaten Constitution 2m. 16s. and Columbia 15m. 8s.

On the second time around Reliance had beaten Constitution 5s. and Columbia 43s.

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 15 00	3 12 11	2 57 11
Constitution	12 15 30	3 15 02	2 59 32
Columbia	12 15 00	3 28 02	3 13 02

Reliance beats Constitution 2m. 21s. and Columbia 15m. 51s. on elapsed time.

Thursday, May 28.

The race sailed by the big boats on Thursday, May 28, bid fair to be a very exciting one at the start, but it was robbed of its interest while the boats were on the first leg of the course by an accident that happened to Constitution. After Constitution withdrew from the contest it became a procession with Reliance well in the lead. Constitution was pushing Reliance hard for first place, and both boats were within a mile of the first mark when Constitution's starboard topmast spreader broke and her topmast went over the side.

Thursday broke dull and overcast, and in the morning there was a little rain. The sky gave promise of thunder squalls, but none developed during the day.

The crews of Reliance and Constitution showed by their smart work that they had derived considerable benefit from the three previous races, and the boats were handled with more snap and vim.

At the start the wind was S. by W., and had a strength of about seven knots, but it breezed up as the race progressed. Shortly before twelve o'clock the Regatta Committee signalled from the steam yacht Privateer that the boats would sail over course R. The starting line was off Matinicock Point, thence eleven miles E. by N. ¼ N., to and around a mark off Eaton's Neck, thence three miles N. N. W. to and around a mark off Green's Ledge Light, thence eleven miles S. W. by W. ½ W. to the starting line. Total distance twenty-five miles.

The preparatory signal was made at noon and the boats started fifteen minutes later. All three boats had their biggest club topsails set. There was some pretty work seen between Reliance and Constitution when Captains Barr and Rhodes were jockeying for the start. Columbia stayed well away from these two boats, and took no part in the maneuvering. A reaching jib topsail was set in stops on Reliance, while a ballooner was set on Constitution. This looked like an error in judgment at the start, but it proved to be the proper sail, as the wind was well abaft of the beam. Captain Norman Terry, who looks after Constitution's sails, is one of the best in the country at this work and seldom makes mistakes.

Columbia crossed the line at 12:15:21 and broke out her reaching jib topsail. Reliance broke out her jib topsail just as the starting signal was heard, and as soon as this sail was broken out Constitution was luffed sharply and soon had a berth on the new boat's weather quarter. This done her balloon jib was broken out. Reliance crossed at 12:16:43 and Constitution at 12:17:00 It was a reach on the starboard tack to the first mark. Even though Constitution had the weather berth, she could not get by Reliance, and the latter boat got away from Constitution a little. For some reason or other Columbia had been kept off shore into a strong flood tide and was soon left behind. When off Oyster Bay the boats got a much fresher breeze, and Constitution began to close up on the new boat. When off Lloyd's Point the boats were abreast of one another. After passing Lloyd's Point the boats got the benefit of a much stronger breeze that drew out of Huntington Bay. One particularly wicked puff hit Constitution and laid her out and her starboard topmast spreader broke and her topmast went over the side, together with the club and balloon jib topsails. The latter sail went into the water and the boat was headed up into Huntington Bay and allowed to jog along while the wreckage was cleared away. Fortunately, none of the spars fell to the deck, the rigging preventing this, otherwise some one might have been injured. After the spars were gotten on deck and the gear cleaned up the boat ran back to City Island under mainsail, jib and staysail.

Reliance had a walkover after Constitution broke down, and the race was quite without interest. A smaller jib topsail was set on Reliance in place of the larger one after Constitution's accident. The boats were timed as follows at the first mark:

Reliance .....1 10 55 Columbia 1 14 28

Reliance had gained 4m. 55s. on this leg.

The boats now had a three-mile reach on the port tack to the second mark. As the boats drew over toward the Connecticut shore the breeze was a little lighter. The times taken as the boats luffed around this mark were:

Reliance .....1 27 45 Columbia 1 31 43

On this leg Reliance gained 25s.

Baby jib topsails were broken out on both boats as they were hauled on the wind. They could just lay their course for the finish line. Columbia parted the tack of her jib topsail and it went up the stay. It took some time to get this sail on deck and make repairs and reset it. Columbia appeared to point higher than Reliance. The times at the finish were:

Reliance .....2 26 21 Columbia 2 33 26

On this leg Reliance had gained 3m. 7s.

The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 16 43	2 26 21	2 09 38
Columbia	12 51 21	2 33 26	2 18 05
Constitution	12 17 00	Disabled.	

Reliance beat Columbia 8m. 27s. elapsed time over the 25-mile course.

Saturday, May 30.

The fifth and last of the Glen Cove series races for the 90-footers was sailed on Saturday, May 30, and Reliance was an easy winner.

The tide was running in and there was a good sailing breeze from the E. by N. when the preparatory signal was given at twelve o'clock. The course signaled was a twenty-five mile triangle, the same as was sailed by the boats in Thursday's race. The first leg was E. by N. ¼ N. eleven miles to a mark off Eaton's Point, the second leg was W. N. W. three miles to a mark off Green's Ledge Light, and the third leg was S. W. by W. ½ W. eleven miles back to the starting line off Matinicock Point. This gave the boats a beat on the first leg, and although Reliance made considerable more fuss than Coustitution and Columbia in the swell that rolled in from the eastward, it did not seem to check her headway any.

Up to 12:15 the time the starting signal was made, there was some pretty jockeying going on between Captains Barr and Rhodes. Constitution had perhaps the best of it, and as the boats came for the line, Constitution was nicely berthed on Reliance's weather. Owing to a mistake in time on Constitution, she crossed the line a few seconds before the gun, and when the recall signal was given from the committee boat she was swung around and recrossed the line on the port tack. At this time Columbia was crossing the line on the starboard tack, and although she had the right of way, she was forced about by Constitution. As the two boats crossed Columbia had a poor berth under Constitution's lee. In the meantime Reliance had secured a nice lead, and it wasn't long before Constitution pulled away from Columbia, and the old boat was left astern. All three boats had their big club topsails set and baby jib topsails as well, although the one on Reliance was quite a little smaller than those on the other two boats. The boats were timed at the start as follows:

Reliance .....12 15 06 Columbia 12 16 31
Constitution 12 16 26

All three boats held on the part tack over toward the Long Island shore, but Reliance stood in further than the other two. Columbia was the first to take the starboard tack. Constitution followed her and finally Reliance came about. They did not hold the starboard tack long, and after Columbia was again put on the port tack the others followed. The wind had been dropping little by little, and was now pretty light. Reliance again showed her wonderful light weather qualities, and footed faster and pointed higher than the older boats. Constitution also left Columbia well astern in the light air.

The boats made short hitches along under the Long Island shore, as the breeze appeared better close in on the beach. The wind became fluky after the boats had worked around Lloyd's Point into the mouth of Huntington Bay, and Reliance was able to lay her course for the mark. Constitution was headed off and had to make another tack to make the mark. The boats were timed at the first mark as follows:

Reliance .....1 56 58 Columbia 2 09 10
Constitution 2 02 24

On this leg Reliance had beaten Constitution 4m. 6s. and Columbia 10m. 47s.

It was a close reach to the second mark. Reliance stuck to her baby jib topsail and carried it all the way to the mark. Constitution tried a larger one when about half the leg had been covered, and Columbia set her balloon jib topsail when near the mark. All this experimenting with sails availed nothing, and Reliance continued to draw away from the other two boats. At the second mark the following times were taken:

Reliance .....2 18 36 Columbia 2 49 28
Constitution 2 27 13

On the second leg Reliance beat Constitution 3m. 11s. and Columbia 18m. 40s.

Balloon jib topsails were set on all the boats after gybing around the mark. The small ballooner on Reliance did good work, while the large ones on the other two boats did not serve so well. The wind had shifted around well to the south of east. Reaching jib topsails were substituted for the ballooners on Constitution and Columbia, while a staysail was set on Reliance. The race was quite without interest, for Reliance held the breeze and finished while the others were becalmed. Constitution and Columbia finally got enough breeze to buck the tide and cross the finish line. The times at the finish were:

Reliance .....3 50 17 Columbia 6 00 00
Constitution 4 16 03

On this leg Reliance beat Constitution 17m. 9s. and Columbia 1h. 38m. 51s.

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 15 06	3 50 17	3 35 11
Constitution	12 16 26	4 16 03	3 59 37
Columbia	12 16 31	6 00 00	5 43 29

Reliance beats Constitution 24m. 26s. and Columbia 2h. 10m. 48s.

Harlem Y. C.

CITY ISLAND, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, May 30.

SOME thirty boats started in the twenty-first annual regatta of the Harlem Y. C. that was given on Saturday, May 30, but owing to the lack of wind none was able to finish. The starting line was off Belden's Point, City Island, and the preparatory signal was given at 12:30. There was a good breeze from the E. at the start, but before the boats had reached the first mark it was almost a dead calm. The boats drifted around until 7:30, when the race was called off.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, May 30.

The Gravesend Bay racing season was opened on Decoration Day with a regatta given by the Atlantic Y. C. for classes J and below. Seventeen boats entered the event, all but two of which finished. One was disqualified for leaving the outer mark at the finish on the port instead of starboard hand.

Members of the Sea Gate organization were much gratified at the number of starters in the initial race of 1903, and had the wind held, the contest would have been a good one. As it was, the six-knot N. E. breeze blowing at the start, flattened to almost a dead calm shortly after the boats had been sent away. When the zephyr returned it sprang from the S. W. and just enabled the fleet to finish one round of the courses. At this stage of the contest Chairman Henry J. Gielow, of the Regatta Committee, ended the race.

The white spar buoys usually set by the Government off Fort Hamilton and Ulmer Park, for the Atlantic Y. C., were not in place. This necessitated a change of the usual courses.

Classes M and above were sent from the starting line off the landing pier at Sea Gate, to and around West Bank Light, leaving the same on starboard hand; thence to a stake boat anchored off the Government dock at Fort Hamilton and home. This 8¼-mile triangle was to have been covered twice.

Boats under Class M sailed a triangular journey of 4¼ miles, which took them from the starting line out of the bay across the ship's channel to Craven Shoal buoy; thence to the mark off Fort Hamilton and home. This course was to have been covered three times.

The smaller craft sailing the latter course were left by the failing wind in the channel at the mercy of a strong ebb tide.

The change of wind from the N. E. to S. W. gave the boats going to West Bank Light a run out and a run back, with a close hauled leg home from Fort Hamilton. The little fellows started with a reach. They got a fair wind on the change and had a close hauled board home from the fort.

Mr. Hendon Chubb's newly purchased 30-footer Bagheera (ex-Astrild), which will race for the Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup, showed up well and was the first of the larger craft to finish the long course. The fluky conditions, however, made the elapsed times absolutely worthless for purposes of comparison. Among other newcomers besides Bagheera were Mr. W. C. Towen's Class K boat, Nymph, and Mr. L. D. Marten's Surprise.

There are a number of additions to the Atlantic Y. C. fleet this year. One of the latest in the Herreshoff 30-footer, Onward, bought by Mr. S. E. Vernon, owner of Vivian. The craft will be brought round from Bristol in time for the annual spring regatta, which takes place over courses in the lower bay on Tuesday, June 9. The summary of the Decoration Day race follows:

Sloops—Class K—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nymph, W. C. Towen	5 34 55	3 04 55
Ondawa, H. J. Robert	5 35 50	3 05 50
Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:35.		
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 16 20	2 41 20
Vivian, S. E. Vernon	5 38 45	3 03 45
Narika, C. H. Eagle	Disqualified.	
Surprise, L. D. Martens	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 2:40.		
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow	5 37 40	2 57 40
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	5 46 22	3 06 22
Corona, J. E. Beggs	5 50 42	3 10 42
Kate (yawl), J. E. Negus	5 55 52	3 15 52
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 2:45.		
Trouble, W. H. Childs	5 04 52	2 19 52
Spots, D. D. Allerton	5 36 34	2 15 34
Sloops—Class R—Start, 2:45.		
Pickaninny, E. H. Low	5 57 20	3 12 20
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow	5 58 28	3 13 28
Catboats—Class V—Start, 2:50.		
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	4 55 43	2 05 43
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 57 03	2 07 03
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	Did not finish.	

The winners were Nymph, Bagheera, Cockatoo, Trouble, Pickaninny and Rascal.

Noddle Island Miniature Y. C.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, May 30.

THE first race of the season of the Noddle Island Miniature Y. C. was sailed at Breed's Island Pond, East Boston, Saturday, May 30. The light air suited the little boats better than it did the real yachts, and they made a very good race. The summary:

21-inch class—Now Then, J. P. McLarne, owner, first; Fern, J. H. Young, second.

36-inch class—Eudora, E. Simmons, first; Growler, H. Hanson, second.

40-inch class—Crescent, B. E. Tedford, first; Post Boy, J. E. Wetmore, second.

24-inch waterline—Dalraida, J. B. McLarne, first; Concordia, H. W. Marrs, second.

30-inch waterline—Lark, J. H. Young, first; Bostonia, J. Black, Jr., second.

Keystone Y. C.

WOODMERE, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, May 30.

THE Keystone Y. C. held its first open regatta on Decoration Day. Eight boats started in the race, and although the wind was light there was considerable interest in the races. The summary:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carrie Nation, J. J. Wood	1 10 24	1 08 34
Stroller, H. Hoerner	1 13 14	1 10 29
Jupiter, R. Brower	1 06 03	1 06 03
Anita, D. Hewlett	1 21 50	1 21 50
Viva, Dr. E. C. Smith	1 08 21	1 04 14
Class B.		
Ariel, B. Mott	1 17 46	1 17 46
Ripple, C. R. Price	1 09 45	1 09 45
Grace, J. Collins	1 11 21	1 09 08

The winners were Viva and Ripple.

Annual Cruise of the Goodenough.

Story Submitted in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY FRANK F. FRISBEE, DETROIT, MICH.

"On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing;
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! Westward!'
And with speed it darted forward,
And the evening sun descending,
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening."

—Longfellow.

"Tug ahoy!"

"On board the schooner."

"Cast off our tow line, please; we can make it now."

"Aye! Aye! sir!"

"Haul in your line and stand by to get the canvas on her."

Thus spoke the Skipper of the schooner yacht Goodenough, as the tug Pioneer was towing her up Ste. Marie's River, just at the entrance of Waisky Bay, after we had passed Mosquito Bay and were nearing Round Island, and while the crew are getting sail on here the man at the wheel will introduce the dramatis personæ.

First, our good ship, for without a ship we could not cruise, the crew is easy to get.

The Goodenough is a pole-masted centerboard schooner, of a gross tonnage of 16; length, 45.9ft.; beam, 16ft.; depth, 5ft.; she is on the sharpie order; her bilge is sharp and her bottom nearly flat, though the angle from bilge to keel is something of an obtuse. Bow, straight; stern with little overhang; she has a good side out and considerable sheer; solid bulwarks a few inches high; she is cut away considerably aft, and has a clean run; with board up she draws about 3ft. 6in. at her skag; steers with a wheel; staysail, foresail, mainsail, spars and rigging heavy and strong; foresail larger than main, she being canvassed like the fishing boats of the upper lakes. Her board is small for a craft of her size and hardly comes 3 feet above her cabin floor, allowing her table to be flush—more board would be better.

SCHOONER YACHT GOODENOUGH.

Foremast stepped well forward and mainmast just aft of cabin house. Alleys nearly 3 feet, and very large cockpit, with seats on three sides. Very broad at stern, about 12ft., so there is lots of room on "fantail." Small windlass for hoisting anchor, well forward, right at end of bowsprit, and force pump in cockpit alongside of mainmast. Three boats are carried, one at davits on stern, one in either alley alongside of cabin; on cabin roof are coiled all lines, and here are laid oars, pike poles and twenty feet sweeps. On fan-tail is ice box and coal box, with room for odds and ends. Under alleys, opening from cockpit, are lockers, likewise under deck of fan-tail. Here are stored paints, oils, extra lines, green vegetables, etc.

A companionway with sliding cover opens up into cabin and oak (movable) steps lead down into main cabin—on one side a wine locker, two bunks and a closet, or small room, in which is a yacht water closet, and shelves for storing tools and certain supplies. This room makes a fair bath room, as the heat from the galley stove is felt through the bulkhead. On the opposite side of cabin are three full-sized bunks—making five in all—but by lowering the leaves of the centerboard table, two swinging Nantucket hammocks take care of two more of the crew, while aft of centerboard trunk is room for two folding cots, or shake downs, if needed. So nine or ten persons can be taken care of comfortably. Just forward of centerboard trunk a bulkhead, with door, cuts off the kitchen or galley. Here is a coal (or wood) yacht stove, lockers for supplies, a small pantry or closet with table top, for use of cook; a small bunk for cook, which is generally used for storage purposes. In her eyes is the chain locker. Under all bunks are large lockers for stowing extra clothing, and these are kept well aired by lattice-work fronts. Each berth is fitted with hair mattresses, which serve as cushions, being covered with blue denim. The cabin is lighted by three good-sized windows on each side, and one in stern, two in galley, with two dead lights forward, one window in bath room. There being no bulkheads, except forward, the cabin is always kept well ventilated, and there is never that stuffy odor often prevailing about small yacht cabins. There is good storage room in the lazarette. Height under cushions in center of cabin 6ft. 1in. The crown of cabin deck cuts this down at sides some inches.

CABIN OF YACHT GOODENOUGH, LOOKING AFT.

The table over the centerboard trunk will seat eight, and at a pinch, ten can "feed" nicely. A swinging lamp over the table gives good light at night, and with hatchway and windows closed the galley stove heats the cabin very well. In the fall for duck shooting, a small heating stove is placed aft of centerboard trunk. There is nothing fancy about the yacht. She is solid and strong, as she must face heavy seas and rough weather at times. Her finish is Georgia pine, oiled, with oak table and oak trimmings about centerboard trunk; planked with pine, her frames are oak—masts fir. She is not a natty yacht, but it is the verdict of all who see her or have the good fortune to sail on her, that she is Goodenough. Of course, no craft is perfect and we who sail the Goodenough, think we can improve on her next time, but like Mercutio's Mound, it will serve. With the above description and reference to the diagrams and photographs, a fair idea can be had of our craft, even if it would not serve for one to build with. Having described the ship, now comes the hardest part of my task—to give an idea of the crew—and as the cook is one of the most important, if not the real thing, aboard a pleasure yacht, we will commence with Percy, cook, and at times assistant sailor. He has sailed five voyages on the Goodenough and is a good cook, a fair sailor and quite a pilot for the north shore, and if he had not that failing, which is expressed regularly as being too fresh, would be a jewel on a cruise, but as our sailing is all done on fresh water mayhap that accounts for the freshness.

Next comes our skipper and managing owner, who we first christened Commodore, but as he is a very modest man, would have none of it. So it had to be Skipper. He is a man who knows the lakes, knows a boat, and as the saying is on the lakes, Can run either end of a ship, the pilot house or the engine. Having practically retired from business, our Skipper has a good time by giving his friends a good time, each year. Next on the regular crew is the man with many aliases. Each year sees him rejoicing in a new cognomen, and he in himself makes a numerous crew. For when the Professor, the Major of the Bun Department, the Inspector of Bilge Water, the First Mate, Nick of the Woods and Foxy Grandpa are all aboard you might say there are numerous folks about. Then he is keeper of the log and photographer in ordinary. The rest of the crew come and go, for it is hard for the average business man to leave his cares for a full month, so our friends come, stay a week, two weeks, or while they may, and then say farewell, and the Skipper, Cook and the M. of M. A., or for short, the Professor, sail the blooming ship.

We started out this year with one friend, from Detroit—Ed, for short. In the meantime our sails are hoisted, halyards all coiled, sheets well hauled in, and with a nice, fresh, summer breeze, we stand away on the port tack, slowly working up into Waiska Bay (pronounced locally Whiskey Bay). The Professor is at the wheel, and as the tug leaves us, bound back for the "Soo," the Skipper salutes her with his bugle, and she toots us Godspeed.

It was the 4th of August, a beautiful, bright sunshine made the blue waters sparkle and gleam, as the light breeze made it dance into little wavelets. Off to our left the dark wooded shores of Michigan loomed up dense and somber; while on our starboard was the rougher and more mountainous shore of Ontario.

The breeze, though fairly fresh, was ahead, and we had to beat out of the bay. We made one good leg over toward Bay Mills and then came about and were able to point toward Gros Cap. The Goodenough handles well in a light wind and when there is no sea on, and she came about without easing her stay sail or foresail sheets, though she does not do as well in a sea, as that is apt to knock her off. It was easy sailing, and the man at the wheel did not have hard work, but the Skipper recalled one experience of the year before, when we had to beat out with a wind north by west and nearly a gale of it, when our bowsprit would dip into solid blue water and spray would dash half-mast high. We had to reef down that day, but now it was a summer sea. As we gradually worked our way out we got over toward the Canadian shore and late in the afternoon neared Gros Cap, the first bold and really typical north shore coast, with hills from 600 to 700 feet above the lake. Now one wind shifts and we get it fair, so we can wing her out.

When the Goodenough is winged out, even if the wind is light, she fairly slides over the water. So we made good time, and leaving Goulais Bay by eight P. M., were abreast of Maple Island. Our lights were now gotten out, and as the evening air was cool, heavy coats donned. The wind shifted drawing out of Goulais Bay, and we had to put our booms to port with sheets just started. The Goodenough crept on silently into the gloom, her sharp prow cutting the inky black water with just a faint ripple, but we could see the dim outlines of Rudderhead getting nearer quite rapidly. Off on our port bow, dimly seen like banks of low-lying clouds, the Sandies could just be picked up with the glass, and about nine o'clock the light on Corbay Point was over our port bow. The Sandy Islands were between us and the open lake, for we had now passed out of the great Whitefish Bay and were fairly afloat on Great Lake Superior—The Brother of the Sea—the largest body of fresh water in the world, a veritable inland ocean, with its 1,500 miles of coast line, its 32,000 square miles of area, its 1,008 feet of depth, that is, 408 feet of water below sea level, and 600 feet above. It is 450 miles long, 170 miles wide (extreme), average nearly 100. It has great bays with numerous rivers flowing into them. It has large islands, about the coasts of which one could cruise all summer, and let not our Eastern yachtsmen think

"THE COMING SQUALL" ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

that the oceans, either Atlantic or Pacific, will give them better cruising water than will this inland sea. Hundreds of miles of interesting shore, comparatively virgin and uninhabited, lie before us, and while this cruise will deal with only an infinitesimal amount, as the Goodenough, in 1902, did not go far north, on her former voyages she has visited distant sections, so that the writer can say that "Yea, verily, the land is good and pleasant to look upon."

It might not be out of place at this point to give some more explicit sailing directions for the benefit of any yachtsman who may care to make this cruise than has been given in the account of our sail.

First, let me say that the charts accompanying this are only approximately correct, and not intended for use in sailing. There is not in existence to-day any detail chart of Batchewana Bay, and I am informed by the Canadian officials that it will be two years at least before one will be out. The U. S. Government has a chart of Lake Superior, which shows the north shore and the sailing courses for steamers. There is a detail chart of St. Mary's River, from the Soo to Whitefish Bay. These charts can be had at any Government survey office at the slight cost of fifteen cents each. From the Government Ship Canal to Point Iroquois, the channel is buoyed, and there are ranges and lights. Up the river as far and even beyond Point Aux Pins, the current would be an important factor with a sailing craft, and without a fair wind it would be best to tow that far. From that point good sailing water can be found, but to any one going for a first cruise, I would advise the procuring of a local pilot. These can be had at either the American or Canadian Soo. From Gros Cap up, the chart would suffice, until the bay was reached, and here one must have personal knowledge. There is plenty of water in the bay for any sized pleasure craft, but there are also lots of reefs, shallows and rocks. The bay is not so large, or is the navigation so difficult that any one cannot soon learn enough about it, to be enabled to escape disaster. Of course, the Goodenough being so light draft, makes her able to pass through waters that a keel boat or a deep-draft craft would have to steer clear of. We have seen deep-draft boats in the bay, and also seen them aground. Another advantage in having a local pilot is, if one wants to sail north of Bay there are many small harbors not charted, and you sometimes need one badly.

About Lake Superior hovers the romance of the past. The red man deified this great body of water. It has been long the theme for poets, pen and artist's pencil, and now the age of commerce has come, and on its mighty bosom float great fleets of steamers that have come to take the place of the red man's birch bark; truly as Whittier wrote in 1846:

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

There is a charm about the north shore of Lake Superior that holds and enthrals one, and once visited, each year brings a longing to return. Six years has the Goodenough been steered out of Saint Marie's River by the Scribe, and even now a longing to again sail over the crystal waters of this unsalted sea is strong within. Chapters and books can be written about Lake Superior and its enchanted shores, but an account of a yachting cruise is hardly in keeping with statistical information, or enthusiastic accounts of a whole section.

Overhead the dark dome of heaven is glittering with millions of stars, which seem to be much nearer us than in our home to the south. The air is so pure

and the entire absence of smoke and dust makes the heavenly bodies to seem much more numerous and brilliant. As we sail along we admire the great constellations, and in the north the glow of the aurora, which is often seen in great splendor on the north shore, even in summer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

English Letter.

THE weather has been so bad on the Clyde that since her new mast was stepped the challenger has been practically idle, and it has now been decided to send the two boats over to the States at once. Such sailing as has taken place has been purely informal, but from it one can only judge that the new boat is now sailing better than ever. The new mainsail is a vast improvement on the old one, but that does not account for the apparent improvement in her speed off the wind. The trials, such as they have been, have been partly sailed in the narrow water from Greenock down to the Toward Light, and one can never trust this course as a fair test. The best Clyde course is that of the Royal Northern, which is square, and with no very high land close by.

On Saturday, May 9, the two boats got under way and dodged about the Clyde, the new boat being manifestly kept in hand. Later on in the day they started from Gourock with spinnakers set, and ran down the river to the Cloch Lighthouse, where they had to stow spinnakers and reach with a quarterly wind on to the Skelmorlie buoy, coming back up to Greenock and then to the anchorage at Gourock. By the time they got back abreast of Gourock, the new boat was 14m. ahead, the water being dead smooth and the breeze with some heart in it. When the challenger came into the bay at the finish she was about two miles ahead. This was almost too good a performance to be true, for the distance sailed was not more than fifteen miles. Be that as it may, the new boat went just as well on the following Monday afternoon. The two boats were merely "sprinting," no set course being sailed. Still in a nice breeze the new boat in a turn to windward of about nine miles, beat the old one by at least two. Reaching over four miles she left the old boat a mile, or nearly so, astern, and returning over the same course she repeated this performance. As I say this astounding speed seems far too good to be true, but the old vessel seemed to be sailing nicely, too. On Tuesday they were out again, but the wind was very light and fluky. However, when they got a breeze the new boat went away as fast as ever.

I think you will find that the challenger is simply invincible in a moderate breeze, or what we would call a light breeze, as opposed to "a light air of wind." At Weymouth, when she had this wind, she sailed as fast as on the Clyde, and can, I believe, give the old boat not far off 25m. over the cup course in that particular weather. She seems, also, to be considerably faster now in stronger breezes, which may be due to her better sails.

No doubt yachtsmen on your side are surprised that no such interest is taken in these trials as that excited by your matches. But the cases are quite different, for whereas, yours are set races sailed regularly for the purpose of selecting a defender, these are simply sailed as a necessary preparation. Nothing depends upon them, the challenger having been long since chosen. As a matter of fact, only one set trial has been sailed, and it was spoiled by a fluke. The value of the old Shamrock as a trial ship, will be best seen in America. Those in charge of the new boat will be able to tell if they have got her in the same form as she is in now, whereas, if the second Shamrock were substituted that would remain doubtful.

From such reports as have been cabled over about Reliance, it looks to me as if she will be a source of much heart-searching. The increase in her sail points to dissatisfaction with her light-wind speed. It means more time-allowance, too, and I feel certain that no amount of sail will make that boat the challenger's equal in a light wind, while it must tell against her in a strong one. From her shape she must be a boat of very great initial stability, and that is dead against light-wind speed—at least with the wind forward of the beam. I believe you will find that Columbia and Constitution will often beat her. At the same time I have no doubt that, of her type, she is a grand vessel—she looks it in all the photos I have seen. But there will be trouble in the selection of the defender; that seems almost certain.

Our season, such as it is, will open in a fortnight. Yachts in this country may almost be said to be divided into two classes—cruisers and Lipton boats, for we have no big class racers, nor 65-footers. Khama, which started a few weeks ago for the States, fell in with bad westerly gales and ran back to the Clyde, where she lies at the time of writing.

E. H. HAMILTON.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO, LAKE MICHIGAN,
Saturday, May 30.

THE race given by the Columbia Y. C. on Decoration Day was one of the most exciting in the club's history. A twenty-five knot N. E. wind held throughout the contest and it was accompanied by a heavy sea. The Class B boat, Nomad, finished with a broken gaff and would undoubtedly have won had she not broken down. The summary:

Class 1A—Start, 2:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vencedor	3 28 45	1 23 45	1 21 45
Neva	3 44 45	1 39 45	1 39 45
Class 3A—Start 2:05.			
Columbia	4 26 30	2 21 30	2 18 30
Widsith	4 52 00	2 47 00	2 47 00
B Classes—Start, 2:00.			
Vixen	4 22 30	2 22 30	2 14 45
Nomad	4 18 15	2 18 15	2 16 24
Jeannettie	4 24 00	2 24 00	2 24 00

The winners were Vencedor, Columbia and Vixen.

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, May 30.

In a very light air, from the southeast, the Y. R. A. open race of the South Boston Y. C., was sailed off City Point on Saturday, May 30. In the 25ft. class were Chewink III., Chewink II. and Bobs, one of the Bar Harbor 25-footers. Chewink II. and Bobs went over the line about the same time, but the wind was so light that Chewink III. was badly handicapped, and did not get across until just before the 22-footers were started. Calypso, the champion of the class for two years, had been sailing about the starting line, but as the wind was so light, she did not enter. Chewink II. got all the wind on the first reach, but on the second and on the beat to windward the new Chewink constantly gained on her. On the broad reach she still continued to gain, but she was not up to the older boat until two-thirds of the course had been sailed. The two got into a luffing match at the fourth mark, in which Chewink got the best of it. After rounding and setting spinnakers, Chewink III. steadily gained to the finish.

The work of the 22-footers in the light air was wonderful. They sailed over the same course as the 25-footers, and the leading boat beat the leading 25-footer by 3 minutes. Four of the 22-footers came up to the starting line, and they got away well together. For a short time they held together, and then Opitsah V. commenced to gain and soon walked out ahead of the other three. She held her lead without difficulty and won easily.

In the 18ft. knockabouts there were ten starters, all of which were well bunched at the start, with the exception of Yo San, which was about 3 minutes behind the others. Miss Modesty, a new Crowninshield creation, took the lead soon after the start and held it to the finish.

The one-design dories were not quite as close as usual at the finish on account of the lightness of the breeze. There were also two races for sailing tenders, a club race in the morning and an open race in the afternoon. The summary:

Class D.

	Elapsed.
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 16 42
Chewink II.	2 18 29
Bobs, E. V. Alvord	2 33 22
22-footers.	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster	2 13 42
Medric, Herbert White	2 17 11
Helen, J. R. Neal	2 18 58
Chief, S. C. Winsor	2 21 11
Class R.	
Harriett	2 25 00
18ft. Knockabouts.	
Miss Modesty, B. S. Permar	2 03 54
Question, J. S. Hunt	2 04 05
Mirage, J. B. Olmstead	2 06 14
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	2 06 26
Wink, L. B. Goodspeed	2 07 26
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 07 40
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp	2 08 01
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	2 10 20
Biza, Alfred Douglass	2 10 24
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	2 10 59
Millian, F. L. Woods	2 15 01

Class D—Sailing Tenders.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merrill	1 06 15	1 05 51
Stickney	1 06 51	1 06 33
Borden	1 09 05	1 08 53
Colson	1 10 05	1 10 05
Landers	1 09 11	1 08 11
Cherrington	1 11 39	1 10 12
Trotman	1 14 13	1 14 02
Robinson	1 12 38	. . ..
One-Design Dories.		
Vera	2 23 24	. . ..
Amorita	2 24 34	. . ..
Hobo	2 28 01	. . ..
Lurline	2 32 52	. . ..

The following is the summary of sailing tender race in the morning:

Stickney	0 53 11	0 52 53
Merrill	0 53 55	0 53 31
Trotman	0 56 52	0 55 49
Colson	0 59 45	0 59 45
Weeman	Withdrew.	

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, May 30.

THE spring races of the Indian Harbor Y. C. were sailed on Saturday, May 30. The boats sailed over a ten-mile triangular course. The preparatory signal was made at 2 o'clock, and the boats in the 30ft. class were sent away five minutes later. At the time of the start the wind was light from the E., but it soon hauled to the S. and W., which gave the boats a reach almost all the way over the course.

Oiseau started first in her class, followed by Alert and Flosshilde, and the boats retained these positions all through the race, and Oiseau won by a comfortable margin. In the handicap class for yachts 36ft. and under, Robin Hood won, beating Dart.

The day proved to be an unsatisfactory one, as the wind was light and flukey, and the results were indecisive.

The Regatta Committee was made up of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms, T. J. McCahill, Jr.; E. S. Wheeler, and H. C. Nash. The summary follows:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alker	5 02 25	2 57 25
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell	4 56 17	2 51 17
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dart, Mr. Washburne	2 20 00	Withdrew.	
Robin Hood, G. E. Gortland	2 38 00	8 19 20	5 41 20

The winners were Oiseau and Robin Hood.

The English-built steam yacht Kittiwake, now under charter to Mr. Joseph Leiter, arrived at New York on May 31, twenty-two days out from Greenock, Scotland. Bad weather was experienced, and on May 18 the yacht put into St. Michael's for coal and made some temporary repairs.

Orient Heights Y. C.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,
Saturday, May 30.

THE first club race of the season for the Orient Heights Y. C. was sailed off the club house on Saturday, May 30. There were 9 starters and a good race was sailed. The summary:

Magnolia, J. F. Gunnerson	1 03 09
Louise, H. K. Brown	1 03 10
Ruth, L. Innell	1 07 29
Alinder, C. H. Hubbard	1 07 38
Elsie, Martin Cahill	1 07 50
Gladis, C. E. Rich	1 07 51
Harsp, John Watson	1 16 37
Orient, J. B. Martin	1 18 04
Molly, J. S. Donnell	1 57 14

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.,
Saturday, May 30.

THE first club race of the Wollaston Y. C., the first of the series for the Chase cup, was sailed Saturday, May 30, in Quincy Bay, in a very light air. Wawenock, an 18-footer, was first across the starting line, and she increased her lead all around the course, finishing 14m. ahead of her nearest competitor. Neptune entered a protest against Wawenock for not being measured before the race, which the regatta committee will consider later. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neptune, A. E. Linnell	1 51 05	1 29 30
Sheila, L. Hewitson	1 50 20	1 30 29
Pocahontas, Dr. W. J. Merrill	2 01 00	Not taken.
Wawenock, Walter Combs	1 35 30	Not taken.

Williamsburg Y. C.

FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND,
Saturday, May 30.

THE annual regatta of the Williamsburg Y. C. was sailed over the club's course in Flushing Bay on Decoration Day. A long list of entries gave promise of a good race, but the fresh E. breeze that blew at the start died out and the boats were barely able to finish the race. The winners were: Class B, Saracen; Class C, Pearl; Class E, Pastime; Class F, Imp; Class G, Yankee Girl.

Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay

THE third season of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay will open on Saturday, June 6. The only change in the actual make-up of the racing fleet is the stubstitution of the new Bensonhurst Y. C. for the Atlantic Y. C., which resigned early in the year.

All signs point to a good entry for the first race. Much work has been done in revising racing rules and all regulations governing the sport. The experience of two years suggested many beneficial changes. A new system of points has been adopted, similar to the one in use among many clubs on Long Island Sound. In this system a yacht gets one point for every boat she defeats with a premium of one point for starting and finishing the race. The Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay now consists of the Brooklyn Y. C., Bensonhurst Y. C., New York C. C. and the Marine and Field Club.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, has sold his steam yacht Dreamer, through the agency of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, to Mr. A. C. Bedford, of New York City.

Allure, the 61ft. gasolene launch, built from designs by Messrs. Colven & Bickman, by the Marine Construction and Dry Dock Company, Mariner's Harbor, S. I., for Mr. Alexander Stein, was launched a few days ago.

Messrs. Sadler, Perkins & Field have completed plans of a power houseboat that is to be built for a Connecticut yachtsman. She is 116ft. long, 20ft. breadth and 6ft. draft.

The steam yacht that was nearing completion at the yards of the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis., for Mr. John W. Gates, was destroyed by fire on May 31. The yacht was one of the largest ever built on the Great Lakes, and was intended for use on the Gulf of Mexico. The yacht cost in the neighborhood of $65,000.

The eight 25-footers built by the Holmes Shipbuilding Company, of West Mystic, Conn., from designs by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, are for Messrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Paul Dana, J. Grosvenor, George Adee, Philip Adee, Gustave Kissell, August Belmont and C. O'D. Iselin. The boats, which cost about $2,500 each, are 46ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft. They are centerboard boats, and will have about three tons of outside lead ballast. They will carry 1,100 square feet of sail.

Mr. E. Pierson Beebe has sold his steam yacht Hope, through the agency of Mr. Frank N. Taudy. The new owner, whose name has not been made public, will use the boat for cruising on Massachusetts Bay.

Minga, the steam yacht built at Morris Heights for Mr. Walter E. Duryea, was launched on Wednesday, May 20. She is 65ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. breadth and 3ft. draft. Minga was built for use on the St. Lawrence River, and her builders guarantee a speed of twelve miles.

Mrs. J. B. Gibson died at her home in New York City on May 26, as a result of injuries received on May

16, when there was an explosion on board her auxiliary yawl Vagabond. Mrs. Gibson was a flag member of the New York Y. C.

* * *

The Regatta Committee of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, composed of Messrs. Addison F. Bancroft, Chairman; Harvey J. Mitchell and John A. Inglis, have made up the following schedule for the season of 1903:

Saturdays, June 27, July 11, 18.—36ft. class races; Corinthian knockabout class races.

Saturday, June 20.—Annual race for all classes.

Friday, July 24 to Aug. 1.—Annual club cruise in Long Island Sound.

Monday, Sept. 7 (Labor Day).—Special club races.

Saturdays, June 6 to Oct. 24.—25ft. class races, 20ft. class races, 15ft. class races.

* * *

We give herewith the names of the clubs and the dates on which they will hold races for power boats under the rules of the American Power Boat Association:

Saturday, June 20.—Columbia Y. C.
Saturday, July 11.—Newark Y. C.
Saturday, July 18.—Indian Harbor Y. C.
Thursday, Aug. 13.—Atlantic Y. C.
Saturday, Aug. 29.—Brooklyn Y. C.
Wednesday, Sept. 9.—New Rochelle Y. C.

* * *

Strathcona, the boat built by Mr. Norman Macrae to defend the Canada Cup, was launched from Captain Andrews' yard at Oakville, Ontario, on Friday, May 29. She was designed by Mr. Arthur Payne, of the firm of Messrs. Summers & Payne, of Southampton, England. Work was begun on the yacht about the middle of March, and she has been put together in the best possible manner. She is 40ft. waterline, 59ft. 3in. over all, 13ft. 8in. breadth and 8ft. 7in. draft.

Canoeing.

A Canoe Cruise from New York to Sag Harbor, L. I.

BY THE SKIPPERS OF TOT, FOGGY DEW, PAPOOSE AND CHIQUITA.

On Sunday, August 10, at 8 A. M., we started from the Knickerbocker C. C. on the Hudson River on our cruise with the first of the ebb, with a good breeze out of the southeast, which grew steadily stronger, until opposite Hoboken we found it more comfortable to

THE HOME OF THE KNICKERBOCKER C. C.

shorten sail, the wind gained in strength and the seas became so rough that they continually flushed us and kept our cockpit bags filled. Notwithstanding, we made Sailor's Snug Harbor, S. I., by 11 A. M., where we stopped for lunch, also to reduce our water ballast, especially the Chiquita, which was flooded, the deck being awash on arrival at the harbor, and the contents of the water-proof bags all water-soaked, the water in canoe being above the bag openings, forced its entrance and damaged contents to such an extent that we had to impose on the hospitality of our Snug Harbor friends, so as to dry out the Chiquita's outfit in their laundry over night, while we camped in their boat house.

Monday, the 11th, we prepared to make an early start, but were delayed until 1 P. M. on account of a heavy rainstorm. The delay cost us the benefit of the tide, so that we had that, besides a heavy head wind to contend with in working our way out of the bay and Narrows, to the New York C. C., in Gravesend Bay, where we arrived at 5 P. M., barely in time to escape one of the severest storms of the season. The New York boys made us very comfortable and insisted on our enjoying their hospitality for the night.

Tuesday, the 12th, we were up and ready to sail at 7 A. M.; we started under reefed sails, with a heavy wind and sea; had to beat out and around Norton's Point, then had a fine reach down past Coney Island, Manhattan and Brighton beaches, to Rockaway Inlet, where we ran on the shoals and had to await the flood tide to float us, meanwhile we utilized the spare hour to get a light breakfast. By the time we had sufficient water to clear the shoals, the wind became so heavy we sailed up the inlet under reefed mainsail only, and made remarkable time. We arrived opposite Rockaway and signaled the bridge, which was promptly opened, and we continued on our course to the Edgemere carry. Here it became necessary to unload our duffle and carry our canoes and outfits, about 200 yards, to the continuation of the creek leading past Far Rockaway to Lawrence, where we arrived at 3 P. M., and made our first camp. This is a delightful camp ground, fine sandy beach and good bathing. We camped here the following day, Wednesday, the 13th, and broke camp on Thursday, the 14th, at 11 A. M.

We set sail with a free wind, passed the draws at Long Beach and arrived at Amityville at 3 P. M., where we lunched and stopped for mail. At 4 P. M.

TOT ON PECONIC BAY.

we again got under way and prepared to locate a camp site, but after an hour's sailing with nothing but marsh land in view, we crossed the bay to the ocean side, opposite Babylon, and made arrangements to spend the night at the Muncie Sanatorium, where, after beaching our craft, we put on dry footwear and indulged in the novelty of a ready-cooked meal.

Next morning, the 15th, we had breakfast at 8 A. M. and got under sail at 10 A. M., for a run to Patchogue. The wind and sea being very heavy, we made the run under reefed mainsails only, and arrived at Patchogue at 1:30 P. M., which was a remarkable run under such short canvas.

Here we camped on a small creek with a fine, sandy beach, where we were so well suited we remained until Sunday, the 17th, when we again set sail at about 10 A. M., for Canoe Place Inn, sailing most of the distance under reefed mainsail, the wind being very heavy. We sailed in this fashion through Bellport Bay, Moriches Bay, through the Quogue Canal into Shinnecock Bay, and arrived at Canoe Place at 6 P. M., a distance of about 40 miles. Here we figured on spending the night and enjoying a hearty meal with our host of past acquaintance, "Wells," of the Inn, but were doomed to disappointment—the inn having closed its doors. So we made the best of our chagrin, and pitched our tents on the bank at the entrance to the canal connecting Shinnecock and Peconic bays. Being prepared for such occasions, we soon had our three vapor stoves working and had the following bill of fare, in very short order: Tomato soup, steak, potatoes, peas, bread and butter, and preserved peaches as a dessert, to which we did justice.

Monday we remained and surveyed the neighboring country until 3 P. M., when we again broke ground and laid a course for Jessup's Neck. We were obliged to paddle through the canal, with our spars unshipped and fastened on deck, on account of the bridge, which was too low to allow our spars to pass. On arriving at the Peconic entrance, we again stepped our spars and sailed, again under shortened sail, the wind still holding its strength. Darkness overtook us and we were obliged to strike camp before reaching Jessups, the wind and seas combined being of such strength that we finished the last few miles under mere handkerchiefs.

The following day, Aug. 19, we again got under way toward noon, and reached Jessups at 2 P. M. Being

PAPOOSE UNDER SAIL.

short of provisions, water, etc., Tot and Chiquita volunteered to continue to Sag Harbor, to replenish our larder, while our comrades of the Foggy Dew and Papoose got their camp in shape at Jessups.

We got to Sag Harbor at 6 P. M., after a slow passage, the wind having moderated, but by 7 P. M., when we prepared to return, it again increased in strength and threatened to storm, but we figured we knew our bearings sufficiently well to start on the return trip to our Jessup's Neck camp.

We made good progress, but had a head wind to contend with until we had cleared the harbor, which took us till 8 P. M., so that darkness overtook us before we had more than half completed our return trip. We shortened sail and kept close together, but it grew so dark that we lost all bearings and trusted to dead reckoning how near we would strike to camp on making the beach. After what seemed like an endless period, we felt our boards scrape and had barely time to raise them before we ran into a patch of sea grass, which broke out impact. When we surveyed the beach we concluded we had landed about five miles below our camp, which proved to be a good two hours' paddle against current and wind. We finally reached camp at 1 A. M. After pitching our tent and cooking our supper, we found it was drawing near to 3 A. M. After a refreshing sleep, a swim in the clear, cool water of Peconic Bay, put us in fine spirits, and gave us a hearty appetite for breakfast and dinner, which we combined.

Wednesday, the 20th, until Friday the 22d, we remained in camp at Jessup's Neck, which we enjoyed in solitude, it being inaccessible except by water or a very long walk. The time we spent in fishing and sailing around camp.

Friday noon we broke camp for the final cruise home, which we made via the steamboat Shinnecock. We landed on the beach at Sag Harbor, adjoining the steamboat wharf, at 3 P. M., procured empty barrels

FOGGY DEW AND CHIQUITA.

for our duffle and prepared same for shipment direct to the club.

The canoes we shipped to New York on the steamer, and Saturday morning at 7 A. M., we lowered them from the deck to the river, and paddled around the Battery and up the Hudson to Hoboken, where we stopped at the Valencia Boat Club to step our sails and get breakfast. We left there on our last stretch up the Hudson at noon and arrived at the Knickerbocker C. C. at 1 P. M., finishing a delightful two weeks' cruise.

A description of the canoes, rigs, and outfits may prove of interest.

THE CAMP AT JESSUPS, SHOWING NECK IN THE DISTANCE.

The description of one canoe will answer for all, as they were similar in rigs, etc:

Canoes, 16ft., 30in. beam; removable water-proof bag cockpit; 3½ft. sliding seat, raised about 5in. above deck; Norwegian yoke tiller; sail area, 80ft.; reefed, 55ft. Camp outfit—Two 7x7 tents, with floor cloths, two cots or air beds in each; 4 sleeping bags; 4 folding camp chairs; 2 folding grub kits (containing tins for coffee, etc., also cooking utensils); 3 vapor stoves; 4 ½-gallon water jugs; 6 ¼-gallon oil cans; 3 changes of clothing and a suit of oilers for each; 1 repair kit, rope and tools, screws, etc.; 4 folding canvas buckets; rope and tools, screws, etc.; 4 folding canvas buckets; also a supply of provisions for a few days in advance.

A Knickerbocker.

Red Dragon C. C.

The corrected schedule of the Red Dragon C. C. follows:

Saturday, June 13, 1903, at 3 P. M.; high water, 4:20 P. M.

Event No. 1. Single blade, quarter mile.
*Event No. 2. Hand paddling.
*Event No. 3. Mixed Tandem, double blade, quarter mile.
Event No. 4. Double blade, half mile.
Event No. 5. Tilting tournament.
*Event No. 6. Tail end.
*Event No. 7. Tandem, double blade, half mile.
Event No. 8. Swimming.

Saturday, September 12, 1903, at 3 P. M.; high water, 6 P. M.

*Event No. 1. Double blade, half mile.
*Event No. 2. Standing in canoe, double blade.
Event No. 3. Single blade, half mile.
Event No. 4. Club trophy, half mile.
Event No. 5. Tilting tournament.
*Event No. 6. Tandem, single blade, half mile.

The events will take place off the club house, Wissinoming, Philadelphia.

* These events are open to the modern type of broad beamed open cruising canoe only, and the committee reserves the right to determine whether or not any canoe intended for use in these events is within this class.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Central Division—Robert M. Codd, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.; A. E. Davenport, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph A. Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

Eastern Division—Theodore T. Pettingill, Dedham. Mass.; William E. Marshman, Lawrence, Mass.; H. W. Fenno, Auburndale, Mass.; Jesse E. Gray, Medford, Mass.; Minot T. Phelps, Manchester, N. H.; H. W. Walkling, West Medford, Mass.; J. A. Burdakin, Dedham, Mass.; Geo. H. Gage, Lawrence, Mass.; Edward B. Stearns, Lester P. Howe, Joel S. Daniels, Darwin J. Forsaith, Manchester, N. H.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

British Rifle Shooting.

MR. R. B. MARSTON, editor of the Fishing Gazette, of London, writes the introduction to a recently published little book, "Miniature Rifle Shooting," by L. R. Tippins. Mr. Marston sends me a copy of this book, in the belief that it might be interesting to many American readers. It is an interesting book, well written and thorough; but the most interesting part of it to a Western American is the fundamental nature of the work. It gravely encourages the inculcation of practices among the English youth and middle classes, which have been universal in this country time out of mind. In brief, it is the mission of the book to encourage practice with small bore rifles on short home ranges, either by the use of auxiliary rifle tubes or by the "adapter," the still simpler system by which one makes his weapon efficient enough at short ranges by pushing a small steel case into the chamber of the barrel. The author of this book admits that, while in America the use of the .22 rifle is very general, it is little known in England; the rook rifle, infrequent and expensive, being the only counterpart of the .22, as used in America. He also admits that the English trade has never perfected the small-bore ammunition as it has been done in America, and states that many millions of these cartridges are imported from America annually—a great tribute certainly to the American ammunition trade.

The whole plea of Mr. Tippins, who is himself an expert rifleman and winner of many prizes on Bisley range, is for a greater public familiarity with the mechanism and handling of the service arm. He speaks with impartial judgment of the merits and defects of the English military rifle, describes at length the questions of rifle sights, etc., in a way which would be entirely unnecessary in this country, and indeed treats the subject as if he were beginning something *de novo* for his country. One could have no better evidence of the vast difference existing between England and America. Here we have vast stretches of open country, free to any man. We still have left at least a part of our great game. This is why the American man is so generally a rifleman, not so much now as in the past, and less so in the future than to-day; but still very much more of a rifleman and very much better as a natural soldier, on that account, than any citizen of a European country. These facts, as paralleled by the training of the Boers in South Africa, are openly admitted by the editor and author of the book in question. I do not doubt that the interest in rifle clubs which has recently been stirred up among the English public by the Boer war, will do something toward the advancement of skill in rifle shooting in that country. Against any such growth is the unspeakable conservatism of the English citizen. The first thing to do for Mr. Marston and Mr. Tippins is to break through this conservatism, if our good friend in South Africa has not shot through it fully. The next thing to do will be to get space for outdoor shooting, and then something to shoot at. The rifleman will learn in sport what he will never learn in school or gallery. The technical or expert shooting of the rifle range is excellent in its way, but it does not make a soldier of the rifleman in any degree equal with the sportsman-rifleman. The man educated to the chase of the big game is the best natural soldier in the world, especially in these days, when discipline and drill count for so little, and individual self-reliance and initiative mean so much. Sergeant Tippins does not wholly like the indorsement of the English general who says that the American soldier is the best in the world. The admitted necessity for his own book, however, is pretty conclusive proof of the wisdom of that same general. In so far as this book shall encourage small-bore rifle shooting and familiarity with firearms, which is a customary and everyday matter in this country, it will approach the old land of England to the new land of America, and to that extent be a benefit to the former. When it comes to the last degrees of rifle shooting, however, I see no hope for England except to send her young men over to this country for their final education. We will take them and make riflemen out of them. As to making a sportsman out of an Englishman, it never was and never will be a difficult process, for they take to shooting as a fish to water, when they get the chance. As to the English army—and this is a pertinent comment, since the book in question is intended for the improvement of that army—the trouble with it has been that, though its officers were sportsmen and sometimes riflemen, its rank and file knew little or nothing about actual and practical rifle shooting. Poor Tommy Atkins could not be blamed for this. He bad had little chance to learn.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

[The Palma trophy is a matter of long-range shooting.]

Charles G. Grubb, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa., has deposited with W. S. Brown, 512 Wood street, Pittsburg, Pa., $1,000, representing several parties, for the purpose of a rifle match shoot between Louis P. Ittel, of Allegheny, Pa., and J. S. Louder, of Denver, Colo., the match to take place within a very short time at the Iroquois Rifle Club's range. Mr. Ittel is the challenger.

More than $5,000 is still needed to make a sufficient fund for the journey of the American team to Bisley, to compete for the Palma trophy. The preliminary tests at Sea Girt have demonstrated that there is team material of a very high order in point of skill.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

June 3.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Shoot of the Fulton Gun Club.

June 2-5.—Baltimore, Md.—Third annual Baltimore County shoot; three days targets; one day live birds; $500 in purses and prizes. Hawkins and Malone, Managers.

June 3-4.—Boston, Mass.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Boston Shooting Association. O. R. Dickey, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Parkersburg, W. Va.—Sixth annual tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Ohio Valley Shooting Association. J. F. Mallory, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of the Lafayette Gun Club. R. A. Livenguth, Sec'y.

June 4-5.—South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament, under auspices of the Vermillion Gun Club. G. Harris, Sec'y.

**June, second week.—Shreveport, La.—Caddo Gun Club's tournament.

June 8-12.—Ossining, N. Y.—New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game's forty-fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club.

June 9-10.—Lafayette, Ind.—Indiana State shoot, under auspices of Lafayette Gun Club.

June 9-11.—Sioux City, Ia.—Ninth annual amateur tournament of the Soo Gun Club. B. F. Duncan, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—Cincinnati, O.—Seventeenth annual target tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League. Chas. T. Dreihs, Sec'y.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.

*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.

June 17-18.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—E. L. Klipple tournament.

June 18.—West Chester, Pa., Gun Club's all-day target shoot.

June 23-25.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association's second annual target tournament; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.

July 3-4.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's two days' shoot. A. H. Frank, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.

*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.

July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.

**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.

July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.

*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.

July 30-Aug. 1.—Viroqua, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Viroqua Rod and Gun Club. Dr. R. W. Baldwin, Sec'y.

*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.

Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.

*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.

Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.

*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.

Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; $500 added.

Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.

**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Rain later—perhaps.

Big tournaments East and West next week.

All signs fail in a dry time at a tournament.

It is better to have shot and lost than never to have shot at all.

Mr. Edgar L. Klipple, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., informs us that he will give a shoot on June 17 and 18.

Mr. A. H. Frank, secretary, informs us that the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club will hold a two-days' shoot on July 3 and 4.

The Maryland County shoot, June 2 to 5, at Baltimore, Md., is a large affair, the estimates being that 150 shooters would participate.

There is a rumor that Mr. W. R. Crosby is hiking eastward, and will be in time to participate in the Interstate Association tournament at Rutherford, N. J., June 24-25. It is said that he may remain in the East till he misses a target; therefore there is a reasonable presumption that he will be a permanent resident of the East.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold its annual meeting at No. 642 Newark avenue, on June 5. The next shoot of the club will be on June 7.

At Lakewood, N. J., May 30, on the Lakewood shooting grounds, Mr. H. Crowdic won the silver loving cup. He tied with Mr. B. Tilton on 23, and won in the shoot-off with a score of 24.

In the race between six-man teams of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales and the Richmond Gun Club, at Concord, Staten Island, May 30, the firm team won by a score of 119 to 73. Each man shot at 25 targets, 150 per team.

In a match between eight-man teams of the Olney and Clay City gun clubs, of Illinois, recently, the Clay City team won by a score of 103 out of a possible 200. A return match was arranged to take place on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. L. R. Nelson, of Winchester, N. H., issues a challenge this week in our trap columns. He makes a good, friendly, game proposition for the love of sport. Perhaps Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, may lock horns with him.

The Ohio Trapshooters' League's seventeenth tournament at Cincinnati, June 9-11, is expected to be a record-breaker. Guaranteed purses, $1,750; added money, $300. Open to the world. Send for a programme to Chas. F. Dreihs, Cincinnati.

At Tamaqua, Pa., on May 30, Messrs. John J. Fisher, of Coaldale, and Thomas Fredericks, shot a match at 15 live birds, said to be for $200 a side. Fredericks killed 9, while Fisber killed but 4, which gave a reasonable line on which won the match.

In a match between Messrs. Martin Winters and Peter Dennis, at 16 live birds, Winters scored 12 to Dennis' 8. It was said to be for $150 a side. Mr. Dennis can console himself with the knowledge that there are many other trapshooters whose name also is Dennis.

An interesting target shoot was held at Richmond, Va., May 30. The famous trapshooters Capt. A. W. Du Bray and Mr. T. H. Keller were present. In the medal contest, for the gold medal donated by Harris Flippen & Co., Mr. J. A. Anderson, the holder, was defeated by Dr. Hillsman by a score of 45 out of 50.

The programme of the O. T. S. L. contains this paragraph under the head of "What You May Expect at the Cincinnati Gun Club Grounds": "And Arthur Gambell in all his glory, assisted by his referees and scorers, singing the Golden Rule." That rule should be in every set of rules, and Arthur Gambell would be one of the best of men to referee it.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, the energetic captain of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, touches on the forthcoming State shoot, in his report of his club's shoot elsewhere in our columns this week. The list of merchandise prizes is long and valuable, the programme is good, and the shooters should rally to give so much earnest sterling effort their enthusiastic support.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott will probably have an orbit about New York till after the Interstate shoot at Rutherford, which he will attend. Jim, in a sunny way, has taken to smashing targets in a remarkably successful manner for a beginner. He may be classed as one of our most precocious of young and rising shooters. Ninety-eight per cent., or 100 per cent. is good shooting.

At the Interstate tournament, given for the West Branch Rod and Gun Club at Williamsport, Pa., May 27-29, Mr. Luther Squier, of Wilmington, Del., was high professional average of the tournament. Mr. Neaf Apgar was second and Mr. E. D. Fulford was third. Their three days' scores and totals were as follows: Squier 168, 160, 165; total 493; Apgar 153, 161, 171; total 485; Fulford 167, 152, 165; total 484.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, tarried a few hours in New York on Monday of this week, en route to Boston, whither he journeyed with Mr. Edward Banks via the Fall River Line, and due to arrive Tuesday morning. Mr. Shaner looked spick and span as a June bride, notwithstanding the long campaign of tournament management which he has gone through, with such distinguished success, this season.

A correspondent writes us as follows: "John H. W. Fleming, better known as Johnny Jones in trapshooting circles, wherein he has many friends, has received, during the past week, a 25ft. launch, equipped with a two horse-power motor, which has been in course of construction for him since early spring. Commodore Jones, in the future, please. He and a crew of able seamen started on a voyage for Rockaway, and are now something like a week overdue."

Mr. Elmer Jones, of Bonesteel, S. D., won the Peters Cartridge Company trophy, emblematic of the championship of Gregory county, at the second annual tournament of the Bonesteel Gun Club, May 26. He was against some of the best seasoned talent of South Dakota, but made a decisive win by scoring 45 to his nearest oppent's 42. The emblem was held by Mr. J. F. Spatz, who waived his rights and put it in open competition at the tournament above mentioned. The high averages were: First, W. A. Leach; second, J. F. Spatz; third, T. J. Thompson.

A correspondent writes us that "the West Chester, Pa., Gun Club will open its new grounds on Thursday, June 18, with an all-day shoot at bluerocks. We shall be pleased to see all our friends and will do our best to make them enjoy themselves. The grounds are located about a mile and a half east of town on the Philadelphia & West Chester trolley road. The cars stop at the entrance. The grounds have been newly fitted up with new club house, porch and board walks. There are large shade trees, which cannot be found at most such places. The programme will be as follows: Five 10-target events at 50 cents, three 15s at 75 cents, one 20 at $1, ten pairs doubles at $1; targets 1½ cents; purses divided by the percentage system. Shooting will commence at 10 A. M. Lunch and loaded shells on the grounds."

Carve in your hat the dates June 8 to 12, Ossining, New York, State shoot. It is not for up-State or down-State, but for all the State. Forget that your end of the State is better than any other end of the State. Rally at Ossining next week even if you have to sell a block of railroad stock or a load of hay. The programme is a sound one; there are merchandise prizes for every one who will help himself, and there are a lot of good men, hard workers, in charge. If there is anything you don't know about the shoot, but which you wish to know, write about it to Capt. C. G. Blandford, Ossining.

Under date of May 27 Mr. John L. Winston, secretary-manager, writes us as follows: "We wish to claim dates of Oct. 14, 15, 16 and 17, for our grand tournament, and West Baden Handicap at targets, $500 added money. This will be the greatest shoot ever given in the State of Indiana, and perhaps the greatest of the year. The hotel management is putting up this added money and taking every interest in making it a success, and any one familiar with the lines upon which this company handles affairs, will understand what this means. The location, surroundings and conditions for handling a crowd and entertaining it are perfect. The shoot will be held in the green showing in front of the hotel. Programme will follow."

BERNARD WATERS.

Corner Rod and Gun Club.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., May 30.—Herewith you will find scores of our tournament. It closed a very successful shoot. Wednesday was a very bad day, but nevertheless we had a very successful tournament. Considering that this is our first attempt, we are gratified at the outcome:

May 27, First Day.

Over forty contestants shot for the different prizes, and over 6,000 targets were thrown during the day. There were ten events and all were well contested. Five events occurred in the morning and five in the afternoon.

Messrs. W. R. Crosby and Rolla O. Heikes were tied for high gun, each breaking 192 out of the possible 200 targets. The programme to-day will be the same as yesterday, five events being shot in the morning and five this afternoon. The scores yesterday were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	20	25	15	20	20	20	25
Shepperdson	14	19	17	18	24	14	17	19	19	23
Crosby	15	20	19	19	24	14	19	19	19	24
Trimble	14	19	18	14	22	14	19	19	18	23
Faust	15	20	19	19	20	12	17	20	20	23
Flynn	13	17	19	17	19	14	16	..	..	..
Clark	15	17	19	17	20	13	18	18	19	21
Farrell	12	18	17	17	21	14	20	16	16	..
Fort	15	17	19	17	24	13	19	16	16	24
Spencer	12	19	16	18	22	11	17	17	14	..
Steel	14	19	15	17	18	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	13	19	16	16	23	11	20	17	18	21
Phillis	14	20	19	15	23	15	19	17	20	24
Barto	15	19	18	15	23	14	19	18	19	23
Head	12	20	17	18	18	13	18	19	15	20
Smiley	13	20	19	16	22	11	..	..	..	..
Nichols	15	19	15	16	21	12	..	..	..	..
Littler	13	18	18	17	22	14	..	..	..	..
Miller	13	16	14	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
Townsend	14	20	18	16	24	14	..	..	..	..
Anderson	14	20	18	18	24	14	..	..	..	..
Rundell	12	19	18	17	20	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	14	17	20	17	21	..	..	17	..	24
Kirby	13	19	18	14	23	15	16	20	17	24
Snow	12	17	17	17	23	13	18	16	19	22
Freese	11	17	16	17	22	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	13	20	20	20	23	15	18	19	19	25
Wilson	14	19	20	18	24	10	16	18	16	21
Robinson	15	17	19	15	19	12	16	19	19	19
Rike	15	18	17	16	22	13	18	18	18	25
Butler	13	14	17	16	24	12	18	17	18	24
Hartman	14	18	18	19	21	14	18	..	..	..
Kuhlman	12	14	20	17	18	14	18	18	18	22
Brown	15	18	20	18	22	13	19	20	18	24
Witz	12	15	17	17	21	12	15	15	15	..
Smoke	14	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Partington	15	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foutz	..	..	..	16	18	14	16	13	18	..
Krisby	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..

May 28, Second Day.

There were five events in the forenoon and five in the afternoon. W. R. Crosby was high gun both morning and afternoon by the remarkable scores of 98 out of 100 and 99 out of 100. Every contestant showed up well. It was decided to postpone the merchandise shoot, which was to have been held Saturday, until Sunday, when it is expected a large crowd will be out to witness the contest. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	20	20	25	15	20	20	20	25
Shepperdson	13	20	19	20	23	15	19	18	20	21
Crosby	14	20	20	20	24	15	19	20	20	25
Trimble	13	19	20	19	24	14	18	17	19	22
Foust	14	20	19	18	22	13	18	20	18	19
Heikes	14	20	20	20	23	15	18	19	20	25
Rike	14	20	20	19	23	14	19	19	19	23
Phillis	14	18	16	19	22	13	17	19	20	24
Head	11	19	18	18	22	15	18	16	19	24
Brown	13	20	20	18	22	12	19	20	19	21
Tripp	14	17	17	17	23	14	18	19	17	22
Fort	14	19	19	18	24	12	19	18	20	21
Snow	13	19	17	20	25	13	20	19	19	22
Barto	14	18	20	19	24	13	19	17	20	22
Kirby	13	16	19	19	17	15	20	19	20	23
Wilson	14	18	14	19	21	11	15	15	13	20
Fleming	14	18	18	19	23	15	18	18	19	24
Hershman	13	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	13	17	19	20	22	15	20	20	19	23
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	13	..

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H.—At our grounds at Gage's Hill on May 30, Memorial Day, we had a good local attendance, and some spirited shooting for the purse that an old friend had offered, to be won on open contest at distance handicap. Corson succeeded in winning, standing at 18yds. F. F. Wentworth was second at the same distance. The day was beautiful and a number of ladies graced the grounds with their presence.

There was also a challenge match at 25 targets each between Corson, Hallam and McShane on one team, and F. F. Wentworth, Sowerby and Warren on the other. The scores are as follows:

Hallam 15, Corson 14, McShane 13; total 42.

Wentworth 11, Sowerby 11, Warren 10; total 32.

For the purse, 50 targets: Hallam 21, Smart 27, Sowerby 17, Durgin 24, Hammond 24, Irving 16, Jones 23, Fisher 28, F. Wentworth 32, Corson 41, Stevens 30, Capt. Nat 20.

In the practice shooting there were seventeen men who took part, but as the summary would interest no one but ourselves, I do not send it. I may have made a mistake in writing of the time our grounds are open as appeared in your last issue. The time is from 2 until 6 on every Saturday afternoon.

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Richmond Gun Club.

CONCORD, S. I., May 30.—The Richmond Gun Club's shoot today was of unusual interest owing to some new competition. The employes of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales had a 50-target handicap, and there was some close competition for the gun club holiday cup. Schoverling tied for third with Cortwright in the employes' event, but waived his claim in favor of Cortwright.

In the handicap for a $5 gold piece Hearne was first with 42. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
A A Schoverling	6	7	6	8	12	11	14	14	14	13	22
G Bechtel	4	8	6	8	13	13	13	13	..	..	17
W G Hearne	8	4	5	..	14	12	..	..	13	..	..
B Merten	9	4	6	..	9	10	9	..	..	..	..
F Nichols	3	6	8	..	13	11	10	..	..	..	..
F Musser	4	7	8	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
O Albrecht	1	7	6	5	8	8	3	7	..	..	..
J Schoen	6	..	..	..	5	12	4	..	..	..	..
J Barth	4	..	..	..	9	5	5	..	..	..	..
F Crystal	4	3	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G C Williams	2	3	2	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Kessell	6	6	6	..	10	9	11	..	..	..	..
B Gillam	0	3	4	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Armsburg	4	2	2	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Devries	1	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Dierking	3	1	4	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Cortwright	7	4	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Stevens	3	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Grays	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..

Fifty-target handicap for $5 gold piece:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Schoverling	41	0	41	Merten	37	4	41
Bechtel	37	4	41	Schoen	26	6	32
Hearne	41	1	42				

S., D. & G. employes shoot, at 50 targets, handicap, three prizes; first, Musser; second Hearne; third, Schoverling and Cortwright; Schoverling waived claim in favor of Cortwright:

Musser	35	10	45	Cortwright	33	10	43
Hearne	42	2	44	Nichols	28	10	38
Schoverling	43	0	43	Armsburg	13	15	28
Merten	32	3	35	Devries	8	15	23
Kessell	26	8	34	Dirking	12	15	27

Gun Club holiday cup for members only, 25 targets, handicap:

Schoverling	19	0	19	Schoen	17	5	22
G Bechtel	12	2	14	Barth	11	6	17
Crystal	14	5	19	Albrecht	15	5	20

S., D. & G. team vs. Richmond Gun Club; 25 targets per man:

S., D. & Gales.		Richmond Gun Club.	
Hearne	21	A A Schoverling	22
Merten	22	Bechtel	17
Musser	15	Albrecht	10
Nichols	20	Crystal	9
Cortwright	14	Schoen	9
Kessell	17—119	Barth	6— 73

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y R.G.C.

Bristol Gun Club.

MAY 30.—The Bristol, Conn., Gun Club held a meeting a short time ago, elected officers and transacted other important business.

H. J. Mills, well known all over the Eastern circuit as a trap shot, was re-elected President, a position which he has held for about twelve years. Much of the prosperity of the club is due to the warm interest which he has always manifested in the affairs of the club. E. R. Burwell was elected Secretary, a selection which will undoubtedly prove of value to the club.

A large number of members assembled at the club grounds on Decoration Day, May 30, to take part in a shoot, of which the most interesting event was a gold medal handicap of 25 targets. This medal was designed especially for the Bristol Gun Club, and will prove a stimulus to much friendly competition among the club members, as it will be necessary, according to the rules, to win it three consecutive times in order to retain permanent ownership.

The club has adopted the distance system in handicapping, shooting from 12, 14 and 16yds., a shooter sacrificing two yards of his handicap on each win, going forward to his original position on losing.

The following are the names of the participants with score and handicap:

W T Smith, 12	1010001110000000010000010— 7
C W Edgerton, 12	1101101010111111101110111—19
C Atkins, 12	1111011111111101111010011—19
A Bunnell, 12	0000101011101000000010100— 8
O J Hurley, 12	0010010010110010001011100—10
J B Churchill, 12	0111010011001111101100100—14
L Rockwell, 12	1111101110111111111100111—21
D W Page, 12	0011000000000w
C Kettell, 12	1101110110001101011100111—16
H J Hart, 14	1011011110101110010011011—16
E R Simmons, 14	0001111110001010001001101—12
W F Moran, 14	1111010101011110111111101—19
H Judd, 14	100100010101010w
W J Casey, 14	0111101010111001111101111—17
S J Large, 14	0111111111011111111111111—23
E R Burwell, 14	1100100101001101100011110—13
A Richtmyer, 14	1111101101111101011111011—20
H J Mills, scratch	1101011111111000100111111—18
A F Rockwell, scratch	1101011111111000100111111—18

The next shoot for the medal will take place on Saturday, June 13.

S. J. LARGE.

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass., May 30.—The scores made at the shoot of the Lowell Rod and Gun Club's Decoration Day shoot are appended. H. Rule and James Burns shot a true crackerjack gait, respectively, 93.1 and 92.1 per cent.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Av.
H Rule	8	10	10	10	9	10	8	9	9	9	9	10	10	..	.931
J Burns	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	9	8	9	9	9	10	8	.921
E Burns	..	..	7	9	10	8	9	8	8	9	10	9	9	9	.875
H Burton	..	9	9	7	8	9	8	9	9	8	9	9	9	9	.861
H Fletcher	..	8	7	9	10	9	7	9	9	10	6	8	8	8	.831
W Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	9	10	9	5	..	.733
E Lancy	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	5	8	5	6	5	8	3	.633
R Vogel	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	4	7	6	..	..	..	.620
C Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	7	5	5	7	5	8	.612
M Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	6	5	.600
W Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..		.600
W A Barr	..	..	..	..	6	4	8	4	7	6	6	7	3	7	..		.580
C Bartlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..		.100

Enterprise Gun Club.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., May 30.—The holiday shoot of the Enterprise Gun Club resulted as follows:

The distance handicap shoot was at 50 targets: Douglas (14) 27, Noel (15) 26, H. Hall (16) 23, Irwin (16) 27, Everett (16) 29, Derst (16) 30, J. Hall (16) 37, Clay (16) 23, Mack (16) 23, W. Hall (17) 26, C. Ohs (16) 30, Turley (16) 21, Straub (16) 22, Straw (16) 22, Watson (17) 33, McFarland (17) 34, Knight (19) 24, Stephan (19) 31, Cannon (19) 35, Swartz (19) 30, Calhoun (20) 33.

Special events:

Targets:	15	10	Targets:	15	10
Knight	10	7	H Hall	8	7
Straub	8	6	Everett	12	8
Swartz	12	8	Cannon	12	8
McFarland	14	8	Irwin	10	7
J Hall	10	7	Stephan	11	8
W Hall	10	6			

G. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 30.—The Buffalo Audubon Club held an all-day shoot on the club grounds on Decoration Day. Shoot No. 1 was a handicap merchandise affair, high guns to have choice of the prizes. Foster, Kelsey and Talsma were high men, but the club had secured prizes enough to allow the eleventh to get in for something. Shoot No. 2 was a side shoot for a pigeon dinner, W. R. Eaton and J. J. Reed choosing nine on each side. Eaton's side won; score 172 to 153.

Event No. 3 was the big merchandise shoot, handicap, high guns to have choice of prizes. McArthur and Reynolds were high men, with Foster, Wilson, Norris and Cummings close up. All members who scored 15 received a prize in this event. The scores follow:

	No. 1. Shot at.	No. 1. Broke.	No. 2. 25 Shot at.	No. 3. Shot at.	No. 3. Broke.
Eaton	16	12	19	28	17
Morgan	17	5	12	..	..
Chapman	17	9	14	29	17
Foster	16	15	21	27	22
Wilson	17	12	17	29	22
Kelsey	15	15	25	25	21
Talsma	17	15	18	29	21
Savage	17	13	20	29	16
Smith	17	11	21	29	17
Reynolds	17	11	19	30	23
No. 39	15	15	21	..	..
Reed	17	9	13	30	14
McArthur	16	14	15	28	23
Hahn	18	12	11	31	9
Burkhardt	16	11	18	27	19
P J Reed	16	13	..	29	17
Norris	16	13	18	27	22
Cummings	16	14	20	29	22
Bergwaldt	..	..	23	26	20
Townsend	..	..	..	31	13
Woolton	..	..	..	31	17
Seymour	..	..	..	31	15
Stacey	..	..	..	29	15
McCarney	..	..	..	30	21
Burke	..	..	..	31	20
McCormick	..	..	..	29	18
Lerry	..	..	..	29	18

E. P. R.

Scranton Rod and Gun Club's Shoot.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 30.—The Scranton Rod and Gun Club held theid annual Decoration Day shoot on the Dunmore grounds, as usual, shooting all day. In attendance were a large number of out-of-town sportsmen, including a delegation from Wilkesbarre. The following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	20	15	Broke.
H M Spencer	10	9	15	5	10	8	20	10	19	14	120
W E Bittenbender	10	6	12	9	13	8	11	8	14	14	105
Dr Monroe	8	8	15	9	15	9	19	9	16	7	115
T A Allen	6	7	9	9	15	10	16	10	18	14	114
W H Stroh	8	7	11	9	12	10	18	8	18	12	113
H Cullen	7	3	12	10	14	9	19	8	16	12	110
Schultz	4	7	14	9	14	9	15	7	16	12	107
Klipple	6	9	10	7	9	7	17	7	16	11	99
S Davis	7	6	..	7	13	8	16	8	14	14	93
Mason	7	8	..	8	15	9	18	8	16	10	99
Shoemaker	6	9	12	6	12	7	17	..	..	..	69
Cole	3	..	..	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	16
Langdon	9	7	9	8	..	..	..	6	13	12	64
Von Storch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	17	9	33
Murray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	17	13	34
Woolfe	7	5	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	25
Southard	7	5	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..	19
Rowlands	7	4	..	6	..	7	..	7	..	..	51
Hardenbergh	..	..	..	..	..	7	16	6	15	11	55

Prizes for highest averages were divided as follows: First to H. M. Spencer, second to Dr. Monroe, and third to T. A. Allen.

A number of extra 10-target events were shot by shooters who did not participate in the prize events, as above; however, the scores made in the extra events were not handed in and I cannot give them.

J. D. MASON, Sec'y-Treas.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., May 30.—Things pertaining to the State shoot, to be held here next week, are progressing nicely. We would like to see the shooters turn out in full force, though we can hardly expect to have near the attendance they had at the Pennsylvania State shoot two weeks ago. We have an attractive programme and a fine set of prizes, which should appeal to the average shooter. All practice work must be done next Saturday and Monday, as practice shooting will not be allowed during the days of the tournament.

The scores herewith appended were made on the grounds to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	10
W Coleman	5	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
J Hyland	7	10	8	7	..	4	..	9
E Ball	10	8	10	..	22	8	..	..
Hans	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Blandford	7	10	7	..	21	10	7	9
J Henry	..	6	10	7	16	6	9	9
Miss Holland	..	5	6	6	..	7	9	7
Mrs Ball	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	..
B Appleby	..	..	..	3	3	5	4	5
W Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
A Aitchison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

C. G. B.

Infallible Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 1.—At the semi-monthly shoot of the Infallible Gun Club, held on May 24, some excellent shooting was witnessed by those who attended. In the Walbridge trophy event Louis Dietzer put up a great race against the scratch men, and Parsons, who was shooting from scratch, broke 25 out of 26, a run of 25 straight, and then missed the last bird.

Si Maloney got 21 out of 27, which places him in second position in the race for the trophy. This young man is only twenty years of age, and gives every promise of being a top-notcher before many moons.

Parsons, who is leading for the trophy, is also young in years, being two years older than Maloney; but he is a fine shot, and has made many fine runs. He began trapshooting about one year ago, and is very fond of the sport.

SANDUSKY.

Championship of Indiana.

FORT WAYNE, Ind.—Mr. Max Witzigreuter, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, on May 26, contested for the state championship on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club. Besides the championship, there was a side bet of $100. Two of Mr. Witzigreuter's birds were lost dead out. He made a straight run of 31 at the finish. Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, the former champion, acted as referee. The scores:

Witzigreuter	221*2210212221211 1*1122212222122111112112211122111—47
Clark	2222222222220222220022222222222212222022022222222—45

New York Athletic Club.

MAY 30.—At Travers Island, on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, by the shooting contingent of the Association, scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	10	25	25	*	10	10	10	25
Greiff	20	6	16	16	6	8	9	7	21
Norton	22	4	24	20	5	8	6	8	22
Carr	21	8	20	19	4	5	6	9	18
Hagedorn	18	5	18	20	6	5	4	10	17
De Wolf	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..

Aquidneck Gun Club's Tournament.

NEWPORT, R. I.—The second annual tournament of the Aquidneck Gun Club, held on Memorial Day, was characterized by a large and enthusiastic attendance, and, excepting the high wind, fair weather conditions prevailed. The attendance was nearly double that of the first shoot, given last year.

Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts were well represented by members of the clubs of Boston, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, Pawtuxet, Narragansett Pier, and other nearby cities and towns. The trade was represented by J. A. R. Elliott and Haze Keller, Jr.

In all, forty-three shooters faced the traps, averaging a little over thirty-two to an event, a capital showing for a holiday shoot.

The targets, of which upward of 4,000 were trapped, were thrown low and hard, few going under 70yds. This fact, together with the fresh breeze prevailing and the deceptive slope of the land on which the club has its habitation, made a combination of conditions extremely hard.

Out of the forty-three contestants facing the traps, twenty shot through the programme of 150 targets.

Average prizes were won by the following: First, $20, McArdle; second, $10, Griffith; third, $5, Manchester; fourth, case of shells, Griffin. The rifle offered for the longest run was also won by McArdle, with 22 straight breaks.

The perambulating hot dog dispensary was by no means the least feature of the shoot, and did a land office business.

Elliott arrived on the scene on Friday, and in a practice programme that afternoon dropped so few targets that the boys entertained a serious idea that he might just eat 'em all up on Saturday; but Jim took his fall with the rest.

How about that concert for the benefit of Bob Root?

Bob didn't miss many targets—sometimes. One of the trap boys evidently corralled all the souvenir buttons in sight, for when he emerged from the pit for lunch he was covered with them, some of Keller's work, likely.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	20	15	15			
McArdle	14	9	12	18	10	9	12	18	14	12	150	128	.853
Griffith	15	8	12	18	10	9	13	18	14	9	150	126	.840
Elliott	11	8	10	16	13	8	7	20	13	12	150	117	.780
Manchester	10	9	9	16	9	7	15	14	13	9	150	111	.740
Griffin	11	6	12	15	13	7	10	14	10	12	150	110	.733
Serensen	7	6	11	11	10	5	13	15	11	11	150	100	.666
Powel	12	8	10	15	12	4	9	14	7	8	150	99	.660
Root	6	6	7	10	12	8	9	15	13	9	150	95	.633
Hammett	10	8	8	13	9	7	10	10	6	14	150	95	.633
Mason	7	4	13	10	8	9	10	15	9	9	150	94	.626
Bowler	6	7	6	13	11	8	11	12	11	10	150	94	.626
Hughes	9	5	8	9	9	9	9	13	10	12	150	93	.620
B Sherman	8	4	4	13	10	9	7	13	14	8	150	90	.600
Coggeshall	8	8	8	9	8	7	11	12	10	8	150	89	.593
Cate	8	6	8	11	8	6	11	14	9	7	150	88	.586
H Peckham	10	6	6	8	11	6	7	12	8	12	150	86	.573
Cozzens	4	5	8	11	11	8	8	8	7	4	150	74	.493
Dring	9	5	12	9	5	2	4	9	8	10	150	73	.486
H B Moore	7	4	8	9	10	3	7	8	4	9	150	69	.460
Keller	3	3	9	8	4	7	5	7	8	8	150	62	.413
Campbell	..	..	8	19	10	8	12	18	7	13	125	95	.760
Bain	..	..	12	16	12	5	13	13	14	9	125	94	.752
Kirkwood	13	7	13	16	14	10	9	18	..	..	120	100	.833
Wilbur	9	7	8	11	9	7	12	13	..	..	120	76	.633
Williams	2	4	8	13	10	4	10	9	..	..	120	60	.500
Stainton	14	8	9	15	8	8	11	..	..	..	100	73	.730
Sheldon	8	7	10	13	6	8	8	..	..	..	100	60	.600
F Arnold	6	8	4	13	4	6	8	..	..	..	100	59	.590
N H Chase	..	5	6	11	6	3	6	9	9	..	120	55	.458
A Arnold	7	8	7	7	9	4	7	..	..	..	100	49	.490
Bentley	9	6	4	12	5	4	6	..	..	..	100	46	.460
Armstrong	7	6	12	11	6	3	7	..	..	..	100	45	.450
E S Peckham	7	7	8	11	11	8	..	..	..	..	95	50	.588
Cosling	9	9	8	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	51	.660
Negus	..	6	9	6	12	3	..	..	..	..	70	36	.514
I Sherman	..	..	..	..	10	8	11	13	..	..	60	42	.700
Peirce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	4	50	15	.300
Freeman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	35	24	.685
N H Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	7	35	21	.600
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	35	11	.366
E E Peckham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	11	.733
J O Peckham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	6	.400

Interstate at Williamsport.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., May 30.—The third tournament of the Interstate Association's series for 1903 was given at Williamsport, Pa., May 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

The attendance during the opening day was very disappointing. The local club expected that the tournament would attract a much larger number of contestants. In the opinion of Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, it suffered from two causes. The State tournament at Philadelphia last week drew all the amateur shooters in the State to that city, and the Williamsport tournament suffered because they cannot spare the time to spend all of their days at the traps. The other reason was the tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, at Brownsville, Pa., which prevented a number of contestants from that section who usually come here to all tournaments from being on hand.

There were seven manufacturers' agents present and participating. These gentlemen shot for targets only. They were Neaf Apgar, Luther Squier, J. T. Skelly, J. R. Hull, Frank Butler, E. D. Fulford and Frank Lawrence, he of the genial countenance and expansive smile. Out of 185 targets shot at the manufacturers' agents broke as follows: Apgar 171, Squier 165, Skelly 162, Hull 155, Butler 134, and Fulford 165.

The conditions were much against good shooting. The threatening weather and heavy clouds made it difficult to see the targets when they were thrown into the air.

High gun for the day was held by Apgar, of the manufacturers' agents, with 171. High gun among the amateurs was held by Huiner, of Carlisle, Pa., with 159. There were few straight scores made because of the unfavorable conditions.

The second day of the tournament drew nearly double the number of contestants that participated the first day, and still the numbers were not what they should have been. The damage done by following so closely upon the heels of the State tournament was beyond repair.

The conditions were much better than on the previous day. The light was good and there was nothing except a high wind to affect the shooting. This, however, had the effect of keeping down the averages, and the high gun was not as good as on the first day.

All of the manufacturers' agents shot out the full programme. Squier was high gun with 168 out of 185 shot at. Among the amateurs high gun was held by Fen Cooper, of Mahanoy City, Pa., with 163 broke.

A peculiar feature of the day's shooting is the fact that only four straight scores were made.

The attendance the third day of the tournament was very light, and the programme was finished shortly before 1 o'clock, in ample time for the boys to attend the ball game.

First average for the entire tournament was won by Squier; Apgar second, and Fulford third.

The scores of the three days follow:

First Day, May 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	15	20		
Apgar	14	18	13	22	15	18	14	23	14	20	185	171
Squier	14	18	9	24	15	16	14	24	14	17	185	165
Skelly	13	19	12	22	14	15	13	24	13	17	185	162
Stroh	10	8	6	14	9	14	9	..	..	..	125	70
Coleman	14	14	13	19	13	18	11	20	15	17	185	154
Hull	12	14	13	23	14	15	11	24	11	18	185	155
Butler	10	13	14	17	9	16	13	18	10	14	185	134
Humer	14	16	12	21	12	18	11	24	14	17	185	159
Krueger	13	17	14	18	12	16	11	23	11	15	185	150
Daudt	8	12	11	19	13	13	12	23	11	11	185	133
Cooper	13	17	10	21	7	16	13	19	11	17	185	144
Haight	13	16	9	18	9	16	9	18	10	12	185	130
Booth	11	15	11	17	12	16	14	19	9	17	185	141
Parker	11	12	12	19	10	14	11	18	12	..	165	119
Beach	10	14	6	18	11	16	11	22	9	15	185	132
C Flock	8	16	9	20	11	17	13	23	9	10	185	136
Shibe	13	16	11	15	11	12	8	20	11	15	185	132
Tally	11	16	5	14	7	10	5	7	..	..	150	75
Fulford	13	18	14	23	13	17	15	20	15	17	185	165
L Wertz	11	18	12	24	13	18	10	20	14	13	185	153
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	10	12	75	55
Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	11	10	70	45
Du Four	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	17	40	30
Huffman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11

Second Day, May 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	15	20		
Apgar	12	17	12	23	11	16	12	21	13	16	185	153
Squier	14	19	13	21	12	20	14	23	13	17	185	168
Skelly	11	16	13	24	13	18	12	19	13	16	185	155
Daudt	11	15	11	20	10	11	14	18	13	16	185	144
Coleman	13	18	13	20	14	17	11	22	12	14	185	154
Hull	13	15	12	22	11	17	11	15	8	15	185	138
Butler	13	15	11	15	11	13	10	22	8	17	185	135
Humer	11	19	13	19	11	18	11	19	14	16	185	151
Kreuger	13	14	13	24	13	18	14	23	12	16	185	160
Fulford	15	19	13	24	13	17	12	23	11	20	185	167
Everett	12	14	13	18	12	19	12	19	12	..	165	131
Haight	11	18	8	21	11	11	8	20	..	..	150	108
Booth	11	17	11	22	12	10	11	16	..	..	150	110
C Flock	10	15	6	21	8	15	14	20	13	14	185	136
Shibe	13	12	9	20	12	16	8	21	10	12	185	133
Du Four	12	15	12	19	12	12	14	24	19	15	185	145
Talley	11	14	7	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	42
Kennedy	12	13	11	18	11	15	6	18	9	8	185	121
Beach	7	14	12	15	12	14	7	17	12	13	185	123
F Cooper	13	16	14	21	14	17	12	24	13	19	185	163
W Flock	7	17	8	21	12	18	13	21	12	17	185	146
Harmon	..	..	6	..	..	..	10	11	7	..	70	34
Dimick	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	18
Zerby	..	..	10	20	13	16	12	21	14	15	150	121
Frentz	..	13	6	14	..	..	10	..	..	..	75	43
Ward	..	..	13	19	10	14	10	..	10	16	125	92
Hallett	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	18	..	75	54
Goodbrod	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	15	7
Hawley	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	9	21	9	17	110	82
Howell	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	14	16	14	15	110	80
Braund	..	..	..	..	..	5	0	..	..	1	..	50	6
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	9	18	10	..	..	..	50	37
Mesher	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	20	10
Casselberry	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	35	18
Poulliott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	10	..	55	40
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	15	6
Krauser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	15	3
Meyers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	15	4
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	15	7

Third Day, May 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	25	15	20		
Apgar	10	18	15	19	13	17	14	22	15	18	185	161
Squier	13	13	12	21	14	18	14	23	14	18	185	160
Skelly	13	15	11	23	11	15	10	25	14	19	185	156
Daudt	12	19	11	12	12	16	14	19	13	17	185	145
Coleman	13	18	12	20	15	19	13	22	15	19	185	166
Hull	11	15	13	18	10	16	13	20	11	13	185	140
Dimick	12	14	10	21	13	14	14	15	12	10	185	135
Humer	11	16	9	21	11	17	14	20	13	17	185	149
Kreuger	15	14	13	22	12	15	14	19	13	18	185	155
Fulford	14	16	12	23	14	14	12	20	12	15	185	152
C Flock	11	15	12	20	9	14	10	18	11	19	185	139
W Flock	11	13	9	14	11	17	8	..	13	9	160	105
H Mummaw	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Piatt	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12
Everett	..	13	11	23	12	16	11	19	10	15	170	130
Shibe	..	..	11	16	10	15	..	..	..	..	75	52
Meyers	..	..	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	30	17
Wynn	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	17	11	..	90	65
Du Four	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	20	..	..	45	36
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	21	11	16	95	72
Oeihler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	20	10

Bonesteel Gun Club.

BONESTEEL, S. D.—The second annual tournament of the Bonesteel Gun Club was run off on schedule time on May 26. The weather was perfect and the attendance, considering the fact that there was no added money or other attractions other than sweeps and the championship of Gregory county to be decided, was good; in fact, better than was expected.

The sliding handicap, shooters getting into money back one yard each time, and step up one yard when out of money, was tried with a view of encouraging weaker shooters, but proved a failure. Like all handicaps, it works well under some circumstances, but is subject to abuses.

The day was perfect, and the entire programme was disposed of before 6 o'clock P. M. This consisted of nine 15-target events, $1 entrance each, and the Individual Championship of Gregory county, for the Peters Cartridge Company's emblem. This emblem was held by Spatz, of the Bonesteel Gun Club, but on this occasion he very kindly consented to waive his rights in the matter and put it up in open competition.

Interest in this event of course overshadowed everything else, and when the event was called at 4 o'clock, there was a craning of necks and a settling down on the seats to see the race; and I want to say right here that if all crowds that attend shoots would behave themselves as the crowd did at this shoot, it would be a pleasure to run a tournament. Not a demonstration of any kind marred the sport until the winner in the championship race, a dark horse, went down the line on the last 25 to victory, and then there was a cheer that made up for all day, and it came in good time and was in excellent taste, for the winner shot a grand race against as hard a run of luck as it was ever my good or bad fortune to witness.

It was thought that Spatz, Thompson, Leach or one of the Porter boys, would be the winner, and Carl Porter did put up his usual fine score for the trophy; but aside from this the probable winners showed up in very poor form. It was left to Elmer Jones, a young farmer, who shoots but little at the trap, though a grand field shot, to uphold the honor of Bonesteel, and he did it in as grand a race as it has ever been my lot to witness.

When he went to the score to shoot his last string of 25 he had to break 21 to tie Porter or 22 to win, as his opponent had gone out with 42. As the wind had come up and a dark cloud was hovering in the east for a background, it was thought it was a cinch that he would lose out; but he went down the line without a skip until he lost his tenth bird; and his friends said ah! But he broke the next one, and the next and the next. He was shooting high ones, low ones, left screamers, right screamer—all kinds, and breaking them all into bits, but shooting slow and methodically, and when he broke his 47th bird, which gave him the trophy, there was a wild cheer; but it did not bother him, and he broke the last three for good measure, going out with 45.

Shooting from the 16yd. mark and going back one yard each event and winding up on the 24yd. mark, W. A. Leach took high average, and J. F. Spatz second high average, and J. J. Thompson third high average, shooting in all programme events.

Mr. Le Roy Leach, of Wood Lake, Neb., was a guest of the club, and shot a few events, but could hardly do himself justice, as he was suffering from a very sore shoulder.

The following gentlemen were in attendance: Carl Porter, Orion Porter and J. E. Beagle, of the Fairfax Gun Club; Le Roy Leach, of Wood Lake, Neb.; J. F. Spatz, W. A. Leach, T. J. Thompson, S. F. Lucas, S. M. Lindley, Elmer Jones, Cliff Law, A. C. Blanchard, of the Bonesteel Gun Club, and all of them shot through all the principal events. W. A. LEACH, Sec'y.

Dubuque Tournament.

DUBUQUE, Ia., May 27.—The fourth annual amateur tournament of the Dubuque Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was good and the shoot a success. The programme had twelve 15-targets events each day, with $5 added to each event. Ten averages of $5 each were given to the ten high scores of both days.

W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., was high man with 339 out of a possible 360.

The trade was represented by S. A. Tucker, F. C. Whitney, Fred Gilbert, T. A. Marshall, F. C. Riehl, C. B. Adams, Fred Lord and C. W. Budd.

Quite a number of the boys go to Central City to attend a tournament to-morrow and Friday.

First Day, May 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burnside	12	11	13	15	14	13	13	12	15	13	14	15	160
Gilbert	13	14	11	14	15	15	15	15	15	12	15	13	167
Ellett	14	12	15	13	14	11	11	11	12	13	15	14	155
Connor	9	13	13	14	11	13	14	13	12	12	11	10	145
Winbigler	11	13	13	15	13	14	14	13	14	13	14	15	161
Schmidt	14	11	11	15	14	13	13	13	11	13	10	9	146
Heeb	14	14	13	14	14	14	14	15	12	12	12	13	160
Schwind	13	11	11	14	10	11	10	13	12	11	11	12	139
Kaep	12	11	13	13	13	11	12	13	11	11	14	11	142
O'Brien	13	12	10	12	14	12	12	13	12	13	12	8	143
Ford	14	13	10	14	12	12	12	13	11	15	14	12	152
White	11	11	10	11	15	12	13	13	12	15	12	10	145
Lord	12	13	12	11	14	11	14	12	12	12	15	14	152
Hamblin	13	11	9	11	7	12	11	10	11	12	11	13	131
Brookman	12	13	12	14	11	14	14	12	12	12	13	13	152
Taylor	11	13	9	13	12	12	13	13	13	14	9	12	144
Cole	12	13	13	12	13	11	11	11	13	14	14	10	147
R Storm	9	13	12	12	10	11	11	11	12	13	10	10	134
E Storm	13	11	9	13	12	13	9	11	12	13	10	11	134
Buck	12	14	13	14	14	12	14	13	11	15	11	9	152
Heer	15	14	13	14	12	15	14	15	15	15	11	12	165
Riehl	10	11	13	12	13	15	12	13	12	13	12	12	148
Marshall	15	14	11	14	14	14	12	15	13	11	13	12	158
Stege	13	12	13	15	11	13	12	13	14	13	14	9	152
Waters	14	15	15	14	14	15	15	13	12	12	15	12	166
Ryan	10	11	11	12	7	12	13	15	11	12	8	10	132
Saucier	14	12	12	14	14	14	12	15	13	12	9	11	152
Jaeger	13	14	13	10	12	13	13	12	13	12	14	12	151
Schemmell	10	10	8	11	10	13	10	10	10	9	..	..	...
Michel	..	..	13	13	8	12	10	9	13	9	11	9	...
Morrison	13	13	13	13	15	14	12	13	13	14	12	12	157
White	14	10	11	10	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lowery	8	9	11	6	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Cleveland	13	12	11	8	9	11	11	13	12	12	10	9	131
Bronson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	11	13	11	...

Second Day, May 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burnside	14	13	11	13	13	14	14	11	10	14	11	11	149
Gilbert	15	14	15	15	13	14	15	12	14	13	14	12	166
Ellett	10	12	8	13	12	14	9	13	11	10	14	13	139
Connor	15	13	12	13	15	12	15	14	15	15	13	14	166
Winbigler	14	11	12	13	14	14	15	14	9	15	12	13	155
Schmidt	14	13	15	12	14	14	12	15	15	12	13	13	162
Heeb	15	14	13	14	13	14	11	14	14	14	13	12	161
Schwind	10	11	14	11	11	15	11	13	10	10	10	11	137
Kaep	14	11	9	11	10	14	9	15	8	12	11	12	136
O'Brien	11	12	11	13	14	14	10	15	12	13	13	12	150
Ford	13	12	14	11	12	12	13	13	12	12	14	14	152
White	12	14	12	14	12	11	10	14	12	13	14	14	152
Lord	12	12	11	13	12	9	13	12	12	12	10	13	141
Hamblin	13	6	10	9	9	12	13	14	12	13	13	13	137
Brookman	10	15	12	11	13	13	12	13	11	15	12	11	148
Linell	12	14	13	11	14	12	13	13	15	14	12	13	155
Morrison	13	13	15	13	13	12	13	13	14	14	13	13	159
Buck	14	14	14	14	11	12	12	14	7	13	10	13	148
Taylor	12	14	15	14	12	13	12	14	13	13	11	12	155
Bronson	13	14	12	14	9	14	12	14	9	14	11	13	149
Heer	14	15	14	15	14	15	15	14	15	15	14	14	174
Riehl	10	11	10	10	12	15	12	15	14	14	11	14	148
Marshall	11	12	14	14	11	12	14	11	12	15	12	13	151
Stege	13	13	12	12	14	13	13	12	11	15	11	12	151
Waters	12	14	11	13	13	14	13	15	10	14	7	11	147
Ryan	12	10	12	12	9	12	13	10	10	13	10	12	135
Jaeger	14	12	12	14	14	13	13	12	10	12	11	13	150
Saucier	10	12	12	13	11	12	12	13	7	11	..	..	...
Maynard	8	9	12	11	6	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lowery	12	8	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Jones	..	..	..	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Blackinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..	..	...
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	...

Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l.		1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l.
Burnside	160	149	309	Taylor	144	155	299
Gilbert	167	166	333	Cole	147	...	147
Ellett	155	139	294	R Storm	134	...	134
Connor	145	166	311	E Storm	134	...	134
Winbigler	161	155	316	Buck	152	148	300
Schmidt	146	162	308	Heer	165	174	339
Heeb	160	161	321	Riehl	148	148	296
Schwind	139	137	276	Marshall	158	151	309
Kaep	142	136	278	Stege	152	151	303
O'Brien	143	150	295	Waters	166	147	313
Ford	152	152	304	Ryan	132	135	267
White	145	152	297	Saucier	152	...	152
Lord	152	141	293	Jaeger	151	150	301
Hamblin	131	137	268	Morrison	157	159	316
Brookman	152	148	300	Cleveland	131	...	131

Olney—Clay City.

OLNEY, Ill., May 25.—The Olney and Clay City gun clubs had a match shoot at the Olney City Park Tuesday afternoon which resulted in a victory for the visitors by the close margin of two targets. The totals were: Clay City 103, Olney 101, out of a possible 200. Following are the scores, each shooting at 25 targets:

Clay City Gun Club.		Olney Gun Club.	
O R Badger	9	S Butler	16
C W Tollires	12	W J Cummings	11
A Evans	15	T H Elliott	13
J C Mower	9	J Marks	8
F M Blessing	13	W Horrall	10
C Veneble	22	W Mather	11
L Borne	11	D P Moore	18
Dr Akester	12—103	M L Tippett	14—101

A high wind was responsible for the low scores.

Trapshooting is just now becoming a fad in southern Illinois, and tournaments are being held all over this part of the State and southern Indiana.

The Olney and Clay City clubs will try their luck over the traps of the latter club at Clay City next Tuesday, June 2.

D. P. MOORE.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., May 27.—The third weekly shoot of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, eighteen shooters toeing the mark, for their regular weekly outing with all sorts of combinations.

It is really surprising to see the different ideas of eighteen or twenty shooters, all with some distinct preference, and invariably ready to defend it with all the powers of a Henry Clay. One with a double-jointed, knock-kneed weapon for shooting left eye from right, seemed to find considerable difficulty in hitting anything but his nose, stock of gun being too short, and not quite the proper dimensions, and 20 shots with this killing both ends weapon settled it for once and for all.

Charlie Kneil's single trigger also was out of kilter, and acted at times like a balky automobile; but that did not bother him in his afternoon's sport.

Individual honors in the prize match were taken care of by the worthy president of the Watertown Gun Club, at the present time one of the liveliest clubs in the State, and everything points to it being one of the leading clubs, some 100 names being on its membership list.

Kirkwood, of the home club, was second, pairs being his Waterloo. Andres third with 18. Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	10	15	5p	10	10	5p	10	Av.
Frank, 18	10	5	8	10	4	10	6	5	7	..	..	.650
Worthing, 16	5	7	4	8	6	11	..	8	5	5	..	.590
Andres, 16	3	6	8	4	3	9	9	5	6	5	..	.528
Barry, 16	9	8	2	7	8	13	8	..	..	..	..	.688
Kirkwood, 18	5	9	7	8	..	13	6	2	10	5	9	.673
Muldown, 16	6	4	1	10	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	.443
Lee, 16	9	4	4	8	5	8	4	4	2	..	..	.480
Woodruff, 17	5	7	7	12	6	10	3	7	7	6	..	.637
Hallam, 16	1	3	2	4	5	4	4	4	..	..	..	.390
Retwood, 14	2	2	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.172
M E K, 14	2	4	..	3	3	9	..	3	2	..	3	.323
Odekirk, 16	..	7	..	9	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	.540
Adams, 16	..	..	..	13	8	9	6	7	8	6	8	.723
Lawler, 16	..	..	..	10	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	.440
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	5	10	3	5	5	7	4	.520
Bell, 18	..	..	..	..	7	12	4	9	7	10	10	.787
Frederick, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	.800
Firth, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	.400

Merchandise match, 15 singles and 5 pairs, distance handicap:

Barry, 16	111111011011111	11 01 10 11 11—21
Kirkwood, 18	111011111111101	10 10 11 00 11—19
Andres, 16	111000011110110	11 11 11 01 11—18
Bell, 18	111111111011100	10 10 10 00 10—16
Frank, 18	011110110100101	00 11 00 11 11—15
Adams, 16	111101100101100	01 10 10 11 10—15
Woodruff, 17	011101110111010	00 10 00 11 10—14
Spencer, 18	110100011011111	00 00 10 00 11—13
Lee, 16	110111000001011	10 10 00 11 00—12
Hallam, 15	000001010110000	11 00 10 10 00— 8

Topeka Gun Club.

TOPEKA, Kans.—Tuesday, May 26, was a sort of field day for the Topeka Gun Club. It was the date of the match between the two teams composed of Dr. F. C. Burkett and C. H. Morton, and J. J. Gorman and Chas. Kleinhans. The two last named challenged Burkett and Morton to shoot a team race at 50 bluerocks each—100 to the team—and in spite of the threatening weather the match was shot to a finish before an interested and enthusiastic audience. A hard south wind prevailed; rain fell all morning, ceasing about noon. A dark, lowering sky made a miserable background, against which it was almost impossible to see the fast-flying clay birds, which were thrown from three expert traps screwed up to the last notch. With good weather conditions, much better scores would have been made, and as it was, the shooting was of a very high grade, considering all the drawbacks.

Gorman and Kleinhans have attended many large tournaments, and are considered crackerjacks. In fact, the odds seemed all in their favor, and it was thought presumptuous on the part of the other two shooters to engage in a match with them. But Burkett and Morton had a shot or two coming, and worked in a surprise party, winning the match by a close margin and by hard and excellent shooting. So close were the scores that near the end, with but 10 more birds to shoot, the teams were tied. Gorman and Kleinhans each lost one bird, and Burkett and Morton finished out with straight kills, which gave them the match.

Following are the scores, 50 bluerocks per man, 100 birds to the team. Referee, L. Biscoe:

Dr F C Burkett	11110010111011100111111110101001110011110010011111	—35
C H Morton	01111111110111111011111101101110101110111111111111	—42
		77
J J Gorman	00111110110110101010010010101100100111110111111101	—31
C Kleinhans	11111111011101111010111111111111111111111111010111	—44
		75

The feature of the shooting was the remarkable work of Charlie Kleinhans, who was high man with but 6 misses. Morton was next with 8 misses, while Burkett and Gorman shot away below their usual average. This was mainly due to the high wind, which made the flight of the birds so uneven.

Grantville, seven miles east of Topeka, where Charlie Kleinhans lives, has quite a flourishing gun club. Three of the members, Geo. Zarns, Dick Burrows and Chas. Cox, came down through the mud to witness the match and participated in the usual club event at 25 bluerocks. In this match the following scores were made: L. Biscoe 18, D. Burrows 17, Geo. Zarns 17, J. C. Elliott 17, O. E. Hungate 17, J. J. Gorman 21, H. H. Potter 15, C. Kleinhans 20, C. H. Morton 20, F. O. Burkett 18, C. Cox 16, D. Williams 19.

CHAS. H. MORTON.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

MAY 23.—The Cincinnati Gun Club cash prize contest to-day resulted as follows: Barker (19) 48, See (18) 48, Kaintuck (19) 47, Ahlers (18) 46, Medico (19) 43, Block (18) 43, Willie (17) 42, Maynard (18) 41, Miles (16) 41, Gambell (21) 40, Harris (18) 40, Corry (17) 39, Falk (16) 39, Linn (17) 37, Ackley (16) 37, Herman (18) 36, Nye (17) 36, Capt. (18) 35, Sunderbruch (16) 34, Jack (16) 34, Krohn (16) 34, Shattuc (16) 33, McB. (17) 32, Trohliger (16) 31, Williams (18) 30, Faran (19) 28, Lindsley (18) 26, A. J. (16) 19.

One hundred targets, three moneys, 16yds.:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gambell	13	15	20	14	15	19	96
Van Ness	15	13	19	14	13	19	93
Faran	15	14	18	14	13	18	92
Ahlers	13	12	18	15	15	19	92
Barker	13	11	18	13	14	18	87
Medico	12	11	18	12	14	16	83
Williams	12	13	15	14	14	18	83

Van Ness had 60 straight; Ahlers 56.

Team race, 25 targets:

Herman's Team—Kaintuck 24, Maynard 24, Gambell 23, Faran 22, Corry 21, Herman 20, See 20, Ackley 18, Willie 15, Krohn 15, A. J. 9; total 211.

Nye's Team—Medico 23, Nye 21, Barker 21, Block 21, Jack 21, Miles 18, Capt. 17, Linn 16, McB. 15, Williams 13, Lindsley 13; total 199.

No. 1 squad in the State shoot is entered—Gambell, Squier, Alkire, Rhoads, Young.

IN NEW JERSEY.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., May 30.—The holiday shoot of the North River Gun Club had fourteen contestants on Saturday of last week. A programme of thirteen events was shot. The weather was far from pleasant. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	15	10	15	15	15	25	25	10	20	10	10	10	10
Eickhoff	7	8	11	10	12	20	22	8	13	6	8	10	6
Truax	9	4	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	11	9	13	11	13	19	22	7	15	8	4	..	..
Holland	13	7	12	11	11	19	22	6	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	9	3	8	10	9	18	14	14	11	7	5	8	5
Harland	8	4	11	4	9	12	14	6	7	7	6	7	8
Vosselman	9	6	6	..	11	13	..	6	13	..	..	..	..
Richter	10	8	13	11	12	15	17	10	8	7	8	5	7
Dudley	..	..	9	14	14	21	20	8	15	..	..	..	..
Bittiner	..	..	9	6	9	18	10	7	8	..	6	6	5
Allison	..	..	..	11	9	19	21	7	..	..	..	..	..
Pape	..	..	..	7	8	11	16	5	14	..	..	..	..
Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	4	13	..	..	..	..

Event No. 6, handicap shoot for 100 loaded shells, won by Mr. C. E. Eickhoff. Event No. 8, 5 pairs.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, N. J., June 1.—The scores made by the contestants at the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club follow: Harry Pope 13 out of 25, A. Right 17 out of 30, and 13 out of 25, Hishpaugh 12 out of 26, J. Williams 13 out of 25, W. J. Pope 7 out of 20.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J.—Little Johnny Schlicht was very much in evidence on Tuesday of last week at the monthly club shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, which was held at Outwater's ground, Hackensack River Bridge, N. J. Thirty members faced the score, out of which Treasurer Schlicht was the only one to kill 10 straight, thereby making four points that count on the yearly average, and it was a case of an apple on Johnny.

Pierce, Brennen and Foster had the misfortune to lose their ninth bird, while Billy Sands' fourth dropped dead out of bounds. Louis Muench, Lang, Little Pete scored 8 kills each.

The birds were a very fast lot, especially the first 60, out of which only 31 were retrieved. W. G. Wilson, a former member, shot along as a guest, while J. Hughes, scorer, failed to count, as the time limit is 3:30.

Refreshments were in order, as usual. Scores, with handicaps, follow:

	Yards.	Points.	Score.
Schorty	30	7	0022022021— 6
J A Belden	28	6	20**201022— 5
Dr Davis	26	5½	0022020002— 4
L Stelzle	28	5½	0120100000— 3
R Regan	26	5½	0122102001— 6
*W G Wilson	28	..	2200202222— 7
L T Muench	30	7	11212120*1— 8
J H Selg	26	4	0020120220— 5
F Trostel	28	6½	202*020021— 5
P Woelfel	28	6	0112022022— 7
R Baudendistel	28	5½	1201022010— 6
D Deady	28	6	200201120*— 5
P Brennen	26	5	1221121101— 9
J P Dannefelser	28	5½	1210001101— 6
Col J H Voss	30	7	2212020210— 7
P Garms	28	6	02*2222012— 7
C Lang	28	6½	1111021011— 8
F Gardella	26	5½	2120101020— 6
P Albert	28	7	12111012*1— 8
C Webber	28	6½	0111110010— 6
H Foster	28	7	1222211102— 9
J Klenk	28	6	2211222222—10
No Name	28	6	121*000011— 5
W Sands	28	7	222*222122— 9
J Kreeb	26	5	1010021210— 6
A Knodel	26	5	0020001220— 4
G Breit	28	5½	0201100011— 5
E Meckel	28	7	0101100122— 6
J Hughes	..	..	1000000122— 4

* Guest. J. Hughes' score does not count in yearly averages.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., May 31.—The attendance at this shoot of the Hudson Gun Club was good considering Decoration Day had just passed. The day was fine. The traps worked perfectly. The club held three shoots in May.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	10	15	25	25
Staples	14	11	11	13	14	23	5	10	19	19
Reynolds	11	11	9	13	13	17	5	11	22	..
Van Dyne	12	13	10	13	13	18	3	11	..	..
Barker	5	5	8	11	7	9	4	9	11	13
Gillies	6	8	8	12	9	14	3	11	..	..
Schoverling	14	15	13	14	13	22	5	13	19	20
Pearsall	..	..	11	11	12	17	5	11	..	..
Headden	..	..	8	4	8	10	3	11	..	..
Jenkins	..	..	6	..	9	..	2	8	..	..
Goldsborough	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	6	..	..
Hansman	..	..	..	..	8	21	5	12	22	19
Hughes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	19
Kelley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17

J. H.

Trap at Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., May 30.—The shoot on the Lakewood shooting grounds this afternoon had twelve contestants for the silver loving cup. The result was a tie on 23 between Messrs. Crowdic and Tilton. In the shoot-off Mr. Tilton won the cup, scoring 24 to Mr. Crowdic's 21. Scores as follows: R. Parker 21, H. Crowdic 23, B. Tilton 23, E. Westhall 19, W. Elmer 22, E. Gant 15, Gifford 19, Waters 12, J. Lee 14, F. Morris 20, H. Norcross 20, S. Grover 8, H. Crowdic 21, B. Tilton 24.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., May 28.—The Chesapeake Gun Club pulled off the biggest shoot of the season at the park at Riverview yesterday afternoon. A live-bird shoot was scheduled, but the club was unable to get the birds, and the shooters had to content themselves with clay-targets.

Mr. A. W. Du Bray, of Cincinnati, representative of a large wholesale gun company, and a well-known crack field shot, and Mr. P. J. Gallagher, of the Portsmouth Club, were the guests of the club.

Mr. Gallagher led the field, making 90 out of 100. Mr. T. F. Stearnes followed him closely with 89, and good scores were made by nearly all of the shooters. Messrs. Westacott and Robinson made especially good scores considering that they are comparatively "green" at trap shooting. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
P J Gallagher	22	22	24	22	J Robinson	16	21	22	..
T F Stearnes	20	24	23	22	B B Semmes	18	17	17	..
A W Du Bray	14	23	24	15	J De Pass	17	17	17	..
F Palmer	19	17	16	16	F Saunders	18	16	10	..
G B James	20	21	25	..	C W Robinson	16	15	..	..
H Westacott	18	24	23	..	W K Stow	16	11	..	..

G. B. J.

WESTERN TRAP.

West Baden Shoot.

CHICAGO, May 28.—The West Baden Gun Club, of Indiana, claims dates of Oct. 14 to 17 inclusive, for the grand tournament of the West Baden Handicap at targets, $500 added money. The West Baden Hotel management, very well known in the resort world, is putting up this added money, and will take the greatest interest in making the shoot a success. Any one familiar with the lines upon which this company generally acts will understand the significance of this. The management confidently expect one of the biggest shoots of the season, and certainly the biggest shoot given in Indiana this year. The location, surroundings and conditions for handling a big crowd are ideal. The grounds will be located on the lawn directly in front of the hotel. As this tournament will come in the fall, after the heat and burden of the regular summer trapshooting season, when all good trapshooters may naturally be expected to be somewhat weary, the event ought to appeal to the fraternity at large. It is interesting to note that that old-time shooting enigma, Jack Winston, is secretary and manager. It will be worth the trip to witness Jack's old and newly acquired curves. It is believed that this will be one of the biggest of the fall events.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me.—E. Randall and W. B. Darton have a great race for high gun.

The Memorial Day tournament of the Portland Gun Club was a decided success in every way. While there were only twenty-five entries, the interest was at concert pitch throughout the entire programme.

The race for high gun rested with Randall and Darton, the former landing by one target. Below we give the tabulated scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	15	20	25	25	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.	Av.
E Randall	9	14	14	19	23	24	19	20	16	18	190	176	.923
Darton	8	14	14	19	24	24	18	20	18	16	190	175	.921
Gray	8	14	13	18	24	22	20	18	15	19	190	171	.900
Wyman	9	13	9	18	23	24	17	20	18	15	190	166	.873
Rich	7	12	15	16	21	23	19	18	16	18	190	165	.868
C Randall	7	15	12	16	22	23	15	19	17	18	190	164	.863
Cushman	9	12	12	19	20	22	19	18	15	19	190	164	.863
Jordan	9	14	13	15	23	23	17	17	17	16	190	164	.863
Taylor	6	14	12	17	..	..	17	20	..	..	100	86	.860
Snow	9	14	14	17	19	23	17	16	17	16	190	162	.852
Hunt	8	10	15	19	23	24	14	14	17	14	190	158	.831
Adams	9	12	13	13	22	23	13	17	14	19	190	155	.815
Conner	9	13	13	18	23	17	19	15	12	16	190	155	.815
Hunnewell	7	14	8	16	20	22	18	17	14	18	190	154	.810
Maxwell	9	13	9	19	18	21	14	16	19	15	190	153	.805
George	5	12	13	19	20	20	17	16	11	17	190	150	.789
Neal	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	40	31	.775
Peterson	..	..	11	..	..	..	16	..	15	..	55	42	.763
C Whitmore	6	10	12	15	20	20	15	18	14	13	190	143	.752
Dunning	9	10	11	17	19	15	18	15	13	12	190	139	.731
Scribner	8	9	8	14	18	16	14	18	12	13	190	130	.684
McMurray	6	10	11	16	21	14	10	14	9	15	190	126	.663
Walls	6	3	10	15	16	18	..	..	..	..	110	68	.618
Bodge	..	..	..	9	..	..	14	..	14	..	60	37	.616
Stewart	..	..	..	10	..	..	8	..	..	..	40	18	.450

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fred Coleman, of Hegins, Pa., at the Pennsylvania State shoot, Wissinoming, Pa., May 19 to 23, won, first day, high average with 97 per cent. On the second day he won the Individual State championship at targets. At pigeons, on the last two days, he won the Williamsport trophy, emblematic of the individual championship of the State at pigeons, and the Denny-Wilson trophy. He was one of the three-man team which won the L. C. Smith trophy, emblematic of the State team championship at live birds. He always uses New Schultze. R. E. Parker, of Carlisle, Pa., won high amateur average at targets on the third day with 96 per cent. He used 3 drams of New E. C.

At the Cedar Lake, Ind., shoot, May 17 and 18, first general average for the two days was won by John S. Boa. At the Lebanon, Ind., shoot, May 15, first general average was won by C. O. Lecompt. At the Trenton, N. J., shoot, May 16, first general average was won by L. J. Squier, and first general amateur average was won by C. W. Feigenspan. Each of the foregoing used Winchester factory loaded shells and Winchester Repeating shotgun. At the Sheffield, Ala., shoot, May 14 and 15, the highest score was made by C. H. Ingram, an amateur, who shot Winchester factory loaded shells. The second day he broke 170 out of 180.

Mr. A. H. Funke, 325 Broadway, New York, calls attention, in our advertising columns, to his new line of shotguns, price $40. These guns are equipped with the Bittiner & Jaeger single trigger, besides nearly all the useful devices and good material of a high-priced gun, such as fluid steel barrels, matted extension rib, Grecner cross bolt, Deely & Edge patent fore end, pistol grip, case-hardened frame, automatic safety, etc. Mr. Funke will send to all applicants a special circular descriptive of this gun. This places an excellent gun equipped with the single trigger within the reach of all.

W. R. Crosby, at Paducah, Ky., on April 28 and 29 last, in the two days' programme shot at 350 targets, breaking 342. At Union City, Ind., May 6 and 7, he broke 387 out of 400. On May 11 and 12, at Crawfordsville, Ind., he eclipsed everything previously recorded by breaking 398 out of 400. Thus in three consecutive tournaments he broke 1,127 out of 1,150, averaging for six days 98 per cent. Mr. Crosby's load was, as usual, 44 grains of E. C. No. 1.

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., advise us that their new double guns, No. 260, $27.50 list, and No. 270, $30, will be ready for shipment in about thirty days; also single guns will be furnished in twist barrels in about thirty days on special order. Abridged catalogue, on how to operate the Stevens-Duryea, will be sent to applicants.

It can be counted nothing less than a serious misfortune to Von Lengerke & Detmold and their friends—the burning of the entire plant of the Racine Company's works at Racine, Wis., on Sunday, May 31. Many unfinished orders were being executed and were near completion. Von Lengerke & Detmold regret the disappointment forced upon their customers.

The Mullins galvanized steel pleasure boats have been before the public now for a number of years, and have won a permanent place in the popular favor. The handsome illustrated catalogue issued by Mr. Mullins is of interest to every one who uses the boat, and will be sent on application by W. H. Mullins, 216 Depot street, Salem, Mass.

The U. M. C. Co. advises us that Mr. Fred Coleman won both the clay-bird and the live-bird championships of Pennsylvania at the recent State shoot. At the Brownwood Gun Club, Brownwood, Tex., Turner E. Hubby scored 94 per cent., winning first place. Each shot U. M. C. factory loaded Arrow Shells.

OFFICE OF NEW YORK AMERICAN, New York, May 26.—Business Manager Forest and Stream: Will you kindly discontinue my advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM, offering salmon fishing, and send me the bill. I have sold the fishing through the advertisement.

RUDOLPH BLOCK.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1903.—No. V.

FLORIDA.

Act of June, 1903—Sec. 2.—That no person or persons, firm or corporation, shall sell, expose for sale, or have in his, her, their or its possession for sale at any time any wild deer, venison or deer hide.

Sec. 3.—And no person or persons, firm, corporation, association or company shall sell, expose for sale, or have in his, her, or their possession for sale in this State, any wild turkey, quail or partridge.

THE TRAP, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

THE present extraordinary activity in the sport of target shooting at the traps throughout the United States has a felicitous significance for its permanency and broader growth. It is a situation specially gratifying to two classes in a manner distinct from each other, namely, those who are interested in trapshooting as a matter of sport, and those who are interested in it as a matter of business. On the one side are all the target shooters; on the other side are all the manufacturers, while a third indeterminate class, by no means small, may be said to be related to both classes.

The general activity augurs well for this form of competition, as it pertains to the future. Therefore it must possess all the essentials of a true and beneficent sport for the public, else it would not evoke such general enthusiasm, or so firmly hold the constant interest and participation of its devotees.

At a time, now some months ago, when the daily press, the humane societies, the Legislatures of some of the States, and a part of the general public, were more or less hostile in their attitude toward live bird shooting at the traps, there were many sportsmen who held the opinion that such hostility would have a harmful, deterrent effect on trapshooting in general. While it may have done so in the localities where the hostility was most active and forceful, it had no material effect on the general whole.

It is doubtful whether target shooting has ever been so general in the United States, considering the activity of the clubs of the small towns as well as those of the great cities, and the unusually great number of tournaments held and to be held in every section.

The trapshooting leagues and State associations have been particularly successful. The Pennsylvania State shoot, recently held, was a record breaker of its kind, and, indeed, ranked equal with the great national trapshooting events. Of the leagues, the Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League, the Mississippi Valley Trap Shooters' and Game Protective Association, the Michigan and Indiana and other State leagues and associations are examples of eminent success. They have afforded broad competition and stimulated activity and enthusiasm in great sections of territory.

A few State associations, on the other hand, appear to be lethargic or somnolent, although having abundance of good material wherewith to achieve success equally with the most successful. It is, however, a noticeable feature that, in all sections conspicuous by successful effort, the leaders are skillful, energetic and persistent workers. Great deeds are not accomplished by indolent meditation or inaction of the officers.

New trapshooters are engaging in the sport in great numbers, and but few are retiring from it.

Turning now to a consideration of the trade interests, it has been a great season for each branch catering to trapshooting. Most of the target manufacturers have done a great season's business, and at least one of the largest has had record breaking sales. The great ammunition factories are taxed to their utmost manufacturing capacity to meet the needs of the great army of trapshooters. The gun manufacturers, in many instances, are far behind their orders. Thus sport and business are both flourishing in a sound, broad manner.

The success of the great leagues, whether State or interstate, should engage the earnest attention of trapshooting promoters, as a feature to be specially encouraged and imitated in other sections. There are great areas containing numerous gun clubs yet unorganized into leagues, and in this matter of organization and general impetus to competition, no body of men can accomplish more as educators than can the trade missionaries and professional shooters.

THE PALMA.

THE announcement that the American rifle team will sail on Saturday of this week on the Cunard liner, Lucania, is very gratifying. The National Rifle Association, during several weeks past, has been devoting its influence and energies to raise the required sum, $10,000, but considering the history, associations and international interest attached to the Palma Trophy, subscriptions have been both slow and, except in a few instances, meagre. The sum early this week was about $3,000 short of the amount needed to defray the expenses of the trip. However, before the team sails, there is a hope that some gentlemen who are patriotic and wealthy will come to the front with the required subscriptions.

The team personnel is excellent. The members have practiced industriously, and in their practice have shown steady, consistent skill of a high order. Compared with the scores of prior teams, both American and British, the practice work of this American team is good warrant for a reasonable faith in their victory and the return of the Palma to America, where it remained undisturbed so many decades. The contest for it at Bisley will not be weak by any means. Word has been received from the N. R. A. of Great Britain that France, Switzerland, Australia, Austria and Canada will also contest with the holders for possession of the coveted trophy, so that the competition, thus broadened, is correspondingly more difficult. Seven countries will thus be represented.

Great interest attaches to the event in England. Many Americans, traveling abroad, will be present, and it is stated that the King will honor the victors by presenting in person the trophy at the Mansion House, London. Undoubtedly it will be the greatest contest for the Palma which has ever taken place, and should the American team fail to win it in this attempt, the difficulties in after years will be much more numerous and formidable, inasmuch as if it remains in Europe more interest in it will be evoked, more teams will contest for it; in consequence, and the greater the number of teams in a contest, the greater are the odds against any one team's success.

The American team is fortunate in having a captain who is a veteran, Mr. Leslie C. Bruce, *au fait* in all the details of the competition at home and abroad, he having been a member of the original team which first made the Palma Trophy a testimonial to the superior skill of American riflemen.

However, the more contestants and the keener the competition for it at the coming contest, the greater will be the honors and the glory of the victors. Our best wishes go forth for the success of the American team, and with them our hopes for rejoicing later over their victory; but, in good wishes fair to all, may the best team win.

COL. SAMUEL WEBBER and Mrs. Webber, of Charlestown, N. H., have recently celebrated their golden wedding; and the item of social news has appropriate place here because, as Von W., Col. Webber is one of the veteran contributors to FOREST AND STREAM. Born in 1823, and a sportsman from his youth up, he was in the early days a reader of the Spirit of the Times, the "Old Spirit," as the veterans refer to it, and when some forty years later the FOREST AND STREAM came to take its place as the representative of the interests of the field sportsman and the angler, Col. Webber naturally found his way into its columns, where his prose and verse have afforded instruction, amusement and philosophy. Of the Von W. of today it is written in the local paper's report of the anniversary: "Physically, Colonel Webber is still an imposing figure, tall and erect, his step is firm and he bears the silver crown of his nearly eighty years with gracious, kindly dignity, an inheritance both of gentle blood and of that older school which marked the gentlemen of his youth. Mentally he is in his prime, and he is still a student, keeping abreast of current events and their application to the future with the refined wisdom of a long life of study and observation."

And now that we are gossiping of men who are old in years but young in heart, we may note that George B. Eaton, the Jacobstaff of FOREST AND STREAM, on Wednesday of this week celebrated his seventy-first birthday.

GRANVILLE HILLS, of Hudson, N. Y., died on Friday, June 5, aged 59. Mr. Hills was assistant cashier and paying teller of the Farmers' National Bank, an institution with which he had been associated for many years. He was widely known and is as widely mourned. To many a reader of FOREST AND STREAM the intelligence of his passing away will bring a deep sense of personal loss. His was a nature essentially frank and sunny; he had a cheeriness which was contagious; it was wholesome to be in contact with him. In more than an ordinary degree he was thoughtful and considerate of others, concerned for their good, and active in every movement for the social betterment; he was "the most generous of men," says one who knew him at home and in the field for twenty years. Mr. Hills was an enthusiastic sportsman and a great lover of dogs; some of the best English and Irish setters in the State were of his breeding. He was deeply interested in game protection; he not only professed but practiced a high code of sportsmanship; he carried his conscience into the field with him. A reader of this journal from the first number, he was an occasional and ever welcome contributor to its columns; his stories of experiences in the home fields or in the Maine woods were alike pleasing, because in them was reflected the attractive charm of his personality.

THE Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, whose aim is the protection of the local fishing waters about New York city, may accomplish much, but cannot hope to restore the fishing to what it was in the good old days. The story of Hudson's discovery of the harbor in 1609, as related in "Purchas his Pilgrimmes," records as one incident of the eventful day: "Then our boats went on Land with our Net to Fish and caught ten great Mullets of a foote and a halfe long a piece, and a Ray as great as four men could hale into the ship."

THAT illustration of Delaware River algæ was engraved directly from the original specimen, without the intervention of photographic print; and it thus represents the original with very close fidelity. An old angler to whom the picture was shown, commented: "I have seen sea algæ, but I never knew there were such beautiful things in fresh waters." There must be many others to whom it will come as a revelation of the unseen world which lies about us in our outings.

MEN may come and men may go, likewise game protectors, but the netting in Onondaga Lake goes on forever. A member of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga with headquarters at Syracuse, reports that the local protector destroyed during the month of May illicit nets to the value of $225; but like diligence during this current month of June may be counted on to yield a like return.

THE forest fires of Canada, New England and New York have been appalling in their extent and the completeness of the ruin wrought. The woods have been destroyed, the game and fish killed; and what is worst of all, the forest floor consumed. It is the annihilation of a natural condition of things which has been centuries in the making, and which only centuries can restore.

IN his chapter of "Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River" this week, Mr. L. F. Brown gives an extremely interesting record of observations of the female whippoorwill as the one which sounds the nocturnal cry; and we cordially second his invitation to others, who may have had opportunities of observation, to contribute their information on the subject.

Growing Old.

IT is only ten o'clock of a fresh June morning, yet I am lying on a lounge under an open window, listening dreamily to the merry jingle of the bobolinks in the meadow and the broken song of a robin "singin' for rain," as our country folks say. As the sailor whistles for a breeze to fill his flagging sail, so robin whistles for rain that shall bring up worms to fill his own crop and that of his brooding mate. I am reminded of my neighbor's remark yesterday: "The' haint only oncte in a while a robin 'at sings naowerdays, an' the bobolinks don't sing a mite as they uster. The' uster be oncte in a while one 'at sung diff'rent from t'others, an' we uster call 'em Frenchmen, but naow they all sing that way!"

It is true there is only one robin singing now; but it is late in the season for them to be singing at all, except in the early morning, and surely this one sings the old cheery song—"Europe! Europe! Europe!"—just as robins sang when I was a boy, which was not so many years ago, though. As for the bobolinks, their blythe melody jingles to the same medley of words we set it to when we were as care-free as the pied revellers themselves that flitted and hovered over us and the daisies and buttercups where their nests were hid that we never could find.

"Colink, coler! Old England, New England! Tackle me, tackle me, kiss me sweet—sweet—sweetly!" It is no more the patois of Canadian habitants now than it was then. Whatever the invasion of these northern aliens may have done to us, it has not changed the English of our bobolinks.

I begin to suspect that my neighbor is arriving at that stage of his journey wherein nothing of the present or the future seems so good as what lies in the past. Yet that can hardly be, for he is not a year older than I am.

There is a sound of approaching footsteps, heavy and deliberate, recognized at once as those of the hired man, which are moderate but at meal time or when the chores are overtaken by sundown. There is a clink of a hoe on the stones, the tap of the handle on the well curb, the creak of wheel and axle, the hollow thump and final splash of the bucket's descent, then its dripping ascent, a period of silence followed by a long, gusty sigh of satisfaction. Then he addresses the hired girl, whose noisy work ceases while she feeds her eyes upon him from the kitchen door or pantry window. There is a growing tenderness between them, fostered by frequent whispered interviews wherein our interests languish. I noticed last night a protracted sorting of beans for to-day's dinner as I passed through the "wash room," that lasted until good beans were not to be distinguished from bad ones in the deepening twilight, and I could hear, as I sat in the kitchen with my pipe, much stirring and groping in the pan by hands that are not mates, and the patter and rattle of beans slacken between intervals of mumbled words that disguised speech more effectively than whispering.

"Wal," he now drawls in a tone indicative of weariness of well-doing, "I got his sweet cawn all hoed, I wonduh what he wants me tuh fly to next?" You might know he came from "over the mountain" by his treatment of the letter R, as no born western Vermonter uses it. "I wonduh wheuh the ol' man is, anyway?"

What old man, I wonder. I have not heard of any aged person about the place to-day. Suddenly it dawns upon me that from his point of view I may be considered worthy of this disrespectfully venerable title.

Can it be possible that I really am so? It was such a little while ago that my mates and I were boys at play beneath the rollicking bobolinks. Only a little while ago. Let me count the years. Nigh on to fifty! How many of my playmates are left? Of the boys who can answer to roll call? Here there is only my old neighbor who criticises the songs of the bobolinks. Some are gone quite out of the world, almost out of the memory of living men, and some the great cities and the great West have taken almost as completely beyond our ken. So, too, the girls have drifted out of our knowledge, all but two or three, and they gather no more buttercups and daisies, and all the roses of youth have faded out of their cheeks. It is but a little while since they were blooming.

Yet in that time how many things have happened! What strange things, grown familiar—the shriek of the locomotive, contact with the busy outer world, the hum of the electric wire, news but a day old from the furthermost parts of the earth! It is as new and strange as were all these to be called an old man.

I shall become accustomed to it, even in my own speech. As I con in memory the old song of the bobolinks, I do miss something in this later melody, and must confess there are not so many robins singing, as in myself I miss the joyousness of youth and its delight in mere existence. It is pleasanter to look backward than forward, for nothing is quite so good as it once was, nor ever will be again.

Yes, the hired man was quite right in asking for the old man, and I must accept the title with all that it implies as gracefully as possible. At least I can have the consolation of bragging about things of the past to the young fellows, and among many doubters find few who, out of their own experience, can dispute my assertions concerning, for instance, the partridges that once thronged the now barren woods; the ducks that swarmed in the deserted marshes, or the big fish that crowded each other in streams in whose shrunken waters the minnows are lonely.

Better than this, I may be sure that for many a one the bobolinks are singing as blythely as ever they did for me, and for them there are as many robins as ever there were.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

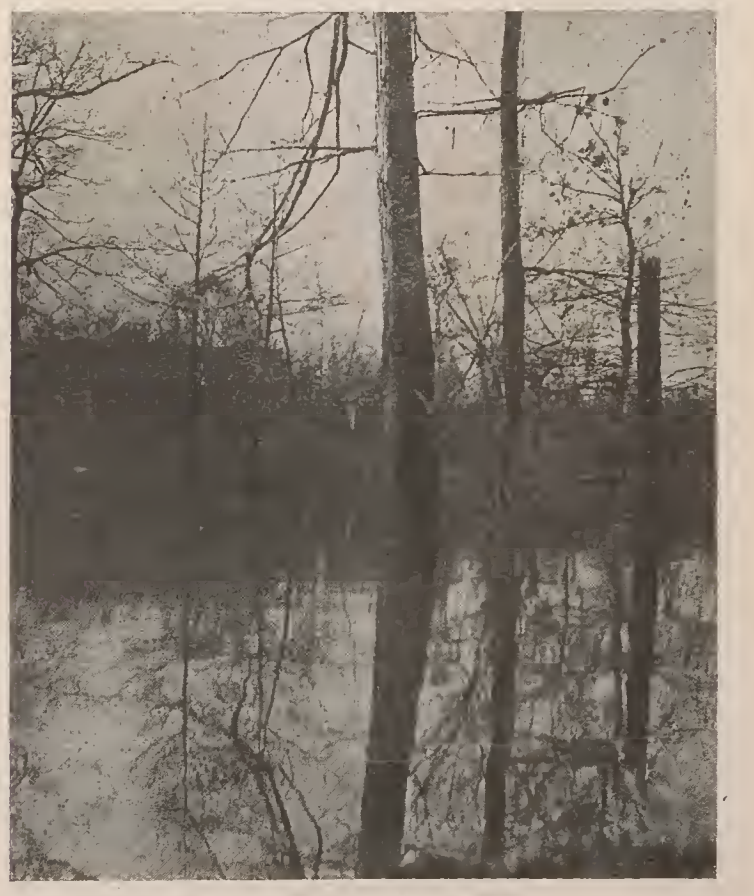
The Sportsman Tourist.

Down in Mississippi.

"NIGGER—Hey, you nigger!" It was a white man's voice and the target for it was shambling along the muddy street in that shaky, pottering fashion, that marks the plantation negro of medium age from every other variety of the genus Homo yet discovered. To Northern ears this abrupt and rather vigorous salutation carried with it visions of flying brick bats and a general session of "rough house," but the meek and gentle rejoinder, "What yo' want, boss?" set at rest all thoughts of trouble, and convinced one quicker than would an atlas and a railroad guide that we were in the land of the "Cotton and the Cane," well to the south of "Mason and Dixon's line." Yes, we were in Mississippi at last and waiting impatiently about the village for the arrival of the team that was to haul our party of Ohioans, bag and baggage, out to "the plantation," on the far bank of the "Tippo." We had been three nights and as many days on the road, had crossed the State of Ohio from Toledo (our home) to Cincinnati, and the States of Kentucky and Tennessee to Chattanooga, and after a night's rest in the latter city, had bowled along the rails to Greenwood, Miss., and then eighteen miles further next day, over a little "jerk water" line to the town of Phillip, Tallahatchie county.

Our party of three consisted of tried and time-tested companions, who had shared the pleasures and privations of other lands together. The Patriarch, whose flowing white beard marked his eightieth year, had lashed the mules down in Arkansas a few seasons before and furnished expletives meantime, while the Judge and the Yachtsman—standing in mud to their knees, pried up the rear wheels of the wagon with a fence rail (used as a lever of the second kind), and all three had dipped cornmush out of the same pot and taken turns at building camp-fire on the frosty mornings down in the cypress swamps of the White River country. We had come down to "Ole Mississippi" to try for "big game," and the slow progress made in getting to our chosen location was rather trying.

Reader, were you ever hung up in a Southern lumber hamlet with a contract on your hands to kill time till further orders? No? Well, don't undertake such a deal if it can be avoided. A sawmill and cotton press both asleep—a hotel that is closed for want of business, some piles of railroad ties along the track, a straggling row of small frame houses and a bunch of idle, noisy negroes constitute the points of interest in the dull winter season, and time hangs on one's hands like the old man of the sea to the back of Sinbad, and 'tis scarcely safe to rely on Sinbad's remedy either, for the liquor down this way is wild, woolly and raw, and there's no particular point in pouring it down the other



MYSTERY AND MIRROR EFFECT.

fellow (old Sinbad) when you have the blues yourself.

A few hours of waiting sufficed for the Judge and the Yachtsman. 'Twas three or four miles out to "the plantation," and a sea of mud and the "Tippo" were between, but they set out afoot about an hour before dark and soon disappeared up the muddy road, wading through the semi-liquid alluvium knee deep here and there.

Along about dark there came a team of mules hitched to a farm wagon and driven by a negro, who announced that the outfit belonged to Massa F——, and that he would be ready to start as soon as the wagon was loaded. The loading process accomplished, a man and woman appeared (relations of the planter), and with four people and a wagon box full of baggage the trip began. Darkness settled down over the scene ere the lights of the town were left behind, and stillness reigned supreme, broken only by the splash of the animals' hoofs and the creaking of the wagon as it groaned its way slowly over hummocks of partly dried mud, or plunged forward into a 'chuck hole, shifting the cargo in sudden fashion and threatening the passengers with a plunge into the mud. The Patriarch is not much given to expostulations, and is, indeed, an exceedingly quiet personage (save when engaged in starting a pair of obstreperous mules in a mud hole), but when the good ship of the prairie, with a mighty lurch to starboard, went over on her beam ends almost, all but carrying away the deck load and allowing a wash of Mississippi mud to come in over the leeward rail, mid

DOWN ON THE TIPPO FAR AWAY.

the screams of the lady passenger, the hoarse shouts of the negro driver and the cracking of his whip, the Patriarch mildly declared that the passage reminded him of Maumee Bay in a nor-easter.

A short distance out the darkness became absolutely impenetrable, and the driver had his hands full at keeping the team in the road. In spite of his efforts the mules would stagger out of the beaten track, causing much annoyance, but no particular damage, for the road itself was neither better nor worse for traction purposes than the surrounding country. However, the road led to an intended destination, and the surrounding country might lead most anywhere, so it was deemed best to keep in the road if possible. A flickering light ahead indicated a habitation, and upon arriving in front of it, the driver pulled up and prevailed upon the occupant to lend him a lantern, and with this in hand one of the party led the way on foot, and thus guided, Sambo and the pair of illegitimate members of the genus Equus made much better work of it, and slowly tolled off the three miles and more that lie between Philipp and the "Tippo."

The soil of this region is something never to be forgotten once you make its acquaintance in the wet season. Black as Erebus, sticky as shoemaker's wax and deep as the bottomless pit—yet drying out and becoming even dusty in season and yielding fine crops of cotton and corn—when nature smiles. The whole neighborhood is of alluvial structure, and in its time composed the bed of the mighty Mississippi before that great artery had shrunk to its present proportions, and as the shrinking process developed, vast areas of silt and clay were deposited in rather uneven fashion, forming ridges and hollows for us mortals to climb over and wallow through in these later days. The ridges nature has taken possession of for the purpose of fish-pole culture, and thus it is that "cane brakes" cover much of the land lying above high-water mark, forcing the woodsman to take to the bottom lands when moving about the country. This is all simple enough in dry weather, but when the bottom lands are several feet under water it is a different matter.

Much has been written and related about the "Impassable Cane Brakes," but no one ever appreciated the full meaning of the word impassable, until he has tried to force his way along or through a "brake." A hatchet or stout sharp knife and time are the only antidotes, and even these give little satisfaction to the person making the application. "Go way around," never through, is the maxim one soon learns to remember.

The "cane" is, however, the Southern planter's close friend, for it furnishes his live stock with fodder during the long fall and winter months. The leaves remain green the year through, and must contain a great deal of nutriment, for the mules looked sleek and trim, and the cows, who have nothing else given them, came up to the house each night during our stay with udders well filled with milk. Their young calves tied to the fence all day, were sure of an evening meal, and while the calf, occupying one side of its mother, proceeded to extract its food supply from that side, the young lady of the household, tin cup in hand, made strenuous and successful efforts to extract on the other sufficient trimmings for our coffee. The flavor of the milk, while not equal to that produced from clover and timothy, is a decided improvement over the wild flavored article evolved from the mesquite chapparal of West Texas, or the bitter almond kind given up by the goats of old Mexico after a day's browse on maguey stems, sage brush and prickly pear.

But the "Tippo" can't be far away now, for the road

has been in the bottoms for quite a way back. What's that shimmering in the lantern light? another pond that the road passes through? No! by George! Here is the ferry sure enough—that rope tied to that white ash slab and running out over the water from tree to tree until lost in the darkness, is the "transmission"; human hands and muscles are the "power," and the "load" will soon be in evidence on the deck of the old flat-bottom scow, if we can but make the owner hear us and bring her over. "Whoa, Micodermus! Whoa, dar; ain' yo' don tired 'nuf toe stan' still while I's onhitchin' yuh?" Thump goes the wagon tongue into the mud.

The country is wild for the most part, and is still well stocked with deer, wild turkeys and squirrels, and throughout the winter season is the resort of myriads of wildfowl, largely mallard ducks, who wax fat on the acorns of the bottom lands. Deer are hunted almost entirely with dogs, and these are started by a hunter on horseback, after first stationing the other members, each on his respective runway.

Twice this method was successfully used by the party, and on an equal number of occasions still-hunting yielded venison to their ready rifles.

As a matter of course the former method is by far the more picturesque and thrilling. The deep sounding horn echoing through the forest and answered in refrain by the silver-throated hounds—the watcher on the runway, tense-muscled and alert, waiting with cocked gun to hear the first sound of crackling brush. How his heart thumps against his ribs as the voice of the hound turns in his direction. The deep bass of the old dog speaks volumes to the trained ear of the hunter. Its long tremulous vibration, with rising inflection slowly repeated at intervals, tells more plainly than words that the trail is old and uncertain. Now the old fellow has evidently turned about, following the track in the opposite direction, for when he gives tongue the sound comes with a far-away effect, growing fainter at each repetition. Hark! Hear that high treble off to the right? There it goes again! Yes, and now in quick succession, again and again, always with shorter intervals between. The bitch has struck a warm trail, sure; and now, in grand and growing chorus, come the voices of the whole pack, until the very air blossoms with their music; and what music it is! What comparison can the artificial kind offer? Where are the creations of Meyerbeer and Wagner, the rollicking, crashing intonations of Remenyi, or the flute-voiced vocalizations of our theatres and cathedrals? Can any or all combined make the heart beat and the blood leap and throb, and the nerves tingle like unto the duet of Nellie and Dick, chorused by the pack of black and white songsters on the trail of the red deer? Never! Now they are coming nearer—nearer—they're headed straight for here, sure! Now, look out! Once the game bounds into that open space there in front, the shooting has got to be done mighty quick. He'll be in the brush again in another jump! Better cover the spot with your rifle now—he's bound to cross there inside of another minute. There! Hear that brush crack? There he is now! Bang! Pump your gun quick and be ready for another shot; but you don't need it this time. There he lies in a heap, and here come the dogs, all in a bunch, too. They rush up to their prey pell-mell, following in unison. They sniff the dead animal again and again; then, gradually quieting down, indicate that they are satisfied. So bleed the game, sling it over the mule, and away for the ferry. There'll be venison in place of tough "razor-back" pork to-morrow, and to-night by the bright fire light of white ash logs (which, though green cut, burn almost equal to other woods when dry) we will listen to the fiddle scraping against the horse-hair bow, and between tunes each hunter will recount his experiences of the day.

New Year's Day, 1903, was a wet one on the banks of the "Tippo." Rain, rain, rain, next day and the next, and the next. Will it never let up? And now the bottom lands are flooded and little land save the canebrakes are dry. The rain time is a sorry time for the hunters. Card playing has become monotonous, and it's all we can do, too. There's an end to everything, and so there was to the rain, but it quit with a veritable grouch on, and without the cheer and promise of bright sunshine. Cold gray clouds obscured the blue sky, and mist and chill were ever near, and now and then, just to keep one in suspense, the floodgates of heaven opened up and sprinkled down the mist and fog once more. Duck hunting in the dugout now took the place of other occupations, and served to pass away the time pleasantly. There was venison enough in the larder and mallard ducks and gray squirrels on the side, which, with boiled rice and sorghum molasses, kept the wolf from gnawing at one's vitals, but the wet, cold, raw season was on in good

AT THE RUNWAY.

IN AT THE DEATH.

Swish; bang goes the sharness on top of it, and the mules, freed from their late burden, go cantering off in the darkness, headed straight for the nearest canebrake, where they will obtain their supper. Isn't that easy money? The ridge for a stable, the cane-brake for a hay stack, the river bank for wagon shed and harness room combined! It's harder on the leather harness than on the live stock, for the latter seem to thrive well enough but for comfort to the hostler! Immense! Well, lend a hand here and yank out those trunks and telescopes. Hollo-o-o over there! Hoop-la! Whoope-e! Can't they hear? Yes, there is a lantern moving about among the trees and here comes the ferry—hand-over-hand—along the rope. Soon the luggage is aboard and shortly afterward the crossing is accomplished and the hungry, weary travelers are once more united under one hospitable roof. A hasty lunch and then good night, for all can find sleep without wooing it after the wearying events of the day. The air is chilly this December night, and the southern house is not built to exclude the night wind which rolls up through the cracks in the floor as the Ohio contingent pulls off its stockings in the "spare room." The chickens roosting along the footboards of the bed cackle in subdued chorus at the intrusion, and an occasional basso grunt from somewhere under the floor, answered by the staccato pipings of a litter of young porkers, tells a tale of domestic felicity blow decks.

But these little interruptions cut small figure that first night in the calculations of the Ohio sportsmen. Sleep—balmy, dreamless sleep—ended their first day's experience on the banks of the "Tippo."

The "Tippo" belongs to the Yazoo River system, but is scarcely a river in the proper sense. It is a succession of pools of dead water connected by narrower stretches of channel. Ordinarily there is no perceptible current, and the water level varies with the season, backing up and overflowing the bottom lands on the slightest provocation, or drying up until little water is left, save in the largest pools.

AFTER DUCKS WITH THE DUGOUT IN THE GLOAMING.

FULLER'S FERRY—BRINGING IN THE DEER.

In grand and earnest, and thus it was, after a couple of weeks had slipped away, that three Buckeyes from Northwestern Ohio concluded they would migrate back to their home again.

A month or more earlier, say during November and the early part of December, would doubtless prove extremely pleasant in Mississippi. The weather is then usually dry and fine, the game equally plenty, and the wagon roads much better to travel over, and should this trio decide to try the vicinity again, November and December will be the months selected.

At Chattanooga, on the return trip, the party stopped off to visit Lookout Mountain and the National Military Cemetery, where lie sleeping so many thousands of our sons and brothers from the North who gave up their lives for the flag.

This picturesque vicinity, with its historic treasures and battle grounds is well worth a visit alone, and in conjunction with the sport of the wilderness beyond is tempting enough to call for a second trip.

May all have the opportunity another year to view with quickened eyes the scenes—now but a memory— down on the "Tippo" far away.

The President's Park Trip.

THESE notes of President Roosevelt's excursion in the Yellowstone National Park are sent by Mr. E. Hofer, who accompanied the party, and whose familiarity with the Park contributed in no small measure to the successful pleasure and execution of the itinerary:

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, May 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since my last notes about the game here we have had two distinguished visitors, as all the world knows, President Roosevelt and Mr. John Burroughs. I had the pleasure of being one of the party while on their camping trip. Our first camp was on the Yellowstone, a little over a mile above Crevace Gulch; from here excursions were made sightseeing. Within ten minutes after reaching camp, Major John Pitcher called the President's attention to a mule deer swimming across the Yellowstone, and in a few moments two more deer walked down to the river and crossed at the same place. They appeared to swim straight across; the current did not carry them down any to speak of. This first sight of game was a foretaste of the whole trip. The view up the river with the cañon walls, timbered gulches, open meadows along the stream, boulder-strewn shore, winding river in the foreground, with snow mountains for a background, and the swimming deer, made a beautiful picture that impressed everyone who saw it.

After Mr. Burroughs joined us here, we moved camp to Slough Creek. On the way there we saw over a thousand elk, many mule deer and other animals. Both the President and Mr. Burroughs were interested in all the small animals and birds. It was a little early for the birds; still they saw a goodly number and heard many sing. The little water wren did his best to entertain the party. Once when the President and Mr. Burroughs were watching a family of woodchucks, they were stampeded by the song of a Townsend's solitaire. Mr. Burroughs made a run over rocks and downtimber to the edge of a cañon and part way down the cañon to hear the full song. The bird did not do its best, having a bit of a cold, I suppose.

Our ride was over some rough trail, snow fields, through fallen timber, mud and rocks, with some good trail. Hell-roaring Creek was crossed on ice. Still Mr. B., who had not been on a horse for forty years, made the trip very comfortably. The party had a bit of fun with a "picket pin" squirrel. Some were sure it was a picket pin and not an animal, until it got down from its upright position. Our camp at Slough Creek was beautifully situated, but in a place where there was no fishing so early in the season. Most of the creek was covered with ice strong enough for our horses to cross on. Several trout had been caught at our first camp, enough to supply the table.

Leaving Slough Creek camp, a ride was made up East Fork—Lamar River—a short distance on to a high ridge overlooking East Fork Valley. Here we spent some time looking at and counting elk. From this hill over 3,000 elk were in sight. On our hill, high up above the bands of cows, 53 large bulls were seen, and on the shoulder of the next hill a band of 14 more. These all had horns; they were carrying them unusually late. From this hill we rode down and crossed at the Cedar Ford, then along the wagon road. From the road great bands of elk were seen, other than those we had seen from the hill. Birds and small things were noticed, but made no notes as to kinds or number. It's such an old story with us here that I only call people's attention to them when I know they care to see them.

We reached our camp near Tower Falls early. The camp was close to the edge of the cañon, and it was the most interesting camp we had. Soon after reaching camp a band of mountain sheep were shown to us; the sheep had been there all winter, in sight and sound of the road camp, where a crew of men have been blasting rock and working all winter. The evening of the next day the sheep gave an exhibition of rock climbing. That startled and excited the whole party, and concluded by going to the bottom of the cañon to the river to drink. They did such incredible stunts that I cautioned Mr. Burroughs not to tell of it in the East if he cared for his reputation for veracity. Several photographs were taken of them, but I think the distance was too great for them to be of value for publication. The walls of the cañon are very steep, in many places perpendicular; yet these sheep would run around perfectly at home.

Several hours had been spent on a fishing trip, and enough fish were taken to supply the party. The President did not go with us, but took a trip alone and afoot; he went across the river and to the other side of the cañon from our camp to where he got within a few feet of the band of sheep. Other bands of sheep were seen, besides mule deer and elk.

The next day we rode into Fort Yellowstone, stopping at Uncle John Yancey's long enough for the President and all hands to say "Howdy!" to Mr. Yancey. The fort was reached in time for luncheon. Mr. Burroughs making part of the trip in a surrey—the twenty-five mile ride at a trot being a little too hard on him.

Next day a party consisting of the President, Mr. Burroughs, Major John Pitcher and Mr. Childs, of the Transportation Company, started out for a Geyserland trip. This trip was made with teams, and has been told of often in the papers. On the President's return a day was taken for rest and seeing the sights around the Springs, receiving calls from the people on the Formation. Mr. Burroughs, who had not seen the antelope as yet, took a ride up on to McMinn's Bench, where he saw all the antelope he wanted to, besides riding within a few yards of a large band of mountain sheep and seeing a lot of elk. Mule deer were very plenty, so many that no attempt was made to count them. They were all along the trail and road. Mr. Burroughs made a trip over the Formation looking at the birds and small animals. Later we hope to hear from him about them.

On Friday arrangements were made for the President to lay the corner stone of the arch for the Park gate. A troop of cavalry went down to Gardiner an hour ahead of the President, to where there were at least 2,500 people waiting. At 4 P. M. the President and Major Pitcher, with no escort except two orderlies, rode down to Gardiner across country. The President wanted to put in every moment of his vacation sightseeing, and on this, his last ride for the trip, saw elk, deer and antelope. He mentioned the antelope when he reached the stand and was particular to thank the people of Gardiner, Cinnabar and those living along the line of the Yellowstone Park for the assistance they had given Major Pitcher in the protection of the game; and as a testimony to it he mentioned the fact of the tameness of the game he had seen.

There has been completed a wire fence—not barbed—that runs from the mouth of Gardiner River, in front of the town of Gardiner, over the hills to the west for several miles. This is expected to be strong and high enough to protect the ranches from the elk, and to keep the domestic stock out of the Park, so that during the coming winter deer and antelope can be fed hay, even in part of the town of Gardiner, as they were fed last winter in front of the post. Gates in the fence at two places, will protect the hay from loose stock and at the same time admit all teams to the roads. Another winter will see much more game in sight of the town of Gardiner. It will be a common thing to see antelope, deer, elk and sheep from the streets of the town, as it has been for years.

E. HOFER.

A Pleasing Picture.

RIVERSIDE FARM, Byron, Ill., Decoration Day.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the "Signs and Seasons" of John Burroughs the keenly beautiful essay, "A Sharp Lookout," closes with this paragraph:

"Man can have but one interest in nature, namely, to see himself reflected or interpreted there, and we quickly neglect both poet and philosopher who fail to satisfy, in some measure, this feeling."

The photograph (see FOREST AND STREAM for May 16) of John Burroughs in the National Park, standing on the boulder bed of a mountain lake, a string of trout in his hand, himself lost to all save the glories of that immediate part of creation which surrounds and enthralls him, and of which both trout and man are such a pleasing part, the while he is being furtively eyed by E. Hofer in the background, a philosopher of the Daniel Boone type, as he casts his fly (in truth it might be bait), is a perfect example of the proposition laid down.

How that picture thrilled the hearts of mountain-loving people the wide world over. To see so much pleasure given to one who for more than the third of a century has contributed so steadily and with such prodigality to the pleasures of his fellow men, the writer takes to be the greatest of all pleasure. DR. A. J. WOODCOCK.

Natural History.

The Rooster's Crow.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I perceive in a late issue that your contributor Hermit is in receipt of a number of things in the way of comments upon his observations concerning the intelligence of wild things. I assume that he is the same Hermit who several years ago inspired me with energy to gather some wild bees from the forest tree. As you know, I got the bees—but if this Hermit is the same, he that told how nice and easy it is to gather honey and bees, I am very courteously pleased that it now seems possible that his gleanings of natural history are not absolutely infallible. I have thought at times, heretofore, that he omitted some things in his screed about bees, and I am now almost assured that the time I had with the bee-tree was not altogether of my own arrangement.

I have lived adjacent to intelligent wild things and to natural doings in the woods and mountains for a goodly number of years, and in this combat of naturalists of various degree I wish to remark that with a few facts to rely upon many of them contribute too much conjecture, and this they do without sufficient deference to general intelligence.

The subject is too ponderous to be settled by any individual. Most naturalists are too ambitious. Ambition may be a splendid thing under careful control, and it may cause wisdom to gambol sadly. A man is fairly wise with a modest fund of accurate information. If he thinks he knows everything about anything, he is really incompetent to deal with that thing. Wisdom seems progressive, not absolute.

But I desire merely to drive a few tacks into Hermit. He says in his version "Does the rooster teach its young to crow? Certainly it does. I am surprised that Mr. Burroughs should express a doubt upon the subject."

Now, know all men by these presents that I, Ransacker, of the Mountains of Shasta, State of California, did during the past year come into possession of one hen, a female fowl, and the aforesaid hen had with her four chicks, two days of age. That this hen and her said progeny the chicks were the sole domestic fowls upon my premises for four months. That there were no other fowls nearer than one mile. That four months the chicks grew, and one only thereof proved to be a white rooster: That about the fourth month of his age the said white rooster attempted to and he did crow lustily, very much like many other roosters I have known. Furthermore the rooster still lives and crows as much or more like other roosters than ever. His mother, the hen, doth not crow. She hath not even attempted to crow. If she crew I would know it. If the aforesaid white fowl, known to me to be a rooster, was taught to crow by his father, or other adult relative, Marconi did it.

(Signed) RANSACKER. [SEAL]

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, May.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There has been considerable controversy lately as to whether birds have to be taught to fly or not. My experience is that their instinct teaches them to fly; they need no other teaching, else how is it that if a young half fledged bird is taken and put in a cage to raise it will fly as soon as it is able, and has been given its liberty?

I once raised a robin that way which flew off as soon as it was able to fly. It came back to me, though. Its mother had not taught it to fly, unless she did it through the bars of its cage, and I do not think she did.

At another time I found some boys who had robbed a native sparrow (chippy) of her three young; I got the young ones from them for a cent each, raised them in a cage, and as soon as they were large enough to fly let them go. They seemed to have no trouble in going, and did not come back, either.

All dogs can swim; some seem to be as much at home in the water as they are on land; a young puppy of one of those breeds will swim if thrown into the water when he is only a few weeks old; he does not need to be taught.

I have thrown a spaniel pup which had never before seen water into it just to see if he could swim; if he could not I would not let him drown, of course. He would paddle out, then wait for me to throw him in again. He seemed to like it. CABIA BLANCO.

[So will the human baby swim if put into the water where it has the chance.]

Senses of the Antelope.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The proposition that prong-horned antelopes depend more upon the eye than upon nose or ear to detect danger is quite as new to me as it is to yourself.

Indeed, I should express an exactly opposite opinion. I suspect that a wrong inference has been drawn from the conspicuons and even laborious use which the antelope does make of its eyes. But it has always been my belief that he does so because his sight is so far from keen that a careful examination is needed before that particular sense conveys a definite confirmation of the warning first gained through other sources. Hence the so-called "curiosity" of the species. I do not profess any exact information as to the quality of their hearing, for the other protective senses, be they what they may, usually put the animal on guard long before the ear could come into use.

As two cases on the affirmative side for smell, I cite these: Long ago, when antelope were more plentiful and less wary than now, I, being down in an arroyo on soft earth where I made no sound that could have been heard twenty feet off, and whose banks were everywhere much above my head, was discovered by a band of antelope at least eight hundred yards away and directly down wind; a careful study of the situation afterward being enough to entirely eliminate the possibility of either sight or hearing being involved.

Again, in October, 1895, with three mounted men and five pack animals behind me, I rode up the trail from the ford across the Yellowstone near the mouth of Blacktail Creek, to strike the road from Uncle John Yancey's—peace to his ashes!—to the Mammoth Hot Springs, and up on the open rolling country we rode on to two buck and three doe antelope, within thirty yards before they found us out. A strong wind was blowing right in our faces, which of necessity would carry both scent and sound away from them and leave them largely dependent upon their eyes. It is true that these antelope were in the Park and had some idea of safety, but even in that secure haven give the nose a chance and a pack outfit will not ride within short pistol range of the prong-horn before discovery. ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Philadelphia, June 4.

ELIZABETHPORT, New Jersey, June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 6 Mr. Emerson Carney calls for instances which have come under the observation of your readers respecting the antelope's scent. In 1877, in Kansas, my father built his house just south of a ridge, which people told us afterward was a favorite runway for antelope, and, indeed, we saw many of them on the ridge the next year, although we killed none, as there was no rifle on the place, and I never could get near enough with a shotgun.

In the summer of 1879 we had three cows at pasture, which were picketed on ropes about 250 yards south and in plain sight of the house. These cows were brought in each night, stabled, and milked and put out on the grass in the morning. One afternoon I stood in front of the house door looking southward, and saw a bunch of six antelope coming from the southeast. They seemed to have no fear of anything, stopped to graze at times, and steadily coming nearer. They finally approached within less than 50 yards of one of the cows, and one of the antelope came closer and closer until it actually appeared to rub noses with the cow, and I have always believed that it did. It then turned and left in the same leisurely way, and the whole bunch departed toward the southwest.

Did the antelope fail to see the house? Was it accustomed to cows and not afraid of the scent? Or was its curiosity stronger than any fear it might have had of man and his dependents? I do not know. BUD.

Adirondack Beaver.

HOLLAND PATENT, June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Ira Park, of this place, has just returned out of the woods from the Indian River, which runs two or three miles from Horn Lake and empties into Moose River. He brings with him a handful of chips unmistakably made by beaver.

He was fishing down the river and when casting his line diagonally down stream something white on the shore he was on caught his eye. When his line landed he looked closer and said: "What the deuce! Has somebody been cutting way back in here. Someone must have a camp." He went over to the tree and then saw at once what it was. "Beaver!"

The tree, a poplar about seven inches in diameter, was gnawed on the side toward the water and about two-

thirds around, but not enough to fell the tree. There was a pile of chips at the foot of the tree and they were perfectly fresh. He says they were surely made within twenty-four hours. The tree was cut into about eighteen inches from the ground.

On looking around for more trees thus worked, Mr. Park saw a balsam stump on the other side of the river which leaned toward the water. He was not able to get across, but the stump looked to be "fourteen inches in diameter, if it was an inch." The tree itself was entirely gone. It had been cut on the under side, and when the tree broke it left a long splinter on the upper side of the stump. The weight of the leaning tree had helped considerably in its breaking off.

He picked up a handful of chips from the little heap where he stood and now has them carefully preserved. Some of them are close to three inches long. Most of them are about two inches in length. They are about a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Mr. Park thinks the fact that trees are being cut indicates there must be more than one beaver. He further believes that they have started to build because of the low water, and that they lived in the still water without the need of a dam until the river became so low and the banks so dry.

E. A. SPEARS.

Nebraska in Bird Nest Time.

WYMORE, Nebraska, June 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The robins, and some of the other birds, seem to be nesting late this year. On last Sunday we noticed a robin tugging at some old strings that were hanging to a sweet pea rack, and watching her for a few minutes we discovered that she was building a nest in an elm tree close by. We got some old rope and cut it into pieces seven or eight inches long, and then untwisted or unravelled it, and, adding a few pieces of pink and white wool yarn, distributed it over the limbs of some small walnut trees near by, and then stepped away about twenty feet. The old robin, who had been watching us all the time, made a dart for the walnuts, and at once began carrying the fuzzy strands of rope, and the yarn to her nest.

Up to this time she was the only bird we had noticed, but she had hardly left the tree with her load until a thrush came, then a catbird, then an oriole, and a little wild canary, and each seemed to be striving to see which one would get the most of the rope and yarn, and the supply was soon exhausted.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

Dovekie in North Carolina.

FOR many years there has stood in the sitting room of the Narrows Island club house in Currituck county, N. C., a specimen of the dovekie, a little auk from the far North, which breeds well within the Arctic circle and in winter is found rarely as far south as New England and New York. This specimen was captured years ago by John Doxey, a local gunner, was seen by an ornithologist and secured for the club.

Up to within a short time it has been the only specimen ever taken in North Carolina, so far as we know. Recently, however, Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, of Greensboro, N. C., who is the secretary of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, writes us that on the 31st day of December, 1902, he picked up a dovekie on the beach, about twenty-five miles north of Cape Hatteras.

If other specimens of the dovekie are known to have been taken in North Carolina, we should be glad to hear of them.

Several weeks ago Messrs. Henry Gaston and Joe Butler were bobbing on Pine Lake in the Hamburg neighborhood. A small trout of about one pound weight struck the patent bob and carried it away. The fish was seen to rise several times by the gentlemen, and attempted to shake the hook out of its jaw. About a week after this a negro man fishing in the same lake caught a fine blackfish which, when dressed, weighed nine pounds. In the stomach of the blackfish was found a trout and in its jaw was the bob lost by Mr. Gaston. The bob was restored to its owner, and he is now using it to capture more fish. This is a true story.—Madison (Florida) New Enterprise.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Adirondack Ruin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under this heading, on June 17, 1899, I wrote for you about the condition of affairs in these woods, dwelling on two things that I heard there: woodsmen were threatening to set fire to the woods because of the preserves from which they were being excluded by men of wealth, and of the "scientific culling" of the forests, which means getting out every last inch of timber that it would be profitable to cut down.

The opoprtunity has come for the woodsmen who have only one way in which to reach the preserve owners, and they are taking advantage of it. For six weeks the region has been almost without rain. The woods are as dry as tinder—a shovelful of the surface soil thrown on a fire flashes like so much powder in its eagerness to burn. And the fires have been started. I was told today of how the fighters on Webb's game preserve at Ne-ha-se-ne wrestled with the flames for days in an effort to save the closest preserve in the Adirondacks. Thousands of acres of land were burned over, and there is every reason to believe that the end in that locality is not yet reached, so far as fires are concerned. The gang was fighting one bad blaze and they had it surrounded. Then the men sat down to rest. After a few minutes they noticed another fire not far away, and when they got to that one, it was seen to be a small one, creeping away from a center; and beyond that a few rods was seen another fire, and so several fires were found recently set along a line. There is no doubt in this whole region that men are seeking revenge for being excluded from the scores of square miles comprising the game preserves of Dr. Webb and others.

It is a most deplorable condition of affairs, and the men who own these preserves are realizing this fact to the extent of many thousands of dollars. I read just the other day that Webb's park keeper thinks $150,000 will scarcely cover the damage to that one preserve alone.

To-day (Thursday) I saw a telegram that had been sent from Big Moose by the fire warden there saying to the chief warden at Albany that the fire was beyond his control at Big Moose, although he had every available man out, and asking for help, for the need was most urgent. At Raquette Lake fires were only got under control just in time to save the town, and a mile from the Fulton Chain railroad station the woods were all ablaze. Northwood is in a dense cloud of smoke, and north of the place thousands of acres have been burned over. I think that more than twenty thousand acres have been burned over within eighteen miles of this place.

Webb's railroad trains are complained against as being one of the reasons why fires are burning along it. There is no sympathy expressed for Webb, who has lost thousands of acres of fine wood land. It was he who took the railroad into the heart of the Adirondack forests. Perhaps he will sue the State for the damage done to his preserves by fire. But the railroad has "paid." If one considers the money it has paid in dividends to the stockholders, it has "paid" them. But what of the people in the State—who pays them? There was no need of taking a railroad into the heart of the wilderness. Saranac Lake could have been reached from some other direction than by way of Big Moose, Beaver River, and the thousand other places which few of the motley summer crowd appreciate because they don't have to work to get to them.

It is said that 1,000,000 acres of land have been burned over in the Adirondacks this year—one-fifth of the woodland area. More than a third of the woods for fifteen miles north and east of Northwood have been burned over. In North Wilmurt some men have been fighting fire for a month.

And all this is due to just two causes throughout the whole mountain country—carelessness and unfair play.

Take the case of Webb's park. Part of it was fenced in. The rest of it was carefully "preserved." No one was allowed to cross the land. Deer multiplied, trout multiplied. The woods and streams teemed with game animals. The woodsmen did not see that the overflow from this park would keep the surrounding region everlastingly stocked with game. The one thing that the woodsman saw and knew was that some men, no better than himself, exercised the right to take him by the collar and march him to a point beyond the borders of the "preserve." It is alleged that the park keepers did just that—took men by the collar and marched them off the land. One case is told of a man who shot a deer on State land which ran on to the preserve and it there fell dead, well within the line. While the hunter was dressing out the animal a game keeper came along and ordered him to leave the preserve, and leave the deer, too. And before the game keeper would leave the hunter alone, a rifle had to be leveled at him. At that the keeper hunted his employer. the employer, with great indignation, got a warrant, and the hunter was arrested, and finally the hunter received common justice. He was justified, in the eyes of the law, in taking his game even by force. There is no doubt among the woodsmen, however, but what the same course would again be pursued by the preserve owners on occasion. It has been the bulldozing tactics which many of the preserve owners have shown toward their neighbors, the woodsmen, that has brought on the condition of affairs in which men will go through the woods, fire in hand, and spread it broadcast where it will do the most damage.

The law does not prevent the game park crowd from trying to keep people off more than their own land. They try to keep them off public highways—though ready enough on occasion to sneak highways across the land of the State, or private property.

Right here at Northwood, W. T. Finch has posted hundreds of acres of wood land and built many dams for fish ponds. A wood alcohol factory which Finch owns is polluting the West Canada Creek at this very moment with the offal from the factory. This man is a member of the Adirondack Sportsmen's League, and it is natural to judge the other members by the specimen before one's eyes, especially as the Adirondack League has Canachagala Lake posted, this lake being a reservoir used to feed the Black River Canal.

A brook at this place which was stocked with trout from the Fulton Chain hatchery three years ago has been dammed, and the public warned against trespassing, and another dam is to be built on it, one of the papers says.

But one lesson which the fires have given to this region is a most hard one. The lumber jobbers and pulp "cullers" have sworn for years that there was no way of getting rid of the tops of the trees which they cut down. These tops are nowadays spruce and hemlock, spruce predominating. Much of the fire has been in the choppings, and here the fires have been simply invincible. It was useless, even dangerous, to fight them there, for the dry, gummy spruce made a blaze that leaped a hundred feet in the air, and none could approach the heaps within rods. Here in these choppings everything has been killed. The bark of beech, birch and maple trees has been burned off and the forest totally killed. In the virgin timber only the smaller trees have been destroyed completely, but of course no trees can escape completely where the very loam itself has burned away. The stay of the pulp and saw mill people—the wholesale ones—has been shortened in these forests by the fires by long years. In their "scientific culling" business they made no account of the dry tops. Perhaps now they will burn them on purpose at seasons when it can be done in safety.

There are a good many lessons in recent Adirondack events which will not be totally lost. The sight of deer and other wild game leaping through holes in the fences of preserves from which it was possible to exclude men, may teach the owners of these preserves something. Wires and insolent game keepers were not enough to keep fire from trespassing in the forests. It was a sight, the fire fighters say, to see the snakes, in myriads, crawling along the ground, and deer, squirrels, bears, foxes, what not, running and the birds flying among the trees, with the fire coursing along after them. When the fire had gone by fawns and other creatures were found dead. One buck was found in Webb's park with its hoofs burned off and legs worn, showing how long and frantically the bewildered creature had tried to run away from the fires around its feet. Perhaps this feature of the Adirondack fires is the worst of all.

Of course, my personal feelings in this matter are very strong, as are the feelings of all the other backwoodsmen, in fact. And I don't want anyone to think that I mean by "woodsmen" the guides and game keepers. They are just guides and just game keepers who regard the woods as so much cash a year. By woodsmen I mean the farmers and other dwellers around the borders of the woods who think of the woods as a place in which to play in the fall when the crops have been gathered. It was for these people and the appreciative "summer people" that these mountain forests were grown, and it is to their loss that the woods are now at this moment being destroyed by fire. But I guess that several people have learned another wrinkle in the universal law of compensation.

Doubtless Charles Day will come forth to say that complaints against the preserve-makers are the vaporings of men who are actuated by the feelings of swine—who want something for nothing—as he did some time ago. But Mr. Day has not seen the best spawning bed of his favorite trout stream "preserved" in such a manner as to permit all the big trout to go into the little lake and keep them there, as I have in the case of the West Canada. Nor has he, in common with his neighbors, been subject to the studied insolence of game preservers and their hirelings, not only so far as the lawful preserves are concerned, but beyond that into the unlawful depriving people of their rights. But some few equally lawless characters have taken the matter in their own hands, and in some measure the great pall of smoke hanging over the Adirondacks at the present time is due to these lawless men.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., June 5.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mr. Egan's Body Discovered.

CHICAGO, June 5.—A dispatch from Bolton, Montana, dated June 1, states that on that day the remains of Superintendent B. F. Egan, of the Great Northern Railroad, were discovered near Lake Five, a short distance from the point where Mr. Egan was last seen alive on his hunt, November 4 of last year. It will be remembered that diligent hunt was made for Mr. Egan at the time of his disapeparance, a special train leaving Kalispell on November 6, with a large party of men, who searched the shores of the lake near which Mr. Egan and his friend, Dr. Houston, separated. A great snow storm came on at that time, obliterating all trails, so that finally, with the greatest reluctance, all search had to be abandoned. At the first time possible this spring the hunt was resumed with the result mentioned. It is thought that had the search party started from Kalispell on the day following Mr. Egan's disappearance, instead of two day's therafter, they would have gotten in ahead of the big storm and hence have been able to find the missing man. It is not known what caused the wanderer's death, but the chances are that he simply died of exposure and cold, combined with starvation. It seems almost incredible that a man could really be lost in any part of the Rocky Mountains to-day, and I own I could not believe that such was the case for Mr. Egan. The sad sequel, however, shows that the wilderness in winter can, on occasion, prove dangerous. The locality in which Mr. Egan was lost is said to be a very wild one, covered with heavy timber and very much broken up by precipitous mountains. The dispatch in question states vaguely that many other hunters and prospectors have been lost there, no trace of them ever having been discovered. Had Mr. Egan stopped and built a fire he would probably have been rescued on the second day. Had he gone to a willow patch and built himself a pair of snowshoes he could perhaps have traveled much more easily, had he felt it necessary to do so. Or had he taken his ax and gone to a pine tree and made himself some sort of a pair of skis, he could in this way have gotten along over the deep soft snow, which sometimes comes so rapidly in these mountain storms. Of these alternatives the best one for him would probably have been to stay still and keep up a signal smoke, taking only exercise enough to keep himself alive.

Protective Work in Michigan.

Mr. Charles H. Chatman, State Game and Fish Warden for Michigan, is good enough to hand in the following statement showing the number of arrests, convictions, etc., which would certainly seem to prove that the hand of the new warden is not weary in well doing. There were 197 complaints investigated; 139 arrests, 121 convictions, one acquittal, and six cases dismissed. Fines and costs amounted to $1,933, and $294.47 was turned into the treasury. There were 22 seizures; eleven cases are pending.

The total amount of fines and costs collected for the month is nearly twice greater than the amount of fines and costs collected for any other month in the history of the game and fish warden department. The number of seizures was not great. The wild ducks seized and confiscated were sent to the Little Sisters of the Poor in Detroit. The fish seized and confiscated were sent to the Traverse City Asylum for the Insane.

All of the fines and costs imposed for the month have been paid, except in one instance, and in this case the violator, who is the owner of considerable real estate, and who also owns a trading schooner on the Great Lakes, was fined $21.90, or thirty days in jail, and the defendant is now serving his jail sentence.

The following amounts have been turned into the State Treasury by this department for the month: May 9, pro-

ceeds of sale 650 pounds confiscated fish, $6.50; May 25, proceeds of sale 14 confiscated beaver skins, $112; May 30, proceeds of sale 140 confiscated deer hides, $175.97; total, $294.47. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Game Notes on Varietal Species.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., June 1.—The increase of game in this northwestern section of Massachusetts is notable from year to year. The center of the accretion seems to be in Worthington township, fifteen miles away, where two deer, a bear, a black fox, and a cross fox are reported as having been seen last week. Woodchucks are numerous. One dog in Plainfield has an annual score of 25 or more to his credit. Red foxes are common in this township, with now and then a 'coon. Trout of larger size than usual have been caught this spring, and more of them. The deer law is perplexing. Last summer and fall a deer ran with the cattle of one of our farmers located between here and Hawley until cold weather came. Then the winds blew and the snow flew and the kind-hearted farmer would fain have taken the poor creature in out of the cold and given him shelter with its bovine associates. But the law forbade the having of deer in possession, and no motives of humanity could condone such offense; so the barn door was shut! But care was taken to leave the door of a shed open, and in that the forlorn animal took refuge on occasion. Had that door blown shut by any chance and the deer been found within, a fine of $25 would have been impending. As we can neither protect nor kill our deer, nor have them in possession, nor ward off their ravages when they become too numerous, we are in a dilemma. and begin to wonder what game laws are really for. In many of our States they are principally used by protectors, wardens, and informers to levy blackmail and exploit their vigilance, especially in respect to strangers and sportsmen of means who trespass unadvisedly. In Plainfield we have no known spies or sneaks, officials or volunteers; but there may be such in perdu. Our townsmen are too busy to do much fishing, though they show up to advantage in the shooting season.

But we have queer animals which are not wild. This town has been a nursery for Manx and Angora cats for seventy years past, and the crosses which have resulted astonish the naturalists. For example, we have Maltese brown, mottled, striped and dark colored cats with long hair on body and tail, but seldom a pure white one. There are smooth coated cats with broad shaggy tails, and rough coated cats with no tails at all. The latest freak is a Maltese no-tail mongrel which comes from a shaggy "tiger cat" mother; four crosses in one, each distinctly thrown out by heredity. It would be interesting to know how far back its Manx progenitor lived.

By the way, on page 103 of Paul du Challu's "Land of the Long Night," he mentions a strain of tailless dogs which are used for draft purposes by the nomadic Lapps, who herd reindeer. They have the color of a brown bear. Perhaps a mixture of dog, bear and hyena. *Qui sait?*

An animal has been seen in a clover field here which looks like a woodchuck with the bushy tail of a fox! When surprised at its feeding place it makes for a scrubby knoll where there are several woodchuck burrows. The boys are planning to trap it, but the farmer's wife fears it may prove to be one of her stray bushy-tailed long-haired cats. These varietal freaks offer a fine field for those who have wrought themselves into a fever over the sea trout problem! Let's change the subject.

C. H.

The Strong Arm of the Law.

FROM Newburgh, N. Y., come these records of recent game law cases brought by Protector Kidd: Geo. Lounsberry, of Newburgh, pleaded guilty before Justice Fowler to the charge of having quail during the close season. He paid a fine of $10.

The case of the People vs. Richard Franks, of Tuxedo Park, was to have been tried in the Supreme Court. The defendant was charged with killing deer during the close season. Before it came to trial, Mr. Franks settled by paying to the Game Commission $143.50.

O. S. Faulkner, of New Kingston, Delaware county, paid a fine of $50 for having trout in his possession during the close season. There are others implicated in this case, and they will be prosecuted later. Taking game out of season is becoming a pretty expensive pastime in this vicinity.

Modern Rifle Shooting.

"MODERN Rifle Shooting from the American Standpoint," by W. G. Hudson, M.D., is the latest and soundest contribution to the literature of the rifle, both concerning its theory and practice, which has appeared in many months.

Considering that Dr. Hudson has been a successful investigator on original lines both scientific and empirical; that his researches have produced many valuable results; and that he is in the front rank of practical riflemen, as is in conspicuous evidence in the records, his introductory paragraph in the preface is too modest, when he writes as follows: "It is not without some misgiving that I venture on this, my first attempt to write a book on rifle shooting." That is the modesty of true genius.

The title does not contain the true idea. Instead of "from the American standpoint," it should have been from the universal standpoint, because its theory is from universal natural laws.

The work in question contains 154 pages, divided into thirteen chapters and an appendix, which treats of rifles, bullets, selecting a rifle, equipment of a rifleman, sights, sighting and aiming, adjusting sights, aiming, helps to good aiming, positions, targets, ammunition, personal as to the rifleman himself, National Rifle Association, and an appendix which gives a comprehensive lot of information on incidental practical accessories to shooting, such as cleaning shells, lubricants, anti-rust grease, nitro cleaner, measures, appliances, tools, ranges, etc. The work is copyrighted by Laflin & Rand Powder Co., New York, and in it is contained more accurate knowledge than the unassisted rifleman could acquire in a lifetime.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XI.—Stalking Whippoorwills, Algae, Mosses, Ferns and Lichens at Delaware Water Gap.

"The air o' the woods tastes good tu me, fer 't hain't been breathed by nothin' but wild creeturs. The smell o' the woods smells good tu me, dead leaves 'n' spruce boughs, 'n' rotten wood, 'n' it don't hurt none if it 's spiced up a leetle bit with skunk an' mink, an' weasel an' fox p'fum'ry. An' I luffter see trees 'at's older'n any men, an' graound 't wa'n't never ploawed er hoed, a-growin' nat'ral crops. 'N' I luffter hear the stillness of the woods, fer 't is still there. Wind a-sythin', leaves a-rustlin', brooks a-runnin', birds a-singin', even a bluejay a-squallin', hain't noises."—Sam Lovel in Rowland E. Robinson's "Uncle Lisha's Shop."

Water algæ, moss and fern,
Greet us now at every turn,
And rocks whose faces gray and hoary,
Guard the secrets of their story;
While o'er them tiny lichens strew
Tenderest thoughts of shape and hue!

"THE finest bass yet!" cries my chum, as he helps an urchin pull in a fish that "tips the scale" at nearly four pounds. He was taken in the deep water by the rocks, crowned with woods, above the Susquehanna bridge on the Jersey side at the Water Gap.

We are using a new boat, just a dory; for the canoe and tent are stored on the upper river; and we are at the Glenwood House at the Gap—temporary quarters, chosen because our families will not tent with us (more's the pity), and because the unmolested squirrels, robins, chipmunks and blackbirds live in and around the trees that hide the hotel, giving remarkable chances for observing wild life from its porches. I have heard a guest imitate the call of the female quail, and seen three of the birds flying into the trees, as they answered with their "up all night!" not a hundred feet away from the house.

It is remarkable how wild life fringes even the busiest centers of civilization. I have stood on the Battery wall at the lower end of Manhattan Island, one of over

JUST TO MAKE AN ISLAND.

a thousand interested watchers of two boats fastened with ropes to rings in the wall, and not forty feet away, while four anglers in them landed large flounders —thirty-seven for the four rods in the twenty minutes that I counted and timed them. There are two sea gulls among the hundreds that love and haunt the East River many months of the year, with whom a certain Brooklyn man has a personal acquaintance. He calls them "Blue Mary" and "White Jim;" they know on what ferry boat he will leave the Brooklyn side, and will follow the boat even into the New York slip, until he throws them the two biscuits taken for them from his breakfast table.

Kindness, long and patiently offered, will win enough confidence of even a partridge, to reap the rich reward of seeing him perch himself on a log, and drum his love-call of the spring. Buckwheat kernels spread for him there during two winters, and crumbs and popcorn kernels during the summer, will result in his permission that you lie behind some log a hundred feet distant, peer over it at this wild elf of the wilderness and his mate; and hear their love-notes, "k-e-e-t! k-w-e-e-t! If you persist in this kindness, and place food near the discovered nest, the couple will even linger around its site after their brood is hatched, and will visit you as you walk along fence or hedgerow, just to see what you are about, the fledglings following them, half-grown. Before me is a photograph of about a hundred feet of the White Horse trail in Alaska, showing a grouse, which had become almost the friend of the angler who lingered long beside that nameless trout-brook, which crossed the road where so much of hope, ambition, tragedy and wealth had passed, before the railroad was constructed.

This is digression; yet it leads to the incident of the whippoorwills at the Gap. One of the birds had been singing in the woods along the rocks below which the bass was secured. A quiet watch for her just before sunset, located one of her nightly perches—an upturned tree root beside a thicket. The next evening I hid in that clump of brush. Just after sundown came the low swish of her almost silent wings, right beside me. There was Mrs. Whippoorwill, not six feet distant—a gray, ghostly, somber bird!

She spread her feet far apart, and began to rock her body sidewise, this motion increasing as her head was tilted far back; and then came the familiar cry!

I say familiar. But it sounded far different when I could almost extend my hand and secure the bird. We hear the call of the whippoorwill, perhaps two miles distant, and when we are on porches, riding along country roads, or from boats that we ply on lakes or rivers. Then the sound seems plaintive to many listeners—passionate, melancholy. The song has been called the Miserere Hymn of the Night, expressing grief, longing, heart-broken weariness. To nearly all, this song is sad. But to me the cry of this bird has always seemed assertive, strident, brave, and as full of life and health as the crow of a rooster.

And the cry was deafening as I heard it scarcely an arm's length distant. It was continued about ten minutes, when the bird flew way, and I heard its call from some dark perch in the woods on the island a mile above. Presently the song ceased, and was renewed still farther away. In about thirty minutes came the swish and moonlight shadow, and right beside me was the bird again, renewing that love-call—the note cast out into the night for the male bird! Having confirmed this by observations elsewhere, I state that a female whippoorwill has three calling perches, on each of which she sings about fifteen minutes, and then renews the perch cycle, singing until weary, or until the male bird comes.

There, again, I saw their meeting—the two birds side by side, after a chase and coquettish exchange of the indescribably soft, low and quick love-notes.

Their "nest" is sure to be hidden away in some thicket or tuft of grass on a hillside, not far distant from one of these perches; and nothing could be more ghostly and weird than the female bird, clad seemingly in sackcloth and ashes. If she is scared off her "nest," she tumbles and glides slowly along and among the plants and grass, leading you away.

There is an all but universal conviction that the sound of the whippoorwill's song is mournful—sad. This belief is due to the fact that the song is so often heard far away, and during the sentimental hours of morning or evening twilight, or at night. Besides, the self-deception is facilitated by the fancied words in the bird's cry of "poor Will," who must be "whipped." Yet the marvelous looker and listener, Audubon, writes of his memories of the song as he lay in his sleeping-blanket in the woods, alone:

"Only think, kind reader, how grateful to me must have been the *cheering* voice of this, my only companion."

It is another almost universal belief that only the male bird sings the "whippoorwill!" The main object of this special article is to confirm, or help to dissipate, this belief. Its statements that only the female so sings will probably be challenged; and to assist those who may contradict, the following facts in support of this contention are given now. There will be no further discussion by me.

Only two ornithologists should be allowed to speak with authority here. Audubon dodges the matter, only referring to "its" song and "their" song. See American Birds, Vol. I., p. 155, *et seq.* So do the encyclopedias.

Wilson (American Ornithology, Vol. II., p. 176), shows how the naturalists themselves confounded the whippoorwill with the chuck-will's widow, night hawk, and goatsucker. In attempting to settle those differences of opinion, and errors in the pictured birds, he cites a magazine, the "Portfolio," wherein it is alleged that the author of "American Ornithology" stated that a male whippoorwill was shot (note that such author does not say *he* shot the bird; and it was probably by an attendant who killed the wrong mate of a pair of birds that were together) while in actual song, and that the shot bird was found to be a male. This is the real and totally insufficient source of the statements by subsequent writers that the singer is the male.

Many of the books about birds in the Astor Library have been consulted in this connection. I do not find in them any positive assertion of personal knowledge that the male bird sings. Indeed, the "question" is of little practical moment. But it is singular that so general a belief rests on such slender actual observation. The New York Museum of Natural History did not express an opinion, but referred me to the well-known nature-student, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, who states that his studies of the song have been mainly by ear in the woods of Ulster county, New York, where he could *see* (the italics are his) very little, owing to the dense forest and shadows. Of course FOREST AND STREAM will invite and welcome communications from those who have *actually seen* a singing *male* whippoorwill, or better still, who have shot and can produce a male observed to be singing when killed. It should be remembered that the sex of the bird is easily told by the markings of plumage across the throat, which are a white semi-circle on the male, and smaller and of a cream or buff color on the female, whose general size is also slightly smaller. The female is lighter on the upper parts, and her three lateral tail feathers are tipped for about three-fourths of an inch with cream color. Both birds have a comb on the central, longest claw of one foot to assist in ridding the plumage of vermin.

Here is my own experience:

Location, just after sunset, of one of the three perches of song. Concealment the next and following nights, sometimes within six feet, and the birds seen so plainly that the hairs around their bills could be noted in detail. Notation of the buff markings across the throat of twelve different *female* birds while actually singing. These stalkings were at intervals during thirty years, and in five States.

In addition, three females were shot (they are excellent eating) while actually singing, and their sex verified by the most careful demonstration. The first bird was shot on the Slagle trout stream in Michigan; another in Butler, Branch county, Michigan, and a third on Saw Creek, in Pennsylvania. In 1870 a female was watched as she nested in an unused shanty of a sugar-bush, right on the leaves of its floor, where they had been blown the previous autumn. Four persons saw and heard her sing while beside the nest. Finally, on Saw Creek, in May, 1900, a *pair* of the birds flew right across the porch of the Decker cottage, the male pursuing and uttering his low love-notes very rapidly. These birds perched right on

the fence and were not thirty feet away, and distinctly seen in the afterglow of sunset by three persons, trout fishermen, whose special attention was called to the fact that the *female* was calling, and that the *male* did *not* call. No male bird, while actually seen by me, has sung the "whippoorwill."

Yet nearly all the poets attribute the song to the male bird. Thus, Bliss Carman:

"And the lone wood-bird, hark!
The whippoorwill, night long,
Threshing the sylvan dark
With his dim flail of song."

He mistakes the songster's sex, but avoids the error that the song is sad. And here is a double error in two consecutive words of a couplet by T. B. Read:

"And there the whippoorwill recites
The ballad of his grief."

* * * * * * *

In the forest high up on Mount Minsi, four boys from the Glenwood House spend their mornings, looking! In the afternoons they read to each other what they have placed in their note-books, and exhibit their gathered specimens of mosses, ferns and lichens. This is good cultivation of sight. I was directed by them to one spot in that wood during the spring, before the present trip. Readers are warned that I shall attempt to describe it, and can skip the next paragraphs if desired. But I ask the earnest readers to go in there alone.

You will see the brilliant May sunshine flooding the open spaces, the gray haze and tangle of wildwood, and the leaf-shadows dancing over the profusion of mosses, ferns and flowers.

Seat yourself on this knoll that is matted over with red and brown moss, and sandaled with the fast-fading flowers of the adder-tongue. You are with perennial nature, among the mottled patches of shadow and sunlight, under the great trees where, last night, the whippoorwills sang their "amorous descant." Distant drumming of a partridge, scolding disapproval of squirrels, chirp of the curious chickadees, call of robins and bluebirds! Below you, not a hundred feet away, is the river whose voice comes to you, while its unseen presence is hinted at by the dancing reflections in a dozen places, of the light from its waters on the beech leafage.

And now, look more closely. It is a veritable floral paradise, loveliest realism, something to be rapturously studied and earnestly loved!

The base of this knoll is wreathed by a dark green cushion of wild strawberry leaves, thickly starred with their own white blossoms. Joined to them is the brown, far-spreading carpet of fallen autumn leaves that are a bed for the uprearing blossoms. A few of the pale-blue flowers of the forget-me-not, emblem of fidelity! To the right, becoming lost in the mystery of shadows and green confusion, are thousands of wild violets, their blue and yellow flowrets full of intense color and life. That little ridge to the left is matted with wintergreens, their scarlet berries peeping out from the emerald leaves. In front, wild lilies lift their flowered heads. The hill above you is white and pink with laurel blooms, and the great flowers of the rhododendron.

"Their sides embroidered boast the rich array
Of flowering shrubs in all the pride of May."

And yonder are two slopes exquisite with fragrant blossoms of wild honeysuckle and trailing arbutus. Beautiful? The separate parts of this little landscape are delightful; the whole is entrancing! The perfumes, colors and sounds are indescribably joyous and grateful to one who sees and lovingly appreciates them in their own spring home; and to the worn worker from the city, they are ineffable in the beneficence of their delights and memories. You will actually find all these beauties there; but remember, they must be sought and admired in May. Other beauties demand our attention when summer broods over the Delaware at the Gap.

He who in humble sincerity attempts to tell of such scenes, is no longer styled a rhapsodist; and one who "sloshes 'round i' the woods" is not presumably a "no 'caount chap." Our publishers and librarians say that the demand for nature books is multiplying, and now stands next to that for fiction.

It is a temptation, as I look at mounted specimens of mosses, ferns and lichens, to furnish pictures here of some of them, with extended mention in the text. But these beautiful nature-forms belong far more to the domain of the naturalist than of the sportsman. Besides, real opportunity to study them has been well-nigh drowned in an ocean of almost meaningless Latin terminology—the "scientific" dead-language nomenclature of the dry-rot specialists. Almost all the books about ferns, lichens and mosses, are little more than lists and plates, works by mere cataloguers, and not by the real lover of nature. This is also largely true of the books about butterflies and bugs.

There is a low reach of gravelly stones and marine plants just where the Analomink stream flows into the Delaware, about a mile above the Gap. There the angler searches for helgramites for bait. There, and especially in the sideflow of a portion of the river to form the island above, are very numerous examples of marine vegetation and water algæ. Here is a picture of one I took from that stretch of water along the island where shoals swarm with these plants. It is just natural size, photographed from the mounted specimen. Observe its exquisite fineness and minute ramification, and remember that this is only one of a thousand well-known marine growths along the Delaware. Waving plumes, trailing locks of green from submerged log and brown rock! Leaves happy below the surface of the water! Spires of green, pink, yellow and golden red, gleaming and oscillating in the water-breeze, just as their air-cousins flutter and oscillate in the air-breeze. Forms like jeweled necklaces, sunbursts and butterflies spring into being under the microscope. We become so interested that we obtain and search the books, notably Wolle's "Fresh-Water Algæ," and we find and recognize the growth shown in the picture herewith (Plate 66, figs. 1 and 2), and learn that this lovely and almost unknown and wild growth is called *Tuomeya fluviatilis*. Horrors!

Not content with merely building these Latin fences around our innocent water-growths, the "writers" about them proceed to discourage the student with intensely technical descriptions. For example, we find, by use of the water-net and microscope, that a certain lovely specimen of the water-algæ, starred with exquisite colors and topaz-like ellipses, is called the *Oedogonium hystix*. (See the 2,300 colored pictures of American Fresh-Water Algæ, as given by Wolle, and the picture of this one, plates, Vol. 2, page 84, fig. 8.)

Now, observe how this poor little thing has been abused and crucified in its description:

"Gynandrosporous, or idio-androsporous; Oogonia-single, ellipsed to globous ellipsoid, opening by a pore in the middle; Oospore, same form as oogonium, nearly filling it, coated with sublulated spines; androsporangia, 2-3 celled; terminal cell obtuse, dwarf male stipe, 2-celled, moderately curved, seated on the supporting cell, spermogomum, 1-celled."

This seems to be the result of following the pedantry of the Russian and German writers on the subject. Wolle cites over two hundred authors. It is pitiful that this most interesting nature-world has been shut away from popular interest and study by writers incapable of doing more than making examination of the specimens, microscopic and otherwise. Their names for these children of the fresh water are hideous. Here are two more:

Chroococcaceæ.
Chlorophyllophyceæ.

Meaningless, except to the "expert," jumbles of orthography, a lock and bar to the student who cannot

DELAWARE RIVER ALGÆ.

spend years in mastering the outlandish technical terms, and learning the by-ways of their labyrinths!

When I come to write, in this series, of the Indian history and legend of the Delaware, I shall give some of the words of the Lenape language, and among them their word for marriage, viz:

"Witachpungkewiwuladtpoagan."

Marriage was, of course, of tremendous import to them; and they can hardly be laughed at for using a long word for it. But suppose they had, instead, seen fit to name marriage with a word four times longer yet, and in a language known to them as "dead." Would we not have smiled at their terms still more? Yet we find in a glass of Delaware River water, as we hold it up in the sunlight for observation, some organism so minute as to be practically invisible until we put it under the microscope; and instead of naming it in our good English, and describing it in terms to be understood by the masses, we choose to label it with a name in a dead language, and two thousand times longer than the atom it is supposed to describe.

L. F. BROWN.

Trout in Forest Fires.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Wednesday afternoon, June 3, forest fire swept over the Euba Mills or southern section of this town with the besom of destruction, destroying the old saw mill, the mill house and J. F. Burres' farm-house and contents. Henry Proctor and family lived in the old mill house, and lost practically all their belongings. John B. Burnham, a well-known FOREST AND STREAM contributor, had some hunting utensils stored at Mr. Proctor's that were destroyed. The fire raged so fiercely that it burned the heavy timbers in the mill dam and drained the water out of the mill pond.

Friday after the fire hundreds of brown trout were found dead along the Boquet River between the site of the mill dam and Hunter's Home, a distance of two miles. These trout would weigh from 2 ounces up to 2 pounds apiece; 95 dead trout were brought to this village and weighed, tipping the scales at 40 pounds. Curiously enough, only four speckled trout were found dead, while hundreds of the brown ones were easily located and picked up. A 2-pound brown trout was brought to this village. Another 2-pound trout, not quite dead when picked up, was put into a spring at Hunter's Home and revived. Query: What killed the trout—extreme heat, lye, oil, lime or fright?

GEORGE L. BROWN.

Florida Fish Commission.

THE new Florida Fish Commission consists of John Y. Detwiler, John G. Ruge and C. R. Walker.

Fishing Memories.

"I jes set here a-dreamin'—
A-dreamin' every day—
Of the sunshine that's a-gleamin'
On the rivers far away.

"An' I kinder fall to wishin'
I was where the waters swish,
Fer if the Lord made fishin',
Why, a feller orter fish."

HUMMING the last stanza, the afternoon of the 14th of May, found me alone, taking a hot dusty ride of twelve miles for Marshall, where I took the train for Riverton.

The open season in the Shenandoah is the 15th of May, and I have made it a rule for years past to break the business chain for a day or two, at least, and be there on the evening of the 14th for a try at the fighters (and the bass in that stream deserve the name) on the 15th. My engagements were made or broken, accordingly, and my experience is that for a busy man who especially wants to go fishing or hunting, one always has to break more engagements than he can make. I had the promise of a fishing companion—but then John Keith could not get a diploma for always keeping an engagement—so on the day I was to start he disappointed me. Well, in this case there may have been a valid excuse, for it is said that before the month is out he proposes to consummate an "engagement" far more important than going a-fishing—and but few things can be more important to a true fisherman. My first impulse was to "rule" him and follow this with an "attachment," calling for the production of his body, but rumor has it that one of Warrenton's fairest belles had preceded me, and that that "attachment" took precedence over any that I might have issued, so I could do nothing but forgive him. I hope, however, he will not disappoint me again.

The morning before I started, I had sent two men out with my seine for "mad-toms," and my disgust can be imagined when, after four hours, they returned with six minnows, only four of which were alive. I have wondered what those fellows were doing all that time.

Disappointed as I was, fish I must, and take chances of getting bait at Riverton. I reached Riverton in good time, where I was welcomed by my friends, Wilkins, the agent of the Southern at that point, and Sam Duncan, a genial fellow, who is not only running the principal store and livery in that town, but is also the present proprietor of the hotel at that point, ably assisted by his sisters.

The waters in the two rivers—the North and South Branches fork here—were very clear, but from all I could learn, the indications for good fishing were better than usual. My boatman, Frank, while fishing for minnows that evening, had forced the season by catching seven. I found side-tracked at that point the private car of Superintendent Choate, of the Southern, a relative of your distinguished townsman by that name, who was stopping over for a few hours' fishing the next morning, having brought with him his wife, mother and some other ladies. While I was informed that he had had no experience in that line, yet I knew that as Wilkins had him in charge he would have luck, even if his time was limited, if any bass were in the river. He did get eight that morning, and I am told was well pleased with his new experience—and who isn't, I would like to know? For if there is anything that will make one feel young again—that he is "glad he is living"—that thing is to hear the click of the reel, to feel that you have him when at the proper time you put the hook home, see the bass as he leaps from the water, then his mad rushes for liberty and—but why enumerate? You all know how it is—that is, those who have "been there," and if you have not, my advice is to go and try for yourself as soon as you possibly can.

But I wonder what grudge friend Wilkins has against his superintendent, for he had him up and out about three o'clock that morning. I have gotten to that age and stage where I am not a great believer in too early fishing for bass; but I couldn't sleep; in fact, I believe I dreamed of bass; so at four I was out and calling for Duncan, who had promised to go out with me. I have fished all these waters time and again, and my first try in the morning is usually from the abutment of Kenner's mill, just below the dam on the North Fork, less than 200 yards from the hotel; so there we went. But while we fished industriously till breakfast, four fish—two apiece—were all we had to show. Getting breakfast and getting some minnows from the boatman, we took a boat and had fair luck until dinner, when Duncan was called away by business. After dinner I went with the boatman alone.

I remembered having seen several nice bass in the clear water just opposite the limekiln, which would not bite, as I took it, because they saw us too plainly as we cast toward them. So I told Frank to put the end of the boat on a jutting rock which showed in the river just above where I had seen these fish, and he did so. My minnow had hardly touched the water before I had a strike and landed a nice fish. Stringing him alongside of the boat, I remarked that perhaps I could do the same thing again, and, quicker than it takes to tell, another made a rush for my bait, and soon he kept company with the first.

All my fishing was done between Kenner's dam and the junction of the two rivers, possibly three-fourths of a mile, and at night I had thirteen, Duncan five. No big catch, you will say, but for all that the day was a most enjoyable one; the weather fine, all the surroundings pleasant, business forgotten, every now and then a bass—what more could one wish for or ask? Hard, indeed, must one be to be pleased if he would not have been satisfied on such a day, in such a place, and with the music of the reel combined with the singing of the birds and the falling waters to keep him company.

But what of to-morrow? I did not intend to leave until the evening train on Saturday, yet bait was scarce. Early the next morning the boatman and I were again at Kenner's dam, and as I failed to get a strike, I rigged up a minnow line from my fishing grip, using for a line a portion of No. 40 Barbour's thread, a spool of which I always carry along with me, and, pray, what is it that a fisherman won't collect among his fishing things after a good many years' experience?—and it was not long before Frank, to my surprise and gratification, caught some twenty odd minnows. Getting breakfast we again started,

and following my directions he poled his boat—they do more poling than rowing in this section—some ten or fifteen yards from the bank so that I could cast my minnow close into the bank, and it was not long before I had a strike. Suffice it to say, I wound up the day with a good size string, none large, but all of good size, well content with my trip, myself and the world generally. Content with myself, did I say? Let's see. I had begun to think that I was a pretty good fisherman—some have been known to stretch the facts by saying I was an expert—but I missed more strikes on that day than I ever did before on any half dozen trips. Why, I cannot say. Whether it was because I began on Friday, or that I caught thirteen fish on that day, or the combination of both, or, and possibly the true solution, that the fish were spawning and only killing minnows and not taking them as at other times, I do not know. I was shown one spawn bed on the South Branch, but lately hatched, by Wilkins, and was told that he had seen the pair from the bridge when they had first made their appearance, and had been watching them daily, till now the male having left, the female was keeping watch over the small black objects which were destined later on, should they escape the many enemies lying in wait, to grow to goodly size, perhaps, and delight some eager angler. I was told that I could catch the mother if I would cast my minnow in a certain spot, and when I demurred, the reply was that it would not be long before someone would, and therefore I might as well. But to this I stated I did not propose, knowingly, to be that one. I heard next morning that someone had caught that fish—more the pity!

But with it all, how often my eyes cease roaming from the beautiful scenery and my thoughts turned from the fish that I was expecting to catch to some of my former fishing companions.

Poor Markham Payne—as good a fellow as ever lived—passed beyond. How often have we not fished that stream together? I think it was next to the last time we were there, when we were coming down the stream from the "Irish Hole," tired, luck poor and about ready to cuss and quit. Passing a log in the water, near the bank, we both must have concluded that it was a likely place for a bass, for at the same moment we cast our "toms" near that log and not more than six inches apart, when, with a rush that was almost startling, a bass that proved to be nearly a four-pounder, made a break for the minnow, and for a moment or two the question was which of our minnows he had chosen. We were not long in doubt, however, and Markham had him good and fast. The water was swift, and seeing the size of the fish, I was afraid he was trying to land him too quickly. He afterward often teased me, saying that during the day when he was catching small ones and asked of me some directions, I would say, "I never tell a fisherman how to fish," but just then I had forgotten how tired I was, and the directions that I was so willing then to volunteer would have been sufficient for the whole day, if not the whole trip. And wasn't he proud of him! And well he might have been; it was worth a trip to see that rush, that fight for liberty, and that beautiful fish. Poor old Mark! Many a happy day have we spent together.

And there is W. H. Haynes, of Baltimore, one of the family of FOREST AND STREAM, a more congenial companion one could not find; ill, too ill to fish. I hope it may not be for long. He spent many weeks at Riverton last summer with his wife, trying to get back health, but failed. I saw him there for the last time soon after his arrival. Many a fine bass have we taken from those waters in days gone by; and how pleasant it is to recall those trips. On one of them, some years ago, there were three of us. In two and one half days we got seventy-six of the finest bass that I have ever seen caught. The third man was a "grayheaded old sinner," as he would often call himself, so I am taking no liberties in so designating him, nor will I call his name. He was very fond of fishing, but was very sure to fall far behind in the number caught. How often, especially when the boat was moving, have I heard him exclaim, "Hold on, I've got a bite." When, if the water was swift, the anchor would be put out, or if not too swift, the boat would be held until he ascertained, as he invariably did, that his "bite" was the bottom. I might write pages about what Haynes did and didn't do for me on some of these trips, but I have already made this far too long. Old man, whether you are with me or not, you are not forgotten.

C. M. WHITE.

WARRENTON, Va.

Dynamiting Lake Hopatcong Bass.

NEW YORK, June 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Charles W. Levering (only son of the Doctor we have so often mentioned in your paper as a hunting and fishing friend for more than thirty years) is a chip off the old block, and inherits the enthusiasm in field sports from his father. He has just returned with his charming wife (who, by the way, outclasses her husband in luck with the big fish) from a ten days' vacation at Lake Hopatcong. Mr. Levering is just boiling over with righteous indignation, and his language is vehement. He reports an outrageous state of affairs at that magnificent watering place. The dynamite fiend is largely in evidence. The open season for bass will not be on until the 15th inst, Mr. Levering reports, and will make affidavit to it, vouched for by many other reputable citizens, that one day last week along the shore between John Ingram's Coxe and Sharps Rock, something like three-fourths of a mile, he counted 102 dead pickerel and bass. Opposite the residence of Prof. Alexander Lambert, he discovered eighteen large fish of four or five pounds weight that must have been dynamited during the night, as several of the fish were still breathing, though their air bladders were burst. It is well known that many fish when their bladders are broken by the concussion sink to the bottom, while others rise to the surface, and more than half are never gathered by the scoundrels.

Cannot something be done to stop this infamous business? The penalty on dynamiting should be severe and imposed at once. It is earnestly hoped that the fish warden stationed at the lake will leave no stone unturned to bring these miscreants to justice.

Mr. L. says he can get all the data needed in regard to these facts. JACOBSTAFF.

Massachusetts Fishermen.

BOSTON, June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary of the Old Colony Club, Mr. Charles H. Taylor, Sr., announces that the annual dinner will take place at some point on the shores of Buzzard's Bay in August. This is one of the numerous clubs that have been identified with the work of the Massachusetts Central Committee for Protection of Fish and Game since its formation three years ago. The club had as its representative on the executive committee at that time Mr. John S. Bleakie, of Boston and Falmouth. In the guarding of the interests of hook-and-line fishermen and in efforts to preserve forest trees the club appeals to sportsmen, and the names of many of its members are enrolled upon the list of the State Association. Its president is Joseph Jefferson; vice-presidents, Hon. C. S. Hamlin, Henry R. Reed and Gerard C. Yobey; and on its executive committee are the names of some of the leading citizens of Boston, as well as of the Cape towns. In the very stubborn fight made last year by the American Fisheries Company to regain the right of seining in the Bay, this club had the laboring oar, although aided materially by the Southeastern Massachusetts League of New Bedford, the State Association, and sportsmen generally throughout the Commonwealth. The club has an interesting history, and now that it is likely to have a respite, for a time, from its struggle against seiners would it not find work for the immediate future of equal importance in saving some of the beautiful forests of the Cape from the woodman's ax and from the devouring flames? We have no hesitation in suggesting this for their consideration, but unless abundant rain shall come soon it may be too late. The fate of the Chatham woods is already scaled.

Deputy Thomas Stackhouse, of Marshfield Hills, reports that a fawn came upon his premises very near his house a few days since. A deer was seen on the Carlisle road about a mile from Bedford by Mr. Wm. Parker Jones and wife. He reports that it did not seem much frightened, and trotted off quite leisurely toward the Concord River near by. Within a year several deer have been seen about Bedford, and it is thought there are a good many of them living in the thick woods along the river and to the east of the village. There is evidence that there are now more or less of these animals in every county of the State. The close time of five years more should enable them to become quite numerous if they are able to find sufficient food.

Capt. Hahn, of the United States Fish Commission schooner Grampus, recently shipped from Portland 300 seed lobsters to the Gloucester Hatchery, and he reports the season has been excellent for gathering and that each lobster averages a yield of 20,000 eggs, which is much above the usual number.

Chairman Collins informs me that he has given instructions to the deputies to make an example of all culprits who fail to observe the new law against the use of explosives in fishing waters, and he would not be surprised any day at having a case in court.

Only a few of the Massachushetts anglers who went to Maine for the early fishing have returned yet, for although there have been fires to interfere with fishing in some places, they have not interrupted those on the large lakes, and those who went for the trolling are many of them getting sport with the fly, or will very soon.

A recent issue of the Portland Advertiser contains an interesting account of a trip to Moosehead from Mr. Frank L. Shaw, president of Shaw's Business College, Portland, who is one of the best known of Maine's fishermen and hunters. His trip occupied ten days, and his time was spent chiefly at Northeast Carry. On the afternoon of his arrival in two hours he took 7 square-tail trout averaging nearly 2 pounds; others took larger ones and the fish are running larger than ever before—more fish over two pounds are caught than of those less than a pound. He has a camp sixteen miles from the Carry, and here one morning, he tells us, "looking out of the window I saw thirty-three deer feeding in the fields not 200 yards away. I counted them several times, and am sure of the number."

Secretary Phippen, of the Megantic Club, left Boston to-day with several friends for the preserve. "Stephie" Johnson showed me a letter from Mr. G. M. Kirkner, of New York, written at the club house telling of fires not far from the club limits. Mr. Kirkner is accompanied by several friends and will go to his camp on Arnold Pond. Mr. Johnson is going with his family on Tuesday for a long stay on the preserve.

The first fish of the season caught at Upper Dam was taken by a well-known Boston angler, a regular visitor to the Rangeleys for many years, Mr. Eugene Lynch, weight 9 pounds. Good catches continue to be made at Clearwater, and a 4-pound salmon has been taken from Tuft's Pond, Kingfield; and it is reported that 780 trout were taken from Carrabassett River last week. No doubt the condition of the water, owing to the drought, is conducive to good fishing there.

The reports which have appeared in Boston daily papers several times of late that Barker's camps at Bemis were in danger from the fires that have been raging in the vicinity are contradicted by later news, and fishermen on the lakes are keeping right on with the sport and with good results. Venders of large angle worms are making it easy for bait-fishermen to follow ex-President Cleveland's advice to use good bait. The experienced angler is never stingy with his bait, knowing well that a good big mouthful is what tempts the big fish. Mr. A. A. Sargent, of Haverhill, is at Rangeley Lake, this being his forty-fifth season at the lakes. One of the most enthusiastic fishermen here is Dr. F. W. Palfrey, of Boston, this being his first visit. Mr. S. W. Foye, of Worcester, is happy over his capture of an 8-pound salmon. Mr. Fletcher Pope, manager of the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad, has several guests at his cottage at Gull Pond.

The first to win success in fly-casting at Bemis is an old-timer, Mr. E. F. Coburn, of Lawrence.

At Pond-in-River an 8½-pound salmon was taken by an expert lady angler, Mrs. Harry Dutton, of Boston. Hon. F. W. Rollins, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, and his companion, a Boston angler, have taken several good fish, making the Birches his headquarters. Col. R. A. Tuttle, of Boston, Col. C. F. Hutchins and others, of New York, are located in their cottage at Lake Point.

Hon. George E. Smith, ex-president of the Massachusetts Senate, with two well-known members of the Megantic Club, is at Haines Landing.

A Record Salmon.

To a Bostonian, who is a Pullman conductor, belongs the honor of taking a salmon larger than any ever before taken in the Rangeleys. His name is George T. McNeil, and the fish caught last Tuesday weighed 16½ pounds. The fight lasted a good hour.

The largest trout of the season, weighing 7½ pounds, was taken by the wife of Hon. Seth L. Carrabee, of Portland. CENTRAL.

Maine Fishing Waters.

BANGOR, Me., June 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With the passing of the cold spring days and the approach of the hot weather, the fish in Maine waters are beginning to lose somewhat their appetite for the live bait and the worm, and exeecpt in those varieties which never raise to the artificial lure, to come up with a rush when the proper fly is presented to them. Still, in some of the colder waters, which rarely get warm because of very high altitude and correspondingly low temperature, the fish will take bait, particularly the earth worms, throughout the season.

Although there have not been quite as many fishermen at Moosehead the past week as during the preceding weeks, still there have been enough to make it very interesting for the fish, and there has been some splendid sport, the square-tails predominating at some localities in the big lake, while in others the results were confined almost exclusively to the less aristocratic togue or, as the residents say, laker. And a good many of these have furnished nearly as good sport as their red-spotted cousins, since they grow to immense size, and, caught in very deep water, always come to the hook with a strong determination to take everything in sight and get away with it.

Probably no one party has had greater success than the Camp Comfort Club, which occupies the delightfully located club camp on the west shore, near Sand Bar, where some of the great records of Moosehead have been made in past years by the members, who are largely Rhode Islanders. In the party this year were Commodore D. L. Fales, C. Fred Crawford, J. W. Freeman, A. G. Hazard, John Booth, Dr. Charles F. Sweet, George Sweet, Charles S. Foster, of Central Falls; C. E. Harrison, J. Milton Payne, Charles Payne, of Pawtucket; Hon. Fred Parker, of Providence, and Wm. P. McKinney, of Boston.

The best fishing they enjoyed in any one day was when they safely landed a total of 156 fish, which included 148 square tails, 7 togue and a landlocked salmon. But that was not the only day for records, as on some others, when they did not take nearly as many fish, they took some record breakers for size. Charles Payne led the party on salmon, his big one weighing plump 6½ pounds, while the largest trout, a 5½-pounder, rose to the occasion when Mr. Parker came along, and Mr. Hazard had no other record left to him but the togue, which he made in fine style, landing a 15-pound fish after a hard struggle—on the fish's part. Such big fish are an old story to Mr. Hazard, who has been coming to Moosehead for so many years that the big ones naturally go his way to see if he can fish as well as ever. Other fish worthy of mention were: Mr. Parker, 4, 4½-pound trout and 6¼-pound salmon; Mr. Booth, 3, 3, 3½, 4¼-pound trout, and 5½-pound salmon; Mr. Crawford, 4, 4½ and 4¾-pound trout.

Another club, which had a most delightful outing, is the Mohawk Club, of Haverhill and Boston, a list of which was given in last week's letter. Seen on their way home by your correspondent, they went into ecstacies over Maine's great inland sea, and said that, although they had fished Maine waters every year for twelve or fourteen years and tried many reputed to be the best, they invariably returned to old Moosehead as the best of them all. They, too, had all the fish the law would allow them to carry home, and delightful memories of those eaten in camp, fresh from the water and cooked as only a Maine guide, in the Maine woods and aided by the fresh, appetite-giving air of Maine, can cook them for hungry men. Mr. Traiser had the sport of his life one day, when he landed 14 trout on a fly in just three-quarters of an hour, while Mr. Heintz added to Boston's reputation by taking into camp 2 togue that weighed 9½ and 7½ pounds, and a 5½-pound trout. Mr. Davis caught a 10½-pound togue, and President Arnold was obliged to content himself with a 3½-pound trout.

W. W. Doane, of Brewer, and N. E. Bragg, of Bangor, have returned from two weeks at Deer Island, where they had some great sport, catching some very large square tails and some extra good togue.

Henry E. Capen, of Augusta, whose boyhood was spent on Deer Island, has to catch fish there every spring or part of his life's gone. This year he was there as usual, occupying his camp on the point, and took all the fish he wanted to catch, carrying home his full limit, all trout and weighing up to 3½ pounds.

Messrs. Archer, Evans and Smith, of Salem, Mass., who have been staying at the Crow's Nest, Sandy Bay, had some magnificent sport there among the big fish, catching square tails up to 4½ pounds, and some large togue. A. B. Seelye, of Boston, went to the same place for a week's stay, but had such good luck that he decided to go home, and left in three days with his limit, with a large proportion of square tails.

Dr. W. James Starbuck and wife, of Boston, have returned home from their private camp on Lake Onawa, with 41 pounds of salmon and trout. During their stay they entertained Hon. J. Frank Lawrence, of Chicago, who took on the troll 10 salmon.

Dr. Frederick Freeman, Dr. George H. Earle, Dr. J. J. Loizeaux and Frank D. Wilde, of Boston, have gone home after a delightful trip through the Fish River system of lakes, starting at Portage. They were in ten days and enjoyed some great fishing.

The Richards party, just out from a stay at the Richards camp on Foster Knowlton Pond, reports a splendid time and all the trout fishing they could stand,

at the delightful little trout ponds that are so abundant in the lower Penobscot, West Branch region, Rainbow, Daisey and Kidney furnish some especially fine strings. In the party were Wm. W. White, of Lowell; Peter Allison, of Bristol, England, who crosses the Atlantic each year to go on this fishing trip with this same party; Wm. J. Leckie, George W. Brown, Wm. Follett, Charles P. Hall and J. L. Richards, of Newton, Mass.

Among the successful parties to visit outlying ponds and streams from this city was the Kimball party, arranged by R. S. Kimball, and including John Webster and American Express Agent D. W. Webber, besides a fourth angler. They went to the Passadumkeag, going to the stream via Enfield and fishing up, instead of down, as many parties do. They caught 250 trout, which satisfied them all that the Passadumkeag was what its admirers claim, the finest trout stream in the country.

A nearer stream, but not, perhaps, quite as easily reached, is Leighton Brook, 33 miles from this city by team. Elmer Archer and Galen Kingsbury, and John H. Piper and F. C. Ball made up two parties that fished that brook Memorial Day, and between them they took out 425 trout during their stay, the first-named couple catching 220 of them.

Already canoeing parties are venturing upon the waters of the great north country to get the advantages of the outing before the flies and mosquitoes get too numerous, and while the early fishing is at its best. Walter T. De Haven, M. D. Boyne, and H. P. Wallis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are on a quite extended trip down the Allegash.

Senator Quay arrived at Greenville this week in the Pullman car "Rambler," accompanied by a party of friends, and was joined there by his five guides from the Ox Bow region, who were with him last year when he made the same trip. They took the steamer to the head of the lake, and at the other end of the carry put their canoes into the Penobscot for one of the finest canoe trips in the northern country. They will go down the Penobscot and through the Allegash to Churchill Lake, where the Allegash waters will be left and, by brook and carry, Spider Lake will be made, and this will be headquarters, whence, when the outing is about over, the canoe trip down the Aroostook will be made, leaving the canoe for the last time at either Ox Bow or Masardis. Senator Quay's guests included State Senator Walter Merrick, of Philadelphia; Stephen P. Stone, of Pittsburg, and Capt. Ben Sooey, of Atlantic City.

Secretary E. C. Farrington, of Augusta, has made a partial announcement of the plans for the annual gathering of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association and friends at Kineo, July 6 to 8, inclusive. The principal topics announced for discussion are whether summer campers and others, going into the woods in close season, shall be permitted to carry rifles with them; whether there shall be further restrictions on the killing of deer by permitting the killing of one doe only, and the killing of fawns prohibited. It has also been intimated that the question of setting aside a tract of land for a State game preserve, in which no fish or game shall be permitted killed at any time, would be talked over at this gathering of sportsmen, but it was not included in the announcement.

There is quite a long list of sports, including a bateau race, double and single canoe races, portage canoe race, log rolling and greased pole contests, tilting contest and a special guides' rifle contest. Prizes will be awarded to the person who catches the largest fish; who catches the largest and second largest square-tailed trout on the fly, casting; the woman who catches the largest square-tailed trout; all the fish to be caught and presented to President Judkins or one of his clerks during the three programme days of the outing.

Salmon fishing at the Bangor Pool, where there ought to be more fish to catch, has not been as brisk as the habitues of that pool would like. Three have been taken there during the week, the largest being landed this afternoon by J. H. Peavey. It weighed just 20 pounds. When one knows that hundreds have been taken during the season in the weirs, and that of that number at least 400 have been purchased by the United States Government for propagative purposes at the Craig's Brook hatchery, it seems as if the weirs must have absolute control of the river, or nearly that, and that the river will soon be empty of its salmon, the greatest game fish caught in fresh water. Between the weirs which catch the great majority of the fish entering the river and the pulp mills which have a decidedly bad influence on those few which are permitted to try and pass them to the spawning beds, the *Salmo salar* of the Penobscot seems doomed to extinction.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Food of the Whitefish.

IN the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History for 1897, and again in my Catalogue of the Fishes of New York, 1903, page 228, I mentioned a female of the common whitefish which was sent from Canandaigua Lake, New York, June 17, 1896, by Mr. James Annin, Jr. The fish had in its stomach numerous small shells of several genera. These shells have been identified for me by Prof. W. M. Rankin, of Princeton University, as representing the following species:

Amnicola limosa (Say.)
Valvata tricarinata (Say.)
Pisidium abditum (?)

Of these three genera *Amnicola* was taken in abundance, while the specimens of the other two were present in small numbers only.

The largest of these *Pisidium* shells are scarcely more than one-eighth of an inch in length, while the *Amnicola* are very much smaller.

The common whitefish above referred to belongs to the same species which developed a singular habit of feeding upon live killifish in the New York Aquarium in 1896. It was considered a remarkable change of habit at the time, for the fish has a stomach specially adapted for disintegrating small shells, its walls in the individual sent by Mr. Annin having been more than one-fourth inch thick. In natural surroundings the fish is a bottom feeder; but in the aquarium it learned to catch live minnows in any part of the tank.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

Fish and Fishing.

Opening of the Salmon Season.

SALMON have made their appearance for some weeks past in the Baie des Chaleurs and also in the estuaries of some of the rivers flowing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At first they were taken for a few days very freely by the net fishermen, though for some time past, to the despair of these latter and to the delight of the anglers, the weather has proved very unfavorable to netting, and it is probable, therefore, that rather more fish than usual will enter the rivers on their way to their spawning grounds. A number of members of the Restigouche Salmon Club were expected at the club house at Metapedia about the 8th or 10th of June, and from the fact that a carload of fish boxes have already been prepared for the club this spring, I imagine that the members are anticipating a good season's catch.

The amount of unleased salmon water in this country is growing less every year, and now another north shore river has been disposed of by the Government. This is the Olomonasheebou, a distant stream, wide and shallow, and in the early part of the season affording excellent sport, containing, as it does, large numbers of both salmon and sea trout. It has been leased by Sir Charles Ross, the manufacturer of the Ross rifle, for $350 a year. Only for being so comparatively difficult of access it would doubtless lease for three or four times as much.

Mr. Ivers W. Adams, with his two sons and Mr. Henry Sampson, of Boston, left here last Thursday by steamer for their fishing camp on the far-famed Moisie, and Mr. Walter Brackett reached here on Saturday on his way to his salmon pools and summer studio on the Ste. Marguerite. Among the earliest salmon fishermen to arrive on their river were Messrs. Stikeman, I. H. Stearns, and Dr. F. W. Campbell, all of Montreal, who fish Chamberlain Shoals on the Restigouche. The streams are all so low for want of water that unless we soon have rain the salmon fishing season will be a very short one, especially upon the North Shore streams. The short and rapid course of the streams, as compared with those upon the south shore of the St. Lawrence, is responsible for the shorter season of fishing in these rivers, except in very rainy seasons. They rise tremendously in times of flood, but fall very rapidly after their ordinary level is reached again.

I have reason to hope that friends who are about to fish some of the North Shore rivers will take the trouble this season to experiment with night fishing for salmon that will not rise during the day. I know that some of the fishermen on the Grand Cascapedia have had good success with night fishing, and friends of mine in Scotland claim to have done the same. On one of the Scotch rivers Mr. W. P. Campbell recently killed two good fish at midnight on a large black-dose. Here in Canada the night flies which have met with any reported success have been light in color. Dark flies are considered the best at night for salmon fishing in parts of Scotland. They can scarcely be too large, nor need the tackle to be at all fine.

Fishermen and Fires.

At present writing forest fires are ravaging the whole of Quebec's north country. No living man remembers to have seen them so severe before or to have covered so large an extent of country. As scarcely a drop of rain has fallen here for the last nine weeks, everything is exceptionally dry. Many of the rivers are unusually low. Scores of fishermen have been driven out of the Canadian woods during the last three weeks, either by the existence of forest fires or by the dread of them. Many of them were burned out of their fishing camps, and in some cases had to take to the water to escape the flames. The pretty railway station of Triton, on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, has been destroyed, though the beautiful club house near by was fortunately saved. The Press Fish and Game Club of Quebec, the Stadacona and the Iroquois Clubs have been less fortunate. All the main club houses of these clubs have fallen victims to the devouring element, and so have a number of camps on the Jacques Cartier Club's limits and others on the shore of Lake Edward, including that of Mr. Odell. The hotel at Lake Edward has been fortunately saved, and so have been the buildings of the Metabetchouan and Tourilli Clubs. In many other parts of the country, too, where extensive bush fires have recently raged, fishermen who were in camp had a narrow escape for their lives, having had to take to their canoes and to paddle out on to the lake. One of the results of these fires has undoubtedly been to drive numbers of wild animals out of the woods. The fishermen who were burnt out of the club house of the Iroquois Fish and Game Club, as just related, saw hundreds of rabbits racing down the railway track some distance in advance of the fire, and bears, moose and red deer, and even a Canadian lynx have made their appearance quite close to the city of Quebec. Edgar W. Anthony, a thirteen-year-old angler of Boston, was crossing a portage in advance of his father and other friends, when he came suddenly upon a bear, which hurried off ahead of the party and took to the water at the end of the portage. This was on the territory of the Laurentian Fish and Game Club in the St. Maurice district. Young Anthony had the good luck the same day to hook and land a gray or lake trout weighing 21 pounds, on a troll.

Ouananiche are Plentiful.

Owing probably to the absence of rain, the fishing for ouananiche opened earlier than usual this year. Ever since about the 15th of May the fish have been rising very freely to the fly in the mouths of some of the rivers, and also about the southern shore of Lake St. John. Several fish weighing between four and five pounds each were taken in one day from the Metabetchouan, and eighteen or twenty fish have been killed to a single rod in one morning in the pool at the mouth of the Ouiachouan, while a dozen farmers were making good catches with bait at the same time from the railway bridge at the mouth of the stream. It is a rather remarkable fact, however, that as soon as the wind veers around to the east, the fish cease to rise. The fishing ought to be good, however, by the 15th inst. in the Grand Discharge.

Some very large catches of trout have been made during the last few days in Lake Edward by bait-fishermen, but the best of the fly-fishing is only commencing, because of the continuance of the cold weather. The members of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club have made good catches with the fly, however, Mr. Bishop taking nearly forty pounds' weight in one morning's fishing. Dr. Porter and his party from Bridgeport, Conn., have also had excellent sport, and so has Dr. Zimmerman, of Philadelphia. The Laurentide Club lakes are furnishing capital fly-fishing just now to a number of Quebecers, and among American sportsmen who have recently shared in it are Messrs. Curtis, of Round Lake, N. Y.; Boynton and Hayes, of New York, and H. Veeder, of Hartford, Conn.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, June 6.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sparta District.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, editor of the Fox Lake Representative, Fox Lake, Wisconsin, writes the following regarding the recently mentioned Sparta trout district of Wisconsin:

"Your little pointer on the LaCrosse River and Sparta a week ago touched me in a tender spot, and it made me homesick. I used to live at Sparta several years ago, and have fished all those creeks and streams there. It set me off so much that I just had to dig out Saturday night and go up there for a day with the trout. I went out with Capt. Frank French, an old time friend, and, by the way, a boy who made a great record in the Philippine war, whose company rescued Gilmore, and who has many other daring deeds and several medals of honor to his credit. We drove up some eight miles above Sparta and put in the LaCrosse River with a boat, fishing down stream. We got into the water about 10 A. M., my train being delayed in reaching the city, and we fished hard and faithfully until about 7 o'clock at night, but were only successful in getting nine trout, running from six to ten inches long. The water was very high and somewhat roily, and the day was decidedly cold, with a strong east wind which you know is a hoodoo for fishing, which accounts in part for our poor luck. We tried the fly first, as we wished to be sporty and fish right, but could not get a raise. Then we tried grasshoppers, dead ones, but the trout did not fancy that feed, not being fresh enough, probably, and would have none of it. Then we got down to the plebian angleworm and caught every trout we got on that bait, but they did not care particularly for them, and it was only after hard fishing and tantalizing work in running the bait over and over the holes that we could get them to touch it at all. There is lots of feed coming in with the high water, and they are not hustling much for feed. Before the cold wet weather set in the boys were getting a few nice trout, and several handsome strings have been taken, but for the past two or three weeks the fishing was poor. I wanted to remain and try them again, but was very busy at home and the weather was still unfavorable Monday, so I returned home. However, I got a taste of the sport and felt much relieved in my longing for the old sport in the Sparta country caused by your little item. Perhaps later on, when the weather gets settled again, I may run up and try them again, but at present I shall have to be satisfied with our own fishing here.

"By the way, isn't it about time you paid me that promised visit when you were going to come up and help me harvest my bass crop? They are biting fairly well now, and several nice ones have been caught, though I haven't been able to get out among them myself yet. I shall be over my rush in a week or so, and then, if the weather gets favorable, I shall try and have some sport with the bass and pipke, and would be glad to have you drop up and help me out. Can give you some good sport with the big-mouths."

The Trout and the Goat.

A gentleman who has recently been fishing the Pigeon River, out of Wolverine, Wis., writes me to-day, inclosing a bit of pebble which would weigh perhaps three-fourths of an ounce and which measures three-fourths of an inch over its greatest diameter and half an inch in width. He says: "Inclosed find a small pebble stone, which I found in the stomach of a twelve-inch speckled trout which I caught in the Sturgeon River yesterday. It was a female fish, quite fat and in good condition. I broke a small piece off one corner of the stone. I have sometimes found sticks, weeds and grass in the stomachs of trout, but never before found a pebble stone."

Close examination would seem to prove that the trout at times somewhat resembles the North American billy-goat in his habits. I have often found them with their stomachs literally distended with what appeared to be black mud. This I think they take while feeding upon the larvæ of the different caddis flies. The other day when Mr. Harris and I were fishing together over in Michigan, we paused for a time in the heat of the day to rest ourselves on certain inviting rocks. Looking into the water at our feet, we noticed what seemed to be pieces of black, water-soaked sticks, each from an inch to two inches in length. Examination proved these to be the cases of the caddis grub. They were apparently fabricated out of black and almost rotten wood or bark, but attached to them were small pieces of sand and tiny pebbles. Breaking open these cases we found ensconced in each a grub about an inch in length. Any trout fisherman is familiar with this sort of thing, and knows that when bottom food of this kind is abundant trout are not so apt to rise. Of course the trout has his mind set on the worm inside of the case, and if he has to swallow the case to get at the worm, very well. I imagine that my informant's trout was going after a certain fat tidbit of this sort and regarded the pebble simply as an incident in the operation.

For any fisher who is not familiar with the appearance of these caddis cases, I may say that he is apt to pass them over without careful examination, as they seem to be simply bits of the flotsam of the stream. Yet if he will watch closely along the bottom, he may see one of these black looking "stick baits" begin to crawl, even up stream against the current. The head end of the case is

always open, and close examination will show the grub sticking out his head and a couple of sets of short and sturdy legs, by means of which he is able to accomplish locomotion. Putting some of these apparently inanimate bits on top of a rock, where the sun would strike them, we could see the little fellows stick out their legs and finally wriggle and squirm until they turned the whole case over and so got back into the water.

Down in New Mexico, where I used to fish, we often used as bait the grub of what we called the willow fly. These cases seemed to be made of a sort of glue, with fine sand and very small pebbles. One would sometimes find a handful of them attached to the bottom of a rock which he turned over in the stream. This form of "stick bait" was entirely different from the wood cases which we find in Michigan and Wisconsin. My recollection is that the grub of the willow fly was a little bit paler in color and rather larger than these Michigan larvæ.

For Wisconsin.

Messrs. John Bates and Henry Wagner, of Chicago, this week left for a trout fishing trip of some extent out of Ellis Junction, Wisconsin. They expect also to take a few bass.

Back from Washington.

Mr. W. S. Phillips, of Chicago, this week returned from a hurried trip to Washington and the Puget Sound country. He found time to do some fishing and took one trout, which I suppose was likely a sturgeon, and which weighed fifteen pounds. We in this country know nothing but baby fishes.

Luck at Lauderdale.

Members of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club who made the trip to Lauderdale Chain had fair fishing, but nothing very startling. It need not be said that they had a grand good time.

The Pere Marquette Trip.

The Père Marquette trip of the Chicago anglers will probably be deferred until July, until the weather conditions are more favorable. So far the weather has been exceedingly bad for anglers of the middle West.

Kalamazoo.

I have at different times noticed with interest the beautiful Kalamazoo River, more especially in its course between Battle Creek and Kalamazoo towns. I am told that this is a very prolific bass stream, the fish being smallmouths, and that the Battle Creek and Kalamazoo boys frequently make boating trips between the two towns. One or two friends here wish to make this trip, and the only cloud I can cast upon their prospects is the commonly believed information that in the summer months the fish of this stream are wormy and not fit to eat. Some of the Battle Creek anglers bring them home alive and turn them loose in cold water for a while, after which time they are said to assume good condition. I am sorry these fish are not good to eat, for the stream seems ideal for fly-fishing, and I believe a boat trip with a fly-rod on that water would be a pleasant experience.

The Wautoma District.

Mr. C. P. McAvoy, of this city, came in the other day to ask for a good vacation country for himself and wife. He wants some bass fishing, but would not balk at a trout now and then. He had in mind some point on the Mississippi River, where he intended doing some fly-fishing for the famous small-mouths of that stream. The exceedingly high waters on the great river, however, would seem to put it out of an angler's plans. I advised Mr. McAvoy to go up to some nice farm-house near Neshkoro, or to drop in at Bean's hotel at Wautoma, or to try Benjamin's place near the White River. There are very many little trout streams near this place, and west of Wautoma there are a couple of lakes known as Silver-Crest. It is still a trifle too early for fly-fishing for bass along the lower White, but still one might catch an occasional bass even now. The beauty, restfulness and healthfulness of this district give it considerable attraction, and Mr. McAvoy, who already was somewhat familiar with the streams of that neighborhood, took counsel to go in there for his vacation. He will probably do considerable exploration, in company with either Art Bean, of Wautoma, or Carl Bartl, of Princeton, both of whom know that country thoroughly well.

About Hooks.

A friend of mine down in Kentucky sent me a nice bunch of round-bend Carlisle hooks, which he had specially imported at considerable expense of time and cash. He is very fond of this pattern of hook and thought he had the real thing. Now he writes me from Michigan that he tried them and had all kinds of trouble. He says: "I broke ten of them yesterday while fishing, and they all broke at the same place, seeming to be very brittle. I send you one, to show you just where they broke." The hook inclosed is broken just at the thin place under the barb. I should think a hook which would break ten in one day's fishing was a good thing to leave at home, or in England, whence they originally came.

A good many of my friends are very fond of the Pennell bronzed hook, more especially that with the up-turned eye. This is a strong, keen hook with deep barb, and has great holding powers. It is said that under a fair driving test this hook will penetrate pine wood further than any other to which equal power is applied. I noticed a good many of the Saginaw crowd used Sneck side-bends. I believe this is a good catching hook, though hardly think it has the power in holding the very heavy fish which would be gained by the thicker wire of the bronzed Pennell. The Sproat hook has the best reputation for striking quality, as it is thought to be of ideal central draft. There are, however, Sproats and Sproats. I had a bunch of queen-of-the-water flies, or a sort of Sproat, which patterns seemed to be very attractive over in Michigan this week, yet I never missed so many fish in my life as I did on this particular fly. The point of the hook recurved in so far toward the shank that in very many cases it not only failed to catch but failed to hold. I presume every angler has his favorite pattern. Just at present the bronzed hook is having a big run in this part of the angling world. As a matter of fact, almost any hook will do when the trout are well on the feed and are not coming short. It should not be forgotten, however, that one of the great functions of a hook is to come intact out of a tree or a log, when perchance it is fastened there instead of in the anatomy of a fish.

Record Rainbow.

Mr. John Bain, of Grand Rapids, Mich., last week, according to advice just at hand from John Waddell, of the latter city, was so fortunate as to capture an eight-pound rainbow trout. I have no details as to the incident, but that weight is record for the Père Marquette.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Another Tame Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of May 23 I read with much interest an article by Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, "Wild Trout I have Met."

I note, with sympathy, for this gentleman, his remarks about the big trout which made goo-goo eyes at him from the depths of a clear pool, for this experience has tried the patience of more than one fisherman, who, after repeated efforts with various kinds of bait, has gone home wondering why these big trout failed to take the least notice of the many good things offered. I have heard many theories advanced why, at times, trout will not respond to the most urgent dinner call. But no matter about the real reason. The fact remains. I will say to Mr. Cristadoro, if at some future time he finds a pool where he sees the goo-goo eyes and hears the hearty trout laugh come bubbling up to the surface, "Go home; get your supper; and when the shades of night have fallen over that charming pool, add to your fishing kit a bulls-eye electric light and try them again. Flash that light over the pool, and drop your wriggling worm within its circle. You may not enjoy midnight angling, but if trout are necessary for breakfast you will have them."

Now, a word about that tame trout which came to such an untimely death at Duluth. The world is wide, but printer's ink spatters over a vast territory; and should a copy of the Tribune containing that story fall into the hands of Mr. Ed. Grant, of the Rangeley Lakes region, I fear he would at once drop his rod and go gunning for his namesake in Minnesota. That story, with slight variations, was told years ago by Ed. Grant; only his tame trout did not slip from a log, but dropped through a bridge and was drowned. Now, Ed. is original. He enjoys a good story and knows how to tell one. The tame trout story is his pet piece of fiction, told in such a positive manner that no one but a fisherman could doubt it. And were he to know that some other Grant had been fooling with his little fish I fear he would be justly angry.

ROXBURY.

[The tale of a fish caught, tamed and taught to live on dry land, has been told of many different fish by many different fish story builders in many places; but the claim is made that the original story as told in this country was the FOREST AND STREAM translation from the Swedish of a story of a herring which followed its master about on dry land and eventually fell from a bridge and was drowned. This was printed, it must have been, ten years ago.]

Fishing Temperance.

CONSISTENCY requires those of us who are right minded fishermen to reasonably limit ourselves as to the number of fish we should take on favorable days. On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to bear the fall between what we may determine upon as decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and make ourselves at all points better men and better fishermen.—Grover Cleveland in the Independent.

A Tagged Jewfish Heard From.

TARPON, Texas, May 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 27th inst. Mr. C. E. Gast, of Pueblo, Colo., landed a jewfish bearing a tag inscribed as follows: "Aransas Pass, 1903. Report to FOREST AND STREAM. W. B. Young, New York." This fish was tagged by Mr. Young about April 10.

W. A. FARLEY.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Kennel Diseases.

AFTER an interval of some months, "Kennel Diseases, their Symptoms, Nature, Causes and Treatment," by Ashmont, has superseded "Dogs, their Management and Treatment in Disease." Excellent as was his first work, "Ashmont" (Dr. J. Frank Perry) has placed it under a total eclipse by the scope, profound, yet concise, information contained in his later work, "Kennel Diseases." His first work contained 208 pages; his later work contains 424 pages. The whole work, aside from the author's comprehensive technical knowledge of diseases and their treatment, is markedly sterling good sense. The work is for the information of the layman, and therefore, as near as may be, it is written in language easily understood by all. In his preface the learned author gives the keynote to his theme, as follows: "In attempting to popularize medicine—for the guidance of non-professionals—a common fault seems to be failure to particularize, and thus leave far too much to conjecture. In endeavoring to obviate this I may have gone over the line and indulged in what might seem to some to be needless repetition. But if so no real harm can have been done; and in the matter of doses, especially, my readers can scarcely go wrong. There are no specifics in canine practice. That is, no medicines which are sure cures always for the same diseases. Indeed, in many instances, a medicine which has cured a large number of cases may prove valueless in the next case, although it might seem precisely like the others. Again, cures can be effected only in stages, as it were. That is, one class of drugs will accomplish a certain amount of good and no more, and another class must be employed to secure greater gain." This will commend itself to all serious thinkers for its soundness. The work is divided into three parts, "The Sick Quarters," "Principles of Medicine," and "The Practice of Medicine," the latter including every disease to which the dog is subject. Published by Little, Brown & Co. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Price, $3.00.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

10. Atlantic, 90-footers, Sandy Hook.
10. South Boston, club, City Point.
10-12-13-15-16. Manchester, trial races for selection of challenger for Seawanhaka cup, Manchester Harbor.
11. New York, fifty-seventh annual, all classes, off Sandy Hook.
13. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
13. Boston, club, South Boston.
13. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay.
13. Larchmont, spring regatta, Larchmont.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
14. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
15. New York, Glen Cove cups, Glen Cove.
17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Larchmont, races for 90-footers, Larchmont.
17. Boston, Y. R. A., off Point Allerton, open.
17. Dorchester, open, Dorchester Bay.
18-19. New Rochelle, club, New Rochelle.
19. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
19. Indian Harbor, 90-footers, Greenwich.
20. Southern, Baldwin and Walker cups, New Orleans.
20. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
20. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
20. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
20. Corinthian, first championship, Marblehead.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, 90-footers, Oyster Bay.
20. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
20. Columbia, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Hudson River.
20. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
20. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
20. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
21. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
21. Gloucester, N. J., annual, Delaware River.
25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27. South Boston, club, City Point.
27. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27. Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
27. St. Paul, cruise, rendezvous St. Paul, Minn.
27. Chicago, special. Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

CONSTITUTION was put in the dry dock at Erie Basin on last Saturday in order that she might be measured. The yacht was measured with fifty-eight men on board. Mr. Charles D. Mower, the measurer for the New York Y. C. did not give out the results of his calculations.

OWING to the thick fog that hung over the lower bay on Monday, June 8, the race between Columbia, Constitution and Reliance was abandoned. The three boats lay in the Horseshoe and made sail during the morning, but the fog rolled in so thick that it was impossible to start. As there was a fresh southeast breeze blowing and quite a steep sea running outside, it would have been a good test for the boats, and it was a source of great disappointment to all interested that the fog prevented what might have been a very exciting race.

Atlantic Y. C. Ocean Race.

June 1 to 3.

The first of three ocean races to be held by the Atlantic Y. C. this year, was started on the morning of Monday, June 1, and finished in the early hours of Wednesday, June 3. Six schooners started and finished the 248 mile event, which was won on corrected time by the smallest of the lot, Kiwassa, owned by Messrs. H. B. Shaen and H. A. Rusch, of the Atlantic Y. C.

By winning the event Kiwassa gets a beautiful trophy presented by Com. Frederick Adams, of the Larchmont Y. C. Mr. J. G. N. Whittaker's schooner Iroquois secured second prize and George Lauder, Jr.'s Endymion third. Both the latter trophies were offered by the Atlantic Y. C.

The course selected was a long one, calculated to try out the craft in every way. It led from Sea Gate to the Fire Island Lightship, thence to Northeast End Lightship, off Cape May, and from there to the finish, off Scotland Lightship.

But conditions on the first ocean race were exceptional. It was like sailing on a summer sea with hardly enough wind or wave to make the trip exciting. These conditions, of course, handicapped boats like Endymion, Iroquois, Fleur de Lys and Thistle, distinctly at best in real ocean-going conditions.

A gratifying feature about the event was that every craft finished the contest, and during the progress a majority of the contenders were in sight of one another. The courses and distances covered by the racers are approximately represented as follows:

	Nautical Miles.
Craven Shoal Buoy to Swash Channel Bell Buoy, S ¼ W.....	4¼
Swash Channel to Black and Red Buoy, S.E. by S.....	2¼
Black and Red Buoy to Red Buoy No. 2, S.E. by E. ½ E....	1
Buoy No. 2 to Fire Island L. V., E. by S.....	36½
Fire Island L. V. to N. E. end L. V., S.W. ¼ S.....	100
N. E. end L. V. to Barnegat Bell Buoy, N.N.E. ¾ E.....	53
Barnegat Bell Buoy to Scotland L. V., N. by E. ½ E.....	42
Total distance.....	248

The event was scheduled to start June 1 at 10:15 A. M. Fifteen minutes before that time the preparatory signal was fired from the regatta committee boat, the power yacht Agnes, kindly loaned by Mr. T. C. Treadwell. The tide was on the last of the flood, and there was about a 7-knot breeze blowing S. E. by S.

The starting line was between the stake boat and Craven Shoal bell buoy. The six contenders, which came to the line, were as follows:

	Net Tonnage.	Over All Length.	Racing Length.
Thistle, Com. Robert E. Tod	235	150	110
Endymion, George Lauder, Jr.	116	126	100
Iroquois, J. G. N. Whitaker	86.16	96.3	82.3
Fleur de Lys, Dr. L. M. Stimson	86.29	108	90
Estelle, L. J. Callanan	59.99	91.2	78.5
Kiwassa, H. B. Shaen	45.90	79	78.5

The starting gun at 10:15 sent the craft away. Estelle led. On her decks was L. J. Callanan and several guests. Fleur de Lys was next over. Miss Stimson represented her father, and was the only passenger aboard. Iroquois was the next craft over the line. Her owner was not present. The party to take the long trip consisted of men from the Quaker city, including Prof. Albert H. Smith, Benjamin Hawley, the artist, and Howard E. Myers.

Fourth boat over was Endymion. George Lauder, Jr., was on board and has as his guests Andrew Carnegie, Jr., Richard Sheldon, the Yale athlete, and Jasper Rowland. On Kiwassa, the next craft to get away, were the owners, H. B. Shaen and H. A. Rusch, E. A. Ericson, Thomas L. Arnold and L. S. Baylies. Thistle was the last to cross. On board Commodore Tod had as guests Frederick Vilmar and Charles E. Schuyler of the Regatta Committee.

In the journey to Swash Channel bell buoy, the boats, which had all started close hauled on the port tack, made a number of short boards to get the best of the tide, which was running with great strength in the channel.

Going about the buoy, Endymion led, followed by Iroquois. Fleur de Lys and Estelle stood further into Sandy Hook Bay than the rest of the fleet, got out of the tide and gained perceptibly thereby, at one time being well ahead of Iroquois and very nearly on even terms with Endymion. When the boats got straightened out for the course to Fire Island Lightship, they had a fair tide. At this early stage of the contest it was noticeable that whenever the breeze lightened Endymion, Fleur de Lys, Iroquois and Kiwassa would draw away from Estelle and Thistle. A freshening breeze, however, would enable the flagship to pick up materially.

At a bit after 3 o'clock the breeze hauled into the S. W., making eased sheets possible and with ballooners set, all stood for the first turning point, some 20 miles away. Endymion slowly drew away from the other boats. At 4:45 the lightship was made out. When within 5 miles of the lightship the wind flattened to about 5 knots. The boats were slow in rounding, were timed as follows:

Endymion	5 36 20	Fleur de Lys	5 58 27
Iroquois	5 45 37	Kiwassa	6 05 28
Estelle	5 51 33	Thistle	6 07 00

For the first 44 miles of the course Endymion had averaged a bit over 6 miles an hour. She had gained 9 min. 42 sec. on Iroquois, 16 min. and 23 sec. on Estelle, 22 min. 37 sec. on Fleur de Lys, 27 min. 38 sec. on Kiwassa, and 27 min. and 23 sec. on Thistle. The boats were close hauled on the port tack, standing for Northeast End Lightship, 109 miles away.

Some of them took short tacks out to sea. At sunset Endymion was well ahead of Iroquois, which was some distance astern and to windward. A half mile to leeward and astern was Estelle. Abreast of her was Fleur de Lys a quarter mile to leeward. Kiwassa came next and then Thistle, all about a quarter of a mile apart. Up to this time of the contest all of the competing yachts had been in full view of one another. As the sun retired over the starboard in favor of a most beautiful moon, the individual contestants lost sight of one another, not to see a welcome sail again and learn their relative positions until the next day.

At 9:30 P. M. the breeze went into the W. N. W. and headed the six schooners way off their course. This took the boats directly back in range of Navesink Light, which could be distinguished on the horizon miles away.

At midnight the wind again made a shift, this time into the west, and finally landed in W. N. W. This enabled the boats to retrace their course parallel to the Jersey shore, about 4 miles away. They all were about to starboard and moving through the water at a good clip.

At quarter after twelve the next morning the haze, which had been over the sea most of the day, cleared so that all the competitors were in sight and Northeast End Lightship could be distinguished some 4 miles ahead.

Endymion was seen to have rounded and was beating the beach for home. Fleur de Lys and Iroquois were nearly abreast. Estelle was a quarter of a mile astern, separated by about the same distance from Thistle. Kiwassa was bowling along finely with ballooner and spinnaker set, with some three miles distance to make up. Times taken at the second mark were as follows:

Endymion	11 35 00	Estelle	12 38 42
Fleur de Lys	12 33 26	Thistle	12 50 05
Iroquois	12 37 10	Kiwassa	1 28 48

In the 109-mile leg, Endymion had gained 13 min. 22 sec. on Fleur de Lys, 43 min. 21 sec. on Iroquois, 32 min. 6 sec. on Estelle, 24 min. 47 sec. on Thistle and 57 min. 7 sec. on Kiwassa.

There was some windward work after rounding the lightship. At sunset the breeze had increased to a 9-knot clip from E. S. E. Endymion could be just distinguished some 4 miles ahead. Fleur de Lys and Iroquois were having it out astern. Thistle was leading Kiwassa and Estelle by 3 miles. The latter had difficulty with her centerboard on the way home and was rounded into the wind several times in an endeavor to fix it. The boats were within 2 miles of Barnegat at 9:30 o'clock P. M.

At midnight the wind worked around into the westward and freshened. This gave the boats a starboard reach and the fastest sailing of the race. Again the breeze shifted and worked into the W. N. W. Sea Girt was abreast at 1:30 A. M. At the same time Navesink's flash could be distinguished. Scotland Lightship was picked up at 2:30 A. M. The finish was when this beacon bore due east, magnetic. Daylight came at 3:45. At that time all but Kiwassa and Estelle had finished the long journey.

Endymion was first to end the long race. Then came Iroquois, Fleur de Lys, Thistle, Kiwassa and Estelle in the order named. Times taken at the finish were as follows:

Endymion	1 36 00	Thistle	3 23 30
Fleur de Lys	2 54 34	Kiwassa	4 57 27
Iroquois	3 04 00	Estelle	6 05 00

Kiwassa had beaten Iroquois on corrected time, 11 min. 48 sec.; Endymion, 15 min. 23 sec.; Fleur de Lys, 46 min. 37 sec.; Thistle, 2 hrs. 41 min.; Estelle, 2 hrs. 59 min. 33 sec.

The next ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C. will be started on Monday, July 27, at the end of the New York Y. C. cruise, when a number of the Sea Gate fleet are expected to be at Newport. The course will be from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Nantucket Shoal Lightship, and thence to Sea Gate, an estimated distance of 297 miles. A complete summary of the first ocean race follows:

Atlantic Y. C. Ocean race for Schooners—June 1 to 3—248 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kiwassa	10 18 35	4 57 27	42 38 52	38 22 52
Iroquois	10 16 20	3 04 00	40 47 40	38 34 40
Endymion	10 16 45	1 36 00	39 19 15	38 38 15
Fleur de Lys	10 16 05	2 54 34	40 38 29	39 09 29
Thistle	10 19 38	3 23 30	41 03 52	41 03 52
Estelle	10 15 35	6 05 00	43 49 25	41 22 25

Marine and Field Club.

Y. R. A. OF GRAVESEND BAY,

Saturday, June 6.

The third season of the Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay was opened on the afternoon of Saturday, June 6, with a regatta under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. The event was greatly marred by a heavy fog, which hung over the lower bay all day.

Despite the unfavorable conditions, nineteen boats of all classes came to the line, all but three of which finished. Two were disqualified. It was the first race held since the withdrawal of the Atlantic Y. C. from the Association, and the showing of nearly a score of boats for the initial regatta of this season against an entry of twenty-five in 1902 for the opening event, is most encouraging to the clubs that now make up the organization.

The start of the race was scheduled for three o'clock. A postponement of 15 minutes, however, was taken in hopes the fog would lift. Three minutes after the preparatory gun at 3:15 classes M and N were sent away. The other classes were started on 3-minute intervals.

The course for classes above P has been slightly changed this year. Instead of going from the starting line to West Bank Light and return, the boats now sail a four-sided course, going, when covered in regular order, first to the red can buoys off Coney Island Point, then to Craven Shoal buoy, from there to a stake boat off Fort Hamilton, and home to the starting line.

The breeze at the start of the race was S. S. E., blowing at about a 7-knot clip. This gave the larger craft a long, close-hauled board out with booms to starboard. A few windward hitches were necessary to make the can buoy. From there it was a reach and then a run to the mark off Fort Hamilton and a close-hauled leg home.

Bonito and the yawl Ionta were the only boats to cover the longer course twice, which constituted the prescribed distance. The others did not care to risk the fog outside and withdrew.

Boats in classes P or under went from the starting line to a mark off Ulmer Park, thence to a stake boat off Sea Gate, from there to the Fort Hamilton mark and home. The first leg was to windward, the next close hauled, the third a spinnaker run and the last a close-hauled board home.

From the beginning all had difficulty in locating the marks. W. H. Child's class Q boat Trouble, was well sailed, and led the fleet home on the first round by a good margin. Times taken at this stage of the race follow:

Trouble	4 10 55	Boozie	4 22 50
Spots	4 13 50	Kelpie	4 28 10
Streak	4 15 10	Jig-a-Jig.	4 30 10
Ogeemah	4 15 35	Esperance	4 31 05
Flying Fish	4 19 00	Stinger	4 31 12
Quinque	4 21 30	Vixen	4 33 05
Martha M.	4 21 45	Bonito	4 53 00
Rascal	4 22 10	Ionta	5 21 45

There was little change in positions during the second round. Boozie was disqualified for fouling the mark off Fort Hamilton, although she led her class home. Quinque was also disqualified for not covering the proper course. Ogeemah passed Streak, while Stinger passed both Esperance and Vixen.

At the finish Trouble led Spots by 5 min. 45 sec. Flying Fish, by 11 min. 40 sec. Ogeemah beat Streak by 1 min. 30 sec. Martha beat Rascal by 2min. 9 sec. Kelpie led Jig-a-Jig by 2 min. 10 sec., Stinger by 4 min. 22 sec., Esperance by 7 min. and 27 sec., and Vixen by 11 min. and 35 sec.

The next regatta of the Y. C. A. of Gravesend Bay will be held on Saturday, June 20, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Special—Start, 3:18.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	6 23 10	3 05 10
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	Withdrew.	

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:18.

Squaw, H. J. Heath	Withdrew.
Indian, Menton Bros.	Withdrew.

Auxiliary Yawls—Class N—Special—Start, 3:18.

Ionta, M. W. Torrey	Not timed.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:21.

Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay	5 03 30	1 42 30
Streak, Speidel Brothers	5 05 00	1 44 00

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:24.

Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 56 00	1 32 00
Spots, D. D. Allerton	5 01 45	1 37 45
Flying Fish, L. M. Dean	5 07 40	1 43 40

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:30.

Martha M., Richard Moore	5 11 46	1 41 46
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 13 55	1 43 55
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	Disqualified.	

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:33.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 21 20	1 48 20
Jig-a-Jig, Ferguson & Hutcheson	5 23 30	1 50 30
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 25 42	1 52 42
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton	5 28 47	1 55 47
Vixen, J. J. Mahoney	5 32 45	1 59 45
Quinque, W. J. Spence	Disqualified.	

The winners were Bonito, Ogeemah, Trouble, Martha M. and Kelpie.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

COLLEGE POINT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 6.

The annual regatta of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 6. The event was marked by a good list of entries, but the racing was unsatisfactory owing to the lack of breeze. The regatta committee of the club sent the towboat Glen Cove to Larchmont, New Rochelle, Manhasset Bay and City Island to tow any yachts that wanted to race down to the starting line.

The larger boats started off the clubhouse at College Point and sailed around Gangway Buoy, then back to the starting line, a distance of 14½ miles. The small boats also started off the clubhouse and rounded Big Tom Buoy, off Belden's Point, City Island, then back to the starting line, a distance of 10½ miles.

The steamer Favorite, with the members and their friends on board, followed the boats over the course.

The start was scheduled for twelve o'clock, but there was no wind at that time, so it was postponed an hour. Just before one o'clock a little E. N. E. breeze sprung up, and the preparatory was given at that hour.

Effort had no competitor in the 43ft. class, so Mr. William Gardner, who designed the Canada's Cup challenger Irondequoit, very kindly entered that boat in order to give Effort a race. It was not expected that Irondequoit would beat Effort, as she was designed under an entirely different rule, and is a big powerful boat, and Effort carried an enormous club topsail, which was of great benefit to her, as nearly all the breeze was aloft.

Effort and Irondequoit were sent away at 1:05, Effort being sailed by Mr. Addison Hanan, and the Rochester boat by her skipper, James Barr. Irondequoit crossed at the windward end of the line on the starboard tack, with Effort well to leeward. The two boats held together pretty well until off Clausen's Point, when Irondequoit ran out of the wind and Effort was able to hold a favorable puff that put her well ahead. Effort being the leading boat, caught all of the puffs first and got a good lead on Irondequoit. At Gangway Buoy she was over five minutes ahead. It was a spinnaker run home, and Irondequoit seemed to pick up a little on the Herreshoff boat. When off City Island the wind dropped out, and Irondequoit withdrew and ran back to her anchorage in Manhasset Bay.

Next to the 43ft. class, the most interesting racing was in the 30ft. class. Alert, sailed by Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, had things her own way, and beat Flosshide by over 7 min.

In the raceabout class Jolly Tar won with Grasshopper second.

During the latter part of the afternoon a little breeze came out of the S. W., which enabled the boats to finish.

The Regatta Committee was made up of O. H. Chellborg, Chairman; Harry Stephenson, C. W. Schlesinger, L. C. Berrian, F. H. Stillman, J. O. Sinkinson.

The summary follows:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

Effort, F. M. Smith	4 31 55	3 26 55
Irondequoit, Thomas B. Pritchard	Withdrew.	

Sloops—43ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 1:00.

White Wing, Louis C. Berrian	6 02 57	4 52 57
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	5 48 45	4 38 45

Sloops, 36ft. Class—Start, 1:50.

Leda, S. H. Mason, Jr.	5 21 38	4 06 38

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:25.

Alert, J. W. Alker	5 20 42	3 48 42
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	5 20 50	3 55 50
Little Peter, F. M. Wecks	5 25 05	4 00 05
Curlew, H. Ashmore	Withdrew	

Raceabouts—Start, 1:30.

Rogue, A. B. Alley	5 29 17	3 59 17
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	5 29 45	3 59 45
Jully Tar, Slocum Howland	5 26 07	3 56 07
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer	5 28 10	3 58 10

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

Firefly, D. P. Granberry	5 35 07	4 00 07
Snapper, A. B. Alley	5 32 45	3 57 35
Lucille, C. L. Weyand	5 43 40	4 08 40
Bonita, W. H. Peer	Withdrew.	

Yawls—Start, 1:15.

Irene, Daniels & Allen	6 04 12	4 49 12

Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

Ripple, Kraemer & Miller	6 10 27	4 35 27
Annie C., Jas. Custance	5 26 40	3 51 40

Open Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown	4 40 53	3 00 53
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	Withdrew.	
Phidias, C. Kirchhof	Withdrew.	

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 1:40.

Caper, P. L. Howard	4 43 16	3 03 16
Knave, R. N. Bavier	4 45 30	3 05 30
Ace, Miss A. Bavier	4 45 47	3 05 47
Alga, A. Mestre	4 54 36	3 14 36

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:40.

Lambkin, W. W. Swan	4 47 52	3 07 52
Falcon, Stevens & Cole	4 55 35	3 15 35
Arizona, G. A. Corry	4 49 14	3 09 14

One-Design Catboats—Start, 1:45.

Shovonne, George J. Stelz	5 11 55	4 26 55
Copperhead, R. Brandt	Withdrew.	

The winners were Effort, Nautilus, Leda, Alert, Grasshopper, Snapper, Irene, Ripple, Jeebi, Caper, Lambkin and Shovonne.

The following sales have been made by Mr. Stanley M. Seaman: 41-footer launch Ted, for Mr. Charles Longstreth, of Philadelphia, to Mr. F. B. Van Doorn, of New York city; 47ft. launch hull for the Marine Construction & Dry Dock Co., to Mr. Robert C. Fisher, of Larchmont; sloop Oriole for Mr. C. E. Pinckney, of New Rochele to Mr. Geo. C. Pease, of New York city, and the sloop Nan for Prof. H. E. Northup to Mr. R. M. McBride, of New York city.

Annual Cruise of the Goodenough.

Story Submitted in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY FRANK F. FRISBEE, DETROIT, MICH.

With watching the now dimly seen shore line of Batchewana Island and keeping our sails drawing well, time flies rapidly, and before we know it we glide into Batchewana Bay and round the Fishhouse Point, and soon are on our anchorage. It is eleven o'clock before our hook is down, and our sails furled. Taps are sounded and all turn in, with our riding light in the rigging we feel safe.

Batchewana Bay is only about 45 miles from the Soo, but beyond the fact that it is aecessible, might as well be as many hundred, for it is away from the immediate vicinity of the fishing station in the wilderness. It is probably 15 to 18 miles in extreme depth, by 12 or 15 wide, but it is cut in two parts by Batchewana Island, which lies practically in its center. There are numerous small islands and eountless bays and coves. There are five first-class trout streams, some of which are large rivers, with several smaller creeks running into the bay. Back of it are high hills or mountains covered by the dark green forests of the north. Outside of the bay are numerous reefs and shoals where the trout congregate. By referring to the chart accompanying this article and the descriptions of our various trips, the above deseription will enable one to have a fair idea of our eruising grounds.

The bay is a beautiful spot in this beautiful world, and happy is he who cruises on Batchewana's crystal waters.

If any one still questions the eharms of the Bay, they will find in the lines beneath a few of the reasons why it is charming:

WHERE IS BATCHEWANA BAY?

Where the gentle zephyrs play,
Where the rushes bend and sway
O'er the wavelets clear and blue,
Where there's rest and peace for you.

Where the forest, dark and green,
On the distant hills are seen;
Where the crystal rivers flow,
Down to join the lake below.

Where beneath the crystal tide,
The "speckled crimson beauties" hide;
And in waters dark and deep,
The gamy bass 'neath rock doth sleep.

Where darkest night is turned to day,
By bright Aurora's radiant play,
And the stars in sky so blue and clear,
Seem to earth to be quite near.

Where upon the rugged shore,
The wild waves dash with mighty roar,
When the Storm King cometh forth
From his home in distant north.

Where still the caribou and deer,
Roam the forest without fear,
And man's desecrating hand has not been laid,
On forest deep and grassy glade.

Where mountains raise toward the sky,
Their fir-clad peaks and summits high;
Where mighty waterfalls with crested wave,
The cañon's deep, dark side do lave.

Where far from the crowd and push and strife,
He who will, may live a peaceful life,
And live not for the morrow, but to-day,
That, my friend, is Batchewana Bay.

The sun does not always shine even in Batchewana Bay, and the next morning when the Professor turned out, he found it had rained hard during the night. The wind had gotten to the north, a little west (which means eold up there), and there was a nasty sea rolling outside, which did not bother us, excepting to make the yacht tug on her chain, so we payed out plenty, so she would ride more easily.

After breakfast we went ashore and renewed our pleasant aequaintance with the foreman of the fish gang. For here is a commercial fishing station. We replenished our iee chest and sent our mail ashore for the down boat, which was due the next day. This is an advantage along the north shore, the faet that it is possible to send and receive mail from the fishing stations. So that while in a measure we are isolated, we still keep in toueh with the outer world.

LOWER FALLS AND POOL OF CHIPPAWA RIVER.

About noon the Skipper took a vote on where we would sail to, and it was decided that we would go up the bay to the mouth of the Chippewa River. So the Skipper and Ed went forward and tackled the anchor, while the Professor took the stops off of the mainsail and stood by the wheel. On board the Goodenough each man does his share, and we take much pleasure in handling our craft. We have tried taking a sailor man, but find we can get more real sport by handling her ourselves, and while it is sometimes hard work, it gives us a good appetite. In getting under way we always followed a certain system, and it may please brother yachtsmen to know how we work it. The Goodenough carries two large anchors (100 pounds), a patent and old style, also a kedge. We sometimes need 'em all, but generally one large anchor will hold her. We never try to haul our anchors with the windlass, but enough of the erew take hold of the chain to ride her slowly up to the anchor; when apeak we make on to the windlass and pump her up. Sometimes it is hard to break, and then we get the canvas on and break the hook loose that way. By the time our anchor is a weigh stops are off of sails, mainsail is up and then head sails go up. The Professor takes the wheel and brings her into the wind. The anchor is fished and catted, and we are off.

The wind was very fresh when we started, and we were just able to lay our course for the cut (see diagram), between mainland and Batchewana Island. The wind held, so that by one o'clock, after a fine sail, we neared the Chippewa. Our anchorage here is just off the deep water near a bank, which is a great lurking place for bass. It is claimed that there are only two places where bass can be caught on the north shore of Lake Superior—Goulais Bay and Batchewana Bay. But you do not always get them there. Sometimes. We have had fair luck, as the photographs will show. Fishing for bass we put in the rest of the day, and when evening came enjoyed the beautiful scene and the echo, which came back to us from high mountains and hills. To the left of the Chippewa River the hills rise nearly precipitous from the shore of the bay, and in one place the huge rocks are like palisades, and they look like the walls of some old castle or fortress perched upon the mountain top, the highest point being 1,040 feet above the sea, or over 400 feet above lake level.

When the bugle was sounded the high hills would send the sound waves rolling along, and echo on echo would come back, until the sound would die away in a ringing note like that of a bell, and which we never tired of hearing. During the night a cold north wind eame up, so double blankets were very necessary, as we always open windows and the companionway at night.

No one was in a hurry the next morning to turn out, but the Skipper sounded the reveille at seven, and it was not long before Percy's kerosene burner was puffing. Not that we burned oil in our cook stove, but Percy had a way of hurrying things up by pouring coal oil into his stove, and then things hummed. The yacht has only been on fire three or four times, but that don't eount with Percy, when he is in a hurry, and we looked pleasant and put our trust in Providence. We can excuse much in Perey, for he soon calls us to a very fine breakfast, for if we do not do anything else, we live well on the Goodenough, and fresh air appetites are generally with the crew.

WATCHING THE WAVES ROLL IN—NORTH SHORE LAKE SUPERIOR.

It was decided that the Skipper, Ed and the Prof. should put in a day on the Chippewa. So one of the small boats is dropped into the water and waders are donned, lunch put up and we pull from the yacht, leaving Percy and his burner in the hands of Providence, hoping to find all there when we return. It is only a short row into the mouth of the river and then up the winding, beautiful stream for a mile and a half. All north shore rivers are like the Kentucky Colonel's description of whisky—good—but, of course, some are more beautiful than others. The Chippewa is one of the prettiest and we always enjoy the pull up to the first rapids, or low falls, where we leave our boat. It would be hard to describe the beauties of the falls and rapids of the Chippewa. In about one-quarter of a mile the river descends at least two hundred feet, and this fall consists of sheer descent, broken cascades, tumbling rapids and deep, but swift flowing basins or pools. On one side the huge rocks and hills rise direct from the flowing water, and the dense forest crowns the summit with an ever-lasting green. Huge rocks with gray and barren sides, are piled in chaotic masses in the center of what, in the season of high water, is a thundering torrent and a mighty waterfall. Great boulders worn smooth by the friction of years are piled up in masses, and deep potholes worn by stones, whirled about by the rushing waters abound. The seene about the falls is wildly beautiful, and the immensity of the power that has cut its way through these granite bluffs is overpowering. Pen pictures fail in eonveying any adequate idea of such scenes as we here behold, and the photographs aecompanying this artiele are like all photographs, tame to look at, when compared with the original.

The trout fishing below, in and above the falls, is generally good. We always get all we want, and that is sufficient. Our day's catch will be a fair sample, fishing only about four hours. Sixteen fish—ten pounds. Largest one and one-half pounds. These trout are the genuine fontinalis, or, as commonly called, speckled brook trout, the largest taken from the Chippewa by our party weighed over three pounds. Our first day on the "Chip," as we have abbreviated the name, was one of pleasure. We were not out to make a record, and wanted other things as well as fish. We knew what we could do, as we had been there before. Much time was spent with the camera, and a few huckleberries were picked. Ed, who had never been up before, spent most of his time sitting on the rocks admiring the seenery. The Skipper likes to wade out waist deep into some favorite pool and east a skillful fly for the big fellows that lurk in deep water, while the Prof. kept busy with rod and camera, even after the rest said quit. The pest of black flies and skeeters are here in season, but August has not proved to be a bad month and we dope freely. We find that the Col. Fox receipt given in the FOREST AND STREAM, is as good as any, but the great secret of any fly dope being successful is to use it freely and often.

As we rowed down the river the glassy surface shone like a mirror and reflected back with added splendor the drooping bush, stately fir and shining white birch, while the blue sky with its fleecy white clouds was beneath us instead of over. One who has never seen the startling effects of the shadows on these rivers would hardly credit the wonderfully beautiful reflections, if told how they look. The water in most of the larger streams is dark and of a peculiar clear color, that seems to be capable of reflecting objects above with great distinctness. Slowly we pull back admirng the seene, and at six reach the mouth of the river. The Skipper looks over his shoulder and says, "Thank Neptune, the yacht still floats." He always expects the burner will get in its work.

Trout for supper, and then an hour on deck with the new moon, and bugle echoes. Then some games of crib before the crew retire to sleep the sleep of the north shore, which is a very refreshing and exceedingly delightful variety of slumber.

A day spent in loafing, bass fishing, just a little, and roaming about, soon passes, and it may be some of the erew did not get enough of that fine artiele of slumber. At any rate, no one wanted to sail away from the Chippewa, until the next day, then a fine breeze tempted us to get sail on, and as it was favorable we headed up the bay for the extreme southeastern portion. We had a great wind, and though it was squally, we earried all sail. In fact, it has to blow mighty hard to make the Goodenough say enough, as she is under, rather than over eanvassed—a good fault in a eruiser. The wind eame over our quarter and off shore, so we could, sailing the course necessary, start our sheets and let her go. We heeled a little, but there was no sea to speak of, and as the Skipper said, "She went some."

The ten or twelve miles we had to go were too short, as we would have enjoyed more of the exhilarating sail.

We dropped anchor in what is known as Stoppel's or Cady's Cove, a beautiful little harbor at the extremity of the bay. Here rise some very high hills and bluffs, and emptying into the eastern side of the small bay, or eove, is a small ereek—Stoppel's Creek. Now, we knew Stoppel's Creek, and visions of the past, where we had taken two and one-half pound trout out of its deep holes, made us quite desirous of trying it again.

The Skipper cleeted not to go up the creek, as he said we would have trout enough and he wanted to do some botanizing. So Ed and the Prof. took a small boat and started alone. Stoppel's Creek differs from the other streams that flow into Batchewana Bay, as it is smaller and comes out of a lower country, there being no high falls upon it. The smallest boat can only be taken up about a half mile, and then one has to wade. It has, of course, been lumbered, that is, timber has been cut on its banks and driven down with the spring freshets. At an old dam, about a mile from the mouth of the river, which was built by the Lumber Jacks, and which has partly been destroyed, we found some fine trout lurking under the logs and in the pools. We fished a short time and then decided to walk up the creek to discover the falls if possible, but after a hard tramp of two hours, gave it up, as we had gotten

RAPIDS AND ROCKS ON THE BATCHEWANA BELOW THE FALLS.

out of the hills and into what looked like a cedar swamp. We were informed afterward that the ereek headed in a lake. It was after six P. M. when two

very tired individuals got back to the yacht, as an eight or nine miles tramp in waders is not easy. We had thirty-one trout, some of which would weigh three-quarters of a pound. But the lumbering operations had spoiled the fishing, as far as large trout were concerned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Canada's Cup Challenger.

ON Wednesday, June 3, Irondequoit, the cutter built to challenge for the Canada's cup was launched from the yard of the builder, B. F. Wood, at City Island. She was designed by Mr. William Gardner, of the firm of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, for a syndicate of Rochester yachtsmen, headed by Mr. Thomas B. Pritchard.

Irondequoit is a fine vessel, and rather more of a ship than one expects to see in the modern racing boat, and if she is a fair example of the type of craft that is to be produced by the present rule of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes it is indeed a good one.

The boat is devoid of any extreme features, and is a very wholesome craft in every particular. In this boat Mr. Gardner has abandoned the balance rudder hung on a short vertical stern post and has returned to the usual raking sternpost with the rudder hung on it in the conventional way.

In design the yacht shows a very clean and well modeled form with a midship section of good area. The overhangs are comparatively short and well balanced. She floated just to her lines after her spars were put in place and her high freeboard, moderate overhangs and short bowsprit gave her a very snug and substantial appearance. The topsides are painted white and the bottom is treated with a green composition that has great anti-fouling qualities, both in salt and fresh water.

Mr. Wood, who perhaps turns out the best work in the country, produced a superior boat in Irondequoit, and she is a model of fine construction and workmanship. The keel, deadwood, stem, sternpost, frames and deck beams are of white oak. The planking is double, the inner skin being made of white cedar 5/8in. thick and the outer of 7/8in. mahogany. The floor plates are of steel, and diagonal bronze straps add strength to the construction. The construction has been made as light as was compatible with necessary strength and also to conform to the scantling restrictions of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes.

The boat is very roomy on deck and the arrangement of the cabin trunk is the same as Mr. Gardner originally put in the yawl Albicore, and last season in Rosalie.

The cabin house, which is quite narrow, is of mahogany, and at the after end of it two heavy deck beams run across the boat, giving great transverse strength. Then there is a square house, also of mahogany; aft of this house is the water-tight cockpit. The deck is laid in white pine and the rail, waterways, hatch coamings, skylights, companionways, etc., are of mahogany. With the exception of the bowsprit the spars are hollow and the yacht has a very superior suit of American-made sails turned out by Messrs. Wilson & Griffin, the duck of which they were made being woven according to Mr. Gardner's own ideas. All the deck and spar fittings were also made according to the designer's plans. The yacht steers with a tiller.

The dimensions and particulars follow:

Length—	
Over all	64ft.
L.W.L	39ft. 6in.
Breadth extreme	13ft.
Draft extreme	9ft.
Freeboard least	2ft. 10in.
Overhang—	
Forward	11ft.
Aft	13ft. 6in.
Displacement	22 tons.
Lead on keel	10 tons.
Area midship section	35 sq. ft.
Sail area, total	2,600 sq. ft.

Below the yacht has a vast amount of room. The companionway leads to a large saloon. On either side are wide transoms and back of these are berths. At the forward end on each side are sideboards. At the after end are large lockers for linen, clothes and general storage. A passage leads into the ladies' cabin aft which extends the full width of the boat. There are transoms on either side with berths in behind. The large square house overhead gives full headroom and splendid ventilation. Over the main saloon is a large skylight. Forward of the saloon on the port side is a roomy lavatory with patent closet and folding basin with a half skylight above. Opposite on the starboard side is the galley, which is also ventilated and lighted by a half skylight. The forecastle is large and affords unusually good accommodation for the four men carried. In the lazarette under the cockpit there is ample room for spare gear and sails.

The writer was aboard Irondequoit on her initial spin on Saturday last, when she tried conclusions against Effort in the Knickerbocker Y. C. race. The boat handled perfectly, and while Effort beat her, yet the test could hardly be called conclusive. Effort carried a big jack yard topsail much larger than the one used on Irondequoit and she seemed to have all the luck. The breeze was very light and fluky. The test was hardly a race, and in reality was only a sail-stretching spin. As Irondequoit was a "green" boat, the trial was very satisfactory, both to her designer and her skipper, Mr. James Barr.

"Jimmie" Barr comes from a famous family of boat sailors, and is a brother of John Barr and a nephew of Charles Barr. A word about him may be of interest. He has been brought up in racing boats and has all the essentials that make up a successful racing skipper. Barr was six years in Musmee, the Newport 30-footer, and he also had the 43-footer Hebe the year she came out. He was also in the schooner Clorita and the famous 25-footer Cartoon, and these boats never lost a race while they were under his command. He is rated as one of the cleverest and ablest boat sailers in the country, and he will get the best there is out of Irondequoit.

Irondequoit will be taken out daily in order to get the crew and sails in the best possible shape. She will also be raced occasionally until the end of the month, when she will start for Rochester.

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, Ont., May 30.—Strathcona, the cutter which will defend the Canada's Cup against Irondequoit, the Rochester, N. Y., challenger, was launched on Thursday, May 28, and will be ready for her trial races in ten days.

The new boat is not a syndicate craft, her owner being Mr. Norman Macrae, of Toronto. He has gone to an expense of some $8,000 to provide a worthy defender for the historic trophy, and at the same time a staunch, thorough-going craft that will be a source of pride and comfort, whether she is a successful racer or not.

Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner, was pleased to express his consent to the use of the name and his best wishes for the yacht's success; and Strathcona she was christened, in orthodox style, by Mrs. R. S. Smellie, at Oakville, taking her first dip into the same old river that has floated all the Canadian defenders and challengers for the trophy. Commodore Æmilius Jarvis was among those present at the launching and was highly pleased with the new craft. It is probable that he will sail her, as he has sailed all the previous Canada's cup racers and is the best-known Canadian skipper.

Strathcona looks chunky, compared with such "long, low raking craft" as the original Canada, Beaver, or Invader, whose names have become famous in connection with the Canada's Cup. But she is a graceful boat, and a pleasing product of the new rule. She has not much sheer, but sufficient for good looks. Her counter is long and fine, and her forward overhang rather short. She is painted white, with a broad silver band at the waterline, and glittering black underbody. Her deck is finished in mahogany and brasswork, and is flush, without a cabin trunk, but the usual breaks, such as hatchcoamings, skylights, companionways and cockpit.

In sail plan the defender differs largely from the challenger Irondequoit. The base of her triangle of canvas is at least 8ft. longer. The height is some 4ft. less. This has caused some criticism, as the second week in August is usually the time for star-tickling club topsails on Lake Ontario, and while the broad-based triangle is a good sail plan to lug in a smashing breeze, the high and narrow one may be the kind that is needed. There is never any question of one of Payne's designs being able to carry sail; the query is, has the English designer fully estimated the possibilities of Lake Ontario light weather? Beaver, the fastest boat of her size in a breeze Lake Ontario has ever seen, lost the Canada's Cup through a succession of light days. Two suits of canvas are being made for Strathcona, one by Ratsay and Lapthorne, in England, and one by a Toronto firm, and it has been suggested, whether wisely or not, that one or the other might be cut expressly for light weather. A higher peaked mainsail, allowing a larger and loftier club topsail, could be carried with the same set of spars, and would not take long to bend.

Strathcona is a deep-bodied boat, with easy bilges, hollow floors and more hull and less fin than former Canada's Cup craft. She has comparatively short overhangs—8ft. forward and 12ft. aft, leaving off the inches, and a fair, clean side that can be immersed to the rail without materially changing her lines. The lead is the biggest part of the fin, carried in a simple "U" shaped slab, 30in. deep at the after end and 15 forward. It does not quite reach to the sternpost aft, or to the forward end of the fin. The great rake of the sternpost, the simplicity of the slab of ballast, and the wide, deep wooden rudder are the features of her underbody.

In construction, the benefit of the doubt has always been given to strength in preference to lightness. The complete frame of the yacht was constructed and set up in Southampton, England, by Summers and Payne, and is of English oak. The planking is inch and a quarter Douglas fir, absolutely without a knot, in 40ft. lengths. There are no butts, the planks being scarfed where it is necessary. The fir is a third heavier than cedar, but is much stronger.

Accurate dimensions of the defender are:

Length over all, 59ft. 7in.; waterline, 40ft.; breadth, 13ft. 8in. on deck, 13ft. 3in. at the waterline; draft, 8ft. 3in.; lead ballast, 10½ tons; mainmast, cap to heel, 47ft.; main boom, 47ft. 6in.; main gaff, 28ft. 6in.; topmast, 20ft. 10in., from fid to sheave-hole, and 22ft. over all; bowsprit, outboard, 12ft.; mainsail hoist, 33ft.; sail area, 2,598 sq. ft., divided thus: Mainsail, 1,393; club topsail, 348; staysail, 315; jib, 281; total headsail triangle, 856.

For a trial boat Strathcona will have the benefit of Gloria, also designed by Payne, and of transatlantic fame. Gloria is a larger boat, 10ft. longer on the waterline, and of great capabilities as a racer and cruiser. She won the Coupe de France in the Mediterranean in 1898, and was subsequently purchased and brought out for Mr. H. C. McLeod, of this city, who generously places her at the disposal of the race committee as a trial boat, until June 20. On that date Gloria starts for a salt-water cruise, to last all summer, but there will be plenty of good material left behind in the local fleet to give Strathcona what further practice sailing she needs.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Conditions Governing Canada's Cup Matches.

CONDITIONS governing the match for Canada's Cup, to be sailed between yachts representing the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C:

RULES.

The racing rules shall be those of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, as existing at this date, subject to such additions and variations as are herein provided, and in accordance with the deed of gift, dated January 16, 1897.

CONSTRUCTION.

The yachts shall be of wooden construction, in accordance with the scantling tables in the rules above-mentioned.

SIZE OF YACHT.

The competing yachts shall be in the 40ft. L. W. L. class.

NUMBER OF RACES.

The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match.

DATE OF RACES.

The first race shall be sailed on Saturday, the 15th day of August, 1903, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed. Sundays excepted.

COURSES.

The races shall be sailed on Lake Ontario, off Toronto Harbor, on courses to be hereafter agreed upon.

The first course shall be triangular.

The second course shall be windward or leeward and return. The tug bearing the buoy shall start at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third and fifth shall be similar to the first.

The fourth shall be similar to the second.

The triangular races shall be once around an equilateral triangle of twenty-one nautical miles.

The windward or leeward races shall be nine nautical miles to windward or leeward and return.

The triangular courses shall be so sailed that one side of the triangle shall be laid to windward (first, if possible).

In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard, and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

TIME.

All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M.

Any race not sailed in 5½ hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges—

1. In case of fog.
2. If, in their opinion, the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.
3. In case both yachts consent to a postponement.
4. In case of serious accidents to either yacht, as hereinafter provided.
5. Should such a course appear to them desirable.

And in case of postponement the judges shall determine the time for starting, but in no case shall a race be started later than 1 P. M.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is given shall be recalled by five short blasts of the wistle and the hoisting of her national flag, and shall also be recalled by megaphone.

UNFINISHED RACES.

An unfinished race shall be resailed until completed.

ACCIDENTS.

In case of accident to either yacht prior to the preparatory signal, notice thereof shall immediately be signalled to the judges, who shall have power to postpone the race, if the accident, in their opinion, is sufficiently serious to warrant such a course; or if an accident occurs during a race, the yacht to which the accident has happened, shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

SCRUTINEERS.

Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor.

The names of the scrutineers shall be given to the judges not less than 24 hours before the first race, and the scrutineers shall report to the judges within six hours after the termination of each race.

MANAGEMENT.

The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of them shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third on or before the first day of July, 1903, and they shall act as judges and timekeepers and settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters.

The judges shall be the Regatta Committee referred to in the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

REFEREE ON CONSTRUCTION.

A referee on construction shall be appointed not later than December 1, 1902, to whom all construction plans may be submitted and all questions on construction referred, and his interpretations of the scantling table shall be final.

MEASUREMENTS.

The yachts shall be measured by the judges or by disinterested persons appointed by them, and each yacht shall be entitled to have a representative present when measurements are taken.

The yachts shall be measured not less than four days before the first race.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Charts of the course and instructions shall be furnished to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

ALTERATIONS.

These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

(Signed)

Æmilius Jarvis, Commodore, on behalf of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Ont.

(Signed)

C. E. A. Goldman, witness as to A. E. Jarvis signature.

(Signed)

Charles Van Voorhis, Commodore, on behalf of the Rochester Y. C., Rochester, N. Y.

(Signed)

Frank T. Christy, witness as to Chas. Van Voorhis signature.

Supplemental conditions governing the match for Canada's Cup, to be sailed between yachts representing the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C:

1. These supplemental conditions, in so far as they conflict with the conditions dated June 16, 1902, supersede and control those conditions.
2. The rig of both yachts shall be restricted and limited to what is generally known as "cutter rig," and shall consist of mainsail, topsail, staysail, jib, jib topsail and such other canvas as is usually set under such rig, topmast to be carried or mast extended to form topmast, it being the intention to prevent the rigs generally known as "jib and mainsail" and "jib, staysail, and mainsail rig."
3. The first race shall be sailed on Saturday, the 8th day of August, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed, Sundays excepted.
4. It is stipulated that the year book of the Yacht Racing Union for 1902 contains a correct copy of the Yacht Racing Union rules.
5. Mr. W. P. Stephens, of Bayonne, New Jersey, is hereby appointed referee on construction.

Dated, Rochester, January 23, 1903.

(Signed)

Æmilius Jarvis, Commodore Royal Canadian Y. C.

The Rochester Y. C. by Charles Van Voorhis, Commodore.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 6.

The one-design 15-footers sailed their first race over the inside course on Saturday, June 6, for the Center Island cup. Seven boats started, and Sabrina, owned by Mr. C. W. Wetmore, won by nearly 3 min. The wind was light from the S. E. The race for the raceabouts was abandoned. The summary follows:

Start, 3:25:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	6 28 35	3 03 35
Cayenne, C. F. Hoyt	6 31 25	3 06 25
Imp, H. H. Landon	6 33 41	3 08 41
Olita, H. C. Rouse	6 36 43	3 11 43
Kentenia, C. H. Davis	6 37 08	3 12 08
Fly, Emlen Roosevelt	6 37 47	3 12 47
Bairn, W. H. Matheson	6 38 30	3 13 20

OAKLAND, Cal., June 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the large but unavoidable element of chance which enters into a modern international yacht race, would it not be much better to start the three Shamrocks against Columbia, Constitution and Reliance? Never before in the history of the American Cup races has there been such an opportunity as is now presented, and probably another like it will not occur within this generation.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

Corinthian Y. C.

STAMFORD, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 6.

The Corinthian Y. C. held a regatta for auxiliaries and launches off Stamford on Saturday, June 6. The course for the auxiliaries was off the clubhouse to and around Cow Buoy, thence to the finish line, a distance of four miles. The course for the launches was also from a starting line off the clubhouse to and around Gangway Buoy, thence back to the finish line, a distance of five miles.

The summary follows:

Auxiliary Power Yachts.

Vitesse, W. L. Bradley	1 02 15
St. Elmo, Thomas Pritchard	1 14 15
Mizpah, Mansfield Towns	1 15 01

Launches not over 26ft. and over 21ft.

Æolus, R. H. Gillespie	1 06 00
Palmer, Thomas Smith	1 07 30
Wasp, E. J. Trowbridge	1 09 30
Spray, M. O. Dibble	1 10 15
Pawnee, F. A. L. Snecker	1 10 45
Isabella, Fred S. Pitt	1 12 15
Hartford, W. P. Hatch	1 12 30
Chief, Wallace Brown	1 16 00

Launches not over 21ft. and over 17ft.

Dick, B. Goldfinger	1 16 15
May S., Joseph Hubert	1 19 15

Launches not over 17ft.

Katherine, William F. Gillespie	0 43 00
Bateau, W. Selleck	1 06 00

The winners were Vitesse, Æolus, Dick B. and Katherine.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

"The Yachtsman's Annual Guide for 1903," compiled by Mr. M. J. Kiley, has recently been issued. The book is larger and more complete than any of the previous issues, and contains a large fund of valuable and important matter.

The steam yacht Sagamore, owned by Mr. Edward Clinton, has been sold by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield to Mr. William H. Barnard, of New York.

The schooner Columbia, owned by Mr. Joseph De F. Junkin, of Philadelphia, has been chartered by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw.

Shamrock I. and Shamrock III. left Fayal, Azores, accompanied by the steam yacht Erin and the tug Cruiser on Thursday afternoon, June 4, for New York.

Messrs. Colven & Bickmann have sold the steam yacht Apache for Mr. Spencer Kellogg to Mr. Carl R. Schultz, and the steam yacht Rex for Mr. Alexander Stein to Mr. Geo. F. Benson, of Montreal. This firm has chartered the steam yacht Rival for Mr. T. A. Beall to Mr. H. H. Sands.

At the last meeting of the New York Y. C., the following were elected to membership: Frank C. Swan, Leonard Richards, T. C. Dunham, Daniel Cox, James D. Goin, Thomas H. Wheeler, Commander J. D. Adams, U. S. N.; J. B. Francis Herreshoff, Alex. H. Rutherford, Medical Director Dwight Dickinson, U. S. N.; William Andrews Clark, Merritt B. Mills, William Ruloff Kipp, Commander W. H. H. Southerland, U. S. N.; General Louis Fitzgerald, William H. Bromley, Edgar S. Turton, William M. Warren, Lieutenant-Colonel William P. Biddle, U. S. M. C.; C. H. R. Woodward, Lieutenant Stanford E. Moses, U. S. N.; Midshipman Isaac I. Yates, U. S. N.; Ensign C. H. Woodward, U. S. N.; Mefford Runyon, Otto G. Smith, Henry M. Wykes, Alexander M. Orr, Jr.; D. L. Clemson, Naval Constructor W. G. Groesbeck, U. S. N.; Frank H. Clark, Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Rodgers, Henry Howard, Benjamin T. Fairchild, Ralph A. Sturges, George A. Weber, Arthur W. Dennis, Charles F. Street, Frank A. Marsh, Captain A. Marix, U. S. N.; J. G. Neafie Whitaker, William May, Charles J. Follmer, W. Starling Burgess, Midshipman John Rodgers, U. S. N.; Heber R. Bishop, Samuel Dwight Brewster, Charles J. Harrah, Nelson Macy, John C. O'Conor, Herbert C. Leeds, F. L. Shippaid, Lieutenant Emory Winship, U. S. N.; Edward Bradford Dench, M.D., and James Kingan.

Owing to the lack of entries the annual regatta of the New York Y. C. that was to have been sailed on June 11, the event will be combined with races for the Glen Cove cups, which will take place on the Sound on June 15. The following notice has been issued by the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C.:

NEW YORK Y. C., June 6, 1903.

There being no apparent prospect that any of the classes for the June regatta will be filled, the club steamer will not go down the bay on June 11.

The steamer Cepheus will be placed at the disposal of the members and the ladies accompanying them on the occasion of the Glen Cove cups, June 15. Lunch will be provided as is customary at the June regattas. The 90-footers will be entered for this event.

The Cepheus will leave the foot of East Thirty-first street at ten o'clock in the morning and will touch at this pier on her return.

Tickets issued for the regatta on June 11 will be accepted on the Cepheus.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
NEWBURY D. LAWTON,
EDWARD H. WALES,
Regatta Committee.

Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard is the new owner of Dreamer, the steamer recently sold by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson. Mr. Lawson retained the name Dreamer when he sold the boat, and Mr. Ledyard will call her Roamer.

"Manning's Yacht Register for 1903" has been issued. It is divided into two volumes: Part one contains a list of all recognized yacht clubs in North and South America, and also a register of all steam and sail yachts enrolled in these clubs. Part two contains records of yacht club races sailed during 1902. The books are well gotten up and are substantially bound in white canvas.

The Regatta Committee of the Sippican Y. C., Marion, Mass., have arranged the following races for this season:

Friday, June 19—Open race.
Friday, June 26.—First open Corinthian.
Friday, July 3.—First club Corinthian.
Friday, July 10.—First open ladies.
Friday, July 17.—Second club Corinthian.
Friday, July 24.—Second open Corinthian.
Saturday, July 25.—Second open.
Friday, July 31.—Third club Corinthian.
Saturday, August 8.—Sports—illumination.
Friday, August 14.—Fourth club Corinthian.
Friday, August 21.—Second open ladies.
Saturday, August 22.—Van Rensselaer cup.
Friday, August 28.—Fifth club Corinthian.
Friday, September 4.—Third open Corinthian.

The plant of the Racine Boat Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis., was totally destroyed by fire on May 31. New buildings will be built at once and the business will be conducted on a larger scale than ever before.

Captain Howard Blackburn left Gloucester, Mass., for Havre, France, in a 15ft. dory on June 7. Captain Blackburn is well known as a lone voyager, this being his third trip across the Atlantic in a small craft.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 15-16.—Union Hill Schuetzen Corps twenty-fifth anniversary shoot. P. Stumpf, Capt.
June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., June 2.—I inclose herewith a communication in regard to the 50-shot revolver record by J. E. Gorman, of San Francisco. I also inclose a circular letter which has been sent out to a number of the principal revolver and pistol shots of the United States. This letter embraces about all the information that we have up to the present time in regard to the proposed international matches. The exact dates and other details will be arranged as soon as possible:

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

The communication above referred to follows:

On April 26, 1903, Mr. J. E. Gorman, of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, San Francisco, announced his intention to shoot for the 50-shot revolver record under the any revolver rules of the U. S. R. A., at 50yds. The score was begun at 4:15 P. M. and finished at 4:53 P. M. Mr. Gorman shot a Smith & Wesson revolver, with a 6½in. barrel, 2lb. trigger pull, open target sights. The weather conditions were fair. The score follows:

J. E. Gorman	10	10	8	9	10	9	10	10	9	9—94
	10	8	10	9	10	8	10	10	9	7—91
	9	10	10	9	8	7	8	10	8	9—88
	7	9	9	10	8	10	10	8	10	9—90
	10	10	8	10	10	10	9	8	10	10—95—458

The above score complies strictly with the rules and regulations of the U. S. R. A., and is recognized as the 50-shot revolver record under the conditions named.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

The circular letter follows:

Dear Sir—As you probably have seen in the shooting papers and other publications we are now negotiating for two international matches, one with France and one with Great Britain, both to be shot with revolvers. In the match with France there will be fifteen men on a side, 60 shots per man, at 50yds. on the Standard American target, any revolver and any ammunition; trigger pull 2½lbs. The time limit in which the scores must be completed has not yet been decided. In the match with Great Britain there will be eight men on a side, 12 or 30 shots at 20yds, and 12 or 30 shots at 50yds. The conditions of this match have not yet been decided, but they will probably be a plain 2in. bullseye used at 20yds., and the Standard American target at 50yds. The English suggest 12 shots at each distance. We suggest 30 shots at each distance. The complete details of this match will be decided later.

The object of this letter is to urge you to begin systematic and regular practice, and get yourself in as good condition as you possibly can by the end of June; also to request that you use your influence to have any other good shots in your vicinity practice with you under the conditions of the matches and report to me what progress is made about once a week. The matches will probably be shot between the end of June and the beginning of July. The range at Walnut Hill, Mass., has been offered to the Association free of expense. This is the finest equipped range in the East, and the Americans will probably shoot both matches at this range. We expect to arrange for free transportation for as many candidates for the team as possible, and it is the hope of the Executive Committee that we may be able to assemble twenty-five or thirty of the best shots in the United States at the Walnut Hill range several days before the match. The team will then be selected from the men who make the highest scores in preliminary practice. We are trying to make arrangements so that 2in. bullseye for 20yd. shooting in the English match can be obtained for the asking. Definite information in regard to this will be given later.

We have just published a new booklet, giving the revised constitution, championship matches, rules and regulations, and list of members, bringing the latter up to date. This is going forward to you under separate cover.

As you know, the revenue of this Association is obtained solely by the yearly dues of the members and such voluntary contributions as individuals choose to make. You could aid very materially if you could induce several new men to join the Association. Will you not try to do this? I am inclosing application blanks herewith for thus purpose, and will fordward reading matter to any address that you may furnish me.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT,
Sec'y-Treas. U. S. Revolver Association.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

*June 10-11.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
June 16-19.—Warm Springs, Ga.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Meriwether Gun Club. Chas. L. Davis, Sec'y.
June 16-18.—New London, Ia.—Seventh annual midsummer target tournament of the New London Gun Club.
June 16-18.—Grand Western Handicap Target tournament of the Denver, Col., Trap Club.
*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 17-18.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa,—E. L. Klipple tournament.
June 18.—West Chester, Pa., Gun Club's all-day target shoot.
June 23-25.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association's second annual target tournament; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
June 25-26.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Two days' target tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Bert B. Adams, Sec'y-Treas.
July 3-4.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's two days' shoot. A. H. Frank, Sec'y.
July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
July 4.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Special handicap, 100 targets, for $10 in gold. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
July 4.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Targets. G. G. Zeth, secretary, Altoona, Pa.
July 4.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club. S. G. Miller, secretary.
July 4.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association's Holiday shoot. D. W. Hallam, secretary.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
July 15.—Charlottesville, Va.—Shoot of the University of Virginia. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, m'g'r.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; $500 added.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Dover (N. H.) Sportsman's Association have announced a shoot for July 4.

The next regular shoot of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association will be held at Memphis, Tenn., in July.

The University shoot will take place this year on July 15, at Charlottesville, Va., Mr. G. L. Bruffey is the secretary.

Mr. Ernest F. Scott, captain of the Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club, informs us that his club will hold its fifth annual tournament on Oct. 8 and 9. Mr. H. Santmyer is manager.

Mr. Henry H. Stevens, of Rahway, N. J., an expert shooter and gentleman of broad, accurate knowledge in tourament matters, has joined the professional ranks of trapshooters.

At the shoot of the Interstate Association, at Boston, Mass., June 3 and 4, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high in the averages, with 184 and 186 out of 200, a total of 370 out of 400 for the two days, 92.5 per cent.

The shoots of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Gun Club are held on Thursday. Elsewhere in our trap columns this week, in the report of their last weekly shoot, a cordial invitation is extended to visiting sportsmen.

The Wanderers, a trapshooting organization, were invited by the North River Gun Club to participate in its shoot at Edgewater, N. J., on Saturday of this week, but owing to the New York State shoot this week, probably the visit will be postponed to June 20.

At the opening shoot of the Delaware County, Pa., Gun Club a team contest was a feature. There were three teams, six men to a team, 25 targets per man, and they scored as follows: Delaware Country Club 133, S. S. White Club 130, Century Gun Club 123.

It is a pleasure to mention that Mr. Harold Money is recovering surely but slowly from his recent severe illness. He has been recuperating for some weeks in Colorado. His mother, who has been nursing him through it all, will return to her home in Oakland, N. J., soon.

The secretary, Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, 302-304 Broadway, informs us that the Richmond Gun Club will hold an all-day target shoot on July 4, on the club grounds at Concord, Staten Island. There will be a special handicap at 100 targets for a **ten dollar gold** piece. Entrance $2. Refreshments will be served on the grounds.

In an eleven-man team match between teams of the Dalton Rod and Gun Club and the Pittsfield (Mass.) Rod and Gun Club, June 6, 25 targets per man, Pittsfield won with a score of 167 to 153. Mr. H. S. Sidway was high on the Pittsfield team, with 24. Mr. Flansburgh was high on the Dalton team, with 18. The Dalton Club was recently organized.

Mr. E. E. Shaner, secretary-manager, writes us as follows: "The Interstate Association tournament scheduled for Viroqua, Wis., July 30 to Aug. 1, will be held on the grounds of the La Crosse Gun Club, La Crosse, Wis., under the auspices of both the Viroqua and La Crosse gun clubs, the same dates holding good. John M. Moore, La Crosse, Wis., will furnish information relating to the tournament.

The secretary of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club writes us as follows: "Our club will celebrate the "ever glorious 4th" by holding an all-day shoot, to which all our old friends are cordially invited. We would like all lovers of the scatter gun to come and spend the day with us, so that we can call them all old friends. They can make all the noise they wish, and we will help them do it."

At the Budd-Burmister tournament, Arnold's Park, Iowa, June 2-4, Messrs. F. Gilbert and F. Riehl were the only manufacturers' agents who shot through the entire programme. Gilbert broke 579 out of a possible 600, an average of 96.5 per cent., truly an excellent performance. Mr. W. H. Heer won high average in the amateur class, with 566, about 94.4 average. The recent floods in the West caused a smaller attendance than was anticipated.

The programme of the Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club, provides fourteen events for July 4, 10, 15 and 20 targets, $1.15, $1.25 and $1.30 entrance. Events 9, 10 and 11, inclusive, are the prize handicap match, 50 targets, regular, unknown and reversed angles. Targets included in entrance at 1½ cents. Sweepstakes optional. Lunch served free. Total number of targets, 190; total entrance, $17. Mr. C. A. Griggs is president. Mr. S. G. Miller is secretary.

The secretary-treasurer, Mr. Bert B. Adams, writes us as follows: "The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, will hold a two days' target tournament on June 25 and 26. Mr. Hugh Clark, of Wabash, Ind., has challenged Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Eminence, Ky., for the possession of the Grand Hotel cup, and the match will be held during the tournament. Programmes for the shoot are now in the hands of the printers, and will be mailed in a few days."

The Interstate Association tournament, to be given at Rutherford, N. J., on June 24 and 25, is within convenient reach of southern New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania trapshooters, and is not incouvenient for others living at greater distances. The programme is an attractive one, there is a comfortable clubhouse and traps perfectly installed. The transportation facilities are first-class. Keep the dates posted in your hat and shoes.

Mr. Ernest Detmold, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, suffered a serious accident on Wednesday of last week. His horse became unmanageable under the elevated road in Harlem, owing to fright, caused by a passing train, and collided with another horse, throwing Mr. Detmold from his carriage to the pavement. Mr. Detmold's scalp was severely cut, and required several stitches, but we are greatly pleased to add that his injuries are not dangerous, and that he is rapidly recovering.

The Grand Western Handicap tournament at targets, June 16-18, given by the Denver, Col., Trap Club, has $625 added money. On the first two days there are ten 20-target events each day, $2 entrance, $15 high average, one money, each day. On the third day there are five 20-target events, and the Grand Western Handicap, for the Denver Post Trophy, emblematic of the Western championship, 100 targets, $10 entrance, $100 added; two moneys for every ten entries. Shooting commences at 9:30. Practice day on the grounds, June 15. Reduced railroad fares. Mr. Fred C. Whitney will act as cashier. Mr. Frank B. Cunningham, of St. Joseph, Mo., will act as manager. Guns, ammunition, etc., sent by express, should be addressed to Chas. E. Younkman, secretary, 1537 Arapahoe Street, Denver. The competition is open to all, distance handicap.

The programme of the eleventh amateur target tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association, to be held under the auspices of the Caddo Gun Club, at Shreveport, La., June 16 and 17, may be obtained by applying to Mr. V. L. Fulton, secretary of the Caddo Gun Club. Added money, $1,100. The events are alike each day, seven at 20, two at 25 and one at 10 targets, entrance based on ten cents per target; 20 events all told, $40 total entry, and $500 added each day. Rose system. On June 15 there is a special 100-target event, $10 entrance, $100 added money, high guns, three moueys for every ten entries. On the first day, events 5 and 6 (50 targets), are for the Labacher medal, for league members only. On the second day, event 5 is the 3-man team race for Peters team trophy. No. 6 is for $80 gun, donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. Sweepstakes are open to all amateurs. To high average for the two days, Hunter Arms Co. gold medal.

Mr. Edgar L. Klipple, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., informs us that he will give a two days' shooting tournament, June 17 and 18, live birds and targets, at Hanover Park, a few miles from his city. He assures us that the tournament promises to eclipse the successful tournaments previously given by him at the same place. The programme of each day has ten events. These are 120 bluerocks and 12 live birds on the first day; total entrance $18.70. On the second day there are 145 bluerocks and 20 live birds; total entrance $30.15. Nos. 6 and 7 on the first day are at 5 and 7 live birds, $4 and $5 entrance. No. 6 on the second day is the Hanover Park Handicap, 28 to 33yds., $15 entrance; 15 birds; ties shot off; open to all. Targets thrown from magautrap at 2 cents. Live birds, included in entrance, 25 cents. Moneys divided in ratios of 50, 30 and 20 per cent. To amateur making high average in target events, $3. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. For further information address the manager.

BERNARD WATERS.

Wapsie Gun Club.

CRESCENT CITY, Ia., May 27.—The Wapsie Gun Club, of Central City, Ia., held its annual shoot on May 27. It was intended to have a two days' tournament, and the club had provided an excellent programme, with $50 offered for average money. But the fact that they immediately followed the Dubuque meet, and that the weather had been very unsettled, caused the attendance to fall far below the number expected. Fifteen men faced the traps and shot the first day's events; but it was decided not to carry out the latter half of the programme. Fred Gilbert and W. H. Heer tied for high average, losing only six targets each. Taylor had second and Linell third place. The Wapsie Gun Club gold medal was won by O. N. Ford, with a perfect score, and Johu Brookman duplicated the performance in a 25-bird race for the Linn county silver cup. Trade representatives shot for targets only, except in a special event at 10 doubles, which was won by Riehl with a score of 19.

The Wapsie Club has nice grounds on the banks of the pretty little river of that name, and it is to be hoped that they will not be discouraged over the combination of circumstances that counted against them on this occasion. Scores are subjoined:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Marshall	14	15	18	13	12	14	11	14	19	12	14	17	173
Gilbert	15	14	18	15	15	19	15	12	20	14	15	19	194
Budd	13	14	18	14	15	20	13	14	20	15	14	18	188
Lord	12	12	16	13	13	15	13	14	20	11	11	17	167
Riehl	15	14	19	15	12	19	15	14	16	13	13	18	183
Burnside	13	13	19	14	14	20	14	15	19	14	15	20	190
Ford	14	14	19	13	15	20	14	14	19	13	12	18	185
Linell	15	14	18	15	14	19	14	15	19	15	15	18	191
Heer	15	15	18	14	13	20	15	15	20	15	14	20	194
Brookman	14	14	19	11	14	18	14	8	17	13	12	19	173
Taylor	14	14	19	13	15	19	14	15	20	14	15	20	192
Elitt	15	12	18	14	15	14	15	12	..	..	..	..	...
Hazen	13	13	17	13	14	17	15	12	12	15	14	17	177
Cleveland	13	13	17	14	12	19	11	13	..	..	..	..	...
Hocken	..	13	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

Open sweep, 10 pairs: Riehl 19, Gilbert 18, Heer 18, Linell 18, Budd 17, Ford 17, Marshall 16, Ellett 16, Burnside 15, Lord 11, Brookman 11.

The Linn county cup: Brookman 25, Ford 23, Cleveland 23, H. Brookman 21, Warner 20.

Gold medal event: Ford 25, Brookman 23, Linell 23.

HAWKEYE.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 4.—The regular monthly shoot of this club to-day was well attended, there being two handsome cups to attract the boys—the Club Cup, which is shot for monthly, aud the Marshall Cup, which is being shot for weekly, both of which must be won six times by one party to become personal property. To-day there were three scratch men—Tallman, Traver and Russell—and all three put up a good article of shooting, Tallman and Russell tying for the Marshall Cup on 24, Tallman breaking that number straight. In the club cup event (No. 8) Mr. F. I. Fenn, with three misses allowed as breaks, scored 24, thereby winning this trophy. Owing to Mr. Tallman's time being limited—he, in fact, having left the grounds before Mr. Russell had shot—the tie was not shot off. It is expected, however, that the tie will be decided next Thursday.

The Poughkeepsie Gun Club is now in a flourishing condition. We have one of the best grounds and finest appointments in the State. Regular weekly shoot is held every Thursday, and we would be pleased to have visiting sportsmen join us at any time. To all such our latch string is ever hanging outward. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	5p	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Traver	7	9	..	9	..	10	..	23	19	..	95	77
Tallman	6	6	10	..	..	..	..	20	24	..	80	66
Winans, 1	10	7	6	7	9	..	..	21	20	..	100	78
Fenn, 3	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	20	..	60	48
Hoctor, 3	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	18	19	..	70	46
Smith, 1	..	..	9	8	5	10	..	10	13	..	95	53
Du Bois, 2	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	22	22	..	60	48
Gorham	..	..	..	..	9	8	5	..	..	..	35	22
Russell	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	20	24	..	60	51
Marshall, 3	..	..	..	..	5	6	2	17	19	17	110	60
Reichart	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	15	3
Briggs, 3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	23	..	50	33
Claymark, 5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	18	..	50	29

SNANIWEH.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., June 6.—We, the Dover Sportsman's Association, held our usual weekly practice shoot at our grounds, and had quite an enjoyable time. The presence of the ladies made it more enjoyable still.

Our scores were not very creditable, and I think the gentlemen who took part would not care to see their names in print.

We have had quite a number of forest fires in our vicinity, and the atmosphere was full of smoke, and the targets disappeared almost before we could shoot. I inclose a clipping from the Somersworth Free Press, a local paper, that I think is worthy of republication:

"On holidays, when young men may be seen around in baseball clothes with bats slung over their shoulders, there may be seen in this city men, young and old, with gun cases, all moving as though by a common impulse. They are going to the grounds of one of the gun clubs to try their hands at shooting. Now shooting with the shotgun or rifle is excellent sport. It calls for a clear hed, steady nerves and good vision. One who would be a good shot must be a careful, systematic man, who takes time to learn all about his weapons and his ammunition. The hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow never can make an expert user of the gun or rifle. The qualities of mind and body which go to make a man a good shot, make him also a good, orderly citizen. Dover has some good gun clubs, and some experts, who can be always relied upon to render a good account of themselves."

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Pittsfield vs. Dalton.

MOUNTAIN VIEW, Pittsfield, Mass., June 6.—Dalton Rod and Gun Club vs. Pittsfield Rod and Gun Club match, held on Saturday, June 6, at Dalton, eleven men on a team, 25 blue rocks to each man.

The Dalton men made a very good showing, considering the fact that they have been organized but a short time. H. S. Sidway was high gun for the day and broke 24 out of 25 in the match.

Pittsfield (25)—J. H. Wood 13, Dr. Hubbell 12, Tracy 17, Joe Shearer 17, Sidway 24, Henry 18, Graves 17, A. Wood 8, Ben Smith 14, Dr. Treasdo 13, Dr. Woodruff 14; total 167.

Dalton (25)—Flansburgh 18, Bartlett 13, Claressy 13, Groesbeck 14, R. Silvernail 10, Messinger 16, Martin 17, Shedd 17, Pierce 10, A. Silvernail 17, Veats 8; total 153. Pittsfield won by 14.

Trap at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., has any number of good gun clubs, both rifle and shotgun, and the weekly meetings are well attended, yet of late years those who shoot at regular tournaments do not compare with former years. Being a holiday (Decoration Day) there should have been more than fourteen men out to encourage the south side boys in their attempt to give a tournament. The following day more shooters came, both from the city and throughout the State. Dering and Kaufman, two well-known rivals, were present the second day, neither shooting up to form. But the wind does have a sweep on the hill, where the boys shoot. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.	Broke.
Burgers	12	9	13	9	11	7	..	..	..	..	90	61
Zwerg	11	10	12	9	11	10	10	14	..	..	120	87
Hensler	14	11	13	13	11	11	10	11	13	13	150	121
Deiter	12	13	10	10	12	9	12	10	..	..	120	86
Bush	7	14	10	9	11	13	10	10	13	9	150	106
Zurheide	11	9	11	9	12	11	14	10	..	..	120	87
Vodra	12	11	8	10	13	12	10	..	..	..	105	76
T Drought	5	11	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	33
Sperbeck	10	8	11	13	13	11	14	14	11	13	150	118
Miller	..	..	12	12	11	12	..	..	..	..	60	47
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	30	18
Lord	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	8	8	..	60	37
J T Drought	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	..	..	..	30	18
Henry	11	14	15	13	14	15	15	14	..	..	120	111

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at.	Broke.
Dering	10	11	13	9	8	9	7	7	9	..	..	..	105	83
Kaufman	12	14	12	6	6	8	7	10	10	10	5	10	135	110
Gropper	13	7	12	8	7	10	5	6	6	..	..	..	105	74
Ebe	10	10	13	8	9	8	6	9	9	7	7	8	135	104
Lord	12	11	11	9	8	10	8	8	8	6	8	..	125	100
Hensler	14	11	13	9	6	9	8	8	9	5	..	..	115	92
Yohr	11	12	13	7	7	7	9	8	7	7	8	8	135	104
Snover	10	8	11	3	6	5	4	4	4	5	4	4	135	68
Hoard	7	9	10	8	6	7	5	5	5	6	6	6	135	80
Lee	11	11	12	8	6	7	9	8	7	9	5	5	135	98
Fish	10	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	27
Smith	11	9	6	9	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	95	72
Bush	12	14	13	9	8	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	95	85
Kroening	..	..	..	8	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	17
J Drought	..	..	..	7	9	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	40	25
Mills	..	..	..	8	7	8	3	8	5	6	8	..	80	53
Stockney	..	..	..	4	8	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	40	19
T M Drought	..	..	..	6	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	40	31
S Munier	..	..	..	8	6	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	40	30
Mott	..	..	..	7	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	40	33

Memphis Gun Club.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., may be safely put down now as gaining ground as a shooting city; whether the high price of cotton makes prosperous times I will not here say, yet the latest big gathering of shooters would indicate same.

The Lucy Gun Club held their opening shoot May 27, and as they were in for a good time, a barbecue was added. They were sociably inclined, and members of other clubs, viz., the Memphis, Bluff City and Shelby, turned out and assisted in the shooting and eating.

Abe Frank was the handicapper, and did his work well. He shot well himself, and was high gun. How the good things did disappear when dinner was announced. All present voted the Lacy Club the prince of entertainers. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	24	15	14	14	13	12	13	14	9	at.	Broke.
Frank	12	12	13	13	11	24	15	14	14	13	12	13	14	9	220	189
Edrington	6	8	6	11	10	14	13	11	13	12	15	11	11	12	220	153
Joyner	10	12	14	13	10	22	14	12	13	12	11	11	..	..	190	154
Weaver	8	11	10	13	13	22	10	11	6	11	8	12	13	10	220	158
Duncan	5	14	11	13	12	25	15	12	11	12	13	11	9	12	220	183
Girard	12	11	14	13	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	79
Williams	12	9	12	12	11	20	14	9	10	6	10	15	10	12	220	162
Hawkins	7	10	11	10	6	17	11	10	11	12	10	11	7	12	220	145
Cockle	7	8	9	8	10	17	9	4	7	11	5	9	11	11	220	126
N Cockle	8	9	8	10	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	55
Crook	6	6	10	9	11	22	2	10	6	8	11	13	..	..	190	114
Slack	11	9	12	10	13	22	12	10	2	8	10	11	12	11	220	163
Mallory	8	7	6	8	2	17	11	12	6	2	6	8	5	6	220	104
Hawkins	10	9	7	7	9	18	9	8	7	11	9	11	14	10	220	140
Henderson	12	7	7	7	8	11	13	12	11	10	11	12	8	9	220	138
Thayer	5	3	8	3	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	105	43
D Mallory	7	7	10	6	..	16	9	7	7	9	10	9	..	..	175	97
Dr Anderson	..	..	..	10	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	32
Byron	..	..	..	5	2	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	55	24
O'Leary	..	..	..	..	13	9	20	9	11	14	14	9	9	..	154	108
Youke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	3	12	11	..	75	46
Crump	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	10	5	..	..	50	30
Willis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	30	16

WESTERN TRAP.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—Mr. Max Hensler, runner-up in the Grand American Handicap, is in town to-day, after an extended trip through the West. Mr. Hensler thinks that the Cincinnati shoot next week ought to run 150 entries, and believes that the open conditions, everybody 16 yards, will bring out nearly everybody in the country. In the past the experts believed in anything but handicaps, but so great is the number of first-raters among the amateurs to-day that the professionals need about as much protection as anyone else.

Mr. Hensler was down at San Antonio last winter, and tells me that since he has talked with Col. Guessaz and others about the possibilities of a big open-for-all shoot at San Antnio next winter, everybody to go on the 16-yard line. There seems to be an impression that a big event of this kind could be made a success in the South. Times are still good, money fairly plenty, and travel, therefore, easy and general. San Antonio could easily take care of a large number of shooters.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Colorado Springs.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col.—John W. Garrett has not shot much since he returned from St. Joseph and Kansas City, but on Friday, May 29, he got up a crowd. Though the wind was blowing very strong, he fired his usual string of 400 and over. Shooters East read of so many good scores made out here that they will be surprised at the 85 per cent. one inclosed, viz:

	Shot. at.	Broke.	Av.		at. Shot.	Broke.	Av.
Garrett	425	364	85.6	Nicolai	100	71	71.
Sanderson	250	168	67.2	Murray	50	23	46.
Lawton	250	208	83.2	Watson	50	31	62.
Rimmer	175	104	59.4	Gadsby	50	34	68.
McFarland	175	93	53.1	T Rich	25	12	48.
Seybert	150	93	62.	Tiger	24	18	72.
Rich	125	63	50.4	Monroe	25	2	4.
Meredith	100	73	73.				

A Challenge.

WINCHESTER, N. H., June 1.—I should like to shoot a match at 100 blue rock targets, thrown from magautrap, with any man that is a resident of the State of New Hampshire, for a sum that will cover the expense of such shoot. I am shooting for the sport of the game. I would be glad to meet some of my State shots in a friendly shoot.

L. R. NELSON.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J., May 30.—The Rahway Gun Club had a very fine shoot at the opening of their new grounds, situated on Westfield avenue, on the line of the Elizabeth, Westfield & Rahway trolley. The grounds are very fine. Great interest is taken in the club, and the boys can be found at the traps every Saturday.

No. 1, handicap, 25 targets, three prizes:

Housman, 7.....1011011111110010011101111—25
Gaskill, 3.....1111111110111111110111111—25
Browne, 5.....0010111110101101111011111—23
Crane, 5.....1011100101101110011010111—21
Manhkin, 8 .....1010010011101111110010011—23
Roberts, 10 .....0000000000000000000000111—13
Gibson, 4.....0111111101111101101001101—22
Wilson, 5.....0011001011111110111111111—24
Vett, 8.....1111100110111111101111110—25
Way, 4 .....0110101011111101111010010—21
Cashner, 7 .....0111100001100001010010010—17
Acken, 7 .....1011101010110111111111001—25
Tooker, 7 .....0110011010111110110110110—23
Rollin, 8 .....1001111010111001010111100—24
Potter, 6 .....0101110011110111011111011—24
Bloris, 5.....1000111111111110111000110—22
Thompson, 7 .....1001011011010010101101111—22
Lovett, 8 .....1111110111011101111111111—25
Johnson, 5 .....0111011010101101011110011—21
Jettman, 4.....1111011111111011011111110—25

Shoot-off: Jettman first, Lovett second, Housman third.

Housman, 2.....0111111001— 9 Acken, 2 .....0100011110— 7
Gaskill, 1.....0011110111— 8 Lovett, 1.....1110111101— 9
Vett, 2 .....1011101000— 7 Jettman, 1.....1111111111—10

Shoot-off for second:

Housman, 2.....00100—3 Lovett, 1.....11111—5

Second event, 15 targets, handicap, three prizes:

Housman, 3...111111111000001—13 Vett, 2 .....100111011111010—12
Gaskill, 1.....1100011111110111—12 Gibson, 2 .....111111011011111—14
Browne, 2.....1111110110101110—13 Wilson, 3 ....1101011110010011—12
Lovett, 1.....1110111111111110—14 Yettman, 1....1001111101111110—12
Tooker, 4.....1011110110101001—13 Manhkin, 4...0100101000010011— 9
Way, 2 .....1001111110101111—13

Shoot-off at 10 targets: Lovett 10, Gibson 9, Tooker 11.

Union Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., June 1.—Find inclosed scores of shoot held on May 30. Event No. 7 was a prize shoot with handicap. Winners and prizes were: J. Hall, umbrella; G. Piercy, silver bread dish; J. Sealey, jardiniere; W. Pierson, rug; C. Axford, hammock; C. Wise, silver cream holder; L. Lane, porch rocker; S. R. MacClements, fancy clock; H. Von Lengerke, glass pitcher; W. J. Fredericks, fishing rod; F. Van Tassel, fruit knives; T. Gempp, pictures; F. Axford, rug; B. Abbott, picture; P. Jeanneret, salad dish.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	15	15	10	10	20
Piercy, 1	9	8	13	10	12	8	24	15	..	9	7	18
Ford, 1	11	..	10	8	13	5	23	13	..	7	..	..
J Hall, 7	6	6	9	6	..	3	25	..	7	6	..	..
Abbott, 8	7	5	9	7	7	6	20	8	..	7	..	..
Paul, 5	4	6	9	..	11	..	22	10	..	7	8	11
F Axford, 15	..	2	3	2	6	4	22	..	..	3	..	..
Lane, 8	..	8	11	7	..	..	22	5	..	..	..	..
Wise, 3	..	..	8	8	11	10	23	14	..	5	5	12
Van Tassel, 7	..	..	9	8	12	..	21	..	1	3	3	..
Sealey, 6	..	..	11	7	7	8	24	10	..	7	6	..
H Von Lengerke, 4	..	..	11	6	8	8	22	..	10	..	..	..
Pierson, 8	..	..	8	7	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..
Gempp, 8	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	9	..	5	5
Fredericks, 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
MacClements, 10	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	11	8	..	..
Fergusen,	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..
Van Buskirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	4	..
Hasbrouck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	7	..
Krug	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7
H Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..

The figures after the names denote the handicaps in event No. 7.

C. B. AXFORD.

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., June 6.—We will have the Wanderers with us on Saturday, June 13, and expect to have a large time. Shooting will begin at 1:30. The scores made at the shooting of the North River Gun Club shoot to-day are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Eickhoff	9	10	10	7	10	8	9	7
Richter	11	12	10	9	9	8	..	11
Morrison	13	11	12	11	13	11	14	10
Glover	14	13	12	12	13	14	14	14
Vosselman	8	10	..	8	9	8	9	6
Truax	11	12	13	12	12	11	10	10
Harland	10	8	7	12	8	9	..	10
Newkirk	..	8	7	5	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	4	6	6	11	8	9	8
Williams	..	9	11	8	10	7	8	8
Goetter	..	..	10	9	10	10	9	9
Davis	..	..	10	10	10	..	5	..
Gillerlain	..	..	6	9	9	12	7	..
Allison	..	..	11	10	8	12	..	..
*Goetter	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..
*Eickhoff	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
*Gillerlain	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

*Re-entry.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

AFTER many years of shooting at "Old Dexter Park," the Emerald Gun Club moved to new shooting grounds, a short distance from Newark, where they held forth until Tuesday last, when it was decided at a meeting of the board of directors to hold all future club contests on the grounds of John H. Outwater, Hackensack River Bridge, Carlstadt, N. J.

Owing to the change the attendance was not up to the general average, although sixteen members faced the score.

Dr. Hudson was the lucky one in the club contest, and the only one to kill ten straight, although hard pushed by Billy Sands. Treasurer John Moore, Snipe Shooter Short and Black Powder Corbett, who scored nine each; Schorty, Commodore Karl, Catton, Colquitt, the Orange man Fischer and Capt. Dryer trailed in third place, with eight kills. The birds were a fast lot, especially Corbett's fifth, on which he made a grandstand second. Following the club event, a five-bird sweep, club handicap, was won by Catton, Voetringer and Short shooting along for birds only. The scores:

	Pts.	Hcp.	
Schorty	7	33	02222121*2— 8
M. Reierson	7	28	0112212100— 7
W Sands	6½	28	2222222012— 9
Dr Hudson	7	28	1111121122—10
F J Ball	6	25	1*2112222*— 8
J Moore	6½	28	0221111111.. 9
J S Henry	6	25	1111022010.. 7
T Short	7	28	1210112121— 9
C Voehringer	6	28	2211110000— 6
W Catton	6	28	0212112110— 8
W Corbett	6	25	2211202221— 9
L W Colquitt	7	30	0212012222— 8
A A Schoverling	7	30	0222022202— 7
J Fischer	7	28	2211011022— 8
Captain Dryer	6	28	2102211110— 8
F Haasmann	6	28	2022002*21— 6

Sweep; 5 birds:

Colquitt, 30.....02211—4 Fischer, 28.....11220—4
Schorty, 33.....21110—4 Sands, 28.....22*22—4
Catton, 28.....12211—5 Short, 28.....22111—5
Reierson, 28.....*0220—2 Voehringer, 28.....12220—4
Hausman, 28.....10001—2 Hudson, 28.....212*0—3

Carteret Gun Club.

GEORGE S. MCALPIN was in rare form on Decoration Day, and did some remarkable shooting at the Carteret Gun Club grounds, Westfield, N. J., the occasion being the closing shoot of the season. The shooting started with a handicap, miss and out, which he won on the fifth round. McAlpin's first miss was his sixty-third bird, and the only one out of the 127 shot at during the day, killing the next sixty-five straight. The first cup was won by McAlpin in a miss and out on the fourteenth round. The next event was at ten birds, then miss and out handicap, in which Norton won out on the thirtieth bird, Hall missing his twenty-third and McAlpin losing his thirtieth. J. S. S. Remsen, of Babylon, L. I., retired in the ninth round.

In the next event, a miss and out, all at 32 yards, McAlpin won from Hall on the twenty-second bird. The Decoration Day Cup came next, at 10 birds, then miss and out, which was also won by McAlpin on the thirteenth bird. The closing event of the day was for a special cup, miss and out, in which Hall and McAlpin shot to the thirtieth round, Hall losing his last bird. McAlpin's record for the day was three cups and six out of seven events. Scores follow:

No. 1, handicap, miss and out; No. 2, 5 birds, then miss and out; No. 3, cup event, 10 birds, then miss and out, 25 yards, 1 miss as a kill, 26, 27 and 28 yards, one no bird; No. 4, all at 32 yards; No. 5, Decoration Day cup, 10 birds, and miss and out, 27-yard men or less, one no bird; No. 6, special cup, handicap, miss and out.

McAlpin, 30½.. 5 13 29 22 13 30 Finletter, 27.... .. 8 8 9 1 16
Norton, 25..... 4 12 20 1 12 17 Remsen, 31.... .. 3 7 4 9 11
Hall, 26..... 2 13 21 21 6 29

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 7.—The next shoot will be on June 21, on which day a team race with the North River Gun Club will be begun. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	*
Edwards	12	15	11	10	12	11	11	13	13	13	..	..
Hearne	11	12	11	11	9	10	12	14	..	..	..	8
Nichols	11	10	12	11	11	8	9	11	..	..	12	8
Musser	12	8	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	6
Reynolds	10	11	10	10	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	2
Wheeler	10	9	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Woods	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

*Five pairs.

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Freeport Gun Club.

Freeport, L. I., June 5.—The medal shoot of the Freeport Gun Club was won by Mr. T. Rider. The conditions were 25 targets, class shooting. The scores: T. Rider, 25; C. T. Sprague, 16; F. C. Willis, 23; F. Egner, 16; T. Bedell, 13; F. Gildersleeve, 23; R. Conklin, 13; B. Lott, 21; Paterson, 19; E. Vreelin, 12. Two sweeps and a miss and out were also shot.

Trap at Kansas City.

Blue River Shooting Park will for all time have the record of the greatest live-bird tournament ever known. So far it has the largest target tournament also, to its credit, but will possibly be overtopped. Since there are two shooting parks adjoining each other, there has been considerably more target shooting than usual. The reason: Something in sight to shoot for. Bob Elliott knows what the boys like—the real stuff, the stuff that buys breadstuff. One hundred plunks was very generous on his part. So the shoot has been going on since May 12, the conditions being that each man could shoot at six strings of 25 targets and then select the four best to make up a total. Each shooter could shoot as many strings as he desired.

The scores made are not so large as you would expect them to be. The reason is, Elliott throws a hard target, at least 60yds. or better. Dr. Plank, W. H. McGee and Ed O'Brien had a score of 88 and looked good to win, but a young man who comes from the Dixon shooting family got his ginger up and went them all two better. The weather conditions were such that neither of the others could even duplicate their former scores. Considering the conditions under which Dixon shot, seldom has his 22, 22, 23, 23 been beaten. The following is a partial list of the scores made during this prize shoot, each event being at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Dr Plank	23	24	22	21	23	21	21	19	18
McGee	23	22	21	22	17	22	20	19	18
O'Brien	24	20	23	21	18	22	19	14	19
Soward	19	19	15	19	24	20	20	19	18
Hodges	18	22	20	16	15	..	..	..	..
E C Stocker	23	22	17	18	20	15	22	22	18
C Dixon	23	19	20	18	22	22	22	23	23
F Cockrell	24	15	21	21	15	..	..	..	..
Rogers	20	19	23	17	17	..	..	..	..
Davis	14	20	18	21	22	16	22	20	20
Tipton	20	17	20	20	18	20	22	20	20
Campbell	16	22	16	19	19	18	19	20	19
J Gunninger	18	18	21	17	19	..	..	..	..

Live Birds.

Decoration Day brought out a delegation of the Kansas City boys, which was augmented by the addition of Hodges, of Olathe, Kans.; Ed O'Brien, from the same, now flooded country; Cunningham, of St. Joe, Mo., and Dixon, of Joplin, Mo. In all there were fourteen men who essayed to slay 15 birds straight. When you read the scores you will see who killed them all and who did not get in the money. So much for Bob's Kansas City drivers. Some of them are going yet no doubt. The scores:

Fifteen live birds, $7.50 entrance, four moneys:

Cockrell .....221122222222022—14 Norton .....120100121110111—11
Beach .....102201121212011—12 Cunningham ..222222200222222—13
Soward .....202210210000010— 8 Kirby 1112002102110w
Hodges .....112202120220222—12 Clayton .....012222200020221—10
Bramhall .....222121022022202—12 Plank .....121122221101222—14
O'Brien .....022220022122122—12 Pearcy .....222122020220022—11
Gottlieb .....222211222112222—15 Dixon .....022100110220122—10

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn.—A rain which fell steadily for three days before our shoot cut the attendance down very much lower than we had reason to expect it. We had promises of some forty out of town shooters that they would be with us, but the rain kept all but a dozen of them away. Under the circumstances, we feel that we have reason to rejoice in any of them coming, and feel very grateful toward all who did so.

The first five events were shot in a rain, but in the afternoon the sun came out. Five events at 15, 5 at 20, and a novelty match at 25 targets made up the regular programme of 200 targets, and after that an extra event at 25 targets made 225 for the day.

Green with 162 out of 175 was high gun for the day on the programme. Lyles and Legler with 151 each were tied for second. Nashville team No. 1 won the cup given to three-man team, the 175 targets of the regular programme going to the make up of this event.

The following out-of-town shooters were on hand: Messrs. Fite, Lyles, Legler, and Carter, of Nashville, Tenn.; Mr. Gordon, of Mobile, Ala.; Mr. Polk, of Franklin, Ten.; Messrs. Babb and McMinn, of Spring Hill, Tenn.; Mr. Fletcher, of New York; Messrs. Martin and Harris, of Nashville, and Mr. Crockett.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	Broke.
Fite	11	19	13	13	13	17	14	15	10	15	..	139
Lyles	14	18	12	19	14	13	15	17	13	16	19	170
Legler	14	16	13	18	13	16	14	17	14	16	20	171
Gordon	8	12	13	13	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	71
Crockett	6	9	4	14	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Carter	11	17	9	16	10	17	9	11	8	15	..	123
Polk	14	16	10	13	14	11	9	11	13	17	..	128
Martin	9	16	10	12	9	16	11	14	11	16	18	142
Green	15	18	15	19	12	20	13	19	15	16	24	186
Bright	13	15	9	15	11	15	10	14	13	19	22	156
Murphree	11	15	10	9	12	10	11	13	11	18	15	135
Brown	12	11	9	11	8	15	13	14	10	15	..	118
Harris	14	14	11	15	11	14	8	14	10	16	..	127
Hickman	10	13	10	17	13	14	9	15	11	15	17	144
Baber	10	11	8	16	14	17	11	16	11	12	..	126
Carr	13	18	15	17	11	17	13	15	10	12	..	141
Babb	12	18	13	16	11	12	9	13	10	13	11	138
McMinn	12	17	10	16	13	12	10	15	10	20	..	135
Frazier	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	8	15	11	14	.. 77
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8 8

Shoot for cup:

Nashville No. 1—Fite 139, Lyles 151, Legler 151; total 441.

Gallatin No. 1—Green 162, Bright 134, Carr 141; total 437.

Nashville No. 2—Carter 123, Polk 128, Martin 124; total 375.

Gallatin No. 2—Murphree 120, Brown 118, Hickman 127; total 365.

WILL G. HARRIS, Sec'y.

The Establishment of Government Proof House.

FROM a correspondent we have received the following sound and pertinent communication:

The discussion of government testing of firearms in various publications has brought before the people a subject that has not heretofore been given the serious consideration it deserves.

Foreign nations have enacted laws for the protection of their people against the sale of unsafe firearms, the United Kingdom of Great Britain being among the first to provide this safeguard against careless or unscrupulous manufacturers, they insisting that all firearms offered for sale must bear the government proof house test stamp, or the stamp of some other government proof house, whose testing has been approved by the British Government, and thus our English cousins guarantee that all firearms offered for sale are safe.

This is not done at the expense of the government, but a charge is made for each arm tested, and they require two tests; one very severe for the unfinished arm, and the second for the finished product. This costs about 12 cents per arm, and is borne by the manufacturer, or must be added to the cost of the goods.

On firearms imported into Great Britain, which are subject to two tests, the strain is severe, especially on shotguns, as the first test given the English guns in the rough is given the American finished product, and after the barrel is turned down many of the finished guns will not stand the test, neither would the finished English guns stand this first test.

American rifles invariably stand both tests, but it adds materially to the cost to be obliged to have all firearms, after being received by the English dealer, unpacked, tested and then repacked and returned. This could be done much cheaper at home, besides it would give the American product a reputation abroad that could not otherwise be obtained.

But the greatest benefit would be to the users of the firearms in our own country. They would be protected against defective goods sent into this country by foreign manufacturers, which will not stand the proof house test, also be insured against inferior goods of home manufacture, and this applies especially to the lower priced goods that reach a class of people that are not expert or competent to judge of quality.

There is now at the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass., a proof house for the testing of government rifles made there, and this could be enlarged and used as the Birmingham Proof House, and by making a cost charge for the testing it would not be an expense to this government, and at the same time would be a protection to the people of the United States, the same as established by other governments, and this government will establish sooner or later.

If every user of firearms will take this subject up with the senators, representatives or army officers of his acquaintance, it would result in the prompt enactment of laws for the protection of the American people and the American manufacturer.

Trap in Mississippi.

VICKSBURG, Miss., May 31.—Shooting matters in our city have been rather quiet, as is usually the case after our tournaments, but all of our local shots are looking forward with pleasure to the tournament to be given by the Caddo Gun Club at Shreveport, La., June 15, 16 and 17, under the auspices of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association. This club gives $1,100 added money—first day 100 targets, $10 entrance, $100 added, and $500 added each day, June 16 and 17. I predict that this tournament will equal, if not surpass, the Grand American.

Our shooters will begin to get in line next week, and we expect to send the following delegation to the Shreveport shoot: Miller, Hayes, Pinkston, Fletcher, Adams, Dinkins, Cameron, Henry, Robertson, Kent and Bradfield. While we are not top-notchers, I think some of us will be heard from at Shreveport. Anyway, if we cannot shoot we will take pleasure in paying the Queen City a visit, and help along the poor ammunition companies—they need it.

Uncle Tommy Devine and Maurice Kaufman have started the ball rolling in our sister city, Jackson, Miss., having succeeded in having a gun club organized there. That clever shot and excellent entertainer, Abe Frank, of Memphis, Tenn., the man who trained Brady, writes me that Memphis will hold their tournament July 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association. Abe promises all who visit them a fine time in July. The Memphis tournament should be a corker, as the dates are well selected, just preceding the Arkansas State shoot.

J. J. BRADFIELD,
Sec'y Miss. Valley Trapshooters' Ass'n.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

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We, who were with blessed Francis, and have written these things, bear testimony that many times we have heard him say: "If I were to speak to the Emperor, I would, supplicating and persuading him, tell him for the love of God and me to make a special law that no man should take or kill sister Larks, nor do them any harm. Likewise, that all the Podestas of the towns, and the Lords of castles and villages, should be bound every year on Christmas day to compel men to throw wheat and other grains outside the cities and castles, that our sister Larks may have something to eat, and also the other birds, on a day of such solemnity."—The Mirror of Perfection.

A BLOODHOUND EPISODE.

THE current discussion of the use of bloodhounds as man-trackers recalls a bloodhound episode of American history, which at the time commanded wide attention and aroused intense feeling. This was the employment of bloodhounds for trailing Indians in the Seminole War.

It was in July of 1838, when the war had been in progress for four years, and to the baffled troops appeared likely to continue along the same lines for 400 years longer. Gen. Zachary Taylor, in command of the army, wrote to the Secretary of War a letter favoring the use of bloodhounds. The dogs, he said, would afford "the only means of ridding the country of the Indians, who are now broken up into small parties that take shelter in swamp and hammocks as the army approaches, making it impossible for us to follow or overtake them without the aid of such auxiliaries. I wish it distinctly understood," he added, "that my object in employing dogs is only to ascertain where the Indians can be found, not to worry them."

Secretary Poinsett approved the plan, saying in his indorsement: "I have always been of opinion that dogs ought to be employed in this warfare to protect the army from surprises and ambuscades and to track the Indian to his lurking place; but supposed if the General believed them to be necessary he would not hesitate to take measures to procure them. The cold-blooded and inhuman murders lately perpetrated upon helpless men and children by these ruthless savages render it expedient that every possible means should be resorted to in order to protect the people of Florida, and to enable the United States forces to follow and capture or destroy the savage and unrelenting foe." Gen. Taylor was therefore authorized to procure such numbers of dogs as he might judge necessary, it being expressly understood that they were to be "employed to track and discover the Indians, not to worry or destroy them."

Action on the part of the Government went no further than this. Gen. Taylor took no steps to provide himself with the dogs. In the meanwhile, however, the people of Florida had determined to make use of bloodhounds. The popular feeling of the Territory was that the Indians were deserving of extermination, and any possible means to achieve this end might be legitimately employed. The Florida Legislature authorized the importation of a pack of bloodhounds from Cuba. In such a resort to the Spaniard for man-tracking dogs, history was repeating itself. A half century before, in 1795, the British authorities in Jamaica had introduced from Cuba into that island a large number of these dogs to hunt down the Maroons, who for a century and a half had been carrying on a guerilla warfare. The Spanish dogs had a reputation for ferocity all through the West Indian islands, and the Maroons were so terrified by the menace of them that they lost no time in coming to terms. The Cuban dogs had promptly ended the war in Jamaica, but this was a part of history which was not to repeat itself in Florida.

Col. Fitzpatrick, of the Florida militia, was dispatched to Havana and thence returned to St. Augustine, in January of 1840, bringing a kennel of thirty-three bloodhounds which he had procured at a cost of $5,226.76, or $151.72 for each dog. These certainly were war prices for hounds. With the dogs came five experienced Spaniards engaged to handle them in the field, for they did not understand commands given in the English language. Upon their arrival the dogs were divided into smaller packs and assigned to various army posts. Calves were procured and driven along on the scouting expeditions, to be slaughtered on the spot in order that the dogs might have the fresh blood and meat which were as essential to their interior economy as is water to the boiler of a locomotive.

The employment of the dogs aroused intense excitement, and the Northern and Southern papers alike were filled with denunciations of the Government. The matter was brought before Congress and the Hon. Henry A. Wise, then a Representative from Virginia (afterward Governor), introduced a resolution in Congress demanding to know whether "the general Government had been a participator in so infamous a mode of exterminating human creatures."

In response, Secretary Poinsett transmitted the correspondence with Gen. Taylor already quoted, and stated that the General had taken no measures to carry into effect his own recommendation, and the department had never since renewed the subject. Shortly afterward he wrote to General Taylor noting the importation of the bloodhounds by the Florida authorities, and again enjoining: "In the event of these dogs being employed by any officer under your command that their use be confined altogether to tracking the Indians; and in order to insure this and to prevent the possibility of their injuring any person whatever, that they be muzzled when in the field and held with a leash while following the track of the enemy."

Any solicitude as to the safety of the Seminoles at the fangs of the bloodhounds appears to have been uncalled for. The late Major Merrill, who served in the Seminole War, has more than once told us that while the Cuban dogs were valiant trencher-hounds and performed a useful service as camp scavengers, they were entirely useless as Seminole trackers. They had been trained to trail negroes in Cuba, but refused to take any notice of the tracks of the Indians; and the fugitive negroes, who constituted so large a part of the people the troops were hunting, having been apprised of the use of the hounds, took good care to keep out of that part of Florida.

There were, it is true, various newspaper items which, by mention of the dogs, fomented the popular clamor against them as allies in war. It was reported, for instance, that Lieut. Sanderson's scouting party had been surrounded and among the killed were three of the dogs and their trainer. Then the New York Herald reported "the bloodhounds lately received from Cuba have been subjected to many experiments, the results of which have been very satisfactory. They follow a trail twenty-four hours old with rapidity and accuracy." Despite this the dogs were useless; the sole authentic record of their having accomplished anything being contained in a report by Maj. Bailey, who, with a party of dragoons and one bloodhound "scented out forty Indians" and killed six of them. The contingents of Cuban bloodhounds, Spanish dog trainers and commissary calves accomplished nothing; the Cuban man-tracker episode ended in a fiasco. The Seminole War went on for years afterward; when it was eventually brought to a close the bloodhounds had no part in the result.

A HUNDRED YEARS.

THE Hundred Year Club of this city held its annual dinner last week. The club's purpose is to devise ways and means by which its members may live to the ripe old age of one hundred years. Among the speakers at the dinner who celebrated the therapeutic value and the delight of vacations as elements of modern life, Mr. L. F. Brown discoursed of vacations in a tent. From the standpoint of a long and rich experience as a nature lover and practical camper, he spoke so pleasingly and eloquently as to carry the conviction that if tent life by the rivers and in the mountains may not insure the extreme longevity desired by the club, it is yet certain to enhance the joy of living for whatever term of life each one may be allotted. And to live happily while we do live is much more to be desired than to achieve the centenarian mark. Many men, perhaps most men, would not wish to live one hundred years. The impressions gathered from observation of the extremely aged are not as a rule cheerful nor alluring. It was only a day or two after the Hundred Year Club's banquet that a feeble and tottering old man, brought before one of the city magistrates on a charge of vagraney, declared to the judge that he was 106 years old, and had no home nor anyone to care for him, and could only beg to be committed to the workhouse, where he had already spent many terms. We do not suppose that the average valetudinarian, in the Hundred Year Club or out of it, is apprehensive that a hundred years of life may bring to him any such measure of deprivation and helplessness. Most men who are ambitious to live one hundred years have no thought of poverty to terrify them; but there are other features of the centenarian's lot against which the most ample means and the most careful forethought cannot make provision. As the span of human life is now measured, he who attains a hundred years is an exception to the rule and long outlives his fellows. Old age means isolation, and isolation means loneliness. Relatives, friends, associates have passed on. The relationships which make life worth living have been sundered by the inexorable hand of time.

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The prospect is not alluring. Much more sensible than striving for the attainment of the hundredth year is to make our own the old motto *Dum vivimus vivamus*—to live while we live; and to get the most of life as we go along, doing the work at hand, meeting the duties of the hour and not neglecting Mr. Brown's injunction to get our share of the joys of vacations in a tent.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE notes by Coahoma on the use of man-tracking dogs, the memory of "A Day at Waverly," signed Hie-on, and the record of "Three Hunts" by Tripod, are three papers in this number which have added interest because of a circumstance of their authorship. Coahoma, it need not be said, is one of our oldest contributors, and the other writers are his sons. This representation of two generations of a family of sportsmen in a single number of a sportsmen's journal is a happy conjunction well deserving of note. It illustrates not only the enduring qualities of those field recreations which are shared by generation after generation, but as well the continued favor in which the FOREST AND STREAM is held, and the secure place it holds.

The American team to compete for the Palma trophy at Bisley sailed for England last week. Capt. Bruce reports that the marksmen are in much better form than the team of last year, who were defeated by a narrow margin, and he expresses confidence that the United States may receive back again the coveted emblem. The contest will take place at Bisley on July 11, and so many competitors will participate that the winning of the trophy will mean an extremely creditable performance.

THE death of Salem George Le Valley, of Buffalo, removes one of the best known and most highly regarded business men in western New York, and one who for nearly a quarter century had held a popular place among sportsmen. Mr. Le Valley's sporting goods store in Buffalo was a favorite gathering place for shooters and fishermen, and Mr. Le Valley's winning personality won for him the close friendship of an ever-widening circle.

THE imported Adirondack moose are showing a quite unexpected tameness and confidence in the midst of the encroaching civilization of the North Woods. The moose, in fact, are not nearly so particular as were the conventional pioneers of Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone type, who moved on when other settlers trespassed within ten miles of them. This tameness is an admirable quality of moose in the Adirondacks, where the race is destined not to afford sport for the hunter, but interest and entertainment for the summer visitor. The North Woods moose, as an ornamental adjunct of the forest, will fill a sphere in life entirely different from that of its fellows in Maine and Canada.

THE report of the Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club, on another page, is an admirable demonstration of the benefits to the community which may be secured by an association of sportsmen who are in earnest. President McLaren and his fellow members have taken practical steps to better the local fish and game conditions, and the results are substantial. Hardly second in importance to the actual restocking of fields and waters is the improved public sentiment in support of the right use of game and fish resources. The Rensselaer Club manifestly has the merited support of the community. It is a pleasure to print such a showing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Across Cibiria.

(*Continued.*)

So many have been the Polish exiles to Cibiria, that they have succeeded in perpetuating the name of their country and applying it to almost half the Asiatic continent. For from the Pacific Ocean to the Ural mountains, you will hear of Greater Poland—an eloquent tribute to the "efficacy" of the Czar—who didn't prove bomb-proof—who issued an ukase in the '60's, "blotting forever the name of Polska from the map of Europe!"

As an illustration of the evil influence of the church in Cibiria, the following will suffice: I often heard the poor benighted mujiks referring to exiles as "socialistas"—just as if the latter were so many desperate criminals. Now, as the peasants cannot read—scarce one of them! such is the illiteracy—they had learnt all they knew about socialism from their village priests, who (neither understanding anything about socialism) had been instructed by their "metropolitan" to inveigh against the "something called socialism" as a sort of "frightful ogre" threatening the peace of the land. In vain I would tell, briefly, some of the tenets of socialism: as public ownership, direct production and consumption, a single tax, etc., etc.; and that many of its aims had nothing to do with politics. But it was no use trying to enlighten, except among some of the politicals.

Every village has its mir (Asiatic, meaning elder or chief), who is seconded by a kandikat. There is an annual voting election by the shock-headed mujiks—the only golos (lit., voicing), they do in their lives. The results of this communal administration are apparently nil—since the mujiks have no ambition to better themselves or their villages; in fact, usually the annual election is an excuse for a drunken bout.

Here is an example of the depraved military system of Russia, and how it has become engrafted on the people's mind: If a woman can give birth, during her married life, to twelve sons, and show that they have all "done time" as soldiers (five years' compulsory military service, of course), she receives the "Czar's gold medal."

Just think of it—a woman aspiring to receive a luker-medal for having had twelve sons brought up as "murder-machines!" And there are quite a number of peasant women who, in years gone by, have actually gotten out the "round dozen," seen them conscripted, and received "distinction's worthless badge" (as Ingersoll was wont to have it) in the shape of an ill-gained gold medal.

Poor benighted human rabbit-warren breeders!

The lot of exiles has improved greatly in Cibiria during the last dozen years (except, apparently, in the extreme northeast). The Kennan-Century exposures did a deal of good, as I have pointed out at length in previous travel articles.

The whole of Russiadom, from the Pacific to the Baltic, is the "best" example extant of the curse of protection. The Russian manufacturers clamor for a high tariff, not with a view of monopolizing home markets, but so as to force their dear and shoddily-made goods on the consumers. The poorer classes prefer foreign-made goods, because they know them to be superior, and are willing to pay more for the inoçtrani articles; so the only way to "correct" the consumers is to pile on a tariff which will make the ultra-frontier goods prohibitable.

All working classes in Russia are probably the worst paid in Europe, and this is true also of the professions. Here are some instances: Printer, 8 rubles weekly; mechanical engineer, 20 rubles; shoemaker, 6 rubles; baker, 7 rubles; roadmaster, 8 rubles; railroad navvy, 3 rubles; tailor, 6 rubles; apothecary, 10 rubles; newspaper reporter, 10 rubles; woman stenographer, 5 to 6 rubles; physician, 25 rubles; rubber factory employe, 7 rubles, and so on through all the callings at similar poverty-stricken wages. An agricultural laborer would receive, at most, 1 ruble weekly, with free pigsty and feed.

Now, as the purchasing power of a ruble is but equal to what half a dollar will buy in America, it follows the Russ only earns just enough to live on. The official classes have "troubles of their own" in the problem of existence; but the poor classes! These poorer folk constitute the mass of the Slaf nation, and their lot is a dog's struggle for existence. Things are bad enough in Italy's sunny south, but then the dago has a genial climate, cheap wine and luscious fruits galore for a song. In Slafdom, the mujik scarce knows wine or fruit or things sweet; while his climate is for six months a Dante's frigic inferno.

Poor byrreps!—(a Slaf slang word introduced from the southern Bulgars and meaning a "singularly unfortunate person"). As you travel over the country for two years, you see the reign of hopeless poverty and the curse of protection on every hand. It is an empire of poverty!

What will the end be? A repeat of the Gallic days of 1793!

I naturally took care, during two years of touring over Russian territory, not to criticise too keenly matters political Russian. I was not afraid of my opinions, nor afraid to express them, but I did fear being misrepresented. That is where the chief danger lies—in being misrepresented, and having your own well-defined and well-expressed views distorted when repeated by an ignorant or corrupt official "on the make." So, when asked a pointed question like, "Which do you consider the best government for this country—a republic or an autocracy?"—my guarded reply was: "I have an opinion, but not being a Russian grazdanin (citizen), do not care to express it. It is none of my business."

The man who ought to have an opinion, but says he has none, is either a fool, a liar, or a coward.

In a vast country like Cibiria, in which you could sink about three of our United States, there are less than a score of newspapers. Only the exiles and high official and well-to-do merchant classes know how to read. Every paper is ridiculously censored: the censor considers himself a somebody of great importance in Cibiria, and does not fail to show his hand. But, he has got to earn his salary (which is about 50 rubles monthly), and must, of course, show that he is doing "something." Of course his wage is insufficient: it is equivalent to $25 of our money, but will only purchase what $18 or $15 will with us. So the censor makes a little honest money "on the quiet" by informing the redaktors or publishers he will be less capricious with his forbidding blue pencil if he is placated with a stipulated monthly allowance. So the redaktor or izdatel will allow him all or part of what it would cost per month to re-arrange or re-set matter that would otherwise have been blue-penciled.

The news printed is always belated. Thus, I was at the town of Nijni-Ydinck, Central Cibiria, when, on a Monday evening, the Boctochnoe Obozpenie, a semi-weekly of Irkutsk, came with the news of McKinley's election. Of course the result was known in America on the previous Tuesday night—so the news had taken six days for the cable and telegram to reach the heart of Cibiria.

Just think of it—in the whole of Cibiria (about three times bigger than our own republic) there is not a single outing publication of the type in which these lines appear!

Concentrated Provisions for Sportsmen.

It may easily be conceived that "roughing it" in Cibiria with concentrated or condensed provisions, would put the same to a very severe test. Here are a few results: There is scarce any nutrition in extract of beef—consider it only as a stimulant. Calves' foot jelly is neither a stimulant nor nutritious. Beans are not worth carrying: they are just good enough to keep off starvation, and even then care must be taken to previously mash or bite through each bean. Potatoes, also, are scarce worth carrying: they may give a sensation of fullness, but that is not the kind of "nutrition" you want. Porridges are scarce worth the making: they will give you a blown-out feeling, quickly followed by so dissatisfied a sensation, you come to pronounce porridges, gruels, and the like a disgusting diet. Still, they are better than starvation.

Nothing like, in place of the above, beefsteak and onions, ham and eggs, liver and bacon. Nothing like living well and comfortably when traveling. It is silly to impose on yourself polar-circle discomforts.

The concentrated soups are worth little—too much of the element of mystery in them (like in German sausage)! The best plan is to carry along the material for your own soups. Commensurate with weight, evaporated turtle (unsalted) will enable you to make your own turtle soup; sun-dried evaporated oysters (50 cents per pound) will yield a good oyster stew, but require half a dozen hours' soaking in pretty warm water before cooking, to soften them.

Dried cream is most useful for reconstituting into liquid cream; dried eggs should not be subjected to a heat, in cooking, exceeding 140 deg. Fahr., or they coagulate.

Crackers or biscuits are an unsatisfactory, indigestible, too-dry diet. Take along your own flour and have your own hot rolls daily.

Beware of coffee essences! Take along your own ground coffee, properly tinned. No correct coffee essence has yet been produced: they all have the dissatisfying, "washed-out" flat taste.

Avoid canned, bottled and jarred goods. They all represent idle weight to 75 to 85 per cent. of water.

Saccharin is a most unsatisfactory substitute for sugar—yet a couple of ounces of the crystal (not powder) will be useful.

A Visit to Tolstoi.

I made a visit to Tolstoi, at his domain at Iasnianoliana, south of Mockba. The sojourn lasted three days, and the mornings were devoted to short walks over his estate, and the discussion of topics, abstract and general.

Being assigned a room entirely to myself, next to that occupied by citizen Thick (for in the Russian language, Tolstoi means thick), I naturally saw a good deal of him, and the many aspects of his character. This also furnished the writer with copy for his "Tolstoi Among His Books," which appeared in the Manhattan Bookseller for June, '99—an article that was widely credited in both hemispheres.

"You ought to write the account of your visit to Tolstoi for one of the Sunday papers," said my old friend Munro, the elocutionist, at his Brooklyn home. "Try the Journal or the World. They'll only be too glad to get it! Try it!"

So I did try. The Journal said no. The World also said no. "But who is this Tolstoi, anyway?" said the World reader—"Prize fighter?"

How's that for the "latest" in jaundice journalism?

It appears that many Sunday papers employ what are termed "readers," who, at $5 to $7.50 per week, read over and decide on the "merits" of copy sent in. It stands to reason that in such "illumined minds" articles of the "secret doings of the divorce court" and "mysteries of the matrimonial agency" stand a much better chance of acceptance than would an epoch-making brief from Herbert Spencer or a brainy sociologic study from Krapotkin.

Tolstoi a Sportsman of the Old School.

Tolstoi is an old soldier and an old sportsman. He has no martial scars; but he has a serious one received in the domain of sport (?). He showed me the cicatrix on his scalp, inflicted by a bruin. He had tripped in backing from and after having wounded the bear; instantly the enraged animal was upon him, paws on breast, and evidently determined to chew up the prostrate hunter's face. Tolstoi vividly related to me how he instinctively tried to force his chin on to his breast, so as to prevent the bear getting much hold-surface on his face, and the bear's teeth sloughed over the forehead and got a grip on the scalp, tearing it, and making work for a life-long scar. At this critical moment Tolstoi's companion had come up and plugged bruin for good.

Even in Cibiria it is an open question among sportsmen whether it is best to go off alone or in pairs. The more successful trappers and Indians almost invariably go to hunt alone—one of their arguments being, that two are liable to get in each other's way. One noted Russian sportsman—Prince Obolenski—who invited me to stay in his big white house a couple of days, said one thing he disliked in life was to go off with a whole crowd of people composing the average "shooting party."

A Ventriloquial Sportsman.

I possess the faculty of ventriloquism to a remarkable degree, but never cultivated it publicly, which would be entirely incompatible with a professional career; so confined myself to developing the gift into ventriloquizing my favorite instrumental music—the violin family. This, for my own diversion "at home and abroad." But it has often proved "an introduction sweet and gentle" when among family circles in distant climes, like Cibiria and Russia. I would accompany Tolstoi as he played the piano, but the ventriloquial tuning-up would convulse him with laughter—as it has many another private little audience. For it is as necessary for me to briefly "tune up" (ventriloquially), to get into pitch or trim, as it is with a regularly appointed orchestra. The ventriloquial effect is ridiculously, provokingly, an effective take-off of the orchestral violin tuning-up.

L. LODIAN.

Three Hunts.

I.

"WHAT'S that about a moose?"

"Williams shot another one to-night, but he denies it!"

"Kill him any deader than he did that one last night?"

"Now, who told you I shot that dog last night?" put in Mr. W. "I asked Young not to tell you fellows about that!"

"Who said anything about shooting a dog?" asked another.

Young, Hewitt, Owens and Williams had come from several corners of the earth, and met at Mr. Buford's place in the Mississippi Bottom country. Here Mr. Collier joined the party, and they pitched camp on the bank of a lake several miles within the forest on the edge of which Buford lives. Another lake, a mile from camp, was wider and had banks less steep. On this one the boys had launched two dugouts and head-lighted for 'coons.

Now a 'coon's eye is different from a moose's eye, and if what Williams saw from under his lamp didn't look like a 'coon, perhaps he took it to be a moose. In any event, he fired, and the pair of eyes faded from

IN THE MISSISSIPPI COON COUNTRY.

his vision, while plaintive yelps and fleeting footsteps proclaimed to the ears of Young, well versed in art of woodcraft, the fact that Williams had shot something—not a 'coon nor a moose!

"No, he didn't kill him dead. This one yelped, too!"

The next night on the lake was uneventful. The writer had joined the party, and was given a place in the boat with Young and Collier. From half a mile away Williams could be heard explaining to the occupants of the other boat how it was that what he shot was not a 'coon. As a result of the efforts of both boats' parties, several 'coons were taken to camp, and their pelts saved by the gentleman with an automobile, to make into a robe. Thus do automobiles not only accomplish death by accident for their operators, but tempt them to the killing of even many unobtrusive and harmless raccoons, to insure the area of pelt needed for an auto robe. It is thought by some sportsmen to be wrong to kill many 'coons and throw their carcasses away, for a frivolous conceit.

Rain the following morning spoiled the deer drive.

Dinner was Brunswick stew, well peppered. With the warmth thereof to cheer me, an afternoon's turn was

CAMP LIFE IN MISSISSIPPI.

taken through a well recommended turkey range. But the rain came down briskly, and the low hanging clouds made a gloom under the foliage that it was hard to see turkeys in. The lone turkey that was encountered had seen me first, and was slinking off with dripping feathers, a picture of humility, when discovered. He was too quick for a shot. The party had killed five or six deer before the last one was brought in by Anderson, the negro, who owns the hounds, on the day following the rain. You can see Anderson in the picture, standing triumphantly over his buck. The head and horns look heavy, and proved to be so, on a five-mile portage. They were sent to the taxidermist.

All of the pictures are of this hunt. The big fish is an "alligator gar" shot in the lake.

II.

The night train west put me at the "Hotel Town" by 10 P. M., and an east bound train was taken next morning, to retrace the last four miles traveled. I reached Purnell Switch by an hour before daylight, trudged down the track to the turning-off place, and there built a fire and made bacon and coffee. Breakfast over, the coffee pot and grub were put into a hollow log, and a start was made, taking a course east of north through the wet, open woods. It was now full light and nature was astir.

A violent altercation in a distant treetop indicated "varmints" fighting. Hastening that way I was in time to see a ball of fur-coated matter fall through space and strike the ground with the prehistoric thud. Waiting quietly a short time, a 'coon was discovered coming almost directly toward me, with his thoughts on the past. He passed within ten feet, when I wheeled and gave chase, nudging him on the back with my gun muzzle before he got into a brier thicket. Turning to resume my tramp, the enemy was seen in pursuit—another large 'coon on the trail of the first. This one, also, was given a foot race and his tail brushed with the gun barrel.

A few minutes later the squirrels came out to breakfast, and there was much loud discussion among them. Your squirrel is a very positive and incontrovertible debater. Fresh deer tracks were here and there, and gave promise of a possible shot, but the deer was not seen, although the forenoon was spent in a cautious vigil. The deer was either too early for me, or I was too late for him—which means "six of one and half a dozen of the other." At noon the camp had been reached, namely, the hollow log where the coffee pot was stored. Culinary operations again set in, and after dinner the squirrels were resorted to. Five were killed, three being with successive hits. The gun was a .38 carbine, of short bore for close shooting, and some of the squirrels were not hit in the head.

Nightfall found me back at the railroad, and the four miles back to the hotel town were soon walked on the cross-ties.

Next morning the early train was again taken back to the hunting grounds, breakfast cooked and another still-hunt made for the deer. The sign was plentiful over the ground covered, and under an oak tree was evidence that a buck had breakfasted within an hour or two past; but again he was too early. During the afternoon two squirrels were added to yesterday's bunch, and soon the train came that goes back from the big trees to the other world.

III.

Quite early in the morning Dr. Burkhalter was at the engine and I at the wheel of Doc's 16-foot gasoline launch. Right good speed was made up the Yazoo, thence up Yalobusha to Dodd's Ferry. Provisions and bedding were in the little skiff towed alongside, excepting that the cooked bread and meat were in a tin box, which had been set on the muffler. Of a sudden, there was an explosion, followed by escaping steam. Doc jumped to the engine and I stood alert to dodge flying pieces of gasoline launch, because it was evident that she had "blown up." The trouble was only that the stopper had blown out of the coffee bottle, from the heat of the muffler.

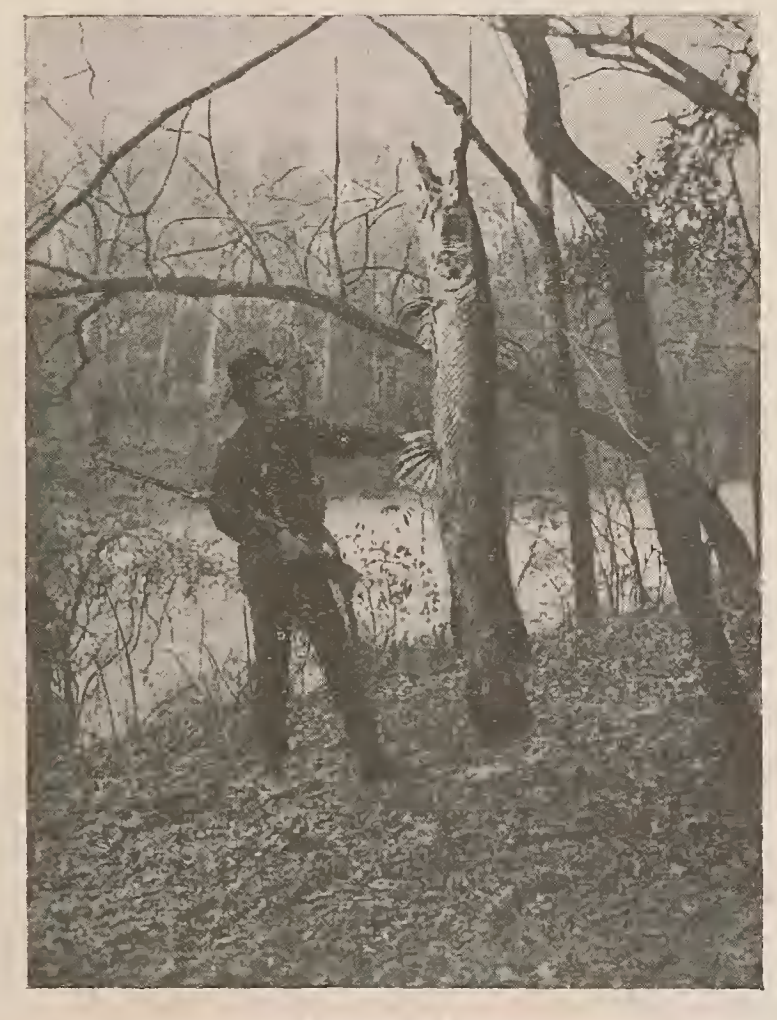
At Dodd's Mr. Allen joined us, and his skiff also was taken in tow.

As a sharp bend was turned, a flock of geese were met, flying low, and a scuffle after guns followed by a volley, brought down two geese. Each man killed both geese. That is the only way it could be settled.

Late in the afternoon as deer was startled from ambush as we ran close in shore, but was missed by a rifle bullet and a load of duck shot. At sundown we unloaded the plunder at a vacant cabin in the little clearing at Pugh's, bargained with the good "old timey" negro woman, "Aunt Nancy," in a nearby cabin, to cook for us, and ran on up stream a mile, and out through a bayou into the "back water." Here were some squirrels, and mallards in plenty, but the ducks were impossible to be reached. A wood duck, a teal and some squirrels were bagged.

After Aunt Nancy's sumptuous supper the bed was made down on the floor of our cabin and the big wood fire roared and crackled.

At this hour the hunter taught of Mitchell and Hough, sees many pictures through the smoke wreaths and in the firelight. The Great Spirit has painted them there in successive array—the pictures of happy hunting grounds of the past and future. There are those where is set in hallowed tints every chase of the past, some with good reward, others with toil and hardship followed by failure. But in those of the future, there are no failures painted. Set over against each past disappointment is brought out clear and surely a trail that leads over rugged and broken ground, and at its end is a reward of success full worth the toiling.



THE ALLIGATOR GAR.

These things are only given by the Great Spirit to his forest children, who know the hunting grounds and have wandered upon them tirelessly and seen what he has painted on lake and woodland for those who will look. They are not for the children of books and cities.

The bed that we slept upon would not have been soft at places where the Spirit of the Woods is not known to be.

It was sunrise of a day that had been made by the Spirit of the Woods, and there was sign of deer and turkeys to gladden the hunter's heart. A strange chattering noise could not easily be distinguished at a distance as proceeding from a turkey fight, but they were in plain view after a cautious detour was made of half an hour's duration. Several gobblers were making life uncomfortable for a weak brother—a strange contradiction to the brave and lordly bearing of the gobbler when on dress parade—but the germ of the "all bark and no bite" man probably evoluted through turkey and all. These fellows were making a very successful fight. The other one was getting entirely the worst of it. There was a log located just right for an ambush shot, with a possibility of killing all of the victors and missing the vanquished. Good progress had been made toward it, when a small and intrusive turkey saw a twig moved by me, and tripped back nearly half of the intervening distance from the flock to gaze at the spot where I was. I waited some time for this turkey to move away, until finally it got to seeing too much, and I had to abandon the idea of a shot at the bunch of gobblers, and fired the buckshot (a great mistake) at the intruder. He was wounded, but escaped.

While trying to yelp one of the scattered flock out of a distant treetop an hour later, I heard a deer whistle, to windward, beyond a thicket. Later still, when I moved for a better view of the turkey, there came that light sound of the hoof strokes of running deer, and a glimpse was caught of three, as they passed a distant opening in the brush. A snap shot at the last was a miss.

Soon afterward Mr. Allen joined me, and a turkey fell before his gun.

The noon hour was spent at camp, and the afternoon in the same ground as the morning. One turkey was added to the bag.

Next day the start homeward was made. Two "drives" were made of long, narrow peninsulas in the river bank, by one of the party getting ashore and waiting until the boat had run down to the lower end of the "drive," then walking noisily down toward them. On one of these a deer was jumped, when the driver had come even with him on the opposite side of the peninsula, giving him an opportunity to run back the wrong way. Only a glimpse of him was had through the thick brush.

A few more squirrels were killed. Doc's launch is a beauty, and he promised to take me again.

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

A Day at Waverly.

SHE was visiting her old Southern home again, after a residence of several years in the East. I had known her for only a short while, when, one night, I remarked to my room-mate: "G. B., she likes to hunt, and we are going out together some day to try the quail." "Ah!" he responded, warmly, "she's a girl after my own heart!" And I echoed the sentiment.

Waverly is a typical ante-bellum Southern home, of which few are left in this section. It is still beautiful to him of an æsthetic temperament, but there are many signs of a pristine glory now existing only in the history of our "before-the war" South—a South the splendor and the hospitality of whose homes will be sung as long as poet wields pen. The hospitality is still there, but where are the deer parks and fish ponds? Where the magnificent libraries and paintings? Where the dashing steeds and yelping packs? Where the luxurious ease of living? The answer is too well known.

Pre-eminent among these was Waverly, now almost the only ante-bellum home left in the county, the others having yielded, one by one, to the fire demon. But the glory of Waverly has not entirely passed, for, in the cosy sitting room, upon the broad, vine-covered verandas or beneath the shade of the live oaks and pines upon the spacious lawn, it is still the delight of the family to entertain their friends, and still the delight of those fortunate enough to be so regarded to enjoy their bounteous hospitality.

The train was slightly belated, but I reached Waverly in time to join the family at breakfast. My time had been so taken up throughout the season that I had found only one opportunity of testing my new Remington ejector, and while I was eager to do some execution with it, I was inclined to think that the time would be more profitably spent in shooting robins and waxwings about the hills than in the pursuit of the wary Bob White with a member of the gentler sex who was more accustomed to ballroom floors than to water-soaked corn and cotton fields; but she said "the quail first," and ever woman has her way.

Although we were some eight or nine miles from the nearest point on the Mississippi River, yet the water was at a high stage, and had backed up into the fields until there was only a strip about a quarter of a mile wide between it and the foot of the hills, there being no levees along this part of the river on the Mississippi side. We had left Prince, the young dog, at home, taking with us Beulah, an old stager, but before we turned off from the railroad Prince came bounding up, having "broken jail," so we had to include him in our outfit. Near the water's edge the dogs nosed a covey, but got jealous of each other and crowded them so closely that they flushed before we were within good range. My companion was always on deck and needed no instruction as to when to shoot, but there was little hope of stopping one of this covey, on account of the long range at which she had to take them. One bird came closer, giving me a cross shot, and I brought him down in the overflow water and he was retrieved by Beulah. It was impossible to follow up this covey, as they crossed the intervening water and entered the woods.

The second covey were feeding in the corn stubble and somewhat scattered. Again the dogs got excited and we had only chance shots. I bagged a bird, but the other gun only feathered one, which was good, for who would expect an inexperienced girl to kill quail on the wing? But wait. The third covey was roaded beautifully by Beulah, and Prince backed her up, the two making a picture that would delight the heart of any sportsman. But when they arose all we got was feathers and the painful knowledge that a broken leg was dangling from one poor bird. This was bad. Could it be that I was rattled by the feminine presence? Perhaps. But one wary old fellow who had thought to evade us, being a little apart from the main bunch, had stuck to his cover and "laid low." Alas for him that he did not take wing with the others, for Beulah's excellent nose told her that there was more in that little clump of weeds than the spirit of the departed. I waited for Miss B. to shoot, and as the bird kept on, let him have my long-range barrel with good effect. "See, I have wiped your eye." But I

felt ashamed for even the suggestion of a boast. I walked up another stray bird from this covey that the dogs had overlooked, and he was added to our bag.

Down below the gin, by the long wagon bridge, Beulah came to a beautiful point on the edge of the cotton field. Her nose was toward a bunch of broom-sedge, and she was in the open field as rigid and motionless as an image of stone, her left fore foot gracefully uplifted. We stood for a moment contemplating the picture in admiration, then hastened to her. When the birds arose, two guns spoke. Each said only one word, and two Bob Whites lay on their backs in the cotton. She would not believe that she had a hand in the execution, but I had shot only once, so there was no doubt. Soon we saw a dove alight between the cotton rows, and walked him up. This time only one gun was fired. It was not mine. The dove was brought in by Prince. Another covey was found in a switch cane brake on the hillside, a hard place in which to shoot. After they were scattered one flushed in front of her and flew over her head. She wheeled and fired just as he was about to disappear over a knoll, changing his horizontal to a downward course. "Bully for you!" I shouted. I hope she will forgive me; I could not help it.

Prince came to a stand in the switch cane, examined something and then went on. I could see that it had speckles on it, and thought it was either a dead sapsucker or a king snake. The latter it proved, only there were two of them. It was quite a warm day for early March, but they seemed to have little energy, and let me pick them up without making much resistance. Each was about three feet long. We were nearing the house and our hunt was about over, so I concluded to take them up and let the ladies have a look at them, after which they were liberated. (I am a son of Coahoma.) On our way to the house a rabbit and a robin were added to our bag, the latter by my companion's gun. When our pockets were emptied there were seven quail, a dove, a rabbit and a robin, and what an appetite we had for dinner!

HIE-ON.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Fire Fiend in Maine.

NEVER, since the terrible fire of Miramichi, nearly eighty years ago, has Maine experienced so terrible a scene of devastation as the past two weeks has witnessed. All over the State the conflagration has raged, from northern Aroostook to Washington county, southward to Castine, and westward from northern Somerset and Franklin counties to the very outermost boundaries of the State. Immense tracts of fine standing timber have been destroyed, farm buildings, and in several sections whole villages have gone down before the fiery tempest that no human power could quell.

The causes for this wholesale destruction are not hard to find. For fifty-one days we have had no rain whatever, unless we except a few light local showers that scarcely wet the surface of the ground. An unheard of thing at this season, when our rivers are usually swollen to overflowing, and our special danger is from possible freshets, while a drouth in spring is something unheard of before in our well watered State.

Every one at all familiar with our Maine woods knows that the soil in its dusky recesses where the sun never shines, is composed of layer upon layer of decomposed pine needles, the deposit of uncounted centuries, sometimes two or three feet in depth, and when dry making a perfect fire-trap. The few unquenched coals of a deserted camp-fire, even the unburned end of a cigar carelessly flung upon the ground during a dry season will keep alight, and burn underground sometimes for weeks unseen and unsuspected, feeling its evil way in the darkness until some chance opening gives it the opportunity to spring forth, full armed, like some devouring monster, upon the helpless growth above.

In the spring this "duff," as it is called, is usually so saturated with the rains and melting snows that there is little chance for fire to run in it to any distance, but now, under the influence of the dry, warm atmosphere, it has become like tinder, ready to catch and carry the smallest spark, whether from the farmer's burning brush pile or from a passing locomotive. With the discarded tops of trees left by lumbermen, and themselves extremely dry and resinous, it only needed the high winds of the last week to fan the fires here and there into a conflagration that for extent and fierceness has no parallel in the experience of the oldest inhabitant of the State.

Here in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake the fires, while close at our doors, have, by almost superhuman exertions on the part of the inhabitants, been kept at bay, so that no buildings have been destroyed, but in some of the adjoining towns many have been made homeless in a few hours by its furious assaults. In Shirley, a small village a few miles below us on the B. & A. road, the fire approached so near that the inhabitants fled for their lives, with the burning breath of the tempest scorching their very faces. But when all hope of saving the town was over, suddenly the wind changed, the flames leaped to the right and were off in another direction, leaving the astonished people to return to the smoke-blackened but unburned homes that they had never expected again to enter.

Dreadful and widespreal is the devastation of the forests, which it will take a century's growth to restore, but the timber lands of our State are owned largely by rich corporations to whom the loss, great as it is, will not in most cases spell ruin. It is the individual mill owner and his employes thus thrown out of work, and the homeless farmers, who have seen the patient toil of years go up in smoke and flame, upon whom this blow will fall most heavily. It is pitiful to see old men and women, worn with the cares and burdens of a life of hard work and pinching economy, who, in the morning sat in cheerful contentment beneath the roof that they had spent so many toilsome years to rear as a home for their old age, find themselves at night homeless, shelterless, and stripped of everything but the bare acres that even the fire was powerless to destroy.

"Nothing but rain, a steady, soaking rain of several days can save us!"

That was the cry upon every lip, and anxious eyes watched day and night for some sign of that longed-for friend. But the June skies were cloudless, and the sun shone down pitilessly upon those scenes of desolation until on Monday night, the 8th, the clouds that had been all day long tantalizing us with alternate promises and disappointments, really began to pour their hoarded treasures upon the scorched bosom of the earth.

Never was there sweeter music than the patter of those blessed drops upon the shingled roofs of those who, for days, had lived in constant peril from the fires upon either hand, and far and wide, in city home and outlying farmhouse, went up one glad united cry of thanksgiving for this priceless gift from the very hand of God Himself. It seemed as if the dumb earth itself sent up its wordless thanks for this great deliverance, as every blade of grass and humble herb lifted up its head and looked heavenward as it drank in the grateful moisture.

It had been a race, men said, between the wind and the rain for the life of the State, and, thank God! the rain had won. It will take many years to heal the wounds that we have received in this terrible encounter with the fiercest of all the elements, but it has taught us a lesson in regard to the importance of strangling a forest fire at its birth, before it grows a giant that no human power can wrestle with. And hereafter, it is safe to say that not a voice in all the State, from the northern boundary of Aroostook to Casco Bay, will be raised in protest against the appropriation made by our Legislature of 1903 to provide fire wardens to protect those forest lands that are at once our pride and one of the chief sources of our prosperity as a people.

H. G. ROWE.

GREENVILLE, Moosehead Lake, Me., June 9.

Shooting and Fishing on the Hudson

THE Hudson River, several hundred years ago, must have been an ideal hunting ground for the sportsman, and an enticing and beautiful resort for the angler. Deer and bear were undoubtedly plentiful in the forests bordering its shores, and the drumming of the old cock partridge on the mountain sides was a sound as familiar then as the blasting in a rock quarry is to-day.

Many ducks fed and bred in the marshes and creeks extending up the river from Croton to Albany, while the water probably teemed with that gamiest of fish, the striped bass. But as civilization gradually spread itself along the beautiful shores of the noble river, and as men with rods and guns increased, the game and fish commenced rapidly to disappear, until now only the faintest remnant remains.

Although both ducks and bass are far from numerous, we have spent many a pleasant day on the broad bosom of the Hudson; Croton Point Cove and Haverstraw Bay more than once have been the scene of an exciting scull after a flock of "coot," ruddy, or black ducks.

With our 37-foot steam launch and duck boat towing astern, guns, ammunition and fishing tackle on board, we would sally forth bright October mornings, the Veteran, myself, Al and Ben, for a good day's outing on the river. The latter was our engineer, and always proved a constant source of fun and amusement. He was a small man, bent and shriveled by age, for he had seen seventy summers or more, yet a better engineer never pulled open the throttle of an engine. He was clean, neat and careful about all his work, and ever ready to go out for a cruise at any time of day. Poor old Ben, he has now passed over a river greater and broader than the one on which he spent so many of his last days doing the two things he loved best to do on earth: run an engine and fish.

When we went ducking we took the fishing tackle with us, so that if luck was not in our favor we could try our hand at the bass, perch and porgies. When we went fishing we took our guns and cartridges and towed the duck boat, in case we should come upon a flock of wild fowl, and so we were always prepared for anything that would turn up.

One clear, mellow morning in the fall we started out with lunch basket added to the outfit and ready to make a day of it on the river.

"Everything on board, Al?" asked the Veteran, when our belongings had been stowed away in the easy little Buttercup.

"All right, go ahead, Ben." The bells jingled and churning the water into foam, we backed out from the dock and turning around, headed for the reef off Croton Point. The river was calm and mirror-like, except where, here and there, a gentle breeze stirred the smooth surface. The mountains colored in rich brown, red and yellow, sent long, deep reflections into the water, and distant sounds came distinctly to the ear, as on one of those clear, transparent March days. The air was fresh and cool while we were in motion, but come to a standstill, and the warm breath of summer could yet be felt. About half way over to the reef we espied a lonely sea-crow some distance ahead of the boat. "You might as well go after him," said the Veteran, "seeing you have never shot a specimen of this beautiful chicken-billed water fowl. Come, come, Al, he'll be half a mile down the river if you don't hurry up a little." Al nervously pulled the duck boat alongside as we came to a stop, while I got in and crouched behind the screen. Swiftly we sped toward the unsuspecting old "mud hen," for Al was a good sculler and soon had me within easy range of our prospective quarry.

"Look out, Al," I said, as we approached nearer and nearer. "In another minute we'll run him down and I want to have the fun of shooting him."

"Scare him," answered Al; "maybe he'll fly."

"Shoo!" I cried, waving my arms, for we were right on top of the senseless creature. I knew the Veteran was laughing over the performance, and I was bound to get even with the sea-crow. Finally he arose from the water and flew and half flapped off, until about thirty yards away he was met by a charge of No. 7 shot, which abruptly ended his career.

The launch steamed down, picked us up, and we steered for the reef. Picking out a good place near the lower end, we let go anchor, set the camp stools in the stern and commenced to bait up our bass rods. This task was one I far from relished, for we used great big sand worms that were wiggling, squirming creatures, not very pleasant to put on a hook. However, it had to be done, so here goes, and after several struggles I fastened a nice fat one on securely and cast the tempting lure over the stern.

Ben was roosting on a camp stool, busily engaged in casting out his line and hauling it in again. Suddenly he gave a jerk, and swearing softly to himself, reeled in a plump sea porgy. Whenever Ben fished and was especially pleased or displeased with his catch, he would give vent to his feelings with a low, muttered oath, much to our amusement.

The perch and porgies bit well, but no bass had taken hold as yet. A pair of either of the former put up a good fight and often deceives the angler, who thinks he has a bass. After we had been here a couple of hours, the fish stopped biting and the Veteran ordered a move. We pulled up the anchor and started for the Farms, in Haverstraw Bay, which was another good fishing ground.

The Hudson is certainly a beautiful river, and in many parts retains something of its old wildness. One of the most picturesque stretches is Haverstraw Bay, bordered on the east by Croton Point and low, rolling hills, and on the west by high, rugged mountains.

Reaching the Farms, which, by the way, is the name given to a large oyster bed situated near the center of the bay, we let go the anchor and brought out our fishing tackle again.

"'Here goes for a bass," said the Veteran, putting a dainty morsel of shedder crab on his hook, and throwing out a long cast. "That ought to fetch one," he added. And so it did, for a few minutes later, instead of reeling in the old-timed porgy or perch, a brilliant, silvery pound bass came swinging into the boat.

"That's a fine one," said Ben. "Mebbe there's more around. Al, hand me them sand worms; I guess I'll try both kinds o' bait ter once."

To watch Ben fish was as good as a play, and this time, after arranging his tackle with the utmost care, he stood up on the seat and gave a terrific cast, sending the bait flying through the air. Plunk! it struck the water. "Now I'm ready fer ye," he said, pulling up the camp stool and sitting down with a grunt of contentment.

Watching out of the corner of my eye, I suddenly saw his line jerked sharply, and then Ben commenced reeling in at a great rate. "I got ye this time," he muttered, betwen soft curses of excitement. "Al, let's have the net," he continued. "Oh, pshaw! Ben," said Al, disparagingly, "that's no bass." And to the former's discomfort and my disgust, Al's statement proved true, for instead of a bright, shining bass he brought in a huge, wriggling eel. Ben turned to Al as he pulled the squirming, yellow creature over the gunwale of the launch.

"Hand me them pipe tongs, Al, please," he said to that worthy, who promptly fished out a pair of villainous-looking iron tongs. "This is the rig for these fellers," he said, making a fruitless grab at his unwelcome catch. "I'll squeeze ye," he muttered, and opening the tongs wider, snatched again for the wily eel's head. Finally, after several unsuccessful attempts and a good deal of quiet swearing to himself, Ben managed to seize him firmly, and soon gave him the coup de grace.

It was now nearly noon, but still the fish kept on biting, and now and again some one would catch a small bass. Something tugged at my line and then commenced shaking it like a dog shakes a stick. I knew what this meant, and after reeling in the big two-pound eel I turned him over to Ben for further care.

Lunch time at hand, we made a good meal of boiled hard-shelled crabs, and five or six of these sweet and delicious shellfish combined with fresh home-made bread and butter, greatly relieves the hungry angler's appetite.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we put the fishing tackle away and steamed down the river. Half way between the Farms and the Point the Veteran discovered a flock of ducks ahead, and with the aid of the glasses distinguished them to be nine fat little ruddies dancing and bobbing on the water. "We'll both go after these," he said to me, as the launch stopped, and Al pulled the duck boat alongside. "You sit well forward and I'll get in behind you." When we were all arranged in the boat we slipped under the stern of the Buttercup and made for the unsuspecting flock.

"My goodness!" said Al suddenly. "Here comes a steamboat up behind us and there's a rowboat ahead that's going to get right between us and those ducks," he continued excitedly.

"Well, get to work, Al, and scull harder," answered the Veteran. "Maybe we can beat them yet." Al puffed and panted as he sent the duck boat surging along, but we crossed the rowboat's bow, and the steamer was still a good distance behind. "You take a sitting shot," whispered the Veteran, "and then we'll give them three barrels when they get up." About forty yards from the ducks he said, "Now give it to them," and raising up I fired, knocking two over, while the remaining seven arose with a whirr from the water. Bang, bang! and five came tumbling out of the air to the Veteran's right and left, while I managed to bring one down with my left barrel. Eight ruddy ducks lay floating on the water, but the ninth eluded our parting salute and skimmed away.

"Those are the first good ducks we have killed in some time," said the Veteran, and we were all very much elated over our success, for such an opportunity was a rare one. The launch came along and we continued on our way. Beyond the Point Al, who had been keeping a lookout for ducks, pointed to the left and said, "Just look at that for a bunch of ducks!" And there appeared what looked like a flock of twenty or thirty big coot.

"Hush!" said Al nervously, "they'll hear that bell sure if you ring it."

"Well," answered the Veteran, laughing at Al's extreme caution in not frightening the flock, "Ducks as wild as that had better get up and clear out, for nobody will get near them. You go after these," he said, turning to me, and needless to say I promptly obeyed the order.

Al kept telling me not to get excited as we neared the ducks, and when my heart was fairly thumping with that malady, I heard him say in the most disgusted voice behind me, "Oh, pshaw! they ain't any ducks at all, only net corks."

"What?" I said, raising up and peering over the screen. Sure enough there was a large bunch of corks

bobbing serenely on the water. The net had parted somewhere, and they all had drifted together, so at a distance they represented exactly a flock of ducks.

How the Veteran laughed over the joke when the Buttercup steamed up and how mortified and chagrined Al and I felt over the whole performance.

"But I was sure they were ducks myself," said the Veteran, after guying Al on the bell-ringing episode, "and until we came closer they looked just like a bunch of coot. Anyway, we'll take a sail down the river and maybe you'll get another chance at some real ducks."

For a couple of miles we continued south, and then turning, came up the river near the east shore.

"What are those?" asked Al, all at once.

"Three black ducks," answered the Veteran promptly, for he can always tell what species a duck is, even if half a mile distant. "Now is your chance," he said, turning to me, "so go ahead."

Pushing off the duck boat, we were soon moving up quickly with the tide on the "duskies," who all appeared asleep; very different from their usual wide awake mood. About thirty or forty yards distant I kneeled up in the boat and gave them the right-hand barrel in the water. Only one succumbed to the shot, but I was lucky in knocking down a second bird out of the air as he jumped, while the third, unscathed, sped off like a bullet.

They were a nice, plump pair, and the first black ducks, excepting one, I had ever killed. Boarding the launch, we headed toward shore, for it was growing late and the air chilly. Our bag consisted of eight ruddy ducks, a pair of black ducks, one sea-crow and a pail full of perch, porgies, small bass, eels and crabs.

Such little trips on the river are very pleasant, and, although this day was an especially lucky one, the fascination of cruising about in search of game and fish never decreases. And then, October is the sportsman's month, and whether it be fruitful or not, I am sure is always looked forward to and enjoyed by those who love to fish and shoot.

CAMILLA.

Adirondack Notes.

THE forest fires have not been overstated in the daily papers I have seen. Smoke like a pall of darkness has many days overhung the lakes so that one could not see a half mile distinctly—sometimes not a quarter. Sometimes a yellow cast was given to everything, as though all nature had a bad attack of jaundice. One day last week burned leaves filled the air and fell like snowflakes. They were crisped, not crumbled, and had come for miles upon the wind. Yesterday as people returned from church they noticed that the air was delightfully clear; all felt that the long-wished-for change had come, and toward night a little rain fell; several showers came during the night; more this morning, and glad thankfulness seems written on every face one meets.

Many believe that a large number of the fires have been accidental, but that another large number have been purposely set. One case was stated to the writer as a sample and as follows: The poor people of a certain community cut wood on State land last winter and were fined for it. Partly to "get even" and partly to earn money to make up the fines by fighting fire, the poachers were believed to have set the fires. I have heard men say, "Fighting fire is good business. It is twenty cents an hour and found from the time you leave home till you get back again." It is an observed fact that some sets of men work hard and earnestly while other sets "sojer" as if to keep up the job. One such set was promptly discharged by the fire warden when he learned the facts.

A gentleman reported to me the following which came under his observation in the vicinity of North Creek. A preserve and club house being in danger, a man was sent to hire help and fight the fire. Next day a hotel lounger was heard to say: "I would have gone with that man if I had known it, but I would have wanted $5 a day in advance. And when I got there, do you know what I would have done? I would not have fought the fires, but set more." He explained his position by finding fault with "the rich men who buy up our lands and then won't let us hunt on them." This is the spirit of ignorant prejudice akin to that governing so many strikes. I cannot believe it is so widespread here as among the labor unions, for many of the Adirondackers share the nobility of their native hills. Where the spirit described is found it is most likely to be—as among the labor unions—in a foreign importation.

Fishing has been unusually good, I am told, in both lake and stream. Poor places have so improved that one can scarcely go amiss for a fair day's sport. Cedar River, in particular, has afforded many good catches of trout. Game is said to have wintered well. The elk given by Mr. Whitney have been seen frequently, and deer are said to be abundant. Some fishermen are already planning to return for the fall hunting. A recent tour of inspection showed much more "sign" than previous years on the same ground.

An Old Trick Well Done.

Recently when driving along a mountain road a brood of ducklings were surprised in the ditch by the road. The mother, a sheldrake, immediately took the road ahead of the team, and so thoroughly simulated a broken leg that at first I thought it was reality. A broken wing also seemed in evidence. I was familiar with the partridge trick, but did not know ducks were up to the same one; hence I was more easily deceived. After leading us, as she supposed, a dozen rods or more and around a turn in the road away from her brood, the old duck suddenly recovered, took wing, and describing a wide circle, returned to her little ones. It was certainly well done and worthy the mother instinct which prompted it. Speaking of the occurrence to a Utica gentleman one day, he said he once had a similar experience. Coming suddenly on a brood of sheldrakes in a pond hole the mother skittered as if with broken wing all over the surface of the water, making a great splashing until her ducklings were hidden, and then, calmly perching in full view, looked around as if to say: "I haven't any ducks." The Utica man had never heard anything like it till I told him my experience. Is such practice common among ducks? I am not a duck hunter, but would like to know.

Please give my compliments to Mr. Emerson Carney, whose articles I enjoy, and thank him for his explanation (in your last issue) about the absence of deciduous trees from his hunting grounds. My observations of deer have been in the Adirondacks, where deciduous trees abound, also undergrowth of many kinds. No doubt this largely accounts for the difference in our experience.

JUVENAL.

THE ADIRONDACKS, June 8.

Natural History.

Experiments with Chickens.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I take it that your esteemed correspondent Hermit is desirous of the fullest light upon the subject that he has agitated in your columns, and it is, therefore, with no intention of baiting him that I indulge in further criticism of his outgivings. In your issue of June 6 he extends ironical congratulations to Mr. E. P. Jaques "because of his peculiar breed of chicks that will pick up crumbs as soon as they are out of the shell," and intimates further that they are the only chicks in the world that do so. I admit that these Kansas chicks are marvels of precocity, but I am sensible that young America is little trammeled by tradition, that it is disposed to hold itself independent of precedent, and chicks as well as children, in the invigorating air of the Western prairie, may be stimulated into an exceptional forwardness of development. Be that as it may, the evidence is conclusive that the young of the feathered tribe possess, upon their entry into the world, a stock of inherited instincts amply qualifying them for the battle of life.

Nigh half a century ago Douglas Spalding, an English investigator, subjected the young of various creatures to a minute and painstaking course of observation and experiment, the results of which he subsequently published. Prior to such exposition it was a belief current among intelligent people that chicks picked up crumbs and followed the call of the mother immediately upon their leaving the shell. He experimented with over fifty chicks, "but he states not one upon emergence was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless, they struggle with their legs, wings and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavoring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them hold up their heads well, pick at objects and attempt to dress their wings when only four or five hours old." To determine that the chicks acquire their power of interpreting instinctively what they see and hear, Spalding states "as soon as the little prisoners had begun to break their way out I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes, drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close around their necks." In some cases the material was thick enough to impose total darkness upon the wearers; in other instances it was semi-transparent. In this state of obvious blindness they were kept from one to three days. When unhooded the chicks' behavior was conclusive against the theory that the perception of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience or of associations formed in the outset of each individual life. Often the chicks, at the end of two minutes, followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects. In from two to fifteen minutes they would peck at some minute speck, and appeared to possess an innate perception of distance, for, as a rule, they seemed to hit the object, however small, at which they struck. Without any opportunity of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chicks began to scrape when from two to six days old. In view of Hermit's adverse contention, I submit the following account of one of Spalding's experiments:

A chick that was unhooded when three days old remained for six minutes chirping and looking about, at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant, at ten minutes it made a peck at its toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dash at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke. For seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive bee coming sufficiently near, was seized at a dart, and thrown some distance much disabled. For twenty minuates it sat upon the spot where its eyes had been unveiled, without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen caring for a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off for the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the nature and qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was no road that way. It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran around the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time that it had ever walked by sight.

Hermit should not shut his eyes to the undeniable fact that the young of all animal kind begin life fully equipped to cope with its exigencies. Nature and care are, of course, essential, but the appearance of maternal instruction proves nothing, it affords no evidence that a subsequent behavior of the young conforming to such teaching is a result thereof. So long as similar manifestations are spontaneously evolved, it must be conceded that the so-called schooling is a mere stimulation of dormant faculties into active being. For instance, Hermit entertains the readers of FOREST AND STREAM with a graphic recital of his boyish observation of a mother cat's apparently sedulous effort to teach her kittens how to catch and kill mice, and assumes that such instruction is a necessary feature of feline training. No weightier authority on this point can be adduced than Darwin, who says: "Let any one * * * give a mouse to a kitten taken early from its mother and which has never seen one and observe how soon the kitten growls with hair erect." Anyone can make this conclusive experiment, bearing in mind that the kitten chosen should be of proper stock. Some cats eagerly take to mousing, others manifest entire indifference to the sport. Of course, in a wild state, the latter would be speedily eliminated, but they exist because man's arbitrary selection is not that of nature.

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Whippoorwill's Cry.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Though Mr. L. F. Brown appears to be certain that only the female whippoorwill, and not the male, is the singer of the night, I will state my own experience to the contrary.

For fifty years I have lived in a locality which, within a few hundred yards, is bordered by mountainous woods. In these woods we can hear this bird from May to August, and occasionally to September, and not only a few at a time, but hundreds of them during warm nights.

Many were the whippoorwills I collected during a number of years as specimens for ornithological friends, who would exchange with me for other desirable specimens.

My method to secure the bird has always been to follow up the bird, guided by its song, and though it was generally too dark in the woods to see the bird on a log, low limb, stone or on the ground, the white markings on throat and tail of the male singer made it possible for me to see the rising bird, which my quick snapshot generally brought to the ground. A small piece of sperm candle helped me to find the bird with the white markings and prevented me from reaching into the ready fangs of a possible rattlesnake.

In every instance the rising bird was a male, as a female could not be seen, except when it appeared on a limb outlined against the sky and near the place where the male was in song; it then uttered a short call, but one at a time.

The above statement is my experience, but I would not say that the female does not sing, or cannot sing. The female oriole will answer the call of the male with notes often nearly as full of music as those of its mate. The female of the hooded warbler will answer the song of the male almost constantly, except when sitting on its nest, but the song consists of a few notes only.

AUGUST KOCH.

What Beavers Can Do.

CAPT. GEORGE VAN FELSON, secretary of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, whose territory lies in the Lake St. John country, Saguenay, Quebec, makes a remarkable statement about the ravages of beavers in his annual report for 1903. Speaking of the unprecedented increase of these animals on the club property, he says:

"This year the increase has become alarming, and today innumerable lakes, streams, and rivers have been dammed by these hard-working and interesting animals. I may note a few remarkable cases, such as the damming of Lake George. This large sheet of water, twelve miles in circumference, has been raised four feet above its ordinary level. Tourilli River has been dammed at three different points, at one place over 120 feet wide. On the west branch and many other points small streams have been dammed and our trails swamped. A large number of small lakes heretofore offering excellent feeding grounds for caribou now present glistening sheets of water in lieu of long grass."

The editors of FOREST AND STREAM beg to acknowledge in behalf of Mr. Charles Hallock, and at his request, a repeated invitation from the honorary president (Com. G. U. Gregory) and Secretary Van Felson, to be the club's guest this season. From all accounts the fishing and shooting on this exceptional preserve is not surpassed on earth, and only equaled in the mystical happy hunting grounds.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Take the Boy Along.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is raining. Six days ago occurred the most disastrous flood that was ever known on the upper Cottonwood. Bridges are torn out and none of the roads are passable more than a mile or so in any direction. Railroads are at a standstill with no mails or news from anywhere. It has rained all spring to that extent that farmers could do little toward putting in crops, and that little is now washed away. Since the flood it has rained six solid days and nights a cold drizzle, with the temperature at 44 above zero.

We have a vague suspicion that other parts of the world are more or less afflicted, but we have not heard from our nearest neighbor for four days. Put to our utmost for something to do, we decided to write FOREST AND STREAM of an event in the hunting line that occurred some months ago.

We had heard grass plover were ripe, and had been threatening them for some time. The extreme northwest corner of Marion county runs into the high, rocky and rough divide between the headwaters of the Cottonwood River and the Smoky Hill River. These hilly lands are reserved for cattle ranges and are fenced into very large pastures and are otherwise as nature left them. In these pastures the grass plover come in spring and fall as of old. Wolves congregate here in increased numbers following the herds. But to the grass plover.

Lee is my boy, now fifteen years old. It has been my fortune to be among the wild game more than most men, not to shoot—for it has been years since I have shot to amount to anything, and years have intervened between

each of my grand shooting festivals—but I have been among the game more and on more different fields than most men. Since Lee has been big enough to be interested in wild game I have regretted very much that I could not have him with me, but it never happened that way until a short time ago. We had been noticing and watching for the plover, and when rumors of them began to be heard we were on the alert. Driving to one of the largest pastures in the raggedest part of the hills we had a fine ride amid splendid and far extended views; but, contrary to our expectations, we found no plover. It was very pleasant, though, and we felt no keen disappointment. Cattle were grazing on a thousand hills with far reaching levels between. With only a slight change in color and form it would have been the scene of forty-five years ago over again. At last we came to one of the water holes made by damming a ravine and catching the rain. While we sat looking a pair of bluewing teal dropped into the pond. Directing Lee how to proceed to get under the dam, where he could walk within fair range without being seen, I sat in the wagon and watched the game. The ducks that stop long in Kansas learn to watch the dam and at the first appearance of a hat above the bank they are off. This pair were on the alert, and they were off at the first glint of white felt above the level. They are too late, though; two puffs of smoke and they are both down as neatly as if a veteran had wielded the gun.

Lee was very proud, and seemed to rate the hunt a great success. It was his first pair and fourth and fifth wild duck. Some years earlier he had spent a good deal of his time in drawing, being almost self-taught, having taken only a few lessons from a country teacher. For the last few years he has done but little at it. When we got home he overhauled his effects for crayon paper, but found none except such as had been used. Selecting a piece of this and turning the blank side he hung up the pair of teal and drew them on it, natural size. We think the effort very creditable, and as soon as the mail opens will send you the original along with this letter. Yes, take the boy along if circumstances are favorable.

Since writing the above we have learned that the flood was indeed of wide extent, and has left its hundreds homeless, which you had doubtless learned long before.

E. P. JAQUES.

DURHAM, Kansas, June 2.

The "Platform Plank" in the Field.

LOOKING backward over lengthening years no friendships are recalled that are warmer, more firmly cemented, nor more highly prized than those formed and shared in the brotherhood of sportsmen.

A day beside the rippling trout brook with rod and creel in early springtime, a day upon the distant salmon river beneath northern skies, a day afield with bird dog and gun in autumn, a day in the wilderness in the deep snows of winter after big game—these are the tests of manhood, the furnace that separates the dross of appearance and pretense from the real gold of sterling worth.

Friendships begotten of such conditions are true and lasting, an unending fund of pride and delight, and they are not the exclusive possession of millionaires and those of classical education and unlimited opportunities, as too many are apt to think.

Many there are in the humbler walks of life whose ears are attuned to the grand Te Deum of Nature, who square their conduct by the Golden Rule, and whose quiet lives and unpretentious influence for good are the salvation and uplifting of society and the country.

The great army of sportsmen numbers recruits from all classes and walks of life, and worthiness is the only test and password. Sportsmen's literature, their periodical publications and helpful legislation for the protection and propagation of game—fur, fin and feather—wrought by their instrumentaliy will attest their present high ideals and irresistible influence and strength.

The leaves in the diary of Time need be turned backward but a few short years before the enunciation and promulgation of the Platform Plank is discovered—that startling innovation in the ethics of sportsmanship—and the pessimism with which it was greeted and discussed.

That it was necessary and timely now goes without saying; and that it has been crystallized into law in so many States is a compliment to its authors and to the great body of sportsmen of our country who so quickly apprehended its wisdom and benefit, and who were so instrumental in the halls of legislation as to place it upon the statute books and give it all the force and effect of salutary law.

This, with the further upbuilding of healthy public sentiment and helpful legislation, promises much for the future for the preservation and propagation of well nigh extinct species as well as teaching lessons of manliness and forbearance in destruction and slaughter.

Even though it were practical, selfishness is still too dominant in the world to warrant an appeal to sportsmen to individually apply, in an accentuated form, the principle of the Platform Plank to themselves by accepting and being faithful to another, viz., killing fish and game for sport shall be prohibited at all times. Nevertheless, the tendency of the times is in this direction, and a little later it may seem no more revolutionary nor restrictive of individual rights than much that preceded it.

May the day not come when greater zest and higher pleasure will follow from observation and study and be more alluring and satisfying than now reward the strength to endure and the skill to destroy, even though a plethoric game bag attests both?

Such was the result of a day's outing during the open season of last autumn which I will briefly relate, hoping that others may be induced to follow our example with the same or greater measure of benefit and pleasure. It is my good fortune to number among my friends a man who enjoyed excellent early opportunities which he turned to good account—a man grown old and honored in prominent public station and civic life—a man whose love for outdoor life has grown and strengthened with his years. We had planned with pleasant anticipations based upon many former experiences along the hillsides and in the runs of central Massachusetts, for a day with the lordly grouse.

The day arrived, the air was tempered by the frosts of autumn, the haze of the Indian summer was in the air, all nature was arrayed in her most gorgeous hues. Our route lay northward from the heart of the Commonwealth toward the historic Ransom Rock near Wachusett Mountain, where captives were ransomed from the Indians in colonial days. Arrived at a farm-house we were warmly welcomed and our team cared for. Massachusetts for the most part is rolling land, hill and valley breaking the monotony and adding a charm to the landscape. Where we had chosen to spend our day a hill of considerable height lifts its summit high above the surrounding country, and its top is crowned by naked rock and a few pine trees which grow out of the crevasses, where they seem like giant sentinels on guard. Stretching away to the eastward were the gently sloping and well tilled acres of the farmer whose courtesy we were enjoying. Near the base of the hill on this side were a few acres in a basin-shaped depression forming a kind of bog, which was overgrown with a dense growth of scrub pine, white birches, wild apple trees, and grape vines—an ideal place for the king of game birds which we sought. Between this and the summit and extending around its base half way on either side was cleared mowing and pasture land. On the opposite or western slope of the hill, and extending for miles beyond, there is a tumbling, foaming trout brook and abundant good covert for birds extending away in every direction beyond.

Years of experience had taught us how to work the covert with greatest success. To shoot in the dense growth of the marshy basin on the eastern slope is next to impossible, and the birds when started always fly out over the cleared land around the base of the hill, affording an excellent shot for a man properly stationed. Working the covert from north to south the birds fly around the southern base of the hill, and vice versa, the gunner having choice of an incomer or tail shot, when only a tyro need score a miss.

For a time it was a debated question who would beat the covert and who would do the shooting. My friend at last was prevailed to go to the accustomed place on the southern slope directly in the line of flight, and when he had done so I started in with the dog. I had advanced but a few yards when a beautiful point greeted my sight. I was so enmeshed that it was impossible to shoot, and calling out "Point" to my friend, I ordered the dog on. A sound as of muffled thunder broke the stillness, and stooping to the earth I saw a magnificent cock bird making a bee-line toward my friend, as if to enter the muzzle of his gun. In a moment he had passed as swift as a flash, when the gunner wheeled around, apparently keeping the bird covered with his gun, as if he preferred a tail shot. Another moment and the bird had vanished, and there was no sound of gun to destroy his life or salute his passage!

What could be the matter?

He soon called for and asked me to come to him. I was soon at his side, and in answer to my inquiry as to what was the matter, with impressive earnestness he made this paradoxical reply:

"I could—and I couldn't!"

I noticed that he was deeply moved and I made no further inquiry.

A few moments passed and then these words of Shakespeare fell from his lips:

"Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part; and I am out."

Addressing me by name he continued:

"How could I? That innocent bird that never knew human care! That innocent bird that never did me or any other person harm! That innocent bird for whom the heavenly Father provides! * * * From this eminence just look around! Feast your eyes upon this wreath of gorgeous coloring that Rembrandt never equaled! What a panorama in the mellow autumn sunshine! Where all is beautiful, stillness and peace shall man alone mar and do the deed of destruction? * * * I could—and I couldn't!"

For a time there was nothing said; conversation was out of place and words would be but discord. The moments were impressive.

"I hope you will pardon me and not think me over sentimental or childish," he finally said. "I have enjoyed my days in the field for many years, and, as you know, have killed a reasonable number of birds, but it don't seem as if I would ever want to kill another. But don't let my feelings interfere with your pleasure. I will take the dog and beat the covert and send the birds to you."

To this I demurred, when it was mutually agreed that we should withdraw the cartridges from our guns and continue our day's pleasure, enjoy the outing, and see how many birds we could put up and get a fair shot at with a fair probability that we might reduce them to possession did we choose to.

With this understanding I returned to the covert and soon after sent seven other birds within easy range of my friend's gun. We then climbed to the rocky summit where for a time, seated upon the craggy rocks, we enjoyed the tempered sunshine, the exhilarating air, and the wealth of coloring which extended away in all directions until lost in the dim distance, where the faint undulating outline of the hills touched the horizon. The time and place were more suggestive of silence and musing than conversation, and recalled these lines of Emerson, the sage of Concord:

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood rose and left it on the stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?

"And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou, from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend and teach me to be thine!"

The noon hour was drawing nigh and we returned to the farm-house to eat our lunch. Here we were ushered into the old-fashioned dining room with its great fireplace and brass-topped andirons, and the hospitality of a thrifty New England farmer was urged upon us and it was thankfully accepted and highly appreciated.

We returned to the covert beyond the hill in the afternoon, where we espied a wily fox nosing along the ground in a small cleared space, evidently in search of mice. For some time we enjoyed his graceful movements, his attitudinizing and posing, when, alarmed by a whistle, he vanished as if shot from a gun into the covert beyond. Gray squirrels dodged about to opposite sides of trees, and when one of us remained behind they soon sought safety in the top of some projecting limb or in a sudden dash to adjacent trees.

During the afternoon our dog did good work and made staunch point on eight birds which would have given us fair shots, but we did not trouble them.

Beside the trout brook wild clematis grew in riotous profusion, and the blue-fringed gentian and the cardinal flower appeared more beautiful in contrast, but mindful of Emerson's lines we did not disturb them in their environment. The hours of the shortened day were soon numbered, and we returned to our homes; and the day spent when we could and didn't, remains a delightful reminiscence.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The clouds of smoke and dust which have hung like a pall over New England for many weeks have been dissipated, and in their stead the mists and rains have come, reviving vegetation, bringing smiles to nature's face and gladness to the hearts of men.

Anglers have special reason to share in the universal rejoicing; for not only were the streams drying up, but many ponds and small lakes were becoming so low as to forebode bad luck to fishermen. Our friends in the hill and mountain towns of the western counties, who had abandoned their favorite pastime, have again taken down their rods and report some very good catches, especially in Berkshire, where, they tell us, they are getting better sport than at any time this season. Probably some of the stream fish have been caught in shoal places and have lacked sufficient water to sustain life, but when a drought is not continued long enough to destroy trout and is followed by a good rain, then is just the time to get full creels. The experience of our friends in western Massachusetts will have a counterpart in other sections of our State and in other States. Some of your readers will be glad to learn that Lake Onota, Pittsfield, is now open to fishing three days of each week, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The executive committee of the Massachusetts Central Committee has just issued a report on the legislative work of the past winter, in which they characterize the making permanent the anti-sale law on partridge and woodcock as "the most important piece of legislation in the interest of the protection of birds ever enacted in the history of game legislation in Massachusetts." Your readers will recall the fact, as set forth in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, while the fight was on three years ago, that a permanent enactment was urged then, but that it was fought desperately in the committee; also, that even with the three years' limitation it had to be fought at every stage of its progress and came quite near being lost in the Senate. This year the committee on fish and game reported unanimously in its favor, and in its progress through the two houses there was not once a call for a yea and nay vote. So much for the change in public sentiment as reflected in the action of our Legislature. No one knows better than you, Mr. Editor, the influence which the Boston market has wielded on legislation in years gone by. In the FOREST AND STREAM platform of 1894, which the writer has had in his possession these nine years, you say, "That which stands in the way of the present prohibition of the sale of game in the larger cities is the magnitude of the commercial interests involved."

The "Campaign of Education," to which you refer in that document, has been effectively conducted in our State, and the community is learning "the true place of wild game in the economy of the civilization of the present."

In my humble opinion no one agency has done more in developing this public sentiment than your paper, which, as just compensation for its courageous and intelligent advocacy of right principles, should be found in the household of every true sportsman. But with all the assistance we have received from your columns, it has been a long and an up-hill struggle, so long and so arduous as to discourage utterly some of the soldiers that enlisted under the banner of protection in days gone by.

Others have kept their faces ever to the front, and are now reaping the rewards of a well-earned victory in seeing the principles they have advocated triumphant in many States of the Union, and so generally approved that the might of the general Government may now be invoked in their defense.

Three events in the memorable struggle in behalf of the birds in Massachusetts, briefly stated, are as follows:

1. The meeting in 1898, when J. M. Stevenson, of Pittsfield, as a member of the Legislative Committee, said the first thing for sportsmen to do was to get together and harmonize their differences.

2. The convention of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs called the same year by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

3. The convention of Dec. 14, 1899, in which 60 different organizations were represented, and which declared in opposition to the sale of game and proceeded to form a central committee of clubs, with an executive committee to attend to legislative work. The prime mover in securing the different meetings, which have been of so much advantage to the cause of protection, was the State Association, but the numerous clubs and societies scattered over the State that have "put a shoulder to the wheel," have like reason to be proud of the results which have been achieved by sportsmen "getting together and harmonizing their differences." We have a right to hope that the unanimity of sentiment which now exists among the sportsmen of Massachusetts, will be of long continuance.

E. S. Beach, Esq., Boston, who has just returned from Mooseluckmeguntic, tells me he saw there thirteen 9-pound salmon at one time that had been taken from the lake, which goes to show that fishermen continue to be well rewarded for their efforts. A 7-pound salmon is credited to ex-Gov. Rollins—known the country over as New Hampshire's "Home Week" governor—and Miss Mary Skillings, of the Governor's party, captured one of 5 pounds.

Mr. H. C. Kennedy, Brooklyn, is arranging Camp Bijou for the arrival of Mrs. Kennedy and their two daughters. Mr. Henry H. Roeloffs, of Philadelphia, with a party of five, is in his camp, Flosroe, at the Narrows above Haines Landing. Several old-timers yet remain and are getting a good number of fish on Rangeley Lake.

Writing to the Boston Herald of to-day regarding fires, Capt. F. C. Barker says: "It is to be regretted that erroneous reports should have been sent from this vicinity, for while the forests have suffered, it was not any of the woods sections frequented by the summer visitor to the lakes, except the near vicinity of Camp Bemis, and above this point the forest is not marred." The Round Mountain Lake camps that were burned (three of them) early in the spring, have been rebuilt and have a good number of guests, among them Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Messenger, son and others from Winchester, Mass. This lake is at a high altitude, and as the writer can testify from personal acquaintance, the camps are delightfully situated. I passed a few days there very pleasantly in the days of the man who built them, that veteran woodsman (once at Tim Pond), Kennedy Smith. They are twelve miles by buckboard road from Eustis. Twenty years ago the writer went from Eustis, 17 miles, to King and Bartlett lakes, which were opened this year, May 20. They can be reached now from Atteau Lake. Mr. Henry Seymour, with several friends from New York, is getting good luck on the lakes and on Spencer stream. If the fishing on the stream is what it used to be one can get the limit in an hour's fishing in a certain pool I know.

I am in receipt of a letter to-day from Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, written from Greenville Junction, Me., in which he writes: "The fire stories from here have been very much exaggerated. At all events they are all out now. I have been coming here for 25 years and never saw the fishing any better than it is now. Speckled trout are taking the fly fine, and to catch all the lakers by trolling is no trick at all. * * * I have not seen the sun for two days."

Grand Lake stream is now open to fly-fishing, and is furnishing good sport to a good number of anglers, who average from 6 to 12 daily, from 2½ to 3½ pounds in weight. The burning of the fine club house of the Englewood Club, with the surrounding forests, is greatly regretted by the members, and they have the sympathy of all Boston sportsmen. Ex-Mayor Henry E. Cobb, of Newton, one of the members, lost his fine summer home at Musquash, N. B., and he has gone there to do what he can to relieve the distress of the inhabitants of that vicinity.

Mr. Danforth informs me that Warren I. Hixon, of Lynn, recently took from Dan Hole Pond, N. H., a 13-pound and an 8½-pound salmon, and his companion, Mr. George E. Hanscom, of Malden, took one of 7 and one of 5 pounds. Mr. Frank B. Moore, of Newton Highlands, has taken from Newfound Lake salmon of 5 and 6 pounds, and a 4-pound trout.

CENTRAL.

Fire Made with a Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Hough, in the current number, gives me the first information of the fate of Mr. Egan, the railroad officer, who was lost in Montana last November; since he was first reported to be lost. I have often thought that when the snow had left this spring his body would be found at the bottom of one of those ravines that cross that country in every direction. I have been in the country and I cannot call to mind now any place in the West, and I know the whole of the West pretty well, where a worse place could be found to get lost in.

Had Mr. Egan, when he found himself lost, got up on as high a point as he could find and then started a fire, one that would give plenty of smoke, he no doubt would be alive to-day. Some of the parties who were out looking for him probably passed within a mile of where his body lay frozen under the snow, for he no doubt froze to death.

I remember a similar case that happened many years ago: A party of us mounted men were out in what is now Stonewall county, Texas, on a hunt and scout; and while we were lying over a day in camp a number of men went off in different directions on foot to hunt. A norther came up late in the afternoon, and at dark when all the men should have been back, one of them was still missing.

It began to snow; but only enough snow fell to whiten the ground; but it would be of no use for us to try to find that man after night. We kept up a good signal fire all night, but he did not come in, and early the next morning four of us, all that in our lieutenant's opinion could be sent without any danger of us getting lost in our turn, were sent out, each man by himself, to hunt up the missing man, we going mounted.

I had gone nearly six miles from camp directly toward the Double Mountains, when just ahead of me, up on the top of a rocky ridge, I noticed a gray wolf acting rather curiously. He seemed to be interested in something down on the other side of the ridge. I sent a shot at him, but missed him, and he left. Climbing up to where the wolf had been, I found my man. He lay just below me and between this ridge and a higher one. He had fallen down off from where I stood now late the last night, he told me; then had laid here ever since. He was not hurt much when I came to examine him. He had found himself lost late the evening before, then had wandered around until he had fallen here. He was still half frozen and did not have energy enough left to get up and hunt the camp.

"Why did you not start a fire last night?" I asked. "Had you put one on the side of that hill up there, we could have seen it and then found you. The camp is in sight of this hill."

He had no matches, he said.

"You did not need any; you had a gun and pistol. Now let me start one for you."

I had matches, but did not use them. I took the greasy rag I used for a gun stopper, then taking a small piece of paper folded both and thrust them in under a small log; then holding my pistol with the muzzle a few inches away from this stuff, I fired into it just once, then blew on it, and had a fire without matches.

After I had got the man warmed up a little, I put him on my horse, and we went home.

Mr. Egan may not have had any matches, either, but he was too old a hunter to need them; he no doubt knew of this trick, and had he not been stunned from a fall, could have used it. I had not supposed that there was a man living who was in the habit of using a gun, but would know how to start a fire this way. I found men right in that camp, though, who did not know it, or at least had never thought of it.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Close Time Incident.

RICHFORD, Vt., May 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently while out for a constitutional stroll over the hills near this village, accompanied by a couple of young setters, Bruce and Grouse, and our irrepressible fox terrier, Bob, I passed through a small piece of woods with all of the dogs close in-to-heel when a hen partridge (ruffed grouse) jumped up from almost under my feet with a great whir-r-r and boom, at the same time scattering in all directions her numerous brood of young chicks. Bob immediately gave chase after the fluttering mother bird, while the chicks (some of them had landed on their backs) picked themselves up, and, instead of trying to hide, young partridge fashion, they ran up to my feet as for protection. I picked one of them up and it nestled itself in a confiding way in my hand and looked up to my face with a fearless bright little eye. After holding it for a moment, I replaced it on the ground and turned my head to look at the dogs. Bruce, who is field broken, had dropped to flush when the old bird rose, and Grouse, a litter brother of Bruce (unbroken and having had no field work) was giving an object lesson of what hereditary instinct will teach a well bred setter to do under such circumstances. He was standing at a stanch point, with his nose down within a foot of one of the chicks, which was sitting quietly on a large dead leaf. After watching them for a few moments, I backed away from the spot and called to the dogs to come-to-heel. Bruce obeyed, but Grouse held his point immovable. After calling to him several times I walked up to him and placed my hand on his back. He was as rigid as a piece of marble. I rubbed him down a few times and calling him a good fellow, took him up in my arms and moved away from the spot. As soon as he was away from the scent he relaxed, and as I dropped him to the ground he showed by his actions that he knew that he had done a good thing, and that he had discovered a new source of pleasure—hitherto an unknown pleasure.

There were a dozen or more of those chicks and there can be no doubt that the nest where they were hatched was under a small evergreen bush from under which the old bird jumped. The chicks must have been newly hatched or they would not have been so tame and unsophisticated, as my former experience has been that when young grouse are disturbed, they will quickly secrete themselves under the dead leaves or some other convenient cover.

I went on in the direction taken by the old bird and soon found Bob under some second growth hemlocks, where he seemed to think that his game had treed. Calling him to heel, we went out into the cleared pasture, so as to not further disturb that interesting family, though we may soon pay them another visit with a camera.

STANSTEAD.

Sport's Fatal Point.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, Mo., June 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Observing the inclosed article in my St. Louis Republic of a day or two since, and thinking you might find something of interest therein, I take the liberty of forwarding it. Please be careful to keep it separate from articles discussing the "Intelligence of Wild Animals," as I do not wish to complicate that discussion by furnishing a basis to the possible theory that the quail lured this setter to his destruction by giving scent at the instant he was on the track and the car in sight.

WM. F. FLYNN.

Because Sport, an Irish setter dog, belonging to M. A. Klein, of No. 2807 Accomac street, was too tenacious on a point, he lost his life, and judgment for $200 was entered yesterday in Judge Taylor's division of the Circuit Court against the St. Louis Transit Company for the dog's death.

On May 23, 1902, Sport discovered some birds on the street near his master's home, and imemdiately assumed the attitude taken by hunting dogs when they discover game. When a bird is sighted the dog stops, and remains standing with one of his fore paws raised and his eyes fixed on the bird. This is called pointing. Sport, like many other hunting dogs, was very stanch on point, or hard to be made to leave his position until the game had been disposed of.

Unfortunately for Sport, two things occurred in his case. One was that when he sighted the birds he was on the car track. The other was that a California avenue car was bearing down upon him.

Sport either did not see the car, or, seeing it, heeded it not.

The remainder of Sport's life was contained in the following questions put by Attorney J. Carter Carstens to the motorman:

"Did you not hear a grinding and breaking of bones?"

Klein brought suit in Justice Hanley's court for damages about two months after Sport's remains had been laid to rest. A change of venue was taken to Justice Walker's court, which is now presided over by Justice Griffin. From there it was taken to Justice Billhartz's court and back to Justice Griffin's court and then back to Justice Spaulding's court, where it was tried.

Klein placed Sport's value at $300 and asked for $200 punitive damages in addition. The evidence did not warrant punitive damages, and Attorney Carstens amended by eliminating the claim for punitive compensation. The jury, however, returned a verdict for $450 and the Transit Company appealed.

The evidence showed that Sport possessed other admirable qualities beside being a stanch pointer. One of these was his ability to play on the piano.

At the behest of his master's wife he would take a position before the instrument and pound on the keys with his paws and howl in accompaniment. He appeared to enjoy the melody or medley, and there was no doubt but that it was enjoyed by the children of the neighborhood, who would gather on the pavement to hear him.

A Moose Transaction.

JAMES MCQUARTERS, a constable at Glasston, was arrested several days ago on a warrant charging him with having protected game in his possession, and before Justice Ball, at St. Thomas, was fined $50.

The arrest of McQuarters is a sequel to the moose killing episode at Glasston some time ago, when Farmer Raedel was arrested on a charge of killing a moose. Raedel lives some distance from Glasston, and it appears that before the moose was killed McQuarters and a party of four Glasston men started in pursuit of the animal, which had been discovered in a grove near Glasston. Before they reached the Raedel place, his mooseship had been killed. McQuarters is charged with representing to the farmer that he represented the game warden and had authority from him to take the carcass of the moose or to collect $50 from him. Farmer Raedel did not feel like giving up the money, so decided to give McQuarters the hide, the head and part of the meat. Naturally the party returned to Glasston well satisfied with the trip, even if Farmer Raedel had got the shot at the moose. Mr. Raedel was not entirely satisfied, and he took a statement in writing from McQuarters in which it was stated that he, McQuarters, represented the game warden and that Raedel was exonerated from all blame in connection with the killing. When he was arrested later for killing the moose he showed this document, and it was on his statement that Game Warden C. A. Hale swore out the warrant for the arrest of McQuarters on a charge of having portions of the moose in his possession. Violators of the State game laws have begun to realize that the law is to be observed in the northern district of the State, and in his efforts to enforce the laws Mr. Hale will have the assistance of every true sportsman in the State.—Grand Forks (N. D.) Herald.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XII.—The Two Harps.

"He has discovered beneath him the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snowstorms and her summer spice-airs, and himself, most wonderful of all, standing there."—Carlyle.

"Nature ceases to be the mirror of man, only to make man its mirror."—Article on Landscape, Edinburgh Review, January, 1901.

THE seven disciples who went a-fishing and cast their nets all night without success, found their Master when morning came; and then obtained over one hundred and fifty large fish. There is a vital sense in which like experiences may be had by the true angler, right along the Delaware. We have taken five large bass this morning in the Benekill channel of the river at the Water Gap, and from near the submerged log at the foot of the island just above Susquehanna Bridge. The sport was very fine; but as we smoke after noon-day luncheon beside the shore spring, and note all the views of clouds and hills, water, foliage and wild roses, we realize anew that our greatest pleasure springs from contemplation of the novel and attractive environment. This feeling leads to a long conversation, which I submit without giving its actual dialogue.

There is a "fine and beautiful alliance" between the scale and variation of thought, feeling and emotion which dwell and reign in the hearts and souls of men, and the change, fantasy, grace and mystery of the moods and aspects in Nature. Life as mystic as the spirit man feels within himself, dwells in the leaf he may pluck and crush; and departs when death broods over and claims it as its green changes to gold, and the gold changes to brown of vegetable mould.

This truth is carried out into the whole world. There was gladness and laughter in the landscape here at sunrise. Now, at noon-day, happiness, contentment, satisfied being, are well defined by nature's aspects as we smoke on the shore. And it is *eye-music!*

The harmonies waked by a really great orchestra, as they rise, die away, float and live softly in unexpected strains and phrases, now straying in rills apart, then gathering volume until the stormy melody pulsates through and shatters all the air, have countless moods in them—the glee of dancers, the calm fire of golden sunsets, the joy of bridals, the madness and lust of conquest—myriads of mystic impressions and feelings of which the soul is capable, yet which were never expressed in words, and never can be! Yet they are summoned when the baton of Thomas or Gericke, wand-like, directs the action of a hundred skilled performers, and uses their power in unity. Tinkling lyres as of underground rivulets; bellowing of storms! From the magic realms of harmony, unseen sound-birds soar, circle, beat their wings on anvil and drum, and hover like butterflies over violins, flutes and oboes! Calls of cornets, boom of artillery, fainting flutter of foliage, music of flowing water, lark-calls so far away that their cadences seem delicate and fine as the breath you breathe! The little human brain directing the hand that wields the baton, summons at will the whole forces of Nature—the rivers, the mountains, the winds!

It is really the playing of a giant harp.

Now, if an unplayed harp, tuned in proper chords, is set amid the musicians, the harp-strings will vibrate and sound in sympathy with the general being of the harmonies from all the instruments. Its soul, waked to life, is being played upon, and gives glad, loving answer

to the concourse of sweet sounds. It is the divinity in harmonies trembling along the harp-wires, and through all the air.

It ceases; the performers stand motionless, while the master soloist now sweeps the harp-strings; and they give back their loving answer to violin, drum, oboe, cymbal, cornet, flute and clarionet—all having waked in them the faint, trembling, echoing vibrations of the harp-song.

We say "Fine music is very sweet and beautiful." Why?

Because the human soul is not only endowed with a sense of beauty of sound, but is itself a harp tuned more or less perfectly—sometimes dulled and apathetic, sometimes exquisitely sensitive. The music borne through the mere instruments beats upon and wakes to life countless mystic strings in the soul-harp, blessing with their harmonics, refining, ennobling, purifying in proportion as man knows and is swayed! I repeat, many and many of these soul-notes can never be described in words; yet they sing, regnant, swaying, with sure control, in our inmost souls, when finest music not only floods our ears, but our hearts.

Quite as powerful, mystic and exquisite, is the music of the eye, or as Wordsworth calls it, the eye-harvest. Here on the Delaware we are with a sight orchestra, forever playing lovely symphonies. Infinite change and gradation in mysteries of distance, fantasy and grace of varied and divided motion, enchantments of hues that change, blend and part again! Exquisite lines of curvature, and tenderest finish on rocks and hills! Clouds, crests, pinnacles, leafage and its shadows, boughs, "weeds," flowers; glories of sunlight, dreamy landscapes asleep under afternoon sunshine, fairy glints from stars where water flows or falls in showers of tossed pearls—these are some of the "moods" and "effects," interwoven, divine, which are forever summoned in sight-harmonies by the baton of creative intelligence—the Master of the Looms.

Vital thoughts, but not new ones! Others have often stated them far better than the writer, and freed from turgid dross and all offensive grandiloquence.

And far more powerfully and in richer measure than the sound-harmonies waked by human players upon instruments that, at best, are not perfect, the perpetual sight-harmonies play upon the soul-harp, especially when its owner stands where they may beat upon it in rich abundance. More, nature forever adds harmonies of sound in woods, waters, skies, birds, winds!

This brings us to the curious fact that none know the absolute verity of all this better than those who are disposed to call such thoughts mere rhapsody, and that such critics are usually the work-weary, office-burned, practical men who are forced to starve the soul in business slavery and chase of the elusive dollar, and yet who flee during vacations to freedom, outdoor life, leisure, recreation, and the novelty of wild and sylvan environment. But I have yet to see one of these critics who will scoff at such thoughts as he actually listens to and sees Nature's orchestras, and as their harmonies wake the soul-harp to sympathetic response.

But there is a sense in which the soul-harp is never still. After all, the strings must often vibrate to chords waked by itself. Hate, love, jealousy, revenge, pique, melancholy, triumph, admiration, ecstasy, and a hundred other moods, and still a thousand nameless others that are often scarcely recognized or traceable by one's self, forever sway us; although often lying dormant until roused; and there is not one of these moods and feelings, however mystic or inexpressible in words, that nature cannot show in synonym and duplicate through her infinite manifestations.

Tempests rage, rills sing with baby murmurings, lightning blasts, the hawk swoops upon the thrush in full song, and cruel claws end the singer's life even while blue sky smiles and sunshine blesses the thorn-blossoms, below which the fledglings of that thrush are doomed to wail, hunger, starve and die. Fidelity in the forget-me-not blooms, love in violets looking up to their sister blue of the sky; joyousness of the robin's chirp, sure self-poise of the soaring eagle, swift cruelty as he drops upon and bears away the rabbit to feed his brats in some cairn along a cliff! And the sadness of gray landscape, heart-broken sorrow as in the night-notes of the mourning dove: strength and loveliness of wide summer fields and forest astir under brisk winds, *dolce far niente* of sunny afternoons brooding over all, mystic ecstasy of dreaming as of moonlit waves and sleeping forests; hints from the unknowable, as of starbeams softly falling into the eye after a pure, steadfast, inconceivably swift journey of thousands of years; and reaching out for help in difficulty and intense desire that has transformed itself into possibility; as of elm and hemlock roots winding far over and between crevices of rocks to reach earth and water!

In all this nature has a soul! She gathers the sunbeams out of the east and brings sweetness of light. She glories in majestic tyranny of waves, pathos of still, white mountain peaks, says her vesper prayers in her own summoned evening twilight, rejoices in the rosy tints of hollows beneath the curved crests of her snow-drifts, upholds, sways, and bends with grace in wind-tried boughs, and symbolizes destruction in the conflagration and dying glories of sunset clouds!

Again I insist, all this is sternest fact. No wonder that the Psalmist declared: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

But there is a further and curious truth. Man is the glass of nature, and, by inversion, nature is the glass of man. It is not always true, as Bryant states, that nature steals into man's "darker musings with a mild and healing sympathy that takes away their sharpness ere he is aware." Note the sadness in the "Ode to the Nightingale" by Keats, and "In a Drear-nighted December" by Shelley. Men often find their depression deepened by contemplation of nature. "Over her face their own shadows fall—grass, thicket, white hawthorn, fading violets and frozen tree, ice-bound stream, sea-wave and weed and sand are interpenetrated with the lassitude, the melancholy and the fevered exhaustion of life, where hope, passion, and the desire of the heart, soul and mind are sinking on the ebb-tide of the ocean whose further shores are the land of the unknown."

Sight to behold and know something of all this will come to the angler as the years pass, and more quickly if he also camps. His tent is his tabernacle. The paddle is his sail, the dimples waked by its gashes are smiles to him from the water, and its drops are dew to his heart. The lancewood or bamboo rod is not merely an instrument to be used in landing a black bass, salmon or trout. Used rightly, it is, far more, the wand by which he unfolds nature's scrolls, and reveals "the boundless store of charms" which she yields to her votary. Tent, paddle, canoe, rods and reels, the far-reaching views and hills, the song of flowing water and novel sequence and current of events, compel and bless change of thought, with their endless new topics for contemplation and perception.

I am aware that, to some, this will seem like an attempt to be abstruse and mere weak analysis—lacking interest, and out of place in these columns. But the subject itself is of vital import to every sportsman. Alas, my feeble, perhaps self-conscious pen, may have chosen words for it that seem to strut and pose. May far better writers deal with this subject. My only excuse for it here is love, and sincere wish to make others love.

We get practical proof of the truth of much of what has preceded in the simple happenings of the morning. Last night my chum yielded to temptation and "went bull poutin'" with some young men who live at the Gap. He was on the river until after midnight, and then helped to

SLEEPING LATE.

fry the bullheads in the kitchen of the station hotel. Pie, cheese, doughnuts, hot biscuits, coffee; then a cigar, and finally a pipe in his room here at the Glenwood. This morning he is "a wreck"—bilious, moody, silent, "wuss'n' snappin' turtle!" as his repulsed boy friend complains.

"How d'ye feel?" I ask him, as he sits on the front porch.

"Like that," he replies, waving his hand toward the rain-sodden meadows and dripping trees and the dun, weeping clouds, a sadness of dreary landscape full of moaning gusts and depression.

"Jes' like that!" he repeats. "It's a sombre morning inside o' me, too. An' don't you come round lecturin' me. Let me alone!"

Moods of a bilious soul and a dark wet day in unison. Comedy!

But at the other end of the porch sits a man on whom a dread disease has settled. A hunted, hopeless, resigned

DELAWARE RIVER BASS.

look in his hollow eyes! It is a sombre day indeed with him, and the landscape typifies his darkness. Tragedy!

An hour later! Bursts of sunshine, great patches of blue sky, glorious colors on and through driving clouds; drying foliage, renewing bird songs! A mile away the long line of maples that edge a forest change from green to gray, and affect the whole aspect of the landscape as the wind lifts the leaves and shows their silvery under sides. Nature is "cheering up!" So are my two friends.

After dinner! Silver palaces upreared in the blue abyss along the horizons! Dry leafage, almost clear sky; and quails and robins are calling. My chum sits in the same porch chair, admiring the wide view.

"How d' ye feel now?" I ask again.

"Like that landscape! Git on yer old rig and come on. Bass'll bite good after the rain!" Comedy again!

At the other end of the porch the slow pathos of a life ebbing away continues; but the stricken man's face has brightened. Hope has returned to those eyes, shining through resigned acceptance. His voice is cheery. "How beautiful the world is! The doctor just tells me I am better. If I do go, maybe I shall live in palaces something like those silver ones in the sky beyond that mountain."

And so the days and nights pass along the Delaware, full of incident. A moonlight row by our whole party of five, the college boy and his best girl especially hypnotized, for they are in "that new world which is the old." The inevitable river angling, with its lunch at noonday at the Benekill spring, and a long hour with our cigars as we lie on the grass with our coats for pillows, and the pale moon of full daylight swings westward! My comrade mourns over his nearing departure, but begins to long for the strenuous city life.

"D'ye see that mountain over there?"

"Do I? It fills all that part of the sky."

"Well, it's not a real mountain, but a mighty big hill. I've got courage like that to draw on now! Let's steal some blankets, pack 'em on a horse, an' go up there an' sleep on the ground."

"Done!"

And so in the next number I shall try to tell of hills; but the constant and crushing sense of impotence to really describe is very disheartening. Only sincere desire to induce others to go a-fishing and a-camping and see the actual nature-beauties, prompts a continuance of this series.

No words, especially my poor words, can do more than hint at their loveliness and grace. The eye should *look for itself*, not merely through foggy, pitifully inadequate word-pictures by another. How poor a substitute for the actual scenes is this spreading of black ink on white paper! For "the smell of flowering clover, the sounds of winds in poplar boughs, the touch of sun-warm turf as we lie on it, bring us nearer far to Earth than all the mental images of the blurred pink and gray-green summer meadows behind high-hedged lanes—nearer than any verse which tells of the rustle and stir of leaves, or of the sheep-cropped downs."

Go yourself! See the moss-tapestried nooks, hear the voices of the river, and witness at first hand and not by proxy "the infinite gradations of daylight and twilight and darkness, the countless variations of cloud-forms and cloud-colors, the tinted outlines of hills and mountains, the lights and shadows that wing their way over plains and fields, the phantom and fleeting panoramas of water reflections." For these cannot be really translated (not even impressions of them) by the deftest painters with pigments or with words. Before the actual scenes, out with the wide world of nature, you will vividly see not only her loveliness, but, far more vital, you will behold the loveliness in these visible *thoughts* of the Supreme Artist who planned and brought them into being. You will learn to know the infinite *divinity* in nature, as well as her infinite *beauties* of hue, motion, sound, form, life and mystery, and love her more and more.

It would seem that representative nature-lovers and sportsmen would not be ashamed of that love, nor of stating it as the principal well-spring of their enjoyments while angling or camping. Yet at a recent meeting and banquet of many hundreds of American nature-lovers and sportsmen, presided over and managed by men of wide reputation, the most successful speaker was a minister and doctor of divinity. It was a great occasion, and a great opportunity; but it was not utilized by any speaker. How Burroughs (our only John!), Thoreau, Emerson, Hamerton, Ruskin, Jordan or Lowell would have pictured in earnest, loving words, the nobility and refining influences of the camp, and the delights of the pastime loved by Izaak Walton! But this speaker's most successful passage was a story about a fisherman who said that whisky was a sure specific for snake-bite, but that it was necessary for an angler to have the whisky in him "before he was bit!"

L. F. BROWN.

Fifteen Hours with a Salmon.

GUERETTE, Me., June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Up here, where 5-pound trout come in every day, where a lake trout has to touch 10 pounds to be a "big un," there was something doing yesterday. Mr. Edward Spaeth hooked a landlocked salmon, and from that time until the fish was in the net, was just fifteen hours and five minutes. Out all night till broad daylight; got home with the fish in the morning. At 3:15 P. M. he struck, and all night that 7½-pound devil jumped, ran, sulked, got under the boat, jumped clean and clear over the paddles, and jumped out of water twenty-six times. The guide said he traveled twenty-five miles during the night. The tackle was an A-1 6½-ounce split bamboo and all else in proportion.

Another fish in the same lake jumped squarely into the boat, caught the hook on a coat and fell off in the boat. The record for weight for this lake is: rod and line, 19½ pounds; net (by fish commission), 23½. A 7-pound square tail was taken the same day by another of the same party, Judge Coult, Newark, N. J. These are facts; I will swear to them.

PINK EDGE.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Have just returned from Cumming's camps, Cross Lake, Maine. On Sunday Dr. French sent you an account of how Edward Spaeth, of Newark, held on to a landlocked salmon for over fifteen hours before landing him. Dr. French wrote out the account Sunday night, and then read it to our party. I told him that I thought his story was a little too short, and that a fuller account would be more interesting to fishermen and perhaps give credence to an almost improbable story.

Mr. Spaeth, Mr. Coult and myself were trolling with live bait at the upper end of Salmon Lake (Mud Lake). I noticed that Mr. Spaeth had hooked something, and a moment later saw a salmon go up into the air. I told my guide that it looked like a big one, fully 15 or 20 pounds. I then looked at my watch and noted that the time was 3:15. I kept on trolling near Mr. Spaeth until about 6:30, when I went down to the lower end of the lake, and then returned to the camp. After supper Dr. French, Mr. Coult and myself played dummy whist until about midnight, expecting that Mr. Spaeth would come in almost any moment. At last we became alarmed, and about one sent two guides up to the lake. They got back about half past two, reported that Mr. Spaeth was still holding his fish and that it had leaped three times while they were there.

I left the camp the following morning shortly before six, and a half hour later met Mr. Spaeth and his guide coming into the thoroughfare between Salmon and Cross lakes. I asked him when he had taken in the fish, and he said only a mew minutes before. He opened his box and showed me the salmon. It was an unusually long and clipper-built fish, fully as long as an ordinary 15-pound salmon. The hook was still in

his mouth, and I noticed that he had been struck in the hinge of the jaw. Mr. Spaeth and his guide told me that the fish had leaped twenty-seven times, and during the night they had had their hands full at times to keep him under control. I attribute the length of time taken to land the fish to the early darkness brought about by the smoke-laden air, the manner in which the salmon was hooked, which prevented drowning, his wiry build and a very natural anxiety on Mr. Spaeth's part not to lose what was apparently an unusually fine specimen. My guide referred to the salmon as "one of those devil salmon," and I fancy he belonged to that variety.

It was not Mr. Spaeth's first salmon. Last year, while I was at Moosehead, I saw him bring in two weighing about 5 pounds each, and this year he had caught one before he hooked into the above fish. He is a splendid fisherman, keeps his head and knows what he is about, and I fancy that even if darkness had not come upon him, he would probably have had his work cut out for him. It is somewhat unusual to stay up all night to take in a salmon weighing 7½ pounds, but I think that if you were to include the midnight trip of the guides, the manner in which the fish was hooked and state that Mr. Spaeth is not a tyro in handling landlocked salmon, that a good many fishermen would know that he had had an unusual proposition on his hands.

At the request of Dr. French, Mr. Coult and I certified to the length of time it took Mr. Spaeth to get his fish in the net, and as I am already accused of bringing back some rather unusual fish stories from the State of Maine, I am more than anxious to have the facts correctly stated.

It is also worth knowing that Mr. Coult, of our party, caught a 7½-pound square tail in Square Lake, and also brought in a 10-pound landlocked salmon from Salmon Lake. It took him a little over an hour and forty-five minutes to land the salmon.

JOHN B. LUNGER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Saginaw Crowd in Camp.

CHICAGO, June 5.—The Saginaw Crowd had the prettiest camp last week which they have ever made on any fishing trip, and perhaps a prettier was never pitched on any stream. The three big house tents belonging to Mr. Davis, Mr. Mershon and Mr. Harvey were in line, close up to the bank of a great pool on as lovely a little trout river as ever rippled out of doors. On another corner of a big quadrangle the camp men had their wall tent. In the center stood the dining hall, made with a big canvas fly for roof and wattled evergreen boughs for sides. Add to this the cook's shelter, not to mention two admirable fires, one for cooking and one for lounging, and you have a camp which, as typical of modern angling at its best, could hardly be surpassed. Had the weather been as decent as everything and everybody else, the week of the Saginaw Crowd in camp would have been ideal. Even in spite of the weather, these doughty fishermen prevailed, as I am sure many of their friends in Saginaw will testify after receiving some of their baskets of fish.

The personnel of the party this trip was good, of course, but above all things transient and uncertain. Mr. C. H. Davis, as owner of this wilderness preserve, was commander-in-chief, as was the case last year. He went early and stayed late, and so did George Morley, who was not of the party last year. Mr. Mershon was in at the beginning of the camp, but was obliged to leave a day before it broke. Mr. James Peter, of Saginaw, another Crowdite, and a member of the first fishing trip last year, went home with Mr. Mershon a day early. Mr. Thomas Harvey, a new member for a trout trip, went home on Sunday, after three days in camp. Mr. Graham H. Harris, of Chicago, and myself, after considerable telegraphing, managed to get into camp by Sunday noon, but were obliged to leave on Wednesday morning. In spite of all this confusion, the Saginaw machine ran as smoothly as ever. Martin, the camp cook, was most excellent good. We had George King and George Higgins and little Harry King and another teamster or so to help keep things moving, and lastly, Harry, the long-time camp man of the Saginaw Crowd, was on hand once more, in spite of his late threats to desert civic life altogether and go to a university. Out of the whole force present there was not one who could not cast a fly upon occasion or eat a dozen trout at a sitting, should necessity demand it of him.

As to the trout, they were there, any quantity of them, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them. In my two days' fishing I suppose I took something like 300 trout. Mr. Davis, in one day, put 39 in his basket, and threw away 115. Of course I can't say that nearly all of these trout were real trout. They were little fellows of the 6-inch class, just below the State limit of seven inches, and in some cases not more than 4 inches long. The stream was literally swarming with them, and they constituted themselves an angling nuisance. It was actually wearying to be releasing these little fellows from the hooks all the time. We resorted to big flies and to different styles of fishing, but the little ones would not be denied. Unless some cataclysm of nature or pot-fishing ensues, this stream ought to be in splendid shape for next year.

This is not to say that there were no big trout taken on the trip. On the contrary, we caught larger fish this time than we ever did before. Mr. Mershon had one trout which went over 15 inches, the largest we had ever yet taken on any of these wild Michigan streams. Not to be outdone, Mr. Davis, on the very day that Mr. Mershon started away, came into camp with a still larger trout, one measuring 16½ inches. Of 12 and 13-inch trout we had any number. Our total number of fish for the trip, all rods combined, was about 400, nothing very extraordinary in the way of fishing, but quite enough for comfort and sport. The showing was some 50 fish behind that of last year, when not quite so much total time was put in at fishing. This discrepancy, which was not regretted by any one in particular, was no doubt due to the unfavorable weather conditions of the past week. The wind was northeast and east every day, while the boys were in camp, while part of the time it was so cold that ice froze more than half an inch thick in the water pail at night.

After a short experience with Mr. Harris, to show him something of the stream, my first day was put in with Mr. Mershon on the wildest and most inaccessible part of the river, where it runs through a very heavy and inaccessible swamp. We drove up the river more than eight miles from camp, skirted a heavy virgin hemlock forest and at last found the cache, where two little boats were hidden. One of these, a canvas craft, we put together, and Mr. Mershon and I started down stream through the wilderness, taking turns in the boat, on the ride-and-tie principle. In this way, since we were able to travel much more rapidly in the boat, we managed to get through the eight miles or so of inaccessible country in time to get to the team before dark, George King having meantime driven back and touched the stream at the other end of the cedar swamp. Even with the boat we found it a full day's fishing, and toward the close we were obliged to hurry over some of the best water at a time when the trout were rising fairly well. Earlier in the day we did not do much, for the wind was from the east and so high that one could hardly keep a fly out of the treetops.

There are times when the trout are coming fairly well, when I conceive the notion that I am quite a fly-fisherman, then again there are times when the trout are not disposed to rise, more especially times when I am out with Mr. Mershon, that I revise my opinion of my own prowess. The first time we ever went through this wamp together, my companion gave me a good trimming up, and he repeated this dose upon the present occasion. His basket had something like a dozen splendid fish when we came to check up, and all I could claim was five. We had, however, almost without exception, beautiful fish, and I shall remember for a long time the battles I had with some of my biggest ones. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen inches—these are all good measurements for Michigan wild streams, and the fish were beautiful, clean specimens, dark-backed and highly colored. I have never seen fishing any more interesting than we had in this swamp, and regret that I could not have just one more go at them, as I think now I have mastered my more expert companion's secret. I would slip down on him quietly with the boat, when it was my turn to drop down stream, and catch him standing up to his waist in the water, with not a ripple about him, his arm close at his side and his line ridiculously short. We fished together for a while, and I was laying out a line shorter than I thought necessary. "You can't catch a trout on that long a line," said Mr. Mershon, and I presume he was right.

My whole experience on this trip was that if you want to catch trout you don't want to try any long distance casting. It is more in the wading than in the casting, very much more indeed. The man who wades down stream and casts as he walks is not going to get very many trout. His fly lights just before or just after the edge of the wide series of ripples, and no big trout is going to take it. I got nearly a couple of dozen nice trout on my last day's fishing and did it on a line not much more than twenty feet in extent. I made it a rule in going into any likely water, to stop perfectly still and to wait until the ripples had all subsided and until the water was clear of all discoloration; then I would begin my casting. If I raised a good trout and did not hook him, I was careful not to slap back in again in the same place, but would cast somewhere else for a minute or two, and then try him again, endeavoring to place the fly gently just above the place where I had seen him rise. This method I found successful. The short line allows one to keep his tip well up and makes him far more certain of hooking a rising fish. The line is always straight, and a fly can be handled very much more delicately than it can on a long line by any fisherman, no matter how expert. It was the short line and the light fly and the careful wading which got the big trout for the lucky ones in the cedar swamp.

Mr. Mershon was not alone in this art, for Mr. Davis, who spied out a hidden path along the stream and fished lower reaches on the same day that Mr. Mershon and I were higher up, came out with a simply splendid basket of fish, some seventeen in all, not a baby in the lot, and every one of them more like Quebec and Michigan in size. Mr. Davis said that he caught nearly all of his trout, either while crouching down on his knees or while getting as low down as he could into the water. Yet these big trout, according to my companions, are not really very wild, which is contrary to the supposition of most folk. The truth is, no man can understand the brook trout, which is the most mysterious being in the waters under the earth. For instance, Mr. Mershon caught his biggest trout in less than three minutes after I had dropped down across a deep hole in the boat. He says that a trout is easily frightened, but that he does not remember it very long. The results of our fishing seem to bear out these conclusions. At any rate, we certainly got trout, and big ones and plenty of them.

Every night, when the different parties came into camp, the catches were laid out on a board, so that all might have a look, and it was agreed that in size the take this year surpassed anything which the Saginaw Crowd had hitherto had in any of their Michigan trips. It may be seen that the occasion was one of great rejoicing, therefore, and the only regrets were those occasioned by the weather and by the broken nature of the companionship in camp.

There were two species of flies very abundant on the river, one the large, gray drake, similar to what we call the sand fly here in Chicago, or the shad fly or soldier fly of other parts of the country—the fellow with the upright wings and the long up-curved tail and soft body. Another species was a small four-winged fellow, which hatched out in countless thousands of an evening or early in the day, if the water continued cool. We found a large queen-of-the-waters the best duplicate for the big gray drake, and the Cahill tied on No. 10 almost a perfect imitation of the smaller fly. Queen-of-the-waters and Cahill were perhaps the best killing flies used on the trip. McGinty did not seem to do so well as usual, although it killed a great many handsome fish. Silver-bodied Montreal, the Alexandria, even silver-doctor and other gaudy flies sometimes raised fish, and these patterns were usually fished in large hooks, it being the universal desire to get rid of the small fry. In my own last day's fishing, in which I killed a nice basket within the space of an hour and a half, I found queen and Cahill to be the favorites, the latter, perhaps, taking three-fourths of the honors over the next best fly, a slate-winged professor. The stream seemed to demand a fly with some yellow in it, most of the time. Green was no good. Indeed, I never have found green to be a very serviceable color in a trout fly, although many scoff at this proposition, citing the grizzly-king as a pronounced example to the contrary. We didn't find grizzly-king of any use on this trip. Queen, McGinty, professor and Cahill probably did most of the business, although hat-bands at night time showed that many scores of other flies had been diligently employed. What a sight, by the way, is an angler's hat, bristling with its many-colored flies. I came home in such a hurry that I hadn't time to remove my own "discards" from my hat band, and when I came to unpacking the hat at home it seemed so pleasantly reminiscent that I just hung it up the way it was, ready to begin all over again.

A review of the doings of the Saginaw Crowd on this trip seemed to show that Mr. Davis was consistent high hook. On the different days that he fished he took, according to my notes, 23, 42, 27, 22, 15, and 12. His last basket of 15 was a very fine one indeed, and that on the day previous, 22, was the best basket of the trip, his fish being splendid ones on that occasion. Mr. Mershon fished one day less than Mr. Davis, taking, respectively, 9, 20, 40 and 13 fish. Mr. Morley came next with 12, 15, 21, 8 and 8. Mr. Harvey fished two days, his basket being 7 and 5. Mr. Peter fished four days and took 7, 3, 5, and 7 fish. Mr. Harris, fishing two and a half days, took 11, 9, 19 fish. To my own rod I had 11, 8 and 21 on the different fishings. George King, head guide, took 13 handsome fish one day, and Harry, the camp major domo, broke away one evening long enough to catch 17 beauties, and I think had some trout the evening previous. The totals to the different rods foot up, as Mr. Davis' accurate records show: Mr. Davis 138, Mr. Mershon 82, Mr. Morley 69, Mr. Harvey 12, M. Peter 22, Mr. Harris 39, myself 40; George King 13, Harry 17.

It should be remembered that the different rods fished different lengths of time, and it should always, of course, be noted that no one in the Saginaw Crowd was ever known to care whether the next fellow caught more fish than himself or not, although each may be counted upon to do his best throughout the day. As to the little fish, the sentiment was altogether against crowding the limit. The Saginaw Crowd needs no game warden, for, as one of their members remarked, "I expect any one of us is a better game warden than the State could hire to watch us."

It was a great pleasure to be with these gentlemen once more in what I take to be the wildest portion left of this southern peninsula of Michigan, and on one of the best streams now remaining. I do not think a pleasanter angling trip could have been enjoyed by any man, no matter how fortunate or happily situated.

Trolley to Fox Lake.

Mention is frequently made in these columns of the Fox Lake chain, much patronized by the Chicago angling public. Good railroad access is had to-day at several different points on the Fox Lake waters, but the question is now on the establishment of a trolley line, which shall extend out Milwaukee Avenue, this city, and run clear through to a point on Fox Lake, not yet determined. In order to obtain this it is necessary to get a franchise from the Chicago City Council, but this once granted the enterprise itself in all reasonable likelihood is destined to be completed within the next year or so.

Some Tarpon.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke writes this week that he had landed one tarpon of 140 pounds at Aransas Pass and that the sport was good.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Acid Killing Trout in Sullivan County.

NEW YORK, April 27.—There is on a Sullivan county creek with which I am familiar, a means of depopulating the stream of which the law should take cognizance and stop. I refer to the practice of the acetate factories discharging their sludge or waste fluids into it, thereby killing thousands of trout. It is a common occurrence to see fine trout and even eels floating on the surface of the water, poisoned by the sludge.

During the past few years numerous cans of fry and yearlings have been emptied into the creek, but this restocking cannot counteract the effect of the wholesale poisoning. Can it not be stopped?

FLY-FISHER.

A Beaverkill Trout.

A BROWN trout weighing five pounds and four ounces was caught on the Beaverkill fishing preserve near Beaverkill, N. Y., recently by Alex Voorhees. For an hour Mr. Voorhees fought the fish, which resisted all his efforts to land it and he was finally forced to kill it by striking it across the back with a club. This is probably the largest trout ever caught on the Beaverkill, with one exception, which was captured by E. F. Davidson several years ago and weighed five pounds and seven ounces. The trout was taken to Binghamton by W. S. Van Ostrom.—Ensign.

The Florida season for turtle-egg hunting is now at hand. The Florida Times-Union reports that two hunters patrolled the North Beach at St. Augustine the other night and found ten nests, taking from them nearly a thousand eggs. They were disposed of readily this morning, the hunters realizing ten cents a dozen for them.

Maine Fishing.

BANGOR, Me., June 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in the present week there were several smart showers, in some cases amounting to storms almost, so that the fires were subdued and put out on the surface, although without a good downpour the flames might readily be fanned into activity by a good wind; but here in Bangor it began to rain last night and, at this writing, is coming down in a good, steady, wholesome drenching that is welcomed by everybody.

It is very interesting to note that not a single sportsmen's resort has been burned out during all these disastrous fires, although hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable timber has been burned. Some private camps, situated in isolated localities, with no persons at hand to watch for fire and extinguish it befor it gained great headway, have been burned; but the presence on timberland of a registered sportsmen's camp, under the direction of a man whose whole living was tied up there, and who had agreed in his lease to look out for fires on the tract under his care, had a very important bearing on the lack of loss to those townships and section so occupied; and in the camp-owner the landowners had on the spot, all the time, one who would look faithfully after their mutual interests, and not only warn his guests against carelessness in fires, but put out any blaze that might start.

Among the queer things to be recorded against the last Legislature, was not only the taking away of all protection from the big game of the State—so far as appropriating money for its protection goes—but the establishing of a bounty on hedge hogs, or as the statute has it, "porcupines, so-called." This bounty, although small, being, in fact, only 25 cents, has proved a stimulus to a great number of young fellows not yet arrived at years of discretion, and a swarm of those improvident, impecunious, careless and reckless men, who have for generations formed the bulk of the army of pot-hunters against whom game protective legislation has been aimed.

Too poor or unwilling to spend a cent for non-inflammable wadding for their guns, they have used cotton batting, old wasps' nests and other wadding equally combustible, and the result has been a fire, starting after they passed that way, and, of course, not their fault, for they didn't set it and knew nothing of it. Could it be brought home to them there is no law that defines the kind of wadding to be used in hunting, and the stimulus of 25 cents encourages them to keep on.

Hedge hogs may be clubbed by an active man, and it is reported that one man, during the worst of the drought, actually set fire to a tree to burn out two hedge hogs in its branches, and caused one of the most extensive of the fires. And then some of those unfortunate landowners, robbed of the profits of years of investment, turn around and lay the blame on fishermen, who "must have been careless about their fires." It is estimated that it will cost Maine this year from $40,000 to $50,000 in bounties on these little animals—and she couldn't afford to pay $25,000 to keep wardens patrolling the game regions to protect the game, and incidentally to protect the forests. It has been a costly lesson; it is to be hoped it has been learned so well that another session will see proper protection given to Maine's big game.

One of the successful trips reported lately was that of James A. Boardman and Everett C. Rich, of this city, who were stopping at the former's camp at Schoodic Lake, a few miles above Brownville. They went to Camp Moosehorns on Northwest Pond, where they spent the night, and started in good season the next morning for Cedar Pond, a little trout pond lying among the hills, but literally alive with trout. That afternoon they caught enough for supper, and later went out upon the pond and fished, catching 110 in what time remained; although when they stopped fishing it was so dark they could not see the tips of their rods—and the trout were biting as freely as ever. It was great sport, such as they seldom enjoy. On their way home they took in Little Jo Mary Lake, staying there over night, and saw a whole family of moose and more deer than they managed to keep a record of. The bull was an enormous fellow, and Mr. Boardman stood and watched him for 25 minues by his watch before he moved away.

The writer had the pleasaure of meeting, at the station in this city Thursday evening, Edward Spaeth, of Newark, N. J., who had such a remarkable fight with a landlocked salmon in the Fish River system of lakes. Mr. Spaeth and Judge Coult, of Newark, went to Square Lake in a party, arranged by President Cram, of the Bangor & Aroostook, and all the members of the party vouch for the truth of the story, which has been sent in detail to FOREST AND STREAM by another correspondent. Mr. Spaeth does admit, however, that if he knew that fish was going to fight from 3:10 P. M. to 6:15 A. M., he doubts if he would have been willing to see the fight out—"but," he concluded, "it does very well for once, just for a novelty." And, by the way, Judge Coult carried off Aroostook county records when he landed a big 7½-pound square-tailed trout, which, if it had been fat instead of almost a racer, would have weighed 10 pounds. This trout and his 10-pound salmon he is having mounted, so that doubters may see the proof.

Judge L. B. Coult, Judge Brown, Edward A. Barrows and Samuel P. Colt, of Providence, have returned from Hunt's Kidney Pond camps, where they had grand fishing in Kidney and adjacent ponds for ten days. A Mr. Parsons and two friends from Boston came out at the same time from the same place, and reported an abundance of success, never having enjoyed better fishing.

E. B. Burgess, of Somerville, and C. H. Smith, of Cambridge, have just gone home after a great outing of three weeks in the St. Croix system, going and returning by way of Grand Lake stream. They enjoyed their trip immensely and had great sport in all the various lakes they visited. At Grand Lake they caught fish on the troll, and going up the system found splendid sport with the fly in Dobsis Lake, where they took 8 salmon in an afternoon off the boat landing at Pine Point. One day they went to Fifth Lake stream, on the Machias system, and caught all the trout they wanted. In Pleasant Lake they cornered several deer swimming in the water, and had a lot of fun with them, making them tow them about, heading them off and otherwise amusing themselves with two old bucks that, they say, were perfectly immense. It was a great trip.

O. H. Pfersdorf and P. J. Claussen, of Chicago, and E. D. and G. S. Pettengill, of Portland, returned yesterday from Long Pond in the Katahdin Iron Works region, where they had put in several days of fun. Trout were plenty, salmon, too, bit well in Long Pond, and they simply caught all they wanted to.

W. R. Hunnewell, of Pittsfield, is a good deal of a pioneer, and is ever trying some new place where he won't have to contend with the "other fellow." This week he took a couple of days off, joined Ed. Duplisse, of Kingman, and G. R. Weatherbee, of Lee, and the three went to Madagascal Lake, a small lake that empties into the famous Passadumkeag stream. In the lake are some big trout, as well as perch and pickerel, for they caught some there; but when one can secure, in such a small stream, trout weighing 2½ pounds, the possibilities of the lake proper make one want to stay and see what he can do. They took 14 trout in one day's fishing, all good size.

Swan Lake every year furnishes some splendid fishing, particularly since it was stocked with salmon by the State and supplied with smelts for their food. The first of this week there were several anglers on the lake and a lot of fish taken, the number being estimated at between 50 and 75 salmon during Sunday and Monday. Augustin Colburne, of Belfast, is said to be high line, having caught 8.

Fred LeFrancis and wife, of Cambridge, Mass., have returned from a trip to Deer Island, Moosehead Lake, where they had the best fishing of their lives. Mr. LeFrancis says that he never saw such fly-fishing at Moosehead as he enjoyed during stay of almost three weeks. Big fish and lots of them was the rule, the June weather bringing them right up. E. M. Hersey, of this city; J. R. Glover, C. O. Montgomery and W. G. Alden, of Camden, are others who have lately returned from Deer Island after successful visits.

J. K. Manning, of Medford, Mass., one of the most enthusiastic members of the club, owning Castle Harmony on the shore of Moose Pond, has been at the Castle for a visit, entertaining George B. Warren and wife, of San Francisco, Cal. Mr. Warren was for over twenty years the manager of the Palace Hotel, and is spending the season at Intervale. He caught two salmon of good size, while Mr. Manning established a new record, taking a 6½ pounder, the largest salmon ever caught in Moose Pond. Mr. Manning immediately forwarded the fish to his brother in Boston, who is president of the Union Club.

F. M. Montell and F. M. Montell, Jr., of Montclair, N. J., were in the city to-day on their way home from Chairback Mt. camps, from which point they visited West Chairback, the Wilders and other ponds, besides fishing on Long Pond, where they took some very nice fish. They fished only with the fly, and caught some splendid strings, running in weight to 2 pounds.

J. W. Whelpley, of Washington, D. C., John F. Russell, of New York City, and C. P. Russell, of Greenfield, Mass., have returned from an outing at Kineo, where they had a fine time and caught a lot of trout. Several of their trout were large ones, some running as high as 3½ pounds, while the togue they captured looked very large to them; but they observed that the fishermen there thought they were not so big after all. Such things go by comparisons, and when fishermen have been bringing in great numbers of fish weighing from 10 to 20 pounds, some about every day, anything under the lesser weight seems small.

Reports from Kineo are that Thomas J. ODonohue, Jr., who is there with his father for the summer, is making that expert angler hustle to keep ahead of "Tommie," as he has been called by Kineo visitors for so many years. The other day he brought in a 4¾-pound square tail trout, and is looking for a bigger one before he goes back to his desk in New York.

George H. Rimbach, W. H. Mitchell, Albert D. and R. R. Rogers, of Boston, are out from Moosehead Lake, where they caught in their week's stay 125 pounds of fish, including a silver laker that weighed 9 pounds and 4 ounces. They caught several that weighed between 4 and 6 pounds, and trout as large as 4 pounds.

Fred S. Parker, of Bedford, Mass., and family, accompanied by his partner, S. F. Hanson, and his wife, have been doing some great fishing on the Kineo, which Mr. Parker has chartered for his entire stay. One day they were fishing, Mr. Parker being off with the fly rod and the others using bait, and at noon it developed that just 84 trout and togue had been taken, an enormous catch for so short a time. When he learned the true state of affairs Mr. Parker forbade anyone from leaving the steamer again that day with a baited hook, but told them they might cast with the fly all they wanted to. Their forenoon's catch was the biggest of the week by any party for an entire day.

W. H. Wesson and party, of Springfield, Mass., the members of which were given in a previous letter, have left the Moodies for home, after a delightful outing of between two and three weeks. Not the least of their fun was, when, with excitement at fever heat, they cast off from the Greenville wharf the lines of the steamer Eulalia, Mr. Wesson's new boat, and starting several rods behind the Rebecca, beat her a half mile to Deer Island. Talk is still "cheap" betwen the rival crews, and a hot race is looked for before the summer is over.

Charles C. Emerson, of Bangor, had a successful, although brief visit, to Kineo, fishing one day and catching some nice ones, including a 3¼-pound trout and a 7-pound togue.

Arthur J. Bigelow, of Worcester, Mass., who is at the Outlet, and who is one of the most successful anglers coming to that resort, is taking all he cares to each day, of good size, saving only for the table the large fish and returning to the water those he cannot use.

James S. Murphy, Benjamin F. Wild and William W. Spring have gone home to Boston after a successful visit at Kineo, taking in the week over 80 trout and togue of good size, over half being at least up to the 3-pound notch.

E. S. Farmer, of Arlington, Mass., came down from Moosehead the other evening, after such a trip as would make some anglers green with envy. He went to Pittston Farms, and beginning his trip in a canoe, ended it on a tote sled. The fishing was so good that he simply got sick of catching trout, as he told the writer, and when all under a fair size were thrown back, he was forced to stop, because they could not use any more.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club.

THE president's report of the work of the Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club runs as follows:

As president, I wish to report the following work accomplished by the various committees during the year ending May 31:

At the request of the Legislative Committee, Assemblyman Reynolds introduced a bill making the close season on woodcock, grouse and quail in this county from December 1 to September 30, which was passed and signed by the Governor. This law, with the squirrel law passed at the previous session of the Legislature, makes the season for fall shooting (squirrel, grouse, woodcock and quail) uniform throughout the county.

During the last open season several wild deer were shot in the county and it was deemed advisable to protect them for a term of years if possible. State Protector Pond, at the request of the club, had the Dennison bill amended so as to include Rensselaer county, which was also passed and signed, and prohibits the killing of deer for five years.

Through the efforts of Special Protector Ferguson and members of the club, the following convictions were made and fines collected for violations of the game laws:

J. Carroll, catching bass during close season, $20; Emerson Holsapple, illegal shooting of squirrels, $18.90; Christian Lapp, snaring grouse, $43.40.

Efforts were made last October to prevent the snaring of grouse. Protector Ferguson and two other members were sent through the county. While but one conviction was made, numerous illegal devices were destroyed.

Eighteen shipments of fish have been received and planted during the past year from the State and United States Commissions:

	Fry.	Fingerlings.	Yearlings.
Black bass		500	
Perch-pike	300,000		
Rainbow trout		4,500	4,000
Brook trout		18,000	
	300,000	23,000	4,000

Since the opening of the season this year brown trout have been caught weighing over a pound each, and rainbow trout of three-quarters of a pound weight from streams stocked two years ago.

Catches of brook trout which have never been known to have been equalled in the history of the streams have been made from waters stocked with these fish by the club.

Fish have been planted near the following localities during the past year: Petersburg, Berlin, Center Berlin, South Berlin, East Nassau, North and East Greenbush, Poestenkill, Grafton and Sand Lake.

Four pairs more of Mongolian pheasants were received from the State Commission in March of this year. The pheasants liberated last year are known to have wintered well and to have hatched young last season.

Applications have been granted for a large number of fingerling fish to be received this fall and for a goodly number of pheasants for next season.

The thanks of the club are due the State and United States Commissions for their help in the work, State Protector Pond for his assistance, and to Senator Barnes, Assemblymen Reynolds, Chambers and McCarthy for their work in behalf of fish and game legislation.

J. R. MCLAREN, President.

Fish Killed by Lightning.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The foreman of the Caledonia hatchery reports to the Commission that during a storm which prevailed on the afternoon of the 8th inst., lightning struck in one of the large rearing ponds on the hatchery premises and destroyed a number of the fish. The pond contained brown trout, and a number of the hatchery employes who were loading the State fish car at the time witnessed the incident. They examined the pond at once and found eight of the fish, ranging from one to six pounds in weight, lying on their sides in the water, apparently stunned. The foreman, in his report, says: "I found the fish turned on their sides and apparently unable to right themselves. It did not kill them outright, as some of them are alive to-day (June 11), but they lay on their sides in the bottom of the pond. I opened some of them and found the air bladder burst as the result of the shock. * * * A number of years ago the same thing happened to a pond of brook trout here, and affected most all of them the same way. At that time I opened about thirty of the fish and found the same condition as in the present case."

This brief account of an actual occurrence at one of the State hatcheries may be of interest to some of your readers.

JOHN D. WHISH, Secretary,
Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

A Greenwood Lake Muscalonge.

THE statement made in a local paper some days ago to the effect that a fish had been caught at Greenwood Lake, the head of which weighs six pounds, was received with incredulity by local anglers. None of the fish known to inhabit Greenwood Lake attain such a size, but nevertheless the story is true. The fish was a muscallonge and was caught by Julius Munsch who was for a long time in the employ of the Arnold Brothers dye works. The head of the fish, which is at present being mounted by Mr. Andrew Booth, the well-known taxidermist, of Marshall street, weighed six pounds; the fish itself weighed twenty-eight pounds and in length it measured fifty-eight inches.

For a fish of that size and species it put up very little fight. Mr. Munsch says it took the hook ravenously, but after two or three strong pulls came in very quietly.

As far as is known only two muscallonge were ever put into Greenwood Lake. About four years ago Fish and Game Protector Riley on one of his trips to Lake Erie for fish, brought back two muscallonge, each weighing about ten pounds. One of them died on the way, but the other was lively enough when he reached Greenwood Lake and made a dash for deep water as soon as released. On one of his subsequent trips, Mr. Riley brought another muscallonge, this one weighing eight pounds; this fish was also put into Greenwood Lake. It is evident that Mr. Munsch caught one of these fish, but the other is probably still in the lake. The fish that was caught had evidently increased its weight from eight or ten pounds to twenty-eight in four years, which seems to indicate that muscallonge would do well in Greenwood Lake as far as growing qualities are concerned, being just the reverse of pike and pickerel, which have been aggravatingly small in the lake for a number of years. Mr. Munsch's catch might serve as a hint for the Fish and Game Commission, for if muscallonge will thrive in Greenwood Lake they ought to be put there next fall, so that by spring they will be ready to spawn. The muscallonge belongs to the same species as the pickerel, looks very much like a pickerel, only that its sides are not barred and it has no scales on its gill-covers. Its addition to the fauna of New Jersey would be enthusiastically welcomed by every angler here. —Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle, June 14.

The Canadian Forest Fires.

The heavy rains of the past week have drowned out all the smouldering embers of the forest fires, and it is gratifying to know that the damage caused by them, so far as northern Canada is concerned, is much less than at first reported. Some valuable timber lands were burned, in addition to the fishing camps already mentioned, but much of the land over which the flames swept had been previously burned, and the beauty of Lake Edward and the Jeannotte and of the lakes of the Laurentide Club has not been marred by the destroying element. The rain, which lasted for several days, and has been quite heavy, was warmly welcomed by anglers, especially those upon the salmon streams, which, on account of the long drought, were becoming too low for good fishing even before some of the fishermen reached their preserves. Most of the North Shore fishermen who had not previously left for their salmon rivers took passage on the 13th inst. from Quebec.

Anglers who were prevented by the fires from reaching their camps in the Ottawa, Gatineau, St. Maurice and Lake St. John districts are now passing through here almost daily, the rush being almost all on at once. There has been but very little spring fishing done here this year, but, fortunately for devotees of the sport, the trout waters of the north are getting into fine shape after the recent rains, and reports of good catches may be looked for during the next two or three weeks.

The first ouananiche of the season to rise to the fly in the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John were taken last Saturday. This is about the usual time. I have but little information as to the condition of the water, but do not expect the fishing there to be at its best until about the 20th or 25th of the month. In my next letter I hope to be able to speak definitely of the character of the sport furnished by the waters of the Discharge. From the reports which have already reached me of the catches made by the bait fishermen, it would appear as if the ouananiche were particularly plentiful this year. Friends of the fish will be glad to hear that another large lot of fry has been successfully hatched this season in the Roberval hatchery and will be planted in the fall. E. T. D. C.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Man-Tracking Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inquiries of M. de Varigny in your issue of June 6 will, I fancy, find few answers, if the information required must be with bloodhounds as a breed. The bloodhound, unless I am mistaken, is numerically weaker than almost any other breed of dogs. But as M. de Varigny doubtless wishes information of the practical use of dogs in tracking men, I gladly give the facts of my own experience. In many of the Southern States there are packs of foxhounds which have been trained to follow human scent only. The Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, with which I was connected in 1889 and 1890, leased from the State of Alabama most of its convicts and worked them in its mines. One of the provisions of the lease was that for every convict that got away a cash penalty was to be paid the State. As these convicts were housed in wooden buildings and went to and from their work in a wooden alleyway connecting their quarters with the mine, escape was not impossible, and was sometimes tried. To lessen the chance of escape, however, the company kept a pack of hounds—foxhounds in reality, but bloodhounds according to the newspaper headlines. Should a prisoner succeed in breaking out the hounds were put on his trail, and generally the man was retaken.

It was not always so, however. One hot July day I remember receiving a telephone message that six of the most desperate men, two of them murderers, had escaped, and that if I wished to join in the chase to come at once. In the time it took to notify the proper mine officials, find the handler of the hounds, and all get together a couple of hours had gone by.

The day was exceedingly hot and the hounds out of condition from lack of work. For fifteen miles or so we followed up hill and down dale, through woods and across clearings. The heat told. One by one the dogs gave out, and crawled into the shade or lay down in a brook; the horses were spent, one had dropped dead, the others stood panting and trembling on their legs, their hearts thumping loudly. We had captured one man, but it was impossible to keep on after the others, for neither hounds nor horses had it in them. Within a few months the remaining five had been retaken near their old haunts. One of them said that when we gave up the chase they were all lying in a clump of trees on a hillside not over a quarter of a mile away, themselves exhausted, watching us.

Once a daring robbery took place in the city of Birmingham in the early morning. Our hounds were taken to the spot shortly afterward and followed the scent down a street and up a back alley to a house. A negro came out, surrendered himself, and confessed the crime.

Upon another occasion these keen-nosed dogs led to a capture which had a bloody climax. A deputy sheriff attempted to arrest a negro between the mines and Birmingham. Drawing his revolver he ordered the negro to throw up his hands. In reply the negro fired two barrels of buckshot into the deputy's breast, killing him instantly. It took some time for the news to reach Birmingham. When it did, the sheriff and a dozen of his deputies repaired to the scene of the murder, each armed with a Winchester rifle. They borrowed our hounds and put them on the track of the fugitive. He was run down, and when the posse arrived they found that he had taken refuge from the hounds by climbing a tree. To quote from the paper of the following morning, "He refused to surrender and was riddled with bullets."

Once or twice a week, except in the very hot weather, the hounds were put through a practice run. For this purpose a "trusty" was given a start of an hour or two, and then the hounds were put on his trail. Preferring this sort of thing to mining coal, the man generally did his best, so that some of these practice runs were both far and fast. At the finish the man would be found up a tree, for the hounds, with heated blood and under the excitement of the chase, would have attacked him. After they had rested and cooled off he could come down with impunity.

With what I have seen of man-hunting with hounds, I am very much impressed, and the wonder to me is that they are not more generally used in the running down and detection of criminals.

Their training should be similar to that of fox or drag hounds, only they should never be trained on any track but that of a man. MARSHALL BOND.

NEW YORK CITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your June 6 number I notice a letter from Henry de Varigny asking for information about the use of "bloodhounds" in the pursuit of criminals in the United States. I believe I can say with confidence that there has never been a single "bloodhound" used for such a purpose in this country.

The sheriff of the adjoining county purchased several years ago a "bloodhound" puppy, a photograph of which I saw, but I did not see the dog. It was entirely unlike any other hound I ever saw, and was regarded as a great curiosity. I do not know what became of the puppy, but suppose it died, or was disposed of. I presume there have been very few specimens of "bloodhounds" in the United States at any time, notwithstanding the everyday use of that term by newspaper reporters.

In ante-bellum times it was the custom to have in many neighborhoods in the Southern States a pack of "nigger dogs," usually owned by some man of low social standing, that were used to pursue negro slaves who ran away from the plantations and took refuge in the woods for a season. These packs were always composed of the common foxhounds of the country, that were specially trained to trail negroes. These dogs had very little viciousness in their disposition, and the pursuers usually found the pack baying the fugitive, he, perhaps, sitting on a fence or stump.

At the present time there are similar packs, usually of a few dogs only, in most of the counties in this part of Mississippi that are used in the pursuit of fugitive criminals.

The Mississippi State convicts are employed in the cultivation of cotton plantations, most of which are now owned by the State. On these plantations are maintained packs of hounds—by State authority, I suppose—to pursue fugitive convicts; and it may be presumed that systematic attention is given to selecting and training the dogs.

A letter addressed to Penitentiary Warden J. J. Henry, Jackson, Mississippi, should procure the information sought by M. de Varigny. COAHOMA.

MYERS FALLS, Wash., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 6, Mr. Henry de Varigny wishes to be informed relative to bloodhounds. In Washington I do not believe there is any law authorizing or prohibiting the use of bloodhounds. In the State penitentiary near Walla Walla, bloodhounds are kept for the purpose of following runaway prisoners, and have been successfully used in overtaking prisoners in some instances. The bloodhounds of the institution were utilized in the pursuit of Merrill and Tracy, the noted Oregon outlaws, about a year ago, and did some effective stunts in following these two desperadoes. To baffle the hounds Tracy secured a quantiy of pepper with which he peppered his tracks and thus temporarily prevented the successful working of these intelligent canines.

If Mr. Henry de Varigny will address the superintendent of that institution, I am satisfied he will be given all the information of which the officers are in possession. A. MEACHEN.

Among the recent additions to the mammal collection of the Biological Survey are a cougar from the desert region bordering the Lower Colorado, below Yuma, Arizona, presented by Herbert Brown; and a large gray fox from New Hampshire, presented by Abbott H. Thayer. Both of these animals appear to be new.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

17. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
17. Larchmont, races for 90-footers, Larchmont.
17. Boston, Y. R. A., off Point Allerton, open.
17. Dorchester, open, Dorchester Bay.
18-19. New Rochelle, club, New Rochelle.
19. Eastern, special, open, Marblehead.
19. Indian Harbor, 90-footers, Greenwich.
20. Southern, Baldwin and Walker cups, New Orleans.
20. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
20. Keystone, club, Woodmere, L. I.
20. Brooklyn, Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
20. Corinthian, first championship, Marblehead.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, 90-footers, Oyster Bay.
20. Atlantic, club, Sea Gate.
20 Columbia, motor boat race, Am. P. B. A., Hudson River.
20. New Rochelle, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual.
20. Chicago, handicap, Lake Michigan.
20. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
21. Old Mill, club, Jamaica Bay.
21. Gloucester, N. J., annual, Delaware River.
25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27 South Boston, club, City Point.
27 New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27 Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
27. St. Paul, cruise, rendezvous St. Paul, Minn.
27 Chicago, special. Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $75.00.
Second prize, $50.00.
Third prize, $25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

THE two Shamrocks, the steam yacht Erin and the tug Cruiser, making up Sir Thomas Lipton's fleet, arrived in New York early on Sunday morning, June 14, fifteen days and twenty-three hours out from Gourock. The fleet presented quite a formidable array as it moved slowly up the harbor, and it was given a noisy welcome by all the craft it passed. Quarantine was reached before ten o'clock, and after presenting a clean bill of health the boats moved on to Tompkinsville, where they came to anchor.

The fleet covered 3,644 miles from Gourock to Sandy Hook, via the Azores, in 15 days 23 hours. Some rough weather was experienced off the coast of Ireland and on the Friday before arrival encountered a severe southeasterly gale. The following was taken from Erin's log:

May 28—Left Gourock, 1 P. M.						...
May 29—52deg.	54min.	N. Lat...	5deg.	48min.	W. Long.....	200
May 30—50deg.	13min.	N. Lat...	10deg.	35min.	W. Long.....	200
May 31—47deg.	1min.	N. Lat...	15deg.	55min.	W. Long.....	285
June 1—43deg.	59min.	N. Lat...	21deg.		W. Long.....	280
June 2—40deg.	48min.	N. Lat...	25deg.	21min.	W. Long.....	284
June 3—Arrived Fayal, 7 A. M.						236
June 4—Sailed, 4 P. M.						...
June 5—38deg.	25min.	N. Lat...	32deg.	40min.	W. Long.....	194
June 6—38deg.	18min.	N. Lat...	37deg.	37min.	W. Long.....	234
June 7—38deg.	10min.	N. Lat...	42deg.	39min.	W. Long.....	238
June 8—38deg.	02min.	N. Lat—47deg.		21min.	W. Long.....	233
June 9—37deg.	50min.	N. Lat...	52deg.	16min.	W. Long.....	229
June 10—38deg.	02min.	N. Lat...	57deg.	06min.	W. Long.....	233
June 11—38deg.	20min.	N. Lat...	61deg.	09min.	W. Long.....	193
June 12—39deg.	02min.	N. Lat...	65deg.	54min.	W. Long.....	225
June 13—40deg.	03min.	N. Lat...	69deg.	59min.	W. Long.....	195
June 14—Arrived Sandy Hook, 6 A. M.						185

On all four boats there are 156 men, 59 on Erin, 41 on each of the Shamrocks, and 15 on the Cruiser.

Monday morning Shamrock I. and Shamrock III. were taken to Erin Basin, where they will be overhauled and put in racing condition. Their steel spars, which arrived some days ago, are now at the basin.

Mr. L. J. Callanan's centerboard schooner Estelle capsized on Long Island Sound on Monday, June 15. The owner was on board with several friends, and they were watching the yachts racing in the New York Y. C. re-

gatta. Estelle had been entered for the race, but did not start. The racing yachts had turned the mark off Great Captain's Island and were headed for the mark off Lloyd's Neck. It was blowing fresh at the time from the northeast, and Estelle had working topsails set and a jib topsail. An extra heavy puff laid the boat out and her main sheet was eased off to relieve her; the sail got in the water, however, and the weight rolled her over. All hands were on deck at the time of the accident, and they crawled up on the port side as she went over. Mr. Callanan, his guests and the crew were taken off the yacht by a steam yacht that was in the vicinity. Estelle was towed into Cold Spring Harbor and moored off Abram's yard. She will be raised and refitted.

Estelle is an old-fashioned craft of a type that was common in this country thirty years ago. She was built at South Norwalk in 1874 by Mr. J. Richards. She is a centerboard boat with a cabin house. The yacht is 91.2ft. over all, 78.5ft. waterline, 22.8ft. breadth and 7ft. draft.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, NEW YORK BAY,
Tuesday, June 9.

The thirty-seventh annual regatta of the Atlantic Y. C. was scheduled to take place on Tuesday, June 9, over courses in the lower bay. A thick fog made it inadvisable to send the yachts over the outside courses, and reduced the list of starters from upwards of thirty, which had entered, down to ten of all classes.

The start was scheduled for 11 A. M. Chairman Henry J. Gielow, of the Regatta Committee, waited until 2 P. M. in hopes that conditions might improve. The heavy haze cleared from Gravesend Bay enough to allow the race to be begun, but new courses had to be decided upon.

Yachts of all classes were sent from the start off Sea Gate to a stake boat anchored off Fort Hamilton, thence to Craven Shoal buoy, and home. This distance of approximately 4 miles, was covered three times by boats in classes above P and twice by all others.

Mr. W. H. Childs' sloop Umbrina made a good impression on her initial appearance. She went up a class and beat Ondawa and Nymph handily. Umbrina led the fleet of larger boats at the finish of the contest.

Bagheera had no competitor and scored a sailover. The raceabout Vagabond defeated Corona, and Pickaninny scored a victory over Scalawag (ex-Budget). The latter fouled the stake boat at the finish, and was disqualified.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 2 P. M. from the Regatta Committee tug. Five minutes later the first division was sent away. The others followed at 5m. intervals. The wind was blowing E. by S. This gave the boats a run to the mark off Fort Hamilton, a close-hauled board to the Craven Shoal buoy and another windward leg home. All marks were left to port.

The next event of the Atlantic Y. C. will be held on Saturday, June 20. It will be a regatta for classes M and below, over the shorter courses. The start will be at 3 P. M. Summaries of the annual regatta follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schooners—Class C—Start 2:05.		
Estelle, L. J. Callanan	5 00 45	2 55 45
Schooners—Class F—Start 2:05.		
Kiwassa, Shaen & Rusch	4 42 55	2 37 55
Sloops—Class K—Start 2:10.		
Umbrina, W. H. Childs	4 38 03	2 28 03
Ondawa, H. J. Roberts	4 43 10	2 33 10
Nymph, W. H. Towen	5 08 50	2 58 50
Sloops—Class M—Start 2:15.		
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	4 07 10	1 52 10
Sloops—Class P—Start 2:20.		
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	4 12 28	1 52 28
Corona, J. E. Beggs	4 15 33	1 55 33
Sloops—Class R—Start 2:25.		
Pickaninny, E. H. Low	4 25 00	2 00 00
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow	Disqualified.	

The winners were Kiwassa, Umbrina, Vagabond, Pickininny and Bagheera.

Brooklyn Y. C.

BENSONHURST, GRAVESEND BAY,
Saturday, June 13.

The forty-sixth annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held on Saturday, June 13, over the regular courses of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay. Nineteen craft entered the event, all but three of which finished. A succession of thunder and hailstorms caused the start to be postponed from 12 M., the time originally scheduled, to 3:15 in the afternoon.

A good breeze was blowing at noon time. The thunder soon disposed of this, however, and the regatta was started in a wind of about 4-knot strength, which fell to a flat calm when one round of the courses had been completed. It returned from a new direction, and with freshening force after craft had been in the doldrums about half an hour.

The feature of the day was the struggle between the 30-footers Bagheera and Boptain. Bagheera is the Atlantic Y. C. challenger for the Manhasset Bay cup for 30-footers. Boptail is a Herreshoff creation, and made her initial appearance in the Brooklyn Y. C. regatta. After a close race Bobtail won by 35s. She is a centerboard boat, while the Chubb craft has a keel.

The special class M boats Surprise, Kangaroo and Bess thought the race had been called off after the first round and withdrew. Bonito was the only one of the class to sail the full course.

The breeze was blowing from the S. E. at the start. This gave the smaller craft, which twice covered an inside triangular course of 4 miles, a reach to the mark off Fort Hamilton, a long windward leg to a stake boat off Coney Island Point, and a broad reach home to the start off the Brooklyn Y. C. The starters above class P went twice over a triangle of 6 miles. The breeze at the start gave them a reach to Craven Shoal buoy, a close hauled leg to buoy No. 12 off Coney Island Point, and a reach home. All marks were left to port.

The calm caught most of the racers just after the first round had been completed. The new wind came out of the southwest. This gave the smaller boats a reach from Fort Hamilton to Coney Island Point and a run home. The larger starters had a reach to buoy No. 12 and a run home.

The Regatta Committee of the Brooklyn Y. C. consists of Messrs. George E. Reiners, Chairman; Robert P. Orr and Arthur T. Wells. Vice-Com. Fontaine placed his schooner Sunshine at the disposal of the committee as judges' boat. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class M—Start 3:20.		
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 52 46	2 32 46
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 23 21	2 33 21
Class M—Special—Start 3:20.		
Bonito, Haviland Bros	6 16 49	2 56 49
Surprise, L. D. Martens	Did not finish.	
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	Did not finish.	
Bess, Sydney Grant	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class P—Start 3:25.		
Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	5 23 45	1 58 45
Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay	5 21 41	2 04 41
Karma, J. C. Erskine	5 29 55	2 04 55
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow	5 30 08	2 05 08
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:40.		
Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow	5 32 19	1 52 19
Pickaninny, E. H. Low	5 34 53	1 54 53
Catboats—Class V—Start 3:45.		
Martha M., Richard Moore	5 30 08	1 45 08
Boozie, C. D. Durkee	5 36 46	1 45 46
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 31 51	1 46 51
Delede, A. E. Hotson	5 32 52	1 47 52
Millie, E. A. Bogert	5 37 51	1 52 51
Marine and Field Class—Start 3:50.		
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	5 36 32	1 46 32
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 37 06	1 47 06

The winners were: Bobtail, Bonito, Vagabond, Scalawag, Martha M. and Stinger.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Saturday, June 13.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, June 13. The large boats were conspicuous by their absence. There were no schooners on hand, and the three English cutters in class I were the biggest boats in the race. A nice breeze that held all day made the contests most interesting. At the start the wind was S. W., but when the boats were on the second round it worked around to S. by E. All the boats sailed twice over triangular courses, with the first mark due E. from the starting line. This made the first leg a broad reach, the second leg a close fetch and the third leg a run.

The Regatta Committee, which consisted of Messrs. Charles P. Tower, Chairman; Frank Hardy and Howell C. Perrin, were on the towboat Unique. The preparatory signal was given at 11:30, and the boats in class I started five minutes after. Eelin was first away well in the lead with Isolde second and Hester last. All three carried club topsails, and Eelin set her balloon jib topsail, while Isolde and Hester stuck to reaching jib topsails, and balloon staysails. On the first leg Isolde and Hester got in a luffing match, and Eelin secured a good lead, while this was going on. Hester got a little the best of the luffing match. At the end of the first round the boats were timed as follows: Eelin 1:41:12; Hester 1:41:35; Isolde 1:44:20. Hester crossed the line first, but Eelin gets the race on time allowance and Isolde comes in for second place.

The 43-footers were the next boats to start, Effort and Challenge being regularly entered in this class, but the Canada's Cup challenger Irondequoit also sailed over the course with them. Effort was splendidly sailed by Messrs. Addison and Wilmer Hanan, and she won handily, beating Irondequoit about 7m. Effort got the best start, and from that time on kept increasing her lead. Challenge met with a slight accident before the start, and she withdrew on the second leg of the second round.

Leda got away in lead in her class. She was sailed by her owner, Mr. Stephen H. Mason, Jr., and she gave Spasm a bad beating. Anoatok was so far behind at the end of the first round that she withdrew.

In the yawl class Tern was first away and had matters her own way all through the race. Although she allowed her competitors, Escape and Sakana, quite a little time, she won the race easily.

The three boats in the 30ft. class put up a pretty race. Alert, smartly sailed by Mr. James Alker, won by over 4m. For Alert to beat Oiseau by such a wide margin caused considerable surprise, for it was generally believed the racing between these two boats would be very close, and the difference would be a matter of seconds rather than minutes.

Hope and Haze, the one-design 25-footers designed by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, met in their first race. Hope won and Haze withdrew.

There were three starters in class P, Snapper winning by over 2m. from Firefly, after a good race.

Five raceabouts started, and Jolly Tar won by 1s.—a very close decision—Jolly Tar protested Mavis for fouling her near the finish line.

There was another close race in the Larchmont 21ft. class, Adelaide winning by 35s.

Four of the New Rochelle one-design boats started, and Mr. Philip Howard's Caper won out with Ace second. In the Manhasset Bay one-design class, Lambkin beat the other three boats badly.

Gosling had no competitor in class W. Skidoo beat Gloria in the Lark class by over 5m. Gazabo took a walkover in class Q.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class I—60 to 70 Feet Racing Length—Course 30 Miles—Start 11:35.		
Hester, Cleveland H. Dodge	3 23 11	3 48 11
Eelin, F. L. Rodewald	3 24 58	3 49 58
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	3 27 16	3 52 16
Corrected time: Isolde, 3.46.19; Eelin, not measured.		
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43 Feet Racing Length—Course 22 Miles—Start 11:40.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	2 35 57	2 55 57
Challenge, W. T. Foote	Disabled.	
Irondequoit, Thomas B. Pritchard	Time not taken.	
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36 Feet Racing Length—Course 22 Miles—Start 11:45.		
Spasm, E. D. King	3 16 41	3 31 41
Leda, S. H. Mason	3 01 55	3 16 55
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw	Did not finish.	
Yawls—Class M—30 to 36 Feet Racing Length—Course 23 Miles—Start 11:45.		
Tern, John Hyslop	3 18 40	3 33 40
Escape, George Matthews	3 41 36	3 56 36
Sakana, A. H. McCreery	3 38 31	3 53 31
Corrected time: Escape 3.45.51; Sakana, 3.49.14.		
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30 Feet Racing Length—Course 22 Miles—Start 11:50.		
Alert, A. H. Alker	3 11 15	3 21 15
Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell	3 15 57	3 25 57
Flosshilde, W. D. Hennen	3 38 28	3 48 28
25-Foot One-Design Class—Course 22 Miles—Start 11:50.		
Hope, Adrian Iselin	3 46 50	3 56 50
Haze, Anderson Dana	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25 Feet Racing Length—Course 11 Miles—Start 11:55.		
Lucille, P. Williams	2 06 30	2 11 30
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 02 19	2 07 19
Firefly, S. P. Granberry	2 04 00	2 09 00
Raceabouts—21-foot Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 11:55.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley	2 03 49	2 08 49
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	2 01 00	2 06 00
Jolly Tar, S. Howland	2 00 59	2 05 59
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins	2 01 01	2 06 01
Grasshopper, H. Pryor	2 03 59	2 08 59
Larchmont 21-foot Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 11:55.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	2 06 09	2 11 09
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	2 06 44	2 11 44
New Rochelle 18-footers—Course 11 Miles— Start, 12:00.		
Caper, P. L. Howard	2 22 11	2 22 11
Knave, R. N. Bavier	2 24 25	2 24 25
Ace, A. Bavier	2 24 19	2 24 19
Alga, A. Merstre	2 29 39	2 29 39
Manhasset Bay 18-footers—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:00.		
Bab, J. R. Hoyt	2 30 19	2 30 19
Falcon, E. B. Cole	2 30 59	2 30 59
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 28 49	2 28 49
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 22 27	2 22 27
Catboats—Class W—18 Feet Racing Length—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Gosling, M. Pratt	Did not finish.	
Lark Class—Course 5½ Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Gloria	1 42 39	1 37 39
Skidoo	1 37 19	1 32 19
Yellow Jacket	1 45 19	1 40 19
Class O—Sloops—18 to 21 Feet—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:00.		
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	2 41 37	2 41 37

The winners were: Eelin, Effort, Leda, Tern, Alert, Hope, Snapper, Jolly Tar, Adelaide, Caper, Lambkin, Skidoo and Gazabo.

New York Y. C.

NEW YORK LOWER BAY,
Thursday, June 11.

The three 90-footers—Columbia, Constitution and Reliance—were able to get a race on Thursday, June 11, after three postponements. The wind was light and the sea was very smooth except for a gentle swell. The course was fifteen miles to windward and return.

The start was scheduled for 11:30, and the steam yacht Privateer, with the Regatta Committee on board, was on hand at that hour. Postponement signals were hoisted on the committee boat and the start was set for 12 o'clock. Promptly at noon the preparatory signal was made. All the yachts carried the same canvas—club topsails set over mainsails and baby jib topsails over the headsails. Constitution's club topsail was much smaller than the ones carried on the other two boats, and she would, in all probability, have done better with a larger sail. In the maneuvering for the start, Rhodes and Barr stuck together as in the earlier races, while Columbia kept away and was well out of the trouble. The start was a fine one, all three of the boats crossing within half a minute. Constitution crossed in the weather berth, but not far enough in the lead to cut Reliance's wind. Columbia crossed to leeward of both the other boats. The boats were timed as follows at the start: Constitution, 12:16:01; Reliance, 12:16:18, and Columbia, 12:16:32.

Columbia was giving Reliance her back wind, and Reliance was in turn doing the same to Constitution, and as a result Columbia drew ahead a little. Constitution was put on the port tack first, in order to get away from Reliance, but the new boat also took the port tack and a few seconds later Columbia followed them. After holding the port tack for some twenty minutes, Columbia was again put on the starboard tack. Columbia had not been able to point with Reliance, and that boat had in the meantime worked out ahead and to windward of Constitution, as she was pointing better and footing faster. Reliance and Constitution held the port tack and held a southerly course while Columbia on the starboard tack stood to the east.

When Reliance and Constitution did take the starboard tack they were favored by having the wind shift a bit to the south. This shift placed Columbia at a disadvantage, and she had to make a longer hitch to make the mark. Reliance gained on Constitution steadily, and she had a big jump on her when they were nearing the mark. Reliance doused her baby jib topsail and set her ballooner as she came up to the mark. The boats were timed at the mark as follows: Reliance, 2:26:07; Constitution, 2:31:01; Columbia, 2:37:05. On the 15-mile beat to windward, Reliance had beaten Constitution 5m. 11s., and Columbia 10m. 44s.

After rounding, spinnakers were set and guyed well forward, but the boats had to keep well to the north of their true course in order to keep them drawing, as the wind had gone to S. S. E. Reliance's big spinnaker was taken in when about one-third the way to the finish line and set a smaller one in place of it. When Reliance was about half way to the finish line she took in her spinnaker and headed for the lightship. Constitution took in her spinnaker also, and soon after Columbia did the same thing. While spinnakers were being carried, Reliance seemed to get away from Constitution a little, but as soon as they were taken in Constitution came up on the new boat again. The times taken as the boats finished were: Reliance, 4:06:01; Constitution, 4:11:36; Columbia, 4:19:09. On the 15-mile run Reliance had beaten Constitution 41s. and Columbia 2m. 10s.

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 16 18	4 06 01	3 49 43
Constitution	12 16 01	4 11 36	3 55 35
Columbia	12 16 32	4 19 09	4 02 37

Reliance beat Constitution 5m. 52s. and Columbia 12m. 54s.

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND SOUND,
Monday, June 15.

There were only six starters in the Glen Cove races of the New York Y. C. that were sailed on Monday, June 15. Not many boats were entered for the race, and the bad weather kept some who were present from starting.

The three 90-footers stayed at their moorings all day. It was the frequent rain squalls and not the wind that kept them from going out, for they did not want to get their sails wet.

Club members saw the race from the steamer Cepheus, and the Regatta Committee were on board the steam yacht Privateer. At half-past twelve, course signals were displayed from the committee boat. The short course had been selected, the first leg of which is 4½ miles, N. E. by N., the second leg 4½ miles S. E., and the third leg 6 miles W. half S. The wind was strong from the N. N. E. At 12:45 the preparatory signal was given, and the sloops were started ten minutes later. Isolde was first over the line, but to leeward, and Eelin crossed in the weather berth. It was a beat to the first mark, a reach to the second mark, and a broad reach to the finish line. Effort was first away, in her class and won the race easily. Ariel and Katrina met in the schooner class, and the former boat won. She was sailed by Captain Hank Haff, and after getting the best of the start led all over the course. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops—Class I.			
Isolde	12 55 04	3 02 26	2 07 22
Eelin	12 55 36	2 59 12	2 03 36
Sloops—Class L.			
Effort	12 55 45	3 12 34	2 16 49
Surprise	12 56 13	3 41 31	2 45 18
Schooners.			
Ariel	1 05 32	3 06 13	2 00 41
Katrina	1 05 19	3 10 34	2 04 15

The winners were Eelin, Effort and Ariel.

Effort is the only one of the boats that has been measured, and so the allowance cannot be figured out until this is done.

Annual Cruise of the Goodenough.

Story Submitted in "Forest and Stream" Cruising Competition.

BY FRANK F. FRISBEE, DETROIT, MICH.

Though we felt very tired, the reveille was enough to rouse us the next morning, and we got out on deck to find a beautiful morning. There is one charm of cruising in these waters, you are absolutely away from people and free to appear in any old deshabille, so our attire in the early morning was convenient for a tub, you know, as the Englishman would say, and while the water of Lake Superior is a little cool for bathing, that in the bay was not bad.

The morning breeze came from the south and was fair for us to sail back down the bay, retracing in part our course. Sail was got on the yacht, and we glided away toward the Harmony River. The wind veered more to the west and freshened, then lulled, but the Skipper had his weather eye open and said that it would blow fresh in the afternoon, so if we left the yacht we must make sure that she would not go ashore. So we got out our extra big anchor, buoyed it and putting it in the small boat led it off to the windward, making up our minds that it was better to be sure than sorry. The holding ground was none too good, and our Skipper is careful.

After some discussion, Ed decided he would go up the Harmony with the Skipper and Prof. The small boat took us ashore and up the river a good half-mile, and then we had to leave it. The Harmony is a beautiful trout stream, being deep enough to insure good fishing, but not too deep for wading in most places. It runs through a dense forest, but is not as rough and rocky as the Chippewa, or as large, but is more of a river than Stoppel's Creek.

The Harmony had not been run for some time, and therefore there were a good many nice pools and hiding places for trout. We did not have to go far to catch all the trout we wanted, and we took plenty of time to enjoy the beautiful stream.

Our creels held twenty-eight trout, when we returned to the yacht, and several two-pound trout were in the catch. We had seen plenty of signs of deer, moose and caribou, up all the rivers, but had not seen any game but ruffed grouse (partridge). We never molested anything in the way of game, it being the close season. When we returned to the yacht Percy had quite a tale to relate about a fine buck some Indians had driven into the lake and which he had chased with a small boat.

A TYPICAL LAKE SCHOONER.

"If it had not been the close season we would have had venison a-plenty," quoth Percy.

The Indians do not have to observe the laws in regard to game, and they often kill deer and caribou near us. They offered us fine caribou antlers in the velvet at low prices.

We were back at the yacht early, and as a light breeze was blowing our way, we got up both hooks and sailed away for the fish station, as we needed ice, and having plenty of trout, we wanted to send some to friends at the Soo.

After we got sail on, our breeze freshened and we made fine time. The Professor tried to make a photograph of the catch of the day, but the yacht heeled so, it was hard work; however, the result showed well enough to give an idea of the catch. We had wind enough to enable us to make the station by eight P. M., sailing nearly six miles per hour.

The next day we had a change in the weather, which had been perfect and a cold rain accompanied by high northwest winds, made us stick very close to the yacht's cabin. A good fire in the galley stove made us very comfortable and cards and magazines made the time pass quickly. The wind howled when we put our heads out of the companionway in the morning, and we could see the sea tumbling high outside. It was very cool and little flurries of snow came early in the day. Not bad for the eleventh of August.

When the steamer Dixon came in we received an addition to our crew. Doctor D., of Cincinnati, who had made a cruise with us before, came up. The Doctor reported a heavy sea and a good many seasick passengers. Doc. had not gotten his sea-legs and looked a little pale about the gills. We joked him about it, but he thought some of the rest of the crew might have yielded tribute to Neptune, had we been outside instead of in our snug berth. As we had had considerable river fishing, we decided to try the reefs the next day, the storm having subsided. The reefs can only be fished when there is no wind, or wind from off shore, as a little wind from off the lake soon kicks up a sea that makes it impossible to stay on the reefs. If it blows hard and we get caught out, it means go ashore and take to the beach, which is not easy, to say the least. We seldom take the yacht out of the harbor, but go to the reefs in the small boats. If we anchor off the reefs, it means that we must stand watch at night, as it would not do to be caught napping out there on a lee shore.

We took two small boats and rowed the six miles out to Pancake Shoals, which are celebrated for the great trout fishing to be found there. All days are not great days on the reefs, but if one keeps going, they are bound to get them some time. The signs will come right at last. We generally stick to it and our cruise of '02 gave us several fine days on the shoals. We had to go ashore two days and spend the day in watching the waves roll in on the rocky shore, and the surf break over the flat rocks, which in places are within a few inches of the surface and extend for rods. We fished another day in a driving rain storm and another day had to beach one of the boats and take to the woods to get back to the harbor, but these are only incidents and in detail would not interest the general reader. We always take our camera out on the reefs and when the sea drives us ashore, we get snaps that show better than we can write what the shore looks like and the trout we catch. We took plenty of fish and were able to remember our friends below when the Dixon called for the fish cars on her trip down.

SHIP CANAL FROM DECK OF YACHT, SAULT STE. MARIE.

About eight miles from the fish station there is a narrow channel between the main land and Batchewana Island (see chart). There is a spot that the crew of the Goodenough call the Bosshole. Here the water is 40 to 50 feet deep and a huge clay bank drops off from eight feet of water, with nearly, if not quite vertical sides. Here the bass congregate and swim along seeking food. Toward this channel one afternoon the Goodenough was sailing, but the wind failed just before we got to our anchorage and as a rocky reef juts out from the island, we had to get out the sweeps to get away from it, as a very strong current sets out, or in, from the upper to lower bay. By dint of hard work we managed to sweep the yacht through the cut, and getting her just over the clay bank, let go our hook. Here we can fish right from the deck, as the bass will come up and get under the yacht, evidently seeking the shade. We find the bass very capricious here and at times they will not be tempted to bite, though we can see them plainly in the crystal waters. Large northern pike are also taken here, but we do not usually fish for them, however. They sometimes take our bass bait. Then we hang them up. They are very gamey and on a light rod give fairly good sport.

After a day or two of loafing and easy fishing, we decided we wanted something more strenuous, and as from this anchorage we generally fish the Batchewana river, which is only a mile or so away, we decided to put in a day up the stream. The row from the yacht to the end of easy boat navigation, on the Batchewana, is about six miles. We could take the yacht up the river if it was not for a bar that extends from the mouth of the river out a considerable distance, but we find it better to anchor where we do than to try to hang on where we would get the full force of any wind blowing up the bay.

Four of the crew took two small boats and made an early start for the Batchewana. We did not attempt to take both small boats very far beyond the point we can row to, but pulled one up some of the lower rapid water. The Skipper sought one of his pet pools and proceeded to whip it in his usual successful manner. Ed. fished up the stream and Doc. and the Professor flew up the creek, bound for the falls.

Batchewana is the chief river that flows into the bay and is a noble stream. A boat can be taken right to the falls, by poling and towing over some of the riffles.

Flowing into the Batchewana is a very pretty little trout stream where one can always get a good catch of small trout, and where the Professor generally takes some photographs of some very picturesque little falls.

About four miles above the small boat landing are the first falls of the Batchewana. These falls are of more volume than those of the Chippewa, but the height of land is less. Above these falls some miles is a deep cañon and the main falls of the river, which are much more grand and rugged. It is a little too much of a trip to try to make the upper falls and back in one day, so if one wishes to visit them, the way is to camp at the first falls and make the trip to the second falls the next day. We did not go above the first falls on this cruise. There are numerous deep pools, fed by cold springs below the first falls, where lurk very large trout. We have taken them up to four pounds, but this year the Skipper could not beat three and one-half pounds, and he was high rod.

WHALEBACKS LOCKING THROUGH POE LOCK "SOO"—LETTING IN THE WATER.

The trip up the Batchewana is a beautiful one, as the river in places flows through rocky walls that are nearly precipitous. Then again it rushes over the rocks with foam-crested waves, and anon descends into deep, black, silent pools, shaded at the edges by the dark fir and spruce of the north woods, flecked there and there by bright dashes of color made by the mountain ash and the turning leaves of the maple. The silvery sheen of the white birch streaks the dark-green here and there, while in the damp shade, where some spring gushes forth, great beds of ferns are seen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO TO INDIAN HARBOR,
Saturday, June 6.

Iroquois, designed, owned and built by Mr. Henry R. Davies, a member of the Columbia Y. C., defeated the crack fin Vencedor, by 6m. 39s. on the run from Chicago to Indian Harbor. The race was the first of a series of three from Chicago to Indiana Harbor, a 15-knot course. Wind was due north—making race a spinnaker and balloon jib run. The fleet presented a fine sight for those on guest boat.

There are two time prizes for the series—to be awarded to yachts in A and B classes—that have the greatest number of points in its class. The points on today's race follow:

Time Prize—A Classes.

	Points.		Points.
Iroquois	100	Neva	42.9
Vencedor	85.7	Privateer	28.6
Vision	71.4	Iris	14.3
Columbia	57.1		

Time Prize—B Classes.

	Points.		Points.
Wizard	100	Jeannettie	50
Toxteth	75	Nomad	25

A CLASSES.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class 1A.			
Neva	4 30 00	2 25 00	2 25 00
Vencedor	4 23 00	2 18 00	2 15 16
Class 2A.			
Iroquois	4 30 45	2 25 45	2 08 37
Class 3A.			
Columbia	4 51 46	2 46 46	2 21 29
Iris	5 30 00	3 25 00	. .. ..
Class 4A.			
Vision	4 53 00	2 48 00	2 15 54
21-foot Cabin Class.			
Privateer	5 04 10	3 00 50	2 34 54

B CLASSES.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners and Yawls.			
Toxteth	4 37 00	2 37 00	2 29 46
Nomad	4 49 05	2 49 00	2 38 25
Class 2B.			
Jeannetie	4 37 42	2 37 42	2 29 49
Wizard	4 40 11	2 40 11	2 22 26

The schedule of races of the Quantuck Y. C., of Suffolk county, has been arranged by the Regatta Committee and is as follows: First challenge race, Saturday, July 11; second challenge race, Saturday, August 1; third challenge race, Saturday, August 22. There are also to be ladies' regattas, the first to be held on Friday, July 24, and the second on Friday, August 28.

The racing dates of the Associated Clubs are as follows: Westhampton Country Club, July 18, August 15; asssociation race, and September 5; Shinnecock Y. C., July regatta, and August 29; Moriches Y. C., July 11, August 1, August 22, and September 7, association race.

Morrisania Y. C.

The eighth annual open regatta was sailed on June 14 in a good southeast wind varied with hard rain squalls toward the finish. The steamer Mount Morris was chartered by the club to carry its members and guests over the course, which was off South Brother Island. The judges were: Mr. C. S. Ogden, Stuyvesant Y. C.; Mr. L. Sands, Knickerbocker Y. C.; Mr. Geo. R. Schroeder, Sr., Morrisania Y. C.

Class A—Cabin Sloops—30ft. and over—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Cornelia, J. F. Lalor	3 04 25	2 54 25
Musidore, John Lalor	3 15 10	3 03 06

Class B—Cabin Sloops—Over 25ft. and under 30.

Water Lily, F. Dama	5 29 30	5 19 30
Lou, G. J. Oakes	Withdrew.	
Pinochle, J. Babst	2 58 55	2 46 04
Connie, G. Olweiler	Did not finish.	
Saracen, F. Kloepper	Did not finish.	
Susie J., Bartro Bros	5 18 30	4 59 21

Class C—Cabin Sloops—25ft. and under.

Pearl, W. C. Long	2 40 10	2 25 10
Anita, C. Loock	2 47 16	2 35 30
Mamie, E. Kiel	3 00 55	2 43 33
Gertrude, Curtis and Morstadt	2 39 10	2 18 10
Ida, P. G. Schumacher	Did not finish.	

Class D—Open Sloops—20ft. and over.

*Pearl Louise, T. A. Goodenough	1 57 20	1 37 20
Eleanor, J. McGregor	1 59 45	1 37 52
Exile, E. J. Sauce	2 03 10	1 40 38
Zetes, R. C. Ten Eyck	2 02 00	1 39 01

*Protested.

Class E—Open Sloops—Under 20ft.

Dottie Dean, Geo. H. Lansing	2 06 07	1 40 20
Phidias, C. Kirchoff	1 58 55	1 32 53
Sea Gull, G. Grassely	2 03 00	1 33 35
Imp, D. J. Reynolds	1 54 30	1 29 30

Class F—Cabin Cats—25ft. and over.

Katrina, T. F. Tully	Did not finish.	
†Carnation, P. Hamburger	5 34 50	. .. ..
Whileaway, W. Cartwright	4 05 10	3 55 10

Class G—Cabin Cats—Under 25ft. and over 20.

Wave, E. Delamater	2 51 40	2 29 40
Degnus, J. Symmers	2 44 45	2 29 40
Yankee Girl, Chapman Bros	Did not finish.	
Annie C., J. Constance	2 49 00	2 31 45

Class I—Open Cats—Over 20ft.

†W. H. Gill, C. Hogan	2 01 15	. .. ..
Ping Pong, V. E. Bauer	2 05 55	1 42 57
Paula, E. Butler	Did not finish.	
Marguerite, W. D. Robinson	2 04 10	1 40 36
Mavis, W. Ridley	2 05 45	1 44 48

Class K—Open Cats—20ft. and under.

Loyal Josie, H. Howard	1 54 00	1 29 00
Only Daughter, W. Lynch	Capsized.	
Willie B., H. McGray	1 56 17	1 26 56
Hobo, J. M. McAllister	1 58 10	1 27 22
†Gertrude, G. J. Larkin	. .. ..	. .. ..
Mistry, C. Reutermann	2 27 40	1 55 51
†Frank, A. Marshall	1 51 00	. .. ..

Class L—Special Racing Class—Cabin Sloops—26ft. and under.

Firefly, G. P. Granberry	2 14 35	1 53 28
Bride, W. Dent	Withdrew.	
Surprise, F. Fath	2 37 30	2 22 20
Elsket, J. Berrian	2 43 25	2.25 39

†Disqualified.

Winners: Class A, Cornelia; Class B, Pinochle; Class C, Gertrude; Class D, Zetes; Class E, Imp (subject to remeasurement); Class F, Whileaway; Class G, Wave; Class I, Marguerite; Class K, Willie B.; Class L, Firefly.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Commodore J. F. McGuire, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has had a boat built by the Kehoe Boat and Motor Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, for the defense of the Lipton cup. She is 35ft. 11½in. over all, 20ft. 9in. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth, and 2ft. 2in. draft. She will carry 969 square feet of sail. The yacht will be known as the Hoosier.

Mr. Hollis Burgess, in conjunction with Messrs. Gardner & Cox, has chartered the schooner Mayflower, owned by Mr. William Amory Gardner, of Groton, Mass., to Mr. Ernest B. Dahlgren, of New York.

The steam yacht built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, from designs by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough for Mr. Charles G. Emery, was launched on Thursday, June 11. She is 145ft. over all, 117ft. waterline, 17ft. breadth and 7ft. draft. The yacht has been named Calumet. She will be used mainly on the St. Lawrence River and will have a speed of 18½ miles.

The schooner built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. from designs made by Mr. Fred Lawley for Mr. John M. Richmond, of Providence, R. I., was launched on June 2. She will be known as Velmore. The yacht is 83ft. over all, 51ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth and 10ft. 6in. draft. Her sail area is about 3,300 square feet.

The American-built schooner Lasca arrived at New York on June 10, thirty-two days out from Southampton. The run from Southampton to the Azores was made in five days, and from that time on bad weather was encountered.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has chartered the steam yacht Reba for Mr. Nathaniel Witherell to Mr. William R. Proctor and the steam yacht Viking for the month of July for Mr. Franklin Haines to Mr. Henry S. Jeanes. Mr. Jones has made the following sales: Sloop Onward sold by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough to Mr. S. E. Vernon; sloop Mary Jane sold by Mr. Wm. B. Lloyd to Mr. M. S. Bentham; raceabout Scamp sold by Mr. Allan H. Pirie to Mr. Henry L. Maxwell; raceabout Indian sold by Mr. Henry L. Maxwell to Mr. Allan H. Pirie; raceabout Viper sold by Mr. Andrew B. Newcombe to Mr. Wm. R. Thorsen, and the knockabout Lucille sold by Mr. H. H. Landon to Mr. Leonard L. Weyand.

Secretary George A. Cormack, of the New York Y. C., has announced that Mr. James Gordon Bennett presented the club with a challenge cup valued at $2,500 for competition between steam yachts. Mr. Bennett offers a cash prize of $2,500 in addition to the cup to go to the winner of the first race. The trophy is to be known as the Lysestrata cup. The following conditions govern the races held for the cup:

This cup is open to the competition of steam yachts belonging to the New York Y. C. and to steam yachts properly enrolled in any foreign yacht club.

The winning yacht shall hold the cup as a challenge cup, to become the property of an owner of a winning yacht in two contests, to be held in successive years at New York a week before or after the June regatta, or when the America's Cup is sailed for; at Newport, R. I., U. S. A., during the squadron cruise of the New York Y. C.; at Nice, France, in the month of April, or at Cowes, England, during the regatta week. In these competitions there shall be no handicap or time allowance.

The entrance is limited to yachts above 150 net tons in size, American yacht measurement. The course is to be not less than fifty nautical miles in length and in water of a depth that will not impair the speed of vessels, the selection of this course to be left with the Regatta Committee of the club actually in possession of the cup. The yacht holding the cup shall decide the place where the next competition is to be held.

Challengers shall give six months' notice, in writing, to the owner of the yacht and the secretary of the club holding the cup. The yachts are to steam in ordinary cruising trim, with the actual amount of coal and stores, and all boats must be carried except power launches, which may be omitted at the discretion of the owners.

The Regatta Committee shall have power to postpone a race if the weather conditions be, in its opinion, unsuitable, and in case of all protests its decision shall be final.

The officers and committees of the newly organized Bay Side Y. C. are as follows: Com., G. Waldo Smith; Vice-Com., Charles M. Gould; Rear-Com., W. W. Cole; Treas., Hugh L. Weber; Sec'y, William H. Johns; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. C. B. Story; Legal Adviser, Elmer G. Story; Meas., George H. Petit. Board of Governors—Judge Cornell, W. W. Cole, John Taylor, Howland Leavitt, Charles L. Willard and Fleet Captain Bayard Foulke. Racing Committee—Harry T. Weeks, Theodosius Foulke and Otto Muller. House Committee—Charles K. Sayer, Charles E. Colman, Brion Foulke, Wilfred Scott, William H. Johns, Charles F. Smith. The burgee of the club is a blue ground, with a chevron of white and a crimson ball. The club is to build a house on the shore of Little Neck Bay. Some thirty boats are enrolled in the fleet.

The officers of the Westhampton Country Club Yacht Squadron are as follows: Com., Foster Crampton; Vice-Com., Walter H. Martin; Fleet Captain, Philip L. Gill; Meas., Griswold Dunson, 2d. The club's racing schedule follows:

Saturday, July 18—Club Regatta.
Saturday, August 15—Association regatta.
Saturday, September 5—Open regatta.

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The spring regatta of the Red Dragon C. C. took place over the club paddling course on Saturday, June 13. The Delaware River at this point runs nearly northeast, and the wind on Saturday afternoon was strong and squally from the southeast. The club house is on the west bank of the river, with the finish line immediately in front. The racing conditions may therefore be better imagined than described, especially as the tide started to run down before the races were half over.

The races and their results were as follows:

Event No. 1—Half mile tandem, double blades: J. C. Maclister and Paul S. McMichael (Red Dragon C. C.), first; Jno. Conrad (Lakanoo Boat Club, Burlington, N. J.), and C. S. Osmond (Yapewi Aquatic Club, Bordentown, N. J.), second; T. W. Cook and H. E. Davis (Red Dragon C. C.), third; W. H. Logan, Jr., and M. D. Wilt (Red Dragon C. C.), fourth; E. D. Hill and E. D. Hemingway (Red Dragon C. C.), fifth.

Event No. 2—Hand Paddling, 100 yards: First heat—C. S. Osmond, Y. A. C., first; E. D. Hemingway, R. D. C. C., second; W. H. Logan, Jr., R. D. C. C., third; H. E. Davis, R. D. C. C., fourth. Second heat—John Conard, L. B. C., first; J. C. Maclister, R. D. C. C., second; P. S. McMichael, R. D. C. C., third. Final heat—John Conard, L. B. C., first; E. D. Hemingway, R. D. C. C., second; C. S. Osmond, Y. A. C., third; J. C. Maclister, R. D. C. C., fourth.

Event No. 3—Tail-end race, single blades: This race, contrary to the usual custom, was paddled against the wind, as the wind was so strong that none of the canoes would go in any direction but round and round, when headed down the wind. T. W. Cook, R. D. C. C., first; H. E. Davis, R. D. C. C., second; J. C. Maclister, R. D. C. C., third; Jno. Conard, L. B. C., fourth; M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., fifth; E. D. Hemingway, R. D. C. C., sixth.

Event No. 4—One man, half mile, double blades: M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., first; T. Rice Davis, L. B. C., second; J. C. Maclister, R. D. C. C., third.

Event No. 5—One man, single blade, quarter mile—Open to R. D. C. C. members only: H. E. Davis, first; P. S. McMichael, second; W. H. Logan, Jr., third.

Event No. 6—Tilting tournament: H. E. Davis, lancer, and E. D. Hemingway, paddler (R. D. C. C.), won; against P. S. McMichael, lancer, and H. E. Blumner, paddler (R. D. C. C.).

Event No. 7—Swimming 100 yards: C. S. Osmond, Y. A. C., first; Newlin D. Davis, second; H. E. Davis did not finish.

There was to have been a mixed tandem double-blade race, but on account of the weather conditions and the scarcity of women's bathing suits, it was called off.

The officials were: Joseph Edward Murray, Judge at Finish; H. W. Fleischman, Starter; Omar Shallcross, Timer and Clerk of the Course.

The duties of Mr. Shallcross as timer were discontinued after the first race, as the high wind and rough sea would have made the results absolutely valueless for comparison. He was therefore appointed a life-saving crew, and did good service in that capacity.

There have been canoe races paddled in worse weather, but only once, and that was at the Stave Island meet of the A. C. A. in '98, when the Regatta Committee waited two days for decent weather to run off the paddling trophy race, and then put it on probably because it was too rough to run off sailing races.

On Saturday afternoon all the Red Dragons used the big open canvas-covered cruising canoes, except in the half-mile double-blade race, in which regular 16ft. by 30in. fifty-pound racers were used.

This was perhaps the most exciting race of the day. There was enough tide running against the wind to kick up a nasty sea for the light racers, and when they started down the wind it was more like a sleigh hide or a coast on a toboggan than anything else. They would be caught by a big wave, and with the forward half of the boats clean out of water would shoot ahead yards at a time, and when the wave dropped from under would be almost out of sight in the trough until picked up by another wave to repeat the performance.

It was sport, but it wasn't exactly racing, and there was no time to bail until the finish.

After the races supper was served, and most of the hundred or more guests stayed for a dance or two in the evening, and thus finished out one of the best regattas the Red Dragons ever had. M. D. WILT.

New York C. C.

BENSONHURST, GRAVESEND BAY,
Saturday, June 13.

The thirty-third annual spring regatta of the New York C. C. was held on the afternoon of Saturday, June 13, over courses in front of the club anchorage on Gravesend Bay. The events were open to members of the A. C. A.

The light wind that prevailed in the late afternoon was exactly suited to canoe races, and each contest was well waged. A large number of ladies were in attendance viewing the sports in the afternoon and later dinner at the club house. In the evening prizes won during the day were presented. The summary and winners of the different events follows:

Record Sailing—Decked Canoes—Start 3:45.

G. W. McTaggart	4 24 15	H Kennard	4 27 00

Record Sailing—Open Canoes—Start 3:55.

B. D. Foster	4 21 10	A. M. Poole	4 24 50
H. H. Morton	4 24 30	William Yelland, Jr.	4 28 00

Special Class—Open Canoes—Start 3:55.

H. S. Steven	4 21 30	W. Carmalt	4 25 15

Open Canoe Paddling—Double Blades—Start 4:47.

G. W. McTaggart	4 49 00	W. V. Robinson	4 49 30
George Morrisey	4 49 20	H. L. Pollard	4 50 15

Open Canoe Paddling—Single Blades—Start 4:58.

William Inslee	5 00 00	A. M. Poole	5 00 40
George Morrisey	5 00 02	W. Carmalt	5 00 50

Open Canoe Paddling—Single Blades—Tandem—Start 5:12.

McTaggart and Kennard	5 13 00	Pollard and Morrisey	5 13 12
Boell & Roberts, K.C.C.	5 13 03	Carmalt and Poole	5 13 15
Robinson and Jennings	5 13 07		

Tail End Race.

A. M. Poole	Not timed.	William Inslee	Not timed.
C. F. Boell, K. C. C.	Not timed.	L. B. Jennings	Not timed.

The A. C. A. Meet.

To the Members of the A. C. A.

The affairs of the present administration pertaining to the annual meet at Sugar Island, August 7 to 21, inclusive, are rapidly progressing, the outlook is very encouraging for a large attendance and a successful meet.

The "Year Book and Camp Circular" will be forwarded to members sometime between July 1 and 15.

The administration is in need of a camp bugler, and it is desirous to obtain one from our members; volunteers are herewith petitioned. I will be gratified to receive word from any of our members to the effect that we will not find it necessary to go outside of our Association for a bugler.

NATHANIEL S. HYATT,
Commodore.

A. C. A. Membership.

Mr. Edwin Lemoine Somerville has been proposed for membership to the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

Messrs. Ralph C. Porter, Frederick Leonard Adams and John Neilson have been proposed for membership to the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 18-20.—St. Louis, Mo.—Tournament under auspices of Central Shooting Bund. Horace Kephardt, Sec'y.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

The United States Revolver Association.

NEW YORK, N. Y., June 15.—The date of the international match between France and America has now been definitely fixed for the latter part of June, the Frenchmen proposing the 27th or the 29th inst. On account of not being able to use the Walnut Hill range on Sunday for preliminary shooting, the Executive Committee of the U. S. R. A. has proposed the 30th as the date of the match. This, no doubt, will be acceptable to the French committee. If so, the candidates for the American team are requested to assemble at the Walnut Hill range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, near Woburn, Boston, Mass., on June 26, for preliminary practice and to accustom themselves to the range.

There will be three days of preliminary shooting, June 26, 27 and 29. The team will be selected from the candidates on the evening of June 29. All the first-class revolver and pistol shots in the United States who can possibly arrange to be present, are invited and urged to participate in the preliminary shooting and be available for the American team on the days named. Special arrangements will be made in Boston for the accommodation of visiting marksmen on this occasion.

The conditions of the match are as follows: Fifteen men on a side; 60 shots per man at 50 yards, on the Standard American

target, 8-inch bullseye; any six-shot revolver; maximum length of barrel, 12½ inches; maximum weight of barrel, 2¾ pounds; minimum trigger pull, 2½ pounds; any open sights; any ammunition. The scores to be shot between 8 A. M. and 6 P. M. Sighting shots allowed before beginning the score.

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

The American Palma Team.

THE American team, to compete for the Palma trophy at Bisley, sailed last week on the Cunarder Lucania. The party of Americans was made up of Col. L. C. Bruce, Old Guard, New York, who will act as captain; Adjutant-Col. J. H. Wells, Seventy-first Regiment, New York; Lieut. Albert S. Jones, secretary New Jersey Rifle Association; Quartermaster-Lieut. J. G. Ewing, National Guard, South Carolina; Capt. H. M. Bell, Second Regiment, New Jersey; Lieut. E. Y. Breeze, Lieut. Kellogg, K. V. V. Casey, Seventy-first Regiment, New York; Private George Cook, First Regiment, District of Columbia; Sergt. George Doyle, Seventy-first Regiment, New York; Lieut. Thomas Holcomb, Jr., United States Marine Corps; Sergt. J. H. Keough, Sixth Regiment, Massachusetts; Private H. H. Leizear, Sixth Regiment, Pennsylvania; Private Daniel C. Meyer and Corporal W. B. Short, Seventh Regiment, New York; Capt. W. B. Martin, Second Regiment, New Jersey; Private S. B. Wetherald, First Regiment, District of Columbia; Corporal C. B. Winder, Sixth Regiment, Ohio; Lieut. A. E. Wells and Lieut.-Col. J. H. Wells, Seventy-first Regiment, New York. Private Meyer failed to make a place on the team during the competitions, but during the spring and winter did some very fine shooting, and on the strength of this was taken along.

The competition at Bisley will be held on July 11. Six men teams will compete, representing France, Austria, Switzerland, Great Britain, Australia and the United States.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—At our regular meeting on June 7 the following scores were made. The conditions were good, except a tricky fish-tail wind from 5 to 7 o'clock. Shooting 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target:

Gindele	224	217	216	215	208	Bruns	213	203	201	201	188
Odell	223	220	219	209	205	Hofman	211	211	205	196	192
Payne	223	219	218	216	216	Hofer	208	203	203	198	188
Nestler	221	216	216	211	208	Lux	202	198	189	181	179
Strickmeier	221	213	208	208	206	Freitag	195	195	193	191	188
Trounstine	220	212	202	191	177	Drube	194	193	181	178	176
Roberts	215	208	208	207	204	Uckotter	185	181	176	174	174

Honor target: Gindele 65, Odell 69, Payne 67, Nestler 69, Strickmeier 60, Trounstine 67, Roberts 68, Bruns 56, Hofman 67, Hofer 65, Lux 52, Freitag 53, Drube 57, Uckotter 67.

THE British American states that "the Austrian minister in Washington announces that in May an international shooting match for young men employing army rifles and ammunition will be held under the auspices of the Egyetemi Athbetikai Club at Budapest. This is to be the first competition of the kind ever held. The first prize will be 5,000 kroner and a gold medal. There will also be second and third prizes of less value. Any young man born since Jan. 1, 1880, will be eligible. It is announced that any person wishing to take part is to communicate with the committee in charge of the competition at Budapest, inclosing a certificate of his birth."

The name of the club is very significant, and will bear a lot of earnest study, and 5,000 kroner, though vague, is interesting. The experts, born in 1800 will have difficulty to qualify.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

*June 17-18.—McKeesport, Pa., tournament.
June 17-18.—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—E. L. Klipple tournament.
June 18.—West Chester, Pa., Gun Club's all-day target shoot.
June 23-25.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association's second annual target tournament; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
June 24-25.—Rutherford, N. J.—Interstate Association tournament under the auspices of the Union Gun Club.
*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
June 25.—York County target shoot, under auspices of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
July 1.—Annual tournament of the Sherbrooke, Que., Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 3-4.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's two days' shoot. A. H. Frank, Sec'y.
July 4.—Napoleon, Ohio, Sportsmen's Association all-day shoot. A. Bradley, Jr., Sec'y.
July 4.—Ilion, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Remington Gun Club.
July 4.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club shoot.
July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
July 4.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Special handicap, 100 targets, for $10 in gold. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
July 4.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Targets. G. G. Zeth, secretary, Altoona, Pa.
July 4.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club. S. G. Miller, secretary.
July 4.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association's Holiday shoot. D. W. Hallam, secretary.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
July 8-9.—Huntsville, Ala.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Huntsville Gun Club. E. R. Matthews, Sec'y.
July 8-10.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's thirteenth annual meeting and tournament, under the auspices of the Jonesboro, Ark., Gun Club, of which Matthews is Sec'y-Treas.
**July, second week.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's tournament.
July 14-16.—The Americus, Ga., second annual interstate target tournament. H. S. McCleskey, Sec'y.
July 15.—Charlottesville, Va.—Shoot of the University of Virginia. G. L. Bruffey, Sec'y.
July 20-22.—Winnipeg, Can.—Seventh annual trapshooting tournament of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Assiciation. F. W. Heubach, Gen'l Mgr.
*July 21-22.—Beaver Falls, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. W. R. Keefer, Sec'y.
July 30-Aug. 1.—La Crosse, Wis.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the La Crosse and Viroqua gun clubs. John M. Moore, sec'y.
*Aug. 5-6.—Brownsville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 12-15.—Toronto, Ont.—Annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas., Ottawa, Can.
Aug. 18-20.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Second annual target tournament of the Consolidated Sportsmen's Association of Grand Rapids; $1,000 added. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
Aug. 19-20.—Ottawa, Ill.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Rainmakers' Gun Club. Paul A. Selember, Sec'y.
*Aug. 19-20.—Millvale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. Wm. Bussler, Sec'y.
Aug. 26-27.—New Bethlehem, Pa.—Crescent Gun Club's annual tournament. Dr. R. E. Dinger, Mgr.
Aug. 25-28.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Annual Indian tournament. Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe.
*Sept. 1-2.—Irwin, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. John Withero, Sec'y.
Sept. 2-3.—Akron, O.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Akron Gun Club. G. E. Wagoner, Sec'y.
Sept. 7.—Fall tournament of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 9-10.—Enterprise Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 15-16.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.
*Sept. 23-24.—Seottdale, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. R. S. Deniker, Sec'y.
Sept. 28-29.—Louisville, Ky.—First day, State championship at targets; second day, State championship at live birds. J. S. Phelps, Jr., Sec'y.
*Oct. 6-7.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club's tournament. L. B. Fleming, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-9.—Dalton, Ohio, Gun Club's fifth annual tournament. H. Santmyer, m'g'r.
Oct. 14-17.—West Baden, Ind., Gun Club tournament; $500 added.
Saturdays.—Chicago.—Garfield Gun Club; grounds W Fifty-second avenue and Monroe street. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

*Member of Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League. Chas. G. Grubb, Sec'y, 507 Wood street, Pittsburg.
**Members of Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association. J. J. Bradfield, Sec'y, Vicksburg, Miss.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM *goes to press on* TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Keep in mind that the Interstate Association will give a tournament for the Union Gun Club on June 24 and 25.

The secretary, Mr. A. Bradley, Jr., informs us that the Napoleon, Ohio, Sportsmen's Association will hold an all-day shoot on July 4.

Dr. R. E. Dinger, the manager, informs us that the annual tournament of the Creseent Gun Club will be held at New Bethlehem, Pa., on Aug. 26-27.

The Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association will hold a shoot on July 4, commencing at 10 o'clock. A merchandise event will be a feature of the competition.

We are informed that Messrs. H. M. Clark and Max Witz, of Indiana, made a match at Cincinnati last week, to be shot at Fort Wayne, Ind., the side bet being $100.

Mr. Bert B. Adams, Sec'y-Treas. of the Limited Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., informs us that the tournament fixed to take place June 25-26 by his club, has been postponed, and that the new dates have not yet been determined.

Mr. S. M. Van Allen cleared up nearly all the prizes of a special nature in the New York State event last week. He won the championship medal of the Association, high average in the State events, and the New York City cup.

On June 10, the second day of the Soo Gun Club tournament, in the main event, the Interstate Championship trophy, Mr. R. R. Barber, of Paullina, Ia., proved victorious. There were nine ties, the final being miss-and-out, Mr. Barber winning at the 17th target.

Mr. Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes us as follows: "The Ruffsdale Rod and Gun Club, Ruffsdale, Pa., have transferred their September date to the Seottdale Gun Club, of Scottdale, Pa., and tournament will be held Sept. 23 and 24 at the latter place."

The Mount Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a two days' shooting tournament on July 3 and 4. The programme will be issued about June 20. Guns and ammunition sent care of the manager, Mr. A. Betti, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 302-304 Broadway, New York, writes us as follows: "The team race, Fulton Gun Club vs. the North River Gun Club, will be held on the grounds of the Fulton Club, commencing at 1 o'clock. There also will be some special prize contests. Every shooter welcome."

Last week at Batavia, N. Y., the Holland Gun Club was organized at the office of Sheriff Clark, the following officers being chosen: President, Sheriff Clark; First Vice-President, F. M. Farwell; Second Vice-President, Albert J. Squires; Secretary, Albert M. Steele; Treasurer, H. M. Johnson; Field Captain, Harry L. Ames.

At the sixth tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held at Ruffsdale, Pa., June 10 and 11, R. S. Deniker was high average for the two days with a total of 333 out of 350, a 95 per cent. performance. In the four-man team race, 50 targets per man, five teams contested, with scores as follows: Millvale 183, North Side and Ruffsdale 179, Ligonier 155, Irwin 147.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, the club manager, writes us as follows: "The Richmond Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on June 20 at 2 P. M. A special match, three men of the Aquehonga Gun Club, of Tottenville, S. I., against three men of the Richmond Gun Club. Conditions, 25 birds per man, 75 to each team. Sweepstakes to follow if time permits. To be held on the East Side Gun Club grounds in Newark."

Only two teams contested for the famous Dean Richmond trophy at Ossining on Friday of last week, the Baldwinsville and Ossining teams, the former winning by a score of 125 to 123. The four-man team race had four entries, two of Ossining, one professional team, and a team of the Brooklyn Gun Club, the members of which were Banks, 24, Brigham (Dr. Martin) 23, Floyd 22, and Hopkins 22. This team won with the excellent total of 91. The Baldwinsville team duly solemnized the win by moistening the cup.

In the competition for high averages at the New York State shoot at Ossining, last week, in the open events the first five were: J. Mowell Hawkins 440 out of 480; J. T. Skelly 434; H. Stewart 433; N. Apgar 430; Mr. Byer 427. In the State events S. M. Van Allen was high with 184 out of 200. He won the amateur championship of the Association, first tying with F. Kelsey with a score of 93 out of 100, then winning in the shoot-off with a score of 24 to 21.

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club's programme for July 4, provides ten events at 15 and 20 targets alternately, $1.50 and $2 entrance, $17.50 for the programme. Purses will be divided according to the Rose system. Targets, 2 cents. Practice events, July 3. Lunch served in the club house. High gun, $7; low gun $3. Guns shipped prepaid to the secretary, Mr. G. G. Zeth, will be delivered on the grounds free. Messrs. Crosby, Elliott, Banks, Fulford, Keller and other famous experts will attend; they will shoot for targets only.

July 1 has been fixed upon for the annual tournament of the Sherbrooke, Que., Gun Club. The programme provides twelve events at 15 and 20 targets, $1.50 and $2 entrance, and No. 6, a five-man team race, $10 per team. The Rose system will govern the division of the moneys. Merchandise prizes will be offered. Shooting commences at 8:30. Free lunch will be served. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, C. H. Foss, will be delivered on the grounds. There are three special prizes, one for high average, one for lowest average and one for longest run.

BERNARD WATERS.

Northumberland Tournament.

THE annual spring tournament of the Northumberland County Sportsmen's Association was held on June 9, 10 and 11, at Sunbury, Pa. A contest between five-man teams of the Sunbury Gun Club, and the West Branch Rod and Gun Club, of Williamsport, was the opening event. The West Branch Club won by a score of 102 to 100.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Frank Lawrence and Frank Butler. The local paper has this to say:

"Genial Frank Lawrence is the life of the shoot, and takes especial interest in making it pleasant for all spectators, never forgetting to give them a pretty souvenir on behalf of the company he represents."

The scores of the first day follow:

First Day, June 9.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	15	15	20	15	Broke.
Rohrback	9	10	8	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	57
Haum	7	8	9	9	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	49
Hawley	7	7	7	13	18	7	8	12	..	17	17	113
R C Derk	10	10	10	14	20	9	9	14	13	16	24	149
Gerdner	6	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	14
Fisher	5	7	8	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	39
Butler	9	9	9	11	18	6	6	13	11	19	25	136
Shibe	10	..	7	12	18	7	9	13	12	14	..	104
Howell	7	9	10	12	19	8	9	14	14	19	18	139
Parker	7	10	8	9	18	9	7	15	13	17	21	139
N P Derk	10	7	7	..	..	7	6	..	..	14	..	51
Dimmick	10	10	8	14	17	10	9	11	14	..	23	126
Everett	9	7	8	13	18	9	9	13	13	15	..	114
Haney	5	7	8	8	17	6	7	9	11	15	..	93
Kessler	..	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Hummer	..	8	9	11	16	6	8	13	13	17	23	124
Flock	..	9	9	14	15	6	7	13	11	..	..	84
Cooper	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	14	13	19	20	84
Stroh	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7
Spicer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	16	22		68
Blue Ribbon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	12	..		40

Second Day, June 10.

A goodly number of shooters were present on this day, as the following list shows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	15	15	20	15	Broke.
Hummer	8	8	10	10	18	7	8	13	13	17	22	134
Butler	7	9	7	13	17	10	9	11	11	16	25	135
Howell	9	10	9	14	20	9	9	12	14	18	25	149
R C Derk	6	9	8	13	14	9	10	12	15	19	24	139
Parker	7	9	9	10	20	9	8	15	15	17	22	141
Cooper	9	9	9	13	20	9	10	14	15	20	24	152
Marlin	9	6	10	14	15	10	6	14	14	..	22	98
Weary	7	8	9	15	18	7	7	13	..	18	..	102
Keiser	6	6	..	..	..	9	6	12	13	..	..	52
Hawley	10	9	7	12	18	8	5	11	15	17	..	112
Godeharles	..	4	7	11	16	6	9	8	12	15	23	111
Harris	..	3	6	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	20
Fox	..	0	5	4	..	6	..	5	..	..	..	20
Kessler	..	..	7	12	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	25
Troxell	..	..	1	..	9	4	1	1	..	..	..	16
Reitz	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	21
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	4
Lovey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	6
Rohrer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	8
Trometer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	20	48
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9
Rohrbach	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	22

Third Day, June 11.

The competition to-day was at live birds. The scores:

Event No. 1, 10 birds, entrance $10:

Savidge	2102220220—7	Troxell	0*20221122—7
Vanhorn	222*22*202—7	Spicer	2222222220—9
Hawley	2222222022—9	Howell	0220121122—8

Event No. 2, miss-and-out race, entrance $1: Derk 0, Howell 5, Savidge 11, Troxell 1, Spicer 7, Jones 0, Hawley 8, Rogers 12. The match was won by Rogers, who shot 12 without missing.

Event No. 3, 7 birds, entrance $5: Howell 7, Savidge 6, Jones 6, Hawley 2.

The Sportsmen's Association cleared about one hundred dollars from the three days' tournament, which was a success in every way. Much enthusiasm was shown and arrangements are being made to hold a tournament in the fall, at which there will be a still larger crowd of shooters. The Association hopes to build a club house in the future.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The seventh medal shoot of the Colt Gun Club was held Saturday afternoon, fourteen shooters participating. Messrs. J. A. Miller, W. J. Dunbar and A. H. Haist were elected members of the club. Saturday's scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Hermann	20	23	18	21	Kiersted	18	13	..	..
Hubbell	20	21	..	..	Colt	20	..	..	..
McFetridge	22	23	..	..	J A Miller	16	11	14	..
Hollister	17	20	19	..	A H Miller	8	9	8	..
Cook	18	12	..	..	Alger	19	20	13	..
Field	16	14	17	..	Hyde	17	16	..	..
Haist	19	14	14	16	Stone	13	12	..	..

No. 1 was medal event.

R. MCFETRIDGE, Sec'y.

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn.—Below are the scores made at the regular weekly shoot held on Friday, the 12th inst. The Peters Cartridge Company medal was won by Green with 48 out of 50:

Murphee 49, Hickman 39, Brown 40, Seay 24, Green 48, Franklin 8.

WILL G. HARRIS, Sec'y.

Ohio Trapshooters' League.

THE seventeenth annual tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League was held under the auspices of the Cincinnati, O., Gun Club, on June 9 to 11. While there was not the record-breaking attendance anticipated by some of the management, there yet was enough to make it one of the greatest target tournaments ever held. The competition is remarkable also for the persistent manner in which a majority of the shooters contested in all the events.

Five sets of traps, Sergeant system, furnished the motor power. Messrs. Schwegman, Brown and Mills acted as squad hustlers. The referees were Messrs. Trimble, McBern, Due, Dwire and Sunderbruch. The scorers were Messrs. Barnes, Rice, Smith, Shepherd and Muscroft. The pullers were Messrs. Drusty, Gold, Robb, Braenegall and Frank.

The annual meeting, June 9, was at the Palace Hotel. A large number of the Ohio gun clubs were represented. The meeting voted unanimously to hold the next tournament at Akron. The League elected officers as follows: President, J. O. Bradley, of Akron; Vice-President, R. J. Dobson, Akron; Secretary and Treasurer, George T. Wagner, Akron. Executive Committee: C. W. Phellis, Mechanicsburg; H. G. Hogen, Cleveland; K. P. Johnson, Kenton; Dr. A. B. Heyl, Cincinnati, and G. T. Wagner, Akron. A resolution prohibiting the awarding of money prizes to professional shots at the tournaments was passed. The professionals will be allowed to participate in the various contests for trophies from the 16yd. line without a handicap, but will receive no cash prizes in trophy events or special purses. The League adjourned, to meet at Akron the first Tuesday in June, 1904.

All paid representatives and manufacturers' agents paid $2 per day extra; every other shooter paid $1 per day extra, as a fund to be divided among all amateurs shooting through all the regular events, and who did not win their entrance fees. Ties on moneys were divided. Ties on trophies were shot off. In each of the 15-target events, $5 was added. For the five high guns, open to all, $15, $12, $10, $8 and $5; to the ten low guns shooting through the regular events, $5 each. To the gun making the longest run, $25. To the gun making the greatest number of straight scores, $20—both of the foregoing conditioned on shooting through the regular events. In all 15-target events, four moneys, Rose system, 6, 5, 4 and 3 points.

Superintendent Arthur Gambell, who managed the great tournament, was the recipient of many hearty congratulations over the successful manner in which he conducted the details from beginning to end.

June 9, First Day.

About 150 shooters participated in the different events of the first day. Crosby was high gun of the day with 150 out of 160. Rhoads and Gilbert was next with 151 each.

The events at 15 targets were $1.50 entrance, $5 added.

Event 6 was the Press-Post trophy, entrance $3.50 for a guaranteed purse of $25 and all surplus added. This trophy was for the high gun, which can hold it only from year to year. Provision was made for 42 high guns, scaled down from $25 to first to $3.75 for 42d. Mr. C. A. Young won it. Quite a number broke 24 and were close after the winner.

Nos. 7 and 8, at 30 targets, were for the State Journal cup, $3 entrance, class shooting, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. This was won by Mr. R. S. Rhoads, of Columbus, with 29 and 25 in the shoot-off.

A special event at 25 targets, $1 entrance, for a Mullins bustle boat, donated by W. H. Mullins, resulted in a tie between Le Compte, of Paducah, Ky., and Boa, of Cincinnati. Each scored straight.

The weather, calm and pleasant in the morning, changed about midday, when a stiff wind set in and a light shower fell. About 4 o'clock a heavy rain fell, interrupting the shooting for about an hour.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15		
Gambell	13	11	11	8	15	18	13	12	13	11	160	125
Squier	15	15	13	13	13	24	13	14	14	12	160	146
Alkire	14	14	12	14	14	22	14	12	13	11	160	140
Rhoads	14	14	13	15	14	24	14	15	15	13	160	151
Young	13	14	14	12	14	25	15	14	13	14	160	148
Don Minto	13	9	10	10	12	20	11	10	11	10	160	116
Williams	10	14	13	11	7	20	13	13	13	12	160	126
Block	8	11	11	11	11	16	9	9	11	7	160	104
Roll	10	12	10	8	13	23	12	13	8	11	160	120
F Jones	11	14	12	11	13	16	11	11	9	8	160	116
Dreihs	12	13	14	14	12	17	13	13	12	10	160	130
Rader	12	14	12	10	9	19	9	9	12	12	160	118
Willie	11	13	11	12	9	21	9	11	12	14	160	123
Herman	11	13	6	9	12	19	13	12	6	7	160	108
Capt	10	10	6	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	75	44
Nye	12	12	10	12	13	20	10	11	12	10	160	122
Joe	10	11	14	8	8	18	9	9	5	6	160	98
Steinman	10	9	13	10	11	16	9	9	7	9	160	103
F E Mallory	12	14	14	13	14	21	11	14	13	9	160	135
S T Mallory	10	9	11	12	14	16	10	13	10	13	160	118
Atkinson	15	14	13	12	15	21	14	14	12	15	160	145
Watson	13	14	14	13	14	24	13	15	15	13	160	148
Wagoner	13	12	11	11	14	22	12	15	12	9	160	131
Beck	8	8	8	7	10	18	9	9	10	12	160	99
Bradley	9	12	11	13	14	18	8	12	12	14	160	123
Russell	12	12	11	10	11	22	14	11	13	8	160	124
Du Bray	13	13	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	75	58
P C Ward	13	15	15	13	14	19	13	14	14	13	160	143
Meaders	13	12	12	14	14	19	13	13	14	9	160	133
Hughes	13	15	15	15	14	22	14	14	14	14	160	150
Waters	13	12	14	13	15	24	14	15	13	13	160	146
E M Stout	15	14	15	10	15	18	13	12	14	13	160	139
M Hensler	12	13	11	13	12	24	11	11	13	11	160	131
Heer	15	13	15	15	11	22	15	13	14	13	160	146
C W Budd	13	15	14	14	14	22	13	13	14	14	160	146
Boa	11	14	12	14	14	22	13	12	13	12	160	137
Raven	11	11	11	15	12	23	14	10	13	11	160	131
Post	12	11	12	11	13	20	10	9	12	9	160	119
Fort	13	15	14	12	14	21	12	15	11	14	160	141
Dad Wilson	12	13	13	12	13	23	10	10	13	11	160	130
See	13	13	14	13	13	22	15	14	12	12	160	141
Ahlers	13	10	13	11	12	24	14	14	12	13	160	136
Verges	9	12	12	13	11	19	13	12	11	6	160	118
Faran	7	12	13	10	11	18	12	13	14	12	160	122
Medico	8	11	15	12	10	22	11	10	11	10	160	120
Agnew	10	9	10	11	10	17	9	9	7	7	160	99
Rike	15	13	11	15	13	22	13	11	12	14	160	139
Elliott	12	14	15	13	14	22	14	12	11	13	160	140
Trimble	13	15	14	12	13	24	14	13	11	12	160	141
Riehl	14	12	13	15	15	23	12	14	15	15	160	146
Caleb	10	12	12	13	13	17	12	15	12	14	160	130
Rex	13	13	11	12	12	16	11	12	11	10	160	132
J L Ward	14	13	14	13	8	21	11	12	13	12	160	131
R J Wilson	9	14	13	11	9	17	9	14	13	12	160	121
R B Johnson	13	13	12	11	13	19	12	13	10	11	160	127
Kaintuck	15	11	13	12	15	20	14	14	13	14	160	141
T H Clay	14	13	12	12	15	20	12	13	10	13	160	134
Le Compte	13	15	14	13	14	23	14	12	15	12	160	145
Squire Taylor	15	13	13	11	14	20	12	11	12	12	160	135
Wabash	11	8	14	13	13	20	11	11	13	11	160	125
W B Randall	8	8	9	11	10	18	9	12	9	12	160	106
J T Williams	13	11	12	12	11	18	13	13	13	14	160	130
O Grau	13	13	13	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	63
J L Head	11	9	10	10	13	24	12	15	14	11	160	129
E H Tripp	12	11	13	12	10	23	13	14	12	11	160	131
W H Clark	14	12	15	12	14	22	13	14	13	13	160	142
C P Wiggins	12	13	14	13	14	20	12	15	15	12	160	140
Voris	13	13	14	13	13	22	9	10	14	12	160	133
H N Kirby	14	15	15	14	14	22	13	13	14	14	160	148
E W Patrick	12	14	10	12	14	21	14	13	15	13	160	138
Shaul	12	14	10	11	12	19	11	14	15	14	160	132
Guy	10	12	14	12	11	19	13	13	12	14	160	130
Gross	12	12	9	13	13	20	7	11	12	12	160	121
Lewis	..	6	8	9	5	14	11	8	12	7	145	80
Standcliff	12	13	14	12	14	21	14	13	15	13	160	141
J R Graham	15	14	13	15	12	24	14	14	15	15	160	151
J C Thompson	13	10	11	14	13	24	11	14	14	13	160	137
Connor	11	12	14	14	15	22	14	15	14	15	160	146
R H Smith	11	15	13	13	11	20	15	14	12	14	160	138
H C Warner	12	13	12	7	10	20	13	9	7	13	160	116
Daudt	13	9	11	10	12	19	14	14	14	13	160	129
Snyder	11	13	14	9	11	19	13	10	13	14	160	127
Scott	7	11	8	7	8	16	12	10	8	12	160	99
Sautmyer	11	11	10	11	14	19	11	8	9	12	160	116
Shafer	9	9	13	10	10	19	11	11	13	12	160	117
Arndt	11	9	15	11	10	15	12	11	8	10	160	112
Crosby	15	15	15	15	15	23	15	14	14	12	160	153
Gilbert	13	13	15	15	13	24	15	14	15	15	160	152
Phil	12	13	14	14	13	24	12	14	14	13	160	143
Heikes	14	13	14	15	14	24	14	13	15	13	160	149
Powers	14	15	12	12	12	25	15	15	13	10	160	143
Webb	13	14	13	5	14	22	13	12	13	13	160	142
Singer	9	11	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	15	90	70
Campbell	11	14	14	13	12	20	12	10	14	10	160	130
B Downs	11	10	10	12	7	14	7	8	7	8	160	94
Phillis	7	10	12	9	11	17	11	9	8	9	160	102
J I C	13	11	13	8	12	21	8	14	10	13	160	123
F H Snow	13	14	12	11	12	20	15	14	13	13	160	137
Saffold	12	12	11	11	8	20	13	9	9	11	160	126
Decker	13	14	12	10	13	14	12	11	11	10	160	120
Hogin	10	14	12	11	15	21	14	10	13	13	160	133
Parry	12	11	12	13	13	19	11	12	12	15	160	130
Hornberger	11	10	11	11	12	16	13	8	13	10	160	115
Lane	11	13	15	11	13	21	13	15	10	12	160	134
Davenport	10	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	24
C B Snider	13	8	12	7	13	21	12	11	14	11	160	122
O'Brien	9	14	12	9	12	21	12	11	14	13	160	127
Ryan	9	12	14	14	13	23	14	14	14	12	160	139
Senour	12	11	14	12	10	15	12	8	12	12	160	118
Linn	11	14	10	13	9	17	9	14	11	12	160	120
Dick	5	6	11	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
Garlow	..	..	11	10	12	19	10	13	14	10	130	99
J N Bailey	15	14	13	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	62
J A Williams	7	10	11	9	11	19	..	..	..	..	100	67
Tetzel	10	15	13	12	15	24	13	12	15	13	160	142
Granny	9	11	10	6	12	17	13	12	14	12	160	116
Sampson	11	12	12	10	11	21	12	10	15	11	160	125
Girton	15	15	12	13	12	21	12	9	11	13	160	133
Spencer	11	12	14	13	14	23	15	14	14	12	160	142
C O Smith	12	13	13	12	13	17	12	13	14	15	160	134
E C Griffith	12	14	15	13	15	23	14	15	15	14	160	150
Harcourt	10	12	7	8	6	12	..	..	..	..	100	55
Hardesty	8	9	10	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
G Roll	13	14	14	15	15	23	8	14	13	14	160	143
Willard	13	11	15	12	12	22	13	14	12	15	160	139
Kuss	13	14	15	12	13	25	14	12	12	14	160	144
Coll	14	12	11	10	13	22	12	12	12	14	160	132
G H Crawford	10	4	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	42
German	14	14	13	14	15	22	15	11	15	14	160	147
W R Clark	10	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	22
J P Legget	11	13	13	12	11	18	12	13	13	12	160	128
Shattuc	10	9	12	11	12	21	13	11	12	10	160	121
Edwards	14	11	12	8	11	16	9	9	10	12	160	112
Schrader	9	10	9	14	11	19	9	14	12	13	160	120
W R Randall	12	9	13	14	12	20	12	11	11	12	160	126
Ackley	10	13	12	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	58
A W Kirby	14	9	11	14	14	21	14	14	13	12	160	136
Cain	13	11	12	11	14	21	12	9	13	12	160	128
Richmond	11	14	11	12	13	17	..	..	..	..	100	78
Donald	11	12	8	12	8	17	14	10	13	12	160	118
Buckeye	7	6	10	9	11	22	12	11	13	10	160	111
Lindsley	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	13	13	12	85	66
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	10	13	14	14	85	72
Westwood	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	9	11	11	12	70	49
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	11	15	60	47
Barker	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	25	24

June 10, Second Day.

The special events were two in number, the L. C. Smith trophy, which comprised events 6, 7 and 8—20, 15 and 15 targets, respectively—$7 entrance, for a guaranteed purse of $500; all surplus added. Provision was made for 42 high guns, scaled from $50 to first to $7.50 to last. The first $7 to $70 surplus was used to create from one to ten moneys for low guns at $7 each. Messrs. R. Trimble, C. A. Young and C. W. Phellis tied on 48, though Trimble, being a non-resident, was ineligible. In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Young won with a score of 24. Phellis was 23.

The Sportsman's Review trophy was for two-man teams, 25 targets per man, $1 per team entrance, optional sweep, $2.50 per man, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; trophy went to the member of the O. T. S. L. making the highest score. The Columbus Rod and Gun Club, represented by Messrs. Young and Rhoads proved to be the victor with a team total of 47. The scores in this event follow::

Rhoads	24	A H Russel	16
Young	23—47	J K Williams	18—34
Kaintuck	23	Dreihs	24
T H Clay	23—46	Faran	17—41
Ahlers	21	Williams	20
Van Ness	24—45	Linn	18—38
Sherman	22	Wabash	17
Walters	23—45	Saffold	16—33
D H Schnieder	24	See	21
R J Wilson	20—44	Girton	20—41
Phellis	24	J I C	23
Patrick	20—44	Hogan	9—32
F H Snow	22	A W Kirby	18
Dicker	22—44	E Cain	21—39
Shaw	21	Daudt	21
Guy	21—42	C Warner	18—39
Squire Taylor	22	Harris	17
R H Smith	20—42	Medico	16—33
J L Ward	20	Rike	16
F D Alkire	22—42	Heikes	22—38
Gambell	20	Stout	22
Squiers	16—36	Arndt	19—41
Wagner	21		
Bradley	20—41		

Phellis was high gun for the day, scoring 150 out of 160.

The competition was conducted at a lively, continuous rate, and a large number of targets were thrown. It will be kept in mind that Nos. 6, 7 and 8 are the Smith trophy. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15		
Gambell	11	11	12	14	14	17	10	12	10	12	155	123
Squier	11	13	11	12	11	18	13	13	11	13	155	126
Alkire	14	13	13	11	14	19	13	14	15	13	155	139
Rhoads	13	14	14	12	12	17	12	14	14	12	155	134
Young	14	14	14	15	15	19	14	15	14	14	155	148
Don Minto	14	11	11	14	12	15	12	14	10	13	155	126
Williams	10	12	13	12	10	14	14	15	13	11	155	124
Rcll	10	11	14	10	13	15	14	12	10	12	155	121
F Jones	10	15	13	9	7	16	11	7	9	13	155	110
Dreihs	13	9	13	11	15	17	12	8	15	12	155	124
Rader	9	14	13	12	10	11	10	13	13	13	155	118
Willie	12	13	14	15	11	17	12	13	13	11	155	131
Herman	12	14	12	14	11	14	14	9	9	11	155	120
Captain	9	10	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	54
Nye	14	14	12	12	11	15	10	12	13	13	155	126
Ryan	13	12	13	14	13	19	12	10	13	14	155	133
Linn	11	13	13	9	13	15	12	13	13	14	155	126
Garlow	13	12	12	11	15	15	10	9	13	9	155	119
F E Mallory	14	15	14	12	11	17	15	14	14	14	155	142
S T Mallory	12	12	12	13	11	16	12	10	11	13	155	122
Atkinson	12	15	13	15	14	19	15	11	14	15	155	143
Watson	13	14	14	15	13	17	14	14	14	14	155	142
Standcliff	15	12	12	14	12	18	15	11	15	14	155	138
Wagoner	13	13	13	13	12	19	14	12	15	13	155	137
Beck	10	10	11	8	11	11	8	9	8	7	155	93
Bradley	10	14	13	14	12	15	10	11	12	12	155	123
Russell	12	13	12	11	12	..	..	..	11	14	105	85
Du Bray	11	8	10	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	47
P C Ward	13	13	11	15	14	18	14	14	14	14	155	140
Meaders	10	12	11	13	12	14	13	13	14	12	155	124
German	13	14	14	14	15	18	14	13	13	14	155	142
Hughes	14	14	14	14	12	19	15	13	15	15	155	145
Waters	15	15	12	15	12	20	13	14	14	15	155	145

E M Stout	14	14	13	10	13	18	12	12	12	13	155	131
Hensler	15	13	15	13	13	17	14	15	14	14	155	143
Heer	15	14	13	15	14	18	14	15	14	15	155	147
Budd	13	14	14	15	14	19	14	14	15	14	155	146
Elliott	14	13	12	14	14	20	15	13	15	15	155	145
Raven	13	13	12	14	11	15	13	9	14	11	155	133
Spencer	14	14	14	14	15	19	14	15	14	14	155	147
Dad Wilson	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10
See	14	14	14	10	14	17	15	12	12	13	155	135
Ahlers	14	14	13	12	12	16	14	13	14	12	155	134
Faran	12	11	13	12	12	17	9	11	13	15	155	125
Medico	10	15	13	13	13	12	10	6	14	9	155	115
Agnew	11	11	9	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	47
N H Phellis	10	9	9	7	12	17	12	9	10	13	155	108
Trimble	12	14	15	14	14	19	14	15	14	15	155	146
Riehl	14	12	15	15	13	19	13	12	13	14	155	140
Caleb	13	11	12	15	15	17	6	12	15	15	155	131
J L Ward	15	13	13	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	62
R J Wilson	13	13	13	13	10	16	11	10	13	8	155	120
K B Johnson	10	11	15	13	12	18	15	11	13	12	155	130
Buckeye	11	15	10	10	12	16	11	11	11	14	155	121
Kaintuck	14	13	14	15	14	16	14	14	14	14	155	142
Clay	14	13	13	12	12	18	13	13	13	12	155	133
Le Compte	13	13	14	13	13	15	14	13	14	12	155	140
Webb	13	14	13	14	14	18	13	12	15	14	155	140
W R Randall	13	11	14	13	13	16	9	13	15	12	155	129
Wabash	13	10	11	11	13	16	10	7	13	12	155	116
J K Williams	12	10	10	11	14	..	..	..	12	10	105	79
Grau	13	13	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	68
Head	14	11	13	13	14	10	15	12	10	13	155	134
Tripp	12	13	7	13	12	16	8	9	10	8	155	108
H M Clark	13	14	15	12	15	20	15	13	14	11	155	142
Wiggins	14	13	14	13	14	19	13	15	14	14	155	143
Voris	11	15	13	12	13	17	10	12	13	12	155	128
H N Kirby	14	13	13	14	14	18	14	13	13	12	155	138
Patrick	12	11	14	14	15	18	13	14	13	15	155	139
Shaul	10	10	11	13	13	17	12	13	12	13	155	124
Guy	9	13	15	12	13	..	..	..	14	14	105	90
Gross	12	13	13	12	14	11	10	10	11	14	155	120
Shattuc	10	9	12	9	13	16	13	11	14	11	155	118
Schrader	13	12	10	12	10	11	12	12	10	10	155	112
J C Thompson	13	12	14	13	13	16	13	15	14	14	155	137
Connor	15	14	13	15	15	15	14	13	14	14	155	142
Patterson	10	7	12	13	9	18	9	11	12	12	155	113
R H Smith	14	10	12	11	13	..	..	..	13	10	105	83
H C Warner	11	12	13	12	10	..	..	..	11	13	105	82
Squire Taylor	13	12	14	11	12	16	10	13	11	12	155	124
Daudt	9	10	12	12	13	17	9	14	8	11	155	120
O'Brien	13	12	14	12	14	17	14	13	13	13	155	135
Fort	15	14	13	15	14	19	13	14	12	13	155	142
Rex	10	12	11	13	12	17	14	9	12	13	155	123
D H Snyder	12	11	12	13	12	18	12	14	13	10	155	96
Scott	7	10	8	9	12	14	9	6	8	13	155	113
Sautmyer	13	12	9	10	12	16	13	10	10	8	155	113
E Shafer	12	12	14	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	75	59
Arndt	10	10	11	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	57
Crosby	15	14	12	15	14	20	15	15	13	15	155	148
Gilbert	15	15	14	13	15	19	15	14	15	14	155	149
Phil	14	15	15	14	15	20	15	13	15	14	155	150
Heikes	15	14	15	14	15	19	14	12	15	15	155	148
Powers	15	15	14	13	15	19	13	15	15	14	155	148
J I C	8	8	11	11	13	17	13	9	11	8	155	109
Snow	12	15	11	15	14	16	14	12	12	12	155	133
Saffold

Daudt	10	14	14	9	13	16	16	12	20	14	175	138
Trimble	11	11	15	13	13	16	18	20	17	14	175	148
Riehl	11	13	10	14	13	17	18	18	20	19	175	153
Raven	10	12	12	11	15	18	13	15	17	18	175	141
Spencer	13	14	16	14	13	20	19	19	19	20	175	166
Fort	12	13	11	14	12	19	18	14	18	15	175	146
Dad Wilson	9	13	9	12	8	18	19	17	15	15	175	135
See	9	14	11	13	13	15	14	18	18	18	175	143
Rex	10	13	12	13	14	16	18	14	18	18	175	146
Russell	11	14	14	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
J R Wilson	14	13	13	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	65
K B Johnson	15	13	10	11	13	16	17	15	19	17	175	146
Hogan	12	9	13	12	10	16	14	13	14	13	175	126
Kaintuck	8	12	14	14	13	17	17	15	18	17	175	145
Clay	12	14	14	11	14	16	15	19	14	19	175	148
Le Compte	14	14	15	15	12	18	20	19	16	17	175	160
Hornberger	11	12	11	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	75	63
Webb	11	12	14	12	11	17	19	15	19	19	175	149
Shattuc	12	13	14	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	60
Patterson	10	9	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
Grau	11	12	9	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	58
J Lewis	9	10	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	75	40
Lane	11	9	12	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	59
Head	9	13	12	12	13	9	15	11	19	18	175	131
German	12	11	13	15	13	18	18	17	17	18	175	152
H M Clark	10	15	11	13	13	18	14	16	19	19	175	148
C B Wiggins	12	14	14	15	13	17	19	16	19	19	175	158
H N Kirby	10	14	14	13	15	13	17	17	17	19	175	149
Patrick	11	12	11	11	13	14	18	18	17	16	175	141
Shaul	12	12	14	11	13	17	18	17	13	19	175	146
Guy	11	11	11	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	75	58
Gross	9	9	7	7	13	15	15	15	9	12	175	111
G Roll	14	13	10	15	13	15	14	17	20	18	175	149
Willard	14	12	11	11	14	20	16	17	19	19	175	153
Kuss	11	12	15	15	14	16	16	16	17	19	175	149
Boa	13	13	12	15	12	15	14	16	15	12	175	137
J R Graham	12	12	14	14	15	19	19	19	18	18	175	160
J I C	11	9	14	12	12	13	15	10	17	16	175	129
Snow	13	13	13	13	13	13	19	17	17	18	175	149
Saffold	12	12	12	11	11	13	8	8	12	15	175	114
Decker	11	10	11	13	14	16	17	18	17	19	175	146
Jack	7	9	8	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
D H Snyder	11	13	15	14	12	9	10	13	11	11	175	119
Scott	9	8	10	8	14	14	8	10	14	16	175	111
Sautmyer	11	8	11	11	13	15	16	9	14	16	175	124
Old Hoss	10	10	11	14	11	15	12	10	14	14	175	121
Rike	7	12	11	13	15	13	16	15	16	14	175	132
Crosby	14	13	15	15	13	19	19	18	19	20	175	165
Gilbert	15	15	14	13	14	16	19	19	19	19	175	163
Phil	14	14	14	12	14	17	18	16	18	18	175	154
Heikes	13	13	14	13	15	20	16	20	20	19	175	163
Powers	11	15	12	13	14	17	18	18	18	19	175	155
Buckeye	10	12	11	13	11	17	13	12	13	19	175	131
Cain	9	15	11	9	12	17	14	15	18	14	175	134
Thompson	11	15	10	13	13	11	18	19	19	18	175	147
Connor	13	15	13	11	15	17	20	17	18	20	175	154
Lindemuth	10	15	8	12	14	12	16	18	18	18	175	141
R H Smith	13	13	14	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	75	66
H C Warner	9	9	12	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	75	47
Squire Taylor	13	13	14	12	14	18	17	17	19	20	175	157
Shrader	9	7	11	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	45
Lindsley	11	13	8	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	55
W R Randall	13	12	15	14	13	14	18	18	17	15	175	149
J F Williams	8	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	28
Verges	12	7	13	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	53
Verbarg	11	10	11	8	10	13	14	12	11	17	175	117
Arndt	15	15	10	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	75	62
Holding	12	14	10	13	14	16	15	17	16	18	175	145

The second special event of the programme was the five-man team race for the Shooting and Fishing trophy, entrance $1 per man, 30 singles and 10 pairs. The team of the Cincinnati Gun Club No. 1 scored 184 and were victorious. The stiff wind had its effect on the scores:

Cincinnati No. 1.	
Gambell	37
Squicr	41
Ahlers	37
Van Ness	37
Medico	32—184
Buckeye, of Dayton.	
Garlow	35
Buckeye	33
Cain	31
Lindemuth	36
Heikes	40—175
Columbus.	
Rhoads	37
Young	37
Hicks	29
Alkire	40
J L Ward	32—175
Mechanicsburg.	
Phil	39
Guy	30
Shaw	32
Patrick	37
Gross	38—176
Akron.	
Wagoner	38
Beck	17
Bradley	42
Russell	23
J K Williams	30—150
Cincinnati No. 2.	
Dreihs	29
Williams	36
Willie	30
Dick	27
Faran	33—155
Cincinnati No. 3.	
Jay Bee	28
Roll	29
Nye	39
Randall	33
Linam	29—158
King's Smokeless.	
Lindsley	33
King	31
Girton	35
See	36
Richmond	35—170
Cincinnati No. 4.	
Ackley	31
Tick	26
Herman	32
Jack	26
Grau	39—154

W. P. T. S. L.

RUFFS DALE, Pa., June 12.—The sixth tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League was held here under the auspices of the Ruffs Dale Rod and Gun Club. The attendance was good, about seventy-five shooters faced the traps and 10,000 targets were thrown in the two days.

Bessemer, of Millvale, and Deniker, of Ruffs Dale, tied for high gun for the first day, with but 8 misses out of 175 targets. Deniker, however, pulled ahead the second day, and finished high for the two days, with 333 out of 350, or 95 per cent. through the tournament.

Interest the second day centered in the four-man team race, 50 targets to a man. It was a good, hot race from start to finish. Five teams were entered in the contest, first honor going to the Millvale team, with the score of 183; North Side and Ruffs Dale tied for second place, with 179; Ligonier third, with 155, and Irwin fourth, with 147. Deniker, of Ruffs Dale, made the highest individual score in the race, with 49 out of 50.

Lewis Lautenslager, of Pittsburg, acted as referee, and every one was well satisfied with his usual prompt, positive decisions. Chas. G. Grubb, of Pittsburg, secretary of the League, was on hand bright and early with his famous "Grubb Score Cards." Just a word should be said here concerning the desirability of a correct and indisputable record, such as is given by these cards. They are being rapidly adopted by all the clubs of the League. H. D. Hasson, secretary of the club, ran the "sheet," and James Stickle looked after the refreshments. Following are the scores:

First Day, June 10.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Deniker	14	19	13	20	15	19	15	20	13	18
Pool	15	17	13	16	12	18	13	16	11	16
Fleming	14	18	14	19	13	19	13	19	15	19
Andrews	13	16	13	17	12	16	11	16	12	16
J M Smith	8	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Frost	11	20	11	17	12	18	14	14	14	17
Dougherty	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H O Armhurst	13	18	11	15	12	..	..	..	..	..
T F Armhurst	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swearer	13	17	13	18	13	16	12	16	11	16
Provance	10	14	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nelson	12	15	12	18	11	18	13	17	..	..
Pontefract	10	19	10	16	7	17	8	18	11	17
Kelsey	15	18	10	16	14	17	12	17	14	18
Bessemer	14	20	15	19	15	19	13	19	13	19
Denny	10	9	7	12	8	14	9	11	4	13
Schulte	6	13	11	10	11	7	7	..	..	..
Brown	13	15	14	19	13	12	12	15	10	14
Streams	14	14	9	14	10	15	10	16	7	17
Ray	13	18	12	19	12	18	14	17	11	..
Lint	9	11	6	9	6	9	6	..	..	..
Withrow	6	17	10	17	11	17	14	17	13	19
Low	9	11	8	14	12	16	10	15	12	14
Nisley	15	19	11	17	13	18	11	16	13	16
Best	11	17	14	19	13	17	12	18	11	15
Holley	10	15	9	11	8	11	..	..	..	..
Myers	12	17	10	17	11	11	12	18	14	14
Stewart	10	15	10	17	12	18	11	..	..	..
Joe	13	15	15	13	11	14	11	16	9	14
Sloan	..	..	12	17	12	16	14	14	14	16
Kelly	..	..	11	17	11	18	..	..	..	..
H Myers	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
McComb	..	..	..	17	12	..	9	..	..	..
A B Kelly	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yahner	..	..	..	14	7	..	9	..	..	..
Cope	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hines	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	..	..
Springer	..	..	..	..	9	..	6	..	..	..
Walters	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	..	..
Shorty	..	..	..	..	4	..	7	..	..	..
Null	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	..
Athos	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	13	14
H W Frost	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..

Second Day, June 11.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Deniker	15	18	13	19	15	19	15	19	14	20
Kelsey	14	17	13	15	14	20	13	19	14	16
Andrews	14	18	10	15	13	16	11	17	8	15
Low	12	15	13	14	9	11	9	16	9	18
Joe	13	19	11	17	12	16	12	17	10	16
Lutz	14	19	14	18	15	17	15	..	..	..
Swearer	12	19	14	17	14	18	12	15	15	18
Ray	15	19	13	18	15	20	11	19	14	18
Bessemer	14	19	10	19	15	17	13	18	15	19
Pontefract	13	14	12	19	10	18	12	15	12	12
Denny	14	14	6	17	12	6	11	14	9	18
Pool	13	18	13	17	12	18	14	12	13	15
Fleming	12	17	14	18	13	18	15	19	13	15
Frost	13	17	13	16	15	14	13	16	11	17
Sloan	..	..	..	14	9	17	11	18	13	19
Athes	..	..	..	19	15	17	12	..	..	..
Tom	..	..	..	..	12	15	14	..	8	..
Dougherty	11	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Knode	14	17	15	19	15	17	14	17	11	11
Hickey	14	16	14	19	15	17	13	17	14	16
Hazelwood	12	14	13	18	13	18	14	14	11	18
Brown	12	16	11	17	14	16	11	18	12	17
Withrow	12	17	13	16	10	16	13	16	11	16
Chilcott	..	..	..	..	9	16	11	..	10	15
Dice	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	..	8	..
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	11	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	14
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	12	17

H. D. HASSON, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

Kentucky Gun Club Shoot Postponed.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10.—Advice just at hand from Mr. J. S. Phelps, Jr., secretary of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., gives notice of the postponement of the State championship target shoot as below:

"LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 8.—At a meeting of the governors of the Kentucky Gun Club, it was decided not to hold their championship shoot at targets on the Fourth of July, as has been the custom heretofore, but to hold a two days' tournament on Sept. 28 and 29, the first day to be devoted to the championship of the State at targets; the second day for the State championship at live birds. It was thought best to have these two championships decided at one meeting, thus making it more convenient for the visiting shooters from throughout the State. It was further decided this year to make the championship at live birds, 50 birds per man; the championship at targets, 100 birds per man, believing this to be a better and more satisfactory test in events of this importance. Very handsome sterling silver cups will be presented to the winner of each of these championships without conditions.

"We take this means of advising the shooters throughout the State of this change in date. A full programme will be mailed to each later. Cheap railroad rates will prevail at this time, it being the week of the horse show."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the first series. The entire club will be reclassified before next shoot. Pollard won Class A trophy on 24; Barnard won Class B on 22, and Wilson won Class C on 18.

The day was a fine one for target shooting, and the attendance was fair, twenty-four shooters putting in an appearance for the afternoon's sport:

Seventh trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Thomas	1110010011110001001000111—13
Pollard	1111011111111111111111111—24
Dr Meek	0111111011011110111110111—20
Dorman	1111111111111011011111101—22
Price	1101010001101110011000001—12
Johnson	1011111011111111011111111—22
Mrs Dorman	0000001000000001010000000— 3
McDonald	1110011001111011110111011—18
Stone	1011111001011111110011111—19
F Wolff	1001111110111111111011111—21
Barnard	1111111110110111111111101—22
Wilson	0100110111111111001101111—18
Eaton	1101110111110111111110111—21
Chesterman	0100101110111101001000111—14
Bullard	0001011100011110100111100—13
Snyder	0001101001000010000100100— 7
W Odell	0100111000101000000100000— 7
Hathaway	0011111011110101101110110—17
McKinon	1111100111111111001111011—20
T Jones	0111111110010101111111011—19
Drinkwater	0111111010101011111101011—18

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	25
Thomas	8	7	8	20	Wilson	7	9	..	16
Pollard	9	10	8	19	Chesterman	6	5	7	..
Dr Meek	9	8	10	23	Bullard	7	6	7	15
Dorman	7	7	8	20	Watson	..	..	6	..
Price	5	3	3	..	Snyder	..	..	3	13
Johnson	7	7	10	..	Wydell	..	..	4	10
Mrs Dorman	1	3	1	..	Hathaway	..	..	6	15
McDonald	8	8	7	16	McKinnon	..	..	6	14
Stone	6	8	6	21	T Jones	..	..	..	20
F Wolff	9	8	8	20	Drinkwater	..	..	..	12
Barnard	5	7	8	13	Cummings	..	..	..	11
Eaton	2	9	..	15					

No. 4 was 15 targets and 5 pairs.

June 13.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first shoot, second series. Pollard won Class A trophy on 24; Stone Class B, on 21, and Hathaway Class C, on 16. The trophy shoot was followed by the cup shoot, which was also won by Pollard on 21. The day was a delightful one to shoot, so far as temperature was concerned, but a stiff breeze on the back of the shooters caused the targets to beat down so quickly as to make the shooting at times very difficult. Score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	9	7	7	19	..	..	..	..	..	14
Johnson	9	7	7	19	..	..	..	..	..	14
Pollard	9	9	10	21	18	8	9	9	24	
Dr Meek	7	9	6	18	8	10	9	9	16	
Thomas	7	6	7	18	5	10	9	8	17	
Barnard	7	7	7	12	5	..	..	..	10	
Wilson	7	5	8	15	..	..	..	..	15	
Stone	..	8	6	13	6	9	8	7	21	
Snyder	..	4	4	8	1	6	7	7	12	
Drinkwater	..	4	4	13	6	10	..	..	15	
McDonald	..	8	8	10	9	7	8	..	20	
Marshall	..	7	5	14	7	..	8	..	19	
Weydell	..	..	4	7	8	..	..	..	6	
Waters	..	..	..	11	8	5	6	6	11	
Chesterman	..	..	..	17	9	6	..	..	14	
Baldwin	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	9	
Hathaway	..	..	..	12	7	5	8	6	16	
Clark	..	..	..	13	6	5	6	4	..	
T Jones	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	
Cummings	..	..	..	..	8	6	5	7	..	
Eaton	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	

No. 9 is the 8th trophy event; No. 4 cup shoot, 15 targets and 5 pairs.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Nishoyne Gun Club.

West Orange, N. J., June 6.—The shoot of the Nishoyne Gun Club to-day resulted as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	15	15
Apgar	14	13	18	12	14	24	15	14	14	..
Dudley	14	14	18	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gardiner	13	14	18	..	14	..	13	13	13	..
Engle	12	13	17	14	13	23	14	13	13	..
R B Baldwin	..	12	..	..	..	25	..	..	13	10
M R Baldwin	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Welles	..	..	15	..	15	23	..	..	..	..
McDonough	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Butler	..	..	..	..	13	..	14	..	..	13
Mosler	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	12	10
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

North River Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., June 13.—Ten events at 10 and 15 targets, were shot to-day at the shoot of the North River Gun Club, the scores of which follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10
Eickhoff	9	8	11	9	10	12	8	12	11	7
Richtel	8	7	14	11	12	12	12	9	..	7
Edwards	9	10	11	9	14	10	12	13	..	8
Glover	8	9	12	13	13	13	15	12	..	6
Truax	8	7	9	10	11	10	11	7	6	..
Morrison	8	7	12	11	11	14	11	10	12	..
Harland	3	4	9	6	11	8	11	..	..	..
Reynolds	..	9	7	11	13	11	13	9	..	..
Vosselman	..	8	11	8	5	8	9	..	..	6
Schram	..	..	11	..	4	11	11	10	..	..
Merrill	..	..	8	..	11	11	11	9	10	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	12	12	15	12	..	5
Newkirk	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	6	..	..

Event No. 10, 5 pairs.

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Thornburg Rod and Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 7.—Herewith are the scores of the Thornburg Rod and Gun Club's merchandise shoot, held May 30. The club was only organized this spring, with twelve members. The club put in a Sergeant system of traps. Following is a list of the club's officers: Mr. S. T. McClaren (Hypo), President and Field Captain; Dr. W. Ross Foster, Vice-President; Mr. D. C. Thornburg, Secretary and Treasurer.

The club's summer programme will be as follows: Practice shooting every Saturday, commencing at 3 P. M., and will hold an all-day target tournament and a handicap shoot at English sparrows; handicaps 21 to 25yds. On Sept. 1 the club will hold an invitation bait-casting tournament for the following prizes: First, bass rod; second, trout rod; third, trolling rod; fourth, one dozen assorted salmon, bass and trout flies.

The worthy president shoots a Lefever, steel barrel, one trigger gun and Peters Cartridge Co. Ideal shells. Mr. Geo. Gundy acted as referee, Mr. Chas. O. Treat as official scorer, and Master L. Carl Thornburg as trap puller.

Club's merchandise shoot:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	
S T McClaren	11	14	19	15	13	20	92
Dr W R Foster	10	12	17	13	15	18	85
Jas Munnell	12	10	16	11	12	19	80
D C Thornburg	11	9	15	14	10	16	75
Geo F Brown	10	12	14	12	12	15	75

First prize, gun case; second, cleaning rod; third, recoil pad; fourth, 100 Ideal shells.

W. J. MCCRICKART.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The first shoot of the Buffalo Audubon Club for June, came off on the sixth inst. and was well attended. Class A badge was won by C. S. Burkhardt, with 20; Class B, by Capt. Foster, with 24; Class C, by James Savage, with 19.

In the last five badge shoots, Capt. Foster has shot at 15 targets, breaking 115, pretty good shooting for a Class B man. Our club year begins July 1, and it is easy to see what class the captain will be in.

Not a great many of the Audubons will go to the State shoot this week, as the distance is a little too far for most of the boys. We hope to see it a little nearer to our end of the State in 1904. We hope that this year's shoot will be a success in every way, and we are sorry we cannot send more members down to Ossining.

The scores of Saturday's shoot follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	25	15			Targets:	15	25	15		
Foster	14	24	12	8	4	McLeod	8	16	9	6	4
Reed	8	10	5	7	4	Savage	9	19	12	8	9
Hammond	12	18	9	..	..	Keener	12	18	..	..	..
Chapman	13	15	9	6	4	Sinclair	10	15	11	..	..
McCormack	11	21	12	..	..	Woolton	9	20	11	4	8
Burnhardt	11	20	13	..	..	Reynolds	10	22	13	5	6
Forrester	14	23	..	..	..	Smith	13	19	13	7	..
McArthur	..	18	..	..	..	Burke	12	17	13	3	4

No. 4, was at 21yds. rise. No. 5, 10 walk ups.

Mr, Forrester was the guest of the club. He shot for birds only.

E. P. R.

Remington Gun Club.

ILION, N. Y., June 11.—The third regular shoot of the Remington Gun Club was held at their grounds Saturday afternoon, June 6, with a large attendance.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10
Lawrence	21	..	..	..	..	..	Hepburn	23	9	7	..	..	..
Tomlinson	23	9	..	..	..	..	Humphreys	21	9	10	9	8	10
J De Carmo	6	..	..	..	..	..	De Bordieu	9	1	..	..	..	..
Hubbard	19	8	..	..	..	..	Russell	23	9	9	8	..	..
G Jenne	12	..	..	..	..	..	C Jenne	23	9	8	8	8	9
C De Carmo	19	..	..	..	..	..	Richardson	19	8	6	..	..	..
Colling	20	9	9	..	..	..	Jackson	..	4	..	..	..	..
Hughes	15	..	..	..	..	..	Browning	..	8	..	..	..	..

W. H. GRIMSHAW, Sec'y.

New York State Shoot.

THE forty-fifth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held under the auspices of the Ossining Gun Club, June 9 to 12, inclusive. Considering that the Ossining Club took up the matter of the State tournament on March 7, after the Schenectady Gun Club was forced to abandon it, due to inability to secure new grounds after losing the old grounds, the Ossining Club did remarkably well, and the members deserve much praise for their industrious efforts and material influence which brought forth such good results. The list of merchandise prizes which they secured was long and valuable, and the club itself presented a beautiful medal, valued at $100, for the winner of the Association championship. In short, no effort was spared to promote the interest of the shooters in any particular of the programme. Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining Gun Club, devoted much personal attention, time and effort to the preliminaries, as well as assisting in the management of the tournament. All the members endeavored to make the visitors welcome and comfortable.

Mr. Charles A. North was manager, besides having expert supervision of the three magautraps which furnished the target throwing plant. Mr. Amos Bedell acted as cashier. Mr. John J. Terwillinger acted as compiler of scores. The referees were Messrs. N. Tuttle, Frank Burdick and Wm. Smith. Scorers, Messrs. H. Lawson, G. Billington and Wm. Lawrence.

The manufacturers' representatives contributed much to the success of the tournament, both in numbers, participation and good fellowship. There were the following named representatives: Capt. A. W. Money, A. H. Durston, W. Parker, T. H. Keller, Harvey McMurchy, J. T. Skelly, J. Mowell Hawkins, J. Cameron, G. R. Ginn, E. Banks, H. H. Stevens, T. E. Doremus, E. D. Fulford, Neaf Apgar, Gus Greiff, G. R. Schneider, Sim Glover, H. S. Welles, Ben Norton and J. R. Hull.

The magautraps were set quite wide apart, one in front of the club house, and one respectively to the right and left of it. The ground sloped from left to right, and a wealth of trees in the middle distance made a trying background. This, combined with swift targets, made difficult conditions.

While it was a good tournament, it had only a remote State significance. The really State events, the ones with traditions and associations, evoked but little interest. The Dean Richmond trophy, valuable in itself, doubly valuable from its associations, had the least possibly entry that would constitute a competition, namely, two teams. That which should in fact have been the star feature of the competition was the weakest. The loss of interest in this one-time great event is not to be looked for in any lack of appreciation of the trophy itself or of its significance in the matter of competition. The real cause is to be looked for in the decay of the Association itself. The Dead Richmond trophy is now a mere cup, uncared for officially, stripped of all prestige since the Association has become a convenient fiction, and even its conditions unknown and forgotten.

The four-man team championship had only four entries, two of which were of the local club, and the other two were formed on the spur of the moment. There was no organized, premeditated designs upon the team championship of the State of New York.

The annual meeting was called for Monday afternoon, but was postponed till the following evening. The vice-president, Dr. E. B. Sherwood, presided. Twenty-two clubs were represented, ten of which were new members. When the minutes of the previous meeting were read, Mr. E. Banks objected to them on the ground that they did not contain Mr. L. H. Schortemeier's notice that he would ask to have New York city considered as one county by the State Association. This was brought up later by Mr. Brigham in the form of a motion that New York be considered as one county. Inasmuch as there were no records of the Association present showing the conditions governing the trophy, no action was taken. Mr. Harvey McMurchy was appointed a committee of one to rediscover the conditions governing the trophy, and report thereon at the next meeting.

Mr. Fred D. Kelsey put in an application on behalf of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club for the next State shoot. The meeting unanimously consented to it.

A few remarks now concerning the inefficient manner in which the Association affairs are conducted are pertinent. At Interstate Park, L. I., at the annual meeting of 1901, held Sept. 10, Judge C. Ferguson presided. Attention then was called to the fact, both by Judge Ferguson and Mr. H. L. Gates, that the New York State Association existed in name only. A committee was appointed to draft a new constitution and by-laws, and to report thereon at an adjourned meeting on the following Friday, at which meeting the new constitution and by-laws were formally approved and adopted. The new constitution gave the club an actual existence.

Notwithstanding that the State Association had a new constitution and by-laws, when the meeting of the next year took place no one knew where a copy of the new constitution and by-laws could be obtained or what they were. The delegates were groping officially in the dark. No minutes of the previous meeting were in evidence, and there were no reports of officers. The meeting as an Association meeting, was entirely inoperative. The delegates then accepted the constitution of 1898 as it appeared in the programme of that year as their authority. This was clearly arbitrary and illegal; but what could they do else? Men who were never elected as officers were accepted and fulfilled the functions of officers. At that meeting Mr. L. Schortemeier gave notice, and it was stated to be a notice a year in advance, according to the constitution, that he would bring up the matter of considering New York city as one county. Now, at the meeting at Ossining there is the same absence of responsibility, the same absence of records, the same absence of knowledge concerning the affairs of the State Association, and the same contempt for a body which has an existence in name only. This year there was the same old uncertainty concerning the conditions governing the Dean Richmond trophy, and the competition for it may have been right or wrong, no one knows definitely.

The records of the State Association are year by year becoming more uncertain, more imperfect through a combination of loss and negligence, so that in the near future the Association will not have even the dignity of being a good supposition.

The State Association, to have any force, prestige and identity, should have an individual existence of its own. It should have its own independent officers. In short, some remarks made in FOREST AND STREAM apropos of the meeting of 1901 are equally pertinent now, and are herewith presented:

"The new constitution and by-laws were much needed, for as theretofore conducted the New York State Association had a vague identity. The officers of the club which gave the shoot were the officers of the State Association, so that as the shoot changed from place to place year by year, and as local officers, more or less unfamiliar with State interests, were in authority, the Association rapidly lost all State significance. The only link which held the present to the past was the Dean Richmond trophy, and even concerning that fine trophy, valuable in itself, its traditions and its associations, there were many differences of opinion concerning the conditions which govern the competition for it. The new constitution and by-laws are not yet so broad, nor the legislative machinery so complete as the needs of the Association demand.

"First of all, the State Association must have some State interests; it must have the power to safeguard its interests, and it must have its legislative and executive machinery so complete that it has an actual existence always. The State Association has but one event at present which has either dignity or interest, the Dean Richmond trophy. The Association should add to this an individual live-bird championship, an individual target championship, and a team target championship. There is a so-called team target championship at present, but there is no trophy to commemorate a victory of it, and while in theory it is a team championship, in practice it is merely a team sweepstake, in which the moneys are divided much as in other sweepstakes, with such prizes as the local club chooses to offer. The State Association should provide a trophy for each championship, to be contested year after year much after the manner of the Dean Richmond trophy, thereby giving itself some good reason for being in existence at all. To keep a proper supervision over its own affairs, the Association should add a programme committee to its other officers, whose duty would be to supervise the programme of the State events, and require the club holding the shoot to live up to the constitution and by-laws of the Association. Furthermore, the by-laws of the Association and the conditions governing the State trophy or trophies should be published in full in the programme of every Association tournament, so that they might be a matter of common knowledge, instead of being, as at present, a matter of vague tradition."

The Baldwinsville Gun Club, the winner of the Dean Richmond trophy this year won under the conditions prescribed by the management, and are in no wise included in these remarks on the trophy. Nor is the club involved in them, for these uncertain conditions have existed for years, and that fiction of trapshooting, the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game—a glaring misnomer in itself—has done nothing to settle the uncertainty. Rather it has made a tangled matter still more tangled.

Paid representatives and professionals shot for targets only, or could enter regularly in the open events, figuring in the division of first money only or programme average money. Five per cent. was deducted from events 1 the first day, Nos. 1 and 10 the third day, and No. 1 the fourth day for five highest averages in the State events, exclusive of merchandise and handicap events. The Rose system governed. Five ten-dollar gold pieces were given to the five shooters making the five highest averages in the open events of the programme.

Dinner each day was served in a tent on the grounds. A silver cup, presented by Robt. T. Dennis, was given to the professional who made high average in the open events, and a $40 gold medal presented by F. Potter, was given to the shooter making the highest average in the State events, merchandise and handicaps excepted.

June 9, First Day.

There were fifty-seven shooters in the different sweepstake events. No. 1 was at 25 targets, $3 entrance. All the other sweepstake events were at 20 targets, $2 entrance. The Rose system governed the division of the moneys.

No. 10 was the State event, 25 bluerocks, handicaps 14 to 22yds., entrance $2.50, for a silver cup presented by Jacob Ruppert. Dr. J. L. Weller, of Rochester, won it with a perfect score. Mr. Charles G. Blandford made a run of 62 on this day. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high average in the expert class. Mr. Edward Banks was second. Mr. R. J. Borden, of Schoharie, was high man in the amateur class.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Tallman	21	19	18	16	17	18	17	16	19	..
Walburg, 16	22	15	19	18	17	19	18	17	17	22
Schorty, 18	19	17	17	16	11	16	16	17	17	19
A L Burns, 16	22	18	17	18	17	19	18	17	18	12
Blandford, 19	24	20	19	18	17	16	17	17	14	19
Dr Martin, 18	20	20	18	17	16	19	19	15	17	23
Hopkins, 16	19	17	17	17	14	16	17	16	19	22
Geo Stephenson, 15	18	13	15	17	14	15	14	13	13	16
Frank Stephenson, 15	20	18	19	15	15	18	16	17	14	24
C Lockwood, 15	16	13	11	11	6	11	10	10	14	19
Morris, 18	20	20	18	17	19	19	13	15	15	17
Dalley, 17	24	16	13	18	16	18	17	16	18	21
Marvin, 16	18	17	15	18	14	16	15	14	15	24
Meagher, 16	19	15	16	16	15	15	14	13	13	22
Mayhew, 18	17	17	16	16	17	11	18	16	18	20
Stewart, 18	20	19	17	16	18	19	15	18	17	20
Weller, 16	20	17	15	15	13	17	20	16	15	25
Byer, 18	21	16	20	17	14	19	17	15	18	23
Glover, 19	23	19	18	17	19	18	16	16	18	18
Fulford, 19	24	16	16	18	13	18	17	18	15	19
Kirkover, 19	20	18	19	16	19	18	13	15	18	16
Banks, 18	23	18	18	18	16	19	19	18	19	21
T H Keller, 16	21	10	11	19	12	16	13	17	15	16
Whitehouse, 16	17	16	16	11	8	13	15	15	12	22
F D Kelsey, 19	24	19	17	17	15	18	16	14	18	22
Doremus, 16	18	11	13	17	10	16	17	13	11	16
Valentine, 16	22	17	15	19	18	15	15	14	19	15
H J Borden, 17	23	20	16	20	17	16	18	18	19	22
Lewis, 16	18	18	15	16	13	..	..	..	..	19
F Tompkins	17	15	18	13	16	15	16	14	17	10
Dr Gardner	..	18	18	19	14	16	19	15	18	..
Feigenspan	..	17	18	19	19	17	16	17	19	..
C Floyd, 18	21	15	18	14	19	16	18	18	20	21
G Piercy	..	20	17	17	17	19	18	18	17	..
G Hagendorn, 16	16	14	12	15	18	11	18	15	13	23
Tolsma	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Christian, 17	22	16	14	16	19	17	15	15	18	22
Paddleford, 15	18	13	17	12	17	11	14	11	11	21
Palmiter, 15	21	13	17	17	18	18	16	19	16	23
G Swan	..	13	14	14	10	16	15	16	16	..
Apgar, 19	21	17	19	17	18	19	19	18	16	18
Stevens, 17	19	15	13	14	17	15	19	16	13	20
Skelly, 19	23	16	18	15	16	19	18	20	17	20
Hawkins, 20	24	15	19	20	17	18	18	20	19	21
Schneider	19	13	15	12	14	14	..	..	..	..
A Durston, 15	17	11	15	18	16	15	15	16	17	18
J Hyland, 16	..	14	15	18	14	15	..	..	..	22
Grief	..	11	17	17	18	18	13	..	..	..
McMurchy, 19	..	17	17	18	18	13	..	..	..	..
Van Allen, 18	23	13	16	18	16	15	18	18	17	20
Knowlton	..	14	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Washburn	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
John Henry	..	..	14	13	17	13	..	..	..	..
Miss Holland	..	..	13	17	12	15	17	..	..	..
Barlow	..	..	..	11	13	10	..	..	..	..
G B Hubbell, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Bissett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

June 10, Second Day.

The weather was warm and pleasant. Straight scores were not numerous. The list of entries was noticeably larger than on the first day. About seventy-four contestants participated in the different sweepstakes.

As on the first day, there were eight open events, besides the No. 1, merchandise shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20
Betti	13	16	14	16	18	15	18	18	18
Whitehouse	18	16	16	16	16	14	17	17	11
Washburn	22	..	..	15	17	14	12	15	..
Blandford	23	14	16	19	17	16	17	17	13
Bissett	19	17	19	18	18	18	18	17	19
Hopkins	23	17	18	18	17	16	12	18	18
Tallman	24	18	19	18	19	14	17	19	14
Dr Martin	23	18	18	18	17	18	18	19	17
F Stephenson	21	19	17	19	19	16	19	15	14
G Stephenson	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morris	22	17	16	16	13	16	18	15	12
Dalley	20	17	16	18	18	18	19	18	17
Marvin	22	17	19	16	17	15	19	17	18
Meagher	17	17	15	17	15	16	17	17	15
Mayhew	21	18	19	17	19	18	17	18	18
Stewart	22	19	19	17	19	19	20	17	20
Weller	21	19	17	17	16	14	15	12	11
Byer	22	16	18	18	18	18	18	20	18
Glover	..	19	15	16	15	17	18	14	18
Fulford	..	17	15	16	12	19	19	16	17
Gardner	21	19	16	17	8	16	16	18	16
Burns	20	17	15	14	14	8	14	9	..
Floyd	24	19	16	15	17	17	16	16	15
Piercy	20	19	15	15	18	13	17	19	18
Schorty	22	18	15	18	15	13	15	13	..
Doremus	..	11	7	13	8	12	13	11	15
Valentine	17	16	15	16	16	16	16	17	18
H J Borden	21	16	15	18	18	16	19	15	18
W Lewis	18	17	16	9	13	..	..	..	..
J R Hull	..	13	19	18	19	16	17	16	16
McMurchy	..	20	13	19	18	20	17	20	15
Banks	..	18	15	17	16	18	19	18	15
Van Allen	18	16	17	18	15	16	14	..	..
Kirkover	21	18	16	15	16	14	16	13	20
Kelsey	21	18	15	16	17	19	19	19	18
Christian	24	17	15	12	15	16	..	..	..
Foster	16	15	12	12	..	..	..	..	..
Tompkins	22	16	14	17	..	..	..	..	..
Travers	20	19	16	18	16	16	19	12	14
Palmiter	24	15	18	16	13	18	15	19	16
Apgar	..	19	18	19	20	15	20	19	17
Skelly	..	20	19	18	18	19	19	18	17
Hawkins	..	17	18	19	19	17	17	19	17
Schneider	..	19	19	13	15	14	17	16	13
P Wynkoop	..	10	9	12	4	12	6	9	..
Durston	..	14	15	12	15	..	..	..	..
T H Keller	..	16	14	11	15	13	14	11	..
J R Merrill	..	8	15	14	11	12	14	16	14
Eickhoff	..	15	11	15	10	10	14	12	18
John Henry	22	18	13	18	17	12	..	..	..
Miss Holland	..	9	17	18	15	13	..	..	..
H E Mills	11	11	11	15	11	15	..	..	..
W M Hyde	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C B Smull	24	17	19	16	15	..	..	..	..
J Bradley	21	16	17	19	14	..	..	..	..
Harland	..	8	7	14	14	13	..	..	..
W Mattice	..	15	15	17	14	13	16	..	..
Sidway	..	14	17	16	17	..	..	..	..
Winan	13	10	9	..	..	11	..	13	..
Stevens	0	16	14	17	..	..	15	19	18
J Hyland	19	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	16	19	18	18	16
Grief	..	13	17	18	..	..	..	..	..
Knowlton	24	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
C A Lockwood	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	21	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..
Gates	..	..	..	..	14	12	..	..	..
Paddleford	..	..	..	..	..	12	20	17	15
Gillie	11	..	..	..	9	12	6	..	..
Rider	21	12	15	17	..	..	..	..	..
Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	10	13
Barlow	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Higgerson	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	14	..

The merchandise event, at 25 bluerocks, entrance $5, 50 cents extra to those who shot off in the ties; ties miss-and-out. Five classes of ties were provided. In the 24 class, L. C. Palmiter won the Parker gun. In the 23 class, C. G. Blandford won the Remington gun. In the 22 class L. V. Byer won the Lefever gun. In the 21 class, F. B. Stephenson won the Syracuse gun. In the 20 class, Travers was first. In the 19 class, Bissett was first. The scores in the shoot-off follow:

Ties on 24: Palmiter 14, Christian 13, Knowlton 3, Tallman 2, Floyd 2, Smull 1.

Ties on 23: Blandford 3, Hopkins 2, Dr. Martin 0.

Ties on 22: Byer 13, Bidell 12, Morris 5, Washburn 5, Schorty 3, Tompkins 2, Stewart 1, John Henry 0, Marvin 0.

Ties on 21: F. Stephenson 15, Kirkover 14, Mayhew 10, Kelsey 5, Borden 3, Bradley 2, Clark 2, Weller 1, Gardner 1, Rider 0.

Ties on 20: Travers 7, Piercy 6, Kromer 2, Dalley 0, Burns 0.

Ties on 19: Bissett 4, J. Hyland 3.

In the expert merchandise class Mr. Edward Banks won the L. C. Smith gun, as follows: E. Banks 24, E. D. Fulford 23, J. T. Skelly 23, N. Apgar 23, J. M. Hawkins 23, H. Stevens 22, H. McMurchy 20, S. Glover 20.

June 11, Third Day.

The weather was clear and warm. There was a sultriness in the temperature which made much discomfort to the contestants.

There were ten events on the day's programme. No. 1 was a State event at 25 bluerocks, $3 entrance, six moneys, all ties divided. Nos. 2 to 9 were each at 20 bluerocks, $2 entrance. No. 10 was a State event at 25 bluerocks, $3 entrance, six moneys:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25
Apgar	24	18	17	16	19	20	17	16	17	22
Skelly	21	19	17	18	18	20	17	19	19	24
Hawkins	22	19	18	18	18	19	20	20	19	24
Stevens	18	16	16	15	18	14	18	17	16	21
Schneider	18	17	16	14	15	18	16	14	13	20
Hopkins	19	19	18	18	17	15	19	19	16	22
Tallman	20	17	15	17	19	12	19	19	17	23
Dr Martin	17	15	16	17	19	12	16	17	19	22
F Stephenson	17	19	16	16	15	16	15	16	12	18
Floyd	20	18	15	17	18	11	16	18	20	23
Morris	24	15	12	17	19	17	18	17	15	22
Dalley	19	16	14	19	17	17	19	16	15	22
Marvin	23	17	19	16	17	14	18	19	13	14
Meagher	18	14	14	19	18	15	15	13	13	17
Mayhew	20	18	19	19	17	18	18	16	19	21
Stewart	18	18	18	20	16	19	19	16	18	22
Weller	17	13	12	15	16	15	17	18	13	21
Byer	24	17	19	20	19	20	18	17	17	19
Glover	22	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	22
Fulford	19	19	19	17	15	14	19	17	15	18
Blandford	17	18	17	16	17	16	14	14	17	24
Borden	23	18	16	16	20	18	16	15	16	22
Doremus	17	16	15	12	12	16	15	15	10	20
Bissett	..	19	18	20	19	17	17	19	18	18
Ball	14	15	16	13	17	15	16	17	19	22
McMurchy	24	15	16	18	15	17	16	15	16	22
Banks	20	19	18	18	18	17	19	18	17	23
Van Allen	22	17	16	17	20	17	18	19	16	23
Kirkover	18	19	18	14	10	14	16	18	19	24
Kelsey	21	19	15	19	17	19	18	19	19	23
W Parker	16	19	15	14	17	12	14	14	13	21
Goetter	17	12	10	12	12	14	12	11	10	20
Swan	..	14	15	6	10	8	..	..	..	..
G Stephenson	..	15	13	17	15	13	..	..	..	..
Sidway	..	15	16	12	14	13	..	..	..	..
Smull	19	17	17	20	16	15	15	15	..	19
Bradley	..	15	17	18	14	..	..	..	..	19
Hyde	..	13	11	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Paddleford	..	14	10	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grief	..	..	17	14	13	..	..	..	..	..
Durston	..	..	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..
McAlpin	..	..	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
Burns	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	14
Gates	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Hubbell	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Hyland	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Betti	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15

June 12, Fourth Day.

A heavy downpour of rain fell during the morning. The heavy wind which accompanied it created much havoc with the dining

tent. The start was delayed a short time later than usual, but as there were many less contestants, the delay caused no inconvenience as it concerned the programme.

The special events were weakly patronized. The four-man team event had four entries, while the famous Dean Richmond trophy had only two.

The opening event, No. 1, was at 25 bluerocks, entrance $3, all ties divided.

No. 4 at 100 targets, was for the individual amateur championship of the New York State Association for 1903; entrance $6, all at 16yds., winner received a diamond medal which cost $100, presented by the Ossining Gun Club. This medal became the absolute property of the winner. Professionals were barred. For this, Messrs. Van Allen and Kelsey tied on 93, and in the shoot-off at 25 targets, Van Allen won with a score of 24 to 21.

Following are the scores made in events Nos. 1 and 4:

Events:	1	4	Events:	1	4
Apgar	22	91	Fulford	22	86
Stevens	22	83	Morris	22	88
Hawkins	22	91	Dalley	24	83
Doremus	21	72	Marvin	17	83
Welles	21	80	Meagher	18	..
Blandford	24	88	Kelsey	21	93
Floyd	24	89	Washburn	20	78
Dr Martin	23	91	Banks	22	90
Kirkover	22	84	Hopkins	21	85
Tallman	22	79	Van Allen	23	93
Stewart	23	84	Ball	17	..
Weller	20	..	Smull	18	..
Byer	23	89	Bradley	16	..
Glover	24	84			

Shoot-off, 25 targets: Van Allen 24, Kelsey 21.

The four-man team championship of the State of New York, 25 bluerocks per man, $2.50 entrance, had four entries. The money was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Mr. I. T. Washburn presented to each of the members of the winning team a pair of gold cuff buttons. The Brooklyn Gun Club team made a runaway race of it, scoring 91 out of a possible 100. The scores:

Ossining Gun Club No. 1.		Brooklyn Gun Club.	
Blandford	20	Dr Martin	23
Bedell	18	Hopkins	22
Washburn	16	Floyd	22
Betti	20—74	Banks	24—91
Ossining Gun Club No. 2.		**Professional Team.**	
Kromer	18	Apgar	21
Barlow	16	Stevens	22
Clark	14	Hawkins	21
Hyland	17—65	H Welles	13—77

The Dean Richmond Trophy.

Only two entries were made for this valuable trophy, the Dean Richmond cup. The competition for it was under unfavorable weather conditions, the light being dark and heavy, owing to a heavily overcast sky and a drizzling rain. The conditions were 50 bluerocks, team entrance, $10; three men to a team. The competition was close, the victors scoring 125 to their opponents' 123. The scores:

Ossining Gun Club.		Baldwinsville Gun Club.	
Bedell	19 17—36	Morris	22 19—41
Betti	22 21—43	Dalley	21 20—41
Blandford	22 22—44—123	Marvin	21 22—43—125

Averages, State Events.

The averages in the State and open events follow. In the State events for the New York city cup, Van Allen and Glover tied on 91, as will be noted on referring to the summary below. They agreed to let the result in the 100-target race decide the tie, and Van Allen won. Five per cent. was deducted from events 1 of the first, third and fourth days, and No. 10 of the third day, for five highest averages in the State events, exclusive of handicap and merchandise events. Five 10-dollar gold pieces were given to the five highest averages. In addition to first money, a $40 gold medal, presented by Frederick Potter, was given to the amateur, a member of the Association, who made the highest general average in the State events, not counting the merchandise or handicap events.

	Cup Shoot.	Amateur Championship.	Total.
Van Allen	91	93	184
Glover	91	84	175
Blandford	89	86	175
Dalley	89	83	172
Kelsey	89	93	182
Floyd	88	89	177
Morris	88	88	176
Byer	87	89	176
Tallman	86	79	165
Banks	86	90	176
Kirkover	84	84	168
Stewart	83	84	167
Fulford	83	86	169
Dr Martin	82	91	173
Stevens	88	..	...
Weller	78	..	...
Hawkins	92	..	...
Apgar	89	..	...
Hopkins	81	..	...
Meagher	72	..	...
Marvin	72	..	...
Doremus	76	..	...

Averages, Open Events.

In the open events, paid representatives and professionals could shoot for targets only, or might enter regularly, figuring in division of first money only and weekly high average. A silver cup, presented by R. T. Dennis, was given to the highest general average in the open events during the week. This average was won by Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, with a total of 440. The averages in the open events at a total of 480 targets, follow:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
*Hawkins	146	143	151	440
*Skelly	139	148	147	434
Stewart	139	150	144	433
*Apgar	143	147	140	430
Byer	136	144	147	427
*Banks	145	136	144	425
Kelsey	134	141	145	420
Mayhew	129	144	144	417
Dr Martin	141	143	131	415
Borden	144	135	135	414
Tallman	140	138	135	413
Hopkins	132	140	141	413
*McMurehy	138	142	128	408
Dalley	132	141	133	406
Floyd	138	132	133	403
*Fulford	131	131	135	397
Blandford	138	129	129	396
F Stephenson	132	138	125	395
Marvin	124	138	133	395
Kirkover	136	128	128	392
Morris	136	124	130	390
*Stevens	122	134	130	386
Weller	131	121	119	371
Meagher	117	129	121	367
*Doremus	108	90	111	309

* Professionals.

The York County target shoot under the auspices of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club, June 25, is open only to the shooters of York county. There were twelve events on the programme, at 10 and 15 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance, a total of 150 targets, with a total of $7.50 entrance. Extra events will be arranged to suit the contestants.

South Dakota State Tournament.

VERMILLION, S. D., June 5.—The sixteenth annual tournament of the South Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, held at Vermillion under the auspices of the Vermillion Gun Club, was the largest and most successful tournament ever held in this State. To Mr. H. G. Taylor, manager and president of the association, and Mr. C. B. Adams, who kindly offered his services as secretary, is largely due the credit for the success of the tournament.

There also were present Max Hensler, the young man who won second place at the G. A. H., and M. F. Sharp, who arrived a little late, having been water bound at Kansas City by the flood.

Thursday evening, June 4, the association held their annual meeting in the parlors of the Waldorf, and elected the following officers: H. G. Taylor, president; A. L. Johnson, vice-president; John Corey, secretary; L. F. Drey, treasurer. The next annual tournament and meeting will be held at Watertown, S. D.

Mr. H. G. Taylor won general high average for the two days' shoot, Mr. A. L. Shaw won the C. H. Arland silver cup trophy in a 25-bird event.

The following are the scores for the tournament:

June 4, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.
Johnson	13	13	13	13	18	11	11	13	14	13	114
Jones	13	11	18	15	22	4	13	17	14	13	128
Slocum	14	14	18	15	21	12	14	16	13	13	129
Crahan	14	14	18	13	..	11	9	19	13	15	126
Drey	14	12	15	13	17	13	10	16	13	11	117
H Taylor	15	12	19	15	23	12	14	18	14	15	134
Hedden	12	12	16	15	..	8	13	13	13	11	113
J Spatz	14	9	15	15	18	13	12	17	12	12	119
D Nelson	15	13	17	13	20	13	14	11	10	14	120
L Nelson	11	12	15	13	19	12	12	15	12	12	114
J Nelson	10	11	16	10	17	9	12	14	12	13	107
Daniels	14	13	18	12	..	15	13	18	14	14	131
Mikkleson	13	14	18	14	22	14	13	19	12	14	131
Duncan	12	12	18	14	..	12	12	16	14	12	122
Hawman	13	8	16	12	..	10	12	13	13	13	110
Gray	10	10	19	9	..	11	12	16	13	9	109
Stafford	12	12	15	15	..	12	13	19	14	13	125
Shaw	14	15	18	15	23	14	14	19	15	12	136
Forbes	13	9	18	12	..	12	10	14	12	11	111
Berry	12	10	14	13	22	8	10	11	14	12	104
Long	9	9	14	13	14	11	11	..	..	..	...
Agersborg	12	12	15	10	19	10	..	..	12	..	...
Coyne	13	9	14	8	10	..	7	..	..	..	...
Russell	15	12	15	10	23	14	14	14	..	..	...
Stefani	11	13	14	13	18	11	11	..	..	..	...
Wynn	11	11	18	10	..	14	11	..	..	..	...
Wagner	10	12	15	11	..	10	13	..	..	..	...
Nelson	7	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Swisher	10	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Washburn	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Olson	8	13	13	11	..	10	..	..	11	..	...
Harris	7	8	14	7	17	..	..	..	13	..	...
B Mikkleson	11	11	13	11	..	12	..	..	..	..	...
E Spatz	11	10	14	12	21	12	13	..	..	..	...
Collins	10	5	11	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	...
Hughes	10	11	16	9	..	12	10	..	..	..	...
Meyer	9	12	14	11	..	13	13	..	..	..	...
Hensler	12	8	17	14	..	11	13	..	..	..	...
Swayne	..	..	..	..	17	12	9	16	10	12	...
Rasmusen	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	...
Noah	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	...
Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
Coverdale	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	...
Wilmarth	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...
Twitchell	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...

June 5, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.
Duncan	13	14	18	14	15	19	13	13	18	10	12	159
Hawman	13	11	16	11	12	17	10	14	18	13	15	150
Gray	14	13	15	12	13	16	10	12	10	13	12	140
Shaw	14	14	19	14	15	17	14	13	17	12	15	164
Johnson	11	14	17	15	13	17	11	14	17	13	12	154
Crahan	14	15	15	11	14	14	13	14	16	12	13	151
Drey	12	14	19	13	13	14	12	15	18	14	10	154
Taylor	13	15	20	13	13	19	14	14	20	14	14	169
L Mikkleson	15	15	16	12	13	20	14	13	18	15	13	164
Slocum	12	14	20	15	14	18	14	13	20	11	14	165
Daniels	12	15	20	14	13	18	13	13	16	14	14	162
Jones	12	11	18	13	12	20	14	12	19	13	13	157
D Nelson	15	14	17	13	12	15	11	15	17	14	12	155
L Nelson	13	13	18	13	13	17	11	11	18	9	15	151
J Nelson	12	12	14	15	14	9	15	11	15	14	9	140
Hensler	13	15	17	12	12	16	15	11	18	15	15	159
Stafford	13	13	20	13	13	14	13	13	17	15	15	159
Hughes	15	14	18	11	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	...
Long	10	7	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Forbes	13	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Berry	11	6	17	11	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	...
Agersborg	14	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Meyer	14	12	15	10	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hedden	14	12	15	15	13	16	8	14	16	..	..	...
Harris	13	13	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Nelson	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Palmer	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Spatz	..	13	18	14	14	19	10	..	..	..	..	...
Smith	..	9	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	...
E L Taylor	..	..	..	12	..	12	..	..	11	13	..	...
Stefani	..	..	..	12	10	14	11	..	..	9	10	...
John Adams	..	..	..	12	12	17	14	..	16	14	13	...
J H Spatz	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Chingren	..	..	..	..	14	19	14	14	20	13	15	...
Conly	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	11	7	...
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
Flippin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	...
B Mikkleson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...

Averages for the shoot:

	First Day	Second Day	T'l.		First Day	Second Day	T'l.
H G Taylor	134	169	303	Crahan	126	151	277
Shaw	136	164	300	Drey	117	154	271
L Mikkleson	131	164	295	Johnson	114	154	268
Slocum	129	165	294	Hawman	110	150	260
Daniels	131	162	293	D Nelson	120	155	275
Jones	128	157	285	L Nelson	114	151	265
Stafford	125	159	284	J Nelson	107	140	247
Duncan	122	159	281	Gray	109	140	247

State Championship:

Shaw	2222221212—10	Smith	1101001102— 6
Johnson	0202121222— 8	J H Spatz	2221221212—10
Drey	2112012212— 9	Russell	010111*112— 7
Taylor	*221212022— 8	Mikkleson	1*10122210— 7
Long	0011101202— 6	Slocum	1112212122—10
Swayne	2012222012— 8	D Nelson	1112211111—10
Berry	022*200122— 6	Flippin	2021111*22— 8
Jones	1111121111—10	Coyne	1200001221— 6
E Spatz	1212112121—10	Stefani	2110120201— 7

Shoot-off of State Championship:

Shaw	2212222—7	J Spatz	121110 —5
Jones	20 —1	Slocum	120 —2
E Spatz	1112210—6	D Nelson	0

KILLMORE.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, June 6.—Herewith scores of Rochester Rod and Gun Club shoot:

The Bonbright cup series is finished. This series started on April 1, with the other handicap shoot for club prizes (Winchester repeating shotgun, etc.), and ended June 3.

I won the cup with a total score of 223 out of a possible 250, shooting as scratch man, at fifteen singles and five pairs. Each man shot at five pairs and had his extra allowance or handicap on the singles.

The club prize handicap series will continue until September 1, and the contestant winning most points to take first prize, a Winchester repeating shotgun. Shoots are held each Wednesday and the winner scores one point; handicaps range from scratch, which is twenty-five targets up to thirty-five, if any one breaks more than twenty-five out of his allowance it counts as a tie with any one breaking just twenty-five, in other words, a shooter having thirty-five to shoot at, and breaking twenty-seven or twenty-eight, can only tie with a scratch man who has only twenty-five to shoot at, should he break them all.

On May 21 we had an interesting team race with Messrs. Morris, Dalley, Marvin, of Baldwinsville, and Meagher, of Syracuse, a four man team. One-hundred targets per man. Syracuse: Marvin 86, Morris 92, Dalley, 85, Meagher 90, Team total 353; Rochester: Keishner 93, Bonbright 89, Stewart 97, Newton 88, Team total 367.

A silver cup was donated by Mr. G. D. Bonbright. The handicaps ranged from fifteen singles to five pairs up to twenty-five singles and five pairs. Total scores on series to win cup. Scores of cup shoot, June 5:

Stewart	24 24 23 25—96	White	22 21 19 23—85
Bonbright	23 24 24 23—94	Newton	22 23 20 19—84
Byer	25 22 24 21—92	Adkin	22 22 22 22—88
Kershner	24 25 25 22—96	Clark	19 18 23 12—72
Shoot-off:			
Stewart	24 25 24 25—98	Bonbright	24 22 25 24—95
Kershner	24 23 23 25—95		

Bonbright shot in the squad for company.

Conditions require that Stewart be called upon to again defend his medal, should any challenges be received.

Bonbright Cup. Scores of June 3:

	Allowed. S'gles.	Allowed. Doub.	Scored. S'gles.	Scored. Doub.	T'l.
Bonbright	16	5	14	9	23
Adkin	18	5	15	6	21
Clark	22	5	16	6	22
Rickman	19	5	13	7	20
Snow	16	5	15	6	21
*Stewart	15	5	15	7	22
Shoemaker	25	5	10	4	14

*Stewart wins cup.

Club prizes:

	Allowed.	Scored.		Allowed.	Scored.
Bonbright	25	24	Rickman	28	22
Adkin	27	23	Gardner	29	20
*Clark	32	25	Shoemaker	25	16
Borst	28	12	Stewart	25	23
Cutting	26	22			

*Clark wins point.

STEWART.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., June 10.—The regular Wednesday matinee of the Boston Gun Club was held at Wellington to-day, a chilly and misty day doing its best to dampen the enthuiasm of every one present. It could not however, and as the events passed off each one seemed to add in interest over the previous one.

Many outside visitors were present, Mr. Tisdale, of St. Louis, taking a hand in the game, and while not up to usual standard, made very creditable scores. The club also had for guests a few ladies not yet quite enthusiastic enough to shoot, but later, when the proper time comes, will no doubt take a hand in the sport, and secure all the pleasures that can be derived from this pastime.

Gleason's 24, in the prize match, shows that the Doctor is getting used to his 18-yard mark, and present indications point to a longer distance mark in the near future. What he will do when the new gun comes along no one can guess. Spencer and Barry also made very creditable scores, the former shooting from the 18-yard mark, and the latter from 16 yards.

Other scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5p	15	10	15	5p	10	15	5p	10	25
Frank, 18	10	7	7	11	8	10	9	8	9	7	..	..
Lee, 16	9	5	4	6	7	9	3	..	..	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	6	8	8	13	6	12	6	7	10	..	9	..
Barry, 16	6	5	6	10	8	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
Lawler, 16	7	5	4	12	6	9	5	6	..	..	..	..
Tarkus, 16	9	8	..	..	9	11	7	..	..	..	..	..
Williams, 16	8	6	6	12	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tisdale, 16	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	..	..	..	..
Bell, 18	8	..	..	..	6	..	4	7	13	5	7	..
Spencer, 18	9	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	14	6	7	..
Wright, 16	8	10	7	..	9	..	7	7	13	6	9	20
Gleason, 18	..	10	..	14	5	14	10	..	13	..	..	21
Nowells, 16	3	7	..	10	4	10	4	..	..	..	..	..

Merchandise match, distance handicap:

Gleason, 18	111111111111110	11 11 11 11 11—24
Spencer, 18	111111111111011	10 10 10 10 11—20
Barry, 16	111010111011110	11 10 11 11 11—20
Frank, 18	011011100111110	11 11 10 11 11—19
Wright, 16	111111111110101	10 11 10 10 10—19
Bell, 18	101011111111111	10 10 10 10 00—18
Woodruff, 17	111111011111001	11 00 10 11 10—18
Tarkus, 16	111001101111011	11 00 11 10 11—18
Lawler, 16	110011011011001	01 11 00 00 11—14
Lee, 16	110100110011101	00 10 00 00 11—12
Williams, 16	111011011111001	W —11

Louisville (Ky.) Shooting Items.

HEREWITH are scores made at a little shoot held on the Jefferson County Gun Club grounds. We now have at least two good clubs, and have room for more. You will notice that Mr. Le Compte is the boss of us all with the scatter gun. His 95 is hard to excel. Mr. Miller made 92 and Bingham 91. There was a challenge cup connected with this shoot, and Mr. Le Compte will be required to defend same, as Mr. C. B. Sample will shoot him a match at 50 targets June 20. The score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15		
Bingham	9	15	9	13	10	13	9	13	100	91
Semple	7	13	7	11	9	15	9	13	100	84
E Pragoff	7	11	10	14	7	12	9	11	100	81
LeCompte	10	13	10	14	9	15	10	14	100	95
J Howard	8	5	6	10	5	10	6	9	100	39
Burkhart	7	14	6	14	6	9	10	8	100	74
Miller	7	15	10	15	9	15	9	12	100	92
Booker	6	12	9	12	7	..	..	..	60	46
Phelps	8	10	10	13	9	11	10	10	100	81
Lyons	8	14	7	13	7	12	9	9	100	79
Sudduth	6	13	9	11	6	..	..	..	60	45
Carrety	7	13	7	14	6	13	7	10	100	77
Boomer	8	11	8	13	..	13	..	10	80	63
Gordon	8	10	7	15	10	14	9	14	100	87
F Pragoff	7	11	8	12	9	11	9	..	85	67
Vissinan	..	8	3	..	..	9	6	10	65	36

Birch Brook Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., June 8.—The Birch Brook Gun Club held its regular shoot Saturday, June 6, but owing to delays in the running of cars, some of the shooters did not arrive till late, so that there was not so much shooting done as common. Hilliard was high man, making two straight 10s in practice and 27 out of 30 in the merchandise event. Riley was close to the leaders.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	30	50	15	10	10	10	15	Targets:	30	50	15	10	10	10	15
Hilliard	27	42	12	10	9	10	14	Straw	21	36	9	9	..	6	11
Yelmah	13	21	9	4	3	..	..	Rowe	24	39	..	8	5	..	11
Rand	20	34	..	9	..	6	..	Healey	12	..	..	7	5	..	..
Riley	23	40	13	8	..	8	11	Hibbard	27	..	..	9	7	7	8

No. 1 was the merchandise event; No. 2, medal.

HENRY ROOD, Sec'y.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., June 11.—The ninth annual tournament of the Soo Gun Club, held at their beautiful grounds in Sioux City, on June 9, 10 and 11, was one that every shooter who attended will long remember with pleasure. The management extended every courtesy to the shooters, and there was no hitch to mar the events. The events were shot over three sets of expert traps, using the famous Soo trap pull. All expressed themselves as well pleased with the thorough, businesslike way in which the tournament was managed.

The Soo Gun Club has a large handsome club house, with a dining room on the second floor, in which excellent meals were served at noon. Numerous visitors from the city attended, and from the veranda of the club house watched the events with interest.

Field Captain H. H. Hawman kept things moving lively at the traps, while J. W. Gray, president; W. F. Duncan, secretary; C. E. Ellis, treasurer, were also busy extending the "glad hand" to all visiting shooters. Mr. Larson, cashier of the shoot, is to be congratulated on the quickness in which he settled up with those lucky enough to be in the money.

Aside from Fred Lord, no other professional shooter attended, though the trade was also represented by Fred Whitney, A. S. Carter, C. B Adams and M. F. Sharp.

The weather on the first day was fair, with a slight breeze blowing, which did not materially bother the shooters. The programme had a total of 200 targets. Following are the scores of the first day:

June 9, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Hoberg	9	10	11	8	8	12	7	10	9	12	10	16	122
Hunter	14	14	16	10	12	12	10	9	17	14	12	16	156
Hawman	13	12	18	14	8	14	12	11	19	11	14	16	162
Gray	14	13	15	14	14	17	13	14	12	13	11	17	167
Duncan	11	14	18	14	12	16	10	12	17	13	12	17	166
E Spatz	12	15	20	14	12	18	14	12	17	10	13	14	171
Wilson	11	14	17	13	14	17	15	11	17	14	13	17	173
Taylor	14	13	19	13	14	20	15	14	17	15	14	19	187
J Spatz	13	10	13	12	13	16	14	11	13	11	13	19	158
Chingren	13	14	19	14	13	16	13	13	19	13	13	18	178
Illian	13	14	19	14	14	19	14	12	17	13	13	18	180
Burke	14	13	19	11	13	17	11	13	16	13	11	16	167
Saunders	9	8	13	13	12	18	14	12	16	8	13	18	154
Hughes	12	12	16	10	12	19	9	13	18	11	10	17	159
Smith	14	13	20	14	13	13	11	15	18	14	8	19	172
Mikkleson	14	14	17	13	13	20	14	15	17	12	14	16	179
Nelson	12	12	18	10	11	19	13	12	19	11	13	17	167
Norton	13	13	18	12	11	20	10	12	17	15	13	19	173
Otten	13	13	17	11	9	18	15	10	17	11	12	16	162
Meyer	9	9	14	10	9	15	11	14	14	11	11	15	142
Steege	14	13	18	14	12	19	12	12	20	15	15	17	181
Converse	14	11	20	14	15	17	14	12	17	14	14	17	179
Bradrick	13	15	20	13	13	19	13	13	19	15	14	18	185
Peterson	14	15	17	13	15	18	13	14	18	13	15	18	183
Frees	14	14	16	9	13	16	14	12	18	13	12	18	169
Stafford	14	12	17	14	12	17	14	14	13	13	11	18	169
Rust	11	9	13	12	14	19	13	18	11	13	12	10	155
Barber	12	15	18	13	14	20	14	18	12	14	12	18	180
Bethel	10	13	20	15	12	13	12	17	11	13	13	17	166
Canon	10	11	12	12	11	13	12	10	10	..	..	..	...
Kenning	9	13	16	10	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McArthur	14	7	13	8	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Johnson	11	9	17	11	11	15	9	9	12	..	..	..	...
Eastman	13	11	18	13	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Callicott	10	10	16	10	10	18	12	10	13	13	14	16	152
Sneckloth	13	15	18	13	14	20	14	15	17	13	10	19	181
Devore	8	8	11	7	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ellis	14	11	16	12	9	18	12	14	18	11	14	19	168
Burmister	12	10	18	9	13	17	13	15	17	11	13	13	161
Klein	15	13	19	14	13	17	13	15	18	13	12	20	182
Townsend	11	11	17	11	13	17	13	13	17	11	13	18	165
Carter	15	14	17	12	14	17	13	14	16	13	12	19	176
Goodrich	13	10	16	14	9	19	14	11	13	11	12	17	159
Driesbach	13	9	19	12	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keefe	10	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	...
Reaman	11	11	16	13	9	15	11	12	14	11	12	15	150
Lord	13	15	19	11	10	18	14	13	19	10	12	15	169
Redfern	6	9	15	14	11	16	11	10	18	8	12	12	142
Auey	13	11	17	12	12	12	14	9	15	..	..	..	...
Terry	14	9	14	8	13	16	12	10	14	10	9	19	148
Thurston	12	14	17	12	12	16	13	13	18	14	11	15	167
Lane	13	12	18	14	12	17	12	10	20	13	11	16	168
Hoon	11	13	20	13	13	18	12	12	19	14	12	19	176
Nangle	..	9	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McPheran	..	..	15	7	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	...
Langers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	18	11	10	16	...
Veidt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	12	..	..	..	...
McDonald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	17	12	12	15	...
B Mikkleson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	9	..	..	...
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	9	12	17	...
Morrell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	17	...

June 10, Second Day.

The principal event of the day was for the Interstate champion trophy, a fine silver cup for high gun, the winner to hold it until the next tournament, when he will receive 50 per cent. of the purse in the Interstate champion event, 50 per cent. of the purse to the winner of the trophy last year, and balance divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. to second, third, fourth and fifth high guns. Guy Burnside, the present holder of the cup, was laid up sick in a hotel at Spirit Lake, and was unable to be on hand to defend the trophy.

In this event there were nine ties, and in the shoot-off, miss-and-out, R. R. Barber, of Paulina, Ia., won on his seventeenth target. The weather was gusty, with slight showers. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Chingren	11	10	20	13	14	19	14	15	18	15	15	19	183
Hunter	12	13	16	12	12	15	14	10	19	15	13	17	168
Hawman	12	10	18	12	10	17	14	12	16	12	10	18	161
Gray	10	14	17	10	13	20	15	14	16	11	9	17	166
Duncan	15	10	15	15	13	19	14	11	15	13	14	18	172
Mikkleson	13	12	18	10	12	20	..	13	16	10	9	17	...
Patch	12	14	20	9	14	17	..	13	16	11	14	16	...
J Spatz	14	12	19	13	12	17	13	13	18	14	15	19	179
Taylor	13	14	20	13	11	20	12	14	19	13	13	18	180
Wilson	11	11	18	11	11	18	13	13	19	14	14	18	171
Illian	13	10	20	14	14	18	15	13	20	14	12	16	179
Burke	13	13	19	13	13	18	12	11	19	14	14	16	175
Saunders	11	12	17	12	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Morrell	15	14	13	10	15	19	11	14	19	14	15	15	174
Smith	14	15	15	13	12	18	15	14	19	14	14	16	179
Terry	11	12	16	14	12	17	10	13	16	12	10	17	160
Nelson	14	12	12	14	13	19	14	12	17	15	14	18	174
Norton	13	12	12	14	12	19	..	13	20	14	12	17	...
Klein	14	11	17	14	14	17	14	15	18	15	15	19	183
Lord	13	12	15	10	12	19	12	14	17	10	14	17	165
Steege	14	10	20	13	13	17	13	14	19	14	14	19	180
Converse	12	15	19	13	12	15	15	13	18	12	14	18	176
Braderick	13	15	20	15	13	20	15	13	20	15	14	20	193
Peterson	14	14	18	12	12	18	13	14	19	11	15	17	177
Frees	11	13	20	11	13	19	14	14	19	12	14	17	177
Rust	13	11	16	13	14	17	13	14	15	9	11	15	161
Bethel	12	13	15	11	11	19	12	13	16	11	15	16	164
Barber	14	14	18	15	15	20	15	12	20	14	13	19	189
Sneckloth	11	14	20	14	12	17	13	13	20	15	15	18	182
Thurston	13	13	19	12	10	16	12	14	16	11	9	16	161
Callicott	9	11	17	13	11	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Hoon	14	14	20	13	13	16	14	15	19	14	15	20	187
Ellis	13	13	13	14	12	19	15	11	17	11	13	18	169
Reaman	11	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
D L. Schneider	7	9	17	14	10	13	13	8	15	..	..	..	...
Townsend	12	11	18	15	14	18	13	13	15	14	13	19	175
Carter	14	15	18	12	13	18	13	10	16	14	15	18	176
Goodrich	13	10	17	14	13	19	14	13	15	12	11	16	167
H McDonald	13	13	17	12	15	18	14	11	15	12	13	15	168
Driesbach	13	12	15	11	6	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lane	13	13	17	14	8	17	7	12	15	13	12	18	159
Hughes	11	13	13	11	11	15	11	13	15	12	8	16	149
Stafford	15	14	19	14	12	17	13	15	19	14	15	17	184
Cannon	12	10	12	12	9	15	6	12	12	..	..	..	...
E Spatz	15	12	16	13	11	17	15	15	17	14	13	19	177
Redfern	7	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J McDonald	12	13	18	13	13	18	14	12	18	15	12	19	177
Veidt	13	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Crahan	14	12	15	14	11	19	13	11	18	13	14	18	172
Nangle	..	..	16	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	...
Gorman	..	..	17	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Keefe	..	..	..	11	10	15	..	..	..	..	14	13	...
Otten	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	12	14	13	...
Boyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Dopke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	9	6	16	...
Farley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...
Forbes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	...
Elder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	...
Haefer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	...

Shoot-off, miss-and-out, Interstate trophy:

Gray	111111111110	—11
Illian	1110	— 3
Smith	11111111111111110	—16
Converse	111110	— 5
Braderick	10	— 1
Barker	11111111111111111	—17
E Spatz	110	— 2
Ellis	11111111111110	—13
Nelson	10	— 1

June 11, Third Day.

The third and last day broke bright and clear, and the scores were better than on the two previous days. Several of the shooters left after the events of yesterday, but there was still a sufficient number present to make things interesting. It looked for a while as though H. C. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., was going to equal Fred Gilbert's record on these traps of 104 straight, but missed his 95th bird. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Chingren	13	15	19	13	15	17	13	13	17	14	14	18	181
Hunter	14	15	16	11	12	20	12	12	18	14	14	18	176
Hawman	14	12	19	4	13	6	15	12	11	12	13	17	148
Gray	12	10	16	14	14	18	8	15	16	10	12	18	162
Duncan	12	8	18	14	13	16	12	15	18	15	14	18	173
Wilson	15	15	18	13	15	15	12	9	17	14	13	17	173
Patch	14	14	19	15	12	18	13	12	16	10	14	20	177
J Spatz	15	15	17	12	14	18	14	14	19	13	15	19	185
Taylor	13	15	18	15	15	20	15	15	18	14	13	18	189
E Spatz	14	13	17	13	12	15	13	12	18	15	15	17	174
Morrell	12	13	18	12	14	16	13	12	18	13	15	18	174
J McDonald	15	12	17	15	12	18	14	13	16	14	15	18	179
Terry	9	8	16	14	8	12	12	9	13	12	8	14	135
Crahan	13	14	18	13	15	15	12	14	18	15	13	16	176
Illian	14	13	15	13	13	17	13	13	19	14	12	19	175
Braderick	15	15	19	14	14	19	15	14	20	13	15	19	192
Converse	15	13	16	13	11	15	12	14	17	12	13	18	169
Steege	14	12	13	13	13	19	13	14	19	13	15	18	176
Peterson	15	13	18	13	15	17	13	13	19	14	14	17	181
Frees	11	12	20	12	13	19	13	15	15	15	15	19	179
Hoon	14	15	18	15	12	19	14	15	18	14	14	16	184
West	11	9	16	14	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Oliver	10	12	9	9	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Thurston	11	14	16	11	8	19	12	10	..	..	..	..	...
Ellis	14	15	14	10	13	17	10	12	19	13	14	18	169
Klein	15	15	20	14	15	20	15	14	20	15	15	17	195
Norton	14	14	16	15	13	16	8	15	19	14	12	19	175
Barber	15	15	16	15	15	19	14	11	19	15	14	20	188
Bethel	13	14	15	13	14	15	12	14	17	13	13	18	171
Rust	10	12	17	14	13	14	12	11	15	12	9	18	157
Lord	13	10	17	12	13	18	11	10	19	13	13	15	164
Townsend	14	12	13	14	14	19	12	13	17	15	15	19	177
Carter	15	14	19	14	13	19	13	13	18	14	12	16	180
Goodrich	13	11	16	11	13	16	8	6	14	11	10	16	145
McDonald	15	15	18	13	11	18	13	12	18	15	13	18	179
Ferguson	13	13	15	13	14	16	12	14	18	15	14	19	176
Lane	10	13	18	14	11	17	15	13	17	12	15	16	171
Stafford	12	13	18	13	12	17	13	14	18	14	13	12	169
Keefe	..	13	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	...
Eastman	..	..	19	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Forbes	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	11	11	..	...
Nordyke	..	..	..	..	12	17	12	11	17	13	12	18	...
Dugan	..	..	..	..	11	18	11	11	13	14	13	18	...
Burns	..	..	..	..	11	19	12	14	18	12	11	18	...
Elder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	...
Nangle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	10	14	...
Langers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...
Dopke	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	12	..	..	..	...

Summary.

Broke out of 600 targets, as follows:

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Hunter	156	168	176	500
Hawman	162	161	148	471
Gray	167	166	162	495
Duncan	166	172	173	511
E Spatz	171	177	174	522
Wilson	173	171	173	517
Taylor	187	180	189	556
J Spatz	158	179	185	522
Chingren	178	183	181	542
Illian	180	179	175	534
Hughes	159	149	176	484
Steege	181	180	176	537
Converse	179	176	169	524
Braderick	185	193	192	570
Peterson	183	177	181	541
Frees	169	177	179	525
Stafford	169	184	169	522
Rust	155	161	157	473
Barber	180	189	188	557
Bethel	166	164	171	501
Ellis	168	169	169	506
Klein	182	183	195	560
Townsend	165	175	177	517
Carter	176	176	180	532
Goodrich	159	167	145	471
Lord	169	165	164	498
Terry	148	160	135	443
Lane	168	159	171	498
Hoon	176	187	184	547

Rochester is Defiant.

THE following is taken from the Rochester (N. Y.) Express, of June 6. The editor undoubtedly meant well, but on some points he is inaccurate. For instance, there was no championship of the United States last year. Performances on certain grounds under certain weather conditions, are not to be justly compared to performances on other grounds under certain other weather conditions, differences of backgrounds, target flights, etc:

"In its arguments for the bill preventing the use of live birds in gun club tournaments, the Post-Express has insisted that quite as much pleasure was to be obtained from the use of clay pigeons, and that there was opportunity for a still greater display of skill—with no cruelty, no useless slaughter of God's creatures, and no demoralizing influence upon the community. It is a pleasure to record the fact that the sportsmen of Rochester have fallen in cordially with the new order of things, that they are not using live birds, and that their tournaments with clay pigeons as the targets have been in the highest degree enjoyable and successful. The amount of skill that has been developed here is really remarkable. There was a contest yesterday for the championship of the county, Harry M. Stewart being required to defend the trophy recently won. He broke 96 birds out of 100, and Kershner tied him, while another competitor broke 94, and a fourth 92. In the shoot-off Stewart won with 98 out of 100. This was most extraordinary; out of 200 targets, thrown at unknown angles, he broke 194. Few men ever lived who could do as well as this. Last year the championship of the United States was won with a score of 94 out of 100, which was beaten six times on the Rochester grounds yesterday. This year, at the Grand American, after a whole week of shooting, the best record was 95 out of 100. The Rochester gunners, therefore, are to be congratulated upon the remarkable skill they have developed. If there are gunners in other cities who think they can shoot, let them come on; Rochester is ready for them! The city now stands, in the trap-shooting world, where it stood years ago, in the days of live-bird contests, practically in a class by itself."

Bemidji Tournament.

BEMIDJI, Minn.—The Bemidji tournament, held June 5 and 6, had pleasant weather conditions.

June 5, First Day.

The day was favorable for big scores. Hirschy was high with 171 out of 175, breaking the last 107 straight from the 16, 18 and 20yd. marks. The last 70 were from 20yds. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke.
Ballock	12	14	12	13	15	13	14	14	14	13	24	151
Story	15	13	14	15	11	11	12	15	11	13	23	153
J W Dewey	13	12	13	15	15	13	13	15	14	13	24	160
H S Dewey	11	12	13	15	10	12	13	14	12	15	22	149
Russell	14	14	12	13	13	15	9	11	14	9	18	142
Rhoda	11	12	14	13	14	14	15	14	15	15	22	159
McTaggart	14	11	15	13	14	15	11	14	14	13	20	154
Martin	11	9	11	13	14	11	13	10	12	11	18	133
Duncalf	8	10	13	12	11	13	14	13	12	10	21	147
Markham	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	9	6	14	...
Hirschy	14	14	15	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	25	171
Seymour	14	12	13	14	15	15	12	15	14	14	24	162
Hale	15	15	13	14	13	13	13	12	11	13	19	151
Ferguson	15	15	14	14	15	13	14	15	15	12	20	162
Duis	13	15	13	14	14	15	11	13	13	10	21	152
Snyder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	.. ...

June 6, Second Day.

There was harder shooting on the second day, owing to a strong wind. Mr. B. O. Seymour, of Grand Forks, was high for the two days in the amateur contingent. He made a run of 64 from the 16, 18 and 20yd. marks. H. C. Hirschy was high for both days, losing but 9 targets.

The attendance was disappointing as to numbers. The visitors were all pleased with the kind of hospitable treatment they received from the members of the local club, and next year's shoot will be much more largely attended.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Stair	11	13	15	14	15	10	10	13	12	13	125
Story	13	11	14	14	13	14	15	10	14	13	131
J W Dewey	13	15	15	12	14	15	11	15	14	13	137
H S Dewey	13	10	13	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ballock	12	12	14	15	12	10	13	12	13	14	127
Rhoda	14	12	11	12	13	13	12	14	12	12	124
McTaggart	13	10	12	14	11	12	14	14	14	13	125
Duncalf	11	15	12	11	11	13	9	14	14	12	120
Hirschy	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	15	145
Seymour	14	14	14	15	15	15	14	13	14	15	143
Hale	13	13	14	11	10	11	14	12	13	13	124
Ferguson	12	13	14	11	15	9	14	11	11	14	128
Duis	11	12	10	9	9	15	12	10	14	12	112
Rowe	12	15	13	14	15	13	15	14	14	12	135
Russel	12	15	12	8	11	9	11	13	14	10	113

Total for two days: Story 284, J. W. Dewey 297, Ballock 278, Rhoda 283, McTaggart 279, Duncalf 267, Hirschy 316, Seymour 305, Hale 275, Ferguson 290, Duis 264, Russel 253.

The general manager, Mr. F. W. Heubach, writes us as follows: "Will you kindly give notice in your trapshooting tournament fixtures of our seventh annual tournament, to be held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20, 21 and 22, in Exhibition grounds at Winnipeg. We hope you will again, as you did last year, arrange to cover our tournament, for I think I may say that it is the most important meet of trap shots in the West. The management will again be in the hands of our Mr. Holland, who has successfully conducted our last five tournaments. H. C. Hirschy, so well and favorably known among all trap shots, will manage the office."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Reduced Rates to Atlanta.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell account of the national convention Baptist Young People's Union of America at Atlanta, Ga., July 9 to 12, round trip tickets on July 6, 7, 8 and 9, good to return until July 15 at rate of single fare for the round trip, plus $1.

By depositing tickets with special agent at Atlanta, Ga., on or before July 15 and payment of fee of 50 cents, extension of final limit may be obtained to reach original starting point not later than Aug. 15.—*Adv.*

New Brunswick Guide.

The writer would be glad to recommend his guide to one of the best sections for moose in New Brunswick, who will be at liberty about Oct. 15, to any one who is looking for a first-class chance to get a big set of antlers this fall.

This is the place where our party saw twenty moose last season, and where the writer is returning thereto in September.

Any information desired will be given by addressing Box 970, Pittsfield, Mass.

Newfoundland.

Newfoundland scenery, fishing, hunting and other attractions for sportsman and tourist are set forth in a special page advertisement this week. Mr. Morine will send on request specific information about the country and the means of getting there.

Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., New York, inform us that all the following won with Ballistite: Mr. S. M. Van Allen at New York State shoot, Ossining, N. Y., June 8 to 11, inclusive, won the New York State Championship, the Individual Championship, the diamond medal, and the Frederick Potter amateur gold medal. First average, June 9, won by Mr. Borden. The Jacob Ruppert silver cup, won by Dr. Weller, using his Reblé ejector hammerless gun, on 25 straight. Mr. Glover finished second in State Championship races. At Owensburg, Ky., May 29 and 30, Mr. R. W. Bingham won first high average; De Long Miller won second, both amateurs. At Louisville, Ky., June 6, first, second, third, fourth and fifth at the Jefferson County Gun Club, in the open to all challenge cup, 100-bird race. Mr. Le Compte, first with 95 out of the 100, eighteen entries.

High general average at the Cincinnati shoot June 9 to 11 was won by W. R. Crosby. He also won the 50-target race, with 50 straight, alone, in addition to which he made the longest straight run recorded during the entire tournament. Mr. Crosby, as usual, used 44 grains of E. C. No. 1.

The Stevens Arms Company, of Chicopee Falls, have sent us a handsome catalogue of the Stevens-Duryea

FOREST AND STREAM.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

SOME CAMP-FIRE RULES.

WITH the coming of the camping season and the building of camp-fires throughout the land, it is not untimely to repeat certain cautionary rules given before in these columns as a code of conduct with respect to the camp-fire:

Never build a fire where its flame can communicate to grass or brush or branches of trees.

Never build a fire where the sparks can be carried to brush or trees, or leaves or grass.

Never build a fire without first noting the lay of the land with respect to controlling it after it is kindled.

Never leave camp for the day with the fire to burn unattended. Extinguish it thoroughly.

Under no circumstances, when moving camp, leave the fire to burn or smoulder. Put it out.

To extinguish a fire built upon the ground where there is turf, the roots of trees or other vegetable matter in the soil, pour water upon it until the ground is thoroughly soaked; then dig around about and well outside the circumference, throwing the earth in toward the center, and then wet it down again.

THE STATE COLLEGE OF FORESTRY.

GOV. ODELL having vetoed the appropriation for the support of the State College of Forestry, the Trustees of Cornell University have of necessity suspended the college work. The Governor's action is assumed to have been based upon an adverse report made by a special committee of the Legislature, which visited the college forests last year and inspected the experimental work there conducted. The suspension is greatly to be deplored, and intelligent persons who are cognizant of the nature of the work Cornell was accomplishing will hope for its early resumption. The Governor's action was most ill advised. The State College of Forestry was performing service of incalculable value for the future, of such importance, indeed, that the State could not afford to save the $10,000 concerned in this item of the appropriation bill. The citizens of New York will not forever pursue the present policy with respect to the State forests. They will not content themselves with the simple constitutional prohibition of hands off. The State will some time practice forestry. Before that time can come there must be men trained in forestry and there must be knowledge of forestry principles and methods as applied to the conditions existing in the Adirondacks and the Catskills. The foresters may be educated only at such schools as that of Cornell, and the knowledge can be acquired only by such experimental work as that which has been begun at the State experimental forest in the Adirondacks. To cut off summarily State support from these institutions which had been established by the State is a most inexpedient and unbusiness-like step. It also amounts to a breach of good faith on the part of the State with Cornell University and the instructors and students of the State College of Forestry.

THE principle of responsibility for the wrong use of sporting firearms is gaining recognition. Michigan has come into line with a measure to punish the negligent or careless shooting of human beings by persons in pursuit of game. The new law declares that whoever "while hunting shall negligently or carelessly shoot or wound or kill a human being shall be punished by imprisonment for a term of not more than ten years or by a fine not exceeding $1,000; and it is made the duty of the prosecuting officer and sheriff in the county where the shooting takes place forthwith to investigate and prosecute. When it is considered that within the past few years the shooting casualties in this country have run into the hundreds, the marvel is that a law like that of Michigan does not prevail in every State wherein hunting is practiced. Other Legislatures may well follow the example thus set and put the seal of public condemnation on this "careless" and "accidental" shooting, by characterizing it properly as of criminal nature. Rifles and shotguns are instruments of death; that every Tom, Dick or Harry should have free license to get out with these implements and disport himself to the undoing of his fellow men, and should be let off only with condolences and regrets, will one of these days be recognized in its true light as the grotesque complaisance of a thoughtless age. When we begin to think, we shall devise some way to put a limit to the roll of maimings and deaths in the woods.

THIS is an era of New Thought, with capital N and capital T. News stands display magazines devoted to its promulgation and temples are dedicated to its teachings. In its printed expositions the New Thought is expressed in smoothly flowing diction, which is yet most deceptive; for while upon not too attentive reading it appears to be full of significance, its meaning grows dubious and elusive and baffling the more carefully it is studied. Take, for example, a paragraph in a current New Thought periodical which seems to have a bearing on certain phases of natural history:

> "He who is true to the law of his being is inspired. . . . His utterances find wings, and favoring currents, and sustenance, and breath in the Omnipresence, so that their mission is accomplished, and their work sure, and their life sustained; and they set up a vibrating response in the element or substance of Being, which goes on forever and forever. No life is quite so dark, no animal quite so ferocious, no serpent quite so venomous, no weed quite so poisonous, after a true word has been sent forth to create the attuning influence in the Essence of Being, as it would have been without it. Thus is the gospel preached to every creature."

Applying this specifically and practically to the amelioration of the ferocity of the grizzly, the venom of the rattlesnake and the poison of the poison ivy, what does it mean? And can pages and volumes of "true words sent forth" ever take the place of a magazine rifle for the grizzly, a club for the rattler and an ax for the ivy? The truth is that the New Thought is neither new nor thought; and it exercises as much influence upon brute and human as does the Aurora Borealis at which men marvel and of which they wonder what and why.

AMONG the curiosities of the game laws as they come to us from the several Legislatures of 1903 is an extraordinary promulgation by Arkansas. Most States are content to concern themselves only with the regulation of things within their own borders. But Arkansas is ambitious to give law to the entire Union. She has adopted a drastic measure, which is nothing less than the following section contained in the new game law:

"Section 4. It shall be unlawful for any person who is a non-resident of the State of Arkansas to shoot, hunt, fish or trap at any season of the year."

The application of the law, it will be observed, is not limited to the State of Arkansas; it is general, comprehensive and all-embracing. It applies to the Quatawamkedgwick and the Kalamazoo as well as to the White and the Washita. In the name of several millions of people outside the bounds of Arkansas, and hitherto believing themselves beyond its jurisdiction, we protest, flout the authorities of Arkansas to their face, and declare that we shall still hunt and fish, subject only to the laws of the several States wherein we live or pay non-resident license fees.

WHEN some members of the Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn were playing golf the other Sunday afternoon they missed a golf ball, and called in a policeman to seize and search a small boy suspected of having stolen it. The policeman did not find the ball, but did bring out a bean-shooter and a dead robin; and he was moved to say: "A boy who would rob the nest and kill the birds with a bean-shooter ought to have his damned head shot off." This so shocked one of the Sunday golf players that he set off post haste and with what appears to have been malignant officiousness, to inform the Police Commissioner of the offense; and in the course of time the officer was put on trial and reprimanded for the extra-official characterization of the nest-robber's head. His plea in extenuation was that the robin killer needed a vigorous rebuke for his lasting admonition, and the language employed was not stronger than the peculiar exigency of the case demanded. His notion appears to have been that there are circumstances which warrant the use of the word even by officials on duty. In this he unquestionably had for authority and examplar the revered Father of His Country, who, despite his solemn injunction to the Continental Army not to swear, did himself not hesitate to vent his feeling in the word "damn" when occasion wrung it from him. This is not to say that Washington was profane. For while the courts have held diversely on the subject—one of the District of Columbia deciding that "damn" was not profanity if provoked by the local street car service, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, on the other hand, having sustained the lower courts in their decisions that the word "damned," applied to a rascal, was profane language under the law of Mississippi—the general consensus of judicial opinion is that there is no profanity in the use of the word unless the name of the Deity is involved. Nevertheless the expression is not nice, is certainly unbecoming in a policeman, and officers who so forget themselves in the presence of Sunday golf players must expect to be reprimanded.

AMONG the curiosities which come to us from Albany this year is this new clause in the minnow law: "Minnows shall not be taken within one hundred feet of any dock, pier, or boat landing structure along the Saint Lawrence River without the consent of the owner on which the same is built."

The intent of the regulation is to free the owners of docks and landings from annoyance by minnow netters in their close proximity. The peculiar wording implies that it is the custom on the St. Lawrence to sink the owner and make a caisson of him for supporting his dam, pier or boat landing; and to secure evidence under this law it would doubtless be necessary to dig up the sunken owner and produce him in evidence to prove that the structure came within the protection of the statute as one having an owner on which the same it was built. This aside, however, the dock minnow regulation is one which has no place in the fish law. The purpose of the fish law is to protect fish, and it may regulate their taking only with reference to such protection. The St. Lawrence dock regulations belong properly to the local town authorities, and should be left to them.

"BY nature we nearly resemble one another; condition separates us very far." Thus Confucius; and he might have been writing about men and men in their relation to the robin. If we of this vast country differ in our attitude toward the bird it is in large measure because conditions separate us very far. If the Northern man had been born and raised in the South he would have acquired views which are diametrically opposed to those his Northern environment has given him; and so with the Southerner had he been of the North. Those diverse sentiments, the criticisms, protests, defenses and discussions which are colored and determined in large measure by the geographical and sectional conditions which separate the participants so "very far," have ever a welcome place in our columns; and they are sometimes all the more interesting because they illustrate so well the common proneness to judge from one's own personal standpoint, without making allowance for that of the other party to the discussion.

FOREST COMMISSIONER RING, of Maine, says that no sporting camp was destroyed by the forest fires in that State, and that not a single deer has been reported killed by the conflagrations. The New York Commissioners report that the extent of devastation by fire in the Adirondacks has been exaggerated. The eighth annual report of the Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota shows that out of twenty-eight forest and prairie fires which occurred in that State in 1903, only one was ascribed to the carelessness of a fisherman and two to that of hunters.

Now that the mosquito has been revealed by science as the purveyor in ordinary of malaria to the human race, the term fly medicine as descriptive of insect repellant takes on a new and vastly more significant meaning. It is, in fact, a medicine of far greater usefulness than simply to avert the transitory irritation and smart of the sting; it means the prevention of malaria poisoning and deserves recognition in the pharmacopœia.

The Sportsman Tourist.

An Ascent of Mount Aetna.

[We are indebted to Dr. A. J. Woodcock, of Byron, Ill., for the following letter describing Maj. Woodcock's second ascent of Ætna. The account of the first ascent was published in our issue of May 30. A third ascent will be related in an issue to follow.]

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, Catania, Sicily, July 14, 1884.—*Dr. A. J. Woodcock, Byron, Illinois.*—My Dear Son: There is much to see and learn in this island. Every foot of it is interesting with story, romance and history. The cities of Syracuse, Terranova and Lecata are in my district, which comprises the southwest third of the island. I have been to the top of Mt. Ætna. A young German, Augustus Melhop, came to me with a letter of recommend from the U. S. Consul at Palermo. He was engaged by the China Government to contract for warships with Germany for the war with France. His home is in Pekin, China, where he has lived for 14 years. Thus employed by China, he became very wealthy. He urged me to go with him to Ætna. With reluctance I consented. It was yet too early in the season to make the trip. The best time is in August or September. I induced Charley Worthington (an English friend) to accompany us.

We set out on the 27th of May at 5 P. M., going by carriage from Catania to Nicolosi, a place of some 4,000 inhabitants. It was a delightful ride of 10 miles. The town is situated at the base of Mount Rossi, an ancient crater. In 1669 these same red mountains vomited forth a river of lava that flooded the country, swept over Catania (nearly destroying it) and rolled into the sea near the lighthouse. The people were greatly alarmed. The lava gradually approached the town. Slight shocks of earthquake were frequent. Black cinders rained down. Many of the inhabitants fled with their household goods. Terror was depicted in every face. A company of men passing up and down through the streets of the city bearing upon their shoulders large, heavy statues of Saints Antonio and Michael, the patron saints of the town. A crowd followed them, shouting "Vivas" to the saints (Life! Life!!). Images of the Madonna were placed in the doorways of the churches surrounded by burning tapers, and men, women and children upon their knees, implored the mother of Jesus to importune her Son to stretch forth his hand and save their town from the fiery flood.

The road wound upward through groves of orange, lemon, olive and fig. Rich vineyards clothed the hillsides with green. Pretty villas, peasant cottages, shrines, old churches and two villages dotted the wayside. After the eruption this stretch of country was a desolate waste. The industry of the past 200 years has removed much of the lava, piling it up into walls and terraces and with it paving streets and building houses and cities. Much of it remains, blackened, corrugated, ragged, thrown into all conceivable shapes and as hard as granite. The soil formed from its disintegrated particles is the richest in the world. Mosses and lichens creep over this lava and paint upon it glowing colors, and this makes picturesque its otherwise unsightly hideousness. The prickly pear springs up everywhere among the lava wastes, attaining a height of 4 to 10 feet. Their broad, green leaves (like the shields of a Roman phalanx) guard from view much that is desolate and sunseemly. The cacti were in bloom at the time of our visit, their bright green, fleshy leaves being covered with large yellow blossoms. Their luscious fruit forms an important part of the food of the people.

We reached Nicolosi at 8 P. M., had a dish of maccaroni, made up a party of 14 (guides included) for the ascent, and were ready for the road in an hour. I, being a colonel, was given my choice of the mules. I took the plump, coal black one that had fire in his eyes. It took two men to hold him while I mounted. He then reared, bucked, jumped and struck the ground stiff-legged (changing ends as he did so), but did not faze my seat in the saddle. He finally acknowledged me his master, and away we went through the town on the run, the troop following, dogs barking, boys shouting and the whole populace out with craning necks watching the departure of the wild foreigners.

It was 9 o'clock when we left Nicolosi. There was no moon. The milky way, in silver luster, streaked its broad band across the heavens. We traveled by the light of the stars. Lava, contorted, twisted, splintered, was piled up everywhere, and in all manner of fantastic shapes. Our guides had lighted their lanterns to insure our following the serpentine path over the rugged rocks. Silvatore, a six-footer, approached too near my mule's rear guns. He kicked out with both feet, giving the guide, Antonio Mazzalio, a center shot in the breast. A fall and a groan told the result. The little party for a moment seemed paralyzed with horror. I dismounted, ran to the fallen man and found him insensible and bleeding. On examination I found the blood came from a lava cut on the head. I poured a generous horn of brandy down his throat. This revived him, and he commenced to groan furiously and swear dire vengeance in choice Italian against the mule. We bathed his rapidly swelling breast with brandy, lifted him on the mlue that we called Snail, and resumed our upward march, the accident having detained us about half an hour. I had been calling my mount *Bucephalus, but after this performance I borrowed the name which your inventive genius originated for one of your horses, and called him Satan.

After a time we reached the lower edge of the temperate zone of the mountain. Trees began to appear, soon we were in the midst of a chestnut forest. Here and there was a field of wheat or rye. Though lava was everywhere prevalent, its horrid desolation had been broken into by the leveling hand of time and by the industrious peasantry. About midnight we reached Casa del Bosco (the house of the forest). The guide sounded a blast upon his Alpine horn, which set the dogs baying within. Soon we heard the bolt of the door slide back, and a man half dressed appeared and gave us welcome. By this time we had got into a colder climate. A fine fire was soon roaring in the huge fireplace. I think that I never enjoyed anything more than its bright, genial warmth. After an hour's rest we left our disabled guide, and resumed the ascent. The black mule was full of pluck and energy. He led the van. The rest of the troop gave us a wide berth.

In an hour we reached the frigid zone. No shrub or tree was visible. The most intense sterility prevailed. Patches of snow began to appear, and it soon became intensely cold. About 3 o'clock the snow became so piled up our mules could not advance. We left them with the muleteers and commenced the climb on foot. Now came the tug of war. The snow during the day had thawed somewhat, and a thin crust had formed, but not sufficiently strong to bear us. About every step we would break through, sinking above our knees. Thus we wallowed upward for two mortal hours. My lungs could hardly pump enough of the rarified air to oxygenize my blood. I have seldom experienced such fatigue. We finally reached Casa del Inglese (English House), where I sank down completely exhausted. This house is situated at the foot of the cone (or crater). It was built about 100 years ago. It has since been repaired and a main building added by the Government. It has a dome, and at certain times is used as an observatory. After a few moments' rest we were up to witness the effects of sunrise. Long flashes of rosy light from the Calabrian Mountains were burnishing the eastern heavens. Soon the golden chariot of the day king became visible above the snowclad peaks. The whole eastern coast of the island was visible. Taormina, Aci Reale, Catania and Syracuse and the other sea towns were spots on the shore far below. The sea of a purple hue changed to rose color as the sun ascended. The rose-colored hues fled before the rising sun, and a sea of emerald remained flashing and sparkling in the morning light. The southern portion of the peninsula of Italy, ridged with the variegated peaks of the Calabrian range, was a beautiful picture with the sea on either side. We glanced up through the Strait of Messina, past Scylla and Charybdis, to the blue sea beyond. After a time spent in wonder and admiration of that beautiful panorama, we retired to the English House to cold fowl and almost frozen soup and coffee. The guide had started a small fire of charcoal in the grate, but this was only an aggravation. Our teeth rattled time to the music of Jack Frost.

The cone still towered above us a thousand feet. With our sharp-pointed alpenstocks we commenced the ascent. We passed a huge cavern, from which steam was rushing in clouds. We kept our eyes upon the summit, bearing down with our sticks and resting after each two or three steps. We encountered wet cinders, patches of snow melting upon the heated soil and slipped back almost as fast as we climbed. We finally reached the top. The wind was blowing furiously and freezingly cold. We had been one and one-half hours in our struggle up this monster crater. I threw myself flat upon the ground with my head over the rim, and took a look down into what the Sicilians call the mouth of hell. A vast column of steam was shooting up into the heavens. This was so impregnated with sulphurous fumes I was obliged to keep several thicknesses of my shawl over my mouth and nose to prevent strangulation. Occasionally a blast of wind would drive back the steam, allowing me to see far down into this horrid inferno. The crater itself is three miles in circumference. The inner side of the rim was variegated with colors of red, orange and yellow from the sulphur fumes. A Milton or a Dante could not do justice to the terrific grandeur of the scene. According to the ancient Greeks and Romans this is the workshop of Vulcan, where he forges his thunderbolts for Jove. I could not see the old fellow, but the rumbling sound I heard far down in those black depths must have been he grumbling at his work. We had grand views to the northwest. We looked down upon Stromboli. This little giant seemed to be in angry mood. He was blowing off his wrath in huge columns of smoke that rolled heavenward, like an immense tree with branching top. We saw the whole of the Lipari group of islands. Three or four other craters were in eruption, but were pigmies by the side of Stromboli. We looked far away upon the sea to the southwest toward Africa. Had the skies been clear we would have seen Malta in the distance, and viewed the sea laving the entire coast of this triangular island. The rim upon which we stood is over two miles high. We were above the clouds. A thunderstorm gathered below us. We looked down upon the inky black clouds charged with electricity, upon the lightning flashing in chains of livid light, and heard the crashing peals away below us. This sight alone paid for all fatigue and exposure undergone.

After our descent of the crater we stopped for an hour in Casa Inglese. Our beds were straw and hard, but our sleep was sound though not satisfying. We had been 24 hours without rest. After this short nap we again commenced the descent. The afternoon sun had warmed the air. The snow was thawing, and we no longer suffered with the cold. We found our mules where we had left them. By the help of three men I got upon the back of the black one, and away he trotted down over the most terrible break-neck places. Putnam's ride down the stone steps at Horsenesk was nothing compared to mine. He had his enemy in his rear, I had mine under me. Of course I beat the other fellows to Casa del Rossi. We rested and slept there for two hours, Charley upon the ground under a chestnut tree, I upon the cot of a mountaineer. Again we were off, the black mule trotting into Nicolosi long before the rest. I announced their coming and ordered supper. We found the guide better, but very sore. In our descent we saw the River Simeta glittering a silver thread from its source many miles to its exit into the sea. We reached Catania at 8 P. M., a used-up set of fellows. As ever I am

Your affectionate father,

ALBERT WOODCOCK.

* The horse that Alexander the Great rode; no other than he could ride him.

Trailing the Summer Trout.

IN the heart of the New Brunswick wilderness, on the northern branch of the Little Southwest Miramichi River, lies Miramichi Lake. Nearly forty miles as the crow flies from Boiestown, the nearest lumbering settlement, and more than thirty miles from the nearest farm, it lies in the midst of a region known only to the lumberman, the trapper, and the sportsman. This vast woodland, like a rich fabric, is spangled with countless lakes and shot with the silver thread of streams in many of which no line has ever been wet. It is an ideal angler's country; and it was this feature above all others that made this land of the Miramichi the goal of our annual piscatorial pilgrimage.

The ceremony of "going in" is much the same in all the wild regions of eastern North America. You go by rail as far as you can and then possibly you may postpone for a brief space the inevitable by the use of horses. But if you are bound for the heart of things, you must resort at last to one of two modes of conveyance, the canoe or your two feet. To reach the Miramichi country from the south, one must tramp; and tramp we did for over forty miles of trail and tote road, stumbling over windfalls, slipping about in mud holes, bitten by gnats and mosquitoes, but happy, for we tasted trout the first night, and after the evening pipe and camp-fire chat we turned in to sleep on beds redolent of balsam. We were in the woods.

The next morning is memorable because it brought us the sight of our first deer. We had just mounted a steep hill beyond the camp, when Harry, our chief guide, whose eyes were everywhere, exclaimed: "Look!" About twenty yards from the trail stood a young buck, with horns in the velvet, gazing at us curiously. For several minutes he stood there, motionless, except for an occasional nervous twitch of the tail. He seemed to know that it was the close season, for when at last he decided to leave us, he did so with long, slow bounds, in unhurried grace.

All along the trail we continued to see numerous tracks of moose and deer, crossed here and there by those of caribou or bears. The moose tracks were far the most numerous, for this is first and foremost a fine moose country. Harry said that they seem to like the old tote roads, where the ground is comparatively smooth and the brush does not interfere with their progress. The softer ground was always stamped deep with the imprint of their sharp hoofs. Thus has man's highway become a game trail.

Our course was northerly, closely paralleling the boundary line between the counties of Northumberland and York. Our progress was slow, never over fifteen miles a day, for we varied the portaging, as they call it in that country, by fishing here and there, or by such little diversions as the chase of a porcupine or the inspection of a flock of wild ducklings, and we never failed to see a deer or a moose every day.

Three days of such tramping brought us to Harry's home camp, which was to be our headquarters for the better part of our stay. This home camp, situated near the west end of Miramichi Lake, is ensconced in a long deserted lumber camp, or rather in the only remaining building; for the rest have fallen to ruin. It consists of two large log cabins, one for habitation and the other for storage, separated by a narrow passage, which is, however, roofed over, so that even a heavy fall of snow cannot obstruct communication. Each cabin is about twenty-five feet square, and they are almost wholly the work of the ax—the roof, the floors, even the doors and tables being made of planks of balsam fir hewn or split from the log. Here Harry has collected all the articles an angler or hunter can possibly need. Besides the inevitable ax, there are saws, hammers, tools of all sorts, a veritable battery of rifles and shotguns, a large number of traps (for Harry turns trapper in the winter months), snowshoes, sledges, blankets, a large iron cooking stove, and a plentiful supply of the woodsman's food staples—flour, pork, beans, tea and sugar. There is even a shelf loaded with light literature brought in by successive parties of sportsmen and another of medicines from the same source. Altogether it is the most completely appointed camp I have ever seen. Primarily a hunter's camp, it is intended for cold weather, and is perfectly adapted to this purpose, but in summer I prefer to sleep out in the air, and therefore I like some of Harry's smaller open camps better. For Harry is a sort of camping trust. According to the etiquette of New Brunswick guides, each man has a territory which he regards as his own, and, if he deserves it, this claim is respected. Harry's particular territory is a district about twenty miles square, within which he has a score of camps ranging in size from this central hostelry, in which a dozen men could be comfortably accommodated, to a mere open lean-to for four men. Each is always supplied with a few cooking utensils, some food, and often with blankets. If a lake or river is near, there is usually a canoe within easy reach. It is evident that much toil and no small expense have been lavished on all this equipment, which is so complete that, should the visiting sportsman prove unsuccessful in one locality (which is unlikely), or should he be of a roving disposition, he has but to move on to new scenes, where he will find his house always ready. Such is this little kingdom of four hundred square miles, and over all the inhabitants of its woods and waters Harry is undisputed lord.

We lost no time in setting about our quest for the summer trout. For the summer trout cannot be taken, like his relative of the spring months, from any and every part of lake or stream. When the heat of July comes, he withdraws, if he is more than a fingerling, to some spot of coolness, and he must be trailed hither as truly as four-footed game is trailed on land, and the task is the more difficult and exciting because he leaves no hoof marks printed in the soft ground. But even though it was July, and a superheated July at that, we had some hope that a few of the big fellows might still be found lingering in their spring haunts, and so the next morning after our arrival at the home camp we took the large canoe and headed down the lake for the mouth of Pocket Lake Stream. Pushing out from the mouth of the little spring brook near camp we came suddenly upon the home of Mother Loon, who was engaged in keeping her eggs as warm as their resting place of water-soaked moss would allow. She was taken wholly by surprise, and with a locomotive-

like hoot she went rushing away across the lake, half swimming, half flying, and leaving a wake like that of a steamboat. After we had examined her brownish eggs and the island nest, which was a curiosity, for these birds do not often build so pretentious a structure, I photographed the whole from the bow of the canoe.

We could now see a wide stretch of the lake, which is seven or eight miles long, from one to two miles wide, and full of islands. It is absolutely surrounded by forests whose trees, often "bearded with moss," gnarled and twisted by myriads of winter storms, presented on all sides that ragged outline seen only in the undefiled wilderness. The wildness of the scene was enhanced by the sight of a moose far away on the opposite shore and the cries of the loons weirdly in keeping with the spirit of those lovely lakes. Long reaches of the shore are rendered hideous by the dead trees standing like exhumed skeletons, a perpetual reproach to the lumbermen whose dam at the outlet of the lake has caused all this destruction.

As we lolled back easily in the canoe, drinking in the wild beauty of the scene, while the guides sent our little craft swiftly along, Harry's sudden low exclamation, "Moose!" directed our eyes toward the neighboring shore, near which, in the shallow water, stood a young cow feeding with such relish on the lily stems that she did not perceive our noiseless approach. The wind was in our favor, and Harry whispered:

"Get out your camera. I'll see if we can get near enough for a picture."

Thereupon, camera in hand, I stood up behind Tom in the bow, while Harry's absolutely noiseless paddle sent us nearer and nearer to the moose. A hundred yards, fifty yards, seventy-five feet, and still she did not see us.

THE HOME OF THE LOON.

Then suddenly divining our approach, she lifted her head, a long lily stem hanging from one corner of her mouth to the water, her ears cocked up in surprise rather than terror. At the same moment Harry, who is a famous moose caller, began to talk to her in her own language, uttering an indescribale grunting whine, the cry of the baby moose. This was too much for her, and there she sat on her haunches in three feet of water, motionless as a statue, a victim of feminine curiosity, until we were within twenty-five feet of her. And in this attitude I should have caught her with the camera, but——. I was standing up in a tottlish canoe, holding the camera with one hand and trying simultaneously to manage focus and bulb with the other; the sun was bright, and, try as I would, I could not see her image in the finder until she had turned and was plunging for the shore. Then, calling to Tom to lean back out of range, I pressed the bulb with the partial results you see. The rifle is a far easier weapon to handle successfully than the camera.

But I was nearly forgetting our trout. Pocket Lake Stream yielded us a few and Squaw Barren Pool a score or more, but not one would have weighed more than half a pound. It was clear that we must trail the big fellows in earnest. And so, waiting until evening, we glided stealthily into the channel by which a spring brook found its way through the marsh grass into the lake and cast our flies gently upon the surface of the black water. Presto! we were both fast to pound trout in a twinkling. The result of an hour's sport in the darkness, amid the buzz of countless mosquitoes, was a string of fourteen nice fish, six or eight of which weighed well over a pound apiece. We had received our cue—springholes and evening fishing, and thereafter, although we caught none of the three and four-pounders for which the region is famous, we never failed of good sport.

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"How tame everything is!"

So spoke Charlie one evening as we sat about the fire smoking the postprandial pipe, and, although perhaps a trifle ambiguous, the remark was literally true in the sense intended. The rabbits, oblivious of our presence, calmly munched their food within a dozen yards of the cabin. A woodchuck lived under the floor and was at no pains to conceal his exits and entrances from us. The grouse were so tame that they merely walked away when we tried to touch them. Moose birds or "gorbies" (Canada jays) would almost alight upon our hands, although Harry contended with considerable probability that in their case this total lack of fear was not the result of unsuspecting gentleness, but of impudent curiosity. So it was with the red squirrels, the chipmunks, and even with the deer and young moose. None of these have learned to dread the man with the gun, for the few men with guns who enter that country are in search of larger game. It is this fearlessness which constitutes a chief pleasure of the genuine wilderness; you touch elbows, so to speak, with the woods folk.

I must hasten over most of the events of our week at the home camp—how I photographed a beaver's house (but forgot to draw the slide), and a caribou (but took another picture on the same plate); how we made a trip of two days to the forks of the Miramichi in quest of salmon, but were disappointed because all the salmon had gone down to the North Pole Branch in quest of cool water. Even our sojourn on the Crooked Deadwater, where we saw eight moose in one evening, and *almost* saw a bear, are, in Kiplingian phrase, "another story." But I must tell, albeit briefly, of the last expedition before our enforced departure from the woods.

The trail to Moose Lake leads through miles of forest never touched by the ax. The lake itself, nearly round and about a mile in diameter, is walled in by lofty forested hills. No unsightly dead wood mars the beauty of its shores, and the mirror-like surface gives back the perfect image of spruce and pine and hemlock, with here and there the softer outline and brighter colors of the birches and maples that have crowded among their pointed-crowned sisters. Our little picture affords but a faint idea of the perfect beauty of this lonely tarn.

Trouting on Moose Lake in the early evening is the reverse of effort. You paddle where you will, cast your flies, and the trout come up by twos and threes at every cast. A half hour's sport brought us all the fish we needed for breakfast, but we were not fated to enjoy them, for when Tom went to the canoe next morning to get them, not a fish was to be found. We soon saw the thief eying us triumphantly from behind a log—a mink, who had spent all his working hours during the night storing away our trout in nooks and crannies along the shore. So for once we had a troutless breakfast.

Thus we lived for twenty happy days, absorbing health from the balsam-scented air, growing sturdy with healthful tramping and paddling, and eating with enormous appetites. Trout and game were everywhere, and it is significant of the country that, on our way to Fredericton, almost the last thing we saw before our train entered the city was a deer leaping from a field into the neighboring woods.

A. W.

Foods.

OSSINING, N. Y., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the article, by L. Lodian, entitled "Across Cibiria," appearing in your issue of June 20, the writer gives the results of his experience with concentrated and other foods.

My experience during two winters in Alaska, where I traveled some 2,000 miles on foot, packing my outfit on my back or hauling it on a sled, confirms the opinions expressed by Mr. Lodian with the exception of the values of beans, potatoes and fresh meat.

When engaged in hard labor, such as packing or hauling a sled in a temperature of from 30 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, animal heat is the first consideration in food.

Let an inexperienced person start out in the morning after a hearty breakfast, and in four or four and a half hours he will commence to feel cold and weak, but not necessarily hungry. By five hours he will sometimes scarcely have sufficient strength to carry his pack or haul his load, and still not feel the need of food by means of his appetite, and in whatever portion of his body the circulation of the blood is defective that portion will become chilled to the bone. With the majority of persons the feet suffer first. With others the circulation in the feet is good, but that in the hands and fore arms is defective, and if such a person continues to work much longer without food, the chances are that his hands will become so benumbed that he will have great difficulty in starting a fire.

If, however, after four or four and a half hours' work the traveler stops, builds a fire, warms up some beans and flapjacks, fries a few slices of bacon and boils some tea or coffee (yes, they boil tea in that climate) and eats the same standing or crouching over his fire, it will put new life in him, and he will feel almost as strong as at the beginning of the day. He will have no trouble in eating all he cooks, even though the sensation of hunger is scarcely apparent to him.

Where such an amount of food is necessary in order to sustain heat and strength, the subject of eating becomes as important as firing a locomotive. After the day's work is done there is a tendency to devour an enormous quantity of food at the evening meal. This sometimes induces nausea or indigestion through overloading the stomach. In such cases the remedy is to divide the evening meal into two—a fairly plentiful dinner at the usual time, and a warm lunch before retiring. In this manner sufficient food can be digested each day to supply the waste of heat and tissue due to the extreme cold and hard work.

Regarding the value of beans as an article of diet, the pioneers of Alaska considered them as possessing the greatest nourishment per pound of any article obtainable in that country. Dried king salmon, perhaps, is superior, but it is scarce and not relished by white men as a steady diet.

My own experience with various foods is as follows:

Beans, with plenty of grease or a little bacon or pork, and flapjacks cooked in bacon fat, will sustain warmth and vigor for four or four and a half hours while working in a temperature of 25 to 35 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

Evaporated potatoes, with a liberal allowance of butter or bacon fat, are nearly as sustaining as beans. Beefsteak, moose and caribou meat, etc. (the etc. includes horse meat), will not sustain heat for much more than two and a half or three hours.

Soups and oatmeal digest quickly, and are only to be recommended for an evening meal.

Extract of beef makes an appetizing drink and good stock for soups and stews. Do not try to eat it spread on bread like butter—it will induce thirst and perhaps cause illness.

Flapjacks and crullers are nutritious and lasting. Cornmeal mush fried in slices, with lard or bacon fat, is also good.

Among drinks chocolate or cocoa is the most stimulating and invigorating.

Alcoholic liquors are worse than useless, except to relieve stiffness of the muscles after the day's work is done.

With the limited menu obtainable in such a country scurvy frequently makes its appearance. As a preventive, some make a strong infusion of spruce leaves and cottonwood (poplar) bark and take a good drink thereof twice a week. While this may be beneficial as a preventive, it is not considered of much value as a remedy after the disease has obtained a hold. Fresh meat, fruit and vegetables are all good preventives or remedies, but the article in which the inhabitants of Alaska have the most confidence is fresh potatoes. In the early days the commercial companies retained a small supply of these during the winter and sold them only on presentation of a physician's prescription or other good evidence that they were required as medicine.

EDW. F. BALL.

Natural History.

Horse Hair and Glass Snakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the article entitled, "Erroneous Beliefs" which appeared some time ago; but it contained two statements which I beg permission to revise.

First. "How prevalent is the belief that horse hairs turn to snakes! There is no other foundation for this error than the resemblance of the so-called hairsnake (*gordius*) to a common horse hair."

I do not believe in horse hairs metamorphosing into snakes (no true naturalist could be so absurd) and I also am acquainted with the wonderful *gordius;* but there is another, commoner, and much more pardonable cause of the popular superstition mentioned: Certain waters swarm with invisible but very active living creatures, and if a horsehair be placed upon the surface of such water, floating, and left there undisturbed a number of hours, in calm weather, it will soon be found wriggling about, and exhibiting every appearance of a live snake—a snake in misery at that. It may actually show a head at one end—or even at each end! The reason is that the hair possesses a sort of magnetic power, and attracts the tiny creatures to it in great numbers, and securely retains them. They may slip along its sides, in either direction, with ease, but cannot break away, until a great knot of them collect at either or both ends. It is very difficult for those at the ends to get back to the sides, consequently the "heads" are quite likely to keep growing larger! They are amazingly powerful creatures, and exceedingly voracious and restless, and their furious efforts to regain their liberty causes the compound "snake" to writhe and squirm constantly—sometimes actually moving endwise, as if possessing a real intelligent head of its own!

To insure the success of the experiment, better have the water in a tub, and allow no frogs or other visible creatures to enter; but do not cover (unless with screen), as a lack of air sometimes engenders a chemical change in the water, producing a new and very different set of animalcules (which, of course, were there before, but undeveloped).

Second. "Many persons believe that there is a glass snake, or joint snake, which may be broken to fragments when struck but can rejoint itself and live. This may come from the fact that a certain lizard (*Ophiosaurus ventralis*) readily loses its tail, and while the body escapes the caudal member wriggles and attracts the attention of the pursuer."

There are several varieties of lizards that do as described. Nevertheless the joint snake is a reality, and, though not common, is still so plentiful (here, for instance, in the mountain region of Arkansas) that I wonder how any naturalist can doubt its very existence!

I have seen several, each three feet or more in length (saw two or three in one year). They are striped in light colors, such as so blend together at a distance as to produce the general effect of a yellowish gray; are glossy, shiny, hard and stiff looking (yet very swift in a plunge for liberty), and feel cold, hard, metallic to the touch. When frightened in a place where they cannot escape and struck carefully, so as not to kill or wound, they begin to unjoint. And if you keep whipping them they do not stop at one or two sections, but may continue until only the head and neck (has a snake a neck?) are left at the intelligent end.

Now, "here comes" the part of their description that seems almost incredible, even after you have seen it yourself—*there is no real breakage,* but each section is jointed on to its mate by a sort of knob-and-socket arrangement (the socket having apparently the power to expand and contract) that is too wonderful for this pen to describe at present. I hope to discover the mystery hereafter. And although the snake can easily "flop off" his joints himself, he is not a tender creature like the lizard, but is very strong, and you would be astonished at the strength required to forcibly pull him apart.

Now, as he is neatly jointed, the sections coming apart clean, hard and bloodlessly, and "Nature makes no mistakes," if philosophers are to be believed, a man may be excused for believing the jointing is for an important purpose. The question is—What purpose? This, I admit, I am unable to answer, even to my own satisfaction. That the snake can and does unjoint I know. That he can rejoint I doubt—but I am not at all certain—even after two separate experiments. In the first case I left the pieces in a field. Next morning they had mysteriously disappeared. "Oh, that's nothing—eaten by buzzard or something!" But another snake (a common sort), killed about the same time the glass snake was unjointed, had not yet been disturbed. In the second trial I turned a tub over the joints on a tight floor. The succeeding day the joints were still apart, lifeless, and covered with ants. Perhaps I had allowed the dogs to fatally wound the reptile before unjointing it.

I dislike to kill or injure this variety of snake, as it is harmless, timid, and lives upon insects and mice, seldom coming out into the light of day.

I believe this is the first careful description of the joint snake ever written, so I hope FOREST AND STREAM will find space for at least this portion of my communication.

D. R. MORPHEW.

[In this connection see on this page Mr. Hay's notes on the glass snake.]

Our Batrachians and Reptiles.—IV.

BOTH the batrachians and reptiles, being cold-blooded animals, avoid the colder regions of the earth, but while the former begin their existence in the water, and, as a class, prefer the cool shadows and darkness, the latter come into being on land and love the light and warmth of sunshine. While it is true that the crocodiles and turtles return to the water and pass the greater portion of their lives in it, the other, and by far the largest, group of reptiles, to which belong the lizards and the snakes, with but few exceptions find the conditions necessary for their existence on dry land. In this great group the lizards are the lowest, in that they are most like the earliest reptiles, and with them we can best begin the consideration of the class.

Taking such a species as the little *Anolis,* or so-called chameleon of the Southern States, we will find it to fit very well our ideas of what a lizard should be. Its body, which reaches a length of about six inches, is cylindrical and provided with a slender tail and two pairs of legs. The conical head is borne on a distinct neck. The skin is covered everywhere, except on the crown and sides of the head, with small overlapping scales, and the toes end in sharp claws. The eyes are furnished with eyelids, the ears are discernible as small holes just at the back of the head, and the tip of the tongue is only slightly notched in front. In short, it may be taken, so far as its external characteristics go, as a typical lizard.

The habits of this little creature are most interesting, and have been made the subject of some study. In the South, where they abound, they are to be seen throughout the day running with almost lightning-like swiftness among the vegetation in search of food. When on such

Fig. 1.—Anolis, the so-called Chameleon of the Southern States (after Lutkin).

a quest they do not hesitate to enter human habitations, and in the houses of lighter construction a number may be seen at a time darting about over the walls, for, by a peculiar construction of their feet, they can adhere to a perpendicular surface. Anyone who would watch such an assemblage would at once be amazed by the wonderful control exercised by the *Anolis* over its personal appearance. The same individual would often be seen to change its color, varying from light pea-green through dark olive to a lustrous bronzy brown. These changes may be effected as the animal moves from place to place to more perfectly harmonize it with its surroundings, or they may reflect the feelings and desires of their owner. The food of this creature consists of insects, among which flies seem to be the favorite. Eggs are laid during the early summer in some crevice and from these, in a short time, the young emerge and enter at once into the activities of life. The parents bestow no care upon them, and they must shift for themselves.

It is the exception among the lower vertebrates to find a species which possesses even the rudiments of parental affection, but certain observers have testified that the common brown or pine-tree lizard *Sceloporus undulatus*) is such an animal. It is distributed from New Jersey to Oregon and south to Texas, and is represented, therefore, over the greater portion of the United States. It differs considerably from the *Anolis* in form, although it still retains the lizard shape. The head is rather broad and flat, and the nose is rounded. The body is covered with coarse scales, each of which has an elevated ridge down its center, and is prolonged into a point behind. The color is olive or brownish, sometimes almost black, and is variegated by undulating cross bands of darker color, so as to cause it to resemble very closely the bark of the trees or the stones on which it lives. The under surface is whitish, but on the throat of the adult there is usually a large patch of metallic blue or green. It is most common in situations where pine trees abound and for this reason has been given its common name. Its food consists of insects, in search of which it diligently explores the surface of the ground and clambers about among the branches of the smaller trees. In the latter place it also seeks security when pursued. The capture of one of these creatures in good condition is no very easy matter, for, added to its swift movements, it has developed to a marked degree the habit which many other lizards possess of snapping off its tail when closely pursued. This appendage is broken off, not between two of the vertebræ, but directly across the middle of one of the bones, and, when severed, thrashes about among the leaves so as to distract the pursuer while its former owner makes an escape. The tailless lizard quickly recovers from its self-inflicted injury and proceeds to grow a new tail, a process which may be repeated several times. The eggs of the pine-tree lizard are said to be laid in the sand, probably in little groups. They are deposited about June 1 and hatch in about ten days. They are long and narrow and covered with a white, tough, leathery skin. The parent makes no attempt to incubate them, but when the young emerge they are treated with the utmost gentleness by the adults, and may often be seen in company with them.

Fig. 2.—The Pine Tree Lizard.

Among the uninformed people of country districts this lizard, and most others as well, is supposed to be venomous, but the idea is entirely erroneous. Even when captured it seldom makes an attempt at defense, and when it does, its bite cannot break even the most tender skin. It quickly becomes tame and makes a most interesting pet.

While speaking of this subject it would not be amiss to mention our common blue-tailed lizard, or skink, which is well known to most lovers of the woods. In rural districts it is known as the "scorpion," a name which is inapplicable in every way, and which has doubtless done much to give to the animal its reputation of being very

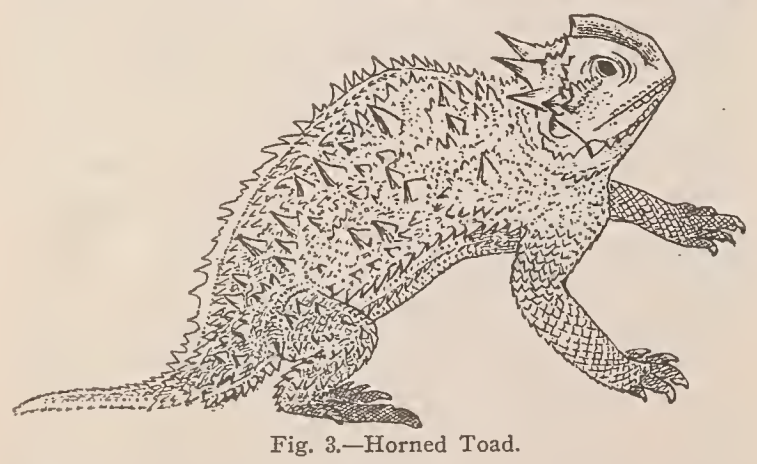

Fig. 3.—Horned Toad.

venomous. It is perfectly harmless, and instead of being in any way injurious, is an efficient aid to man in removing large numbers of disagreeable insects.

On the hot plains and in the desert regions of the West and South are found numerous species of lizards which represent the extreme development of the pine-tree lizard type. These are the horned toads, so called from their flat, toad-like bodies and the more or less perfect armature of large pointed scales and spines which are scattered over the back or arranged in rows on the sides and top of the head. Their odd appearance at once attracts attention, and, as they are not capable of running with speed, they are often captured and kept as pets. In confinement, however, they often refuse to eat, and slowly starve to death, but if by gentle treatment they can once be induced to take food they devour large numbers of flies and other small insects, and may occasionally drink a little milk. When teased or suddenly frightened they flatten their bodies, arch their backs, and turn their horns forward like a horned mammal at bay and await the attack. This mode of defense is the one which they probably adopt in nature when no safe retreat is at hand, and one can imagine that it is very effective, not only from the ugly appearance which they present, but from the fact that the horns would offer a very serious obstacle in swallowing the animal. Professor Cope mentions finding a dead rattlesnake which had been killed by attempting to swallow one of these lizards, whose sharp horns had penetrated the œsophagus and were sticking out on each side of the snake's neck. Another curious action on the part of some horned toads is that of squirting out a slender stream of blood when they are roughly handled. It is popularly supposed that this red fluid comes from the animal's mouth, but recent observations have shown that the jet springs from the corner of the eye. No explanation of this fact can be given, for the blood is not in any way disagreeable, and it is not known whether it is a means of defense or simply an involuntary bursting of a blood vessel due to fright or anger. Neither is it known how generally the habit prevails. It is said that in its natural haunts the horned toad brings forth its young alive, some three or four at a time. In captivity, however, eggs are frequently laid, but, so far as the writer is aware, these do not hatch.

Living in the territory inhabited by the horned toad are many other kinds of lizards, but these we must pass by without mention, excepting only the large, uncouth *Heloderma,* or Gila monster, a species noteworthy as being the only lizard in the world which seems to deserve its reputation of being venomous. It occurs from southern Utah through New Mexico and Arizona to a point well within Mexico. Further to the south and west there is a second species, but of its habits we can say nothing. The *Heloderma* is a large, thick-bodied, short-legged animal, slow of motion, and of a most repulsive appearance. In length it may exceed eighteen inches, but specimens are usually a foot or less in length. The head is nearly flat above and somewhat triangular in outline, the sides gradually sloping to the rounded nose. Its color is black with large cross bands or blotches of yellow, and the scales which cover the back and sides are coarse and rounded, so as to give the animal something of the appearance of a piece of bead work.

Very little is known about the habits of this ungainly lizard, for its reputation is such that those who most often see it think of nothing but how to exterminate it. For years it has been regarded as a most deadly reptile, but there is now good reason to believe that the facts are not quite as bad as has been supposed. A great many living specimens have been sent to investigators in various parts of the world, who, after having made careful experiments with the *Heloderma's* saliva, report, some, to the effect that it contains a violent poison, and others that it is perfectly harmless. It is quite possible that this difference of opinion is due to the fact that, as the lizard has no specialized poison fangs, it sometimes fails to introduce its venom into the wound, which in such a case would be no more dangerous than a bad scratch. There is, however, an abundance of proof to the effect that, under some conditions, at least, this lizard can inflict a dangerous bite, and on this account it should be handled with great care or avoided altogether.

Another type of lizard which occurs in many parts of the old and new worlds but is represented in our country only by five or six species are the Geckos, so called from the noise made by some of the species. In the United States one species is found in Florida and the others in Texas, New Mexico and southern California. In general form and appearance they bear a rather close resemblance to the *Anolis,* but there are no large plates on the top of the head and the eyelids are rudimentary or altogether absent. In most of the Geckos the pupil of the eye is a narrow vertical slit, a character which points strongly to nocturnal habits. Most species, also, have the ends of the toes provided with peculiar adhesive pads, by means of which they are able to run up such perpendicular surfaces as the trunks of trees, brick walls, or even the plastered wall of a room. Next to nothing is known of the life history of any American Gecko, although they are very attractive little lizards, well worthy of the naturalist's attention.

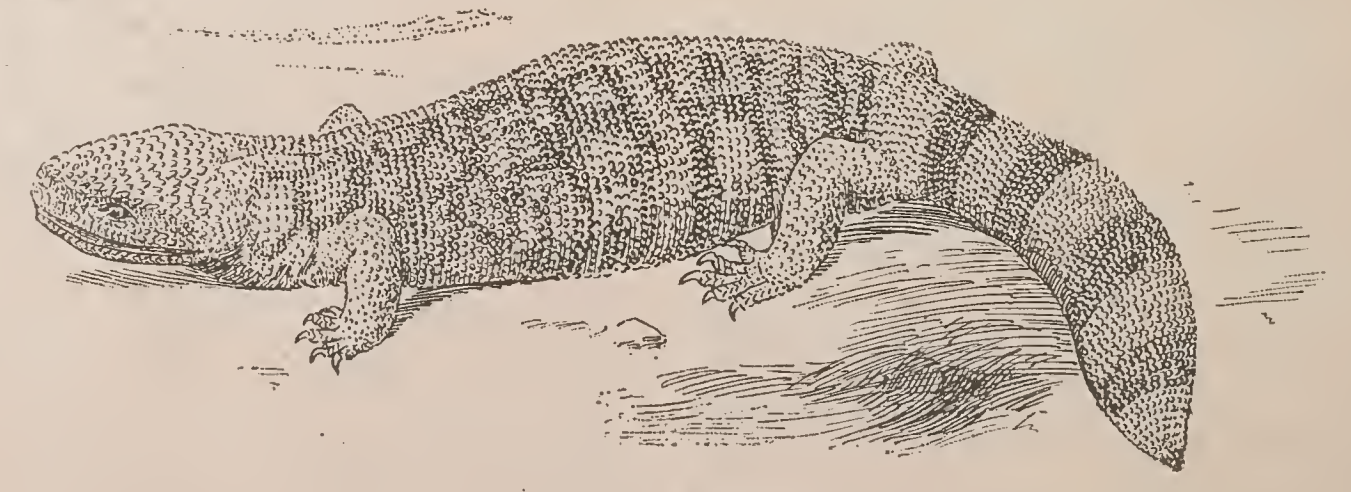

Fig. 4.—The Heloderma.

Turning now from the typical lizards to forms which might easily be mistaken for serpents, and which are commonly known as such, we will consider first the *Ophisaurus,* or glass snake. This animal is found more or less abundantly in the southeastern United States from Virginia to Indiana, and south to Florida and Texas. In form it is decidedly like a snake; the body is long and slender, sometimes reaching a length of three feet, and there is no trace of limbs. It may at once be recognized as a lizard, however, by the lower jaw, the eyelids and the

external ear opening, and if the observer feels inclined to do a little dissecting a rudimentary set of shoulder bones will be found a short distance behind the head. In color it is yellowish, with brown longitudinal lines. Wherever it is found it has attracted a great deal of attention from the fact that when pursued or struck with a stick the whole animal appears to break up into short pieces. Along with this knowledge, which has given it the name of glass snake or joint snake, there goes the idea that these pieces have the power of reuniting themselves, so that the reptile can crawl away as sound as ever. Dr.

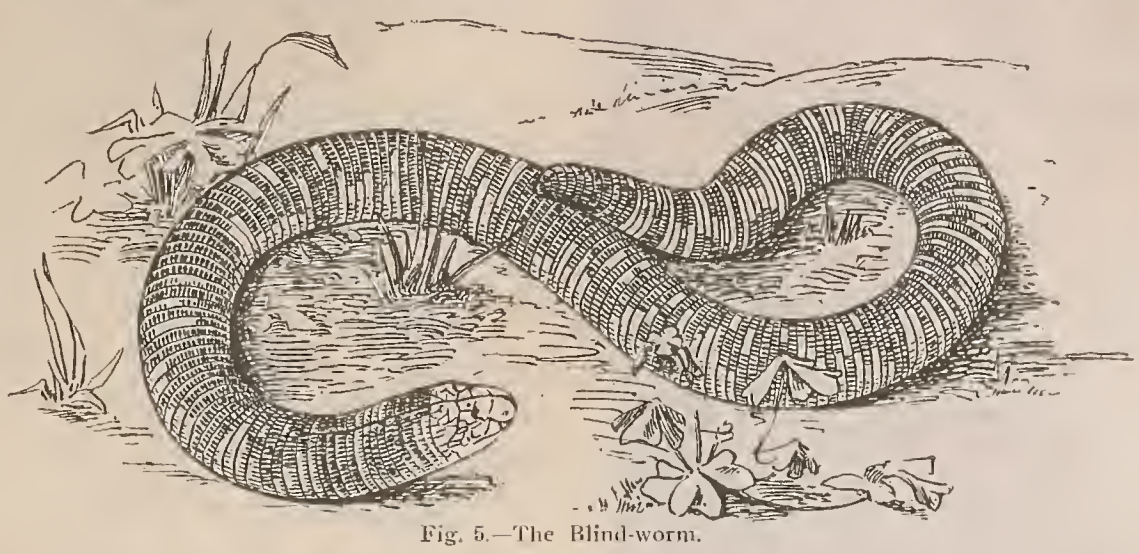

Fig. 5.—The Blind-worm.

O. P. Hay, who has written of this species, says: "As regards the liability of the animal to break into pieces on being struck or handled, there can be no doubt. Two-thirds or more of the glass snake is tail. It is a well known fact that many lizards on being seized drop their tail in order to free themselves or to deceive the pursuer. The tail thus lost may be reproduced. When occasion appears to demand the sacrifice, the glass snake sunders its tail into a number of wriggling pieces, and while the astonished observer stands viewing the wreck, the head and body hastens to a place of safety. In order that all these pieces might unite again to form a sound lizard, they would have to be fitted together in the proper order and with the ends turned in the right direction; the half dozen or more conical muscular masses which project from the ends of the pieces would have to be interdigitated accurately; the nerves and blood vessels would need to come into juxtaposition; and then all the torn surfaces unite by 'immediate union' so quickly and effectively that the animal can betake itself to its business. Some observers say they have seen the thing done, but before scientific men will believe the assertion, it will have to be well corroborated."

The glass snake is said to live in dry, rather than damp, situations, and spends a great deal of its time below the surface of the ground and about the roots of trees. It is sometimes plowed up by the farmer, but is most often seen as it crawls about in grassy places in search of food. It appears very early in the spring and remains until late in autumn. Its diet is apparently quite varied, as Prof. Cope mentions taking from the stomach of a specimen from Florida "three ground spiders, a grasshopper, a cricket, a cockroach, a beetle and a lepidopterous larva, and a small snail. Its intestine was packed with the remains of beetles." Nothing definite is known about its breeding habit, but like most other lizards it probably lays its eggs in the ground.

Even more unlike the typical lizards than the glass snake is the so-called blind worm, or *Rhineura,* of Florida. This creature is adapted for a subterranean life, and passes practically its whole existence under ground. In appearance it resembles a large earthworm, being white in color and with the thin scales arranged in rings encircling the body. Like the earthworm, also, it is able to progress with facility backward as well as forward. Its eyes are concealed beneath the skin, the mouth is small, and there is no external trace of ears. The limbs have entirely disappeared, and even the shoulder bones are very rudimentary. When thrown out of its burrow, the blind worm is said to progress by undulating its body vertically instead of horizontally. Its food probably consists of small insects and worms, but of this we know little, and about its reproductive habits we have no information whatever.

The blind worm is especially interesting to the zoologist because it is, of all our lizards, the most snake-like in its skeleton, and from it we can pass easily to that more dreaded but nevertheless interesting group.

W. P. HAY.

A Motherly Mallard.

My friend Nolan, down from Gull Lake, tells the following: We were out on the lake rowing, when from the rushes emerged a mallard surrounded by a brood of tiny balls of feather, heading the way the mother headed across an arm of the lake. When they were too far away from their hiding place to turn back we closed in upon them, drawing closer and closer; and with every stroke of our oars the mother bird quacked encouragingly to her brood to hurry along, the little ones giving out plaintive peeps that no doubt went deep into the heart of the mother bird.

Wondering whether on close approach the mother bird would abandon her brood, we rowed until alongside of her, when she could easily have been dispatched with an oar, but with one eye upon us and the other upon her brood, she swam along in the lead, simply unmindful of the danger to herself.

By this time the little ones began to string out until they formed a thin, feathery peeping line behind the mother. There was one little fellow who could not keep up and who was a yard or more behind the end of the line, and who struggled and peeped bravely but slowly and weakly along. Upon him was the attention of the mother engaged. Her voice seemed directed toward him and her gaze, as she turned her head, concentrated upon him. Her eyes showed just such love and solicitude as one could see in the face of a young mother watching her child in a trying illness. It was such a sight as one but seldom has the opportunity to witness.

Allowing our boat to rest quiet we kept close watch on the mother, who took the opportunity to spring clear of the water and fly to the little one. In a moment the feeble and tired duckling was snugly ensconced upon its mother's back, and with a gladsome quacking, faintly answered by the peeping of the rest of the brood, she once more led the aquatic procession, and in a few moments was within the welcome rushes and we saw them no more.

It certainly was an impressive sight, the devotion of that wild bird to its young, facing what would at other times have meant death to it, for the sake of its little ones.

I don't know just where this may fit in in "The Intelligence of Wild Things," but it certainly does come in under the head of maternal solicitude and devotion even unto death.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Fire-Bug.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are few beings more despicable than the fire-bug. The fire-bug, the poisoner, the anarchist—the anarchist a gentleman compared with the other two! He strikes openly, and sacrifices life and liberty in the act. The fire-bug is a lower criminal than the poisoner, because the latter usually makes sure of his victim. The fire-bug creeps silently forth and strikes secretly at a whole community. Not only does he destroy the woods and wild animal life therein, but homes, towns and human life as well. Who is there that breathes, with one atom of honor, manliness or humanity in his heart, can applaud the hellish work of the fire-bug?

"The opportunity has come for the woodsmen who have only one way in which to reach the preserve owners, and they are taking advantage of it." If these words amount to anything, they mean that beings in human shape have committed arson, and perhaps murder. If Mr. Spears personally knows of a single instance where the woods have been fired, has he done his duty as a law-abiding American citizen and reported the same to the criminal authorities? If not, I, as a law-abiding American citizen, wish to call the attention of those authorities to Mr. Spears' article, "Adirondack Ruin," in FOREST AND STREAM issue of June 13. It is their duty to inquire into what Mr. Spears intimates in that article.

"At Raquette Lake fires were only got under control just in time to save the town." How many human lives might have been lost but for this fact! The opinion of every man worthy of the name can be only honest and indignant condemnation of "men" who "will go through the woods, fire in hand, and spread it broadcast where it will do the most damage."

Thank God, the great and important State of New York has no law on its statute books which permits an act so despicably villainous and cowardly! Beasts of this stripe should be condemned to instantaneous oblivion. The lives of innocent men, women and children must not be put in jeopardy because some degenerate wishes to pay an unlawful grudge.

Preserve owners legitimately acquire land and strive to perpetuate the forests and the game. And every sane man knows that this can only be done lawfully. The "woodsman" who criminally burns the forests and game simply perpetuates crime. Outside his own worthless mind he is worse than good for nothing!

"Of course my personal feelings in this matter are very strong, as are the feelings of all the other backwoodsmen, in fact." Mr. Spears does not state positively in what way his "feelings" "are very strong." According to the daily papers human lives were sacrificed in some of the forest fires. Not the lives of millionaire preserve owners, mind you. Not a preserve owner has perished that I have read of. If one single life has been lost in the Adirondacks in flames started by depraved fire-fiends, let us hope that the criminal authorities of New York State will leave no stone unturned until the guilty perpetrators of the deed are at rest—in the electric chair. There should be no room in this broad land for the assassin, be he millionaire or pauper, who silently skulks forth with fire and murder in his heart to scatter broadcast conflagration, desolation and death.

The right to buy and sell land has been lawfully recognized by civilized communities for centuries. It will continue to be so recognized, despite the criminal actions of an insignificant minority of squatters, tramps and fire-bugs. These are simply allowed to roam over other people's property by the unwritten law of courtesy, and have not the morality, modesty nor decency to appreciate the favor.

It is a blessed satisfaction to know that in our good land the inhuman monsters who go silently forth "fire in hand and spread it broadcast where it will do the most damage," are but a small per cent. even of our criminal element. I do not believe that the population of our prisons and jails would tolerate, without protest, such a fiend in their midst!

But, candidly, the majority of people will not give these fire-setting yarns credence. The fires have been too general and far-reaching to have been started with criminal intent. Not only have they burned in the Adirondacks, but in every State in New England, as well as in Canada, and in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and on Long Island. In many cases they undoubtedly originated from locomotives. In other cases carelessness was the cause. But the principal cause of their fierceness was the extreme drought. There are few people with one iota of reason will believe they were the work of the criminal fire-bug.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., June 17.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Full Particulars of Mr. Egan's Death.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 13.—Last week mention was made of the finding of the body of Mr. B. F. Egan, the Great Northern R.R. official, who was lost below Kalispell, Mont., last winter. Since the time of the above writing I have received a letter from Mr. H. W. Osborn, of St. Paul, a friend and associate of Mr. Egan, and what Mr. Osborn says, together with the useful warning to all other hunters who may perhaps find themselves in circumstances similar to those which proved fatal to Mr. Egan, seems to warrant further mention of this noted Western incident, so deplorable in all its features. Mr. Osborn sends a newspaper clipping, taken from a local paper, which, with his letter, follows:

"I write particularly to-day to enclose you an article from one of the Kalispell papers, concerning the finding of the remains of my old friend, Ben Egan, who was lost last November. It was a very distressing and pathetic affair, and I have watched for this all winter long. I did not know but that you would like the item, which I enclose, as it has its moral, never to get excited when you are lost, but to sit down and build a fire and by all means hang on to your rifle.

"I cannot understand how a man of Mr. Egan's experience and nerve could lose his compass and his rifle and meet with such a dreary and unfortunate end, with everything on his person to take care of himself."

The article, from the Kalispell Inter-Lake, says:

"The body was found about a mile from the railroad, and something less than two miles from Belton. The place was about a mile and a half from where Mr. Egan was last seen by Dr. H. E. Houston. The body was face downward, lying at full length under a fir tree, some of the lower branches of which had been pressed down. One arm was extended along the body and the other was partly under it. The head was lying on a small log, and the temple had struck on a small projection made by a broken limb. Everything indicated that the unfortunate man had fallen, completely exhausted, and stunned by the fall against the log, had been rendered unconscious, freezing to death where he lay.

"When the special reached Belton the party went to the spot where the body was found, and a coroner's jury was empaneled from those present. A careful examination of the body was made by Drs. MacDonald and Lamb, and no sign of wound or bruise, other than that on the head caused by the fall upon the log, was to be discovered. It was the more carefully made for the reason that many people had held the belief that he had been accidentally killed by some other hunter, or possibly by the accidental discharge of his own rifle.

"His rifle and compass were both missing. The compass, it is thought, he may have dropped in the snow and was unable to find it, and finding the rifle a burden, threw it away. The face of his watch had been removed, and placed in his vest pocket, presumably that he might know what time it was by feeling the hands. In his pockets were found two or three dozen matches, and he was carrying a full box of shells for his rifle and a number of loose ones.

"Mr. Doody and others familiar with the ground, think it is beyond question that death came to Mr. Egan the first night he was missing. The morning after his disappearance Mr. Doody had gone through the woods, making a circle around the place where the body was found Monday, and at that time not a foot-print or trace was discovered, showing that he had not been moving toward morning. It is supposed that he became bewildered, and lost control of himself, as men often do when lost in the woods, and instead of stopping at one place until morning kept going until completely exhausted. Then when he fell he was rendered unconscious and never recovered. It is possible, however, that he was trying to reach the railroad, the general direction of which he could have known from the fact that an engine was kept running up and down the track all the night of his disappearance, sounding the whistle to guide him, if he was within hearing distance, and uninjured.

"The body was brought to Kalispell Monday night. The verdict of the coroner's jury was as above.

"On the afternoon of November 4 last, Mr. Egan and Drs. H. E. and R. Houston left Kalispell in Mr. Egan's car to hunt deer between Coram and Belton. They stopped near Lake Five, intending to hunt until evening, and then reach the car at Belton. They planned to meet at a bridge on the track, deciding on a sign that would tell any of the party whether any of them had gone on to Belton, and how many. After going into the woods a short distance Dr. H. E. Houston and Mr. Egan separated, and the latter was seen no more. The Houstons hunted until dark and then left the signs agreed on on the bridge and went on to Belton. A blinding snowstorm started in, making the darkness more intense. When Egan did not come to Belton there was some uneasiness, but no great anxiety, as it was thought the worst that could happen would be that he would have to stay out all night. As he

was an experienced man in the woods it was not thought for a moment that he would undertake to travel if he was uncertain of his directions. An engine was sent out along the track, and kept up a whistling all night at intervals. The next morning a party was out early looking for him, and when no trace was found word was sent to Kalispell, and in a day or two a large number of men were in the woods, and the search was kept up until the great depth of snow made it necessary to abandon all search until spring.

"Following his disappearance, many theories were advanced to account for it. The one most generally accepted was that he had either accidentally shot himself, or that he had met with an accident by falling over a cliff, or into the water. Many believed, however, that he had been shot by some careless hunter mistaking him for a deer, and that no report had been made. The discovery of the body, with no sign of accident upon it, ends all such ideas, and is a great relief to all his friends, and especially to the Drs. Houston, who have felt that some unjust suspicion was directed toward them."

One Bear.

Under date of June 14, J. W. Schultz writes from St. Mary's Lake, Montana, that the Pulitzer party have gotten one bear and expect to get two or three more. They had not visited their baits for some time, on account of a strong north wind. I get no word from Jack Monroe, who is out with Mr. Pinchot.

Raising Quail.

Mr. John J. Swoboda, well known in Chicago as a practicer of the art of strong-arm, writes: "I would like information on quail raising. Do you know of any book which contains this information? Anything you can tell me will be much appreciated."

I don't know of anything which is devoted exclusively to this one topic, but perhaps something in the FOREST AND STREAM lists may be of service. Can any reader answer Mr. Swoboda specifically?

Wild Turkeys Come High.

There was a time soon after the opening of Oklahoma and adjoining districts of the Indian Nations when wild turkeys were a drug in the Chicago market. That such is no longer the case, and that, indeed, the wild turkey is practically out of the question on a market basis in these days, may be witnessed by the experience of a Chicago lady, who last winter wanted to surprise her husband on his birthday, and who thought it would be a good thing to serve a wild turkey on the table. Diligent inquiry in the market disclosed the fact that she could get one wild turkey at the tidy price of $27. As this turkey was not purchased, it may still be subject to proposals from those anxious to surprise a husband. I think the latter gentleman would most likely be surprised if he had to pay the bill. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Gun and the Geese.

"CAP" wanted to kill a goose—a real Canada honker—as he lived in a locality where this noble bird was the largest game in the sportsman's list. He had dallied with all the smaller game and was acknowledged to be the best shot in town at the traps, either live birds or targets. He talked the matter over during the winter with his friends at sporting headquarters in one of the village stores, and finally, when March rolled around, he was quite ready to accept an invitation to accompany a friend, who is an "expert amateur" wildfowler, on a trip to Pelican Point. Years ago this had been a noted place for geese, and it was thought "Cap" might realize his dreams of slaying a goose.

On their arrival at the beach they were met by friends from the life-saving stations, themselves old gunners, and one of them, noting the gun carried by "Cap," made sport of the 8-pound weapon as an instrument for acquiring possession of honkers. "Well, well, 'Cap!' You don't mean to say you expect to kill a goose with that popgun?" said one old bayman, whose early education on geese began with a gun weighing fully twenty-five pounds. "Why didn't ye bring an air rifle or a beanshooter?" he continued. "Cap," thinking of the many pigeons that had succumbed to the "popgun" when well on their way to the boundary line, laughed and said he only wanted a chance to show them what it could do.

In due time "Cap" found himself in a comfortable blind of heaped-up seaweed and reeds, with a nice flock of decoys placed at his suggestion rather closer than the judgment of his companion would dictate. Geese in fair numbers were in the bay, but none would come near the point, and finally his companion left the blind, saying he would take a cruise around the marsh and try to get a duck from some pond hole. Left to himself, with the warm sun shining down in his face and no signs of the coveted game coming his way, he first grew drowsy and then——.

His companion, who was now vigorously tramping the meadow and keeping a watchful eye on the open bay and the point he had left, finally saw seven geese swing in and set their wings for the decoys. He flattened himself down, saw the geese light, and waited to hear the crack of the two heavy loads of nitro, meanwhile calling himself pet names for having left the blind. Minute after minute passed, and still nothing happened, and the geese finally were seen to rise and wing their way slowly up the bay. Hastening back to the blind, he asked, in rather vigorous language, what was wrong. With a somewhat hysterical laugh, "Cap" explained matters. "I was asleep, and I dreamed I heard geese a-honkin'. I woke up and poked my head over the top of the blind, and, by darn! there they were, right in among the stools. Well, ha! ha! first I looked at the geese and then at the gun, then at the geese and again at the gun, and each time I looked at the gun it seemed to get smaller and smaller and the geese, ha! ha! seemed to be getting larger and larger; so I thought it was no use to shoot. Ha! ha!"

On their return they were met by the old bayman. "No luck, eh? Didn't I tell ye that gun was too small for such work?" said he. To this day if you wish to see a broad and rather sheepish grin illumine "Cap's" face, you have only to ask him what size gun he prefers for bagging geese. OCEAN.

Massachusetts Game.

BOSTON, June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ignorance of the law is never recognized in court as a valid excuse for its infraction. The kind-hearted Judge Pettengill, of Malden, recently deceased, felt obliged to impose on Collins, who ignorantly shot a doe, the fine expressly provided by the statute, $100. The judge sympathized with the culprit to such an extent as to start a contribution for payment of the fine, and thus got him out of jail. Collins claimed that he was not aware that the killing was illegal, and yet he was not an illiterate man. The State Association had for many years sought to make such an occurrence impossible, by sending out copies of game and fish laws printed on cloth for posting in conspicuous places, postoffices, railroad stations, stores, factories, etc. These are sent out free of expense to all who apply to the secretary for them, and he has just received the posters for 1903, which he will be glad to send to all persons willing to take the trouble to see them put up.

He has also had the bird laws printed in the Italian language. These will be particularly useful in the neighborhoods where Italian laborers are employed in work on railroads, highways, in factories, etc. Many of these men know no language but their native tongue, and they are very destructive to bird life. In addition to the work done in informing the public by the association, the commissioners have done a similar work for several years past. The newspapers have frequently given timely notice of the dates when close time begins or ends. But in spite of all that has been done by associations, commissioners, game wardens and the press there are persons now and then found violating game laws through ignorance. Every sportsman, all lovers of birds and believers in protective laws, can do something for the cause by extending a knowledge of the laws. The pocket manual, or "abstracts" of the laws, is in course of preparation and will be ready for free distribution in a few days. CENTRAL.

Vermont Notes.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Once more the residents of the Champlain Valley can fill their lungs with pure air, thanks to the late rains that have put out the fires all around and dispelled the pall of smoke that hung over them like a fog for the past month. Fires were on every hand, and the damage done to standing timber and to the sugar bushes that the Vermont farmer depends so much upon for his income, was enormous.

Shooting promises to be of the best this fall. Partridges are numerous, and so far the season has been very favorable to their breeding. Deer are seen in this section frequently, and seem to be increasing in numbers. Recently a large buck came into the city, and after traversing several of the principal streets, narrowly escaped a collision with a trolley car, to the great wonderment of the passengers. Two small fawns with a doe were seen last week within two miles of the city limits. What Burlington people consider to be one of the city's chief attractions are the large number of gray squirrels that abound there. The city is abundantly supplied with trees, and in the residential section there are few trees that do not contain one or more grays for tenants. So tame are they that they will take food from the hand of the passerby.

In 1902 the State Legislature enacted a bounty of 30 cents on each hedgehog killed, as they were considered a serious menace to growing timber. Evidently a crusade against the "porky" has begun, for over 6,000 bounties have been paid since the law was enacted. In some sections of the State they are found in abundance, and now the farmer's boy and the up-country trapper find the heretofore worthless animal a ready source of pin money. The State Auditor also reported that there have been killed within the State during the past year 49 bears, 74 lynx and 5,015 foxes. The last few years has witnessed a change for the good in Vermont game conditions. VERMONTER.

Meadow Larks and Robins.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of June 6, Coahoma defends the Reverend Craig for shooting meadow larks on the ground that they are considered legitimate sport in the South, and in the June 20 number Hie-on says, in speaking of shooting, "that the time would be more profitably spent in shooting robins and waxwings about the hills," etc. Is this the sentiment of FOREST AND STREAM readers and sportsmen? I am glad I have received a different education from its valuable columns, and am sorry that in this late date that any degree whatever of sportsmanship should attach to the shooting of these birds. It seems like a crime against nature to kill a robin, at least—although it may be from the different point of view. We in the North have a deep-seated affection for them, and I had rather never use a gun again than to kill such harmless birds—especially for the sake of practice and just to be killing something—for dead they are useless.

DIXMONT.

Wild Pigeons Reported.

GREEN BAY, Wis., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other morning when coming in from a drive in the country I saw a male wild pigeon. I made absolutely sure that there was no mistake, as I got within thirty-five or forty feet of the bird and noted him carefully, and when I got home I took a good look at a mounted wild pigeon again to assure myself, and I can take an oath that the bird was a genuine wild pigeon.

I also was told by a friend, who is an old sportsman, that he saw three wild pigeons near this same place a few weeks ago, and a single bird directly across the bay at Oak Point. I reported seeing a flock of pigeons a few years ago and at that time several other parties reported them. I trust they will increase so we can see a few flocks again. A. G. HOLMES.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canoe and Camp Life Along the Delaware River.

XIII.—On the Hills at the Water Gap.—Stones, Rocks and Mosses.

"No human capacity ever saw the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look."—Ruskin.

"Then, tired to watch the current play,
He turned his weary eyes away
To where the bank opposing showed
Its huge square cliffs through shaggy wood.
One, prominent above the rest,
Reared to the sun its pale gray breast.
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude and sable yew;
A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side;
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time and thunder rent away,
Fragments that from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn."

—Scott.

THE best pleasures of the sportsman are not found in the actual catching and killing of fish, and shooting and killing game. The last few drops of wild, aboriginal blood can never be taken from him by civilized life; but he will learn to joy, more and more, in camping and canoeing, as well as fishing and shooting. Few sportsmen are now willing to be known as mere catchers of fish or killers of wild animals and birds. Their outdoor life is the real attraction. The time is near when the sporting publication will be quite as much an authority on landscape and water views, foliage, clouds, mosses, birds and flowers, as it is on angling or hunting. Even now our foremost sportsmen, to whom we look as best exponents of sport, are the nature-lovers, the "rhapsodists" who see and humbly confess that there is more in even a blade of grass than they can ever know, and who pity the "realism" that can only see a tree with the eye of the lumberman, and a rock merely from the standpoint of the stone-mason or quarry-owner.

Doctor Johnson declared that nothing could be written about the sea except the tale of some fisherman whose "haul" had been disregarded, and that of his neighbor had been sold. Carlyle detested word-pictures. "Every puny whipster insists on drawing forth his pencil and painting you a scene." Yet Hamerton's "Landscape" and Ruskin's "Modern Painters" are more worthy of being prized than Walton's "Compleat Angler;" and the nature ballads and poems of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Tennyson are as precious as catalogues of animals. Practical "realism," and nature beauty quite as real, cannot be separated. The devotees of each will be ridiculous if they scoff at the other.

This statement is forced on the "fools" that are so often laughed at as Christopher North was, by men who cannot really see or hear—who are mere shooters or fishermen, and not blessed with sight. I had rather see a sportsman watching the split back of the grub and the emergence and immediate flight of the dragon fly, than to witness the joy of some mere fisherman whose delight comes solely from his new-found possession of a five-pound bass.

These words do not apply to the critics who berate those false and blind pretenders to sight who call nature beautiful when they really cannot see. This whole subject will clarify, for nature and sport have always been and will remain inseparable; and the world will continue to welcome any writer who tries, in a proper spirit, to tell of what nature has revealed to him.

These thoughts come as I hesitate to write further about the Delaware and its fair landscapes here at the Gap. To the summer angler few scenes could be more attractive. Take the view from the porch of the Gap House or the Glenwood, stretching far over the island formed by the main stream and the Benekill, to the hills leagues away. It is superb.

Another very fine view can be had from the Far-View House on the Jersey side. Its interest increases as we go down the path to the river, and over the spot where stamping on the grass brings hollow answers which show the existence there of a cave of unknown size, that an hour's work with a spade would open. And it is finer yet from the boat as we anchor a thousand feet above the ferry landing, and admire the colors of the lichens on that high, steep incline of rocks crowned with forest.

All this is accessible without effort, and can be enjoyed by the invalid and dawdler as well as the camper and climber.

But when, tired with the fishing, the angler and canoeist chooses to become a climber, and especially if he walks over the roughest places to look, he will find dozens of spots where not a half dozen people go during a summer.

The hills at the Gap are not real mountains. Mount Minsi, on the Pennsylvania side, is only 1,400 feet high; yet the view down the valley, while different, is quite as attractive as the Grindelwald, Mt. Blanc, or our own Marshall Pass. Besides, it is near, and can be reached without the week-long, exhausting effort which, in the case of the amateur climber of the Matterhorn, will probably put him in bed a couple of days, and make his muscles roar their sore protest for a week.

Even the exertion of traversing the hill paths at the Gap is avoided by nearly all the summer "birds of passage." Yet the view of Eureka Creek, the shelf of rock known as Lover's Leap, the forest along Moss Ledge, and the features known as Caldeno Fall, Lake Lenape, Hunters' Spring, Moss Cascade, Diana's Bath and Council Rock, will richly repay careful study. And when, after a forenoon's effort, the climber reaches the summit, and sees the silent Delaware so far below that it seems a thing apart, he will be glad he has taken that hard walk.

When we cross the river and climb Mount Tammany, on the Jersey side, the visitors are fewer yet. During a whole season scarcely a dozen people clamber over the rock-falls that lie below the face of its precipice; and not a hundred care to reach its crest.

Only some of the attractive features of that hill which may interest casual readers will be mentioned here. Recreation, not study, is what they seek. One glance at such terms as "old red sandstone formation" or "rock-period," and the reader here would skip, or shut the book.

A long, hard climb up to and over the rock-falls below the face of Mt. Tammany, with their purple and ashy gray, the edges of the dislodged, broken fragments choked in weeds or painted with countless lichens. Here the stones are newly fractured; their hue is different from the pale brown and white of the boulders that fringe the shores of the river, and are full of water-made curves. These cliff stones are sections of parallel strata, split, then broken, and seem like thick blocks of irregularly sawed planks. These strata can be seen all over the face of the cliff, and running parallel to the slope of the hill's river side, every fissure steeply inclined; and over all this slow disintegration fall sharp-edged shadows from sections not dislodged, but will be made more insecure by the wedge of frost and ice—solemn, impending, iron-spirited, distinct, yet with strange, untraceable harmonies of color, and all looking down on the thousands of tons of sister parts already lying prone, two hundred feet and more below. Not one horizontal line of rock or shadow or color, but knife-like cleavage! My comrade calls it a "melancholy of ruin."

When the night-cap mists are being shaken from its head, that peak is full of aerial perspective, and can seem more unsubstantial than the cloud-domes a mile above it. How many centuries ago did the river force its way through the now vanished wall that must have been a thousand feet high, and left these headlands, like crouching lions, overlooking the valley below? How many sunrises has this cliff witnessed; how long has its lengthened shadow been cast eastward at each clear sunset?

If we so admire, write about and paint the unsubstantial mist, mocking clouds and odors, and gloom and moving foliage of a forest, why not pick up one of the stones and see whether the old bard was right in saying there are "sermons" in it? It is just a "darnick," a mere rock. We observe its curved, rounded outlines and surfaces, and realize that it is a tiny hill. The mosses that have gathered in a "patch" on its upper surface are really a tiny forest. The silvery excrescences are lichens. It has been rounded through centuries by the action of water-flow, or by ice under which it has been tortured, clasped and beaten. Think of the influences that have placed it here—what flowers must have blossomed beside it, and the ferns, noble trees, shadows, animal and bird life around it, all "in league with the stones of the field!" Steadfastness of strength, wild, rigid, silent, powerful!

Now fracture it with the hammer. In its inmost being slept exquisite lines of curvature. Just an adamantine, obscure pariah of the earth; yet see how, through all its stubbornness of strength, the colors and lines undulate in ripples and waves—not simply on its substance as in lake waves, but through its fibers! This is at once the fact and the poetry of the rocks, and their pathos! "They which at first seemed strengthened beyond the dread of any violence or change, are yet also ordained to bear upon them the symbol of a perpetual fear: the tremor which fades from the soft lake and glistening river, is sealed to all eternity upon the rock; and while things that pass visibly from birth to death may sometimes forget their feebleness, the mountains are made to possess a perpetual memorial of their infancy." Storm-beaten, lichen-adorned, with creeping stains in exudations of mineral ingredients, it lies unnoticed, interesting, a mountain in miniature.

Another laborious ascent of the hill to its crest at the precipice, where we eat our sandwich luncheon and "settle down" on convenient spots to smoke and watch the league on league of panorama to the east—fields and woods in patches, dots of white houses, dim mystery of distance, and the river lost far this side of the sky-line. Back of us, the abruptly terminated ridge guides the river in an adamantine channel. No transient, downfalling wave as of water, but the fixed, upreared rock-wave and elevation of land ordained to give motion to water. For "the sweet winding valley with peeping cliffs on either side, the light, irregular wandering of broken streamlets, the knolls and slopes covered with rounded woods, and the narrow ravines, carpeted with green sward," all "owe whatever they have of simple beauty" to the sturdy, upheaved rocks.

Unique redundance of happy vegetable life over all the slopes whose trees and brush guard and retain the moisture which feeds their mosses. And such mosses! Wildernesses of them on the rocks! They do not change the rock-form, but gather in little forests "like small cushions of velvet made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped and curled edges like hoar frost on fallen leaves; and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps, and fibers of dark green and gold; and faint purple passing into black, all woven together and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth, the undulation of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with color so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged or cold or stern, or anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft, dark leopard skin embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver." And there the chipmunk adds his own soft markings of yellow and brown and black as he fills the wild air with his scolding, jerky "*chickarecece!*" scoffing at you while his very body joins in lithe, quick protest at your presence in his domain. And there the mountain lilies nod, and violets cling to fern-haunted banks below umbers in decaying logs. Over all the repose and spell of sweet daylight, and the security and seclusion of wild birds building in the boughs. All probably to pass unnoticed, yet certainly not "wasting its sweetness." There is no little nook in all Europe whose glamour of wild beauty can be a greater joy to the thousands who scamper through the lower Alps. Loveliest beneficences and refinements in tenderest colors, ordained decoration, foreseen harmonies, manifestly for our discovery and delight as unintruding guests! Seemingly all wild chance, full of such marvelous details as would torment and humiliate any painter—filled with creative thought, governed by tenderest yet most inexorable law!

And as one gives it long, concentrated attention, there come crowding upon him strange recognitions of newly seen excellence—quickening pleasures of present-born insight. Its hypnotism makes my comrade throw away his cigar—the air is too pure to be polluted by tobacco smoke. He looks far down at the new aspects of the river from this vantage point, and growls:

"There's where I lost my big fish. Wonder where he is now."

Curious! Hooking a big fish makes an angler feel a sense of ownership, even though the fish gets away.

Then he looks up and down the valley and gives me a lecture on banks and mysteries of near and distant masses of thick foliage—on leaf monuments, leaves motionless, leaves a-flutter in gales. I grow tired of these terms of

FINISH OF ROCKS BY NATURE.

"grave tenderness" of color in distant blue and purple of fields and rock upheavals, the "peace" that broods over Pocono Mountain, twenty miles distant, and the changing hues along its slopes and plateau.

"How frosty it must be up here on a blue winter ni—"

I stop him. "Enough, and more than enough." He persists:

"And what a revelation when these hills flame in scarlet and gold of autumn colors, and shower down a yellow storm of scurrying leaves into the river!"

I start down the steep path, surfeited. A man can only hold "so much." But I cannot too strongly recommend the reader to visit those hills—to climb and study them—their clothed heights, their falls of waste rock, their unredeemed decay, the clear distances, the clouds that coil and die along them, and the low voice of the river below, over which come the faint, sleepy tinklings of the cowbells, and the hoots of locomotives winding along cliffs and sending up their lazy columns of thin, blue smoke.

L. F. BROWN.

Angling in Newfoundland.

THE regular angling season in St. John's opened on Empire Day, May 24. On that day hundreds of trouters availed themselves of the excursion rates offered by the railway company. Although the season was backward, and the day not best suited for fishing, yet various parties reported for ten dozen and upward as the result of their day's take. These trout of course are our native brown or mud trout, and are taken in the lakes and ponds near the railway line. The sea trout and salmon do not run till later.

The number of American sportsmen who visit us has increased largely of late, and the outlook is that the numbers this season will be greater than ever. This would be a drawback if the number of fish and salmon rivers were small, but from the peculiar formation of the island the lakes, ponds and rivers form a large part of its surface, and thousands upon thousands of anglers can get good fishing streams without interfering with each other. In fact, there are thousands of lakes and rivers in the island that have never yet wet a hook, and have yielded fish to no man since the last of the Beothic aborigines camped beside them and levied their toll. With the increasing numbers of British and American sportsmen the traveling facilities are being brought up to date. Good guides, comfortable boarding houses, and luxurious railway accommodation are further inducements to visitors. All these may now be had at very reasonable rates. The principal salmon and sea trout rivers are being looked after by wardens more carefully now than ever, as the Fisheries Department is beginning to realize that it is profitable to encourage the ever-increasing numbers of visitors. Another great advantage offered to British and American sportsmen is that the salmon and sea trout fishing is absolutely free from all restrictions. There are no preserves and no fee or license is necessary for the visitor to fish in any lake or stream in the island. The climate in July, August and September is ideal—mild, bracing and health-giving. The Fisheries Department have reorganized the fishery wardens, and the rivers are now in better condition than ever. In the official reports sent in to the department by the wardens the number and weight of fish caught are recorded. The warden's report for last year for one stream, the Grand River, Codroy, contains, among thirty others, the following record of salmon caught:

	Number.	Weight. Pounds.	Average. Pounds.	Total. Pounds.
H. E. Sir Cavendish Boyle, Governor of Newfoundland	20	8 to 12	10	142
Dr. Gage	16	7 to 30	12	192
F. Donway	17	8 to 14	11	187
M Keattle	14	7 to 18	11	154
A. T. Winter	18	8 to 12	10	180
M. Hayward	25	8 to 12	10	250

Total number of salmon taken, 420; weight, 2,889 pounds; average weight, 7 pounds. About thirty salmon taken by others, names unknown, also a large number of grilse and sea trout, numbers and weight not recorded. Hon. Gathorne Hardy, from June 18 to July 7, 1900, caught 58 salmon, including 34 grilse, ranging from 8 to 22 pounds. These are only random cullings from the official reports of Grand River; other rivers show like good fishing. There are larger salmon caught than the average in the foregoing tables. Major Yardly, an officer in the British army, who spent some time here last year, writing in the London Field of April 4, tells in a graphic description of the fishing and shooting enjoyed by him during his sojourn in Newfoundland. As usual he lost "the big fellow," but nevertheless had royal sport. He says:

"My record last summer on Harry's Brook, which I made my headquarters, was, from the end of June to second week in August, sixty salmon, total weight about 300 pounds; the majority of these were grilse, my largest fish being 14 pounds. Nearly all the fish that I caught over ten pounds were marked by the nets. Undoubtedly there are bigger fish, but they are the exception. One day I played a fish for forty minutes that I saw a good deal of and estimated at thirty pounds, but the hook giving I lost it. A neighboring rod landed a salmon that was three ounces only under thirty pounds; other rods also killed fish over twenty pounds. My friend fishing with me made a bag very similar to my own. In addition we caught many white trout up to four pounds and brown trout up to three pounds, although Harry's Brook is not a good trout river; also we did not specially fish for trout, and these were by chance caught on our salmon flies. Some of my best days would consist of six salmon and many trout. This is a fair example of the sport that is to be had, and I was certainly unlucky not to get bigger fish. Knowing this river I should be sure of a larger bag on it another year."

The flies appear to have tormented the Major, as the remedies he brought were not of much avail. Local anglers use a simple mixture of oil tinctured with carbolic acid; sixteen parts sweet or olive oil and one part carbolic acid. This makes a good remedy for flies. The acid is a little disagreeable in odor, but it consoles the victim to know that distasteful as it is to him, it is more so to the flies. The oil soothes the skin and keeps it from burning and cracking in the sun. Enough mixture to last the trip may be procured from any druggist for a few cents.

C.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, June 16, 1903.—The following are records made at the last meet of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club:

	May 23. Acc'y & Del'cy, Per Cent.	May 23. Bait Casting, Per Cent.	June 6. Delicacy, Bait, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows	93	97	97
C. F. Brown	..	..	94 2-6
G. W. Davis	..	94 4-10	..
H. Greenwood	..	..	92 4-6
H. G. Hascall	95 2-3	98 1-10	97
N. C. Heston	92 2-3	97 5-10	..
G. A. Hinterleitner	92	96 8-10	96 2-6
E. Hough	96 8-10	..	96 1-6
E. R. Letterman	..	97 2-10	98 1-6
E. L. Mason	..	97 2-10	..
F. N. Peet	95 2-3	97 3-10	..
H. W. Perce	..	..	96 2-6
C. B. Robinson	..	94 8-10	..
F. S. Smith	..	96 3-10	94 2-6
Hunter	..	97 2-10	..
Keiser	..	89 5-10	..
Noyes	..	93 6-10	87 5-6
Benson	..	..	92 5-6

Bass.

The bass fishers are still going out, patiently and faithfully, but they are not doing very much business. The truth seems to be that this is a poor season for bass so far. The best reports have come in from Lauderdale Lake, Wis., where, I hear, that last week three anglers in parts of three days took 153 fish. This story, however, is so lacking in confirmation that I do not offer it as authentic.

Mr. Byron E. Veatch, of Chicago, starts to-day for Prescott, Minnesota, from which point he has received advices that the small-mouths are running on the rip raps and that fair sport is likely to be had. I should think that the water was entirely too high for good fishing on the Mississippi River, but perhaps it may have fallen at this time at points so high up as Prescott, which is only about thirty miles below St. Paul. Mr. Veatch says he got his information from a former boatman who knows what he is talking about. He was outfitting for fly-fishing to-day.

Reports from Fifield Chain, Wis., on the Wisconsin Central Railroad, run to the effect that very good bass fishing has been the rule for the past ten days.

Muscallunge.

The biggest muscallunge of which I have heard in the month of June was taken on the Mason Chain, out of Fifield, and weighed 25 pounds. A number of smaller 'lunge have been taken there.

Trout.

I heard to-day that they are having a big run of luck on the Prairie River again this week, some beautiful trout being taken by the parties at Dudley's, Miller's and Bates'. This stream seems to be unusually freakish this year and would seem to be losing its reputation as an early water.

Pickerel.

One gentleman who went bass fishing on the Kankakee River, out of Shelby, on the Monon, did not meet with very good success with the bass, but caught twenty-six pickerel, all of them small, most of them about 1½ pounds apiece.

Cooking Pickerel.

A friend writes me from Lake Minnetonka:

"When I was in Chicago I forgot the object of my visit to you, and that was to thank you for putting the ignorant public on to the proper method of dressing a pickerel. I read your article a couple of years ago, and have profited by it greatly. We never knew that the despised pickerel was worth skinning before, but since I learned your methods we have never thrown one of them away, and have had the best fish dinners and breakfasts we ever had at Minnetonka. It is surely the only proper way to handle those fish."

As this refers to matter printed some time ago, I might add that our correspondent probably has in mind

the method of preparing a pickerel practiced by Mr. Carrington Phelps, of Lake Minnetonka. This is to take a pickerel, preferably one of 5 or 6 pounds, and to skin the fish, then removing the flesh from the backbone and ribs in the form of two long steaks, which are nearly boneless. These pickerel tenderloins are then broiled after proper seasoning. If the cooking is done out of doors, the fire employed should be made of sound, dry ironwood, burned down to a bed of glowing coals from which no smoke issues.

Summer Fly-Fishing for Trout.

Last week some comment was made upon the grub or larvæ of some of the caddis flies, which latter are familiar to all fly-fishermen for trout. Germane to this is the following comment by Mr. H. G. Cutliffe, who writes in the Fishing Gazette of London, and whose hints may perhaps be of service in summer fly-fishing for trout as practiced by American anglers under conditions practically simlar to those of the Old World:

"I find much spoken about the natural fly and its imitation, but little about the insect before arrived at its maturity. How seldom does one imitate the larva or pupa of the several insects! Many of them must necessarily be often washed into the water and devoured by the trout; and if looked into, these will be found more like some of the hackle flies I use than are any flies in their perfect state. I never have attempted to imitate them, trusting to my stretcher simply as something to rouse the fish and attract him, with some idea of its being eatable. I never use a winged fly on a rapid stream for a bob, excepting the March-brown, and this only in March. A winged fly washed by the water looks more like a little roll of the dung of a rat than a fly—for the force of the current washes the wings close round the hook. For a stretcher, as I have said, always select a smart, gaudy hackle fly. The brighter the weather the more gaudy the stretcher fly; and in June or July, sometimes I use a fly made with a body of orange-colored worsted, ribbed down with yellow silk, to make it last the longer, and a hackle of a light yellow red, such as one can only get from a smart little bantam cock. This fly I have found very destructive. In low and bright water, with these bright, gaudy flies, I find one need be very quick with the rod in fishing; the sport becomes dashing, one must work the flies quickly in the water, for from their greater conspicuity they are the more quickly seen, and will be the more quickly refused if one let them be still in the water. The instant they pitch they will be darted at, and as quickly must the fish be struck. It is just this dash that I so much like in bright water fishing—one never sees the trout so lively or quick or agile as they are on a hot bright day in July; and though this quickness or vivacity may be by some considered an obstacle to sport, it is, in truth, a very incentive to it."

It is quite probable that the dark flies, black hackle, etc., are taken in the spring by trout as the larvæ, and not the winged form of the fly on which they feed, the wet fly looking like the black case or "stick bait."

Good Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 16.—A 5¼-pound black bass is reported from Fox Lake, Wisconsin, this week. The deputy game wardens from Madison who have been undertaking to seine out the worthless fishes, dog fish, gars, etc., from Fox Lake waters, seem to have got about everything there was going except the fish they wanted. The dog fish and gars took to the weeds, but large quantities of black bass, pike, etc., were dug out by the wardens, of course to be returned to the water. The sight was very encouraging to local anglers, who have been having rather bad luck the last few weeks during the cold weather. Mr. Hotchkiss renews his invitation to come up and help him destroy these black bass, which make life in that neighborhood dangerous when they go strictly on the feed. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Fishermen.

Your correspondent yesterday received a call from Mr. E. H. Richards, of Woburn, who reports a very pleasant fishing vacation at Bemis. He was away for two weeks and says he got about 100 trout and salmon. He found the "Archer" (?) spinner a favorite lure, and says it is the same device as the so-called New York spinner, which is reported to have been a favorite at Lake Auburn this year. Mr. Richards says he observed while at Bemis that there seemed to be fewer anglers remaining there than heretofore, more of them going further. The extension of the rails to Oquossoc has no doubt some tendency to make that the objective point for many. He went on an exploring tour to the new Barker and other points on the lake, but said he found the sport at Bemis "good enough" for him.

Mr. W. H. Maxwell, an Eliot street merchant, gave me to-day a glowing account of his recent trip to Lake Cabbossecontee, Me. There were five in the party, and he says they caught chiefly bass. In one day the catch ran as high as 120 fish. They drove in from Hallowell by team, six miles, and fished at the "Outlet" chiefly.

I hear that Col. C. E. Billings, of Hartford, has gone to Billy Soule's again this year, and has taken along a hunting knife of his own make—the handle made of a buck's foot of a deer shot by Billy. On the blade is the inscription: "Designed by C. E. Billings, of Hartford, Conn., for Captain Billy Soule, the mighty hunter of Cupsuptic Lake, Me."

Dr. G. W. Field, of the Institute of Technology and the Sharon Biological Farm, Sharon, Mass., tells me the brook running through the farm has yielded some good trout this spring, and while no shooting is allowed, the brook is not posted. The doctor is enthusiastic in promoting a knowledge of both plant and animal life. The farm contains 300 acres and is about 22 miles from Boston. The town is noted for its wonderfully salubrious climate.

The Pittsburg Eagle, June 10, under the heading of Gt. Barrington items, says: "Dr. Stockwell, of New Marlboro, took a 3½-pound trout in Konkapot River on Monday, and it is to be mounted by Henry Rudge, taxidermist." This is a wonderful fish for Massachusetts waters. The writer has no knowledge of one larger having been caught in our State. The largest square-tailed brook trout taken in Massachusetts that I have seen was taken in the Frog-foot Reservoir, Wareham, by the late Dr. J. T. Stetson, of Boston, a few years ago, and weighed 2¾ pounds.

Representative Knight, of Townsend, Mass, tells me that within a week he has seen seven deer together at one time in his town. I have not the slightest doubt of what he says, although it seems almost incredible. I am personally acquainted with that section of the State and know there are large tracts of woods, both pine and hard wood, and there are several fine trout brooks which Mr. Knight proposes to have stocked by the State.

If they can raise 3½-pound trout in Berkshire, there is no reason why they should not in other counties. A reliable friend of mine said he saw a 2½-pound salter or sea trout caught in a Gloucester pond, on exhibition in a Boston fish market Thursday.

During the dry period as well as since, there have been many fine strings of trout taken from Maine streams, in the Rangeley country, Dead River region; in fact, we may say all over the State where anglers go.

Commissioner Wentworth has recently put three men into court for illegal fishing at Wyndham, Vt., for which they were convicted, and he is now on track of men who are not obeying the lobster law. Trout streams in the Pemigewasset Valley are reported at their best, but probably in Mad River, Compton, sport will be better in a couple of weeks. CENTRAL.

Mr. Spaeth's Pickerel.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note with much interest the contribution in last week's issue by Dr. French and Mr. John B. Lunger relative to the 7½-pound salmon landed by Mr. Edward Spaeth after fifteen hours of battle, beginning in the afternoon and ending in the morning of the day following.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Spaeth last summer at Brown's Inn, Newfoundland, New Jersey, and since our meeting have awaited an opportunity to heap a few coals of fire on his head, for while at the place mentioned he captured a fish in which I thought I had even more than a qualified interest. The article by Mr. Lunger is indorsed by Mr. Spaeth and I write for the benefit of the last-named gentleman and primarily to add my testimony to his prowess on other fish besides the kingly salmon, and help him out among the few readers of FOREST AND STREAM who may be so ungracious as to take the salmon story *cum grano salis.*

A few miles from the hotel at Newfoundland lies a body of water known as Green Lake, which has long been a favorite stamping ground of the angler. On a certain day in mid-summer I had been fishing the lake industriously and had not been very well rewarded. There is one particular spot located near the boat landing where more fish have been taken than at any other point. It lies off the lily pads near the south side of the lake, and is marked by a large fence rail, to which the citizen first on the premises is wont to tie his boat.

On the day in question the lake was very calm and objects could be seen at the bottom. At mid-afternoon we came to anchor at this spot and had not been there very long before I observed a large pickerel at the bottom and started in to tempt him from the water. I played tag with all kinds of bait for an hour or more, but could not get a strike, and finally left the spot and started for the hotel.

As pickerel of late years have seldom been caught in the lake, I did not feel very well satisfied over the fact that this monster had gone unscathed, but found consolation in the thought that we would return later in the week and make a further effort to capture the fish.

On reaching the hotel that evening Mr. Spaeth and Judge Coult had arrived for a few days' fishing. In conversation with the first-named gentleman that evening, and in an unguarded moment, I told him about this pickerel and my qualified interest in it, and also told him that I expected soon to reduce it to possession. Mr. Spaeth seemed very much interested, and the next morning I found that the two gentlemen had made an early start for Green Lake and had taken with them an importation of shiners from a pond near the hotel. At that time I did not know the amount of pluck and endurance wrapped up in Mr. Spaeth, as exemplified by his fight with the salmon, and did not for a moment doubt that my pickerel would safely withstand all efforts to capture him.

In the evening, however, the gentlemen returned, and on inquiry as to the catch, they produced the identical pickerel which had fooled us the day previous. Now, I am sure it was the same pickerel, for it was caught at the spot I have mentioned, and the lake contains very few members of the *Esox* family; in fact, the number caught each season does not average over a dozen.

The superior skill of Mr. Spaeth, and that alone, brought about the capture, and I am sure the aforesaid importation of shiners had nothing to do with it. The fish had already been weighed and according to Mr. Spaeth tipped the scales at four pounds. It certainly was a splendid specimen and looked even larger as it lay in their basket garnished by some four or five infant small-mouth black bass, and as the little darlings of the bass family had hardly cut their fins, it reminded one very much of Gulliver and the Lilliputians.

Knowing that such a noble fish was not captured without incident, I finally drew out the story, Judge Coult assisting. If my memory serves me correctly it was practically as follows: At exactly 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon the pickerel took one of the imported shiners; precisely fifteen minutes was allowed in gorging the bait, and at 2:30 the fish was hooked and Mr. Spaeth began to play him. Just one and three-quarter hours later, at 4:15 P. M. by Judge Coult's watch, the fish was brought to the landing net. During this long interval, when fighting for his life, the imp of four pounds ran, dove, slid under the boat and sulked, made fourteen distinct and separate lunges toward the lily pads and nine desperate efforts to connect with the fence rail to which the boat was tied. Judge Coult estimated that the monster traveled at least four miles during the fight and regretted that he could not be more accurate in view of the fact that he had no cyclometer with him.

While weighing but four pounds the pickerel was more rakishly built than usual; in fact, was of the torpedo boat variety.

Mr. Spaeth has been singularly fortunate in hooking and landing within a year two such remarkable fish as the clipper-built salmon and the torpedo-boat pickerel, and should certainly be satisfied with these honors for some time to come.

It will be hoped that he will soon give us the story of the salmon from his own pen, and perchance get his comrade and whist partner, Judge Coult, to add a brief. If he should disclaim some of the facts that I have given, his action will be due to modesty alone, for I have endeavored to tell the truth.

KENNETH FOWLER.

Amphibious Trout.

IT is not safe at all times to tell another man's story—especially if it be a fish story. Some people do not know the meaning and import of quotation marks, and as my article in the FOREST AND STREAM on "Wild Trout I Have Met" has been freely copied in the public prints, I find I have established myself in the minds of my friends and the public generally as a man who intimately associates fish and mendacity.

And yet everything in that article beyond the pale of inverted commas was literally and absolutely truthful. Moral—Don't tell another man's fish story, no matter how good it may be.

As to Mr. Roxbury's suggestion of "jacking" the first big wary and flouting trout that I meet, I can hardly agree with him as to the propriety of such a course. It certainly would be a low down trick on that trout and would, if the fish were so captured, add but questionable laurels to the brow of the captor. Fool a trout, if you can, in open daylight, and when hooked and fairly fought and landed exclaim, "Old fellow, I fooled you that time." But in the darkness, after having landed a big fellow by means of bullseye lantern and worm, what answer could we make were the trout to exclaim: "You have me, I'll admit, but you couldn't do that in the day time."

To espy a floating clod of earth and grass coming gently down stream and to throw one's worm (let us be honest with ourselves—we all of us have descended to the lowly worm and agile hopper at times, let us roll our eyes in holy horror as we may when worm and trout are mentioned in the same breath) across the same, the wriggling bait showing just below the sod and thus tempt a post-graduate trout and land him, is simply a case of tact and strategy on the part of the fisherman. My friend Countryman played this trick on a two-pound brook trout, and Countryman is a sportsman in the cleanest acceptation of the term from the ground up. When Countryman gets full of rheumatism, wheezy from asthma and can fish no more, he'll smoke his pipe under his vine and fig tree and tell that story of how he fooled that trout to his grandchildren as one of the great feats of and during his long life. But I know if he had taken that hyper-educated trout by means of a bullseye lantern in the dead of night, when shadows and noise are swallowed in the darkness, he would not tell about it. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, June 12.

Trout Mortality in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Answering the interrogatories of Geo. L. Brown in a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, "what killed the brown trout in the Bouquet River at the burning of Euba Mills in the Adirondacks June 3, 1903, was it extreme heat, lye, lime, oil, or fright?" Three of the causes suggested can be eliminated with the stroke of a pen—"lime, oil and fright." What would produce "lime and oil" at a fire along a stream of pure, uncontaminated mountain water 1,000 feet above tide? And if fright would kill the trout, there would not one be living to-day in all the Adirondack lakes and rivers. They have heard blood-curdling fishing lies enough to exterminate the entire species. Then the cause must be looked for in the two other queries—"heat and lye." It is inferred that there was a pond of some capacity at the mill, and a dam, that the fire was so intense that it not only burned the mill and its accumulation of waste and debris, but also burned the dam and drained the pond. These dead fish found down the stream from the mill were at home at the dam, either just above it or just below and under the mill. They were probably partially landlocked in a shallow pool from natural causes, and partially from burning timbers of the mills falling into the stream, choking its flow. Thus the great quantities of ashes, coals and burning wood so suddenly precipitated into the water, accompanied by intense heat, generated the alkaline salts (lye) in such quantities as first to stupefy and then to kill the fish before they were able to reach fresh water. It was not heat, nor heated water that killed—heat was only an auxiliary in quickly producing the deadly alkaline salt that did kill. This seems to the writer the most reasonable explanation or cause that can be given for the killing of the brown trout at the burning of the Euba Mills.

American Fisheries Society.

APPLETON, Wis., June 4.—The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Societies will be held at the U. S. Fish Commission station, Wood's Hole, Mass., July 21, 22 and 23, 1903. The objects of this society are "to promote the cause of fishculture; to gather and diffuse information bearing upon its practical success, and upon all matters relating to the fisheries, the uniting and encouraging of all the interests of fishculture and the fisheries, and the treatment of all questions regarding fish, of a scientific and economic nature."

The opportunities for advancing these objects were never better than at the present time, and the place of the annual meeting presents unusual facilities for observing the practical work of marine fishculture and biological investigations. GEO. F. PEABODY,
Secretary.

The Greenwood Lake Muscalonge.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The muscalonge reported in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM taken from Greenwood Lake must have been a monstrosity, or, in fishing parlance of fifty years ago, "a slinky." I remember more years ago than the above taking from the St. Lawrence River a "pickerel" (pike) with a large head and long lank body which the oarsman called a "slinky," and which came to boat more like a stick than a fish.

A fish of the species of *Esox nobilior* measuring fifty-eight inches should weigh at least fifty pounds.

In November, 1899, you published a picture from a photograph (I sent you) of a muscalonge measuring 49 inches in length and 23½ inches around the middle which weighed 42½ pounds. This was a fine proportioned specimen, the head, including the gill covers, was one-fourth the length of the fish.

I am not an angler, but am always interested in piscatorial matters. I have lived in Lockport nearly forty-one years, and never, until last Tuesday, June 16, the first day of the open season on black bass, put a line in Niagara county waters. I caught one fish, a rock bass, and that was taken on the Erie county side of Tonawanda Creek.

I did most of the rowing of the boat. I am too lazy to fish. J. L. DAVISON.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

Medal Contest—Saturday, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake June 13. Wind, S. W.; weather, windy.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3. Acc. %	Event No. 3. Del. %	Event No. 3. Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting %
W. E. Brooks..	110	86	88.4	86.8	87.6	..
A. Jones	105	88.4	89.4	83.4	86.4	85.9
F. H. Reed.....	...	85.8	89.8	80	84.10	..
C. R. Kenniff...	114	86	86	85.10	85.11	98.1
T. W. Brotherton	128	87.4	88.4	86.8	87.6	93.7
G. C. Edwards.	99	90.4	90.4	85.10	88.1	96.1

Sunday, contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake June 14. Wind, S. W.; weather, fair.

C. G. Young... ...		88.4	89.8	84.2	86.11	96
T. W. Brotherton	136	88	90.4	85	87.8	97.4
Dr. W. Brooks..	114	81.4	88.4	75.10	82.1	..
H. C. Golcher..	133	90	85.4	82.6	83.11	..
H. Battu	108	86.4	85.8	80	82.10	..
A. M. Blade....	105	..	81.4	73.4	77.4	..
C. R. Kenniff..	116	89.4	86.8	86.8	86.8	98.6
J. B. Kenniff...	133	88.8	92	88.4	90.2	..
Dr. C. Stephens ...		75.4	81.4	68.4	74.10	..

Time to go Fishing.

ENOUGH is more than a million, and the Floridian who cultivates contentment is richer than Pierpont Morgan, and happier than King Edward.

When the phosphate boom was in its infancy, the lamented John Dunn paid one of these home-loving people $16,000 for a tract he had tried in vain to sell for five hundred. The sum conveyed only a vague impression to the recipient—he wanted the cash in hand. "Don't do that," said Mr. Dunn; leave it in the bank and tell me what you want." He wanted another farm of sixty acres with a house on it—the whole to cost a few hundred. "What else?" "Can I have a horse and saddle and bridle?" "Certainly." "And a rifle?" "Yes." "And some provisions?" "Yes." His eyes began to bulge. "And a keg o' whiskey?" "Yes." There was a pause. "What else?" "Oh," said the rich, "give me $50 for the old woman to buy things for herself and the children." "All right." He turned to walk away.

"What else?" "Is there more yet?" "Yes." "Well, give me a plug o' tobacco and set me down where the fish will bite all day and you can have the rest."—Florida Times-Union.

Ouananiche at the Grand Discharge.

MR. W. M. DONALDSON, of Harrisburg, Pa., has the year's record fish for Lake St. John, a ouananiche weighing five pounds, length 28 inches. It is the largest taken in five years. The rod used weighed 5¾ ounces; it required forty-five minutes to land the fish, which jumped out of water eight times. It was caught below the Grand Discharge in Lake St. John.

Colorado Bass.

GREELEY, Colo., June 18.—Some good catches of large-mouthed black bass are being made at Windsor Lake, Windsor, Colo. This lake, which covers 240 acres, has been well stocked with black bass by Vernon McKelvey, of Greeley, Colo., and has already become quite a popular fishing resort of the West. X.

This was Different.

The shades of night were falling fast
When I hooked a noble fish at last.
My pliant rod had something to do,
As I played that "devil" the dark night through.
But when morning lit the eastern haze
And this noble salmon was exposed to my gaze,
I woke up.

Consul A. L. M. Gottschalk writes from San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua, in regard to the use of shark fins for industrial purposes in the United States. He says:

"Sharks exist in large numbers on this coast. The Nicaraguan fishery laws seem to permit of their being caught as vermin. A number of persons here believe that they could deal with the United States in shark fins or in shark backbones and skins. The former are used extensively in some countries in the making of walking canes; the latter are made into a leather employed for sword grips and fancy articles. Large quantities of these products could be sent to the United States were there a market for them."

Two bull buffalo calves have been caught out of the Yellowstone National Park wild herd on Pelican Creek and brought to the tame bunch at the Springs. There were three calves in the wild herd. Five calves have also been dropped in the Springs bunch, with more to come.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Oct. 6-9.—Danbury, Conn., Agricultural Society's show.
Nov. 3-6.—New York.—Annual show of Ladies' Kennel Association of America.
Nov. 9.—Fourteenth annual beagle trials of the National Beagle Club of America. Charles R. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Man-Trailing Dogs.

PORTLAND, Ind.,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have had bloodhounds in this town for some years, and my observations may answer in part the inquiries of your Paris correspondent. They are kept here solely for the purpose of trailing human beings, and are trained for the work while young. The dogs are of small build, somewhat larger than a water spaniel, with short hair and long ears. The resemble our oldtime 'coon hound in all particulars except stature. They were worked here in pairs, and when about half grown were trained by some one of their keepers sprinting off a short distance and hiding. Then they were put on the trail and encouraged by their trainer until they found the game. From play at first, the chase becomes to them a matter of business, as they grow in age and experience. Officially, I think the courts hold their evidence generally only circumstantial. Once they are put upon the right trail, it is necessary for the pursued to get off the earth, literally, and there is no question as to their value in furnishing clues under favorable circumstances.

The following is a brief account of an actual occurrence: A few years ago a widow living alone in the northeastern part of this city, was one day found murdered in her home. Before a couple of young bloodhounds, owned by members of the fire department, could be put on the trail, several hundred people had tramped in and out of the house. However, foot prints were found in a truck lot at the side of the house. The prints were those of a small man and of a large-footed man. The tracks had been made after a light shower that had fallen some time in the evening; and here the dogs gave tongue and trailed around the stave yards and out to North Meridian street a quarter of a mile, where they lost the scent in the street.

They ran the trail a second time with the same result, then were brought uptown, and while going toward the crossing of two railroads, gave tongue at the back of a brick block, where the weeds were trampled down under the shadow of a high board fence. From this point they ran south and west across the railroads into an old wooded brushy cemetery, then turned east, recrossing the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, through a lumber yard, then south across a street, through a sawmill yard, through the backyard of a small residence, and right over a wood pile, then circling east, stopped at a dwelling for a moment, then took up the trail again, ran it to the coal sheds on the Lake Erie & Western Railroad, and lost the trail on the railroad track. Now for the sequel: Where the dogs stopped at a doorstep before proceeding to the railroad, where the trail ended, lived a small man, quiet in manner, plain in dress, with few if any associates. He was considered a cripple, as he carried his left arm in a sling, but was looked on with suspicion on account of certain petty thefts that were laid at his door. The police brought him to headquarters, but could get no evidence from him. However, they were not satisfied with his manner and his evasive answers and called again to see him. His aunt, who was mistress of the house, said in reply to their inquiry, that he was upstairs in his room, and she would go up and call him. The officers stepped inside as she started up the stairs. Hearing an unusual noise in his room, they hurried up, to find he had cut his throat with a razor, and was breathing his last.

A freight train had left the coal sheds about 11 P. M. the night of the murder, going west. A man was arrested in the central part of the State and tried for the murder. It was proven that he had told a friend the day before that there was an old lady living alone up the road and that he was going up to "pull a peach." He had no money before the murder, but quite a sum after. He was sent to the pen.

I went to the scene of the murder about 4 P. M., and to my eye a plain panorama opened before me. The old lady had brought kindling and laid it on her little box stove, then possibly had been attracted out of doors by some unusual noise. She had stepped on a narrow board walk that ran from the front around east and north of the house, and was standing on the bare, damp earth facing to the north, where the yard was covered with small fruit trees. A small man had slipped up to her right side or back of her, seized her by the throat and attempted to throw her backward. In his efforts to do so he had set his right foot out in front of her, pressing and twisting his shoe into the yielding earth, nearly an inch in depth. There was a smear on the ground between the walk and the house, and there was mud on the old lady's dress, where her hip struck the ground. She had then been taken into the house, either before or after she was dead. One carpet slipper was on a foot, I picked the other up from the ground in front of where she had stood in the soft earth.

A small man attacked her, a small man ran from the place. The dogs trailed him to where a small man lived. A small man cut his throat when the officers called. A large man was with a small man. The dogs trailed them together past where a small man lived and to where he could board a freight train. A large man was apprehended in another town, arrested, convicted and sent to State's prison. The dogs did not convict either, but they pointed the way.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

PORTLAND, Ind.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the different accounts of man-tracking dogs in the current number, the more so as among the many different dogs that I have had from time to time I once owned a "bloodhound"—or at least a dog that came as near being one as do most of the dogs of the South pointed out to me as being bloodhounds. This dog of mine seemed to be a cross between a fox-hound and a bulldog. I got him from a Mexican who had been out west of Fort Chadbourne, Texas, on a prospecting trip, but had found no silver or any thing else.

He wanted five dollars for his dog, but I finally got the dog for a dollar, buying him probably just because he happened to be a dog. I had as much use for a dog of this kind just then as a wagon has for five wheels. The dog had never had a name, so I named him Jeff, and after he had killed all the cats he could find (I never knew him to hunt anything else but cats), he put in the most of his time eating and sleeping. He was about the laziest dog I have ever seen; but was a good watch dog at night, and in the field we used him on picket. He would lie at the sentry's feet at night and no Indian would be likely to crawl up and put a knife in that sentry, as I have known to be done more than once.

I had owned Jeff nearly two years when one night two general prisoners, who were serving out sentences in the guard house, made their escape, taking a carbine with them. The next morning I was sent for by the officer of the day and found him ready to hunt the men, but he was at a loss to know just where to begin, and asked if I thought Jeff could track them. "I can try him, sir," I said. "I have never known him to track anything except cats, though."

I called Jeff, then got a pair of red stockings that one of the men had left in the prison room, and, taking Jeff out on the prairie in the direction we thought the men had left, I gave the dog a smell of the stockings and told him to hunt them. He began running around in a circle, and soon struck their trail and went off on it. I followed Jeff at a gallop, the mounted men coming after me. The dog led us across the prairies parallel with the road but half a mile away from it, and after he had gone eight miles he turned to the left and led us into the road just where the men had taken it. We could see their tracks here in the dust.

He kept on down the road to where a creek crossed it, then turned down the creek, and, after he had gone a mile, stopped in front of a lot of bushes and began to bark. A shot was fired out of the bushes at us. Calling Jeff in I got ready to shoot if any more shots should come, but one of the men came out, and, holding up his hands, came down to me. Then the mounted party coming up (for Jeff and I had left them far in the rear), the other man who had the gun surrendered, and we took them home.

I was criticized afterwards by the men at the post for hunting white men with a dog; but these men were of the class who, had they been citizens instead of soldiers, would have put in the most of their time in some prison, so I did not lose any sleep on account of having hunted them with a dog. Had I refused to do it, I would have been tried for it myself.

I kept Jeff a few months after this, then gave him to two boys who were going to Utah. I had too many dogs just then, and Jeff was the one I could best spare.

CABIA BLANCO.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures for 1903.

Members of race committee will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JUNE.

25-26-27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Y. R. A. of L. I. Sound, annual and specials.
27. South Boston, club, City Point.
27. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
27. Boston, club, Marblehead.
27. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
27. St. Paul, cruise, rendezvous St. Paul, Minn.
27. Chicago, special, Lake Michigan.
27. Royal Canadian, club, Toronto.
27. New York C. C., Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.
30. New York, special race for 90-footers, Newport.
30. Royal Canadian, L. S. S. A. regatta, Oakville.
29-July 2. Manhasset Bay cup races, L. I. Sound.

For Cruising Yachtsmen.

WITH the purpose of stimulating the interest in cruising, and the keeping of a detailed log by cruising yachtsmen during the season of 1903, the publishers of FOREST AND STREAM offer prizes for the best stories of cruises submitted to be published in FOREST AND STREAM. It is believed that these will form not only entertaining records of pleasant summer days spent afloat along our coasts and waterways, but will furnish information of practical value to other yachtsmen making subsequent cruises on the same waters.

Prizes will be awarded to the three best stories as follows:

First prize, $75.00.
Second prize, $50.00.
Third prize, $25.00.

Contributions are invited under the following conditions:

1. The cruise must be made in waters of the United States or Canada in the season of 1903.

2. The cruise must be made in a sailing yacht, power to be used only as an auxiliary, if at all.

3. The story must be prefaced by a description of the boat. Cruises should be treated in as interesting and readable a way as possible, but should be practical and contain all possible information and data that would be of value to men going over the same route. A description of the handling of the ship in all weathers will be regarded very favorably in making awards, and it is suggested to writers that an accurate account be kept of all incidents happening while under way.

4. Photographs of the boat and of the country passed through, not smaller than 4x5, should, if possible, accompany each story, and they will be considered in making the awards.

5. An outline chart of the trip drawn on white paper in black ink (no coloring pigment to be used) should also be sent in.

6. Competitors should avoid the use of slang or incorrect nautical expressions in their stories, as it will count against them in awarding the prizes.

7. The story should contain about seven thousand words, written on one side of the paper only, and must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, on or before Nov. 15, 1903.

ON Wednesday of last week the two Shamrocks were warped into the big dock at Erie Basin. The new boat was blocked up in accordance with a plan furnished by Mr. William Fife, the designer, but as this was found to be incorrect, she was floated outside the pontoon and the mistake was corrected. Shamrock I. lies at the upper end of the dock, while Shamrock III. is at the lower end, near the pontoon. It took some time to readjust the keel blocks on which the third Shamrock was to rest, and in consequence the boats were not finally exposed to view until Thursday morning. Shamrock I.'s mast was stepped, and her other spars were put in place before she went into the dock. As soon as the water was pumped out of the dock the crews went to work on their respective boats. Staging was slung over the sides and the work of smoothing the bottoms preparatory to painting was begun. The old boat's bottom being of bronze, it was only necessary to rub it down. The new challenger's bottom is covered with a white enamel paint, and while it is difficult to apply it gives a very hard surface which is susceptible of a very fine finish. The wet weather has delayed the work somewhat, but nevertheless good progress has been made. Shamrock I.'s spars have been painted and her standing and running gear has been overhauled and set up. The bowsprit has been put in place on Shamrock III., and the mast will be stepped as soon as she goes out of the dock on Tuesday. All her spars and some spare gear came over on the Anchor Line steamer Columbia. The spars that arrived on Etruria some time ago are not the ones she will use over here, and are only for emergency. It is expected that both boats will have a trial off Sandy Hook on Saturday.

Shamrock III.

EVER since Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger, Shamrock III., was launched, glowing accounts of her great beauty and wonderful speed have been published. On this side of the water there has been the delightful feeling of uncertainty as to the outcome of the races this year. While there is less real interest in the coming matches than in many years past, still there was a very general sentiment that the Cup was in great danger of being lost. Shamrock III. demonstrated her ability to defeat the first Shamrock in any kind of wind and weather in the trials on the other side, and it was conceded that the new boat was twelve minutes faster over the Cup course than the old. This in itself aroused our fears, and perhaps without reason, for this conveys but little, as it is not known whether Shamrock I. is faster or slower than she was when she met Columbia in 1899. In order to be in Columbia's class she would have to be quite a little smarter than she was four years ago. On the other hand, we are a little at sea as to Reliance's superiority over Columbia, for while the former boat has been able to beat Columbia with greatest ease in light and moderate winds, still it is certain that Columbia is not sailing as she did two years ago when she was in Barr's hands. Granting this to be the case, the fact remains that Reliance is a marvelous craft, and those who have followed the trials of the three boats up to the present time are satisfied that she is almost invincible.

The arrival of the new challenger was looked forward to with great interest, and even under her stumpy jury rig she won over all who saw her by her remarkably handsome and shippy appearance. The reports on this score which had seemed so extravagant were not exaggerated; still, on second look, there was nothing remarkable about the boat and nothing that would account for the amazing speed she had shown. Perhaps there might be something striking about the boat's underbody that would account for her splendid performances, and consequently everybody looked forward to seeing the boat in the dry dock. When the two Shamrocks did go into the big graving dock at Erie Basin and the water was slowly pumped out the new boat was watched with much curiosity.

Only a fair idea of the boat's underbody could be gained from the top of the dock (no one except those directly connected with the yard and the boats themselves was allowed to go down in the dock), but such as the view was, those who saw her were satisfied that, barring accidents, the Cup would remain another year in the States. Nevertheless, the new boat is far and away the handsomest and most formidable craft that has ever come after the Cup. We are still of the opinion, however, that Constitution could safely defend the Cup against Shamrock III.

Shamrock II. lay in a cradle hardly a stone's throw from the other two Shamrocks in the dry dock. Shamrock II. has been here ever since her defeat in 1901, and as the hull, with the exception of the lower part of the fin, was exposed to view, it offered an interesting opportunity for comparison.

It is quite apparent that Mr. Fife's idea as to what kind of a boat is best adapted to win races off Sandy Hook in our summer weather are wholly different from those held by Mr. Herreshoff, for Shamrock III. and Reliance are unlike in almost every particular. These two great designers have worked along opposite lines, and their latest productions are wider apart in design than any of the challengers and defenders have been of late years. This fact alone will add more interest to the races and should make them more conclusive.

In the main, Shamrock III. has longer overhangs, more beam and less freeboard than her two predecessors. She suggests Defender rather more than any of our Cup boats, for she seems to have all the good qualities of that fine vessel. Her displacement is heavy, and she has rather more than Reliance.

It is difficult to judge of these vessels' dimensions, but it is believed that she is about 140ft. long over all. Reports from the other side gave her breadth as 22ft., or thereabouts; in reality it is rather more than that, and it is nearly 25ft. and perhaps more. The draft is very close to 20ft.; while the overhangs are long they are well balanced and only serve to carry out the fore and aft lines of the boat fairly.

The stern post rakes rather more than Shamrock II.'s does, but it is not an immoderate rake for a Fife boat. The point of greatest draft is just at the heel of the stern post. The fin is a little shorter than Reliance's, if anything, and the bottom line of the lead shows a marked rise from the heel of the stern post to the point where it begins to sweep upward to where the fin joins the hull proper, which is just about under the mast step. The lead is bulbed out at the bottom in a very pronounced fashion, which gets the bulk of the weight down as low as possible. Aft the keel is only the thickness of the stern post, but it is wide and blunt at the forward end.

Her midship section is different from those seen in the earlier boats. It has considerable dead rise and a deep, easy bilge that is carried well forward and aft. The topside shows a slight flare and the garboards are fuller than would be expected. She has less lateral plane than Reliance, and should be very quick in stays. Owing to her deeper section, Shamrock III.'s bow and buttock lines will not be so flat as Reliance's, but, like the diagonals, are full easy curves. The sheer is quite marked, and is very graceful. The boat is strikingly fair and well modeled and precludes criticism and is the work of a great artist.

The construction of the boat is very fine. The frames and plating are of nickel steel and the hull has been worked down so smooth that not a rivet head or a mark of any description shows. The lead—and there must be nearly a hundred tons of it—is covered by the steel plating. The rudder is of wood, and in all probability makes the boat easier to steer than if it were of metal, as it is lighter and more buoyant. The boat steers with a wheel, which is small, and the gear controlling the rudder must be very powerful and compact, for the wheel box is small. There is no rail except for a small wooden strip some two feet in from the edge, which follows the contour of the deck line fore and aft just high enough to give a foothold to those moving about to leeward when the boat is heeled down.

From the size of the spars which the boat will carry, her rig will be a little larger than the first Shamrock's. The pole mast (for the mast and topmast are all in one) is constructed very much the same as the steel spars used on the American boats. Eight angle irons act as longitudinal stiffeners, and there are steel collars inside placed about ten feet apart. The plating on the mast is nine thirty seconds of an inch thick. From the partners to the step the mast buries less than ten feet.

Shamrock III. should heel easily and her flaring side ought to give her very fair sailing lines. Her overhangs are not so flat as Reliance's, and she will not gain length so quickly as that boat will. She should move through the water with very little fuss, and no doubt will prove an excellent sea boat. Her strongest point will be on windward work and she will be most dangerous in a light breeze and a jump of a sea. In all probability Reliance will have to allow her some time owing to her larger rig, but she can well afford to pay for that, as it will more than compensate for the time she will have to allow, particularly in light winds.

Shamrock III. is not only the best boat that has ever come after the Cup, but her early arrival on this side and the constant racing she will have with the first Shamrock, will put her in better condition to meet the defender than any of the other challengers have been. She is sure to make a good showing, and the races next August ought to be more interesting than they have been heretofore.

Seawanhaka Cup Trial Races.

BY A. HENRY HIGGINSON.

As is doubtless known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, the Royal St. Lawence Y. C. which has its home on the borders of Lake St. Louis, at Dorval, accepted this year the challenge of Manchester Y. C., of Manchester, Mass.

The agreement entered into by the two clubs has been given in full in this paper, and it only remains now for the Manchester Y. C. to send two or more boats to Canada, where their final representative will be decided upon. In their preliminary trials, which were held at Manchester, five boats competed: Frontenac, owned by Charles De Hart Brower; Atalanta, owned by Edgar F. Lynn; Dulce, owned by Egbert Moxham; Vampire, owned by H. D. Tudor, et al.; and Kolutoo, owned by A. Henry Higginson, et al.

Atalanta was designed and built by Wyckoff Bros., of Clinton, Conn. She is a heavily built, heavily rigged boat of moderate beam, with short high overhangs about equally divided between bow and stern. She has a heavy iron centerboard weighing 450 pounds. Everything about the boat is too heavy. Brass hand rails, brass bow chocks, heavy shrouds and heavy manilla halliards are not in place on a racing machine. The boat's model is a year or two behind the times and she has not the slightest trace of the scow about her. Her sails are by McClellan, of Fall River, and can only be said to set fairly. Atalanta was sailed in her races by her owner, E. F. Lynn, with C. Le M. Smith, Wm. Woods, and Schuyler Horn as his crew. Dulce, owned by Egbert Moxham, was designed by her owner. She is a heavy centerboard boat with very hard bilges and short overhangs. Unlike the other four, she is fitted with bilgeboards instead of a centerboard, and by means of a winch the weather one of these boards is always up, and the lee one down. Her sail plan shows a very short gaff and a rather long boom on the mainsail. The sails made by Wilson and Silsby are good as far as cut goes, although the Wilson fullness comes near to being baggy, but the material out of which they are made is so hopelessly heavy that the boat is very badly handicapped by them. She, too, is very heavily rigged, which handicaps her a good deal. She is the first effort of her young designer, and Mr. Moxham deserves great credit for the sportsmanlike manner in which he sails his boat. No matter how far behind he may be, he never withdraws, but keeps on pluckily to the finish line. It is the kind of spirit which wins in the end, and I expect some day to see Mr. Moxham in a faster boat of his own design which will sometimes at any rate get the gun. With him as his crew are Messrs. Chase, Ward and Burnham.

Frontenac is owned by Charles De Hart Brower, Jr., of New York, and was designed for him last year by Gus Amundson, of White Bear Lake, Minnesota. She is a scow of pronounced type and a moderate beam, which is carried far aft and forward. She has a fairly hard round bilge, and her bow is well rounded off. She is, to my mind, too heavily built to sail to best advantage, and her rigging and gear generally could be quite a bit lighter, but she is a good all round boat. Last year she was one of the aspirants to go to Canada, and this year she is a good bit faster. Mr. Brower has the great advantage of knowing his boat well, and of having had the experience of one year's racing in her. She has a low broad suit of excellent sails made by Wilson and Silsby. She is sailed in her races by Mr. Chas. De H. Brower, Jr., with Messrs. C. De H. Brower, Sr., Willis Putnam and Hadenburg as his crew.

The two Manchester boats were both designed by Burgess and Packard, and one of them, Vampire, was built by Elisha Hinds at Gloucester, and the other, Kolutoo, by The David Fenton Company, of Manchester. Vampire is a long, low-bowed scow with a very long forward and a very short after overhang. Her bilges at her entrance are very hard, flaring gradually more and more till amidships it is very pronounced. There is very little dead rise to this boat and her bow ends in two oblique transoms converging to a point. When under sail she uses almost every foot of her length, and on a reach is very fast. Kolutoo is a quite different boat, and is more like the Canadian boats than anything built in the United States during the past two years in many ways. She has fair easy lines and her sections show a good bit of dead rise, and considerable flare. She is drawn in at the bow to a fairly sharp entrance, and at the stern somewhat. Unlike any other boat in the fleet, her hull is covered with canvas, and in consequence her surface is somewhat the smoothest of the lot. Both boats have two peculiarities in common. The first one of them is that their stern transoms have been hollowed out, which makes the sterns look like the open part of a sugar scoop. The idea in this is to gain weight, and to make an easy exit in sailing. The other peculiarity is that the deck forward of the mast looks like a pitched roof, the ridge pole of which runs from the mast to the bow. The idea in this innovation is to gain strength, and to raise the area of the fore triangle, which is measured from the deck. Both boats are lightly rigged and both have excellent suits of sails made by Cousens & Pratt of lighter material than any in the fleet. The sail plans are identical, and are high and narrow. Vampire is sailed by her manager, Mr. Frank Burgess, with H. D. Tudor, Joseph Lovering, and G. D. Boardman for crew; while Kolutoo has Reginald Boardman at the stick, with A. Henry Higginson, R. D. Boardman, and James Jackson to help him. In one other respect these two boats differ from the others: Instead of having metal boards they have wooden ones, with 130 pounds of lead in the lower corner. I append a table of dimensions below for comparison:

	Over all. Ft.In.	L.W.L. Ft.In.	Ex. Beam. Ft.In.	Beam, L.W.L. Ft.In
Vampire	41 00	27 00	8 00	7 07
Kolutoo	39 00	26 06	8 04	7 08
Frontenac	38 02	25 05	8 03	7 06
Atalanta	36 00	25 06	7 03	7 00
Duke	36 00	24·04	9 00	8 11

First Race, Wednesday, June 10.

At noon the prospects for a successful race were very poor, and a thick fog hung over Salem Bay, while the wind was very light and fickle. About one o'clock, however, the fog lifted a little, and the wind came in from the southeast, and though very light, it held true throughout the race. At 1:15 Ventura, the steam yacht which was to act as judges' boat during the series, came out and took up her position off West Manchester. The mark boats were set out, and the signals displayed for course No. 12, which was a broad reach to Bowditch's Ledge, a beat to buoy No. 3, off the southwest end of Baker's Island and a fairly close reach in. Dulce, owned by Egbert Moxham, was the first of the quintette to poke her nose into the outer harbor, in tow of the launch Patrol. A few minutes later Vampire, Atalanta and Frontenac came out under their own sail. They carried full mainsails and No. 1 jibs. Dulce hoisted her mainsail and a No. 1 jib, and cast off from her launch about 1:25. Frontenac had on a new suit of sails, made for light weather, by Carpenter, of Chicago. They are higher and narrower than Wilson's suit, and though made of lighter material, do not seem to set well at all. Atalanta had on a suit of sails built by McClellan, of Fall River, and they did not seem to set over well. In marked contrast to these three suits of sails were those of Vampire, made by Cousens and Pratt, which set to perfection. At 1:35 Kolutoo came out of the harbor in tow of her steam tender. She had on sails which, like those of Vampire, were made by Cousens and Pratt, and which set equally well. All the boats except Dulce were black-leaded to the rail. The breeze was very, very light, and as the boats sailed about near the line, they seemed to move in a very listless fashion. However, at 1:55 the preparatory gun fired, and ten boats began maneuvering for the start. Kolutoo hung round the leeward end of the line, while Dulce, Atalanta and Frontenac remained near the middle. Vampire was on the extreme windward end of it. All the boats carried balloon jibs in stops, as the first leg was a very broad reach. When the starting gun went, Frontenac was first over, with Kolutoo, which had come up close-hauled along the line, on her weather quarter. To leeward Vampire was away in the lead of the other two. All except Kolutoo had broken out their balloon jibs, but she and Frontenac had a bit of a luffing match, while the other three were reaching off for the leeward mark. Kolutoo, after having luffed with Frontenac 300 yards out to windward, squared off, broke out her ballooner and set her spinnaker to port, and went through Frontenac's lee. It was so thick that all five boats soon found that they had got too far to windward, and all set their spinnakers for a few minutes. The boats passed the western end of Misery Island in the following order: Vampire, Kolutoo, Atalanta, Frontenac and Dulce. At 2:57:02 Vampire hauled around Bowditch's Ledge with Kolutoo 58s. astern. The other three turned in the same order in which they had passed Misery Island. Once in the wind the two Manchester boats dropped

the others very fast, and the fight was narrowed down to the two Burgess boats. Kolutoo had gained quite a bit during the last part of the first leg, and shortly after rounding Bowditch's Ledge she tacked to starboard. Vampire promptly followed, and the two stood to the westward for a few minutes. Kolutoo tacked to port again first, followed some minutes later by Vampire. Both boats stood on this tack for about fifteen minutes, and then Kolutoo tacked to starboard again, forcing Vampire to follow suit, when they came together. Vampire stood on this tack for some minutes, while Kolutoo tacked to port again almost immediately, and continued to stand in till she tacked for the mark off Baker's Island. This time she crossed Vampire's bow, and kept off round the mark at 2:59:06, followed by Vampire at 3:00:57. Once off for the mark, Vampire set her balloon jib, while Kolutoo remained content with her working jib. The reach was quite close, and I do not think Vampire's balloon jib did her any good. At any rate, Kolutoo drew gradually away and came across the line at 3:20:04. Vampire followed at 3:22:21, while Frontenac crossed at 3:28:00, and Atalanta at 3:30:32. Dulce finished 30m. astern. The course was to have been sailed twice round, but owing to the light air and thick fog, the judges called the race off for the day. It was a most unsatisfactory race, although it proved pretty conclusively the merits of the two Burgess boats in the extremely light air which existed.

No official times were given out.

Second and Third Races, Thursday, June 11.

About the same conditions existed early Thursday morning, and everyone despaired of getting a good race. But at 12 o'clock it began to rain, and the rain killed the fog. At 1 o'clock it was quite clear, and a light breeze was coming in from the southeast. At 1:30 the judges' boat took up her position off West Manchester. Dulce came out in tow of the launch Patrol, while Frontenac, Atalanta, Vampire and Kolutoo came out in tow of the latter's tender. At 1:45 the signal for course 12 was displayed, the same that was sailed on Wednesday, the wind being in just the same direction and of rather greater strength. At 1:55 the preparatory gun was fired, and at 2 o'clock the starting gun went. Kolutoo was first across the line, and broke out her ballooner at once. Atalanta came next with Dulce, Vampire and Frontenac in the order named. Kolutoo set her spinnaker to port soon after crossing the line, an example which was followed by Vampire and Atalanta. Frontenac and Dulce were content to use their balloon jibs only. Kolutoo held her lead over Vampire, and both dropped the two Long Island boats fast. Dulce was hopelessly out of it. Off the western end of Misery Island the spinnakers came in and both boats reached off to Bowditch's Ledge under ballooners. On this trial Vampire seemed to gain a bit, and when the boats hauled on the wind for the next mark, she was only a little astern of Kolutoo. Both boats stood on the port tack till Hardy's Rocks were reached, and then Kolutoo tacked to starboard, crossing Vampire's bow. She soon tacked to port again and stood on this way under Baker's Island, when she tacked for the mark and rounded it. Vampire had stood along on the starboard tack far longer than Kolutoo, and when she finally came about and stood for the mark, it could be seen that she had lost quite a bit. On the reach in no light sails were carried. The judges stopped the race at the end of the first round, but signaled to the boats to wait around to see if the breeze did not come up a little.

Start, 2:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kolutoo	3 14 34	1 04 34
Vampire	3 18 34	1 08 34
Frontenac	3 24 40	1 14 40
Atalanta	3 22 41	1 12 41
Dulce	3 37 44	1 27 44

Half an hour after the judges signaled the boats to sail twice around a short course, i. e., to Prides Rock buoy, thence to Saul's Rock buoy, thence to finish line, and repeat; making a run, a beat and a reach, as the wind then held southeast. Mr. Boardman had Kolutoo first over the line, with Dulce, Vampire, Frontenac and Atalanta in the order named. All boats broke out spinnakers to port, and the crew of the Moxham boat dropped theirs in the water just after crossing the line, and let the other three by her. Kolutoo and Vampire had on their working jibs, while the others all had ballooners set. Off Beverly Farms a northeast breeze came off from the land, and all the spinnakers came in, and the boats gybed over to starboard, and reached for the mark, quite fast in the freshening breeze.

On the reach to Saul's, Vampire passed Atalanta and gained a great deal on Kolutoo. Frontenac, too, reached by Atalanta, and started after the leaders. Dulce was far behind the other four. On the beat in to the stake boat the order remained the same, and the boats finished the first round as follows: Kolutoo, Vampire, Frontenac, Atalanta. On the reach to Prides Rock no light sails were carried, and the order of turning was: Kolutoo, Vampire, Frontenac, Atalanta. On the reach to Saul's, Vampire almost caught Kolutoo, and Frontenac was very close on the leaders. Kolutoo hauled around the mark and stood for a few minutes on the port tack. The others did the same. Vampire was the first to tack to starboard, followed instantly by Kolutoo. Frontenac stood on till she was directly behind Kolutoo, and then tacked, but she could not point with the Manchester boat, and dropped gradually to leeward. Vampire was the first to tack for the mark, and she was followed almost at once by Kolutoo, while Frontenac kept on to windward of the two, and tacked on Vampire's weather quarter. The three boats were all fetching the line, and Vampire was given a rap full and sent through Kolutoo's lee. The latter was bothered somewhat by a sloop, which was anchored directly in her course, and she had to be pinched a bit in order to weather her, while Vampire, with a good move on, went to leeward; but Mr. Burgess, who was sailing Vampire, should have full credit for the manner in which he sailed his boat, and his good judgment in tacking when he did. Once by the sloop, Kolutoo was given a hard full again, and gained fast on Vampire, but it was too late, and the scow crossed some 5ft. in advance. Frontenac was about five lengths behind, and Atalanta quite a bit astern.

Start, 3:54:		
Vampire	5 04 15	1 10 15
Kolutoo	5 04 16	1 10 16
Frontenac	5 04 23	1 10 23
Atalanta	5 07 30	1 13 30
Dulce	5 33 05	1 39 05

So far the laurels have gone to the two Burgess boats, Kolutoo having two firsts and one second, Vampire two seconds and one first, Frontenac two thirds and one fourth, and Atalanta two fourths and one third to their credit.

Friday, June 12.

The prospects this morning were not much more encouraging than before; rain and half a gale from the S. E. are not conditions conducive to racing small racing machines. At 1 o'clock Messrs. Brower, Lynn and Moxham, the owners of Frontenac, Atalanta and Dulce, met Messrs. Burgess and Higginson, the managers of the two Manchester boats, and all five men agreed in thinking that the weather conditions made it unwise to go out. The committee were notified of this fact, and fully concurred in the decision of the yacht owners. I went out into the harbor myself in Kolutoo's launch, and the wind blew about as hard as I have ever seen it blow here in summer. The sea was so high that I was afraid the launch would have been swamped if we had staid out long. No Seawanhaka boat could ever have come to windward under the conditions.

Fourth Race, Saturday, June 13.

A heavy lump of a sea, left over from Friday's gale; a hazy, wet day, and a stiff southeast wind which came and went in puffs of varying strength, were the conditions which greeted us on Saturday morning. They looked so unfavorable that the crowd gathered at the boat yard, where the boats all lay, had pretty well given up the idea of racing, when the judges' boat came down the river at 10:30 A. M., and the committee in charge announced that a start would be made off Beverly Farms at 11:30. Accordingly, sails were hoisted on all the boats, and at 11 o'clock Vampire poked her sharp snout out of the harbor. She was under whole sail and seemed to travel very fast, although she lay over badly in the puffs. Frontenac was next out under a single reefed mainsail, and No. 2 jibs, and she was closely followed by Atalanta, with the same sails on, and Dulce with whole mainsail and No. 1 jib. Last of all came Kolutoo with two reefs in her mainsail and a No. 2 jib. All five boats jogged down to the starting lines off the western end of Misery Island, and a few minutes before the start, Vampire went up under the lee of the island and tucked in two reefs. To balance this she set a No. 3 jib. In this sail the boats began maneuvering for the start. Mr. Boardman sailing Kolutoo, got away in the lead just to windward of Frontenac, who was close behind. Both boats were on the starboard tack, while Vampire, Atalanta and Dulce crossed in the order named on the port. Kolutoo tacked to port within 2m. after crossing the line, and Frontenac fully aware that this was the boat she had to beat, tacked at once, on her. Kolutoo had just the right sail, and she seemed to take far more kindly to the rough sea than Frontenac. She pointed higher, footed faster and drew away from the Amundson scow, which did not seem to be making good weather of it. Ten minutes on this tack sufficed for her to gain a good lead, and then she came about again and started in toward Little Misery Island. Frontenac followed, and as the wind had lightened a bit, shook out her reef, and put on a No. 1 jib. But in spite of this, Kolutoo gained steadily on her, and when she gybed around the mark at Baker's Island had a lead of over a minute and a half. Frontenac followed with Dulce third, Vampire fourth and Atalanta last. The course was a windward and leeward one; a beat out and a run back, twice around. With booms to starboard and spinnakers to port, the boats ran back to the stake boat. Kolutoo had on her No. 2 spinnaker, and during the run down shook out one of her two reefs. She continued to gain steadily on Frontenac. Vampire had shaken to whole sail running to windward, and now with her No. 1 spinnaker on, caught up a bit on Frontenac, passing Dulce just after rounding the mark. Atalanta also shook out to whole sail, but was hopelessly out of it. The boats rounded the stake boat at the end of the first round as follows:

Kolutoo	12 24 30	Dulce	12 30 12
Frontenac	12 26 28	Atalanta	12 32 50
Vampire	12 28 25		

The thrash out to windward the second time was a repetition of the first. Kolutoo gained steadily, while Vampire picked up a bit on Frontenac. The sea was very lumpy, and the Burgess boat, under easy sail, made far the best weather of it. The times at Baker's Island the second time were:

Kolutoo	12 48 40	Dulce	1 00 30
Frontenac	12 51 30	Atalanta	1 01 50
Vampire	12 54 50		

Once round the mark, Kolutoo's crew cracked on their No. 1 spinnaker and lengthened out her lead on the field, while Vampire made a hard but futile effort to catch Frontenac. The boats were timed at the finish as follows:

Start, 11:45.		
Kolutoo	1 01 18	1 16 18
Frontenac	1 05 41	1 20 41
Vampire	1 07 40	1 22 40
Dulce	1 14 49	1 29 49
Atalanta	1 15 11	1 30 11

This victory stamps Kolutoo as being a very fast all-round boat. Her ability to make good time in a light to moderate wind had never been questioned, but this win in a reefing breeze and a sea, on a short course of only six miles, comes as a surprise even to her managers. It only goes to prove that a sharp bowed boat can be built which will get the best of the scows in most weathers. To-day's race was in conditions which gave the constructions and rigging of the boats a severe test, and also gave the crews a chance to show what they could do in handling them.

Fifth Race, Monday, June 15.

Gray days, damp days and foggy days seem to be the fate of the Manchester Y. C. Sometimes they get wind, but more often none. Monday, June 15, was no exception to the rule. It was a cold, raw day, and a north wind with an inclination toward the west, came in puffs across Cape Anne. Down at the yard of the David Fenton Co., where all the boats lie, there was work enough going on. The two Manchester boats were hauled up side by side, and each had a couple of men working on their bottoms. They are an interesting comparison, Vampire with her long, straight side and flat bottom, and Kolutoo with her fair, beautiful sections showing a good deal of dead rise and clean lines from stem to stern. About noon both boats were launched, and at one o'clock all went out under short sail. Frontenac was first out with three reefs in her low rig, which had been put on, and she seemed to have about sail enough. Mr. Burgess, however, thought differently, and Vampire went out with only two reefs in her mainsail and a No. 3 jib. Dulce went out with whole mainsail on and a No. 1 jib on her stem, while Kolutoo wore three reefs and carried a No. 3 jib. Outside it was blowing very hard from the northeast, the wind increasing with every puff. About 3 o'clock the committee decided to send the boats over a short course, merely to see what they would do under the conditions, which were harder than they are likely to meet with in Canada. Signals were accordingly set to send the boats on a reach to Saul's Rock, another reach to the northwestern end of Misery Island and a beat to the finish line. It was a very short course, only two miles, but it gave the committee a chance to see all they wanted to. At 3:15 the preparatory gun went, and at 3:20 the boats crossed the line in a bunch. Vampire was a length in the lead, with Dulce up on her weather quarter. Just astern was Kolutoo and Frontenac. No light sails were set, it was blowing too hard to set anything for so short a distance. Vampire, with her two reefs, held her lead over Dulce, while the latter with her whole sail on and standing up like a house, was going far better than heretofore. Kolutoo and Frontenac were just astern, and all four boats gybed round Saul's Rock within a few seconds of each other. Vampire came within an ace of capsizing as she gybed around the mark, and had it not been for the quick action taken by one of her crew, who stood on her centerboard, she would have done so. Of course this contretemps stopped her a bit, and Dulce made a little gain. But she had hard luck, for just before reaching the second mark the snap hook on her jib halliards broke, and the jib came down with a rush. This let Kolutoo and Frontenac by, and it was a good minute before the jib was drawing again. Once on the wind the four cockle shells felt its full force, and there were times when it seemed as if they would surely capsize. Vampire, in particular, had a good deal too much sail, and was badly knocked down. Kolutoo behaved better than the others, and came to windward fast and well. She went by Vampire with seeming ease and took the lead, which she held to the finish. Frontenac got by Vampire and into second place, but she never was near enough to Kolutoo to worry her. The times are as follows:

Start, 3:20.		
Kolutoo	3 44 23	0 24 23
Frontenac	3 44 38	0 24 38
Vampire	3 44 45	0 24 45
Dulce	3 44 46	0 24 46

On Tuesday morning the judges announced that there had been racing enough for them to make up their minds as to the qualities of the boats. Kolutoo had proven herself very fast in all kinds of weather and had clearly earned the right to go to Canada. The western boats had demonstrated their ability to go fast in a breeze, but Vampire, the other Burgess boat, had been far faster in light airs and almost as good in a breeze.

For these reasons Kolutoo and Vampire will go to Dorval together in July, and will tune up against each other there. Kolutoo is expected to be the boat to meet the Canadians, unless certain alterations now being made on Vampire improve her greatly. In any case, which ever boat goes in the crew will be that of Kolutoo with the exception of Frank Burgess, who fills Mr. Jackson's place on Kolutoo. The best of feeling existed between all the crews, and at a dinner given Tuesday night at the Essex Country Club to the losing crews by the Kolutoo's crew, everyone joined in singing the praises of Kolutoo and drank to her success. The final toast was given by Mr. Brower of the Frontenac, "To Kolutoo, and may she come back with a broom at her masthead and the cup in her cockpit."

The Canada's Cup Defender.

TORONTO, June 13.—Strathcona has been under canvas twice to date, and while her actual trial races have not yet commenced, yachtsmen are already beginning to form definite opinions of her. She was sailed down from her launching place, Oakville, Ont., on June 6, under a pair of jibs and a mainsail belonging to the Watson cutter Vivia. The total area of these three sails was less than that of her own proper mainsail, but she handled beautifully under the pocket handkerchiefs, picking up way at the slightest breath of air and threshing to windward in excellent style when the breeze freshened. She worked a full five miles to windward under her jury rig Sunday morning in one hour. She was quick in stays, coming from full to full in thirteen seconds and carrying her way well, with no perceptible diminution of speed either in luffing or paying off. She steered easily and made her turns in short compass.

Strathcona spent the week at the Royal Canadian Y. C. moorings, fitting out, but was not able to sail entirely under her own canvas on Saturday. The reason for this was that her Toronto suit, despite all promises and warnings, was not ready. Her English suit, manufactured by Lapthorne and Ratsey, had been ready for some time, but on the advice of her designer, A. E. Payne, it was decided to delay bending it until Mr. Ratsey himself arrived to superintend the job. He will visit Toronto the last week in June.

Strathcona accordingly took her promised trial spin under her own Toronto-made headsails and a cut-down mainsail of Gloria's, a well-made English sail, but one

which did not fit her well, being too low in the clew and having too much of a goosewing in the leach, as well as being 18in. short on the hoist, head, and foot. There was no racing, although Strathcona was in company with two of the R. C. Y. C. flyers for some time. The sail indicated nothing of speed, but a great deal as regards ability. The new boat stood up like the traditional church, and traveled like the traditional scared cat. She was stiffer than either of her companions. It was blowing fresh, but in comparatively smooth water she kept her lee rail out. She could easily have carried a working topsail, but contented herself with the three lower pieces, the sail the other boats were carrying. The way she parted the water was marvelous. While tearing along at ten miles an hour she plowed up a big feather under her bobstay, and carried a wisp of spray at her run; but there was no such thing as a quartering sea, with all its heavy drag of water, and more marvelous still, no wake. Once she parts the water she seems to be done with it.

Strathcona's companions were Vreda, a larger Watson-designed cutter of great speed, although built in 1888; and Gloria, the English racer, built for the Coupe de France, which she won in the Mediterranean five years ago. Gloria is ten feet longer on the waterline than Strathcona, and carries 1,100 feet more sail, and she is a thorough racer. Vreda is a smaller boat, but still longer on the waterline than Strathcona. While there was no racing the three sailed out of the Eastern Gap in succession, and their time negotiating the half mile stretch of pier was:

	Enter.	Leave.	Elapsed.
Vreda	2 44 20	2 50 40	0 06 20
Gloria	2 45 20	2 50 00	0 04 40
Strathcona	2 46 40	2 52 00	0 05 20

Which shows the new boat is no dead one, even when pitted against larger craft and under makeshift canvas

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Corinthian Y. C.

STAMFORD, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 13.

The second race given by the Corinthian Y. C., for auxiliaries and launches was held off Stamford on Saturday, June 13. Mr. W. P. Hatch, owner of Hartford, protested Sally. It is said the latter boat was not properly entered. The summary:

Auxiliary Power Yachts.

Vitesse, W. L. Bradley	0 52 40
Hiawatha, Brant & Dayton	0 53 30

Launches not over 21ft. and over 17ft.

Sally, F. Smith	0 59 50
Hartford, W. P. Hatch	1 00 00
Spray, M. O. Dibble	1 03 20
Pawnee, F. A. L. Sneckner	1 04 45
Stewart, H. L. Stewart	1 07 25

Launches, 17ft. and Under.

Bateau, W. Selleck	0 40 00
Katherine, W. F. Gillespie	0 40 07

The winners were Vitesse, Sally and Bateau.

Saturday, June 20.

The third of the series races for auxiliaries and launches was held on Saturday, June 20. Heavy rain made things wet and uncomfortable, but the unpleasant weather did not keep any of the boats entered from starting. Classes L and M sailed twice over the Gangway buoy course, while boats in Class N went around once, a distance of four and one-half miles. The summary:

Class L—Launches not over 26ft. and over 21ft.

Palmer, Thomas F. Smith	0 56 30
Æolus, R. H. Gillespie	0 56 45
Hartford, W. P. Hatch	0 57 37

Class N—Launches 17ft. and Under.

Bateau, W. Selleck	0 39 22
Katherine, W. F. Gillespie	0 39 35
Leslie, George Scrobogna	0 39 40

Class M—Special—Launches not over 26ft. and over 21ft.

Sovereign, James D. Smith	1 03 23
Spray, M. O. Dibble	1 06 20
Owl, McMunn & Seeley	1 12 10
Genevieve, John Wilson	1 18 10
Chief, Wallace Burr	Did not finish.

The winners were Palmer, Bateau and Sovereign.

On Saturday, June 27, a special race will be sailed between Palmer, Hartford and Æolus, as each of the boats has one of the three races in other classes.

The cup winners are Vitesse and Bateau.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Wednesday, June 17.

Reliance met with her first accident when she lost her topmast, in the race given by the Larchmont Y. C. on Wednesday, June 17. The mishap occurred just after the start and, fortunately, no one was injured. There was a very light breeze at the time, and the accident was probably caused by the lowering of the jib when the balloon jib was drawing, thus allowing all the strain to come on the topmast. In these big boats great care has to be exercised in distributing the strain equally on the mast and not to allow any undue pressure to be brought to bear in any one place.

After Reliance withdrew the race was almost devoid of interest, for Constitution had matters all her own way and she beat Columbia handily.

In the morning there was no wind, and the prospects for a race were not good. All three boats, however, came to the starting line, and just after one o'clock the Regatta Committee signaled the course. The boats were to be sent twice around a fifteen- mile triangle. The first leg was six miles east, three-quarters north; the second leg six miles southwest, five-eighths west, and the third leg three miles north northwest.

At 1:30 the warning whistle was heard, and the preparatory was given at 1:40. The boats were sent away at 1:45. At this time there was a light S. W. breeze.

In the maneuvering before the start Reliance had gotten badly pocketed, but Capt. Barr was equal to the occasion, and luffed sharply across Columbia's stern and across Constitution into the weather berth. Balloon jib topsails and staysails were broken out, and the boats were headed for the first mark. Reliance lost her topmast just after the start, and her ballooner went into the water. The club of her jack yard topsail broke off at the end of the gaff, and that sail hung by some gear on the port side of the mainsail. Sunbeam ranged alongside and the boat was taken to City Island, where her spare topmast was put in place.

Constitution and Columbia ran out of the breeze soon after Reliance broke down, and they drifted along in the tide pretty close together. The boats began to feel a little S. E. breeze, and the balloon sails were doused, and small jib topsails and work staysails were set in their place. Another change was soon made on both boats, and small reaching jib topsails were set in place of the babies. Constitution caught some favorable puff, and had all the luck, but Columbia at last worked into some breeze and came up on the Belmont boat in good shape. First one boat worked into the lead and then the other. At last Constitution caught a fair southerly breeze, and sheets were promptly eased off, and she ran down for the mark, leaving Columbia, which had her sheets too flat, in a pronounced manner. Below are the times the boats rounded the first mark.

Constitution .....3 16 33 Columbia 3 17 56

Constitution gained 1m. 59s. on this leg.

The boats were able to lay their course for the second mark, and the southerly breeze had increased to about seven or eight knots in strength. Both boats carried baby jib topsails. At the second mark the times were:

Constitution .....3 54 51 Columbia 3 56 44

Constitution gained 30s. on this leg.

After rounding Constitution broke out her spinnaker and got away from Columbia a little. A balloon jib was set on Columbia, and her spinnaker was not set until it was found that her ballooner would not draw. The boats were timed at the end of the first round as follows:

Constitution .....4 14 45 Columbia 4 17 21

Constitution gained 43s. on this leg.

The first leg of the second round was a reach, with booms to port. Constitution set a reaching jib topsail, while a balloon jib was set on Columbia, which did her more harm than good. The times at the first mark were:

Constitution .....4 48 48 Columbia 4 53 28

Constitution gained 2m. 4s. on this leg.

Owing to a shift in the wind the second leg was mostly a beat. The breeze was very light, but Constitution continued to increase her lead. Before the second mark was reached the breeze picked up a little, and the boats rounded as follows:

Constitution .....5 48 56 Columbia 5 56 31

Constitution gained 2m. 55s. on this leg.

Spinnakers were set on both boats to port. after rounding, and they were timed at the finish as follows:

Constitution .....6 14 15 Columbia 6 23 53

Constitution gained 2m. 3s. on this leg.

The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	1 47 28	6 14 15	4 27 15
Columbia	1 46 52	6 23 53	4 37 01
Reliance	1 47 10	Disabled.	

Constitution and Reliance were handicapped. Constitution beat Columbia 9m. 46s., but as Constitution was handicapped 28s. at the start, she really beat Columbia 10m. 14s.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Friday, June 19.

Constitution made a splendid showing in the race held by the Indian Harbor Y. C., off Greenwich, on Friday, June 19. While Reliance beat Constitution 1m. and 50s. actual time, the result of the race is still in doubt, for the measurements of the two boats are not known, but it is believed that Reliance will have to allow Constitution about 2m. time in a thirty-mile race. Columbia was outclassed from the start and never figured in the race.

It was a most unsatisfactory day for a race, as the wind was light and fluky and heavy showers made matters more uncomfortable.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones and the other members of the Regatta Committee were on the towboat E. S. Atwood. In the morning it rained hard, and when it did stop there was no breeze. About noon time a little breeze sprung up from the E. by S., and at 12:30 the course was signaled from the committee boat. This was from a mark off Great Captain's Island, ten miles E. by S. ¼ S. to a mark off Eaton's Neck; five miles N. to a mark off Green's Ledge Light and ten miles W. by S. ¾ S. to the mark off Great Captain's Island.

At 12:40 the warning signal was heard, and the boats were started five minutes later. Barr outjockeyed Rhodes at the start, and when Reliance was apparently in a bad place under Constitution's lee, the new boat was luffed across Constitution's stern, and, as she had good headway on, soon established an overlap, and was able to cross in the weather berth. The boats were timed as follows:

Reliance .....12 46 07 Columbia 12 46 52
Constitution 12 46 10

The first leg was a beat, and the boats broke out small jib topsails. Reliance had taken Constitution's wind and drew away from her at once. Columbia was put on the port tack just after she crossed, but the other two boats held on the starboard tack in toward the Connecticut shore. Reliance was the first to take the port tack, and Constitution followed soon after. About half an hour after the start Reliance was again put on the starboard tack, and she drew down on Constitution. When they were well together Constitution came about on the starboard tack, and as soon as she did so Reliance again took the port tack. After making a short hitch Constitution came about and followed Reliance. When the new boat tacked she was able to cross Constitution's bows. The two boats now worked along under the Long Island shore. About two o'clock the wind veered around to the north of east. On Reliance a larger jib topsail had been substituted for the smaller one, and the change in the wind allowed the boats to lay their course for the mark. Constitution was now in the lead, but the wind headed them, and they were forced to tack again. Reliance was favored by a nice S. E. slant that drew out of Huntington Bay, and she ran up on Constitution and overtook her before she lost the puff. As the boats came down on the weather mark Constitution was a little ahead, but Reliance was to windward. They were timed as follows:

Constitution .....2 44 07 Columbia 3 07 07
Reliance 2 44 12

Constitution beat Reliance 8s. and Columbia 22m. 18s. on this leg.

It was a broad reach to the second mark, and Constitution broke out her balloon jib topsail after rounding, while on Reliance a reaching jib topsail was set. Reliance bore down on Constitution, and killed her wind, and in this way she pulled ahead. After Reliance passed Constitution the latter boat began to luff, and Reliance followed suit. Constitution gybed over and so did Reliance, and then she had another luffing match to secure the weather berth agin. The wind had been hauling back and forth, and then a brisk shower came up. This took away what little breeze there was, and when the wind did come up it was from the south, and spinnakers were set to port and they were carried until the boats were a mile or so from the mark, when they were taken in on both boats. After taking in spinnakers the two boats again gybed and set balloon jib topsails. Constitution seemed to draw up on the new boat, and when well down on the mark they both gybed again and doused their big balloon jib topsails. Columbia made a big gain on this leg, as she kept right on her course, while the other boats were indulging in luffing matches. The following times were taken at the second mark:

Reliance .....3 50 41 Columbia 4 02 00
Constitution 3 52 14

Reliance beat Constitution 1m. 38s. and Columbia 11m. 36s. on this leg.

The last leg was a close fetch, as the wind was S. S. W. It was now blowing quite fresh and small jib topsails were carried. The boats made fast time up to the finish line, although the breeze let up a little toward the end. The boats finished as follows:

Constitution .....4 52 17 Columbia 5 03 46
Reliance 4 50 24

Reliance beat Constitution 20s. and Columbia 2m. 3s. on this leg.

Constitution flew a protest flag as she crossed the finish line. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 46 07	4 50 24	4 04 17
Constitution	12 46 10	4 52 17	4 06 07
Columbia	12 46 52	5 03 46	4 16 54

Reliance beat Constitution 1m. 50s. and Columbia 12m. 37s. actual time.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 20.

There were twenty-six starters in the annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. that was held on Saturday, June 20. The boats encountered all sorts of wind and weather during the race, for the breeze chopped all around the compass, and two rain squalls were passed through.

The larger boats covered a nine-mile triangle twice. The start was made off Echo Bay, and it was a beat to the first mark off Scotch Caps, then a broad reach to a mark off Oak Point, and then a reach back to the starting line. The little boats covered a smaller triangle. They also started off Echo Bay, and then to and around the black buoy off Hen and Chickens, then to and around the striped buoy to the northeast of Execution Reef and thence to the starting line.

At the start the breeze was fresh from the N. N. E. The Regatta Committee was on the steamer Glen Cove, and the preparatory signal was given at twelve o'clock. Ten minutes later the boats in the 36ft. class were sent away. Leda was first over the line, with Flosshilde just on her weather quarter. Flosshilde ordinarily sails in the 30ft. class, but as Leda had no competitor, she went up a class to give her a race. Leda ran away from Flosshilde, and the boats were so far apart that the race was quite devoid of interest.

At 12:15 the 30-footers were started, and Mimosa got away in the lead, with Oiseau, Alerion, Alert and Hope following in the order named. Alert was cleverly sailed by Mr. Edward M. MacLellan, and at the end of the first round she was over a minute ahead of Oiseau, the second boat.

Hope had no competitor in the 25ft. waterline one-design class, and she took a sail over. She was badly beaten by the boats in the class above, although they are about the same waterline length.

Rogue got the start in the raceabout class, Mavis, Jolly Tar and Grasshopper following in the order named. Grasshopper was ahead at the end of the first round, but Jolly Tar won by over a minute.

Dorothy got the start in the Larchmont 21ft. one-design class, but at the end of the first round Adelaide was leading by nearly three minutes. On the second round she increased her lead and took the race by a substantial margin.

Firefly led the 25ft. sloops over the line, Wyntje being second. Lucille, Snapper and Arbeeka crossed in the order named. Snapper led at the end of the first round and won the race. Mr. P. Williams, owner of Lucille, protested Firefly, asking for a remeasurement. Snapper was also protested for fouling the mark at the start, but as she crossed the line after the foul was committed the protest was not allowed.

At 12:30 Gazabo and Jeebi started with the former in the lead. Gazabo was still ahead at the end of the first round, but Jeebi won out.

Boats in the New Rochelle and Manhasset Bay one-design classes were started at 12:35. They got away in the order named—Ace, Lambkin, Falcon, Caper, Knave and Arizona. Knave led the New Rochelle boats, and Lambkin the Manhasset Bay boats at the end of the first round. Caper made the best time over the short course, and Leda over the long one.

On the second time around the breeze shifted to the southward, and it was blowing quite hard at the finish.

The summaries follow:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Leda, S. H. Mason, Jr.	3 22 44	3 12 44	3 12 44
Flosshilde, W. D. Haven	3 37 37	3 27 37	3 26 43

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15.

Oiseau, H. L. Maxwell	3 39 04	3 24 04	3 23 54
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 37 55	3 22 55	3 22 08
Alert, J. W. Alker	3 34 01	3 19 01	3 19 01
Mimosa, T. L. Park	3 38 08	3 23 08	3 23 07

Special—25ft. Class—Start, 12:15.

Hope, C. O. Iselin	3 51 04	. .. ..	. .. ..

Raceabouts—Start, 12:20.

Grasshopper, H. L. Pryer	3 54 14	3 34 14	3 34 14
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 56 06	3 36 06	3 36 06
Mavis, G. L. Pirie	3 53 04	3 33 04	3 33 04
Jolly Tar, S. Wainwright	3 51 47	3 31 47	3 31 47

Larchmont—21ft. Class—Start, 12:20.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 55 42	3 35 42	3 35 42
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	4 01 41	3 41 41	3 41 41

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:25.

Sheila, J. C. Connolly	Disqualified.		
Arbeeka, J. B. Walker	Disabled.		
Wyntje, N. H. Clark	4 14 45	3 49 55	. .. ..
Lucille, P. Williams	4 14 21	3 49 41	. .. ..
Firefly, S. P. Granberry	4 11 51	3 46 51	. .. ..
Snapper, F. S. Page	3 59 48	3 25 12	. .. ..

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:30.

Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	2 15 03	1 45 03	1 45 03
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown	2 14 54	1 44 21	1 35 21

New Rochelle—One-Design Class—Start, 12:35.

Caper, P. L. Howard	2 19 17	1 44 17	1 44 17
Knave, R. M. Bavier	2 19 54	1 44 54	1 44 54
Ace, Anna Bavier	2 20 07	1 45 07	1 45 07

Manhasset Bay—One-Design Class—Start, 12:35.

Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 21 38	1 46 38	1 46 38
Falcon, Cole and Stevens	2 23 29	1 48 29	1 48 29
Arizona, G. A. Corry	2 23 54	1 48 54	1 48 54

The winners were Leda, Alert, Hope, Jolly Tar, Adelaide, Snapper, Jeebi, Caper and Lambkin.

Columbia Y. C.

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION, HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.

Saturday, June 20.

The American Power Boat Association held its first open race under the auspices of the Columbia Y. C., on Saturday, June 20. The regatta was a success in every way, and five classes filled. Fifteen boats started and all finished.

The event was admirably managed by the officers of the Association, consisting of Messrs. W. H. Ketchum and J. H. McIntosh, Columbia Y. C.; Mr. A. B. Cole, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Mr. Henry J. Gielow, of the Atlantic Y. C., being represented by Mr. C. C. Smith.

At 2:30 the preparatory signal was given. There was but little air at the time, and the water was smooth. The tide was running flood. The course was from an imaginary line, off the club house, West Eighty-sixth street, to a mark off One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, thence to another mark off Sixtieth street, then back to the finish line, off the club house, a distance of eight miles. The two outer marks were placed on the edge of the channel over on the Jersey shore.

Boats in class B started at 2:35. Gazelle was first over the line with Witaco just on her starboard quarter. Gazelle rounded the southerly mark, off Sixtieth street, several lengths in the lead, and crossed the finish line 3m. 12s. ahead of Witaco, but loses the race on corrected time, as she has to concede Witaco several minutes, owing to her greater length and more powerful motor.

At 2:40 the four starters in class C were sent away. Senta was a little ahead at the start, with Queen Bess, Isolde and Chic following in the order named. Queen Bess soon pulled into first place, and made a big gain on the second leg under the Jersey shore. She beat Senta, the second boat, by a good margin. Chic was a close third.

Gertrude had things her own way in class D, and finished over 5m. ahead of Lutuhezi, but the latter boat won the race easily on time allowance.

In class K Privateer finished 3m. ahead of Taurus, but being a larger boat with more power, was beaten on corrected time by Taurus.

A close race was seen in class L between Nepthus and Constant. These boats lost their competitors, Carmen and Anita, and had it neck and neck all over the course. Nepthus finished ahead by 8s., but Constant got the race on time.

There were many present at the club house, and the members and their guests were able to watch the races from the wide varandas without getting wet, for it rained at intervals during the afternoon.

The summary follows:

Class B—40 to 50ft.—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gazelle, W. G. McCrea	2 23 33	0 48 33	. .. ..
Witaco, W. T. Colbron	3 39 45	0 51 45	0 51 45

Class C—32 to 40ft.—Start, 2:40.

Senta, F. G. Meade	3 24 15	1 02 15	1 02 15
Queen Bess, Richard Stearns	3 35 50	0 54 10	0 54 58
Chic, Whitney Lyon	3 41 55	1 01 55	1 02 57
Isabelle, H. R. Haddock	3 43 32	1 03 32	1 07 40

Class D—26 to 32ft.—Start, 2:45.

Lutuhezi, W. Luttgen	3 56 00	1 11 00	1 11 00
Gertrude, G. R. Bronson	3 50 55	1 05 55	1 16 10

Class K—21 to 26ft—Start, 2:50.

Taurus, J. H. Hanan	3 57 40	1 07 00	1 07 40
Sagamore, H. B. Bonner	3 58 00	1 08 00	1 14 03
Privateer, R. A. C. Smith	3 54 00	1 04 00	1 12 05

Class L—Under 21ft.—Start, 2:55.

Nepthus, H. R. Sutphen	4 08 12	1 13 12	1 27 21
Carmen, C. A. Starbuck	4 20 15	1 25 15	1 34 27
Constant, R. P. Hart	4 08 20	1 13 20	1 25 12
Anita, Alfred Carr	4 22 20	1 37 20	1 37 20

The winners were Witaco, Queen Bess, Lutuhezi, Taurus and Constant.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

Saturday, June 20.

On Saturday, June 20, the three big boats, Reliance, Constitution and Columbia, sailed a race off Oyster Bay for a prize, offered by the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

The day broke cloudy and threatening and it rained off and on.

Mr. Johnston de Forest, chairman of the Regatta Committee, was aboard the committee boat, E. S. Atwood, together with the other members of the committee. The starting line was about a mile east of the buoy, off Center Island Point, and the course was three miles N. N. W., thence four miles E. by N. ½ N. and thence four and three-quarter miles S. W. by S. This triangle of eleven and three-quarter miles was covered twice, making a total distance of twenty-three and one-half miles.

When the warning signal was given at 12:15, there was a five-knot N. E. breeze blowing. All three boats had been towed up to Oyster Bay. At 12:25 the warning signal was heard. There was less jockeying at the start than there has been in the previous races. All the boats had medium sized jack yard topsails set. Reliance crossed in the weather berth with Columbia under her lee, but ahead. A reaching jib topsail was broken out on Reliance and she soon took Columbia's wind and pulled ahead. Columbia was carrying only a small jib topsail. Constitution got a poor start, and had she gotten away better she would have been much nearer Reliance at the finish than she was. The following times were taken as the boats crossed:

Columbia .....12 30 21 Constitution 12 30 58
Reliance 12 30 22

It was a reach to the first mark, and booms were well off to port. Constitution, with a reaching jib topsail set, soon overhauled Columbia, but that boat kept luffing out and would not allow the Belmont boat to pass her. While the luffing match was going on between the two older boats, Reliance was fast getting away from them. When Columbia and Constitution squared away they had to ease sheets well off to run down to the mark. The boats were timed there as follows:

Reliance .....12 49 21 Constitution 12 51 36
Columbia 12 51 32

Reliance beat Constitution 1m. 59s. and Columbia 2m. 12s. on this leg.

The second leg was a beat, and after luffing around the mark Reliance and Constitution held the starboard tack in toward the Connecticut shore. About 5 minutes after rounding they were put on the port tack. This tack was held until Reliance could fetch the mark, and as soon as she tacked Constitution followed. Columbia had not done so well by holding the starboard tack, and the other two boats had been favored a little. At this mark the times were:

Reliance .....1 21 15 Columbia 1 28 35
Constitution 1 24 34

Reliance gained 44s. on Constitution and 5m. 9s. on Columbia on this leg.

It was another reach, with the wind abeam, back to the starting line. Reliance and Columbia set reaching jib topsails, while Constitution kept on under her baby for some time, when she took it in and set a reaching jib topsail. The breeze, which was working around to the south, increased in strength. Reliance caught the freshening breeze first, and heeled well down made good time and drew away from Constitution still further. At the home mark at the end of the first round, the boats were timed as follows:

Reliance .....1 48 09 Columbia 1 56 55
Constitution 1 52 38

Reliance had gained 1m. 10s. on Constitution and 1m. 26s. on Columbia on this leg.

The shift in the wind made the first leg of the second round a run, and after gybing over booms were eased off to port, and spinnakers were set to starboard. Columbia's crew handled their sails quicker than did the men on the other two boats, and Reliance's men were the slowest of the lot. When some distance from the mark spinnakers were taken in, and on Reliance and Columbia baby jib topsails were set in place of the reaching jib topsails. The breeze let up quite a bit on this leg, and Constitution had pulled up on Reliance. The times at the mark were:

Reliance .....2 16 54 Columbia 2 26 30
Constitution 2 20 02

Constitution had gained 1m. 2s. on Reliance and 1m. 52s. on Columbia on this leg.

The boats again had a beat to the second mark. Reliance and Constitution made the mark by a short leg to port and a long leg to starboard, while Columbia did just the opposite, and took a long leg to port and greatly benefited by so doing, for she struck a fresher and more favorable breeze.

The boats were timed as follows when rounding the second mark:

Reliance .....2 52 07 Columbia 2 58 44
Constitution 2 56 30

Columbia had gained 2m. 59s. on Reliance and 3m. 55s. on Constitution on this leg.

The boats now had a close reach on the port tack to the finish line. Reliance, under a baby jib topsail, made fast time in the freshening breeze. When a short distance from the finish line the wind again lightened up considerably. The times at the finish were:

Constitution .....3 21 27 Columbia 3 24 04
Reliance 3 16 34

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Reliance	12 30 22	3 16 34	2 46 12
Constitution	12 30 58	3 21 27	2 50 29
Columbia	12 30 21	3 24 04	2 53 43

Reliance beat Constitution 4m. 17s. and Columbia 7m. 31s.

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE, NEW YORK BAY,

Saturday, June 20.

The Atlantic Y. C. held races for classes M and under on the afternoon of Saturday, June 20, over the shorter courses. The feature of the event was the struggle among the 30-footers, in which were entered Bagheera and Bobtail, the craft which will represent Gravesend Bay in the races for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup, and the Herreshoff boat Vivian II. (ex-Onward), recently purchased by Mr. S. E. Vernon.

Onward arrived off the Atlantic Y. C. anchorage on Tuesday last from Bristol, R. I. She carries a double head rig, while Bagheera and Bobtail are provided with a single jib. The next day after reaching Sea Gate she was renamed Vivian II.

Vivian II. signalized her initial appearance by defeating Bagheera 43s., after twice covering a triangular course of 7⅜ nautical miles. Bobtail had difficulty with her rudder, and was forced to withdraw. The Vernon sloop has to give time to Bagheera, and the exact result of the race cannot be told until the craft are measured.

It was an exciting race from start to finish. At the end of the first round Bagheera led by 1m. 50s. The end of the first round Bagheera led by 1m. and 5s. The course was from the starting line off Sea Gate to West Bank Light, leaving the same on the starboard hand, thence to Craven Shoal bell buoy and home. The first two legs were broad reaches. The last one well tested the windward ability of the competitors.

In sloop class P, Vagabond sailed well and finished 3m. 5s. ahead of Cockatoo, and 5m. 58s. before the yawl Kate. By a common agreement among the owners, the yawl was to get an allowance of 6m. for the six-mile course. This enabled her to win out by 2s. Scalawag won in class R. Wraith, the only entry in class Q, had trouble with her centerboard, and had to be towed back to the club anchorage.

Boats under class M sailed the regular Atlantic Y. C. course, with the start off Sea Gate and marks at Fort Hamilton and Ulmer Park. It was covered twice. The first leg was a broad reach, the second full of windward work, and the third a reach to the home mark.

Rain fell in torrents throughout the race. A good breeze from E. S. E. blew steadily from start to finish and more than made up for the wet conditions.

The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 35 20	2 25 20
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 36 03	2 26 03
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	Disabled.	

Boats subject to time allowance when measured.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:15.

Vagabond, T. A. Vernon	4 32 05	1 17 05
Cockatoo, W. A. Barstow	4 35 40	1 20 40
Kate, yawl, J. S. Negus	4 38 03	1 23 03

Other owners gave Kate 6m. time allowance. Her corrected time, 1.17.03.

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:20.

Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	Disabled.

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:20.

Scalawag, E. S. Ludlow	4 46 48	1 26 48
Pickininny, E. H. Low	4 51 40	1 31 40
Constance, F. D. Prentice	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Vivian II., Kate and Scalawag.

Brooklyn Y. C.

Y. R. A. OF GRAVESEND BAY,

Saturday, June 20.

The second regatta of the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay was held on the afternoon of Saturday, June 20, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. The heavy rain that fell during the greater part of the contest kept the number of starters down to fifteen, all but three of which finished.

The wind held steady E. S. E. throughout the race. Boats sailing the inside courses had a broad reach from the start off the Brooklyn Y. C. to the stake boat, off Sea Gate. Another broad reach took them to the Fort Hamilton mark and several windward boards brought them home again. The course was covered twice.

Bonito and Kangaroo were the only craft going over the outside courses to finish the race. These boats had a reach out to Coney Island Point, some windward work to Red Can Buoy No. 2, a reach to Craven Shoal buoy and a close-hauled leg home.

In class P, Ogeemah had Karma for a competitor. The latter withdrew after the first round. Spots reversed the usual order of things and defeated Trouble. Class V, for open catboats, was very interesting, Boozie winning out after a close struggle. Kelpie and Esperance fought for honors in the Marine and Field one-design class. At the end of the first round the eventual winners led their respective classes.

Six members of the Atlantic Y. C., which withdrew from the Association early this year, have applied for membership in clubs now affiliated with the organization. This action will bring together all the best racing talent on Gravesend Bay and insure the best of competition.

An interesting working of the different measurement rules now in force is illustrated in comparing the sloops Ogeemah and Trouble. The former was designed by Mr. John R. Brophy this year under the restrictions in vogue on Long Island Sound. It also conforms well to the rule of the New York Y. C. Under both regulations Ogeemah would sail in class Q and Trouble (a class Q boat) would have to give it time allowance.

In the racing on Gravesend Bay, under the old rule (half the square root of the sail area plus the load waterline length), Ogeemah is obliged to go to the limit of class P, while Trouble competes with class Q craft.

The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Special—Start, 3:18.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	5 17 25	1 59 25
Kangaroo, C. H. Humphreys	5 26 53	2 08 53

Auxiliary Yawl—Class N—Special—Start, 3:18.

Ionta, M. H. Torrey	Did not finish.

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:21.

Ogeemah, Brophy & Mackay	4 50 04	1 29 04
Karma, J. C. Erskine	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:24.

Spots, D. D. Allerton	4 50 45	1 26 45
Trouble, W. H. Childs	4 51 30	1 27 30

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:33.

Boozie, C. D. Durkee	5 08 00	1 35 00
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 11 04	1 38 04
Martha M., Richard Moore	5 11 24	1 38 24

Corrected time, Boozie, 1.34.00; Martha M., 1.36.20.

Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:36.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown	5 15 30	1 39 30
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton	5 15 55	1 39 55
Quinque, W. J. Spence	5 21 22	1 45 22
Jig-a-Jig, Ferguson & Hutcheson	5 23 40	1 47 40
Stinger, A. P. Clapp	Did not finish.	

The winners were Bonito, Ogeemah, Spots, Boozie and Kelpie.

Boston Y. C.

HULL, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

The Y. R. A. race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull station on Wednesday, June 17, in a moderate breeze, E. S. W. In the 25ft. class there were two entries, Chewink III. and Calypso. Sally VII. was around, but entered the handicap class, while Great Haste was not ready to race and stayed out. Chewink III. and Calypso started together and the Calypso, sailing wide, appeared to pull ahead on the beat to windward, but Chewink III. was sailing much nearer the wind, and the consequence was that she turned the weather mark in the lead, and she kept it to the finish. Two boats showed up in the 22ft. class. Opitsah V. got the start and opened out a lead, which she kept to the finish. These two are practically one-design boats. The 18-footers had the greatest number of entries. They were all in a bunch at the start, and on the beat to the first mark the Domino opened up a lead. She held this until they had started on the second round of the course, when she overtook the mark, and Question went into first place, holding it to the finish. In the first handicap class Sally VII. had things all her own way, and this was the case with Darthea in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers—Start, 2:30—Prizes, $20 and $10.

	Elapsed.
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 34 33
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 36 04

Chewink wins by 1m. 31s.

Class E—22-Footers—Start, 2:35—Prizes, $18 and $9.

Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	1 43 32
Medric, Herbert H. White	1 44 59

Opitsah V. wins by 1m. 27s.

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 2:45—Prizes, $12, $7, $5 and a cup to the winner.

Question, J. Henry Hunt	1 52 35
Domino, C. C. Clapp	1 52 50
Biza, Alfred Douglass	1 53 08
Milady, F. R. Adams	1 53 20
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead	1 54 36
Wink, L. D. Goodspead	1 57 02
Miss Modesty, B. S. Pernar	1 57 54
Patrice, A. W. Finlay	1 58 03
Crow, Lauriat & Hooper	1 58 15
Malilian II., F. L. Woods	2 00 26
Yo San, R. J. Randolph, Jr.	2 02 06

Question wins from Domino by 1m. 15s.

First Handicap Class—Start at 2:55.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	1 36 37	1 36 37
Kiuna, W. A. Learned	1 51 19	1 41 37
Helen, F. R. Neal	1 49 11	1 44 20
Minerva, Walter Shaw	2 11 00	1 51 36

Sally VII. wins from Kiuna, yawl, by 5m.

Second Handicap Class—Start, 3:05.

Darthea, E. B. Lambert	1 51 35	1 51 35
Gobbo, L. P. Soule	2 14 02	2 00 36
Clarice, Walter Burgess	2 14 54	2 01 28

Darthea, wins from Gobbo by 9m. 1s.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

The open sweepstakes race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in a moderate N. E. breeze on Wednesday, June 17. In the 30-footers, Quakeress II. and Mashnee got away in the lead, but Pontiac worked the tide and wind and pulled out into first place, which she held to the finish. Pontiac and Quakeress were protested for not covering the whole course. In the 21ft. class, Barnacle went into the lead from the start and was never headed. In the fourth class, cats, Howard won a good race from the new Huckins 17-footer Sergius by 18 seconds. In the 15ft. class Peacock sailed a good race and won by 1m. 28s. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Pontiac, Philip Beebe	2 53 53
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 53 54
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	2 54 36
Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 56 51
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	3 01 05
Natos, Chas. H. Taylor, Jr.	3 02 30
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	3 03 46
Gamecock, Louis Bacon	3 03 54
Zingara, E. M. Farnsworth	3 07 31

21-Footers.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 12 04
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 17 28
Radiant, E. C. Baker	2 18 12
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 23 31

Fourth Class Cats.

Howard, H. O. Miller	1 48 30
Sergius, W. F. Cox	1 48 48
Hod, H. B. Holmes	1 54 33

15-Footers.

Peacock, R. Winsor	1 47 19
Spider, H. M. Stone	1 48 47
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 48 55
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 49 25
Jub Jub, H. Stockton	1 49 43
Flickamarro, the Misses Emmons	1 50 10
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 57 47

Saturday, June 20.

A club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzards' Bay on Saturday, June 20, in a whole-sail S. E. breeze. In the one-design 30-footers Mashnee was away first at the start, and was never headed, winning by 1m. 16s. In the 21ft. class Barnacle won by 23s. from Jack Rabbit. Jack Rabbit is a new boat, not yet tuned, and may be looked for to give a good account of herself later. In the fourth class, cats, Alison II. won handily. Spider won by a safe margin in the 15ft. class. The summary:

Class A—30-footers.

Mashnee, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 16 25
Quakeress II., W. F. Harrison	2 17 41
Notos, C. H. Taylor, Jr.	2 21 17
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 21 25
Pontiac, C. Philip Beebe	2 21 39
Arabian, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 23 25
Evelyn, John Hitchcock	2 23 41

Class C—21-Footers.

Barnacle, W. E. C. Eustis	2 15 01
Jack Rabbit, Joshua Crane, Jr.	2 15 24
Terrapin, L. W. Dabney	2 15 29
Radiant, Mrs. E. C. Baker	2 16 30
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 16 36

Fourth Class—Cats.

Alison II., S. B. McLeod	1 02 37
Sergius, W. F. Cox	1 04 12
Hod, H. B. Holmes	1 13 09
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 13 44

15ft. Class.

Spider, H. M. Stone	1 05 46
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons	1 07 29
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 09 02
Flickamarro, Misses Emmons	1 10 10
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams	1 10 37
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney	1 10 38
Jub Jub, Misses Stockton	1 13 33

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, June 20.

The opening race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Saturday afternoon, June 20, in a moderate S. E. wind, with a choppy sea. In the 25ft. class the three new boats, Chewink III., Sally VII. and Great Haste lined up at the start. Great Haste was first over, with Chewink III. on her weather quarter and Sally VII. astern of Chewink. Great Haste led to the first mark and hauled for the beat to windward, while Chewink III. and Sally VII. split. Chewink soon came around after Great Haste and the pair worked short tacks all the way out. Chewink got the best of this work and turned the windward mark in the lead and held it to the finish. Sally VII. and Great Haste had a scrap for second place. Sally VII. turned the second mark inside Great Haste and led her to the finish line. In the 22-footers, Opitsah V. was away first but in the leeward position, but she sailed fast enough to cross Medric at the first mark, and from that out she held the lead. Baggera was the only entry in the 21ft. class. In the 18-footers Arrow got the best of the start and led easily to the finish. In the handicap knockabouts Suzanne came in first but lost to Ruth on time allowance. The summary:

25ft.—Restricted.

	Elapsed.
Chewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 14 21
Sally VII., L. F. Percival	1 14 50
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 16 17

22ft.—Restricted.

Opitsah V., S. H. and H. J. Foster	1 21 53
Medric, Herbert White	1 23 22

Raceabouts.

Baggera, R. C. Robbins	1 25 27

18ft. Knockabouts.

Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 06 50
Rattler, A. D. Irving	1 09 08
Malilian, F. L. Woods	1 09 55
Myrmidon, A. P. Loring	1 12 25
Savage, J. S. Lawrence	1 12 30

Handicap—Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ruth, F. S. Wheelock	1 09 08	1 05 47
Susanne, F. Brewster	1 07 15	1 07 15
Dabster, F. Skinner, Jr.	Did not finish.	

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Y. R. A. OF JAMAICA BAY,
Sunday, June 14.

The Jamaica Bay Y. C. held its first race on Sunday, June 14. A large number of boats had been entered, but the bad weather kept most of them from starting. There was a good sailing breeze from the S. by E., but it rained hard the greater part of the day.

A postponement was considered, but the owners of the boats that turned up voted to sail the race, so the preparatory signal was given at 3 o'clock. All the boats carried full sail, and the course was from a mark off the club dock to the red spar buoy off Blockhouse Point, thence to a stake boat in Broad Channel, and back to the starting line.

There were races for launches and they were sent away first, they went over the course twice, and of the seven starters only three finished, Osceola being disabled, while Ethel, Gussie and Lottie N. withdrew.

The knockabouts and sloops were started at 3:15. Kismet got the start and she was followed by Folly, Dolly and Jennie. It was a reach to the first mark, and all crossed on the port tack. Folly and Jennie passed Kismet, but she finally regained first place, only to lose it again to Jennie. Folly went aground and withdrew.

Diana got the start in her class and beat Klyo and Irene handily.

The summary follows:

Sloops or Knockabouts—Start, 3:15:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kismet	4 54 25	1 38 52
Dolly	5 11 55	1 56 55
Jennie	4 53 22	1 39 55
Folly	Disabled.	

Cabin Cats—Classes F, G and H—Start, 3:20:00.

Klyo	5 14 12	1 54 12
Irene	5 10 26	1 50 26
Diana	5 10 00	1 41 00

Open Cats—Over 22ft. and Under 25ft.—Class K—Start, 3:30:00.

Selfish	4 59 35	1 09 55
Meteor	5 17 15	1 47 15

Open Cats—Under 20ft. and Over 17ft.—Start, 3:35:00.

Lucy A.	5 19 10	1 44 10
Vision	5 15 05	1 44 05
Harry C. Miner	5 07 30	1 32 30
Amaranth	5 09 35	1 34 35
Pluck	Withdrew.	

Open Cats—Under 17ft.—Start, 3:35:00.

Lester	5 09 27	1 34 27
Free	5 04 35	1 29 35
Viola	Withdrew.	

The winners were: Jennie, Diana, Selfish, Harry C. Miner and Free.

Wollaston Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

A handicap race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed in Quincy Bay on Wednesday, June 17, in a moderate S. E. breeze. There were 14 starters, well bunched at the line. Wawenock went into the lead soon after the start, and held it to the finish, winning handily on both actual and corrected times. The summary:

Darthea wins from Gobbo by 9m. 1s.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wawenock, Coombs & Seymour	1 14 00	0 54 57
Snohomis, C. C. Blake	1 20 53	0 59 42
Sheila, L. F. Hewitson	1 21 22	1 01 29
Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill	1 16 27	1 01 34
Theodora, F. Burgess	1 21 50	1 05 07
West Wind, W. M. Chase	1 43 05	1 11 52
Seagull, E. L. Hallett	1 44 44	1 13 45
Mlle B., F. Page	1 32 21	1 17 21
Brant, J. A. Fenno	1 39 37	1 17 30
No Name, J. Smith	1 44 30	1 18 27
Careless Horse, C. Jones	1 44 40	1 18 57
Premier, S. Hayden	1 36 52	1 19 12
Edith W., Fred Jacobs	1 56 00	1 23 23
Ituna, James Pitts	Withdrawn.	

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO TO MICHIGAN CITY.
Saturday, June 13.

The annual cruising race from Chicago to Michigan City was held by the Columbia Y. C. on Saturday, June 13.

Twenty-six boats started in the run and Vencedor finished first with the schooner Alice second. At the start the wind was fresh from the N. W., but lightened up toward the finish, so that the boats were nearly becalmed.

The different classes were sent away at five minute intervals between 12 and 1 o'clock, and for a time they were well bunched. Vencedor soon pulled into first place and was never headed.

Commodore McGuire's new 21-footer Hoosier showed up remarkably well and had no difficulty in beating La Rita.

The summaries follow:

Class 1A—Start, 1:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vencedor	5 56 05	4 56 05	4 50 15
Neva	6 45 00	5 45 00	5 45 00

Class 2A—Start, 12:40.

Iroquois	6 46 35	6 06 35	5 30 05
Widsith	7 17 00	6 37 00	5 54 37
Thor-Bjorn	7 08 00	6 28 00	6 28 00

Class 3A—Start, 12:25.

Columbia	7 16 30	6 51 30	5 57 35
Iris	7 40 10	7 15 10	6 22 57

Class 4A—Start, 12:15.

Eleanor	7 27 45	7 12 45	6 08 40
Saint	7 26 00	7 11 00	7 11 00
Vision	7 40 00	7 25 00	7 16 42

21ft. Cabin Class.

Outlaw	7 06 30	6 31 30	5 34 16
Privateer	7 13 45	6 38 45	5 40 31
Hoosier	7 57 10	7 22 10	6 23 39
La Rita	7 10 55	6 35 55	6 35 55

Class 1B—Schooners and Yachts.

Alice	6 17 00	5 17 00	5 07 28
Nomad	7 27 10	6 42 10	6 17 28
Glad Tidings	7 51 30	7 41 30	7 00 30

Class 2B—Start, 12:30.

Wizard	7 15 00	6 45 00	6 07 02
Jeanettie	7 02 30	6 32 30	6 14 28
Zephyrus	6 51 00	6 21 00	6 21 00
Hattie B.	7 09 00	6 39 00	6 39 00
Clara B.	Did not finish.		

Class 3B—Start, 12:20.

Vixen	6 55 00	6 35 00	5 48 36
Kathleen	7 17 45	6 57 45	6 08 51

Class 4B—Start, 12:00.

Jamona	7 46 30	7 46 30	6 36 25
Marie	Did not finish.		

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.,
Saturday, June 20.

The opening special race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, June 20, in a very light S. E. breeze. In the 25ft. class Chewink III. got the best of the start and led Great Haste all around the course. In the 22-footers, Opitsah V. went over the starting line in the weather berth and was never headed. In the 21ft. class Dabster sailed a walkover. In the 18-footers Question got the best of the start and led all around the course. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers—Start, 10:25—Course, 11½ Miles—Prize, $30.

	Elapsed.
Cheewink III., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 11 38
Great Haste, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	2 16 39
Tiger	2 25 05

Chewink III. wins from Great Haste by 5m. 1s.

Class E—22-Footers—Start, 10:30—Course, 11½ Miles—Prize, $25.

Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster	2 22 18
Medric, Herbert White	2 23 33

Opitsah wins by 1m. 15s.

Class R—21-Footers—Start, 10:35—Course, 8¼ Miles—Prize for two starters only, $25.

Dabster, Francis Skinner, Jr.	1 58 22

Class I—18-Footers—Start, 10:40—Course, 8¼ Miles—Prizes, $20, $10 and $5.

Question, J. H. Hunt	1 51 26
Miss Modesty, B. S. Pernar	1 55 08
Miladi H., F. R. Adams	1 56 08
Myrmidon, Caleb Loring	1 58 50
Malilian, F. L. Woods	1 59 35
Crow, Lauriat and Hooper	2 01 50
Mirage	Withdraws.
Rattler	Disqualified.

Question wins from Miss Modesty by 3m. 42s.

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

A handicap race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed in Lynn Harbor on Wednesday, June 17, in a light to moderate easterly breeze. The dory Louise and the 25-footer Luella sailed a dead heat, but Louise won on time allowance. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Louise, Hammond Brothers	1 04 20	1 01 30
Spurt, R. P. Badger	1 10 41	1 01 41
Isabelle, C. E. Hodgdon	1 12 31	1 02 31
Alice L., V. Horgan	1 13 19	1 03 19
Surge, D. A. Lannan	1 11 32	1 03 32
Odd Fellow, G. G. S. Buttrick	1 09 49	1 03 49
Luella, J. J. McGarry	1 04 20	1 04 20
Helen, Twombly Brothers	1 07 40	1 04 40

East Gloucester Y. C,

GLOUCESTER, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

The opening race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed on Wednesday, June 17, in a moderate S. E. breeze. In the first class the Herreshoff 25-footer, Onda, was first over the line, followed by Alethea and Seboomook. Onda found the breeze to her liking and was never headed. In the second class Celinda got the start and held the lead until the course was about half sailed, when the Hobgoblin went to the front and stayed there to the finish, winning by 30s. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Onda, John Greenough	1 02 40
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith	1 03 20
Alethea, B. H. Colby	1 08 55

Second Class.

Hobgoblin, Oti Harney	1 18 30
Celinda, Scott Parker	1 19 00

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup.

The sailing instructions covering the match races for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup are as follows:

Date of Races.—The races of the match will be sailed on Monday, June 29; Tuesday, June 30, and Wednesday, July 1.

In the event of failure to race on any of the dates scheduled, for any reason deemed sufficient by the committee, or in event of a tie, the series shall be continued daily thereafter, Saturday and Sunday excepted, until the match is won.

Starting Signals.—The starting signals shall be as follows: 1:00 P. M., preparatory, hoisting of the blue Peter on the committee boat; 1:05 P. M., warning, hoisting of a red ball; 1:10 P. M., start, dropping of the red ball.

Postponement.—Should it be deemed advisable to postpone the start, the giving of the above signals will be deferred for fifteen minute intervals.

Finish Signal.—The committee boat will carry a red ball when establishing the finish line.

Reversed Courses.—If deemed desirable to order any course sailed in a reverse direction, the code signal "B" will be hoisted on the committee boat, ten minutes before the giving of the preparatory signal and attention called thereto by three sharp blasts of the whistle. Where a course is reversed, all marks shall be left on the port hand.

Recall Signal.—If necessary to recall any yacht, the burgee of the club she represents will be displayed on the committee boat and attention called thereto by three sharp blasts of the whistle.

Special Signals.—"Race off for the day," code signal "M."

In case of fog the committee boat will give three sharp blasts of the whistle at intervals of not less than two minutes.

Attention will be called to all signals by the firing of a gun or the blowing of the whistle aboard the committee boat, but it should be borne in mind that the flags and balls constitute the signals, the gun or whistle being intended merely to call attention thereto.

Starts and Courses.—The first race of the match will be sailed over a windward and leeward course, the second over a triangular course, and the third over a windward and leeward course.

Each race shall be resailed until finished, over the course indicated.

The races will be started off the black and red buoy to the northward and eastward of Execution Light, except where the windward and leeward course cannot be laid from this point, in which event the committee will establish a starting point as near as possible to said buoy. The starting and finishing line will be between a white flag on the committee boat and a stake boat flying the club burgee.

The windward and leeward course, will be laid to a mark down the Sound, four nautical miles to windward or leeward of the starting point, and shall be sailed twice over, the marks to be left on the starboard hand. The compass bearings (magnetic) will be announced before the hoisting of the preparatory signal. The stakeboat at the turn on this course will display two blue balls.

The triangular course will be from the starting point to the red spar buoy off Scotch Caps, thence to the Larchmont Y. C. white spar buoy off Red Springs Point in Hempstead Bay thence to the starting point, the course to be sailed over twice. All marks to be left on the starboard hand.

Time Limit.—For a race of the match to count as such, one of the yachts competing must cross the finish line within five hours after starting signal is given for such race.

Rules.—The match will be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, except as modified herein and in the Declaration of Trust governing matches for the cup. The representatives of clubs entered for the match are requested and expected to become fully conversant with the requirements set forth in the Declaration of Trust.

High Tide.—It will be high tide at Execution Rock on Monday, June 29, at 2:45 P. M.; Tuesday, June 30, at 3:28 P. M.; Wednesday, July 1, at 4:28 P. M.

STUYVESANT WAINWRIGHT,
Chairman.

LOUIS M. CLARK,
WALTER C. KERR,
Match Committee.

June 22, 1903.

The names of the boats, their owners and numbers, and the clubs that will be represented in the races are as follows:

Indian Harbor Y. C., Oiseau, N, 132; H. L. Maxwell.
Shelter Island Y. C., Marion, N, 10, C. P. and T. W. Brigham.
Atlantic Y. C., Bagherra, N, 42; Hendon Chubb.
New York A. C., Flosshilde, N, 60; W. D. Hennen.
Larchmont Y. C., Empronzi, N, 6; Roy A. Rainey.
American Y. C., Mimosa, N, 26; Trenor L. Park.
Bensonhurst Y. C., Bobtail, N, 45; E. F. Luckenback.
Manhasset Bay Y. C., Alert, N, 1; James W. Alker.

In order that the members of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. and the members of challenging clubs may witness the races for the cup, a steamer has been chartered. She will leave New Rochelle dock at 10 A. M. and club dock at Port Washington at 12:15 P. M. each race day.

The entertainment committee announces that many well known professionals having volunteered their services, an entertainment will be provided each evening after the race.

German Sailcloth in South America.

CONSUL B. H. WARNER, of Leipzig, May 26, 1903, says: "German sail and awning cloth manufacturers of this city are making strong efforts to secure South American trade. A prominent sail manufacturer has just informed me that he has succeeded in establishing regular traffic with South American countries, and that he hopes before long to do the same in Cuba."

Mr. Frank F. Stanley, of Boston, has sold the yawl Narkeeta, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, to Dr. H. A. Hare, of Philadelphia.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

The second handicap race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed in Hull Bay on Wednesday, June 17, in a three-reef breeze, E. S. E. In the first class the old 21-footer Usona and Marvel sailed a very close race, Usona winning by 16s. In the second handicap Gaycap had the whole field to herself, Polaris withdrawing. A close race was sailed between the boats in the one-design class, Marjorie winning by less than a minute. The summary:

	Elapsed.
First Class.	
Usona, A. L. Lincoln	2 09 23
Marvel, A. A. Lincoln	2 09 39
Ida J., C. C. Collins	2 14 59
Argestes, G. H. Wilkins	2 16 06
Hustler, Whittemore and Robbins	2 16 20
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	2 22 49
C. C., G. W. Cary	Withdrawn.
Goblin, E. F. Ricker	Withdrawn.
Second Class.	
Gaycap, C. F. White	1 19 15
Polaris, Harry Crane	Withdrawn.
One-Design Class.	
Marjorie A., Mr. Bennett	0 43 28
Ethel S., Mr. Swift	0 44 14

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.,
Saturday, June 20.

A club race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed in a stiff S. E. breeze on Saturday, June 20. In the knockabout class Delta won, and in the handicap class Willie won easily. The summary:

	Elapsed.
21ft. Knockabouts.	
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 26 39
Remora, Courtney Crocker	1 27 25
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow, Jr.	1 28 04
Handicap Class.	
Willie, H. B. Cousens	0 59 05
——, Sheldon Ripley	1 04 42
Undine, Gilbert Tower	1 05 54

Miniatuer Y. C.

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,
Wednesday, June 17.

A race of model yachts was given by the Miniature Y. C. on Wednesday, June 17, at Breed's Island Pond, East Boston, Mass. The summary:

Twenty-eight-inch class—Now Then, J. P. McLaren, first; Fern, J. H. Young, second; Bostonian, John Black, third.

Thirty-six-inch class—Dolphin, A. Sampson, first. The other six boats which started in this class were disqualified on account of not finishing within the time limit.

Forty-inch class—Crescent, B. C. Tedford, first; Post Boy, J. E. Wetmore, second; Eagle, J. H. Young, third.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy, the yacht broker, has given up his Boston office, and will now make his headquarters in New York, at 52 Broadway.

* * *

Mr. Charles W. Holtz has had a steam yacht built at A. Hansen's yard, City Island, from designs made by Mr. M. Hubbe. The yacht has been named Fulconis. She is 80ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 14ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. 6in. draft.

* * *

The officers of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., of Freeport, L. I., are as follows: Com., Charles H. Southard; Vice-Com., John H. Carl; Rear Com., Frederick K. Walsh; Regatta Com., Robert W. Nix, Chairman; Joseph Rollins and A. B. Wallace; House Com., William P. Miller, Chairman.

The events for the season will be the opening regatta on Saturday, July 11; the annual cruise, from Aug. 3 to Aug. 8; ladies' day, Wednesday, Aug. 19; the open regatta, Saturday, Sept. 5.

* * *

Khama, the British-built cutter owned by Mr. Seymour J. Hyde, arrived in New York on June 22 from Scotland. Khama had a crew of eight men and was commanded by Captain W. Cockburn. She started from Port Bannatyne, Scotland, on May 18 and for the first two days experienced very nasty weather and had to run for shelter to Porth Howth, Ireland. She stayed there two days, and on May 24 again started out and had calm weather until June 5, when she encountered showers which were followed by a light southwest gale. On June 9 she ran into an easterly gale and had her mainsail blown away. Calms and gales were experieced all the way over. The yacht will be towed to City Island, where she will be overhauled and put in racing shape. Khama will be run with an English crew.

* * *

Thorella II., the new Seawanhaka cup defender, which, there is very little doubt, will defend the cup this year, has something that no other boat which has competed for the big cup ever owned. She has two rudders.

Otherwise the new boat, Thorella II., as Mr. Finley has called her, in commemoration of Thorella I., which was also built for the defence of the cup, is built much upon the general lines of last year's boat.

The two rudder idea was about the limit of the ideas which Messrs. George Herrick Duggan and Fred. Shearwood have been able to conjure up in the attempt to improve upon their former Seawanhaka creations without resorting to revolutionary measures.

Mr. Duggan, now manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, has been so busy, the designing and all the work in connection with Thorella II. has fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Shearwood. The latter gentleman's illness prevented more than one boat from being built this season.

Vice-Com. Finley's boat was the first ordered, and, therefore, was the only one built. Mr. Finley has always shown such an active personal interest in the Seawanhaka cup races and has spent so much time and money in connection with them, that it is sincerely hoped Thorella II. will be found speedy enough to be selected as the defender this year. Her past work gives every hope that she will.

The appearance of the two rudders is extremely odd, and they are of bright brass. The posts above the deck are connected with bars and hinged crossbars, and from the center of the latter extends the real tiller.

The new boat was built for light winds, which is quite a departure from the boats of the past, while it is understood that Kolutoo and Vampire have been built for heavy winds.

Strange to say, in the past the United States boats have mostly been built for light weather and the Canadian boats for heavy weather.

Thorella II., which is now having preliminary trials with Trident and Osma and Blackbird, last year's boats, is of about the same dimensions as Trident.

She has bilge boards, and the principal difference between her and last year's boats are:

She has less freeboard.
She has less beam.
She weighs about 400 pounds less.

As to her sail area, it will be the same as last year, and her spars will be but very little different.—Montreal Star.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have applied for membership to the A. C. A:

Eastern Division.—W. W. Morrison, Wm. A. Phinney, W. R. Bliss, G. H. Abbott, H. M. Colby, H. W. Spaulding, Don W. Osgood, W. R. Wescott, W. C. Colby, R. D. Reed, Lester P. Horne, B. F. Welch, H. G. Clough, Clinton Phelps, F. L. Chase, Guy B. True, Manchester, N. H.; F. LeRoy Pratt, Winchester, Mass.; Harry Merriam, Edgar Frost, F. W. Biery, Jr., Wilfred Cyr, Joseph Prince, Earle Allen, Carl G. Weiss, H. L. Backus, E. A. Johnson, Wilbur Cross, Deane B. Small, Lawrence, Mass.; F. L. Angus, Alex. Ritchie, Andover, Mass.; Chas. G. Newcomb, Frank Gibbs, Ralph P. Hayes, E. L. Tufts, Jr., H. E. Boardman, Medford, Mass.; J. A. Garland, Somerville, Mass.; T. G. Beggs, Jr., F. J. Babcock, Woburn, Mass.; Harry L. Dadman, Worcester, Mass.; B. E. Phillips, Jr., Dedham, Mass.; Edwin T. Samuels, Hyde Park, Mass.; H. Willard Hiss, Baltimore, Md.; R. A. Garrison, Newton, Mass.

Atlantic Division.—Elmer B. Ayres.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 6-7.—New Haven, Conn.—South New England Schuetzen Bund annual schuetzenfest, under the auspices of the Independent German Rifle Company. H. C. Young, Sec'y.

Ittel—Loder.

Concerning the match between Mr. Louis P. Ittel, of Allegheny, and Mr. John S. Loder, of Denver, Col., mention of which was made in FOREST AND STREAM of June 6, Mr. Charles G. Grubb, who had deposited $1,000 with Mr. W. S. Brown, of Pittsburg, for the match, received a reply from Mr. Loder, of which the following is a copy:

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 18.—Mr. Chas. Grubb, Dear Sir: I regret very much to inform you that opposition on the part of my business associates will prevent my meeting Mr. Ittel at the present time, and pulling off the shoot, which had been contemplated. Possibly within the next 60 days I can so shape my business as to permit of my meeting the gentleman, but at this juncture there is too much at stake to permit of the contest going on. I regret the situation more than I can say, but you can readily appreciate my position when I again assure you that my business interests would very materially suffer and my position be jeopardized.

Trusting this explanation may be satisfactory, and that I may have the pleasure of meeting the gentleman later on, I remain,

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN S. LODER.

Trapshooting.

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

Fixtures.

*June 24-25.—New Castle, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. James Atkinson, Sec'y.
June 25.—York County target shoot, under auspices of the Glen Rock, Pa., Gun Club. Allen M. Seitz, Sec'y.
July 1.—Annual tournament of the Sherbrooke, Que., Gun Club. C. H. Foss, Sec'y.
July 1.—Bolivar, N. Y., Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. J. F. Care, Sec'y.
July 2.—Rockville Conn., Gun Club tournament.
July 3-4.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club's two days' shoot. A. H. Frank, Sec'y.
July 4.—Napoleon, Ohio, Sportsmen's Association all-day shoot. A. Bradley, Jr., Sec'y.
July 4.—Ilion, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Remington Gun Club.
July 4.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club shoot.
July 4.—Towanda, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament. W. F. Dittrich, Sec'y.
July 4.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. Special handicap, 100 targets, for $10 in gold. Albert A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
July 4.—Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Targets. G. G. Zeth, secretary, Altoona, Pa.
July 4.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club. S. G. Miller, secretary.
July 4.—Analostan Gun Club's third annual merchandise prize tournament. W. H. Hunter, Sec'y, 1228 Twenty-ninth street, Washington, D. C.
July 4.—Dover, N. H., Sportsman's Association's Holiday shoot. D. W. Hallam, secretary.
July 4.—Topsham, Me.—All-day tournament of the Riverside Shooting Club. Fred W. Atkinson, Sec'y.
*July 7-8.—Ligonier, Pa., Gun Club's tournament. J. O'H. Denny, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. B. D. Nobles, the secretary, informs us that the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a sweepstake shoot on July 10.

Owing to pressure on our columns this week several important trap reports are necessarily postponed for publication in our next issue.

Mr. G. F. Brueker, of Omaha, Neb., celebrated as a trap shot of great skill, sailed for Europe on the Königin Luise on Thursday of last week.

The president, Mr. W. T. Nash, informs us that the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club will give its opening or dedication tournament on Sept. 15-17.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, informs us that dates for the Ottawa, Ill., tournament have been changed to Aug. 12 and 13, in place of Aug. 19 and 20.

In the team race of the Fulton Gun Club and the North River Gun Club, held in Brooklyn recently, the Fulton club won by a score of 121 to 106. There were five men on a side, and each shot at 25 targets.

The prizes at the New London, Ia., tournament last week were numerous and valuable. The attendance was fair and industrious. The report of it is elsewhere in our trap columns. This club will hold another tournament on Oct. 23 and 24.

The Warm Springs handicap, 25 live birds, $25, was won by Mr. Joseph Hightower, after a shoot-off with Mr. H. C. Etheridge, each of whom killed 25 straight in the main event. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Etheridge missed his seventh.

At the tournament of the W. P. T. S. L., held at McKeesport, Pa., June 16-17, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott was high average for the two days, breaking 333 out of 350 in the professional class. In the amateur class Mr. James T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., won high average with 326 out of 350.

Mr. John M. Lily, president of the National Gun Club, Indianapolis, Ind., tarried a few moments with his friends in the gun district, New York, on Wednesday of last week while en route with his wife and daughter to Europe. They sailed on the Königin Luise on Thursday, for a long stay abroad.

The all-day shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association, July 4, commences at 10 o'clock. The merchandise events, four in number, will be shot in the morning; entrance, price of targets only. There is a Remington hammerless gun, a Winchester rifle and other merchandise prizes for the afternoon competition.

Mr. E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, Ind., was a visitor in New York on Thursday of last week. His chief purpose was to see Mrs. Tripp safely on board the steamship Menominee for London. Notwithstanding his limited time, Mr. Tripp spared a few moments for a call on his many friends in the gun colony on Broadway.

Noted shooters in the gun district of New York this week were Messrs. W. R. Crosby, E. D. Fulford, Fred Quimby. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, arrived on Sunday evening last, and took up the matter of preliminary arrangements for the Interstate tournament at Rutherford, N. J.

At the tournament of the Denver, Colo., Trap Club, last week Mr. J. W. Garrett won the Great Western Handicap. He broke 94 out of 100 targets from the 21yd. mark in this event. The high averages were as follows: First, Hirschy, 455; second, D. Timberlake; third, Garrett and G. Timberlake; fourth, Hughes; fifth, McMillan; sixth, Riehl and Yonkman.

Mr. John S. Wright, the energetic manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, informs us that he has changed the scene of club action to new grounds not far from the old grounds at the terminus of Kings County Elevated, Brooklyn. He will hold an informal shoot on Saturday of this week, and later will hold an old-fashioned house warming. He contemplates giving a tournament with a hard-boiled egg at every shot.

The Analostan Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., will hold its third annual prize tournament on Analostan Island, July 4. There are eight programme events: 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. In the merchandise events, the prizes go to the high guns. In the sweepstake events the moneys are divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Lunch and refreshments served on the grounds. W. H. Hunter, Sec'y, 1228 Twenty-ninth street, N. W.

Mr. W. A. Baker, Griffin, Ga., won high average at the Interstate Association tournament, given for the Meriwether Gun Club, at Warm Springs, Ga., last week. He scored a total of 312 out of 350 shot at. He shot from the 20yd. mark. The trade representatives, excepting Mr. Lemcke, shot from the 16yd. mark for high average only. Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins was high for the two days with 324 out of 350.

Mr. Edward Banks has donated the L. C. Smith gun won by him at the recent New York State shoot to the Wanderers, under the conditions that it be contested for in a series of eight shoots on eight separate days, 25 targets, handicap allowance, four best scores to count. Entrance fees go to the club on whose grounds the shoot is held respectively. The first contest was scheduled to take place on the grounds of the North River Gun Club at Edgewater last Saturday.

Mr. Walter Willson Watrous died at Atlantic City, N. J., on June 21, from a complication of kidney diseases. He was forty-three years old. He was conspicuously identified with affairs of dog and gun. A few years ago he was a dog fancier and competed at the leading bench shows. He was an active, influential member of the Cartaret Gun Club, and the Metropolitan and Raquet Club of New York city. He was connected with the firm of Willson, Adams & Co., lumber dealers, of New York.

The Rockville, Conn., Gun Club, announces a tournament to be held on July 2. The committee of arrangements is composed of Messrs. F. E. Metcalf, F. M. Burke, H. C. Barstow and Edward White. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid to Mr. White will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Traps ready at 10 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. The Rose system will govern. There are twelve events on the programme, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 200, with a total entrance of $20.10. A magautrap will throw the targets.

BERNARD WATERS.

Wilkes Barre Tournament.

WILKES BARRE, Pa.—The two days' tournament given by Mr. Edgar L. Klipple was well attended, and the consensus of opinion indicated its complete success.

Owing to darkness three events of the first day were postponed till the morning of the second day.

Mr. Edgar L. Klipple, the manager, writes us "that the thanks of the manager are due to Frank E. Butler for all the little and many kindnesses shown to him by the genial Frank; also to his wife, Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley), whose presence was the chief attraction of the shoot. Mr. Butler did a lot of good hustling for his firm and made many friends.

"Also thanks to Mr. T. H. Keller for many valuable pointers given to the manager and for his genial manner and tact in keeping every one good-natured."

Mr. W. K. Park was in attendance both days. Geo. R. Benjamin gave eminent satisfaction to all in the position of referee in the target events. He was ably assisted by W. Fred Quimby. Thanks of the manager are extended to all these gentlemen for their valuable assistance and support.

"Capt. Money graced the gathering with his stately presence, and shot well in all the events.

"All the trade representatives said this shoot had the largest crowd of onlookers of any shoot they have attended anywhere, and were pleased that such conditions prevailed, as it repaid them for all their trouble and expense. E. D. Fulford had his case of fine guns on display. They were much admired by all; he shot through the entire programme in championship form. Gus Grieff had on exhibition a fine line of guns, and made many friends. He will come again to our next shoot. Sim Glover made friends, and his employers are to be congratulated on having such a hustling representative. Sim had high average for the two days. Neaf Apgar, by his gentlemanly behavior and good shooting during the two days, made many converts, and will always be remembered by the shooters of this city.

"Annie Oakley shot in her old-time form, breaking 95 per cent. of the targets shot at, and killing the live birds in fine style.

Nine thousand bluerocks were thrown in the two days, and 1,000 live birds were trapped and shot at.

"Enoch D. Miller covered himself will glory after an absence of eight years from the game. This was his first shoot in eight years."

Events 6 and 7 each day were at live birds. First day: 5 birds, $4, and 7 birds, $5; second day, 15 birds, $15, and 5 birds, $5:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	5	7	20	25	15	Broke.	Av.
Crosby	9	10	8	15	11	5	7	19	25	14	111	.92
Apgar	10	10	10	13	14	5	6	19	24	14	114	.95
Hull	8	7	7	12	14	3	3	19	24	15	106	.89
Glover	10	10	10	15	15	..	..	20	25	13	118	.98
Stevens	10	10	10	15	14	3	7	19	24	14	116	.97
Booth	10	9	8	15	9	4	7	16	23	15	105	.88
Stich	8	10	9	12	14	5	5	20	25	15	113	.94
Allen	9	9	8	11	12	4	5	18	24	13	104	.87
Winter	8	7	8	13	14	4	6	..	..	..	50	.83
J Jones	8	10	10	13	11	5	..	16	23	13	104	.87
Webher	7	10	7	12	13	5	4	13	23	12	97	.80
Eley	7	8	6	10	12	5	7	..	..	..	43	.70
Harris	10	10	10	13	12	5	7	20	23	14	112	.93
Spencer	10	8	9	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	53	.90
Fulford	10	10	9	15	15	5	7	18	24	14	115	.95
Mason	9	9	9	15	15	..	..	19	19	14	109	.91
P Gorman	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	.50
K Miller	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	...
J Thomas	6	9	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	.15
R Reese	9	8	8	13	13	2	5	..	..	..	51	...
Jenkins	7	9	8	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	50	...
McNulty	9	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	9	...
Lewis	7	9	6	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Haight	8	8	9	14	15	..	..	14	24	15	107	.89
Keller	10	9	8	12	12	5	7	18	25	13	107	.89
E Miller	9	8	9	14	14	5	7	18	24	15	112	.92
Capt Money	7	9	9	14	15	3	..	19	24	15	112	.92
Greiff	6	7	8	14	13	4	..	19	22	15	104	.87
Kruger	9	10	9	13	10	4	7	16	25	14	106	.89
Welnaski	9	10	10	13	12	4	..	17	24	14	109	.91
Schultze	5	6	7	14	10	4	6	15	21	12	90	.75
Andrews	8	8	10	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	54	.90
Addison	9	7	10	14	14	..	..	17	22	10	103	.87
Scheckard	7	5	3	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	43	.70
Kane	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	.50
White	5	5	7	13	12	5	7	..	..	..	42	.70
T Gorman	8	9	10	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	55	.90
Hoagg	6	..	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	...
Williams	8	8	5	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	46	...
Gearhart	..	6	7	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	31	...
McCabe	..	6	9	11	12	5	..	..	..	..	91	.75
Reed	..	7	8	13	13	5	..	..	..	..	41	...
S B Hess	..	6	8	9	9	2	..	..	..	..	32	...
E F Hess	..	..	7	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	35	...
S Miller	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...

Same programme continued on 18th:

Spicer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	23	12	...	...
Langdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	20	..	...	...
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	24	..	...	...
Raub	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	...	...
Park	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	...	...
Klipple	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	...	...
Annie Oakley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	...	...
Werdaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	...	...

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	10	25	20	15	15	5	25	15	20	Broke.	Av.
Crosby	15	10	24	19	15	13	5	25	14	19	141	.97
Apgar	15	10	24	20	15	15	5	24	14	20	142	.98
Hull	13	9	23	19	15	..	..	22	15	18	134	.92
Glover	15	10	23	20	14	..	4	22	14	18	139	.96
Stevens	14	10	25	20	15	14	4	22	13	20	139	.96
Fulford	14	10	25	20	14	14	5	24	15	19	141	.97
Money	14	10	21	15	11	13	5	22	11	16	119	.82
Miller	12	9	23	20	12	..	5	25	15	20	136	.94
Keller	12	8	21	16	13	13	4	24	13	18	125	.86
Greiff	14	9	23	18	11	..	..	24	13	18	130	.90
Webher	12	9	17	20	10	..	5	15	12	13	108	.74
Harris	14	10	23	20	14	..	4	23	14	19	137	.95
Haight	14	7	23	17	13	..	..	21	9	18	122	.84
Booth	13	10	22	18	14	..	3	20	15	18	130	.90
Stroh	13	9	24	16	12	9	5	22	13	17	126	.87
Oakley	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	20	..	..	20	.80
Jones	14	10	23	19	14	..	..	21	15	17	133	.92
Kruger	13	7	22	19	14	..	..	23	12	16	126	.87
Mason	12	8	21	17	12	..	..	14	15	17	126	.87
Welinski	14	10	24	19	13	..	..	23	14	19	136	.94
T Allen	..	12	10	23	18	14	5	21	13	19	129	.89
Mason	12	8	21	17	12	..	..	24	15	17	126	.87
Graft	12	8	19	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	51	...
Langdon	13	..	19	..	..	12	4	..	12	17	61	...
C Cooke	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	...
P Jones	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	...
Hart	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	...
Troxell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	8	11	...
Eley	..	..	..	..	..	13	4	..	..	..	...	...
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	15	5	..	..	..	...	...
Held	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	15	..	15	...
Davis	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	...
Dendle	11	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	14	16	62	...
Hughes	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	...
McCabe	13	..	23	18	14	..	..	23	14	19	124	...
B Smith	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Waidew	14	10	22	15	13	..	..	22	13	20	129	89
Schultz	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	24	...
Klipple	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	39	...
Roland	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	...
Addison	..	8	..	..	13	..	..	..	14	..	35	...
Caffery	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	...
R Reese	..	..	19	16	12	..	..	19	..	..	66	...
Dr Kelly	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	...
Bittenbender	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	13	..	29	...
Spencer	..	..	..	..	19	13	..	..	25	15	19	91	...
D H Evans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	...	...
Raub	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	...	...
Lape	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	...	...
Haine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	...	...
Hettinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...	...

Manager, E. L. Klipple; referee, targets, G. R. Benjamin; live birds, Geo. Lewis; cashier, G. W. Kulp; assistant cashier, L. L. Deeming; scorer, Fred Block.

Shreveport Tournament.

THE eleventh annual target tournament of the Mississippi Valley Trapshooters' Association opened at Shreveport, La., on Monday, June 15, under favorable conditions as to weather. The attendance was large. The first day was occupied with practice events and a special preliminary of 100 targets, with an entrance of $10, with $100 added by the Caddo Gun Club, of Shreveport.

The conditions that governed here were that traveling men should shoot for targets only. Revised Interstate rules governed. Regular events open to all amateurs, Rose system of money division; 10 targets, 5, 3; 15 targets, 5, 3, 2; 20 or more, 7, 5, 3, 2.

The Hunter Arms Co. gold medal went to the amateur making the highest average for the two days.

The Interstate rules were not strictly followed. Result of shooting at a piece was scored; then refusing of targets and balks were allowed. The trouble with all tournaments, especially where four sets of traps are used, is to get competent, experieneed men who are shooters and have had some experience, and who have seen or read the rules and then know how to enforce them, and will treat all alike. While the young men who did the calling here were fairly correct in calling the targets, I doubt if any one of them ever saw a book of Interstate rules, nor in fact, if there was a copy of same on the grounds which could have been referred to in case of a call for them to decide a question in dispute. The remarks will apply to all tournaments, and there should be an improvement with regard to enforcing rules to the letter. Another rule was continually broken: that of watching or calling for the trap.

The grounds used are only fair, being on top of a bluff, with level ground limited; targets thrown over a precipice that makes low targets hard to find. Three sets face almost north, but one set is into the sun, down hill and against trees, and here many a good score was spoiled. The day was mostly cloudy, and that was a blessing to the eyes. The weather was very pleasant, as a Northernman would expect to suffer very materially from heat; but the very cool weather of the Northern States has extended and continued this far south.

The 100-target race was an attraction that brought together seventy-five shooters, though but fifty-nine of these shot for the money. There were only three moneys for each ten entries, and possibly that deterred others from putting up the $10. But most of the Southern gentlemen are game, and they like to shoot best when there is something in sight worth contesting for.

The targets-only squad was composed of Heer, 86; Faurote, 93; Miller, 84; Hubby, 85, and Wade, 92. Others shooting also were Pat Henry, 79; French, 64; Fulton, 74, and Kauffman, 83.

The first squad showed one good man in line of amateurs in Mr. Skannale, of Shreveport, who made 93, while Mercer made 92. The next squad found the gentleman from Texas, known far and wide as Commodore Heard, setting a high pace of 94, having with him three other Lone Star men that were close up—V. C. 92, Atchison 92, and Tom Green 90. Then the best score shifted to Alabama and was made by Mr. Fletcher tying Mr. Heard with 94. Of the next sixteen men Breazele was the only man to make above 90, getting 93. Then came to the score one Chauncey M. Powers, from Illinois. He was looked upon as a winner; he lost two at one set and one at three and four, and then the best he did was 23, and tied the high men with 94; two of these targets were dusted and hit very hard. K. K. shot well, and landed in the 92, with Atkins 91.

The 89 score was in the division, and those below that got merely what the little boy shot at, ———. The scores:

Preliminary, 100 targets, $10:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	
Heer	22	25	20	19	—86
Faurote	21	24	24	24	—93
Miller	23	22	17	22	—84
Hubby	22	19	24	20	—85
Wade	24	23	23	22	—92
Pat Henry	16	22	18	23	—79
French	17	22	14	11	—64
Fulton	15	20	18	21	—74
Kaufman	22	23	20	18	—83
O Trigger	22	16	16	18	—72
Skannale	24	24	24	23	—93
Boisseau	20	19	23	21	—83
Shafer	20	18	18	19	—75
Dickinson	23	23	21	22	—89
Mercer	24	21	23	24	—92
A Jackson	24	19	23	17	—83
Dick Jackson	19	18	19	21	—77
Heard	25	24	23	22	—94
V C	23	22	23	25	—92
Atchinson	24	22	23	23	—92
T Green	23	23	23	21	—90
Moore	21	21	22	22	—86
Woodward	20	21	19	21	—81
Tucker	18	19	16	17	—70
Moeser	22	24	23	24	—93
Pearce	24	20	24	23	—91
Dixon	21	23	21	22	—87
Reust	20	23	20	20	—83
Schroeder	24	22	22	14	—82
Sullenberger	15	17	16	17	—65
Saucier	21	22	24	22	—84
Chaudet	21	20	17	19	—77
Cocke	19	18	16	17	—70
Montgomery	20	19	22	21	—82
Lindsey	17	19	20	11	—67
Fletcher	24	24	24	22	—94
Mathews	21	21	24	20	—86
Moody	21	19	24	18	—82

Targets:	25	25	25	25	
Hillman	21	18	21	19	—79
Livingston	25	23	21	21	—90
Marston	22	21	24	17	—84
Rosley	21	25	20	23	—89
Rogers	20	17	19	18	—74
Van Tura	18	22	19	14	—73
Breazeale	23	23	24	23	—93
Blake	22	21	23	20	—86
Adams	20	23	21	18	—82
McCutcheon	21	22	23	22	—88
Shanahan	24	22	18	16	—80
Bradfield	21	22	21	21	—85
Coe	22	21	20	23	—86
North	20	23	21	18	—82
Buell	21	22	23	22	—88
Powers	23	24	24	23	—94
Hill	21	24	23	21	—89
Mermod	22	20	20	15	—75
Speneer	19	23	22	19	—83
Dr Alexander	12	11	19	12	—54
Light	20	18	18	18	—74
Lofton	23	21	22	18	—84
Webb	18	23	17	17	—75
Proctor	19	20	21	21	—81
Smithie	16	14	w	..	
K K	23	24	22	23	—92
Riddle	17	17	21	18	—73
Atkins	21	19	21	18	—79
Morgan	22	23	22	18	—85
Wright	16	16	18	17	—67
Flournoy, Jr.	23	20	16	19	—78
Brady	22	22	22	21	—87
Spicer	19	21	13	15	—68
Snooks	22	24	22	22	—90
Lawrence	20	19	17	19	—75
Atkins	23	23	23	22	—91
McCormack	21	19	15	14	—69

Tuesday, June 16.

The day opened up warm and for part of the day was warm, but white clouds and a variable wind, with the sun hidden, assisted the Northern men very materially, in that their shooting eye was not affected by the Southern climate.

The Southern men were comfortable in their shirt sleeves and shirt waists were the fashion. The handsome Southern ladies came out in all their splendor during the afternoon, and many of the boys began to show that they could appreciate the compliment and started in to make better scores.

The grounds are situated on the Park View Line, and close by the park and ball grounds, and are therefore easy of access.

Ninety-one men in all, hailing from all over the South and West, were present; and no wonder—$1,000 added money! This is not the first big tournament that Shreveport has held, but is equal to any ever held in the South. About 20,000 targets were thrown during the day, as after the 200 programme had been finished, there were several sweeps shot, two of them being of blooded order, and one the Northern men might well imitate—that of $5 entrance, 50 targets, two moneys.

In the programme events Frank Faurote, of Dallas, was long the best, breaking 191. Mr. J. C. Wade, also from Texas, made 180, while Heer came third with 175.

G. J. F. Fletcher, of Birmingham, Ala., scored 185; John Skannale, of Shreveport, 23; Atchison, of Texas, 183; A. Wileox, of Angelo, Tex., 182.

What especially interested the shooters was the Fabacher trophy, an elegant loving cup. This was to go to high score in events 5 and 6, 50 targets. John Skannale, of Shreveport; Elmer Coe, of Memphis, and J. G. Marston, of East Point, scored 47,

At the close of the regular programme the tie was shot off, and Coe and Marston did not get a look in, as Skannale made 24 to Coe's 20 and Marston's 17.

During the evening a meeting was called in the parlor of the Hotel Phœnix. President Pepper was not present, but John Jenkins, of Shreveport, was made chairman. Among other business transacted was that of changing the name to that of the Southern Trapshooters and Game and Fish Protective Association. The shooters interested in game protection as well as trapshooting are earnestly solicited to join, and aid in getting proper game legislation passed in the Southern States. The prevailing theme was to stop the sale of game. The chair appointed a committee consisting of V. L. Fulton and F. G. Shafer to draw up by-laws to be presented to the Memphis meeting. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20	10	Broke.
Heer	18	19	14	14	24	23	18	20	15	10	175
Faurote	20	20	19	19	23	25	18	19	18	10	191
Miller	17	18	19	14	22	21	16	14	19	10	170
Hubby	18	16	17	17	24	22	17	17	16	7	171
Wade	19	18	19	17	23	23	16	18	17	10	180
Kaufman	18	17	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lawrence	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Spicer	14	15	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Skannale	20	17	17	18	22	25	19	17	19	9	183
Dickinson	16	17	16	18	20	21	17	13	14	10	162
Boisseau	14	13	15	16	22	19	16	16	18	8	155
Shafer	18	18	15	14	20	23	18	17	18	9	170
Mercer	18	16	20	20	21	24	18	20	18	7	182
J A Jackson	19	17	18	19	24	20	13	16	14	7	167
D Jackson	19	18	17	16	22	21	12	15	13	10	163
Heard	16	17	17	14	19	23	18	16	16	6	161
V C	14	17	19	19	25	19	18	18	17	6	172
Atchison	18	19	18	19	24	23	15	17	20	10	183
Fletcher	20	17	18	17	25	25	18	17	19	9	185
Mathews	14	17	12	11	20	19	17	17	14	9	150
Moody	15	18	14	17	16	22	15	14	18	7	155
Hillman	16	15	16	18	17	22	17	17	16	8	162
Livingston	16	18	18	19	21	22	17	17	19	9	175
K K	18	17	17	14	22	24	18	16	19	8	173
Stratton	13	11	15	16	19	17	13	15	15	8	142
Atkins	15	15	17	16	20	19	14	15	19	6	156
Flournoy, Jr.	18	13	12	17	18	20	11	14	16	7	147
Fulton	14	12	14	16	20	21	15	18	16	6	152
Blake	19	18	16	18	22	20	17	16	16	10	172
Shannahan	19	18	15	16	21	22	17	14	17	9	168
T B Adams	18	17	18	19	22	21	19	18	16	7	175
McCutcheon	10	15	10	12	20	18	18	16	16	5	140
Bradfield	18	16	15	18	19	23	14	12	19	9	163
Powers	18	17	18	19	22	23	17	19	17	19	179
Mermod	15	11	18	12	23	20	16	17	12	8	152
Brady	17	18	14	16	22	21	17	18	17	8	166
Coe	17	16	16	17	23	24	15	19	16	7	170
Spencer	18	17	17	17	22	21	15	15	14	10	166
T Green	19	19	19	18	21	22	18	19	18	9	182
Moeser	16	16	17	14	18	18	14	15	17	9	157
L Woodward	16	13	16	18	22	22	12	17	18	8	162
B Woodward	14	11	13	14	21	14	11	9	..	..	...
G Tucker	16	16	14	15	18	15	14	15	16	5	144
Saucier	16	19	18	17	23	22	16	18	20	10	179
Marsh	14	14	13	13	20	22	14	17	18	10	155
Cocke	12	16	14	18	19	16	20	13	16	7	151
Chaudet	17	19	18	18	21	20	15	18	14	8	168
O Trigger	17	16	16	19	22	18	14	14	18	7	161
Dr Atkins	15	17	17	14	20	20	13	17	16	7	156
Light	19	14	15	15	22	20	14	14	16	8	157
Howard	18	16	13	17	23	23	17	19	19	9	174
Snyder	18	17	18	18	24	22	19	18	17	8	179
Buell	15	16	18	13	18	22	19	19	19	8	167
Brown	13	12	16	15	20	16	13	13	..	..	...
Morgan	16	15	18	19	23	18	17	16	..	..	...
Wright	14	18	16	14	19	21	14	15	..	..	...
Proctor	18	15	16	14	21	21	17	16	17	8	165
Hill	17	15	18	16	23	22	18	17	14	10	170
Pinkston	17	15	13	17	19	22	18	14	12	9	156
Gillstrap	15	15	15	11	21	22	17	14	10	..	...
Moore	17	18	14	17	23	22	15	15	17	9	167
Petty	14	11	11	7	16	12	11	5	10	4	101
Hoyler	16	13	18	17	16	18	15	16	14	7	150
Pearce	19	13	11	17	21	24	16	18	17	6	162
J Dixon	17	17	17	16	23	24	19	19	20	9	181
Schroeder	15	13	18	17	24	24	16	18	14	9	168
Reust	20	17	18	20	23	23	15	18	17	10	181
C Dixon	17	18	20	18	23	22	18	17	18	8	179
Webb	14	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Flournoy, Sr	19	16	15	15	..	..	..	..	16	10	...
Jordon	16	11	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Lindsey	16	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Peyton	11	13	11	16	17	16	13	12	12	8	127
Alexander	13	13	10	10	15	19	10	10	..	..	...
Loftin	16	14	15	17	16	20	15	16	16	7	152
Bonner	15	17	18	16	21	22	14	18	17	7	165
R Montgomery	16	18	14	13	24	22	12	15	17	8	159
Marston	18	18	19	17	25	22	16	17	17	9	178
Jenkins	13	14	17	13	21	19	14	15	15	9	150
Parsons	16	19	15	18	19	22	15	15	..	..	...
Bosley	16	17	17	18	21	20	17	19	17	9	171
Jenkins	15	16	17	19	23	18	19	17	17	7	168
Big J	14	12	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Van Tura	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Ferguson	14	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	...
Aaron	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Rex	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Pratt	15	19	14	17	14	17	17	12	13	7	145
G Montgomery	15	18	16	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J Marston	..	..	..	..	..	21	20	13	11	12	6	...

June 17, Second Day.

The shooters felt the heat considerably to-day, and a few targets were lost, as the shooters got perspiration in the eye—"earning bread by the sweat of their brow," as it were. During the afternoon the clouds hung over the sun and a gentle breeze swept over the hill, making everything pleasant and agreeable save to the fellow at the score trying to make 25 straight, and thereby win the average for the two days. There were five men that came within one target of tying.

Mr. Skannale, of the home club, finished first and stood to win with 369; then came Chauncey Powers with a loss of only 10 for the day and tied him. All eyes were on the gentleman from Texas —"Tom Green"; he is not so big as Tom Green county, but he is a bad man with a shotgun. He stood to win by breaking his last 30 straight and he was closely watched. It was hoped he would drop and make a tie, as then the excitement of shooting a tie off would please the crowd. Mr. Green disappointed his many friends by dropping one below the others.

Toward the very last came on a squad composed of Missouri and Oklahoma boys, who had been overlooked in the betting, and when it had finished neither Skannale nor Mr. Powers had a look in, as Dixon and C. F. Reust had gone them one better by each losing but 11 for the day. They had tied with 370, and to do this Reust missed two and Dixon one out of their last 30.

They are such good friends and fellow shooters that they refused to shoot off the tie, and will hold the medal, which is one of the Hunter Arms Company's donations.

The shooting on the whole was much better to-day, as the best shots remained in the game, while others did not take part, there being but fourteen squads.

Mr. Faurote easily won the high average for the two days with 379, being followed by Wade with 370; Hubby 354, Heer 352 and Miller 327.

The amateurs showed up strong, thus: Reust and Dixon 370, Skannale and Powers 369, Tom Green 368, Mercer 367, Fletcher 365, Atchinson 362, Livingston 360, C. Dixon 359 and K. K. 358.

The traveling men were numerous. Mr. W. H. Heer, of Cincinnati, was here, and finding no shells suitable to his liking, did not make a good showing. He met here Mr. Hubby, of Texas, and they made a good team.

A strong quartette were Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans; Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex.; Luther I. Wade, Nacogdoches, Tex., and J. S. French, of Cincinnati, O. Other trade representatives were F. A. Faurote, of Dallas, Tex.; Louis Williams, Nashville, Tenn.; T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn., and Arthur Saucier, of New Orleans, La.; L. Z. Lawrence, of New York; J. E. Carroll and Charles Spicer. The boys all either shot well or talked well, and helped the management, and were a jolly lot of good fellows.

The interesting events for the day were the Peters cup for three-man teams and the 25 target event for the Peters gun. The cup was won by the Shreveport club with the fine score of 73 out of 75; and the high score for the gun by Mr. Mercer, 25.

During the evening there was a happy gathering at the hotel. The cups were presented and then filled with wine and passed around. Mr. Skannale made a speech, and thanked the Peters people for the donation. Mr. Kaufman was called and made his bow.

The next shoot will be at Memphis July 3 and 4. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20	10	Broke.
Heer	17	19	19	16	19	24	18	16	19	10	177
Faurote	19	18	18	17	25	24	19	20	19	9	188
Miller	19	15	16	17	22	21	16	15	17	8	167
Hubby	19	20	20	17	23	24	15	18	18	9	183
Wade	20	19	19	19	25	24	17	19	19	9	190
Kaufman	18	19	18	19	22	23	15	18	18	8	178
Hill	17	15	17	20	20	21	15	17	..	..	...
Lawrence	16	18	17	17	21	19	13	15	18	8	162
Light	15	12	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Webb	19	16	15	18	17	18	14	16	12	8	153
Dickinson	18	20	15	16	22	21	18	18	18	8	174
Skannale	19	18	20	17	24	24	19	18	19	8	186
Boisseau	17	19	16	19	23	22	19	18	14	10	176
Shafer	16	18	17	13	22	21	16	19	15	10	167
Mercer	17	15	19	17	25	25	17	19	19	9	185
J A Jackson	17	18	17	16	16	22	16	17	15	9	163
D Jackson	19	15	19	18	22	24	16	19	18	9	179
Heard	18	19	16	16	22	25	24	18	16	10	174
V C	18	18	18	17	25	21	13	19	19	8	177
Atchinson	20	19	14	17	24	22	19	17	19	8	179
Fletcher	17	18	17	17	24	22	19	18	19	9	180
Mathews	16	15	12	16	22	23	11	19	19	9	162
Livingston	20	18	20	16	24	20	19	19	19	9	184
Hillman	19	15	17	15	22	20	17	16	17	10	168
Moody	16	17	17	16	21	22	18	12	11	10	160
K K	19	16	19	18	24	22	20	18	19	10	185
Fulton	14	14	13	16	21	17	17	13	..	..	...
Stratton	15	13	15	17	20	23	17	17	17	8	162
Flournoy, Jr	16	16	17	18	19	21	19	20	17	9	172
J W Atkins	14	16	18	13	22	22	17	14	16	9	161
Blake	19	18	17	18	18	23	20	17	18	10	178
Shanahan	18	15	17	19	23	23	16	18	17	10	176
Adams	18	16	19	18	24	22	18	16	19	8	178
McCutchcon	13	14	15	17	22	19	17	20	13	9	159
Bradfield	13	17	19	18	19	..	..	..	..	..	...
Powers	19	19	20	19	24	21	20	20	18	10	190
Mermod	17	17	18	18	21	23	19	14	18	9	174
Brady	18	18	19	16	22	21	18	18	19	7	176
Coe	15	10	15	13	21	20	15	16	16	7	148
Spencer	18	18	14	15	19	22	17	18	18	7	166
Tom Green	18	19	20	19	21	23	19	20	19	9	186
Moeser	19	19	15	18	20	22	17	20	17	7	174
L Woodward	14	13	16	19	17	14	19	16	15	6	149
Moore	17	17	15	10	16	18	13	11	15	7	139
Tucker	17	11	14	11	18	19	16	14	16	8	142
Saucier	19	18	15	18	22	21	19	15	17	10	174
North	19	14	13	19	20	19	18	19	20	8	169
Cocke	19	18	17	17	21	20	14	16	14	9	165
Chaudet	15	16	18	16	21	21	17	13	16	3	156
O'Trigger	14	15	15	18	20	15	20	19	14	6	156
H E Atkins	..	17	16	13	22	21	10	13	12	5	127
Flournoy, Sr.	15	16	15	20	22	18	16	15	15	7	159
Howard	18	15	17	16	20	15	17	19	18	10	165
Proctor	16	17	15	9	20	18	15	13	16	6	145
Buell	17	16	17	19	19	22	18	15	17	9	169
Pearce	14	15	14	16	20	21	15	19	19	9	162
H Dixon	19	18	18	10	24	24	18	20	19	10	189
Schroeder	19	16	16	17	20	18	13	19	14	9	161
Reust	20	20	17	20	24	23	18	19	18	10	189
C Dixon	19	19	17	19	23	21	16	19	20	7	180
J G Marston	18	20	17	15	21	23	18	17	19	8	176
Jenkins	18	12	17	14	19	22	13	15	6	7	144
J Marston	13	16	14	13	18	15	14	14	..	..	...
Boseley	13	18	19	17	24	22	14	18	20	..	173
J Jenkins	17	15	13	17	20	22	19	14	20	..	164
Pinkston	13	14	14	11	20	..	..	..	..	..	...
Snyder	19	18	19	18	..	..	..	..	18	8	...
Peyton	14	15	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Spicer	15	18	16	18	16	17	17	..	..	..	...
Montgomery	..	..	..	..	..	22	17	18	17	16	9	...
Brigg	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	16	7	...

The Denver Tournament.

THE second annual tournament of the Denver Trap Club was held here this week. The attendance, while not so large as last year, owing to weather conditions and recent floods, was quite satisfactory, and represents a compliment to the Denver sportsmen, since many of the boys made special efforts to be present. The club added in the aggregate $165 per day in cash and averages, and gave a total of 200 shots per day. The events were all at 20 targets, with four moneys and the Rose system of division. This, with the distance handicap system and good, strong targets thrown from expert traps, made a combination that one had to keep very wide awake to successfully cope with. None of the phenomenal scores of former days were made, and it was proven to be untrue that shooting is especially easy in Denver—as some Eastern shooters have been led to believe. Altogether over fifty shooters participated in the programme for the week, and a large proportion of all contestants shot through.

On the first day the points were won by Hirschy, McMillan, Garrett and Sprague, these being the only 90 per cent. scores.

The second day the points were filled by Waddington, D. Timberlake, Hirschy, G. Timberlake, Riehl and Planck. The total attendance was over fifty, and thirty-four shot through.

The average programme was finished Thursday forenoon with five events. The wind was rather stiff and scores erratic. The result of this competition gave the honors of the shoot for the six top places to Hirschy, D. Timberlake, Garrett, G. Timberlake, Hughes, McMillan, Riehl and Yonkman.

In the afternoon the Great Western Handicap was shot. This represented a race at 100 targets, for the Denver Post trophy. The latter is a magnificent sterling cup presented by an enterprising newspaper to the Denver Trap Club for continuous competition. It was won by J. W. Garrett, who scored 94 from the 21-yard handicap line. The cup is open to challenge.

June 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Garrett, 21	20	17	20	16	17	18	18	16	19	19	181
Hirschy, 21	17	18	17	20	17	20	19	19	19	19	185
Hughes, 21	16	14	19	19	19	18	20	19	18	18	179
Shemwell, 19	19	19	15	17	19	19	14	18	19	19	174
Tritch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	...
O'Brien, 19	13	18	18	17	18	17	16	17	18	19	171
Riehl, 19	17	17	18	16	17	19	18	17	19	18	176
Planck, 19	17	17	18	16	16	18	19	17	16	19	173
Yonkman, 19	14	18	17	18	17	16	19	20	19	18	176
D Timberlake, 18	18	19	14	17	16	17	18	19	19	17	173
Waddington, 18	18	18	18	18	15	19	17	19	18	19	179
Townsend, 18	17	17	16	18	19	16	14	20	18	19	174
Heirgood, 18	18	16	18	14	16	19	16	17	18	17	169
McKenzie, 18	14	15	17	16	15	17	14	18	15	16	157
Dr Plummer, 18	13	14	15	18	15	19	11	17	13	15	150
Anderson, 18	18	18	15	17	11	18	17	19	19	18	170
Miller, 18	14	17	15	14	17	17	16	18	16	18	159
Beiser, 18	18	18	15	15	19	19	17	19	18	18	176
Morrill, 18	18	19	15	20	14	18	19	19	19	16	177
Taylor, 18	16	0	18	16	13	17	17	18	17	18	170
Ellis, 17	17	15	18	18	16	17	18	14	14	14	161
Rush, 17	14	15	17	16	16	19	17	15	12	17	158
King, 17	16	17	16	10	19	19	12	16	16	19	160
Tipton, 17	11	18	16	16	19	17	15	15	17	15	159
Sprague, 17	18	18	16	17	16	20	19	18	18	20	180
McMillan, 17	18	14	16	19	20	20	20	18	19	18	182
Sherman, 17	14	16	6	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Shaw, 17	18	17	15	19	17	20	..	..	..	..	...
Starkey, 17	17	15	14	12	18	17	16	15	11	11	146
Scoville, 17	14	18	14	18	17	18	18	18	15	17	167
Matlack, 16	14	15	9	15	15	13	13	15	12	19	140
Beggs, 16	17	16	18	15	17	16	17	18	11	9	154
Bigler, 16	14	18	18	16	12	14	18	18	17	17	165
Andrews, 16	13	19	16	12	15	15	18	18	16	16	156
Sanderson, 16	11	15	15	15	16	16	15	18	15	17	153
Goodrich, 15	16	13	14	13	18	15	18	17	15	8	147
Stoddard, 15	14	18	13	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
G Timberlake, 16	18	18	18	17	15	18	16	18	19	17	175
Carcilius, 15	19	15	15	15	17	16	..	..	..	..	...
Clark, 16	15	9	15	14	13	17	..	..	..	..	...
Conolly, 16	18	16	17	17	9	18	16	17	11	18	167
Johnson, 16	13	16	16	18	13	16	18	19	17	18	164
Hudelson, 17	11	14	18	17	14	16	17	15	17	17	156
Smith, 15	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
McLean	..	..	14	16	15	14	13	17	15	17	...
Wrisley	..	..	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stewart	..	..	..	..	13	18	13	14	..	..	...

June 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Garrett, 21	19	19	16	20	17	18	16	17	15	16	173
Hirschy, 22	14	19	18	18	17	17	19	19	19	18	178
Hughes, 22	19	18	18	16	15	17	19	17	18	19	176
Shemwell, 20	17	17	17	16	18	18	19	15	18	16	171
Yonkman, 20	16	15	18	18	18	20	17	19	16	18	175
O'Brien, 19	18	17	10	16	18	16	13	14	18	18	158
Riehl, 19	20	19	18	16	16	16	20	17	18	17	177
Planck, 19	17	19	17	19	18	19	18	16	19	15	177
Beiser, 19	14	19	18	16	19	19	18	16	15	17	171
Morrill, 19	19	16	16	15	15	16	16	18	15	19	165
Waddington, 19	19	17	19	19	18	19	19	17	18	16	181
Sprague, 19	20	18	16	16	14	18	18	18	17	18	173
McMillan, 19	15	18	16	19	19	18	17	15	17	15	169
Townsend, 18	20	17	16	19	15	19	15	20	18	16	174
Heirgood, 18	17	20	13	18	11	18	16	17	16	17	163
D Timberlake, 18	19	18	20	17	19	18	19	18	14	18	180
Anderson, 18	17	12	16	18	17	16	18	16	16	19	165
Taylor, 18	17	18	17	17	19	18	15	15	17	20	173
Shaw, 18	14	15	20	18	17	18	17	15	..	..	...
Scoville, 17	15	18	20	16	13	18	17	14	16	15	162
McKenzie, 17	17	17	18	16	18	15	17	20	15	15	168
Plummer, 17	16	18	19	19	19	18	17	17	17	16	176
Miller, 17	17	16	18	16	13	17	20	16	16	15	164
Ellis, 17	17	16	15	19	16	16	15	16	17	13	160
Rush, 17	13	17	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
King, 17	15	17	17	19	14	16	19	14	16	14	161
Tipton, 17	16	18	19	17	19	19	18	17	15	17	175
Bigler, 17	18	20	17	18	18	18	15	15	19	13	171
G Timberlake, 17	19	19	18	16	17	18	18	16	18	19	178
Hudelson, 17	14	19	16	19	13	16	14	17	17	15	150
Connelly, 17	14	19	18	17	18	20	14	19	19	16	174
Matlock, 16	17	14	16	15	13	12	18	14	14	14	147
Beggs, 16	16	15	17	17	19	18	17	16	17	19	171
Andrews, 16	19	20	16	16	16	13	16	14	13	14	157
Sanderson, 16	18	19	14	15	17	17	14	17	17	16	164
Goodrich, 15	18	12	15	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	...
Carcilius, 15	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Stoddard, 15	11	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Forester, 16	12	11	14	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
McLean, 16	12	19	14	17	13	18	15	14	12	12	146
Campbell, 16	16	15	19	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	...
Wrisley, 16	10	13	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Winter, 16	7	14	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Young, 16	..	..	19	..	14	16	..	..	18	17	...
Everhardt, 16	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	...
Hawkins, 16	..	..	13	..	20	19	..	..	12	..	...
Logan,	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Moritz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	...
Solomon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	...
Kirshner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	...

June 18, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	G.	W.	H.
Garrett, 21	18	17	18	18	19—90	24	23	24	23—94
Hirschy, 22	18	17	20	19	18—92	23	21	21	23—88

New London, Ia., Tournament.

NEW LONDON, Ia., June 18.—The New London Gun Club's three-day handicap tournament closed to-day.

The programme was liberal and the attendance should have been double what it was.

Dr. C. E. Cook spared no pains nor work to make all in attendance enjoy their visit in New London.

The grounds are as fine as any in the State. A good substantial club house has just been completed. A large sun-shade was put up just east of the club house, which gave the spectators protection from the sun and a good view of the shooting from both sets of traps. The programme called for eight 15 and four 20 target events each day, with $5 added to each event. Money was divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., beside a 50-target handicap each day divided Rose system, five moneys. A cup went to high man. In the regular events the sliding handicap was used, limit 14 to 22yds. Thus, each contestant when making a straight score shall be obliged to step back 1yd. Should he score straight in next event he shall still further handicap himself 1yd. Should he, after having made straight score, fail in next event, he shall step up 1yd., but at no time can he exceed his 3yd. limit.

A gold watch was given to first high average, and silver trophies to second, third and fourth high guns. To low man shooting entire programme, $60. A gold watch for longest run in regular events. A silver trophy to one making most consecutive misses in any event. A Schmelzer trophy to winner of invitation handicap; a gold watch to winner of grand target handicap, and a trophy to winner of sympathy handicap.

Marshall, Burmister and Burnside were the handicap committee.

Budd won high average, Gilbert second average. Long run and sympathy handicap, Budd, Gilbert, Klein, Kirby, Nichols and Marshall made 90 per cent. Budd and Gilbert withdrew, leaving the other four to shoot off at 25 targets, and Klein won with 23. John Burmister won first money and the cup in the invitation handicap. Burnside won the 80 per cent. cup in shoot-off, securing 25 straight. T. B. Nichols won fourth average, a nice trophy. Elliott won cup given for most consecutive misses. Dr. C. E. Cook won low average. Ellett, Burnside, Hale and Dr. Andrews tied on 47 in the grand target handicap, and in the shoot-off at 25 targets Burnside made a straight score and won the cup.

The New London Gun Club will hold another tournament Oct. 23 and 24. The programme will be a liberal one, and a good attendance assured. Dr. and Mrs. Cook entertained a number of visiting sportsmen at their home during the week, and the Doctor spent some time each day showing his guests how the game of croquet was played. Owing to a number of the shooters wanting to make an early train home the last six events on third day's programme were not shot.

June 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert, 19	13	14	19	15	12	17	14	12	20	15	13	20	184
Klein, 17	13	10	20	15	12	18	12	15	20	14	15	19	183
Budd, 17	15	15	19	15	14	19	13	13	20	13	14	19	189
Burnside, 17	13	12	18	14	12	19	14	13	18	15	12	16	176
Kirby, 17	13	13	19	14	13	15	13	12	18	14	12	17	178
Lord, 17	15	13	14	11	12	15	11	12	16	11	14	16	160
Wallace, 16	15	9	15	12	11	15	13	15	17	13	14	16	165
Nichols, 16	12	12	18	13	12	19	14	14	16	13	12	19	174
Ross, 16	14	14	17	12	11	17	12	12	18	13	14	18	172
Miller, 16	10	11	15	10	13	14	11	12	16	15	13	15	155
Ellett, 16	15	14	16	14	15	17	13	14	14	15	11	19	177
Cook, 16	14	10	18	13	15	20	15	12	15	12	12	19	175
Dove, 15	11	10	17	11	9	15	15	13	18	14	12	18	163
Foley, 15	13	13	17	13	11	17	13	12	20	14	13	17	173
Cool, 15	7	12	16	13	11	16	13	13	17	12	14	19	163
Wheeler, 16	13	11	18	14	..	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	...
Marshall, 17	13	12	19	15	13	18	15	14	14	13	13	18	177
Burmister, 15	11	15	19	13	13	19	14	12	17	10	13	18	174
Geng, 15	..	..	12	14	10	17	11	8	18	13	14	17	...

Fifty-target handicap, Gilbert, 19yds., 37; Klein, 17yds., 43, Budd, 17yds., 27; Burnside, 17yds., 43; Kirby, 17yds., 42; Lord, 17yds., 35; Ross, 16yds., 41; Miller, 16yds., 33; Cook, 16yds., 33; Dove, 15yds., 42; Cool, 15yds., 38;Marshall, 17yds., 41; Burmister, 15yds., 44.

June 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	13	14	20	15	15	18	14	15	17	13	14	20	188
Klein	15	12	20	14	13	19	14	14	20	15	13	19	188
Budd	12	15	18	15	14	19	13	12	19	15	14	19	185
Cook	13	11	17	12	12	15	14	13	12	12	11	15	157
Kirby	14	15	18	14	14	18	12	15	18	15	14	18	185
Nichols	14	15	19	15	13	18	14	14	20	15	13	16	186
Ross	13	14	18	13	15	20	12	12	19	13	15	19	183
Miller	11	13	18	14	13	16	9	13	16	11	14	18	166
Ellett	14	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Burnside	14	13	19	14	15	16	13	13	17	14	14	18	180
Dove	13	13	19	15	15	18	12	15	18	11	13	18	180
Marshall	12	14	17	14	14	17	15	13	19	15	13	19	182
Burmister	11	13	16	14	11	16	15	15	18	10	14	16	168
Wolfe	13	12	18	13	9	17	12	15	18	12	13	18	170
Hale	12	14	17	14	12	18	12	15	16	13	15	18	176
McBride	13	12	14	14	11	16	15	12	16	14	13	17	169
Coole	13	13	19	14	11	18	15	12	15	14	14	20	178
Mahanah	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	14	15	13	16	...
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	18	11	10	14	...
Wyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	18	11	10	14	...

Fifty-target handicap: Gilbert 45, Klein 42, Budd 44, Cook 44, Kirby 39, Ross 43, Miller 40, Ellett 47,Dove 45, Marshall 42, Burmister 45, Wolfe 44, Hale 47, Mahanah 36, Smith 35, Wyman 35, Andrews 47.

June 18, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Gilbert	13	15	19	15	15	19	96
Klein	15	14	18	15	14	19	95
Budd	13	15	19	13	15	20	95
Burnside	13	11	19	14	14	20	91
Kirby	12	13	19	14	14	18	90
Marshall	13	13	18	14	14	20	92
Burmister	12	13	16	13	10	18	82
Rambo	14	14	18	13	13	18	90
Miller	13	15	20	11	15	19	93
Ross	12	14	18	13	14	17	89
Dove	14	12	19	13	14	17	88
Ellett	11	11	18	14	15	19	88
Nichols	14	15	20	13	15	17	94
McBride	15	11	16	12	14	14	82
Hitch	11	10	17	13	11	17	79
Cook	13	14	15	10	12	17	82

Fifty-target handicap: Gilbert 50, Klein 46, Budd 47, Burnside 48, Marshall 49, Burmister 44, Ross 42, Dove 45, Cook 48.

Averages.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Total.
Budd	189	185	95	469
Gilbert	184	188	96	468
Klein	183	188	95	466
Nichols	174	186	94	454
Kirby	178	185	90	453
Marshall	177	182	92	451
Burnside	176	180	91	447
Ross	172	183	88	443
Dove	163	180	89	432
Burmister	174	168	82	424
Miller	155	166	93	414
Cook	175	157	81	413

HAWKEYE.

West Chester Gun Club.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., June 18.—The West Chester Gun Club held, as previously advertised, its opening shoot on its new grounds, which proved a success. It was 11 A. M. when the ball was set rolling, and the crack of the guns did not cease until 6 P. M. In that time there were used 3,770 targets. The average entrance was about twenty-seven. The highest in any event was forty-four.

Fisher, of Philadelphia, had high score; Sanford, of the same place, next, with Bennett, of the home club, third.

We had visitors from Atlantic City, Pittsburg, Oxford, Wyoming, Del., and from nearly all the nearby places, and to them all we extend our thanks, for it is the shooters who stay that make a successful event. The programme provided a total of 135 targets. Appended find scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	20	10	20	10	Broke.
Fisher	10	13	8	15	9	13	18	8	16	9	119
Kidge	5	11	9	10	6	12	16	7	15	9	106
Sanford	9	13	8	11	10	16	18	8	15	10	116
Bennett	7	13	9	12	9	13	15	10	17	8	113
Harrison	9	12	8	11	8	11	17	9	14	8	107
Wynn	..	..	..	..	13	10	13	14	7	11	8	76
Wienman	..	14	9	13	8	11	16	9	..	5		85
Torpy	..	..	10	13	10	13	18	9	10	7		90
McClure	..	..	5	4	8	9	10	2	7	..		45
Capt Smith	..	..	9	15	7	14	17	8	16	10		96
Johnson	..	..	9	11	10	13	16	2	3	..		64
Stevens	..	..	8	8	8	13	14	8	11	..		70
Mink	..	13	10	13	10	14	18	9	14	9		110
H Johnson	..	..	7	12	9	13	13	7	15	..		76
Evans	..	..	9	12	7	12	14	..	..	..		54
Muller	..	..	..	..	10	11	19	9	16	8		73
Gill	8	13	7	14	9	..	18	6	..	..		75
Bull	4	8	5	10	9	8	..	..	..	..		44
Lee	9	11	8	..	8	..	17	5	..	9		67
Roberts	8	11	10	10	7	..	..	5	..	6		57
Register	7	12	8	14	10	..	17	8	..	..		76
Mack	7	13	6	11	4	7	11	..	11	8		78
Eachus	9	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		31
Ferguson	8	13	7	13	..	..	..	7	..	8		56
Holland	6	6	..	13	..	..	13	..	..	..		38
Sellers.	8	11	6	14	8	13	12	10	11	..		93
Haines	..	9	8	..	9	10	..	..	..	..		36
Peters	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..		14
Hoopes	..	10	..	..	8	..	..	6	..	..		24
Smith	..	..	8	14	9	..	14	..	..	..		45
Howard	..	..	..	..	12	10	10	17	7	..	..		56
Hoar	..	..	..	..	11	4	10	13	..	..	..		38
Cardwell	..	..	..	..	10	6	13	17	..	13	7		66
Bird	..	..	..	..	13	10	13	..	..	..	..		36
Harvey	..	..	..	..	14	7	14	15	6	14	9		79
Baldwin	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	8		16
Keech	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..		8
G Smith	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	6	..	6		32
Hickman	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	9	..	2		28
Linau	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	..	..	7		25
Lumis	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	13	..	..	..		35
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..		6
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	..	..	..	..		22
Andy	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..		4
Broomall	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..		12
McCorkle	..	..	..	..	..	4	14	15	6	..	..		39
Winfield	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	..		17
J Holland	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	6	..	..		14
Keech	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..		12
Young	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	7	..	..		18
Mowere	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..		13
G Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..		5
Smedly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..		6
Remington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	4

F. H. EACHUS, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21.—Event No. 13 was of special interest. It was the team race between teams of the Fulton Gun Club and the North River Gun Club, 25 targets per man, six men to a team. The home team won with a score of 121 to 106. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	
Schorty	13	15	11	13	14	14	13	11	14	14	11	..
Dudley	13	..	12	..	15	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Wells	10	8	10	11	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	16
Reynolds	11	..	9	13	12	11	10	..	11	..	10	..
Glover	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Schoverling	11	..	14	..	12	14	12	10	9	10	12	..
Davis	11	..	9	..	5	10	11	9	6	11	9	..
Goetter	13	..	10	..	13	10	11	..	10	12	13	..
Morrison	12	..	14	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Hearne	9	..	12	..	14	12	12	11	13	..	15	..
Edwards	12	..	13	..	15	14	10	..	10	12	10	21
Allison	..	11	..	10	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	10	10	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Sitzler	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Vosselman	..	..	..	6	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Musser	..	..	..	13	11	..	8	..	..	..	11	15
Schneider	..	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
May	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	8	12	..	10	18
Fessenden	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	9	..	11	..
Clifton	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	11	17

Event 13, team race:

Fulton—Schorty 24, Hearne 21, Schneider 21, Reynolds 21, Schoverling 18, May 16; total 121.

North River—Dudley 25, Glover 19, Allison 17, Morrison 16, Merrill 16, Vosselman 13; total 106.

A. A. SCHOVERLING.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 20.—The members of the South End Gun Club held their regular monthly target shoot on the club grounds to-day, and although it rained hard throughout the afternoon fully three hundred people stood in the rain to witness the different events. The club had as its guests W. F. Crosby and W. Fred Quimby, Frank Lawrence, J. R. Hull and E. D. Fulford, who all shot in the different events. A high wind from the river made the flights of the targets very irregular, and made shooting hard, and the bad background made the targets hard to see. Crosby made one run of 68 straight. There were representatives present from Birdsboro Gun Club, St. Lawrence; Shuler Shooting Club, Pottstown; Oakland Gun Club and all the local gun clubs, who were all entertained by the members of the South End Club. Arthur Fink, the local manager, had charge of the shoot, assisted by the club's tournament committee. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Ball	13	15	19	13	12	11	11	..	..	..	...
Crosby	14	19	24	15	15	15	15	14	14	14	159
Hull	14	19	23	14	14	14	..	..	..	..	...
Fulford	14	13	20	15	14	14	15	15	15	..	...
Gerhart	14	16	20	13	14	15	13	13	11	15	144
Walters	11	16	23	12	14	14	14	14	..	..	...
Shaaber	13	..	..	11	13	15	..	..	..	..	...
Miles	10	12	16	12	9	11	11	9	12	13	115
Farr	13	15	17	13	11	13	15	14	..	..	...
Eshelman	10	12	23	9	11	12	9	11	10	10	...
Smith	13	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	...
E Adams	5	..	..	9	13	9	11	8	12	9	...
Warrock	10	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	...
Berg	12	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	...
Jones	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., June 14.—This was the regular semi-monthly shoot. Drizzling rain most of the day. Nothing seems to stop members from shooting. The club is booming; the interest of old-time members being aroused. Will have an all-day shoot in the near future; notice will be given. Next shoot June 28. Everybody welcome. Take Turnpike trolley car from Jersey City. Time from ferry, twenty-five minutes.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20
Pierey	13	13	13	14	14	13	15	13	..
Edwards	10	11	12	12	10	14	12	13	9
Pearsall	11	12	10	11	14	..	..	..	..
Jenkins	5	6	7	6	..	..	..	..	..
Gillies	11	10	6	9	8	6	8	..	..
Hansman	10	13	9	9	8	10	10	8	..
H Pearsall	11	11	11	10	9	..	..	..	..
Van Valkenberg	..	12	12	12	10	11	9	10	9
Reynolds	..	9	15	12	10	9	..	..	..
L Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..

Franklin Gun Club.

Franklin Furnace, Pa., June 13.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Franklin Gun Club to-day: W. Stephens 9, J. Williams 9, H. Pope 11, W. Pope 7, A. Wright 11, H. Corner 10, C. Ramage 4, E. Black 8, F. Suthren 12, F. Kishpaugh 11, C. Pollard 0, Alf. Wright 4.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., June 20.—There was very little shooting on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day. The threatening weather kept many away, and those who took a chance at the elements had their choice between a good soaking at the regular 16yd. stand and a waste of good ammunition from the 22yd. mark, under the protection of the club house veranda. The latter was preferable, so a series of small sweeps were shot, divided in two moneys.

E. F. Ball negotiated 10 straight in one event, which put him head and shoulders ahead of all but A. Bedell, who got 9 in the same event. W. Root and A. V. Gallougly, of New York city, were visitors to-day, trying their hand for the first time at the clay saucers. They do not want their scores published, so we will place them as "also rans." The best J. Hyland could do in the rain from the 16yd. mark was 8 out of 10 to C. Blandford's 9 out of the same number.

A few prizes will be offered to the club members next Saturday to enliven the sport. The grounds looked lonely after the big shoot last week. There are still some pasters and placards left as reminders, but the headquarters flag is flying in Buffalo for 1904.

C. G. B.

Chesapeake Gun Club.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., June 17.—Live bird and target events were shot at the Chesapeake Gun Club shoot to-day. The day was perfect for the sport. Some good scores were made.

In the live-bird shoot Mr. P. J. Gallagher, of the Portsmouth Gun Club, killed 15 straight. He was closely followed by Mr. E. C. Gunther, of the Norfolk Club, who killed 13 out of 15.

In the target shoot Mr. Thomas F. Stearnes easily led, breaking 71 out of 75 birds. The scores made in the two shoots follow:

Events:	1	2	3
Birds:	5	5	5
P J Gallagher	5	5	5
E C Gunther	4	5	4
B B Semmes	3	3	4
T F Stearnes	2	4	3

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
T F Stearnes	24	25	22
G B James	23	20	..
B B Semmes	21	17	24

Events:	1	2	3
Birds:	5	5	5
H Westacott	2	2	3
F F Allen	..	4	3
G B James	..	..	4

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25
P J Gallagher	20	19	20
E C Gunther	24	20	..
H Westacott	20	21	..

G. B. J.

Winchester Gun Club.

DETROIT, Mich.—Like the day after the Derby, the shoot after the Decoration Day tournament was poorly attended. The weather was too wet for any out-door game, although the rain held off at the right time, and those present had an enjoyable shoot. Following are the scores, the fourth event being the postponed club event of Decoration Day, cut out of the tournament programme, as a purely club affair, to save time. Shiell was high in this with 23. The fifth event was the handicap, and the sixth the club event of this shoot, in which Hitchcock was high with 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	25	25	25
Shiell, 18	..	10	7	23	20	18
Brodie, 18	8	10	8	21	15	18
Ford, 18	..	..	..	18	17	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	25	25	25
Hitchcock, 18	7	13	..	16	19	23
Leggett, 16	7	5	..	14	15	14

D. A. H.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 18.—The scores made at the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club yesterday are appended. The rules and conditions of the new trophy have not yet been formulated. Mr. Adkin has been shooting less than six months and has developed into a wonderful shot. Yesterday, in addition to the regular event, he made two other 25-target straight scores. The handicap committee have been cutting a bird at a time from his allowance, until to-day he was only allowed 26 targets. He broke straight to-day, and hereafter will have to shoot at scratch, which is 25 targets.

Next Wednesday a special handicap contest will begin for a valuable trophy donated by Messrs. Adkin and Clark. The scores: Mosher (28) 21, Stone (28) 18, Newton (26) 20, Adkin (26) 26, Weller (28) 17, Gardner (29) 23, Cosman (25) 17.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., June 20.—We had our Saturday's practice shoot. While the day was not as favorable as we should have desired, yet the scores made by the contestants were unusually good, considering the conditions. Mr. Aldritch, from New Bedford, was our only visitor, and although out of practice, he did very well.

Corson made the best average, 86 per cent., but some of the others were not far behind. On the Fourth of July, when our next good shoot takes place, I hope to give you a detailed report.

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, June 13.—A strong wind had a harmful effect on the scores in the handicap contest for the Troisdorf medal shoot held by the Cincinnati Gun Club to-day. The scores:

Medico, 18yds., 40; Falk, 17yds., 40; Faran, 16yds., 40; Linn, 16yds., 38; Ahlers, 20yds., 37; Captain, 16yds., 36; Randall, 16yds., 35; Gambell, 20yds., 31; Block, 18yds., 30; Corry, 17yds., 29; Williams, 19yds., 29; Guess, 16yds., 29.

Interstate at Warm Springs.

WARM SPRINGS, Ga., June 20.—The tournament given by the Interstate Association for the Meriwether Gun Club at this point, came to a successful close last evening, after two days of shooting at targets and two days at live birds, and it was warmly supported, especially so by shooters from the State of Georgia. In fact, the attendance was much larger than we thought several months ago it would be. There were shooters present from Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and as far North as Maryland. This was the first Interstate Association tournament ever held in this particular portion of Georgia, and, as all Interstate tournaments are, it was conducted in an up-to-date manner. The added money feature was an attractive "bait," which drew a large attendance, and if one could shoot a little bit there was no excuse for his walking home. Also, the handicap feature was, no doubt, a drawing card with a great many.

It is not the most agreeable duty in life, that of serving on a handicap committee, as it is a thankless task, and very frequently those who serve receive more condemnation than praise for the performance of a very disagreeable duty. This duty was acceptably performed by a committee composed of Col. J. T. Anthony, Dr. F. C. Wilson, Mr. O. E. Pooler, Mr. F. C. Etheridge and Mr. Geo. H. Walker. So far as the writer could learn, only one objection was registered, and results show that the judgment of the committee was pretty near right.

Warm Springs being the leading summer resort for southern and central Georgia, of course, there were a great many ladies stopping at the Springs, and they were generous in their attendance each day. This year our genial host, Mr. Chas. L. Davis, had erected for the use of the ladies a "grand stand," which is a decided improvement upon past arrangements for their accommodation and comfort. Ladies' presence always lends dignity and tone to a meeting of any kind, and as I have a wife myself, and don't think the best is any too good for her, I say have them with us whenever we can, and make them as comfortable as possible always.

Our good landlord provided a very substantial lunch each day right at the shooting ground. After the other guests and patrons had dined at the hotel the staff of waiters came on to the grounds and prepared tables, laid under spreading oak and bay trees, sweet with fragrance, just a few steps from the shooting score, which enabled a number of the contestants to lunch while others were finishing out an event; in this manner little time was lost.

Manager Shaner reached Warm Springs three days prior to the opening of the tournament, consequently the arrangements of the grounds, etc., were all that could be desired, and, therefore, there was no cause for complaint. The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. McRitchie, of Newnan, Ga., ably assisted by Mr. Harry Clark, of Columbus, Ga.

Weather conditions were everything that could be desired, of course a little warm in the middle of the day, but then we don't mind that, as it is to be expected at this time of the year.

Shooters came from different points. Atlanta was represented by Messrs. A. L. Dunn, J. D. Frazier, and two sons, Dr. W. T. Vincent, W. B. Cummings, B. H. Worthen, H. D. Freeman, W. O. Conway and John E. Avery. Americus, Ga., sent H. E. McCloskey, Geo. Nix and Robert E. Lee. Columbus, Ga., which has taken on a new lease of life in the shooting world and now has a good, live club, shooting every week, sent over Messrs. Daniel Joseph, H. McCormick, formerly of Tuscaloosa, Ala., Banks Yonge and C. H. Pierce. Frank Springer was missed, but as his gun was at the factory for repairs, he could not attend. Savannah was ably represented by Dr. F. C. Wilson, City Health Officer Dr. Bruner, Capt. W. J. Thompson and son Holly, Henry Woeltjen and H. B. Lemcke. Union Springs, Ala., sent over six men, consisting of Geo. H. Walker, Hugh Foster, E. H. Cope, Dr. S. C. Cowan, A. E. Singleton and J. B. Martin. This speaks remarkably well for Union Springs, a town of 3,500 people, while other cities in the State ten and fifteen times as large were not represented at all. Monroe, Ga., was represented this year by Messrs. C. E. Arnold, J. M. Day and R. L. Nowell. Jackson Arnold was too busy making money and looking after the store to get off. Dr. J. O. Tignor, of Greenville, Ga., president of the local club, just recovering from a severe spell of sickness, came in on the evening of the first day, along with Capt. A. W. du Bray, of Cincinnati. Macon sent us Messrs. F. C. Etheridge, J. B. Mills and Thos. Grier. W. A. Baker, of Griffin, Ga., and H. T. McIntosh, of Albany, Ga., had the honor of being the only representatives of their respective cities. From far off Chattanooga came "Dick" Pooler, A. L. O'Connell, W. M. Brown and O. F. Chichester. Thos. J. Aycock was all alone from Moultrie, Ga. Mr. Harry Hall, one of Albany's best field shots, came in in time for the live bird events.

The trade was represented by Col. J. T. Anthony, John E. Avery, J. W. Elgin, W. L. Lyons and J. S. Sanders; J. M. Hawkins, who came all the way from Baltimore for the occasion; Jos. Hightower and H. B. Lemcke; A. W. du Bray, Walter Huff, H. P. Collins. Mr. Geo. Hillman was also on hand to look after his company's interests, and rendered Manager Shaner valuable assistance in smoothly running the tournament.

Although the tournament did not commence until Tuesday morning, a great many arrived on Saturday in order to enjoy a delightful rest, in addition to pleasures of the warm baths, and they kept coming on every train on Sunday, and by that evening there were over thirty guns on hand.

The traps were located in a small semi-circular valley about 600 feet wide; immediately in front of this valley there arose a hill 75 or 100 feet high and quite heavily wooded with scrub and heavy pines, which necessarily made it difficult at times to locate the targets.

W. A. Baker, shooting from the 20-yard mark, won the trophy for high average under a handicap distance, with a score of 312 out of 350 shot at. The trade representatives, with the exception of Mr. Lemcke, decided they would not contest for the trophy, but would shoot for high average only—hence shot from the 16-yard mark. J. M. Hawkins was high for the two days, breaking 324 out of 350. Walter Huff was second high, with a score of 323.

During the two days at targets a total of 16,970 targets were thrown from two sets of traps, Sergeant system.

The live birds were a fair lot of flyers. In the Warm Springs handicap, at 25 birds, Mr. Jos. Hightower and Mr. F. C. Etheridge, both shooting from the 30-yard mark, tied with a straight score. In the shoot off, miss and out, for the trophy—a sterling silver berry bowl—Mr. Hightower won on the seventh bird.

The scores of the tournament follow:

June 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Baker, 20	14	18	14	18	14	17	15	20	15	16	175	161
Wilson, 20	14	15	12	15	12	18	14	13	13	20	175	146
McCormick, 19	13	16	11	14	13	17	13	18	13	18	175	146
Worthen, 19	12	15	13	17	10	16	13	16	9	17	175	138
McCloskey, 18	11	13	9	18	14	10	12	14	5	17	175	123
Lee, 18	11	15	12	17	14	17	8	14	9	17	175	134
Nix, 18	13	17	13	15	13	13	11	17	9	18	175	139
Aycock, 18	12	13	13	14	9	..	7	14	13	15	155	110
Thompson, Sr., 18	11	17	12	18	14	18	14	w	12	15	175	131
Walker, 18	13	15	14	17	10	17	14	18	13	18	175	149
Vincent, 18	11	19	7	18	10	17	13	15	11	18	175	139
McIntosh, 18	15	16	14	18	13	13	12	15	11	16	175	143
Arnold, 18	13	20	14	16	13	19	15	18	13	17	175	168
Lemcke, 18	11	13	10	17	11	14	10	16	9	18	175	129
Joseph, 17	14	14	12	19	10	14	11	19	13	16	175	142
Etheridge, 17	8	18	14	15	12	16	9	12	11	14	175	129
Baldwin, 17	12	17	15	17	10	17	15	16	13	18	175	150
Green, 17	11	14	12	16	11	16	7	16	12	15	175	130
Nowall, 17	14	16	11	18	11	15	14	14	13	15	175	141
O'Connell, 17	12	18	11	15	12	16	12	15	13	16	175	140
Thompson, Jr., 17	14	16	12	18	13	18	13	13	13	18	175	148
Freeman, 17	14	14	12	16	14	20	14	20	13	19	175	156
Day, 17	12	15	12	16	14	17	13	16	15	19	175	149
Cracker, 17	10	14	10	10	12	15	11	8	12	16	175	118
Frazier, Sr., 16	13	18	11	15	13	13	10	15	..	..	140	108
Dunn, 16	6	16	8	14	10	15	12	16	14	16	175	127
Pooler, 16	13	17	10	15	14	16	13	18	12	17	175	145
Chichester, 16	11	18	14	10	10	17	11	14	12	13	175	130
Foster, 16	11	19	10	13	14	17	10	19	13	18	175	144
Hightower, 16	14	16	14	18	13	19	13	17	14	18	175	156
Anthony, 16	14	14	13	12	14	12	11	15	13	15	175	133
Huff, 16	14	18	15	19	14	14	15	18	15	18	175	160
Hawkins, 16	14	17	11	17	15	19	15	19	15	19	175	161
Collins, 16	12	13	11	12	8	12	8	13	7	12	175	108
Cope, 14	10	18	10	15	12	15	11	16	13	15	175	135
Frazier, Jr., 14	6	13	10	15	..	..	10	13	10	..	120	77
C Frazier, 14	10	11	10	17	..	..	10	13	11	..	120	82
W Dunn, 14	6	10	9	15	..	..	12	5	5	..	120	62
Pierce, 14	5	10	8	15	9	17	10	9	8	14	175	105
Cowan, 14	11	15	10	15	9	12	14	13	11	10	175	120
J B Martin, 14	7	11	13	17	14	17	12	18	12	16	175	137
Yonge, 17	8	12	11	13	6	14	..	..	..	..	105	58
Brown, 16	13	15	9	19	11	17	12	16	10	16	175	138
Woeltjen, 17	9	11	10	12	9	7	12	12	11	12	175	105
Grant, 14	14	..	9	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	65	39
Barry, 14	10	13	7	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	90	52
Black, 14	7	11	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	39
Whorton, 14	5	12	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	37
Carver, 14	9	12	6	9	6	11	..	..	..	..	105	53
Tanner, 14	8	14	10	12	9	10	..	..	..	..	105	63

June 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	Broke.
Baker, 20	12	15	14	14	14	20	13	17	15	17	175	151
Wilson, 20	15	17	14	14	10	17	12	18	15	19	175	151
McCormick, 19	14	18	11	17	12	15	10	15	9	15	175	136
Arnold, 19	13	14	14	15	10	16	12	13	8	13	175	128
Freeman, 19	14	15	12	18	11	18	13	14	12	19	175	146
Worthen, 18	12	18	13	17	11	13	12	17	15	18	175	146
Thompson, Sr., 18	7	17	15	16	13	20	13	16	12	19	175	148
Walker, 18	14	17	12	14	12	17	13	16	13	17	175	145
Vincent, 18	14	12	11	19	10	12	10	10	12	14	175	124
Lemcke, 16	11	14	11	17	9	17	10	19	12	15	175	135
Baldwin, 18	8	17	13	17	13	12	14	14	11	15	175	144
Day, 18	12	15	13	17	12	17	13	16	13	18	175	146
Hall, 18	10	19	12	15	10	19	8	15	14	17	175	140
Joseph, 17	13	19	12	17	11	14	13	14	10	12	175	135
Etheridge, 17	11	18	12	15	14	18	10	18	13	19	175	148
Lee, 17	9	16	8	14	12	17	11	14	12	15	175	128
Thompson, Jr., 17	10	16	14	19	14	19	13	19	12	16	175	150
McCleskey, 16	11	16	12	17	14	9	15	14	11	16	175	135
Woeltjen, 16	9	13	11	10	9	15	8	14	10	16	175	115
Aycock, 16	12	15	12	14	10	14	9	16	11	15	175	128
Green, 16	15	19	13	15	11	16	15	16	12	16	175	148
Nowall, 18	15	17	13	19	13	16	11	16	15	19	175	154
O'Connell, 16	12	18	10	16	15	10	12	18	14	17	175	142
Du Bray, 16	11	14	12	15	12	15	11	15	12	16	175	133
Pooler, 16	11	18	13	17	13	17	13	15	12	19	175	148
Chichester, 16	10	17	8	19	10	10	11	11	9	19	175	124
Foster, 16	12	15	14	10	13	15	12	17	13	16	175	137
J B Martin, 16	8	15	9	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	85	59
Hightower, 16	13	19	12	19	13	18	13	16	14	18	175	155
Anthony, 16	13	17	15	16	13	20	12	18	14	18	175	156
Huff, 16	14	19	14	17	15	19	13	18	15	19	175	163
Hawkins, 16	15	20	15	19	14	17	13	18	14	18	175	163
Collins, 16	9	8	11	12	7	4	5	11	6	7	175	80
Yonge	11	17	13	13	14	19	11	17	10	18	175	143
Brown, 16	12	17	9	17	14	15	12	18	12	16	175	142
Singleton, 16	10	12	8	16	14	14	11	14	11	12	175	122
Earl, 16	12	16	7	15	11	14	12	17	10	10	175	124
Pierce, 16	11	18	9	15	11	12	10	12	10	12	175	120
Frazier, Sr., 14	7	5	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	39
Dunn, 14	11	16	10	16	10	17	14	14	12	16	175	136
Cope, 14	13	18	11	15	15	16	15	15	..	..	140	118
Cowan, 14	10	12	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	41
Frazier, Jr.	7	9	7	8	..	..	4	10	..	..	105	45
C Frazier, 14	8	10	7	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	85	46

June 18, Third Day.

Event 1, was at 8 birds, $8 entrance. All stood at 30yds.:

Etheridge	22222022—7	Conway	02222222—7
Pooler	22222211—8	Texas Jack	21212212—8
Day	22222222—8	Frazier, Sr.	20122010— 5
Brown	21202222—7	Pierce	02220212—6
Mills	21210112—7	Hightower	22112122—8
Carley	00110012—4	Worthen	21122012—7
Cowan	02220002—4	Hawkins	22222222—8
Collins	22222212—8	McClesky	22112222—8
Du Bray	02222222—7	Wilson	22222222—8
Earl	11121202—7	Walker	22222202—7
O'Connell	22222210—7	Thompson, Jr.	22222222—8
Joseph	22222222—8	Anthony	22222222—8
Dunn	21122222—8	Huff	22212121—8
Baker	20122221—7	Foster	00022202—4
Arnold	12112222—8	Hall	22212121—8
McCormick	02221212—7	Lee	22222222—8

Event 2 was at 12 birds, $12 entrance:

Etheridge, 29	222222222222—12	Hawkins, 31	222222222222—12
Pooler, 28	221222121221—12	Texas Jack, 30	102122122222—11
Du Bray, 30	222222222022—11	McClesky, 27	002221210w
Earl, 28	221122101211—11	Huff, 30	121222220222—11
O'Connell, 27	221201222212—11	Collins, 27	222222122222—12
Joseph, 28	222000w	Conway, 30	222222222222—12
Dunn, 29	222222222222—12	Day, 27	001112110w
Baker, 31	112221111112—12	Brown, 26	222010121210— 9
Arnold, 29	212120122211—11	Mills, 27	222222222222—12
Hightower, 30	211212112101—11	Worthen, 30	112122221111—12
Wilson, 31	222222222222—12	Cowan, 28	122022122210—10
Walker, 29	221022222222—11	McCormick, 30	222221121222—12
Anthony, 30	201110212222—10	Lee, 27	101121122111—11
Pierce, 26	222222202222—11		

June 19, Fourth Day.

The Warm Springs Handicap was at 25 birds, $25 entrance:

Etheridge, 30	2222222222222222222222222—25
Pooler, 29	2222122221020222202222220—21
Hawkins, 32	1212222221222222222222202—24
Dunn, 30	0222220220202012222101122—19
Baker, 32	2201021202011110w
Worthen, 30	2202121222121220222222122—23
Collins, 28	1222222020222210222002222—20
Texas Jack, 30	022222222202010w
Anthony, 30	1122221011122222102222222—23
Du Bray, 30	0220122222022112222222222—22
Huff, 30	0222122222221211211222212—24
Hightower, 30	1222112222112221221222222—25
McCormick, 30	0222222222222222222222212—24
Conway, 30	2222222222202222222222220—23
Wilson, 32	2022202202022022202022022—18
Pierce, 26	0022010202022022012211120—16
Arnold, 29	2122222021021211011221211—22
Lee, 28	2221020220020011222111122—19
Walker, 29	1222220022222222202222222—22
Hall, 29	1222222222222222022221222—24

Miss-and-out, shoot-off of tie for trophy. Hightower won in the seventh round:

Etheridge, 30	2222220	Hightower, 30	2222222

PRYOR.

W. P. T. S. L. at McKeesport.

MCKEESPORT, Pa., June 17.—The sixth tournament of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League was held at McKeesport, Pa., on June 16 and 17, under the auspices of the Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of McKeesport, Pa. The weather was unfavorable for high scores on account of fog and high winds.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, made the highest score for the two days, breaking 333 out of 350. Mr. Elliott is in the professional class. James T. Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., made the highest score in the amateur class, breaking 326 out of 350.

Secretary Mains, of the local club, acted as cashier, assisted by Wm. McCrickett, of Pittsburg.

Messrs. Charles G. Grubb and Louis Lautenslager, of Pittsburg, officiated as squad hustlers.

The new score sheet of Charles G. Grubb was used with success, giving perfect satisfaction.

Edward Gecting was official scorer, and Mr. Held acted as referee.

The trade was represented by J. A. R. Elliott, Luther J. Squier and Charles G. Grubb.

The tabulated scores for the two days follow:

June 16, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Elliott	12	20	14	19	12	19	15	20	15	20	165
Atkinson	14	16	15	18	14	19	15	18	14	17	160
Fleming	14	19	13	18	12	16	10	17	14	17	150
Hickey	14	16	13	16	14	16	13	16	13	19	150
Ray	13	17	11	17	12	17	13	17	13	15	145
Calhoun	13	18	13	14	13	16	15	15	15	13	144
Swearer	11	17	14	18	11	16	14	16	12	14	143
Knight	13	16	11	19	12	19	12	17	11	12	142
West	14	16	12	15	11	16	13	18	11	16	142
Cochran	15	18	14	19	12	16	11	14	9	8	136
Bess	11	15	10	15	12	17	14	15	14	12	135
Deniker	11	16	9	18	12	17	15	18	14	..	130
Farmer	7	16	10	15	12	19	9	18	12	8	126
Shaner	12	16	10	11	12	16	12	14	10	10	123
Daugherty	12	16	10	10	13	13	12	15	7	9	117
Squier	11	14	10	13	10	14	11	15	10	9	117
Pontefract	11	13	11	15	11	13	11	13	12	11	121
Frederick	8	16	9	16	12	18	10	15	10	..	114
Thompson	..	..	12	15	13	17	14	14	8	13	103
Streamer	9	11	5	10	10	11	8	15	11	8	98
Roberts	11	14	13	16	12	17	11	..	..	..	94
Denny	5	6	11	6	12	12	9	11	11	11	94
Dinsmore	11	16	12	15	10	16	13	..	..	..	93
Keystone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	18	39
Goodloe	10	11	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
McFarland	8	17	13	16	8	9	..	..	..	..	71
Kelsey	12	10	10	12	10	13	11	15	13	17	123
Mains	..	5	3	7	7	12	..	..	..	..	34
Christman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	23
Lowry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	20
F Gross	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	17
G Gross	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

June 17, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke.
Elliott	15	20	15	19	14	19	14	20	12	20	168
Atkinson	12	17	14	20	15	19	14	20	15	20	166
Fleming	11	17	15	15	14	20	12	20	13	20	157
Lutz	14	18	11	15	12	18	12	20	14	19	153
Hickey	12	16	14	16	15	18	13	18	12	17	151
Jessop	13	17	12	17	14	19	13	17	10	17	149
Kelsey	10	16	12	16	13	18	12	20	12	19	148
Calhoun	13	17	15	14	12	18	13	18	10	16	146
Pontefract	12	16	13	17	12	18	13	14	12	18	145
Jeff	7	18	12	15	13	19	12	18	15	16	143
Ray	11	14	13	17	11	16	13	15	12	18	140
Bess	11	16	12	18	11	16	12	15	10	14	135
Cochran	..	..	13	17	12	16	11	19	10	18	116
Squier	11	14	11	15	13	12	8	15	9	15	123
Andrews	..	..	8	14	12	12	9	18	11	18	102
Irwin	..	..	..	15	9	12	14	17	12	19	94
Keystone	..	..	..	6	9	12	12	16	14	16	85
Frederick	..	..	10	16	8	16	12	..	..	..	62
Roberts	..	..	13	..	13	18	14	..	..	..	58
Knight	..	..	12	18	14	..	..	..	..	..	44
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	26
Everett	5	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	14
Bahm	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14
Furnee	3	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9

CHAS. G. GRUBB, Sec'y.

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me., June 18.—The Brunswick Gun Club held another very successful afternoon shoot on their grounds at Merrymeeting Park, this afternoon. The programme called for five events of 20 targets each. Mr. S. C. Whitmore had offered the following cash prizes for the members of the Brunswick Club: $5 to first, $3 to second, and $2 to third. In addition the club offered $1 for lowest general average of any member.

Sam Whitmore, a nephew of the donor, won the $5; Maxwell, $3, and Fisher, $2. Dr. Curtis got the $1.

Three well-known shooters were present from the Portland Gun Club: Messrs. Wyman, Rich and Gray. The Auburn Gun Club was represented by Hunnewell, Conner, Snow, Childs and Day.

Herewith are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5		
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.	Av.
S Whitmore	17	19	19	18	17	90	.90
Wyman	15	17	20	19	18	89	.89
Rich	19	19	14	19	16	87	.87
Hunnewell	19	18	16	15	16	84	.84
Maxwell	18	18	17	13	17	83	.83
Fisher	19	18	17	17	11	82	.82
Dunning	16	16	19	15	15	81	.81
Gray	20	13	15	15	17	80	.80
Conner	14	18	15	17	16	80	.80
Goud	17	15	17	17	14	80	.80
Scribner	13	17	15	14	18	77	.77
C Whitmore	18	13	14	15	16	76	.76
Andy	13	17	15	16	14	75	.75
Snow	15	12	14	17	14	72	.72
Childs	10	15	14	11	13	63	.63
Curtis	13	12	14	12	11	62	.62
Day	5	10	12	8	13	48	.48

Below are the scores of a 25-target handicap, 16, 19 and 22yds., with any angle possible to be thrown, shoot at everything: S. Whitmore, 19yds., 22; Fisher, 19yds., 21; Dunning, 16yds., 20; Gray, 19yds., 18; Andy, 19yds., 17; J. Goud, 16yds., 17; Maxwell, 19yds., 16; Hunnewell, 22yds., 16; C. Whitmore, 16yds., 16; Scribner, 16yds., 15; Rich, 22yds., 12; Conner, 22yds., 10; Snow, 19yds., 6; Childs, 16yds., 5.

Entrance $1, three moneys: S. Whitmore, first, $5.25; Fisher, second, $3.15; Dunning, third, $2.10.

Neponset Gun Club.

EAST WALPOLE, Mass., June 12.—At the regular monthly meeting of the Neponset Gun Club on June 2, the following officers were elected: President, Charles Flower, re-elected; First Vice-President, Ernest Ellis, of Norwood; Second Vice-President, Dr. Leonard Wolfe, of Norwood; Secretary, Marshall H. Grant; Treasurer, A. Cutter, re-elected; Captain, Joseph Fenton, of Norwood; Lieutenant, Harvey Blanchard; Trustees: Edgar Bills, Frank Bentley, John Maguire.

M. F. GRANT, Sec'y.

[Louisiana] Trapshooters' League.

NATCHITOCHES, La.—June 3 and 4 will ever remain memorable in the annals of the Louisiana Trapshooters' League. On these dates the Natchitoches Gun Club held its initial tournament as a member of this League. Here the cracks from the various clubs met and threw down the gage of battle. It was the first tilt of the season—the first meeting of the clans with poised lance and armored panoply. A jolly good-natured crowd it was, as is always the case with lovers of dog, rod and gun. Old friends met and renewed vows of fidelity, and with Southern hospitality fires were set burning on altars of new friendships. This organization consists of Natchitoches, Dixie, Arcadia, Robeline, Mansfield and Coushatta. Its objects are to protect game, to extend the influence of the true sportsman, and encourage the manly sport of trapshooting. From the enthusiasm and attendance at the first shoot continual growth and prosperity seems assured. Its officers are: J. F. Welch, President, and J. G. Marsten, Vice-President.

Natchitoches is one of the oldest towns in the State; in fact, in the United States. Its residents are descendants of the old pioneer families whose valor and hardihood created an empire out of a wilderness. Naturally, we find much culture, wealth and all that is good in civilization. Its people are neither zealous fanatics nor religious bigots; but possess in well rounded moderation all those qualities that go to make our most valued citizen. They are religious; they are zealous; they are enthusiastic; they enjoy life and revel in its beauties; they grasp in full the compass of existence, and rejoice in its duties; they shoot and hunt and fish and ride and walk and fast and pray. When the golden bowl is full they sip of its nectar; when it is dashed aside and death's black curtain hides for a time the stage of life, they are sad and with humility pass under the chastening rod. A people it is a pleasure to meet, and from whom it causes pain to part.

The town itself is fast becoming one of the most important in central Louisiana. It could not be more beautifully located. Business interests of various kinds are fast developing its natural resources, the State Normal is located here. This is one of the most important State institutions. It brings annually to the town hundreds of students, and numerous families move here to take advantage of its educational facilities. Its president, B. C. Caldwell, is the most widely known educator of the State, a man of fine parts, brilliant address and masterly executive qualities. You intuitively recognize power the moment he is met. Its talented and versatile young Congressman, Phanor Breazele, wields a vast influence for its good; the horizon of his influence is fast widening. He is even now being mentioned for Governor, after his next term. Here's to him. With such men as these and Judge Porter, Dan Scarbrough with their tact, push and industry, assisted by an intelligent community, the town's future is easily seen.

The tournament consisted of eight events each day. The first 25 the second day was for the cup given to the best team of three shooting at 25 targets per man. It was won by Marsten, Bosley and Picket, of East Point, on a score of 61. Then came Montgomery, Hill and Montgomery, of Natchitoches, with 59, and Mansfield with 58, Elam, Jenkins and Warren shooting; Conshatta, with John Marsten, Pierson and H. Marsten, took fourth. Six teams shot.

Mrs. Breazele, of Natchitoches, the talented editress of the enterprise, delivered the cup to the lucky winners in a few well chosen, eloquent sentences. Mr. J. G. Marsten responded in clever style, and the ceremony ended. All cheered their appreciation.

According to constitutional provision, 50 targets must be shot by each contestant for the individual match. These were placed in the programme as the last 25 each day.

First day: J. G. Marsten 25, Welch 23, Picket 22, R. Montgomery 22, Ventura 21, Breazele 21, Jenkins 21, Caldwell 20, Freeman 20, Elam 20, Sam Hill 20.

These were the only ones having any show to win on the following day unless something very unusual happened. Marsten, however, held his own and won easily, though Ferguson got the fine score of 24. Ross Montgomery repeated his score of 22; Elam, Bryan and Bosley also got 22, Picket 21, G. Montgomery, P. C. Rogers, John Warren, L. Ventura and Abbington got 20.

It was an exciting race, and created much enthusiasm, though all knew the winner would be Marsten.

After all had shot, President Welch called Mr. Marsten before the crowded grand stand, where probably at no shoot were ever gathered more beautiful ladies nor a finer array of men.

The cup, presented through the President by the Peters Cartridge Company, is a thing of beauty; solid silver, gold lined, tall, elegantly ornamented, having three ivory handles; is a gift worthy the most strenuous endeavor to win. Expressions of good will for the liberal donors were heard on all sides; and this company deserves all the praise it received for its liberal patronage and desire to further this most delightful sport. The cup hung both days before the grand stand, admired by all.

The Natchitoches Club will develop a number of good shots. The writer remembers a short time since that a number now good for 80 per cent. or more were then not capable of making 50 per cent. Count Ventura was always a good shot, and remains so. Messrs. R. L. and G. Montgomery, Jack Bryan, D. W. Breazele, J. W. Freeman, Sam Hill and P. C. Rogers will be first-class shots. At least three experts will develop from this bunch.

Had Judge C. V. Porter shot through he would have stood well toward the top.

Hon. Dan Scarbrough surprised everybody. When he first stepped out all got ready to laugh as he missed them. Much hilarity was not indulged in, however, as he broke them like a veteran, and will make a good shot if he so desires.

Hon. Phanor Breazele has not allowed his brilliant Congressional record to stay his appetite for sports. He shot, and shot well, as did Judge Samuel Henry. A special match between these two was much enjoyed. The match was won by the Congressman.

It is this getting out with the boys that makes these men so strong with the public. They do not do so for this purpose, but because they enjoy it; hence the warm friendship that springs up between true sportsmen (not sports, bear in mind).

Several squads composed entirely of men who had never shot targets were put out and caused much amusement.

The ladies of Natchitoches, on behalf of the M. E. Church, served refreshments. They left nothing to be desired, either in quality, quantity or service. It was good—yea, very good—and plentiful.

Dr. Nabors, John Warren (Big Nerve) and the writer were entertained at the beautiful and hospitable home of Sheriff J. W. Freeman. This trio will long remember the good things eaten, and never forget the kind treatment.

Dr. Nabors was the nerviest man at this tournament. There must be something in the air about Mansfield on which "such Cæsars feed" to make them great. Abbington and John Warren are both from there. The Doctor went nearly through without locating anything in the way of a prize. I presume Abbington would have been as guilty, but he was more lucky, landing just often enough to vary the monotony. These two fairly well fill the place once occupied by John Warren, but for diameter, circumference and general weight of nerve he will never be fully replaced. He has now been promoted.

There are two classes of prophecies the writer seldom fails to land a winner, viz., baseball and shooting. Last year, on their first appearance, it was predicted that Marsten and Picket would develop into great shots. In fact, Marsten was called the future great. This is being fast verified.

The East Point cup team—Picket, J. G. Marsten and Bosley—are good ones. It looks as if that cup had gone there to stay. Picket and Marsten shot entirely out of their class, no one being near enough to trouble them.

The targets, as at all similar tournaments, were thrown hard. But few straights were made: one each by Elam, Rogers and Welch, are all now recalled.

Mr. Elam's handsome figure and graceful position attracted the attention of the ladies. He also shot up to form. Messrs. Woodworth and Jenkins were both sick and could not do themselves justice; they are good when in form and will be heard from at Mansfield.

Mr. Lindsey seems to have lost "the know how" since he parted with his Greener two years ago. He was then equal to any in the State.

Hon. J. H. Caldwell quit his pump and took a double, with disastrous results. The Major can "heap shoot um" when everything is properly arranged, oiled and adjusted; but it must be as exact as watch works.

Mr. Ferguson, of Robeline, is a beginner, and bids fair to stay on the upper horizon, if not as a star of the first magnitude, he will always be plainly visible.

Mr. Arthur Pierson is a coming shot. Mr. John Marsten has already arrived.

Henry Marsten was sick, and has been for a month. We are sorry. Henry is a genial companion. Ill health has lowered the standard of a number of the boys. Welch, after a sick spell of twenty-one weeks, was out of form along with those mentioned. We hope all will soon regain their usual health and follow, with wonted skill, the elusive bluerocker Clevelandi.

Sheriff Freeman certainly showed nerve in going all the way through, both regular and extra events. Nothing was too big for him to tackle, nothing too small to overlook. Just mention, and with him it was, "Where is my gun?" with no query as to amount of entrance, number of targets or who were to shoot.

As a squad hustler R. Montgomery will fill the whole box. It was through him the regular events went off in such a hurry and so many extras shot. The club owes him at least 5,000 targets. A guest, remarking on his ubiquity, being here, there and yonder at the same time, was told by Mr. Freeman that movement with constant acceleration was his natural condition of life, and to-morrow he may be forty miles out in the piney woods conducting a camp meeting, and in the evening, after chicken, would insure the preachers for $2,000 each, then give his half of the premium to an old maid's home or anything else asking it. The writer heard him put down an extra and pay for it, then tell some fellow he did not know to go in and shoot it out, as he hadn't time.

Jack Bryan and Drew Breazele present an elegant appearance while shooting. They will fast develop into experts. Mark this.

If George Montgomery and Sam Hill are really as cool as they look when shooting, the proverbial cucumber is not to be counted.

The League passed a series of resolutions, thanking the Peters Cartridge Company for its donations of medal and cup, and authorized President Welch to mail them acknowledgment of this fact.

Our constitution, like that of the Valley League, provides for no handicaps. A number of members desire a change, so it will likely be amended another season. The result will be questionable.

A grand ball was given in honor of visiting shooters at the beautiful rooms of the Comus Club. All enjoyed themselves to the limit. R. Montgomery, unknown to themselves, had sent telegrams to the wives of the shooters saying they had each made such fine scores they must stay and celebrate. He then had the trains leave before schedule time, the telegraph wires cut, steamers embargoed, and the guests were at the mercy of their friends.

This, like all good things, must end, so farewell Natchitoches, with its brave men and fairest women. May all meet on your hospitable grounds again; may those whose hearts swell with nature's love again the wassail bowl pass round, and clasp hands in fraternal joy. May fullness of years be granted to enjoy the bird songs, the dancing leaves and merry music of the rills and woodland echoes, and the sublime symphoney of the winds and storms and rolling thunders. Here's to the sportsmen, nature's priest, who, like poor Lo, sees God in the storm and hears Him in the wind. With Rip Van Winkle, on behalf of fellow Leaguers, I will say, "May you live long un' been 'appy!"

Vale.

	First Day.								Second Day.							
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	25	10	15	20	25
J G Marsten	8	13	17	22	9	14	16	24	9	12	15	21	8	10	17	22
J W Freeman	5	10	14	15	4	10	11	20	6	12	11	17	4	8	17	19
J F Welch	8	12	18	20	6	11	15	22	5	10	11	21	10	13	17	17
P C Rogers	6	9	14	17	10	10	13	18	5	11	13	14	9	12	13	20
J Warren	7	13	12	14	8	9	13	15	6	13	16	20	8	12	16	20
Picket	9	13	16	23	5	14	17	22	9	14	18	23	8	11	16	21
Bryan	7	14	17	19	6	10	12	19	9	13	13	17	6	12	13	22
H Marsten	5	9	18	21	5	12	12	15	8	9	10	16	7	..	..	..
Ventura	9	13	11	13	4	11	13	21	8	12	14	20	5	10	16	20
E Elam	9	12	18	21	7	11	14	20	10	8	18	20	7	13	13	22
J B Lee	8	12	16	17	7	11	10	4	7	12	18	18	7	8	..	..
Aaron	5	10	11	12	4	17	5	17	5	12	15	16	6	8	17	19
Woodard	7	9	14	18	7	12	15	16	6	10	12	15	4	12	10	17
Ferguson	6	6	16	16	8	12	16	18	6	9	12	20	8	13	14	24
Bosley	6	9	16	18	7	12	17	21	9	11	17	17	9	13	18	22
G Montgomery	8	9	16	21	8	17	14	19	7	11	19	11	8	12	14	20
Lindsey	7	10	14	15	7	7	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nabors	4	8	3	..	4	6	..	..	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Breazele	7	9	11	18	7	9	12	16	7	13	14	8	5	11	..	..
D Hill	8	9	17	13	6	11	15	..	..	5	11	20	..	..	15	15
S Porter	5	5	12	12	6	11	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Caldwell	5	10	14	17	4	11	7	20	6	10	14	14	6	8	5	..
Abbington	7	9	10	18	6	10	11	17	5	7	13	16	7	10	12	20
R Montgomery	7	12	18	17	4	12	16	22	8	10	5	20	8	13	12	22
Jenkins	7	12	18	17	4	9	17	21	6	9	17	17	6	11	15	19
J W Breazele	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Marsten	8	9	15	20	9	9	14	18	7	11	13	19	8	7	14	23
A Pierson	..	9	12	9	5	10	13	13	5	11	12	9	7	10	..	..
D Hargrove	..	..	..	..	6	..	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B W Marsten	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	12	15	4	7	10	..
Scarbrough	..	..	..	10	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

	1st day.	2d day.	Total.	Per Cent.
J G Marsten	123	114	237	84 3-4
J W Freeman	89	97	186	67 1-2
J F Welch	113	112	225	80
P C Rogers	99	97	196	70
J Warren	94	110	201	71 1-2
Picket	119	120	239	85
Bryan	104	105	209	74 3-4
H Marsten	95	43	145	65
Ventura	95	105	200	70
E Elam	112	111	223	71 2-3
J B Lee	101	56	157	66 3-4
Aaron	81	75	176	62
Woodard	98	86	184	65
Ferguson	98	106	204	72
Bosley	106	106	212	75 1-3
G Montgomery	112	111	225	80
Lindsey	86	...	86	64
Nabors	25	9	54	31
D Breazele	89	58	147	62 3-4
D Hill	98	66	164	66 3-4
Porter	82	...	82	59
Caldwell	87	61	148	50 1-4
Abbington	88	90	178	61
R Montgomery	101	112	213	76
Jenkins	100	109	209	74 3-4
J W Breazele	7	...	7	28
J Marsten	102	109	211	75 1-3
A Pierson	69	54	113	52 3-4
D Hargrove	27	...	27	38 1-2
B W Marsten	..	59	59	51
Scarbrough	19	...	19	38

J. F. WELCH.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 11.—In spite of the rain, the weekly shoot of this club to-day was fairly well attended, seven men facing the trap. Thirteen events were shot off, the most important of which was No. 8, for the Marshall cup, which was won by Claymark, who, with 4 misses allowed as breaks, scored 21. As there is no regular shoot advertised by any of the clubs in this vicinity to take place on July 4, the management of this club will hold a local shoot on that day. Shooting will begin at 1:30 P. M. It is not the intention of the club to try to make a barrel of money out of this little affair, social rather than financial gain being the object in view. The programme consists of five 15 bird events at 40 cents each—25 cents for the pot and 15 for the targets—and one 25-bird event at 75 cents, 50 cents of which goes in the pot. While this is not a "big affair," we expect to have a good attendance and a lot of sport. Bring your guns and your friends, and we'll help you enjoy yourself.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	25	25	10	15	10	Broke.
Claymark, 4	6	10	6	7	6	8	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	60
Traver	6	14	9	..	..	..	..	20	..	12	..	..	..	61
Winans, 1	6	6	9	12	..	..	..	15	18	18	7	9	8	107
Hoctor, 2	6	14	..	12	10	13	7	18	..	16	..	11	5	110
Fenn, 1	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	18	..	17	6	..	..	60
Smith, 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	20	..	22	..	9	6	69
Marshall, 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	18	..	14	7	8	..	59

SNANIWEH.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Low Rate to Denver.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

FOR the benefit of delegates and others desiring to attend the Twenty-first International Biennial Convention of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, to be held at Denver, Colo., July 9 to 13, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally conducted tour to Denver and return, leaving New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, New Brunswick, Trenton and intermediate stations, Monday July 6, going via Chicago and arriving Denver Thursday, July 9. Returning, the tour will leave Denver Thursday, July 16, arriving Trenton, New York and intermediate stations Saturday, July 18. Special trains of the highest grade of Pullman equipment will be run on a fast schedule. Each train will be in charge of a tourist agent, chaperon and a special uniformed baggage master. Round trip rate, covering transportation to Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo and return, Pullman berth, and all necessary meals in dining car going and returning, will be as follows: New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, $74.50, two in one berth, $63.50 each; New Brunswick, $74.35, two in one berth, $63.35 each; Trenton, $73.55, two in one berth, $62.55 each. Round trip rate, covering all necessary expenses on going trip and railroad transportation only returning, will be as follows: New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, $60, two in one berth, $54.50 each; New Brunswick, $59.85, two in one berth, $54.35 each; Trenton, $59.05, two in one berth, $53.55 each. Proportionate rates from other points. Pullman accommodations and meals are included only while tourists are using special trains. Special side trips from Denver at reduced rates. For reservations of space, tickets and full information, apply to nearest Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, or direct to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa. —*Adv.*

We are informed by the Dupont Company that at the Ohio State shoot, held in Cincinnati during the week of June 9 to 11, most of the trophies were won by sportsmen using Dupont Smokeless. Mr. C. A. Young won the Press-Post trophy with a straight score of 25. He also won the L. C. Smith trophy, defeating the runner-up, C. W. Phellis, who tied with Mr. Young on the 48 out of 50, and in the shoot-off Mr. Young broke 24 out of 25. The State Journal cup, emblematic of the amateur championship of Ohio, became the property of Mr. R. S. Rhoads, who tied with four others on a score of 29 out of 30, and in the shoot-off made 25 straight. Five-man team race, 30 singles and 10 pairs, was won by the Cincinnati team, Messrs. Gambell, Squier, Ahlers, Van Ness, and Neyl, all using Dupont Smokeless powder.

At the Sunbury, Pa., shoot, June 9 to 11, Geo. Howell and R. C. Dirk tied for first general average. At the Sioux City, Ia., shoot, June 10, first and second general averages were won by J. W. Brodrick, and R. Barber, using a Winchester Repeating shotgun. At the Hamilton, O., shoot, June 12-13, R. L. Trimble won first general average. All the above shooters used Winchester factory loaded shells. At the Shreveport, La., shoot, June 15, the first seven general high averages were won with Winchester factory loaded shells.

Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway, New York, have added an automatic dog exerciser to their line of sportsmen's goods. The man who wishes to prepare his dog for a bench or for field work should consult the aforementioned firm for particulars.

Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins, at the Interstate Association shoot, at Warm Springs, Ga., June 16-17, won high average for the two days with 324 out of 350. He used Dupont powder, Winchester gun and factory loaded shells.

New Advertisements

We believe it to be a fair assumption that nine out of every ten fishermen are smokers. Smoking seems to be a part of most every sort of an outing; but we know from experience that the same "weight" of cigar after dinner and in a boat is bad judgment, and that "cheap" cigars are worse. In the advertisement of Herbert D. Shivers, Inc., in this issue, they tell us some interesting facts about making cigars, selling cigars and profits on cigars that bear the stamp of reason. Their pamphlet "Concerning Cigars" is of interest to all smokers, both in and out of doors. An undefiled Havana "Panetella" of medium weight kills time very pleasantly "between the acts," be it while awaiting another rise or after the curtain has gone down.

In this week's issue Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co., of Rochester, N. Y., advertise their famous automatic reel, accompanied by a record catch of rainbow trout. The interesting catalogue issued by this firm gives more details of work done by this reel and of the 1903 prize contest, open to all, fishermen using the Y. & E. automatic reel.

The Ducker portable houses are the standard. Two of them are offered at a bargain in our advertising columns by Brown Hoisting Machinery Company.

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